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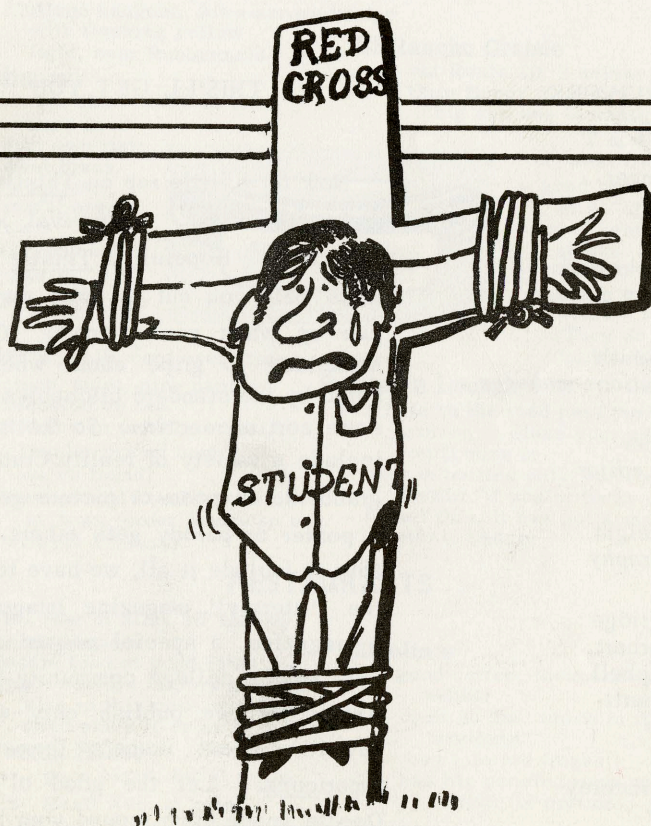
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Thistle
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WOOSTER, OHIO

WOOSTER SURVIVAL MANUAL



A THISTLE PUBLICATION * 1969

PREFACE

In the last analysis, survival in Wooster depends upon brain, skill, and the ability to take care of one's self. Safety devices may not always be available in an emergency, and persons skilled in rescue may not always be near to the scene of a campus accident. If a person can fudge reasonably well, however, he will always have the ability to make his way to graduation, or to keep his draft deferment until he is exempt. A person who cannot fudge, on the other hand, is going to fail within a year or two unless someone is nearby to help him.

This is why the Wooster Survival Kit considers its suggestions for survival the most basic part of its lifesaving program. Without accomplished system-beaters there would be no help, because one has to be strong and capable himself before he can save others.

SURVIVORS:

THIS'LL GET YOU

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publications manager

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ally

Now for a little rap on Thistle in general, and this — a survival kit — in particular. Hopefully, Thistle will always help you out in some way. Pick you up when you're down. Give you something to gripe about when you're bored by the standard bitchables. Create some sort of reaction. So that's why we include a variety of reality crutches and grabbers. A poem or picture gets some; a poster or parody gets others. To be able to include it all, we have to go from the "literary" magazine image to just a magazine, a special magazine calling only on the college community for material. We can publish only what you submit. Next issue's theme is pro Americana. Let the good ol' Yankee Doodle image drum around your head and send to Box 3040 by November 17. Let Thistle prick your brain and see what you can do to retaliate.

PROPER CARE AND FEEDING OF YOUR BELLY GROCERY STORES

Buehler's on North Market St.

- best in town for prices & good food
- fun just to walk around
- cheap price on drugs, too

Krogers on Beall Ave.

- Cheap prices but cheap food

Lawsons 7 a.m. - 10 p.m.

- cheap but not much selection
- advantage - it's open when you need snacks

Smith's Grocery

Meats are supposed to be good

Buckeye I.G.A. at Point

- good meat (both beef & luncheon)
- good bread (from bakery, on little counter in middle aisle)

Mary's below DiOrio's

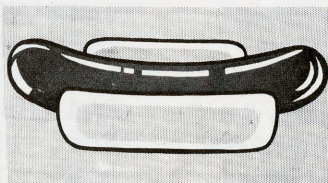
- small, but pleasant
- (Don't get out of hand just for the Owner's sake; we like her)

DiOrio's

- nice place, good pizza
- College hangout, down across bridge with flashing yellow light, near Rubbermaid

Pipeline's

- lowest ebb of bars in town
- venture in at your own risk
- wear brass knuckles, you'll need them
- (if you can take it, it's a groove)



BARS

Liberty Lounge

- Open 8 a.m. to 12 p.m.
- high school haven, but it's got beer and that's what counts

El Rancho Grande

- out Route 30, 3 miles
- Ohio Hoopy Territory, but it's big and has fantastic pizza

T & J's

West Liberty

- good beer - Bud. et.al. also wine
- good seafood & steaks
- great for GOOD meal, even if you are not 21. (They do serve milk - ha, ha)

Danner's (will card every time)

- clean, quiet, nice people
- Michelob on tap
- Weideman (which is best regular priced beer we've found)
- best ground steak sandwiches in town (order American or Swiss Cheese)

Route 30 Lounge

- a hole in the road past the Howard Johnson's; close your eyes and you'll miss it
- beer in bottles only, bartender in T-shirt, if you're lucky
- for all this, it has got some ethnic beauty

RESTAURANTS

Stark's - rear of alley off Liberty near square

- decent food at good rates
- quiet; service is slow and that's nice in this case because it's a good place to relax

Coccia House

- good pizza, but it costs

Gano's Beall Ave. at point

- good food, homey, cheap
- try Chef's salad

Nadelin's

- good coffee, inexpensive, but edible
- open 24 hrs. which is its best attribute
- they tolerate freaks
- has big paneled room upstairs to rent for parties - \$5.00

Keeney's Cafeteria

- good food, clean, but expensive

Alexander's

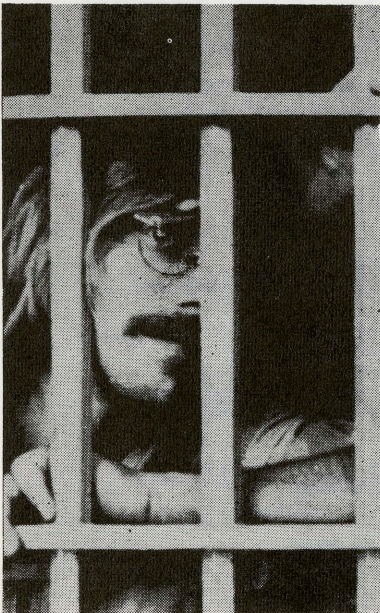
- quality dining at reasonable prices
- seafood to steaks

Conti's - it exists

and of course, there's food service

LIVING FREE

Free Vegetables--A&P stores clean their vegetable bins every day, usually at 9:00 A.M. Tell them you want to feed your rabbits. Write to major corporations and tell them you bought their product and it doesn't work, it stinks, it tastes bad, etc.. Most firms will send you up to a case of merchandise just to keep you off their backs. Try Tootsie Roll, Cambell's Soup, General Mills, and Cigarette companies. (Write to the Public Relations Dept.)

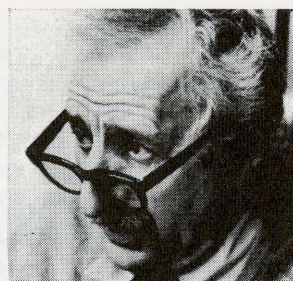


Free Money--The best places for panhandling are weekend evenings outside a theater, especially guilt films like "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?". Suburban guys with dates are good touches. Anywhere lots of people are is OK, especially tourists. "Got any spare change, man?" is always better than "Got a dime?". Smile! Rec-tories and Nunneries (esp. in big cities) are also good places.

Free Security--First you need some money. Deposit it in a bank, wait a few weeks, return and tell them you lost your bank book, and you get a new one. Now, withdraw your money, and you have it back plus a bankbook showing a balance. This is good as insurance against vagrancy busts when travelling, opening charge accounts, collateral for bail, Identification, etc.

Free College--Send for a class schedule at the school of your choice, and just walk in (if it is a large class at a big school). If you need books, write to the publisher and tell them you are a lecturer at some school, and are considering using their books in your course.

ANTI-INFLATIONARY



How to Spot Law n' Order Police--Undercover
cops always try to score with another agent present, or with several in the vicinity. Although they often wear beards and mustaches, cops almost never have long hair. They are switched around alot, and besides, hair doesn't grow in the suburbs. Undercover cops always carry a gun so look for a bulge or a jacket on a hot day. Black undercover cops are very hard to spot. NEVER, NEVER sell dope to someone under indictment; they can be under pressure to bust people. Many times non-cops are used as informers. To dispel a rumor, cops don't have to say they are if you ask them outright. Officer M.G. once told me that narcs can't smoke weed on pain of losing their jobs, "unless their lives would be endangered if they did not." Even cops get paranoid.

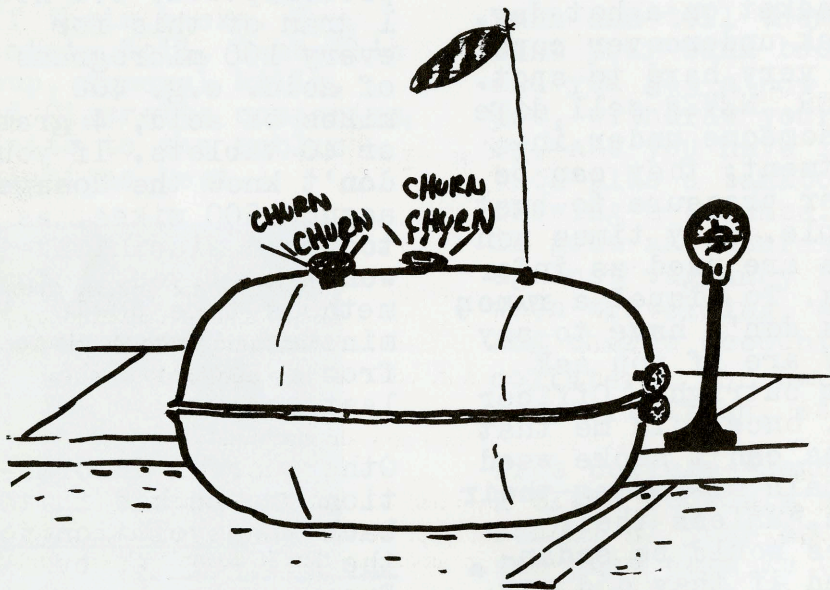
Bad Trips--The best method for bringing a person down from a bad trip is a calm, reassuring talk from some-

one. In bad cases, mix a cup of sugar to a quart of orange juice, and drink as much as possible. Even better is Niacinimide, which you can get without a prescription. You need 1 gram of this for every 100 micrograms of acid. e.g. 400 mikes of acid, 4 grams or 40 tablets. If you don't know the dosage, assume 500 mikes, as too much Niacinimide won't hurt you. Both methods take 30-40 minutes. Thorazine from a doctor is a last resort.

Other useful information can be had in the back of Revolution for the Hell of It, by Free, although most of it pertains to NYC and other big cities. Some of the above stuff may be out of date. Thank you George Metesky, and good luck in Chicago.

In order to prevent Galpin from discovering my forbidden car on campus (as you know, Freshmen, Sophomores, and scholarship students may not have them), I reconditioned my 1959 Volkswagen to convert into an above ground septic tank.

- 1) Use the air-cooled hydraulic support-conversion system to utilize the water in the radiator. This redistributes the motor, wheels, etc., along the sliding wheel, axel, and motor mounts into the center of what becomes an oval cylinder.
- 2) After that, the frame folds to form the tank shape. The speedometer and tach turn outwards to simulate gauges, as the dual 6" speakers of the amplification system, which is connected to the radiator, blast out the sounds of churning water.



WHAT'S MY WHINE

- Announcer:** Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, and welcome to What's My Whine. We have a fine show planned for you this evening. Let me start it off by introducing the panel. First, Mr. Jay Edgar Hoover, noted telephone-and arm-twister.
Mr. Hoover . . .
- Hoover:** Thank you, Wally. Next, it is my pleasure to introduce Dr. Joyce Brothers, noted prostitute and family counsellor. Dr. Brothers . . .
- Brothers:** Thank you, Eggy. Hello, fans. It is so nice to see you all. It is my pleasure to introduce the next panelist, Fred Ahmed Evans, black philanthropist and Boy Scout sharp-shooting merit badge winner. Freddie . . .
- Evans:** Salami, Sister. The next panelist is Janis Joplin, who was recently voted Miss Garble Gut, 1969.
Sister Janis . . .
- Janis:** Southern Comfort, Baby . . . and thanks, Freddie. We're uptight and ready to guess, so bring on the mess you call the misery guest.
- Announcer:** All right, panelists. Please grab a seat and cover your eyes with the provided eye covers – compliments of Sperry Rand the Synergistic Company!
- Panelists:** Ready.
- Announcer:** All right, panelists. Will the misery guest please enter and sign in. (*Loud cry from the audience*) "That's my baby!"
- Misery Guest:** (*writing*)

MELVIN LAIRD

- Technician:** Who's he?
- Announcer:** Shh!
Panelists, I want to tell you that the misery guest deals in a service to mankind, and is employed by a monopoly. We'll start the questioning with Mr. Hoover.
- Hoover:** As I understand it, you deal in a service to mankind?
- Melvin:** True.
- Hoover:** Does your service entertain mankind?
- Melvin:** No.
- Announcer:** That's one down and 9 to go. Dr. Brothers . . .
- Brothers:** If I know that your service doesn't entertain people, am I correct in assuming that it doesn't please them?
Sometimes.
- Melvin:** Let me clarify that answer. (*Conference*)
- Melvin:** True.
- Brothers:** Is your service something I might use?
- Melvin:** True.
- Brothers:** Is your service manufactured?

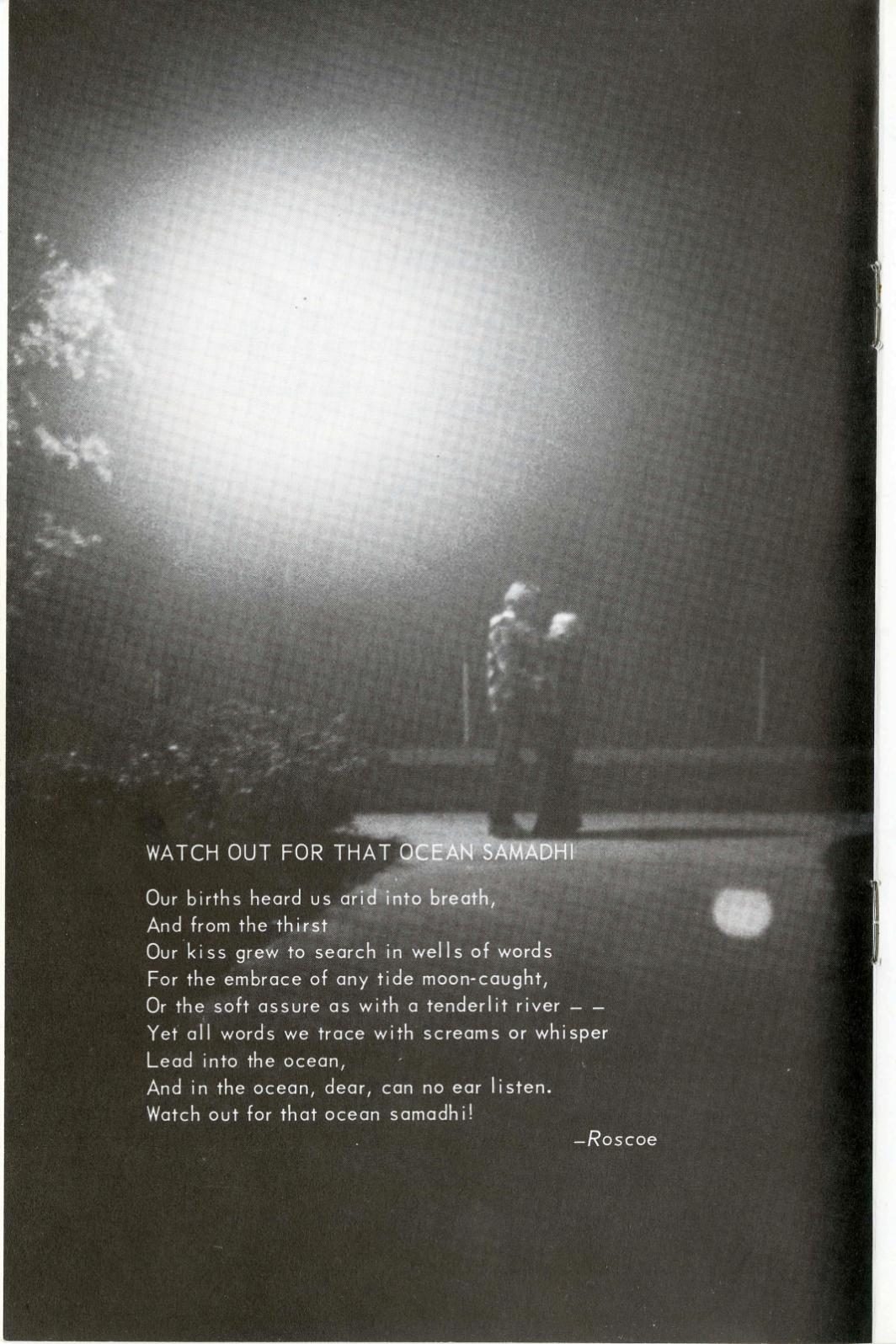
Melvin: No.
 Announcer: That's 2 down and 8 to go. Fred . . .
 Evans: Does this service threaten other people?
 Melvin: Only when threatened first.
 Evans: Hmm . . . Have people expressed an interest in your service?
 Melvin: True.
 Evans: Are you interested in the welfare of men?
 Melvin: True.
 Evans: Are you Andrew Carnegie?
 Announcer: That's 3 down and 7 to go. Janis . . .
 Janis: Do you luv all men? I mean, you're not a masochist are you?
 Melvin: No. (*A loud scream*) "Not my Baby!"
 Announcer: That's 4 down and 6 to go. Mr. Hoover . . .
 Hoover: I've got it! You are Attila the Hun! Right?!

Melvin: No.



Hoover: Are you sure? I'm not often not wrong.
 Melvin: Yes.
 Announcer: Let's be rational. That's 5 down and 5 to go.
 Dr. Brothers:
 Brothers: I think I have it. You are Marcello Mastroianni?
 Melvin: No.
 Announcer: That's 6 down and 4 to go. Mr. Evans . . .
 Evans: I am interested in this monopoly business. Is your employer consumer-operated?
 Melvin: Theoretically.
 Announcer: Conference please!
 Melvin: No further comment.
 Evans: Is the president of the concern well-known?
 Melvin: Sometimes.
 Evans: Is your employer versed in the communications field?
 Melvin: No.

Announcer: That's 7 down and 3 to go. Miss Joplin . . .
Janis: We know you get bread from the man, right?
Melvin: Yes.
Janis: Are you kept to handle other folk?
Melvin: Yes.
Janis: Are you indirectly responsible for handling missions?
Melvin: True.
Janis: I got it. You're a mob man. Right? HUH?!? I got it, didn't I!??
Melvin: No.
Announcer: That's 8 down and 2 to go. I'm going to flip over all the cards and give each of our panelists a final guess. First, Mr. Hoover . . .
Hoover: Well, my chief suspicion has been ruled out of the case . . . I'll legislate.
Announcer: Dr. Brothers . . .
Brothers: The only other man I could think of . . . is . . . Wait, we haven't established gender have we? I mean feminine deep voice and everything! Do you understand, Wally?
Announcer: Yes. Let me say that the contestant is a man.
Brothers: That throws me off . . . a feminine male . . . Hmm . . . Oh, how silly of me. You're Hugh Heffner.
Melvin: No.
Announcer: Fred . . .
Evans: You're George Rockwell!
Melvin: No.
Announcer: Miss Joplin . . .
Janis: I'll abstain. This whole show is a Frank Zappa plot.
Announcer: We've stumped you!
Remove the eye covers and let me introduce Mr. Melvin Laird, Secretary of (Defence?)
Evans: See, I knew he worked for A.T. & T.



WATCH OUT FOR THAT OCEAN SAMADHI

Our births heard us arid into breath,
And from the thirst
Our kiss grew to search in wells of words
For the embrace of any tide moon-caught,
Or the soft assure as with a tenderlit river — —
Yet all words we trace with screams or whisper
Lead into the ocean,
And in the ocean, dear, can no ear listen.
Watch out for that ocean samadhi!

—Roscoe

LOVE & WILL

By Rollo May

(soon to be published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.)

Reviewed by Richard Whitmire

" . . . There is something in the centre of nature itself which resists any social directive that life be not complex, not perverse, not contradictory, not explosive. . . "

Norman Mailer

When man reflects upon value judgments, he simply reaches into his consciousness for his personal philosophy. If one attempts to define the self, he merely consolidates the fragments of his consciousness and produces his concept of self. However when one confronts his identity, he must consider the force activating his consciousness and must confront his "centre" or sense of being.

Dr. May identifies this centre as the daimonic, the force which contains one's creative drive and vitality. The daimonic is also the center of conflicting desires: love and hate, creation and destruction. It is our ability to "feel" as opposed to experiencing feelinglessness and apathy. An individual's consciousness determines and controls the expression of the daimonic.

In a totalitarian or puritanical society, the daimonic is repressed and creativity stifled. However intensive repression can produce both creative and destructive eruptions from certain individuals alienated from their society.

The problem of repressing the daimonic becomes highly relevant when applied to current strife and violence. Dr. May states that if man is to live in a community, he must recognize the daimonic, integrate it into his life, and express it through dialogue. Man however is a narcissistic animal and often refuses to accept the reality of possessing the capacity for evil. If he cannot communicate or express his daimonic impulses, he begins to repress both his creative and destructive motivations. Refusing to recognize the reality of his destructive tendencies, he white-washes all his motives and believes himself incapable of evil. Hence, we are confronted with many individuals who stoically believe their country can do no wrong in war. Rollo May states that in time of war,

The enemy becomes the Evil One; one's own daimonic tendencies are projected into him. Thus, our tendency to see in every Communist a devil, to identify ourselves with God, and to fight no wars but only to undertake crusades.

May presents a concise and highly relevant analysis of our Victorian and existential environment. Each chapter confronts a seemingly contradictory and psychotic world, leaving the reader with a concrete grasp on his irrational tendencies.

MEDIUM COOL

How is it possible to write a critique on the reality of life in America as it is today? OR, should I say, how is it possible not to write a critique on the reality of life in America as it is today? Haskell Wexler, writer-director-photographer of this film, places our lives, in all their beauty and in all their sordidness, before us in living color. By living color, I mean the bruised and bloodied color of man-made violence, the loving color of a man and a woman, a man and a boy, and the frustrating color of a black people asking for respect, or a poor people asking for a decent life in the "good" society.

The opening scene is one of violence. The final scene is one of violence. The intermediate scenes are ones of violence. However, in the first scene, Wexler's major personality, a T.V. cameraman, is without feelings and detached from the violence his job requires him to film. As the film approaches its climax, Wexler's cameraman's involvement in the violence also rises to a crescendo. Finally, in the last scene, our cameraman is a direct participant and finds himself a victim of the mass media's script for violence. As a pictorial epilogue, the camera is turned and trained on you, the audience.

I shall not attempt to criticize the actors or to cite specific scenes. The film is spontaneous, as is life. Nevertheless, scenes of the Chicago convention of last summer bring it all home.

"Talking peace? Talk loud."

STEIN



FATHERS AND SONS

For a gut blues sound without frills, listen to Fathers and Sons on Chess Records. As the title implies, the double album features some of the old-style black purists, specifically Muddy Waters, combined with the new generation of white blues disciples such as Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield. The result is true vocal blues backed by what could be the finest instrumentalists ever assembled.

Waters is the undisputed leader or "Father" of the group. The action revolves around his dynamic, soulful vocals and guitar work without question to his quthority. Even Bloomfield, not known to be contented with a secondary slot, seems to gracefully yield to the master. Waters comes from a generation of great black blues musicians such as John Lee Hooker, B.B. King, Sonny Boy Willimas, and Howlin' Wolf who have starved for years playing one night stands in crummy bars so a new wave of slick white musicians could copy their styles and get rich. But he leaves no doubt on this album as to who the genuine artist really is as his voice soars and gnaws its way through various types of blues, sounding as good on the one-take "live" disc as the studio recording. His gravelly vocal style, distinctly black, is undoubtedly a main source of inspiration for many of the more popular groups.

For those of you who have heard either Butterfield or Bloomfield sing, I am happy to report that all the vocalizing is done by the master and that the two "Sons" stick to their harmonica and guitar respectively. In so doing they give some of the most electrifying duets ever to be recorded as they groove with each other to make such counterparts as Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce (late of Cream) look like amateurs. Each staying within his strictly defined limits makes each so impressive. Definitely back-ups to Muddy Waters, Butterfield and Bloomfield play with and around each other with no hint of show-stealing. What really strikes me is seeing three acknowledged stars work as a group. Bloomfield in particular has been known to quit bands because he could not be continually featured and Butterfield leads his own; yet neither tries to take over any sort of spotlight. One only has to recall the Cream to appreciate this.

Fathers and Sons is definitely a must for blues enthusiasts. Don't expect anything more from it, no screaming amps, long drum solos, wah-wah pedal or fuzz tone. But if you want to hear a master and some top apprentices deal with the art of blues, you can do no better than Fathers and Sons.

-reviewed by Dick Wagner



FLUSH AND SING

An ideal device for all members of the lonely-hearts club band who (like bats) are invisible imps by day-monstrous maggots by night...at which time they come creeping, crawling, and crowing into the cavernous realm of moldy, midnight showers and, while bat-bathing sing with zing to their make-believe mates. Only, there are hunters across the hall who would have their heads for hearing such horrendous (or hellish) sounds. Therefore: for those happy, zappy folks who sound off in the shower hours:

- 1.) Drop the large flat suction cup in the base of the toilet bowl.
- 2.) Attach the flexible rubber band to the toilet flusher (so it keeps the handle in a permanent downward position).
- 3.) Stretch the long, blue, extension tube along the tile and into the shower.
- 4.) Fasten the long, blue, extension tube's nozzle over your mouth-- so as not to impair the teeth as this hampers enunciation.
- 5.) Now -- turn on the H₂O -- which will be generously hot (due to the permanently flushing toilet), and sing into the sound-proof "microphone" at your mouth.

This prevents the sound waves from disturbing the dastardly, desolate demons across the hall, and proceeds to pipe your sound through the entire plumbing system proliferating through pipes and progressing to the urban sewers where raunchy rats are less likely to breed, (sound waves affect their mating habits), and where all the flushed goldfish from ages thence and hence will flourish in aquatic, symphonic harmony. (THE SONG IS LOVE!)

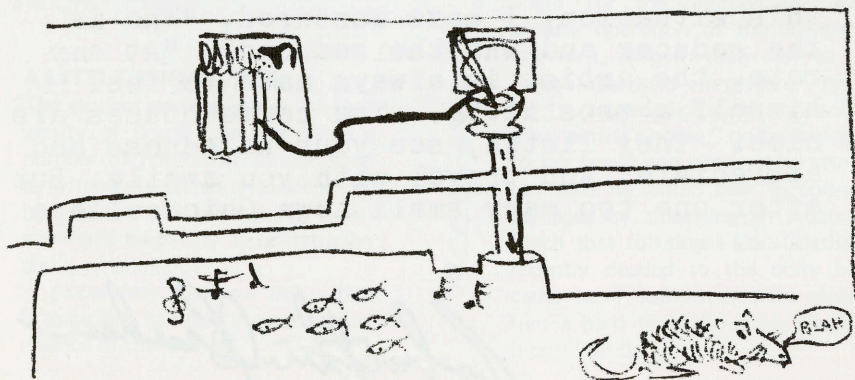
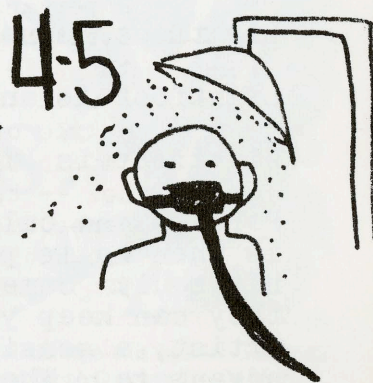
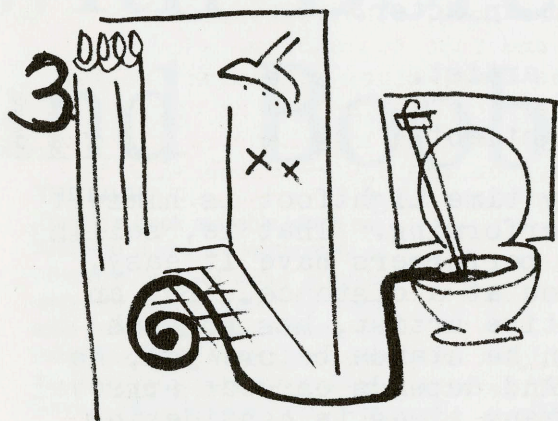
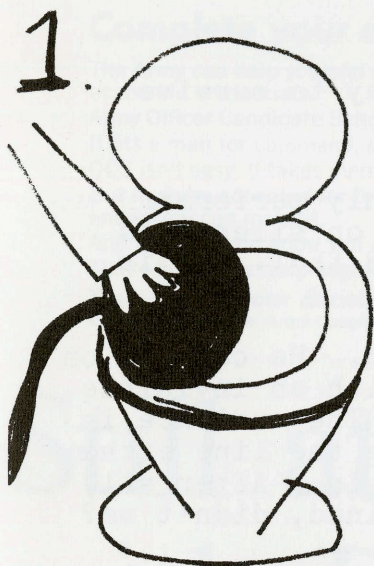
FLUSH-AND-SING

Designed By

Marie Carhartt

patent no. 1261-1117

U.F.O.



Lightfoot,
or a rather painful way to survive

"Gordon Lightfoot is the only performer I've ever seen who depends on silence as a punchline." Someone said that. It is true.

Lightfoot is a strange man. He carries on a continual conversation with an invisible friend known only by him. The audience is befuddled. Somewhere along the line either mental chaos or anger sets in. After all, we came here to be entertained, didn't we?

Lightfoot is not an entertainer.

Lightfoot is not an actor.

Lightfoot is an artist.

Lightfoot is Lightfoot.

Perhaps the only time Lightfoot is himself is when he is performing. That is, selling his soul. Some performers have it easy, they can keep you at a distance. But an artist, a sensitive artist, has no such advantage. When he stands before you, he stands naked. And depends on your approval for his life. Many times in considering this situation, I have wondered, "Who is the seducer and who the seduced?" "At any rate, the artist is always made to feel himself a prostitute. The coffeehouses are nice. They listen, see your nakedness and appreciate. And travel with you awhile. But after one too many small town Ohio college

.....

Robert Thompson

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Still at War with Bores and Boobs.

THE BOOK

There's a book available which can help you if you are legitimately or otherwise, worried about a run-in with the law. Prepared by some solid lawyers and law students, it's called the "Bust Book." Send 75¢ to Book c/o Liberation News Service, 160 Claremont Ave., New York, N.Y. 10027

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE . . .

The student government at the University of South Carolina offers a number of non-credit courses such as witchcraft, alchemy, bartending, income tax and lovemaking. Lovemaking is taught by an obstetrician and a gynecologist.

Apparently, to know the orifice is to be able to teach the nature and essence of the process.

Succotash?



A damage suit against God was filed by an Oakland, California, woman whose home was struck by lightning. Noting that He is responsible for the maintenance and orderly operation of the universe, the suit alleged that He, in a "careless and negligent manner . . . caused lightning to strike the plaintiff's home," doing damage to her home and nerves. Her attorney said he would seek to collect damages by attaching an Arizona ranch that folksinger Lou Gottlieb recently deeded to the deity because local authorities were giving him a hard time about his alleged hippy friends.



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