CCA: The Quiet Revolution
by Robert Brashear

On any college campus, one hears much talk about "Revolution." To many, this is a very serious matter. It is a life and death matter dealing with trying to overcome forces of death with forces of life, an attempt tohumanize a dehumanizing society. Yet all too often, this talk of Revolution is nothing more than the fashionable mouthing of the day's chatter with no substantive action. While personally I believe that making a Revolution is a life's work, I also believe there is something more important than the talking we do while college. Any art that enhances humanity is the highest art. And the flowers, which and this has been the work, often quiet and unpampered, of the College Christian Association this year.

While operating on a very thin shoestring budget, CCA volunteer workers have been going about the business of helping people to discover themselves and their humanity. These projects are many. At Big's Village, Ohio, a home for the rehabilitation of delinquent juveniles, volunteers have been active in tutoring and recreation. In tutoring, they not only help with a boy's studies, but with his other problems as well. They become friends, when a boy can talk to and depend on. The kids involved in the recreation program give the boys a chance for activities, fun and friendship not provided by the Village.

At Apple Creek State Hospital for the Mentally Retarded, volunteer workers, called Scout and Girl Scout programs. These programs give the kids at Apple Creek a freak from the routine of the institution. Anyone who has ever visited Apple Creek knows what a contribution this is. These workers are helping mentally retarded children to discover and recover their own selves in the process.

At Ids Sue School, volunteers serve as teacher aides in this county school for the mentally retarded. They use their own creatvity to help their students to grow to their full potential and also provide the comparison needed to treat their kids as people and not subhuman beings.

Volunteers at Children's Home not only serve as tutors and tutors for children who have no other family or home. They give love and companionship and share in experiences, coming out, having parties, just doing things together.

In recent days, two girls have started a new project at Hom Nursing Home. Kids work they go down to talk with people who, like other people, need someone to talk to, to recognize their worth to share things with.

All these projects deal with people reaching out and touching another person. In this process, humanity is enhanced or discovered. Although, the fabric of society may not be noticeably changed, it has become more humane and livable in this process of discovery.

In addition to these projects, CCA has also involved itself in an effort to make the College and the Community more aware of each other. This year groups of students have talked with many groups of community people in an effort to express to the community the concerns of students. The result has been an increased awareness of the groups spoken with concerning what is at stake and the importance of the groups. For example, in all the student groups, the people involved, and that Apple Creek is not allowed in the Nursing Service department -- that is just a step.

Long time ago, Apple Creek was on another ward at Apple Creek, tied to a bed. Besides Jerome, there is Jimmie, Patti, Kelly, Greg and Dennis, just three of the forty or so in the hospital. Jimmie is diagnosed as autistic and retarded both. Greg is an epileptic and has some sort of impacted water in his brain. Tommy is diagnosed as "legally blind."

(Continued on Page 6)

Apple Creek
Impressions: Children
by Mike Allen

I come onto the ward at about five of the. The project is in the mounting Apple Creek State Institution. Most of the buildings at the institute look retarded; this one looks deadly, with wings outstretched, with barred wire loopholes or strange high fences between the wings. The windows are barred, and heavy doors. Those patients at the institute who can talk talk to you about you and "he" and "she." They're right. They're handling patients, retarded patients. And some "criminal retarded" patients, whatever that is.

Our ward is in the center of this building, in between the maximum security women's wards on the first floor. I walk through the "better, more behaved" of those two wards and talk with one of the girls who has scratched long red furrows in her legs. She is a question that gets me nowhere at Apple Creek. She doesn't like the place. Of course she doesn't. She wants to get out. Instead she will probably get locked up.

Some of her friends are listening. One girl is standing by the WHIO, saying If You Could Read My Mind. They hum and giggle along. When I walk by invariably one girl (who is near the window) asks me a question and another one (in Apple Creek is not allowed in the Nursing Service department). I say this phrase I have learned and I make sure to wave at Kathela when I call sweetheart. She laughs and screams at me "I ain't no sweetie of yours!" She then slaps my butt and goes back to her Stewart's.

Our ward is heroically sealed against the break-up wards by one lock. Inside this one wing of this strange bird there are six little kids, ages 6-13. They are never locked in their rooms. When I get there, the kids are out in the day hall and I see Jerome's hand sliding down the hall. I tell him to wave "hi" and he waves "hi." It takes a while to register. When it does, his hand flaps from the end of his sleeve and he has some monosyllable, smiling, which I take to be "hi."

Hanging up our coat naturally leads to hearing about all the things that went on during the first shift. Specials if someone's sick or has been in "rage." Rape seldom happens now, and nudity is only Jerome, who has three-quarters of his face on the back of his head. He used to pound his head against the floor or wall--that is the owner of rage. Now Jerome croaks and yells at any, when he is enraged, we hold him until he calms down. He has a vocabulary that lends heavily toward the obscene--where he learned the words no one knows.

(Continued on Page 5)

Javits Speaks Out On Draft and War
by Jeff Moore

Last Monday night Jacob Javits, Republican of New York, spoke to an audience of several hundred people in the college's Physical Education Center as part of the annual series of 1971 Mortgage Lecture Series. Speaking on the Vietnam war and the draft, Javits expressed disappointment in President Nixon's Viet Namization program and his failure to establish a definite date for the withdrawal of all American troops from Southeast Asia. Javits urges that the U.S. pull out by June 30, 1972 at the latest.

Javits is the sponsor of the War Powers Resolution, which would limit the authority of the President to involve American troops in an undeclared war and would require cessation of such involvement after 90 days without Congressional approval.

The Senate also proposes that Congress, in turn, establish a draft authority to one instead of the President. Javits is limiting the number of men who may be drafted in any year to 500,000 at the least. He hopes this would not only assure continued troop strength, but would eventually reduce overall troop levels. He argues that such action would give back to Congress the right to establish the force levels in the American army and would force the President to go to Congress to obtain new authority for military conflicts.

The Senator expressed his belief that these and similar measures could prevent future Indochinas.
And Jake Spake

“Nothing’s as hot as it’s cooked...” was the way Senator Javits described the frustration of America’s youth. He went on to say, “Don’t shut him government down and we don’t do what we say: truly a sad development.”

Said the youth of this country are looking for strong leadership, not verbal abuse. The youth are looking for a soothing channel their feelings and frustrations. While Mr. Javits’ statements are often interpreted as a sign of what we want our officials intimated, his attitude is that the youth have the right to express their opinions. The attitude is that they should be expressed elsewhere.

What is the future of this country? Our elected officials need to take note of this. The youth have the right to express their opinions, and they should be heard.

Letters To The Editor

BEGINNING OR END?

To the Editor:

The Theological Impact presented a great range of thought for those who heard the various speakers. It was given expression in a number of different ways, each expression having its own background of the speaker.

Also, different thoughts and opinions were aired, all under the heading of theology and most within the same time period. The result of this has been that there were many different interpretations which could be made and not only the two which Mr. McHargen mentioned.

Beyond what we heard at the conference, I think what I found to be most real important of Theological Impact lies in the way in which we heard the theme of that week was “beliefs and life style.”

For all these reasons I give each speaker their due, even if it’s meaning and depth. So, if the conference is to have meaning at all, the College of Wooster, a life style of members of this campus. If an interaction of beliefs and lifestyles is not a result of the conference, then theological impact will have its beginning.

Guy Ferguson

CFA - Quiet Revolution

Campus Christian Association, long an effective organization on the Wooster campus, once again searches for a new leader, Bob Bradsher, president and organizer since the days of Jon Thomas, hopes to find someone already possessing or willing to form the required deep commitment to the function of the Association through the years which is needed in that search.

Years ago, CCA functioned as an option to required church attendance. Those who wished could work service projects in lieu of rising. Three years ago under the leadership of Jon Thomas, the organization was still very visible in campus affairs, it was a Christian club at a strongly Christian school. However, CCA has weathered the times.

In the face of increased dissatisfaction with the formal church, CCA has quietly fulfilled its duties as a vital life-force flowing from the campus to the community. CCA volunteers still travel in full force to Apple Creek, Boy’s Village, Ida Sue School, and other places.

Lately, CCA has held hands with those who are attempting to improve communication between students and others. As Bradsher readily points out, it is a solid, quiet organization which adds a wholly positive dimension to community life.

And where is it headed? Bradsher thinks there are new directions to see a wider use of the political force of the organization remain untapped: CCA is recognized and heard by the Board of Trustees. Another, the program of town-gown talks should and could be expanded. CCA, in this regard indicates that the radical church exists in Wooster under the guise of this quiet and wholly humanitarian group. We urge your support.

L. Y.

Student Review

LOVE, SORRY STORY

by Nancy Longrell

“Love means not having to say you’re sorry,” Then I guess that statement means that I did not love Love Story for I am sorry that I did.

Love Story the novel, if you can call it that, was better than its movie predecessor because it did not include gimmicky photographs and not in focus on the two main characters, a mediocre music score that melodically mated Pavarotti’s voice to death, or poor acting that could get no worse the movie progressed.

Ryan O’Neal’s Oliver Barrett came not from the ivy-covered walls of a school, but from the back alleys of gentlemen. Television’s love has been movie’s gain and as he has shown that the soap-opera is alive and well in Hollywood. And for Al MacGraw, most of us are not accustomed to seeing our nuclei of a traveling through a two hour movie. A photogenic face, a skinny body, and a fifty pound bag full of play Von Cronon, Rhode’s Island’s “social zero” Jenny Cavallari.

Actually Hollywood, the television, and the newspapers have pulled one another into the mix. Nothing short of a heralded in a new Romantic Age contrary to what the mass media has promised. Television’s love story, jobby public relations, has once again proved that the American public has bawdy taste in literature and even loudest taste in movies. Perhaps if Love Story had not been so overtowered, over-read, or overreviewed, the movie goy could judge the movie for its real value—a simple, delicate, frail, and at times trite story about two people in love.

What's Eating You?

VIRGINIAL LAST RITES

To the Editor:

These virginal purification rites, or whatever a certain proportion of the women on this campus comprehend them as, though “poor, nasty, brutal,” are neither “seditious” nor “shiny.” They should be eliminated.

Floyd Watts

Fakir Tells Tough Nails Story

by Vernon Craig

In our minds we have the most miraculous and powerful tool that the human mind can lift a large steel bar off her husband after an accident—this has happened many times and yet is hard to accept as fact.

Little did I realize at the age of 11 that a small book I stumbled upon was going to be an important role on my future-life and was to mold me into a professional Hindu Fakir. By the use of the powers of the mind I was able to uplift the body, nullify pain and to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

When first asked to give a talk on a subject in 1963, I was quite enthused, but being on of a “fakir” I felt that a simple talk on the powers of the mind was better. I gave the talk and to give it life and meaning, the magic which is in the Hindu Fakir was incorporated. With a steady and capable hand and without any prior training other than development of the mind, I walked to the platform and proceeded to illustrate my talk with the use of a fire and a bed of nails.

One act led to another—driving nails in someone’s hand, fire eating, lying on a bed of nails with people standing on me and as a finale, a solid concrete block was crushed on my chest while I was lying on the nails by a member of the audience. What started out as a one-shot deal has ended up to be an eight-year semi-career.

The most amazing fact was to come six months later. At that time, jokingly I was asked to give a talk. I wasn’t cool at a chicken barbecue where I was performing—my own amazement I found myself agreeing to perform for some girl milking through a two hour movie. A photogenic face, a skinny body, and a fifty pound bag full of play Von Cronon, Rhode’s Island’s “social zero” Jenny Cavallari.

Actually Hollywood, the television, and the newspapers have pulled one another into the mix. Nothing short of a heralded in a new Romantic Age contrary to what the mass media has promised. Television’s love story, jobby public relations, has once again proved that the American public has bawdy taste in literature and even loudest taste in movies. Perhaps if Love Story had not been so overtowered, over-read, or overreviewed, the movie goy could judge the movie for its real value—a simple, delicate, frail, and at times trite story about two people in love.

In the studies of Yoga and also found in Zen is a person is taught how to modulate and relax the mind. By being able to place each mind in a state of intensive concentration (meditation?), a person is capable of accomplishing many psychic abilities such as ESP, clairvoyance and mental telepathy. By thereasons of the far past, for thousands of years, followers of various philosophies were taught to develop their minds and to use these new powers in strange and unusual ways with their chief goal being for spiritual advancement.

In Yoga and Zen a person is taught how to consciously meditate and relax the mind. Many people without these studies do this subconsciously now when they are asleep but it isn’t until it can be done consciously that it has much value. By using some of the methods of the far eastern peoples and practicing diligently, it’s possible for anyone with average intelligence to increase his brain power to the point that even he will amaze himself at his abilities.

If studying with a guru or other master teacher in the field, the student will gain new insight on those apparent psychic phenomena for they are but a side track. The field at a high level of mystical awareness.
Fasting, Candelight Procession
To Highlight Peace Week Here

by Cathie Degen

As Phase II of the town canvassing program comes to an end, the Woolsey Peace Committee already has a long list of new and interesting anti-war activities planned for the next week.

Activities for all concerned people begin tonight at 7:30 p.m. when Karen Duncan, Joy Dull, Peggy Torrey and Diane Jeffries, all members of the Citizens' Conference to End the War in Indochina, will be speaking to townspeople and students at St. Mary's Church.

Sunday, members of the coalition will be once again asking people to sign draft petitions outside Westminster Church. They will probably also be speaking at other local churches to explain the WPC's activities and asking for support.

On Monday, all concerned students are asked to begin a three-day fast in protest of the continuation of the war and in sympathy with Dick Gregory, who plans to fast until the end of the war. At 8:30 p.m., Dr. Richard Farmer, a member of the Citizens' Conference to End the War in Indochina, and one of the 107 citizens who went to the Paris Peace Talks, will speak and present slides in Music Auditorium. Art Scott, President of the Student Body at Hiram College and also a member of the Citizens' Conference, will join Dr. Farmer in the presentation.

Schooled for Tuesday is the continuation of the fast and action against the draft.

Wednesday afternoon will be the showcase of workshops and other activities on the campus. Attendance and insight from all interested people is necessary to make the activity successful. The activities will start at 7:30 p.m. with seminars and possible war games planned.

The Days for Peace activities will end Wednesday night when a candlelight procession is planned. Beginning at 7:30 p.m., the marchers will walk from Kaseke Hall to First Presbyterian Church.

The featured speaker will be Rev. Stanley Beke, a Mennonite pastor from Blufton, Ohio who attended the Paris Peace Talks. Folk singing and peace prayers will lead to a march to the Kaseke where the fast will be broken.
Parents to View Winning Lacrosse, Baseball Teams

by Tom Fitt

Sports Writer

Saturday is the day when mom gets to come to the college to see the Linksmen in a strange game called lacrosse. Mom’s not worried, as long as she’s promised not to play any sport that may be dangerous, so lacrosse must be a safe game like golf or bowling. After all, Johnny promised.

But Johnny lied. And mommymom will probably faint when the hard rubber-covered ball sails—rather strokes—straight at Johnny’s head during the first minute of play.

On the campus of the College of Wooster, player-coach Tom La-Monica’s team has one of the nation’s best offenses, and it’s in the spring sports, yet lacrosse is probably the most unheralded. So far this year, the Scots have defeated the Cleveland Lacrosse Club, 10-5, Notre Dame (no, Ara doesn’t coach the lacrosse squad.), 6-3, and a tough Wheaton team last Saturday, 9-8.

On Wednesday of this week, the toughest test of the season to this point faced the lacrosse team—a trip to DePauw, a team that has won the Midwest Lacrosse Association championship three out of the last four years. Tomorrow, we’re back home against Kenyon in a game to be played in the stadium.

Leading the scoring for the Scots is freshman Larry Amon, who scored three times last week against Witt. Steve Larson’s fine work on defense must also be commended in the match last Saturday.

The Scots are riding high off a double win last Saturday. Wooster went to Muskingum Wednesday for a single game.

The Scots are 7-1 in the conference and 14-4 overall. I also understand that a life-size model of R.A. has been placed on the roof of the Wooster Inn so that the boys have something to shoot at during batting practice.

Coming Next Week—Details about the "VOICE" All-School Golf Tournament.

Please Patronize VOICE Advertisers.

Spikers Win First Over Hiram At Double-Dual Meet Tomorrow

The Scots track team won its first dual meet of the year with an 84-50-50 triumph over Hiram College Tuesday in Severance Stadium. Three dual winners helped Wooster to its first victory since 1968. The triathlon face Muskingum and Denison tomorrow.

Steve Gault recorded his first win in the shot put and also took the discus. Bob Cyders and Ted Terringo helped Wooster sweep the former. Caucasian Rick Soliman won the 440-yard dash and his specialty, the 440-yard intermediates hurdles. With victories in the mile and three mile runs, freshman Charles Torrey was called the most improved runner in the meet by Coach Lafferty.

Other winners included John Helm in the long jump, Ian McGregor in the pole vault, Mark Hosteller in the 880 and Wooster’s 440, and mile relay teams.

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The Wayne County National Bank
People want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it.

—President Dwight D. Eisenhower, August 1952

(Apple Creek Way Of Life (Continued from Page 1)

We judge that he can see shapes. They are six strange and wonderful children. After working with them for a while, you get absurdly attached and devoted, especially to one or two. My one or two are Kelly and Patti. They are the first ones I go to, or who come to me, when I open the Dutch gate and enter the day hall play area.

Kelly usually comes to me first. A few months ago he stayed away from anything that looked human. Now he runs to everyone and wants to be picked up and cuddled. His withdrawal from the world, then, is less. He still, however, has no use for speaking; and in this area I work with him most. At dinner, after he carries his tray to the table (which he also learned only in the last few months) I take it from him. We go through a litany of crying and saying and shaping his lips into the syllable "me" for about 20 minutes before any sound comes out that isn't crying, all so that I can say on the behavior record that Kelly said "ma" with shaping and that after which he ate his dinner, ravenously. It's agonizing at times for both of us. He wants to live with out speech; he resists questions and runs. I am an absurd scribbler and talker. I am forcing my world on him; I have only gotten glimpses of what might be his. He could care less about mine.

Understanding
Compasion
Being wanted and needed
Yes love is all these things
Plus much more
It's not warm hands holding you tightly and
Turn to the right
A small child asking why,
and you taking the time to
Explain even when you're hurt.
Love is making a child laugh
in a way he never knew.
Love is understanding a little problem which is so big for a child to handle
Love is finding the least amount of good in a person who has
done you wrong
Love is above there.

—Judy Rhodes

Apple Creek Way Of Life

(CPS) — Demanding an immediate end to the war, hundreds of thousands of Americans gave visible proof Saturday, April 28, that the anti-war movement is not dead.

In Washington, the massive crowd spilled over the Capital lawn and filled both Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues for a mile on the ellipse behind the White House during the five hour peaceful march.

A diverse crowd of 500,000 jammed the streets of Washington while 250,000 protostores stretched across the San Francisco peninsula on their way to Golden Gate Park, according to march organizers.

They were the first major marches in over a year, ending claims that Nixon's Vietnamization program had cut into anti-war sentiment. More importantly, organizers stressed, it was the most broadly based antiwar coalition ever assembled.

Students, hardhats, veterans of several wars, members of the United Auto Workers, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the窑a Union, Business Executives Against the War from Chicago, the Chicago Teachers' Union, Young Socialists and the Wechsaukas, New Jersey Citizens for Peace all joined in the massive display of concern at the Nation's Capitol.

Buckskin Hot Pants
The Hot Test of the Hot Ones
22

![Buckskin Hot Pants](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

Saturday's demonstration was the second phase of the spring offensive against the war that began with 1,500 Vietnam Veterans Against the War lobbying congressmen.

The national coordinator of the Student Mobilization Committee, Dobby Bustin, said that a new unity could be seen by looking at "the union banners, the women's and Black and Chicana contingents, the banners from the armed forces, at the Gay Liberation contingent. The government is scared of our movement," he said, "because we have helped to build a massive opposition to the war."

The long list of speakers representing a variety of political, anti-war, labor and civil rights organizations was interspersed with entertainment. Peter, Paul and Mary sang Blowin' in the Wind, Country Joe McDonal led the Fish choir, but this year Pete Seeger declined to sing Give Peace a Chance, "I'm not going to sing it today," he declared. "You know why . . . it's too late, we don't have any more time for polite songs." Seeger then added a new verse on Lt. Calley and the Nixon Administration to the song "Last Train to Nuremberg."

He is a beautiful child. A smile from him while I am holding him has brought me near tears. To see his solemn cry/laugh, screams a terrible finger down my spine. Lately he has come to me of his own will, lifted his arms so I could pick him up and giggled and cooed in my arms. I am fortunate to hear him. The project psychologists can put an accenting line on his graph. (Continued on Page 6)
IMPRESSIONS...

(Continued from Page 1)

For that's what it is: an experimental ward in the psychology department of Apple Creek State Institute. I can't knock their graphs—they are proving for the budgeters and their administrators what a lot of people have felt in their gut (and some other states practised) for a long time: that you can teach and train profound-ly retarded children. Not only to take care of themselves, like feeding themselves, clothing themselves and toileting themselves (none of our kids could do this a year ago, all can now) but so that they can learn to ride a tricycle, roller skate, catch and throw a ball. The system, of course, does not run on gut intuitions: it lives on graphs and percentages.

There is a blessing, working in such a systematized institution as Apple Creek State Institute. The kids don't care about those silly graphs and percentages. And when you are with them, you don't have to either.

Working with retarded children is also a great antidote to college concepts, theories, primary texts and polymorphism prove their unreality when you are being trained in the art of play by a mongoloid like Patti. Her hand is her chief game; it bends and moves so fabulously. She talks and grows to it for long minutes, rocking contentedly in one of the several rockers on the ward. Whenever I make a mistake, drop something, or get too excited about Greg peeing outside of the toilet (when he's sitting on it) she laughs merrily, rolling her multiple jointed body, on the small invisible planes of her existence.

She is a witch at revolutionary tactics. When I stubbornly insist that she must say "mama" (which she can perfectly well) before I will allow her the prize of sitting in my lap and getting tickled, Patti stubbornly insist on saying "ball" or "di-shed-wan" whatever that means. She usually wins; I confess I love the freak. And so we have a merry time—until, of course she gets too excited and gets wet panties, and I get a wet lap.

Patti and the other children on our ward are condemned for their lives to the irrelevance of being only children. In a society choked with concepts and self-importance, regulations and those silly graphs and percentages, they are not, nor are any of the patients at Apple Creek going to have much fun. They require too much simplicity, and too little self-importance of normal human beings.

When I first started working at Apple Creek, I was horrified and consciously appalled at the conditions and mistreatment of the patients—a reaction I'd learned from a humanistic education at Wooster. I'm still appalled; anyone who can justify conditions there could justify Bedlam in 16th century London. But what a waste of energy, just "being appalled," or "being concerned;" the kids care about morality about as much as they care about those silly graphs and percentages. They do care about themselves, and whoever is nearby, the way you let your hair grow and the way you hold them, swing them around, or how those key which can lock people up for months, jangle and jingle merrily in your—or their—hand.

MORE ON

QUIET REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 1)

As an offshoot of these meetings, several subsequent discussions have taken place with parents and/or kids about drugs by people who have been through the scene and know what they are talking about.

A couple of other activities are planned for the rest of the year, including experimental workshops relating with other groups on campus, co-sponsorship of a professional production and rapping with trustees. I have described what has transpired so far.

To me, the revolution is about making this world a place where all people can realize their full potential and live the best life possible to the fullest extent of their humanity. In short, Liberation. Until that day when the liberation is complete, I see the person who involves himself in the day to day liberation of his fellow man as a thousand times more revolutionary than a fulltime "rapper." In short, if you "talk the talk, you must walk the walk." Even if they do not know it, these people are quiet revolutionaries.