

THE CRIER JR.

VOLUME 1 NO. 1 CORNING COMMUNITY COLLEGE, CORNING, N.Y. DEC. 1962

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

"Among the objectives of Corning Community College is expressed the ancient belief in the dignity and significance of the individual. The College also seeks to develop each student's highest potentialities—spiritual, intellectual, social, and physical.

The Christmas season is an ideal time to place special emphasis on the continuing development of one's own inner resources—one's own spiritual or philosophical views, as well as a contemplation on the fact that our very lives are gifts given to us for some purpose in the service of humanity. By meeting our potentialities do we derive a dignity and significance as individuals.

Therefore, I extend to every student and invitation during the Christmas season to take the time to grow from within and store up courage, and sense of responsibility to make something of your lives. To want to develop your own standards of thinking and conduct, to want to learn more, consonant with your abilities, are respected decisions in our society. Indeed, our society places all its hopes for the future in your ability to lead us out of the wilderness of hate, greed, envy, and despair.

Implementing idealism is the greatest task of the educated man.

Christmas is followed by a New Year, what better time is there to use your life in a significant service to your fellow man? For such a high resolve, you MUST continue your education. To educate means "to lead out." Christmas is a time to focus on this challenge anew. Give thanks for your chance to do your best."

Dr. William L. Perry
President

Barons Lose Fourth
Keystone College downed.
The Mighty Barons by a
score of 72-45 at Corning
Glass Center LAST NIGHT.
SATURDAY CORNING TRAVELS
TO MORRISVILLE WITH A RECORD
OF 0-4 THEY ARE OVERDUE.

CALANDER OF COMING EVENTS

Dec. 15-8:15 P.M.
Corning Community College
Houghton House
Travelogue--Germany (films)

Dec. 16-19 till 1
Christmas Ball
Corning Glass Center

Dec. 17-8:00 p.m.
Elmira College
Christmas Concert
Chorus, Orchesis, and Mira-Chords

Dec. 27-8:30 P.M.
Corning Glass Center
Puppets
Holiday Theatre Club

Jan. 1-16
Corning Community College
Houghton House
Exhibit-Masterpieces of
photography

Jan. 4-8:00 P.M.
Elmira College
Audubon Screen Tours
"The Land The Glaciers Forgot"

Jan. 5-8:15 P.M.
Corning Community College
Houghton House
U.N. Lecture Series
-Ghana-

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VACATION ANNOUNCEMENTS

College library hours:
8:30 A.M.-5 P.M. Weekdays
Closed Sat. and Sun.

College Bookstore:
Open thru Dec. 21
Closed Dec. 22 until Jan. 3

All college offices will be open
the week of Dec. 18. The Week
of Dec. 25 they will be open Wed.

THE CRIER
WISHES ALL A MERRY
CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY
NEW YEAR.....
(NEXT ISSUE JAN 3 1962)

SANTA CLAUS: A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION

BY DICK CLAPROOD
FEATURE WRITER

The grass whispered gently under the impulse of the pine-scented zephyrs (5 to 200 MPH). Graceful gazelles gamboled and sported in clover as high as their knees. The cheerful pipings of shepherds' flutes mingled with the humming of hummingbirds and the beeing of bees.

That was in Indonesia. The situation at the top of the world, however, was rather at variance with these conditions. Up here the barometer never falls, because it's already at the bottom, along with the spirits of the natives.

But meteorological dishwater has no place in this tale. Besides, who could care about the icicles outside, when inside the cheerful snug little Quonset hut a helmet-full of delectable leftovers was smoldering merrily on the venerable Coleman butane stove.

Into this jolly scene burst a fat jolly old man, wearing a fat, jolly red Brooks Brothers toga and soggy size 14 brogans. Mrs. Claus, a fat jolly old woman with cataracts and the Plague, looked up from the foaming kettle of toxic goo and smiled a greeting. Her single tooth gleamed cheerfully through the smoke from the Eskimo oil lamp. "Tired dear?" she asked.

"A little. Had a bit of a tiff with those Nike things when I crossed the DEW line, but it's all taken care of. I had a few crates of camel dung with me; I was going to leave them in an Arab slave dealer's stocking, but I dumped it on the radar station instead... Fix the bloody beggars," he chortled.

"I know," she said. "I heard it on the PBX. Those airmen thought it was some new type of fallout. Really, Sandy, I worry about you on Christmas night."

"Don't, please," he said kindly. "Those missiles can only do about 900 knots, and when I give the team a touch of the lash, all Russia can't catch us. Which reminds me, Nikita wanted a new pair of shoes for Christmas. Slipped my mind completely." He clomped across to the stove, leaving a trail of slush and ice crystals on the priceless broadloom rag carpet. Slopping some espresso into an antique mug, cleverly contrived from a surplus Civil War bullet mold, he raised the brew to his lips, where it poured in a scalding cascade over the bosom of his impeccable attire.

Mrs. C. shushed his curses, sponging the slop from his soggy tunic. "You forgot to take off the beard dear."

With a magnificent oath he ripped the offending thatch from his jowls and flung it from the casement. "David Niven," he snarled, "has a neat little mustache...Maurice Chevalier has one, Clark Gable had one, but me, I have to go around looking like some senile beatnik with this crummy thing.

"Now dear, tradition and all that jazz, you know. After all, everything in this life is just preparation for the next; these things are sent to try us."

"Zounds! You've been reading those wild French novels again!"

"So what?" she asked in level tones. "Someone around here has to preserve the bourgeois Santa Claus myth. If I let people see you the way you really are, the whole jolly fat legend would be shot to hell."

The raging old man could find no fault with this logic, so he dissipated the rest of his foul humor with a few choice obscenities for the pictures of smiling children on the wall. Then he picked up the conversation in calmer tones. "I don't see why the whole gall-stoned world thinks that fat people are necessarily jolly. How can they expect a 225-pound bowl full of jelly like me to crawl up and down a chimney 6 inches wide, and fry my derriere in the process, and still be jolly?" It was different in the old days when chimneys were designed with me in mind. I'm the One Man in Four Who Wants Something Special---a bigger chimney. Everybody today has gas heating, with chimneys about as big as a soda straw. I couldn't drop a jelly bean down them, and they expect little me to come squirming down past those gas jets. Nuts!...back in the good old days folks left coffee and doughnuts out for me; now I'm lucky to get Metrecal and Ry-Krisp. They used to leave oats and stuff for the reindeer; tonight, Blitzen got hung up on a TV aerial."

"Now don't fret yourself dear," his spouse said soothingly. "It's always tougher to get around as we get older...and," she added, with an irrepressible gleam of mischievous good humor in her eyes, "you must admit you have been putting on a bit of weight lately."

With an irrepressible gleam in his eyes he replied. "I'm getting fat? Me?" he roared. "You ain't exactly no hunnert-and-sevenny-five pound spring chicken yourself, cutie."

"That was uncalled for," she glugged. Mustering as much dignity as possible, she hoisted her diminutive carcass from the kettle.

Santa Claus-(Cont'd,

"You're being extremely touchy this morning. I'm the one who's had a rough night. I work my fingers to the knuckle, I slave over a hot stove while you go joyriding all over the world in that sled of yours, and the minute you get out of sight those elves start goofing off and raising merry Painted Post. When you married me you didn't tell me I'd spend the rest of my life cooking and slaving for a bunch of creepy little midgets!"

Now that he had provoked her into an outburst of temper, Sandy Claws experienced a complete change of mood. "So you don't like it here doll?...Well I've got good news for you. Next week is our anniversary--which is it?...the 247th?...anyway, as a present to both of us, we're getting out of this hole. I've got a job for next season, still Santa-ing, but in a department store...in Florida! Now maybe I can get rid of this cold that keeps my fat jolly nose so red all the time. At last, I'm a nine-to-fiver!"

"You mean it?" gasped Mrs. C. "You mean we'll finally have some recreation besides hunting Eskimos and listening to radio hams on that stupid PBX?...When do we leave?" she asked, hastily throwing her few possessions into a silk purse, cleverly contrived from a sow's ear.

"Just as soon as I get an answer to this ad," he replied. "I've been running it in the Corning Crier for the past month." He handed her a small slip of parchment, on it she read:

"Man wanted for part-time work,
one day & one night each year
(6-month work day) Unlimited
opportunities to travel for
man of right caliber (6 inches)."

(Editors note: Yes Virginia, there ^{was} a Santa Claus.....)

FOR YOUR INFORMATION.....

The December issue of the Corning Community College Newsletter tells you exactly where the college gets its working capital and very clearly defines how each dollar is spent for total college expenditures. READ IT!

Talk is in the campus air about a student-faculty basketball game in 1962 to raise money (and laughs) for the College Scholarship Fund and the CRIER. Will it be Jan. 12????

(The trouble with Khrushchev is he gets up on the wrong side of the world every morning).

The Christmas Dance "Winter Enchantment" is FREE. GO!

The Mighty Barons travel tomorrow (Dec. 16) to see action at Morrisville Good luck Mighty Barons.

People (this includes Freshmen) are needed to work on the CRIER. Salesmen are needed by Bill Van Heuson and the Editorial department is always in demand of capable writers. Popular conception has it that if you can't write for the student newspaper you should not consider yourself at college level. Make like a tool and start building YOUR college into greatness...There's much truth in that cute rime "The CRIER will die, if students don't try."

Mr. William Thompson and family are (Mr. Chapman said), going to Vera Beach, Florida for two-weeks. How nice. Interested students might be able to con Mr. Thompson into scouting out Ft. Lauderdale for the Spring recess expedition. They'll probably tag the famous "Where the Boys Are" resort something like "Where the Cops Are" this next season.

DON'T LET THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT GO TO YOUR
HEAD FROM A BOTTLE
DRIVE CAREFULLY

CLASSES RESUME JAN. 3

The Crier Jr. was written and edited by somebody.*

*That somebody was me.