



# Mr. P. Enrolls As Special Student



## SIT-OUT FOR PRIVILEGES

High spirits and frigid weather was the theme for a student "Sit-out," Friday, March 9, 1962. The demonstration was sparked by the fact that student activity workers found the Student Government Room unexpectedly closed early Friday morning. Stating that the closing of the room made it impossible for certain activities such as the Yearbook and the Crier to continue their normal functions; workers moved a table, typewriter and chairs out to the sidewalk in front of the Student Center.

The group grew from a friendly coffee session into a bustling outdoor office, in a short period of time. Approximately 20 students complained that the room was closed without consulting concerned persons, without proper authority and by pressure from the Administration. Apparently there was a general complaint that the room was too messy to remain open; causing the Executive Committee to meet privately and close the room.

Squatters-rights were suddenly revoked when the Administrative Assistant to the Director of Student Affairs requested students to return to the Student Center for mitigation of the affair. The dispute was further complicated

when the *Corning Leader* printed an inaccurate article that made the demonstration look undeservingly foolish in the eyes of the public. The newspaper was quickly set straight on the facts by a sizzling letter to the Editor by a concerned student.

Student Government officials stated that the room was originally closed on Friday, with the intention of having all persons that use the room meet and settle the problems on the following Monday. Unfortunately, Monday found the Student Center partially in flames, causing the meeting to be postponed until the 15th of March.

Apparently the demonstration obtained some results, at least showing that spirit sometimes runs high at Corning Community College. On March 15, 1962, a special committee met, which consisted of a representative from each student activity. The committee came to a decision that met with the approval of all concerned. Under normal circumstances, the room will be open to all students working on any college activity. When a certain group needs 100 per cent use of the room, it will be scheduled prior to the meeting. The cleanliness of the room is stressed at all times.

## Board Elections This Month

On Tuesday evening, March 27, 1962, the Board of Directors of the Student Association appointed five sophomore students to comprise the election committee for the annual Board of Directors' elections. The five students are Kaaren Kline, Harry Cohn, William McGee, Judy Rigby, and Dale White. The Vice-President of the Board of Directors, Jerry Wilcox, will be in charge of the elections.

Definite dates will be published this week. It is expected that the campaigning and voting will be completed by the end of April. This will give the newly-elected officers and Board about a month to observe and participate in functions with the outgoing Board.

Freshmen who are interested in running for a position on the Board or an officer's position should first check the qualification requirements in the Constitution. The four officers of the Board are elected in the first voting and the members of the Board of Directors will be elected at a second election. Elections and Government are a serious part of student life at Corning Community College.

You can contribute by taking an active interest in the elections. See you at the polls.

## Circle K Club Conventioneers

The Circle K Club will be sending five representatives to the 1962 Convention. The convention will be held at the Mohawk Valley Technical Institute in Utica, N. Y. on the weekend of April 14 and 15. Election of new officers and workshop committees to study Circle K plans for the future, are on the agenda. However, it will not be all work, for dates and entertainment will be provided. Members attending the convention will be Jerry Wilcox, President, Bob Finlay, Ron Housel, and Bill Taylor.

The well-known personage who acted as the official greeter for the annual St. Patrick's Day Dance is enroute to Corning. Casting his great green shadow over the festivities at the Baron Steuben Hotel, he became a friend to many students.

## Recent Library Additions

Unknown, no doubt, to many students is the fact that the College Library possesses one of the finest collections of rare books and manuscripts in the country.

Not only are these pieces of valuable literature on display, but they also may be used by the faculty in classroom instruction as an aid in teaching.

To supplement the already extensive aggregation there has been an addition of several new volumes. Included among these is a set of documents with the autographs of four of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from New York State—William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis and Lewis Morris.

Among the oldest volumes to be added is *Herodotus*, Herodiana historicum, Aldus Press, in 1524. A rare find are the two volumes of *Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World*, by Lemuel Gulliver, printed in London in 1726.

One of the most interesting facets of a library is its constant addition of new books. The College Library is no exception in this respect.

To stay advised on the recent acquisitions of the library, one need only periodically check the new books shelf in the main reading room in Houghton House.

For those students or faculty who lack the time to stop and browse, the library publishes a small booklet listing the new books by subject.

In the last month, one of the most interesting volumes received was a *Dictionary of Obsolete English*, by R. French. The extent of the additions is remarkable as in some fields, such as English Literature, the number has reached over twenty volumes.

As a possible solution to those term paper problems, a volume by K. Turabian entitled, *A Manual for Writers of Term Papers, Themes and Dissertations* is now on the shelves.

Mr. "P," whom we are speaking of, is normally an eight foot statue known as the jolly Green Giant. He originally came to the college via the FOOD MART, at the request of Joan Kiehle and Bill Taylor.



The events that happened at the dance are rather hazy, but apparently the fruit punch went to his head. He was seen to leave his welcoming post at the entrance to the ballroom and ask several girls for a dance. Later, he was spotted walking out the front door with the Blarney stone under his arm and mumbling something like "Frejects" or "Benicks" or words to that effect. Soon after, he appeared at several parties held following the dance. It was reported by a number of landladies that he was leading a Mr. MacNamara's Band up and down the halls of certain students' rooming houses.

Unfortunately, Mr. "P" had to return to his home in Le Sueur, Minnesota, for the annual pea planting season. A few students thought he would make a clever mascot for the college, so they wrote a letter to the President of the Green Giant Company. They requested information about Mr. "P," and stated they would like to beg, borrow, or as a last resort, buy him for the college. A label from a can of peas was enclosed as a down-payment.

Much to the surprise and pleasure of all concerned, a letter was recently received which stated that Mr. "P" would soon arrive here on campus. Now plans are in order to enter Mr. "P" as a special student and to have him attend all college activities.

# The CRIER

Student Newspaper of  
Corning Community College  
Corning, New York

Circulation 869

Elmira Quality Printers, Inc.



Editor ..... Bob Finlay  
 Managing Editor ..... Russ Tarbell  
 Business Manager ..... Harry Cohn  
 Feature Editors ..... Don Simpson, Rick Ehlert,  
 Doug Simpson, Bill Taylor  
 Photographer ..... Dick Owlett  
 Reporters ..... Candy Frank, Ron Housel,  
 Jerry Wilcox, Dale White  
 Proofreader ..... Larry LeFerber  
 Advertising Managers ..... Lou Cicconi, Bill Van Hoesen  
 Business Staff ..... Sandy Velie, Ann Miller  
 Faculty Advisors ..... Mrs. Helen Williams  
 Mr. William Thompson

The Crier is a bi-monthly publication, with the exception of vacation periods.

## Kiwanis Loan Fund Explained

The Corning Kiwanis is providing an Emergency Loan Fund for Corning Community College students. This fund is to provide loans for deserving students where an emergency need exists—for the furtherance of his education—but to be granted generally after commencement of the regular school, since the fund cannot support broad general need for tuition funds.

Loans shall be granted upon the authority and approval of the following Committee consisting of:

- (1) Mr. Regis Deuel, a College Faculty Representative appointed by the College.
- (2) A Circle K member as stu-

dent representative.  
 (3) Mr. Robert W. Foster, Controller, Corning Glass Works, a Corning Kiwanis Club representative appointed by the Board of Directors of the Club.

Administration of moneys shall be entrusted entirely to a responsible individual of the College—and accounted for in whatever manner the College considers necessary to assure prudent care. Once each year an accounting for all transactions of funds shall be made to Corning Kiwanis—generally for information of membership rather than surveillance of funds or their use.

## Chemung Street Receives Coat of Green



Enlightened students artistically decorate Chemung Street with shamrocks and a green median stripe. All of Corning's Irishmen appeared late one Thursday night to insure the presence of greenery on campus for St. Pat's Day and to promote the college dance held that Saturday. Caught in the act are: from left, Jean Cole, Bill Taylor, Bob Finlay, Harry Cohn and Russ Tarbell.



A green leprechaun, seated on the Blarney Stone, racks his brain to pick Beard Contest winners at the St. Patrick's Dance, March 17.

Wilson, McCann and Hillman received prizes for their growths, rewarding them for months of concentrated effort. A well attended dance supervised by Harry Cohn, celebrated the day of "wearing of the green."

Students (1 to r) shown are: Dick Wilson, Kenwood McCann, Russ Tarbell, Harry Cohn, Lou Cicconi and John Hillman. Leprechaun is Don Santore.

## Faculty Advisors Available -- Used?

The faculty advisor system is designed to have about 25 students responsible to each faculty member. What does this mean in terms of us, the students?

It means that if we have a problem, whether social, academic or personal, there is someone to whom we can turn for advice. It's up to us, the advisees, to make this system effective, for our advisors are not magicians and have

no way of knowing when we have a problem.

True — in some cases this system is inefficient, some students don't even know who their advisor is and conversely, some advisors are not acquainted with the students who are assigned to them. However, the administration stresses the fact that many collegians establish a familiar relationship with at least one of their professors and they encourage us to seek counseling from this instructor.

Other sources of counseling include, office of the academic dean concerning academic problems, the library file of college catalogues and, for general counseling, the office of Robert L. Chapman, director of student affairs.



**NO FRENCH FRIES TODAY!** The food service's kitchen was the scene of a minor fire on the morning of March 12. The extent of damages was a ruined deep fat frier and smoked walls of the Student Center plus a ruined kitchen. The kitchen has been remedied by the building of a new area in the upstairs eating area. These facilities have made it possible for more efficient serving of hungry students.

## On Female Participation

It has come to the attention of this desk that there is a definite lag in the spirit of the co-ed half of this institution.

At a recent meeting of students and a transfer college representative, the ratio of men to women was 9 to 1. The ratio at that college was about 1400 to 1600 in favor of the women. This shows that that particular college is not more strongly attended by men.

Several weeks ago, a conference of students and faculty was held to discuss the varying types of colleges open to transfer students. The men to women ratio at this meeting was also approximately 9 to 1.

Can it be that only a few of the women at Corning are planning to transfer? Or is it that they feel they need not concern themselves with finding out about transfer opportunities for lack of interest or initiative?

## Nibi - Nibi . . . Island Paradise

by Rick Ehlert

"This island is all I have ever wanted. This is my Shangri La!" So spoke the grizzled white planter Neville Brooks-Brother gesturing expansively with the stub of an arm that had been left him as a reminder of a native uprising in 1947.

Brooks-Brother leaned back on his Wami-Wami and stuck the yellow stem of his pipe into a toothless mouth. We later learned that his teeth had been pulled by the carefree, funloving islanders several years earlier in an effort to find where he hid his rum.

"This is paradise," he said simply, shaking with a malarial spasm, "Here is an island that knows no war, no politics, no sanitation, no nothin'."

Brooks-Brother is the lone white resident among some 200 natives on NIBI-NIBI, a tiny coral island some 12,750 miles south west of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Uncharted except on the most detailed marine maps, NIBI-NIBI is indeed a tropical island of plenty. Here, except among the weak, want is unknown. Human sacrifices keep the population at a comfortable low level and the native festivals also take their toll of the weak in body and mind.

"I have been living here for the past 23 years and except for the occasional volcano or two I most certainly have no regrets," Brooks-Brother continued picking a grotesque tarantula off his shriveled leg. "The climate is fine and the food is delicious," he went on, offering us a sampling of fried beetles daintily sprinkled with mashed ants and spiced with just a dash of aphids juice.

At this point, a native rushed up to the old man, threw himself at his feet and chattered swiftly in Swahili, "Bwana, Bwana, help, Bwana."

In the midst of his pleadings the native displayed to us a terrible knife gash on his left thigh. Brooks-Brother, very collected, rose quietly, turned gently towards the hysterical youth and proceeded to give him a terrific wallop over his head with the alligator club.

"You'll have to excuse the rudeness of the natives here," Brooks-Brother apologized, daintily stepping over the whimpering creature and resuming his position in the Wami-Wami, "they've yet to learn the rudiments of society."

"But the wound . . ." I began. "Oh," Brooks-Brother shrugged, "the natives are always gagging it up."

Far up the trail I could make out the form of a tall princely Bakuta, his skin glistening in the sunlight. He came forward with a smile disclosing the sharply filed teeth of Bakuta aristocracy. We exchanged k'kash wordlessly and my nervous partner burst out excitedly in Swahili, "What I want to know—I mean, what I want for you to tell me—that is—I know the story—I've heard the rumble—you know—give it to me straight. Do you really have cannibalism on this island?"

(Continued on Page 4)

# People on Campus

# Recordially Yours

by Don Simpson

With a quick glance at the calendar, I see that it is time again to sit down and write a column about music. It was a toss-up between Economics and Frenick's, and the column for the paper came out as a logical (?) compromise.

At the risk of repeating myself, I am again going to make friends and enemies by discussing only one type of music. This time I will devote by few allotted paragraphs to one of my own favorite forms—jazz.

Now, this jazz I refer to is not any of this really way-out noise, but not a tea and crumpets in the parlor either. It is that in between stuff that really swings but doesn't give you a pain in the head or any place else either.

Since I have used up all my space, I can only talk about one record. My choice is **Jazz Poll Winners**, Columbia CS8410. This is on stereo—the only way to listen to jazz—and I don't know whether it is available on regular LP or not.

The Jazz Poll mentioned in the title is a combination of the three big ones—Down Beat (the musician's magazine), Playboy (the man-about-town's magazine), and Metronome (another musician's periodical).

All of the featured artists are headliners, in fact there are 19 of them to the tune of 57 numbers. Every type of group from small combos to big bands is covered in this sampling.



Just before take-off Joe and Randy take a last look at the ground.



Joe yells "contact" as Randy prepares to spin the prop.

by Doug Simpson

Fellow students, I wish to acquaint you with two bird-brains. These two nuts think that they can fly, but what's odd is that they do. As you well know, both the bumble bee and the human being aren't supposed to be able to accomplish flight. Well, I have a bitter pill for you, they both do. Here on our campus Joe Tamaro and Randy Baker reach for the skyways daily.

Our two fellow searchers for knowledge, also search for something else; the freedom of the air. These two wish to fly with the birds, to wing through the air, and to enjoy the exuberance

of the great horizon. Joe and Randy both have the same dream for the future. They wish to become airline pilots. But these two fly-boys aren't just dreaming about their future, they are doing something about it.

Whenever the weather is even, somewhat fit, for flying these two head for the wide open spaces. Ever since that glorious day that they flew their first solo, these two have wandered the sky ways happily.

Once all you had to do to be a pilot was to be brave or foolish: take a few lessons from a barn-stormer and zooie you were in like flynn. But nowadays the road to success is not an easy one. In

order to be a pilot now there are many things that have to be learned. Among these many new talents to be mastered are: radio communication and navigation, principals of flight, charts, air craft maintenance, instruments and air regulations.

But let us go into the background of these two, and see if we can find something that may bring to light why they want to fly. Joe was always escaping from something, be it a tackler on the football field or a runner on the cinders. Every now and then he went into the woods or sought a lonely lake to be away from the hub bub of society. Perhaps the best mirror of his quest for free-

dom is his flying low over the local roads. Mr. Tamaro likes other things also, like: girls, cards, and sports cars, and not in any specific order.

While Joe flies low in a car Randy isn't far behind on a motorcycle. Randy is also known for wrestling; be it on a couch or mat. During deer season you'll find him in the woods with a bow or a shot gun. Both of these boys go in for other sports such as, swimming, skiing (water and snow) and boating. For a happy ending to this high in the sky story, these two fly boys will soon, maybe, be flying over the turbulent airs of Corning in their own plane, they hope.

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**Nibi - Nibi . . .**

(Continued from Page 2)

Our princely guest bowed low, "I'm sorry, but I do not speak Swahili," he said in Baku.

I looked at Brooks-Brother who spoke some Baku. "What is he saying?" I asked.

"Beats me," he answered.

"Can I help?" one of the natives offered, "I speak French." I turned to see that Brooks-Brother was stroking his alligator club, but by sign language I was able to get rid of the prince and his subjects before Brooks-Brother did.

With peace and quiet once more returned we ventured to ask Brooks-Brother about his life on the island.

"How do you get along with the natives?"

"The natives regard me as a god," he replied simply, flicking a poisonous beetle off his shoulder. "To them I'm a miracle, a wonder! They have the greatest respect for me, and I, well I of course have the greatest respect for them."

All the while Brooks-Brother was clutching his alligator club for which I believe the natives had the greatest respect.

"Then you have never had any real trouble with the natives?" we asked.

"Gracious no," came the reply, "the natives trust me completely. They often come to me for advice. I really don't know, what they would do without me!"

I would have liked to ask more questions but as night was fast approaching Brooks-Brother ordered us to gather a few of the skulls and bones that were lying around for a campfire. We did as we were ordered and settled down to spend the night chatting with Brooks-Brother, swatting mosquitoes, playing cards, swatting mosquitoes, drinking Wamp-tu and swatting mosquitoes.

But suddenly into the background of insects buzzing, monkeys chattering, birds screaming, and my men swatting mosquitoes came the distant sound of Bongo-Wongo drums. With trembling voices we asked Brooks-Brother about them.

"Oh, t'ain't anything to worry about, chaps," Brooks-Brother answered, (swat). "Tonight at midnight, (swat) the natives will choose three human sacrifices to offer their gods (swat). This is done once a year (swat) in the belief that the mosquitoes, I mean the gods (swat) will be pleased and will therefore be kind and generous to the natives next (swat) year (swat-swat)."

"The natives try to choose those whom they believe (swat) the gods will enjoy most," replied Brooks-Brother. "You need not worry. Only the (swat) inhabitants of this (swat) island can be sacrificed. (swat-swat) Got ya!"

Three days later, kneeling beside a fresh mound of earth, we said good-bye to Neville Brooks-Brother who at midnight 3 days earlier had also said good-bye to NIBI-NIBI, island Paradise of the Pacific.

*Crier All Scars Trounce Faculty*



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	G	F	T
Gross	2	1	5
Bulwan	1	1	3
Chapman	4	2	10
Kelly	1	0	2
Forsythe	2	0	4
Deuel	1	0	2
English	1	1	3
Kaffker	0	0	0
Brown	0	1	1
Bauer	0	0	0
Thompson	0	0	0
	<u>12</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>30</u>

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Where, oh where, did my bathtub go? — Market Street shop-keeper.

On Saturday, March 3, the Crier All Scars beat the Faculty Knickerblockers by the score of 31-30. There were 242 paid admissions which brought in \$181.50 and refreshments brought in \$28.77 for a grand total of \$210.27.

Expenses consisted of:  
\$ 1.80 candy  
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Our clear profit on the game amounted to \$180.77.

**CRIBER**

	G	F	T
Dennis	6	1	13
Tarbell	2	0	4
Ehlert	4	0	8
Van Housen	3	0	6
Cicconi	0	0	0
LeFeber	0	0	0
White	0	0	0
Cheesman	0	0	0
Magee	0	0	0
Brady	0	0	0
Housel	0	0	0
	<u>15</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>31</u>

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