



The President's Inauguration

Many months of planning will come to an end on Saturday, May 2nd when Hushang Bahar will be inaugurated as the first president of Tompkins-Cortland Community College.

The day's events will begin with an Inaugural luncheon at the Sheraton Inn in Ithaca. Members of the TC3 faculty and administration, student representation, TC3 Board of Trustees and guests from Tompkins and Cortland Counties will attend the luncheon. Luncheon speakers will be Mr. Harris Dates, chairman of the Tompkins County Board of Representatives, and Mrs. Florence Fitzgerald, chairman of the Cortland County Board of Supervisors.

The next event will be the Inauguration ceremony which will take place in the New York State Electric and Gas auditorium on Route 13 near Ithaca.

The ceremony will begin with the academic procession. The procession will include the mace bearer, TC3 faculty, TC3 trustees, TC3 student delegates, delegates from other colleges and universities, and the official party.

The keynote Inauguration speaker will be Dr. Robert Pantzer, President of the University of Montana. Other Inaugural speakers will include Ronald Space, chairman of the Board of Trustees at TC3; Dr. S.V. Martorana, Vice-Chancellor for Two-year Colleges, State University of New York; Mr. James J. Warren, Vice-chairman, Board of Trustees of the State University of New York; Mr. Charles McMullen, President of the Faculty Association, and Mr. Philip Munson, chairman of Student Government.

The ceremonial mace, carried at the head of the academic procession and used in the ceremony, represents the authority of the faculty. Dating back to medieval times the mace was originally used as a weapon. Today it is used in ceremonial functions of churches, governments, colleges and universities.

The mace of TC3 is made of titanium and wood native to the two sponsoring counties. This blend of material signifies the fusion of industrial and natural resources which has brought the counties their success. It also symbolizes the two-fold goal of the college: to assist men in understanding and living with the natural world around him and to help him in developing skills to create a new way of life from that world. At the top of the mace is a formation of rock salt, a mineral native to the two counties.

The mace has been carved in the shape of a flaming torch to signify the torch of knowledge. It was designed by President Bahar and was made by Tompkins-Seneca-Tioga Board of Cooperative Educational Services.

The medallion which will be presented to President Bahar is symbolic of his authority as President of Tompkins-Cortland Community College. It is the official seal of the college. It will be worn at all formal ceremonies.

The medallion merges the seals of both Tompkins and Cortland counties; the eagle and stars represent the former and the agricultural motif the latter. The design was originated by Tompkins-Cortland Community College Trustee Robert Spole and President Bahar.

Music for the ceremony will be provided by the Ithaca High School Brass Ensemble under the direction of Ronald P. Socciarelli.

Following the Inaugural ceremony an informal reception will be held in the New York State Electric and Gas cafeteria.



President Bahar

Theater Festival

On April 17 and 18, Mr. Uhlir and Terry Jacque attended the New York State Theatre Festival held at Corning Glass Center. They represented our Cultural Committee at this important theatre event.

Our College has joined the Theatre Festival Association. I hope this will encourage participation in theatre at TC3. "The New York State Theatre Festival Association is an organization of college and community theatre groups whose purpose is to promote theatre activities in our state, to share information, and to encourage high standards of theatre practice. T.F.A., founded in 1960, now sponsors from six to ten regional festivals each year. Winners of these

festivals compete at the annual festival at the Corning Glass Center — a spring weekend of celebration for hundreds of theatre buffs, whether their special interest is presenting a play or watching one."

The Cultural Committee was offered the opportunity to watch twelve plays. WINNERS by Brian Friel, BIRDBATH by Leonard Melfi, THE MARTYR: A PRIMITIVE RITE by Gerald L. Miller, BLOOD WEDDING by Federico Garcia Lorca, ENDGAME by Samuel Beckett, THE DUMB WAITER by Harold Pinter, I'M HERBERT by Robert Anderson, THE PROSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE

INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE, by Peter Weiss, NO EXIT by Jean Paul Sartre, TREES by Tom Oliver, THE SECRETARY by Fred Feld, and EPIPHANY by Lewis John Carlino.

If you are interested in theatre and would like to join the Cultural Committee, contact either Mr. Uhlir or Terry Jacque. It is about time TC3 got involved in theatre activities; do not leave all the organizing up to these two people.

Graduation Fee

All graduating seniors must pay a \$12.00 graduation fee. This fee is payable at the business office, and must be paid on or before May 4. The fee is used for caps and gowns, diplomas, and other graduation incidentals. You must pay this fee to graduate.

Editorials

By HAROLD K. HIGGINS

Again it is springtime for flowers, motorcycles, and campus unrest. This year the big problems dealt with on campus will probably be the unjust war, pollution, and one we have already started — racial differences.

America is such a racist society that it is surprising that the blacks have waited so long this year to increase the intensity of protest. Our society does not really thrive on racism; it simply doesn't care that it exists. Julian Bond demonstrated this very well when he cited President Johnson's famous quote, "if we don't stand off communism we'll open ourselves to every little yellow devil with a pocket knife. . ." Surely if former President Johnson was this insensitive to our Black society it could be an indication that perhaps our whole government is not very sensitive.

"Change has been defined, in American thought, as progress in the direction of America's ideals." (Kenneth B. Clark, *THE NEGRO AMERICAN*) Former President Johnson, through his racist statements, has perhaps, shown what American thought is.

Violence, however, is not necessarily the best form of attack. Perhaps cunning would be much more effective. To control a child the parent may resort to physical violence or can deprive him of something he holds dear. The clever child, after being deprived of television for a week, will hide his pleasures from his parents so they cannot take them away.

The child then learns that his only protection lies in developing no attachment or fondness for anything. As an adult the child may become tough and insensitive, and he will be able to exploit others because he has little feeling for his fellow man or anything else.

The Black must realize that he is in a position similar to the child's; the racist government can remove privileges at will. To again quote from Kenneth B. Clark, "The Negro must now be aware that, no fundamental change in his status can come about through deference to or patronage from whites. He cannot have rights that are given as a gesture of good will (with the implication of the right to withdraw those rights). He is using the fuel of protest, formerly directed to demonstrations, to win inclusion in the power system itself. "Protest is becoming extremely violent and the protesters are forgetting that violence is not always the best form of aggression."

This society is a very brutal one, and our country reacts to violence. Look at the amount of media coverage given to the war in Vietnam and to the assassinations of some of our great leaders. The media wants public reaction to their material so they can make money; the blacks want identity so they commit brutal acts of violence to encourage American reaction.

Violence, whether it's between two men or two groups of men, is an immoral way of settling differences, and it just leads to further differences and to further wrongs. There are

alternatives to violence which can help settle the differences and prevent further wrongs. Protesters must not lower themselves to the level of our government which insists upon fighting wars.

The first amendment to the constitution guarantees anyone in the United States the right to protest in a peaceful way. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Use of this amendment could be profitable to those who have so many injustices stacked against them.

If there are laws that any group feels are ineffective, then the group should band together and encourage legislators to change them. Most legislators are responsive to the "buck", and the dollar comes from business. Therefore it does not do much good to destroy store fronts and burn banks.

After people have used channels, if reform has not been instituted, then it is time for peaceful protest. There are many effective forms of peaceful protest that will attract the attention of the lawmakers. The poverty marches, sit-ins, and moratoriums all attracted world-wide attention, and they were peaceful. If you break an unjust law, then like Mahatma Ghandi and Martin Luther King, you must be prepared to pay the penalty. Laws were made to hold our country together, and without our country we have nothing.

Something to Believe?!

By BILL ROOK

Recently President Nixon announced additional troop withdrawals of 150,000 men during the next year. This is roughly equal to the present rate and we would be left with 284,000 men in Vietnam by May 1971. Reportedly these further withdrawals were announced in spite of disapproval by some highly placed military advisors. Since these withdrawals were made in spite of disapproval by the military, it would seem that a counterbalancing pressure has been applied from somewhere. Could it be that the war protest movement has had some effect or that Nixon has realized that perhaps his silent majority is not as large as it might be?

In a recent speech (April 20, 1970) President Nixon said

about Hanoi:

"They thought that they could win politically in the United States. This proved to be their most fatal miscalculation. In this great free country of ours, we debate — we disagree, sometimes even violently — but the mistake the totalitarians make over and over again is to conclude that debate in a free country is proof of weakness. . . America has never been defeated in the proud 190 year history of this country and we shall not be defeated in Vietnam."

Excuse me if I'm not inspired to get a sticker that says:

America — love it or leave it. When it is a country's pride in the fact that it has never lost a war that causes a war to continue, then that country should feel only shame.

Death of the Planet Earth

By BO NELSON

No, this isn't a late show television horror movie review; it's a reality close at hand. Our earth is dying of a malignant tumor called apathy. We may appease our consciences over the drunken bum whom we refused help with the rationalization that we'll never see him again.

Earth is a different story; we can't ignore her, not comfortably at least; she's with us constantly. We were born to her and must die to her. She has quieted our hunger by offering up her soil to feed our cattle and to grow vegetables and fruit for our consumption. Man cried that he was thirsty and Earth was prepared with cooling streams. Man wanted shelter from the blazing sun and the elements, so Earth lent us her trees. Man longed for beauty to capture with paints, pen and heart, so kindly Earth gave us her coat of flowers, birds and animals. Earth unselfishly answered all our cries. Have we thanked her? Hardly. Instead, we have misused her soil so that in many places it will no longer grow crops. We have crowded our members onto her face, and brought into being the factories which pollute her air. Her once flowery fields and clear waters are choking on the debris which is dumped in them, and we are destroying her forests with our careless fires. Almighty Man has sought to alter the natural balance of nature with his pesticides.

Earth now cries out in agony. Are we going to walk with our eyes ahead and pretend we don't see? Are we going to refuse her because we don't want to dirty our hands? If so we are digging our own graves, because with her death ours is inevitable.

TC-3 Crucible



Student Newspaper of
Tompkins - Cortland Community College

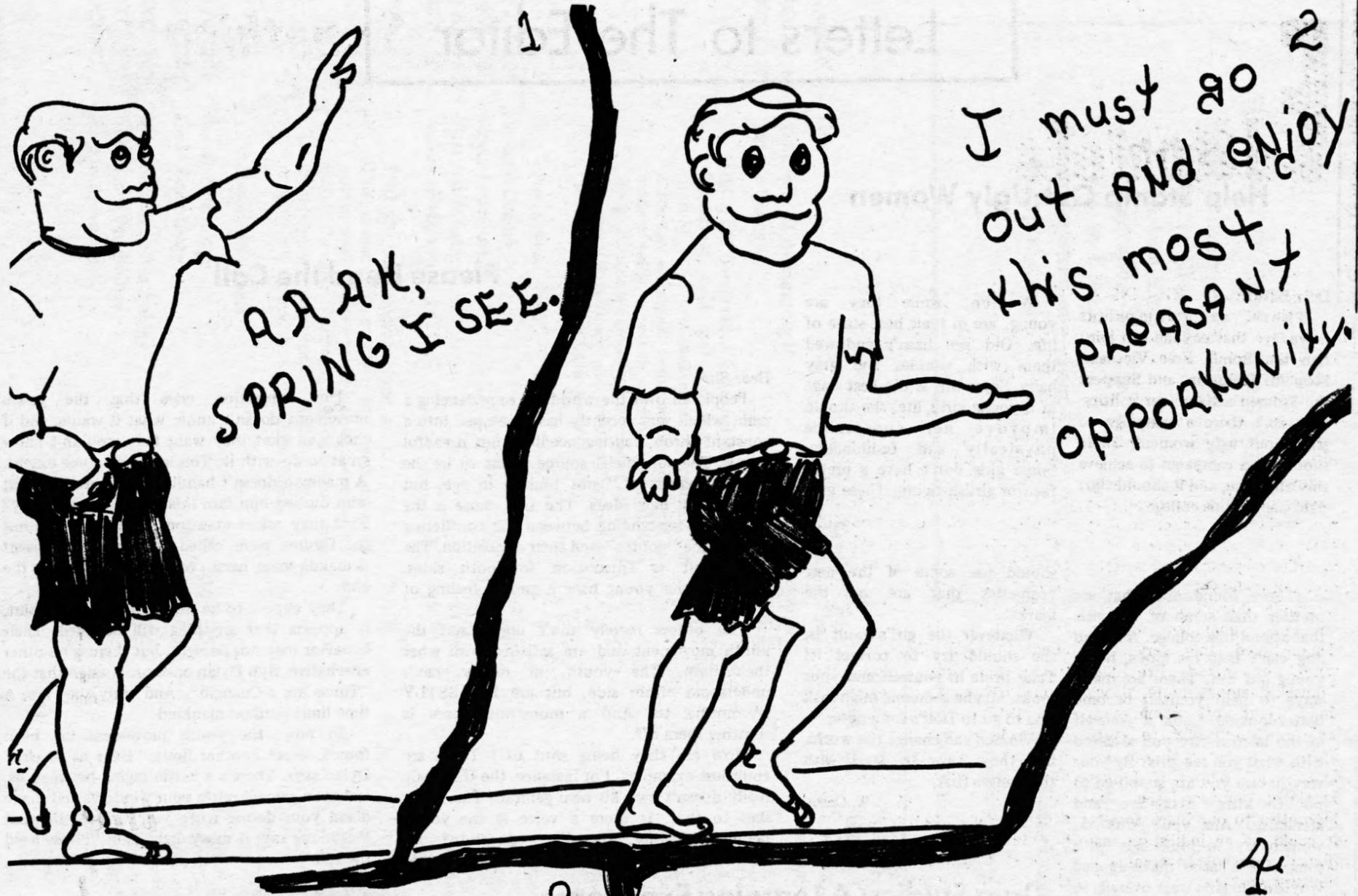
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ALL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MUST BE SIGNED AND ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR. NAME WILL BE WITHHELD UPON REQUEST.

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AAAHH,
SPRING I SEE.

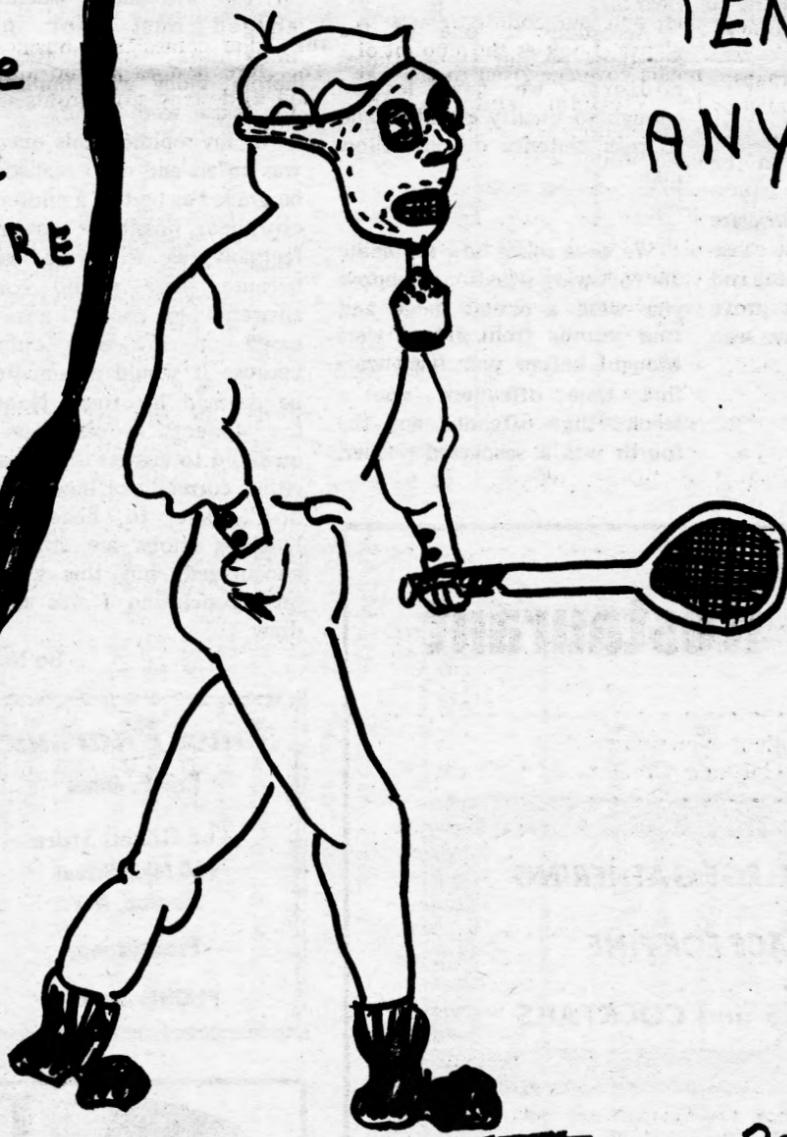
I must go
out AND enjoy
this most
pleasant
opportunity.

3



MEN

OH, Excuse
me. I have
to PREPARE
FOR my
outing.



TENNIS
ANYONE!

PS

HAPPY
EARTHday

Letters to The Editor

Help Stamp Out Ugly Women

Dear Editor:

There are campaigns nowadays that anyone can join: Ban the Bomb, Free Vietnam, Stop Air Pollution, and Support the Women's March on Politics. Why isn't there a campaign to stamp out ugly women? There should be a campaign to achieve this objective, and it should start right here at this college.

Women, while they are young, are in their best stage of life. Old age hasn't endowed them with wrinkles and gray hairs. Since this is the best stage in a young girl's life, she should improve her appearance physically and fashionably. Some girls don't have a pretty face or girlish figure. These girls

should use some of the new cosmetics that are on the market.

Whatever the girl's fault is, she should try to correct it! Take pride in yourself and your looks. Maybe someone might ask you to go to Don's for a beer.

Women can change the world, but they have to start with themselves first.

T. Casey

I have found dogs that are prettier than some of the girls that attend this college. A hound dog can't help his looks, but a young girl can. There are many ways to help yourself become better looking. Look at yourself in the mirror. Are you satisfied with what you see girls? By your very nature you are supposed to be looking attentive and attractive. Are you? Why do women try to look ugly with tons of the latest make-up on? Why do the girls wear overalls to college with well worn blouses tucked inside? I have torn up better shirts than some girls have blouses, and I used the shirts to blow my nose.

Girls are supposed to be educated to some degree before they reach college, and they are supposed to have an innate sense of what looks good on them and what doesn't. You can't prove this to me from what I have seen in the corridor.

Drug Studies: A Learning Experience

Dear Sir:

According to one of the questions on our Drug Studies midterm, we have learned enough to qualify as judges and to pass sentence on our fellow man.

We were asked how to handle the following situation: Suppose you were a circuit judge and four youths from a bust were brought before you. Two were first time offenders, one a second time offender, and the fourth was a suspected pusher.

Dear Sir:

People all over the world are experiencing a pain, which very recently has developed into a constant throb, causing needless, but dreadful agony. The superficial source seems to be the "youth movement," not limited in age, but directed by new ideas. The true cause is the lack of understanding between the conflicting groups, the "youths" and their opposition. The end result is frustration for both sides. However, the young have a greater feeling of hopelessness.

The others merely can't understand the youth movement and are satisfied with what they have. The youth, in reality, can't understand either side, but are HONESTLY attempting to. And a monstrous force is shutting them off.

How are they being shut off? There are countless examples. For instance, the U.S. male really doesn't own his own genitals. The Army sees to that. Is there a voice in the young people's destiny, regarding education? An administration sees that there isn't too much.

In the apartment where the alleged bust took place, marijuana, barbituates and heroin, along with implements for its use, were found.

In my opinion this question was unfair and can't realistically be graded as part of a midterm. I couldn't possible answer it factually as we were asked, because there is no correct answer. I also couldn't answer it based on my own opinion, because it would automatically be deemed incorrect. None of the students in our class are qualified to answer this question either correctly or incorrectly. I don't like to believe that lynching mobs are still being encouraged, but this was the only conclusion I was able to draw.

Bo Nelson



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Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

A few weeks ago, one of my class assignments was to select a project and complete it. As I am a member of an employed Country-Western band called the "Red Barons", I decided to help raise some money for the Heart Fund by having a Country-Western Jamboree. Several local C/W bands were contacted who agreed to donate their time and talent to this worthy cause. The civic minded owner of the "North Forty", a local business establishment, offered us the facilities of the building for this fund-raising activity, even though he was normally closed on Sunday.

Poster paper was donated by McCarthy's 5&10c store in Groton, and the paper was used to advertise the jamboree. Two weeks after this advertising came out, the local Musician's Union in Ithaca threatened to black-list the "North Forty" if the jamboree was held there. This forced us to look for another location for the jamboree, as we did not want the owner to have problems with his business. The Musician's Union in Ithaca can not put on a jamboree using only C/W bands from their own union because they only have two such bands who belong to the union. The Ithaca branch of the Musician's Union even went so far as to notify the Syracuse branch that a group of non-union musicians were looking for a place to hold a jamboree. According to the representative from the Heart Fund who came to accept the money that was raised through donations as a result of this jamboree, the Syracuse branch of the Musician's Union reprimanded his office for allowing the jamboree to be held by non-union musicians, because a certain amount of money each year was donated to the Heart Fund through union organizations. To me, that was the same as saying that money

raised by non-union groups wasn't as good as money raised through a union organization. I wonder how many people who donate to charity through door-to-door donations and fund boxes placed in stores and other business places belong to a union, and how many people who go from door-to-door to get these donations belong to a union. It seems to me that if the percentage of union raised donations outnumbers the percentage of non-union raised donations by such a great amount, the volunteer collectors are wasting their time and gas by canvassing the neighborhood every year. I know for a fact that the union does not pay these people any wage or pay for their gas and use of their cars. For such a free and enterprising nation as the United States is supposed to be, a few people in one organization have the right to say who can GIVE and what they can GIVE TO!

Cheryl Barnes

SOMETIMES you lose the struggle,
But, had you NOT tried, he would
HAVE dumped



The Veteran's Box

By LEW SHULTS

A 34.6% "pay" raise which is retro-active to February 1, 1970, has been initiated. The schedule for payment is as follows:

	OLD	NEW
Single	\$130.	\$175.
Married	\$155.	\$205.
One Child	\$175.	\$230.

Add \$13 for each child. Make-up pay should be in June's check. If anyone is planning to go to Summer Session for the coming summer and would like to know if he will be eligible for the "G.I. checks", see me and I'll try to explain how V.A. figures out the amount.

Fishing season is now open for us. The vets with 60% disability or more can receive free fishing licenses from New York State.

Crucible Deadline Is May 4

S & S
Speed Shop
1001 W. Seneca St.
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Hooker, Heabers,
Custom Equipment
Hurst shifters are in
for VW's
Dune Buggies
and all parts

Main Street
Groton, New York

Dear Sir:
The war in Vietnam is still going on. Over forty-thousand Americans have been killed so far and countless thousands have been wounded. Who knows how many more will die or be wounded in the next few months?

A large number of young Americans are fleeing for Canada rather than fighting in a war they consider unjust. Other Americans are being imprisoned for exercising their rights to protest the policies of their government.

To demand —
1. An immediate cease fire and withdrawal of all American military forces from Southeast Asia.

2. An end to political repression in the United States.
The Moratorium Committee at the State University College at New Paltz has planned an eight-day, seventy mile march from Beacon to New York City and we ask you to join us. We need ideas, help and money, but most of all we need you marching with us.

The marchers will gather in a field outside Beacon. The next morning they will start on the route canvassing in the towns along the way.

At night they will camp in fields or stay in churches. Sanitary facilities will be provided. Some food will be available through the personal donations of the marchers.

On May 16th we will reach New York City. The Fifth Avenue Peach Parade has organized a rally in Central Park where petitions will be presented to government officials.

If you have any questions, ask your Moratorium Chairman or write to —
Carol Kaelin, 313C Berler Hall, S.U.N.Y. at New Paltz, New Paltz, New York 12561, or call 257-3198.

T-C 3 High School Day



Earl Levengood, Chairman, Faculty of Business Technologies, has announced the winners of the **FIRST ANNUAL HIGH SCHOOL DAY** which was held on March 25.

Mr. Levengood pointed out that over 200 students from high schools throughout Tompkins and Cortland Counties participated. The students took part in various competitive contests in business technologies.

The top three contestants in each test were awarded medals by Professor Levengood at their respective high school awards assembly. First place awards in each contest were gold medals; second place awards were silver medals, and third place awards were bronze medals.

Contest winners were:

BOOKKEEPING:

First: Helen Smith, Ithaca High; second: Nancy Schloop, Homer; third: Pam Purdy, Cortland.

BUSINESS INFORMATION

(4-way tie):

First: Robert Blake, Dryden; first; Gail Swartout, Lansing; first: Janet Hall, Marathon; first: Connie Teeter, Lansing; second: Linda Sallis, McGraw; Third: Vicki Sobal, Lansing.

DATA PROCESSING APTITUDE:

First: Robert Miller, Dryden; second: Betsy Teeter, Lansing; (3-way tie) third: Ethel Peterson, Cincinnatus; third: Bill Sherman, McGraw; third: Debbie Sears, Trumansburg.

RAPID CALCULATION:

First: Carl Lyman, Cortland; second: Roy Bell, Dryden; third: Rosie Riese, Dryden.

BEGINNING SHORTHAND:

(2-way tie) First: Marcia Bucci, Trumansburg; first; Bonny Stamp, Trumansburg; (4-way tie) second: Rosie Riese, Dryden; second: Mary McClay, Homer; second:

Patricia Perry, Ithaca High; second: Valerie Young, Homer. (3-way tie) Third: Krista McMillen, Lansing; third: Sylvia Hall, Homer; third: Debra Corsi, Cortland.

ADVANCED SHORTHAND:

First: Debbie Sears, Trumansburg; second: Dolores Woodard, Dryden; third: Jean Williams, Dryden.

BEGINNING TYPEWRITING:

First: Mike Milligan, Lansing; second: Alice Teeter, Ithaca High; third: Vicki Clark, Newfield.

ADVANCED TYPEWRITING:

First: Linda D'Addario, Cortland; second: Jackie Blanchard, Ithaca High; third: Lynda Danielson, Dryden.

Two students took honors in more than one contest. Debbie Sears of Trumansburg took first place in Advanced Shorthand, and third place in Data Processing Aptitude. A Dryden student, Rosie Riese, took second place in beginning shorthand and third place in rapid calculation.

Professor Levengood termed the day an overwhelming success and said that TC 3's Business Technologies Department plans to improve and expand High School Days next year.

Bowling Competition

Our beloved HREC instructor, Sue Gantert, frantically grabbed Connie Jennings, Diane Lowie and Debbie Oros from the halls of TC 3 and took them to bowl against Cornell. The contest took place on Tuesday evening March 3rd at Helen Newman Hall. Considering that Cornell has an organized Women's Varsity Bowling team that practices three times a week, the TC 3 bowlers did not do badly.

Mrs. Gantert sees the possibility of organizing a bowling club for competition against other nearby colleges as well as with other TC 3 teams.

Results of Tuesday's competition:

GAME	1	2	3
TC 3	496	468	560
Cornell	561	525	629

Library World

By NANCY CRAFT

With the return of students from Spring Vacation, the Library brings a few, but hopefully welcome, changes.

Beginning May 1, 1970, the charge to students for use of the Xerox machine will be lowered to 5c a page from the current 10c. This move has been made possible by the volume of machine use during the recent months.

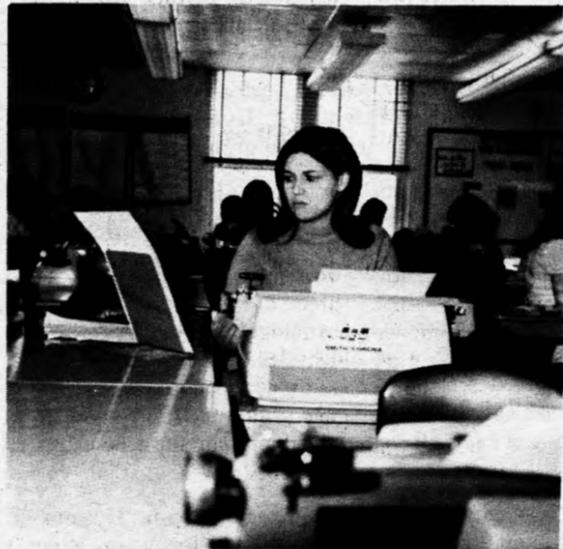
There has been a change in the filing system used in the main card catalog. All cards representing books ABOUT PEOPLE have been moved from

the Subject Catalog section to the Author/Title section. This makes it possible to locate all works BY an author and the works ABOUT an author all in one search. Ask the Library staff for assistance if the new filing method is not clear.

A committee consisting of representatives from the Library, Student Affairs Department, and your Student Government has considered the question of maintaining sound control in the Library reading area. A report is being made to the College Council. It will be posted and printed in the paper as approved.

Road Rally Tomorrow Afternoon

Before the Clambake



Smith - Corona Club

Bowling — Light Lunches
Home Away From Home

TX 8-9503



They Worked Hard

Do You Have Thoughts

on

RACE

MIDDLE EAST

VIETNAM

DRAFT

LAW AND ORDER

INFLATION

SPEAK OUT

Attend TC-3 Forum

Tuesday at noon

White Life Cycle

Pulsating-heart, electrical shocks,
tightening of skin, tenseness, movies, soda,
hops, bowling, sitting on the
porch holding hands, senior prom, BS MA PhD
in nuclear Physics, Will you marry me? 7 lb 6 oz a boy,
Develop atom bomb, Kill Blacks, Kill Frenchmen,
Kill Germans, Kill Chinese, Kill Father, Kill Brother,
Kill Mother, Kill, Kill,

Kill,

Kill,

Kill,

Kill.

By Curtis Fields

Friendship

friendship is given never found
for you have to give it and have it rebound
friendship is never lost
and it has a high cost
friendship is the greatest and most wonderous thing
it is essential like a bird's wing
because without its being
there is no living
it is truth with no lies
it is being there to advise
it is sharing and being there
when the friend really cares
it is beauty and understanding
for people to have it is loving
it is given by all
without it humanity will fall
in spite of lies, war, and fear
friendship will always be near
friendship is God's greatest gift to us
for it is really a must

by Chris Cummings

It was only last Friday that Mrs. Bloom moved herself into a slightly more comfortable position, coughed twice and died. All 95 pounds of her, save for a small peaceful face, were snugly hidden beneath three heavy cotton quilts, two flannel sheets and a brown bedspread of dubious merit. So it was last Thursday that I must tell about.

It happened at the Home, to which I had not been in come time, namely because of a Mrs. Green, who is not only a stiff old lady but also my Aunt. She had taken up residence in the Home some five years ago and I suspect that she will never leave; it is her territory now and she rules over it quite efficiently, if not deviously. Periodically she sends pointed cold messages, or rather threats, to me commanding a visit. So of course I try never to go near the home; and luckily I can bank on the excuse of school work, of which I do have too much of in truth. But last Thursday took me to that too sterile, efficient palace for aged ladies to die in. And oddly enough the place had not crossed my mind since Auntie's last directive on blue note paper, about a month ago.

It began early in the day, when my trusty black '54 Ford again decided not to accompany me to the campus. I didn't argue with it long (experience has taught me it is useless) and quickly succumbed to the public transit system, which is, in itself, a miserable way to go. But the choices were limited and monumental disasters would fall upon my average if I were to miss one my physics class.

So I snatched my books from the car and walked in the cold rain to the bus stop. As I stood there my hair and grey trench coat got soaked through. Occasionally I grumbled obscenely at the loose hanging grey mist that plagued the sky and I had not a single smile within my body. This rain obviously would not be stopping

in just an hour or two.

Finally the late bus stopped and once I was on it I glanced quickly around at the few other damp spirits. Nothing of interest in those gloomy wet faces, so I turned my attention to the wet window and ducked puddles when they slapped up to the pane.

We jolted through "Upper Heights" with its rows of white, green, or blue look alike living rooms: I decided again that I'd never be residential. Then we crept down Industrial Parkway with its sterile grey concrete buildings, each surrounded by vast parking areas packed with last year's cars; I sneered again at all those poor industrials. Industrial Parkway faded into the city slums, to remind me again that America is not always the beautiful; and the slums, because they back up the giant downtown department stores, soon passed, leaving chicly decorated display windows well lit to sell happiness to the residents in "Upper Heights".

My mood was settled at a new low when we finally reached the campus and my stop. I slowly descended the wet ribbed steel steps and bravely re-entered Thursday's everlasting rain. In my rush to be punctual for the physics lecture I managed to coat my cordavons and the cuffs of my grey slacks with the entire contents of several muddy puddles.

Little of significance befell me in my two morning classes, and unfortunately this is the daily pattern. It was during lunch that a subtle coincidence intruded. I had buried myself, at the end of a stand-up counter in my university style tuna special. The small lunch bar was ridiculously crowded, as usual, but today the mob revolted me but completely. The flitty ridiculous co-eds playing pretty games bored me and the bunko collegiate Don Juans seemed overly inane. I was being a very successful ostrich, head and

mind buried, when someone jovially slapped my shoulder with a booming cheerful voice. I pulled my gloom up a bit and casually turned to face Paul's full cheeked smile. There he was in another bulky turtle-neck sweater, which over exaggerated his large sturdy frame. Would it be a social run down, sports or a frantic call for help with some course he had been neglecting, I wondered. He opened with his customary health inquiry, so I grabbed that up and complained a bit about my car. While Paul countered to enumerate on the advantages of campus living, I ate as rapidly as acceptable. Luckily I finished and could excuse myself before telling Paul what I thought of those beehive dorms and witless partyers.

As I shouldered my way back out into the rivy streets, I felt firmly reassured in my judgments of humanity. I headed for the library as I had some dull research work to do and I figured that this was just the day for it.

I barely got started when I was again sem-accosted, but this time by a 5'2" jumping jack named Lori, who has periodically been checking my dateability since our freshman year, three years ago. If it weren't for her hopscotch mind though, she wouldn't be too bad. So anyway, Lori bubbles up to me, pre-armed with my car woes, thanks to Paul, and leaps upon opportunity by insisting I accept a ride home with her later, because of the rain and all. Well anything beats the bus, so I accepted and we made plans to meet at four o'clock. Un-molested again I dove into my project, and was able to get it completed just before four.

Well in the car she turns out to be hop scotch too. She's got a fairly new dark blue sports job, and I guess she thinks she drives sporty; slamming the gears back and forth, missing the less aggressive vehicles by hairs, and generally disregarding both the

traffic and the road. In an effort to calm my now wild nerves I stared at my muddy feet and considered how much shoe polish I had on hand, should I get home.

Then it happened, and it wasn't someone shooting us down for indecent driving, it was a flat tire. I should have expected it, first by the kind of day it was and second by the way Miss Hotwheels abuses her tries. So where are we, but directly in front of the Home; and did Lori have a spare tire, certainly not, all she had was some purely female reasons for not carrying one.

Well the next move, from Lori's prevalent point of view, was for me to go in the Home and call her Special garage repair man, the Only one she'd have and ask him to bring over a new tire. I know that the rain was laughing at me as I entered the giant impressive doors helpless in the hands of circumstances. And there, in the hall, almost guarding the front desk phone, is eagle eyes Aunt Green, who assumes that I'm paying her homage. In a whisking rush I am railed down the hall to Auntie's room to meet and be "family example" to Auntie's roommate, Mrs. Bloom. So into that dreadful white, hot room we breeze, faces asmile, or rather mine as Auntie's smile doesn't qualify.

And there rested Mrs. Bloom under all those wrappings, reading, her face in a state of sparkle. I followed through the introductions, and then quickly before Auntie could grab the conversation for her own, forever, I gave a brief run down on Lori, waiting in the car, the tire, and the phone call. Auntie, always prepared for quick action, had her beige rain coat in hand and makes for Lori and the car before I could blink.

Left with Mrs. Bloom, I asked for telephone instructions and receiving them and permission I made the call and learned that

help would arrive as soon as possible, but that they were pretty busy at the moment. Auntie and Lori returned, looking like two wet worried turtles and at the news of the wait we would have, Auntie decided that we should all settle in, coats off and cozy, like prisoners.

As ever, right away, that huge grey Aunt of mine got control and dominated the conversation. Her gabbing gift begins with her stiff toes and ends up with her aching head, as well as covering an uncountable number of ailing areas in between. I thought, while hearing this disease monologue again that it would be a monstrous blow to Auntie if some one told her that she was a healthy as a horse. But, I speculated, neither friend, foe, or physician dared.

Suddenly, right in the middle of Auntie's bad back, Mrs. Bloom's soft voice broke in and gently demanded a chance to speak. Then, Mrs. Bloom proceeded to mesmerize the three of us with a kind of autobiographical unweaving of ideas. She talked of twigs and children, great books and warm days filled with people. She talked an hour and when she was finished she was satisfied.

My Aunt smiled as Lori and I prepared to leave. We spoke goodbye words and I promised my Aunt that I would visit soon again, and I meant it. Lori and I quietly walked out into the sparkling rain which fell from misty draping clouds and drove slowly to our destinations.

by Marilyn Ruth

Ten Young Students

Ten young students, all enrolled in school, a John Bircher shot one; called him a fool.

Nine young students, the targets of hate; one got drafted, and then there were eight.

Eight young students, but really only seven, cause one was put in prison and denied the right of HEAVEN.

Seven young students, each desiring individual licks, one go his financial aid cut, and then there were six.

Six young students, for possession of oregano and clive, this one guy got busted; and then there were five.

Five young students, all despising war, one carried only 11 credit hours, and then there were four.

Four young students, wishing to be free, one voted for Nixon and Agnew, and then there were three.

Three young students, to the cops one said poo; due to real neat guns and billy sticks; left were only two.

Two young students, gazing at the sun, said one "Man I've lost hope", which leaves only one.

One alienated young student, looking like a blob, said to himself, this isn't too groovy, I guess I'll get a job.

P.S. Don't worry though, there's another 10 different young students.

Glenn Fried

Into Each Life

What do you do when your nine year old son comes racing in with the news, "Guess what -- I'm going to take saxophone lessons!!" What can you do? You just take the Oscar for acting and match his enthusiasm.

Our son, Mike, started taking saxophone lessons last week. Two days later our canary died. It was strictly a matter of her taking the coward's way out. When Mike hit his first high-frequency sound, our boxer Max bit the bone he was chewing right in half. As for me, I was stitching the seat of my bell bottoms together and deciding to go on a diet when the sound barrier was breached. My index finger is permanently perforated.

"All boys need a hobby This will be great for him." My husband said this as he edged his way out of the door and went to his office. . . on a Sunday. Yes, my son started his long climb up the ladder of musical knowledge on a Sunday morning. . . early. We had come home on Saturday night. . . late. As casually as possible I asked my son if he didn't think it would be wise to "save his lip" until he learned how to read music. He looked agonized, "Mom, we have to practice our BLOWING" and he did.

All things between brothers being equal, my six year old, David, played the stereo full blast while accompanying the blare on his kazoo. At times like this I try to convince myself I'm a Hawaiian surfing at Waikiki.

"Ingrate", I told myself, "you should be thankful for the fact that your sons have the strongest lungs, most tireless lips and strongest desire to hang in there of any kid in the neighborhood, or maybe even the world." As any mother can tell you this brand of Pollyanna logic never works.

Within the next two hours

Mike became more and more accomplished. He could hit that high frequency pitch at least eight times out of ten and then to show his versatility he would switch immediately to a mournfully low bellow. I really thought the veterinarian next door would come racing over, bag in hand, looking for a cow about to deliver. I must say in my own behalf, that as the mother of two large, strong-minded, noisy extroverts the fact that

1. I am alive
2. In charge of my senses most of the time

says at least something for my resourcefulness. If I ever needed that resourcefulness it was now. I turned around and bumped into Mike. He was convinced that if he were more than six inches from me I would not be able to appreciate the full impact of his art. "Mike" I said, "I have a fantastic idea. Your playing is just not getting the treatment it deserves. You should go down into the basement. The accoustics are much better down there. It's such a big room!! AND to give your blowing a mellower, richer sound, try stuffing this old flannel pajama top into the sax, It's what musicians call a mute." He looked at me a little skeptically at first, but went downstairs, flannel mute and all. The relief I felt spurred me on to shout down the stairs, "Fantastic, Mike. Just great. What tone. Terrific!!" It worked and he remained happily in the basement. When my husband the coward came home from the office, he was do relieved at the change in sound from hysterical to semi-hysterical that he took us all out for ice-cream sunaes. I should have a double seam in my bell-bottoms.

—By Judy Alzmann

The War

The war has begun,
The sides chosen;
The weapons — words of hate.
The sun has risen;
Let the trumpets blare;
And the banners unfurl.

The war has begun,
Hear the battle cry;
See the bravery — the hate in their eyes;
The lies fly like poison arrows
Hurting and killing friends;
Hate, growing like a shadow
That surrounds and chokes.

Yes, the war has begun;
The reasons — pride, jealousy,
and lack of trust.
Two children die who haven't lived long enough
to learn the meaning of love.
This is war.

We struggled — with all our might;
Blood we shed — turned to bitter hate;
Our wounds — deadly —
For time can't heal broken hearts.

The battle was fought —
Both sides lost.
Love, friends, understanding —
Nothing gained — Nothing.

The field is barren and desolate now. . .
The cries of the dying and neglected. . .
The war WILL NEVER end.
Hate Keeps claiming her victims.
WHO WILL DIE TOMORROW?

by Janis Stewart

To Be Black and Proud

I am Black and
I am proud;
I'll say it once
and I'll say it loud.

I'll listen to you
if you listen to me;
I was born in America
"the land of the free."

Free as the birds
in the sky;
People are free —
aren't you and I?

Yeah, we are free
you say to one another;
Then why do you hate
me and my brother?

We'll come by ourselves and
we'll come in a crowd;
We'll say it once
and we'll say it out loud.

We are Black and we are Proud!!!!

by Nancina White

She lies quietly, resting, not asleep.
The radio silent, the songs of the day
played out.
While she listens, the secret walls whisper
the echoes of her life.
In the air the motes of dust remain,
content without a morning.
The wind again steals deep into the
caverns of her lungs,
giving, taking.
And she untouched, vastly unaware of the
darkest corners of the room.

He stands waiting in the wings,
Surveying forgotten memories of childhood,
Remembering the time he sipped
the mourning dew of his
First love, first lost, last seen in
another poem
written to a friend
Toasting all their friends' misdeeds.
His own are unbegotten woes, unnurtured sorrows,
aborted miseries.

Thoughts

In this world of war and hate
where is peace doesn't it rate
take a good look in Viet Nam
people are dying but who gives a damn
the war only affects you
if you have to go and shoot
you say let them go ahead
but you cry if one of yours is dead
look at the old guard in China
then look at love in Alabama
the hippies say only love can win
then it is back to the pills again
average people see a crime
to help they say we don't have time
they see it but they won't help their fellowman
but they expect help when it happens to them
people say they don't care about war
you just see them when it knocks on their door
people go to church and for each other they pray
then take a look at them on Monday
they pray for peace and no war
but they get in a fight with the people next door
with people always changing their ways
we can't have peace for many days

by Chris Cummings

Spring

On sun-washed green
of returning life,
I sit.

The clear waters carouse
Over time-worn boulders
While the fir's green lends promise
To yet undressed companions.

Painted crocuses extend
Their haughty heads
And tell us that soon
Gay processions will start.

The kiss of the sun
Permeates my soul
With joy.

by Sally Sanderson

To the Disillusioned

There is no love in this world,
Only lovers who pretend
To be satisfied with each other
Often making love between unfamiliar sheets.

Giving and receiving
Receiving and giving
Repeatedly.
Beautiful moments, although
only temporary,
Frequently forgotten.

By Maryjane C. LaMachia

I don't know when I first noticed him. It seemed he had been there all the time. The realization of his presence came slowly, somewhat like the uneasy feeling a person gets when he enters a room for the first time but feels he has been there before.

He just stood there near the back edge of the group of window shoppers. Of course there were always interested onlookers each week when I changed the dresses on the mannequins, and there was nothing to distinguish this boy from the many fellows of his age group who came to gawp and titter as I removed the clothes and replaced them with new.

The first time I really noticed him there, I think it must have been his eyes. I remember that they seemed big to me. And smoky colored. Or perhaps inscrutable. Whatever the strange attraction he held for me, I began to watch for his presence on window changing day.

Summer had somehow managed to drift into fall as it did each year after uneventful year in our little town. I had always meant to sell the little shop and move to some large city where I might at least watch life in action, if not participate myself, but somehow I never did anything about putting the place on the market. I saw him there that day I put the dress in the window, but having become accustomed to his presence, I missed any flicker of change there might have been in those smoky eyes. The dress was

horrible, a red thing, with splotchy yellow roses all over, and a flounce that went all the way around and then up the side, but it had hung on the rack all summer and out of sheer desperation I had decided to give it one last try in the window. I arranged the flounce as best I could and giving a sigh which betrayed my despair of selling it, I went back to wait on the one customer who had entered my shop that afternoon. My having entertained her to her satisfaction, she bought the gloves for which she had come and left me with thoughts of closing early and going home to an easy chair and a good book.

It was, then, with utter amazement that I turned at the sound of the door to see the smoky eyes evaluating me. That strange feeling returned. It was then I noticed for the first time the rest of the person attached to the eyes. He could not have been more than twelve. He had removed his cap and I saw his hair was a shiny blue-black and his skin an olive that betrayed the fact that he was not a member of the immediate locality. His clothes were adequate but of the coarse type worn by the factory class on the other end of town. I knew of the existence of this group of workers, of course, but my strict mid-victorian upbringing, coupled with the unwritten taboos which had surrounded me, had prevented me from ever becoming acquainted with any of them.

He spoke then, with halting

diction, "the dress in the window. The red one. How much for it, please.

Recovering from my shock at his presence, I answered, "twenty dollars. It's on sale this week."

A slight flicker wandered across the smoky eyes. "Oh, That's much money, lady. But maybe, maybe I could bring you some each week."

"Well," I hesitated. I wanted to say no, that dress was a nuisance and I wanted a cash sale and be done with it, but something, some proudness I saw in him made me say, "alright, would fifty a week be too much?"

"It is fine lady," he replied only and was gone, leaving me with that same uneasy feeling and so many unanswered questions. He had not asked to have the dress now and I wondered what he could want with it anyway. I would try to find out when he returned with the money, I promised myself. I closed the shop and went home to my book but thought of the boy with the smoky eyes would not let me concentrate.

Each week I changed the window as before, but now I always left the doll who wore the red dress alone. And each week Smoky Eyes, as I had come to call him in my mind, returned with his weekly payment. I was intrigued by him and tried tactfully to ply him with questions, but received only the ketchiest of answers to my queries. He told me in one rare mood of conversation that

he lived on Union Street behind the boot factory. The family was going to move soon, he explained, as soon as they could find a place on this side of town. By telling him that I needed the name for my records, he reluctantly told me his name. More than that, I never knew.

The windy autumn had long since given way to the bitter coldness of winter. This was the week of the last payment. Strange how I longed for the boy's visits each week and it was with a certain lonely sadness that I waited for him to make his final trip and claim his prize.

Only he never came. I waited through Thursday and Friday and on until I closed the shop on Saturday. On impulse I decided to gift wrap the dress and take it to the address he had given me. I had convinced myself that the dress must be a gift for his mother and I had somehow allowed myself to become so concerned with his life that I took an initiative that was not mine to take. That same uneasy feeling returned as I set out but I brushed it aside without thinking.

The day was a typically gray December day. The sky spit icy feeling snow at me and I began to feel apprehensive that I might not be welcome.

I found the place at once. It was a typical factory town house so nearly the same as the many rows I had passed as I walked here as to be almost indistinguishable. I searched the boxes at the door for the name he had given me that day and

finding that the flat was on the third floor I fought back my feeling of disdain and walked the long flight of stairs. As I reached the top the smell of garlic and strong spices mingled with factory smells and made me nauseous. Yet I knew I had to complete my mission since I had come this far. I knocked and heard only muffled yells and shouts from within. I knocked again, louder this time and heard only muffled cursing from within.

The door was finally opened by one of several dirty, partially clothed little children of raven hair and olive skin. Inside I could see a filthy old woman lying on a little strewn couch and at the paper and scrap laden table sat the boy. Slowly he looked at me and I painfully returned his gaze. For just an instant the eyes seemed to clear and he stared at my package. Then the smokiness returned. Suddenly as I looked at him in these surroundings the whole thing became clear to me. Whatever had been there between us was gone. I could do nothing now. I turned and as in a trance I walked back down the long flights of stairs and started the long journey back home.

The ache in me was fierce. I had stolen his chance. His one symbol of hope was gone, of that I was sure. Perhaps he would do something again. I cannot know. I know only that he has given me more than he will ever know.

Remember Me

something i must do,
something i must try,
all i know is that i must,
or die.

not physically, but bit by bit,
a little at a time
i would have to surrender
to another's design.

this i won't do.
this i can't do
and face myself
each day.

i have to break.
i must go
this is what i know,
so painfully.

there is no ignoring now.
i see all the time how i felt.
it's here and i with it must deal,
How?

i do what i think is best,
so don't trouble your heart with unrest.
it's not easy to do but i know,
i must go.

don't worry or grieve
or cause others to bereave
or say ill things which sound
with false ring.

it's something i feel.
it's something i know.
so wish me luck,
for now i go.

by Michael Hleboski

Far Away

There is someone far away,
Whom I wish I were near today.
He doesn't know just how I feel,
But in truth my love of him is real.
Upon his lips I'd like to set
A kiss so very tender. Yet,
A kiss, I feel, could make him mine,
The start of a love for all time.
This is but a dream you see,
Yes, and even a dream to me.
In this great earth there can
Only be but one — I love.

by Andrea deWolf

down in the valley
they sing all alone
they sing to themselves
in the valley way down
they sing while the meadows
are barren with dust
and they live all alone
in the valley way down

down in the forest
they talk by the trees
they talk to themselves
in the forest so deep
they talk while the red bark
is dying with rust
and they live all alone
in the forest so deep

far in the prairie
they hum all alone
they hum to themselves
in the prairie way far
they hum while the highways
erode into dust
and they live all alone
in the prairie way far

by Doug Phinney

Post Love Affair

We parted.
We thought it was best, but it was sad.
Time passed, and we became one. . . for the second time;
We needed each other.

For a time, we thought, separately, about us.
We both concluded the same idea:
We were wrong.
Our love could not last; it could not work for us.

We parted.
Today everything is fine although we are alone. . .
We have gone on separate paths.
I still am not content.

Are You?

—Maryjane C. LaMachia

From Boys to Men

Yes, life can be justified,
Life that is bound within you.
All that is yours is mine too.

His birth was not all your doing.
I decided the continuation of my life also.
After I leave for war he will do his own will.

He lives in the beauty of his youth
But in the shadow of my death he hears my voice:
A plea that complexes a troubled conscience.

Ideals are important to men who die,
Maimed or whole.
Ideals are what men are bred for.

Life lives on after women and men are gone.
Their sons and daughters pick up the tools
Of their own ideals and forge on.

by Tom Casey



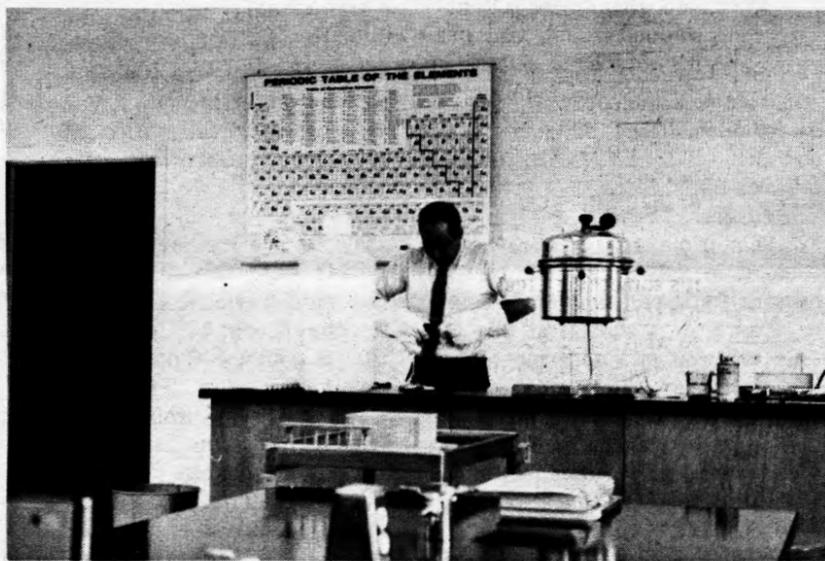
Boy, it's been a long winter!



Is that really grass?



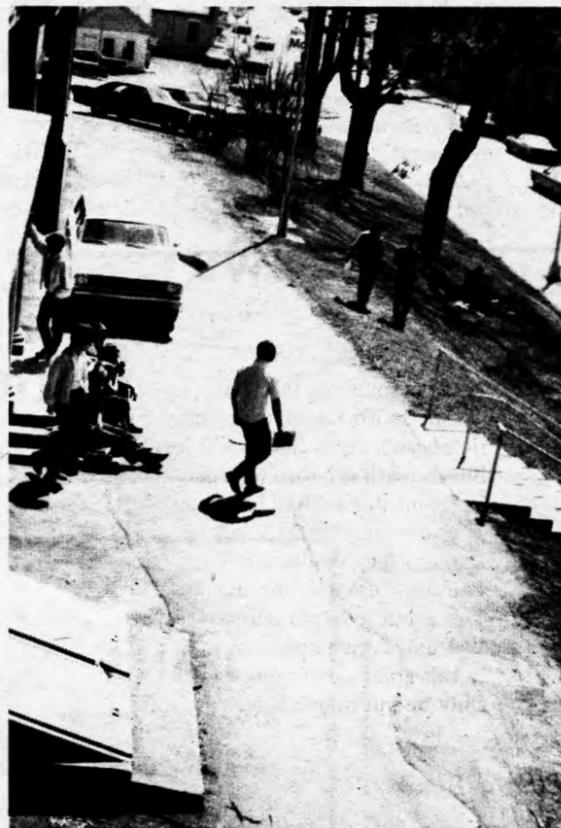
Spring Fever



If I can get these gloves off, I'll try my shorts on.



The beer truck will be along in a minute!



Why go to class?

Third Semester at T-C 3

Mr. T.V. Mecca has announced the opening of the summer session for 1970. This year's summer session will be a very unusual one and certainly an asset to the community.

There will be three sessions this summer, two during the day, and one at night. The first day session starts on June 8 and runs until July 10th. The second day session starts on July 20th and runs until August 21st. The night session begins on June 22nd and runs until August 14th.

A student can pick up 6 credit hours during the first day session, 3 credit hours during the night session, and 6 credit hours during the second session. In this way a student can pick up a full 15 credit hours, which would be equivalent to a complete semester's work. By completing a semester in the summer, a student can get his degree in January when it is easier to transfer and the job market is larger.

The fifteen hours are staggered so a student is not too loaded down during the summer, and there is a one week break between day sessions.

Summer would be an excellent time for a transfer student to catch up with his class or for a part-time student to accelerate. A student at this time can also pick-up some of his required courses. This summer the required courses offered will be offered in: speech, two math courses (Math 101 and 105), business law, Economics 101, human relations, and Acct. 102 (for students who started in January).

There will be a large offering in science with a sequence in Biology (101, 102), and a sequence in Chemistry (101, 102). Another science course, Biology 203, can be used by business students to fill their semester science requirement.

Another sequence will be offered in world literature (English 225-226). English 101 will be offered at night.

There will be two technology electives: Technical Math I and Production Planning and Control.

Quite a few offerings are being made in the psych. area with Social Psychology and Child Psychology during the first day session. Introduction to Psychology, and Adolescent Psychology will be offered at night. Personal Adjustment will be offered during the second day session.

In the area of Health there will be First Aid and Safety during the first day session, and Leadership Recreation during the second day session.

There are going to be many visiting professors from such colleges in the area as Cornell and Cortland State, and many of our new fulltime professors will be teaching summer courses.

Registration for the first day session is June 4-5th. Registration for the second day session is July 16, 17. And registration for the night session is June 18-19th. If you do not want to register in person, you can stop into the office of Continuing Education and get a mail-in packet.

TUITION AND FEES

Tuition and fees are due and payable at the time of registration. Payment should be by check made out to "Tompkins-Cortland Community College." Students are not officially enrolled until all charges have been paid.

New York State Resident (including Tompkins and Cortland Counties) with certificate of residence — (tuition per cr. hr.) \$12.50; without certificate of residence — \$25.00

Out of State Resident	\$25.00
Auditing a Course	\$12.50
Late Registration Fee	\$5.00
Transcript Fee (first copy — no charge)	\$1.00

CERTIFICATE OF RESIDENCE:

Persons registering for Summer Session courses must, under the State Law, submit certificates attesting to their legal county of residence in New

York State. Certificates of Residence must be on file by the day of registration. Students who do not file a Certificate of Residence must be prepared to pay Out-of-State Tuition rates.

In order to qualify for a Certificate of Residence, a person must have lived in New York State for the year prior to date of registration and in the county of New York State for the last six months of that year.

If a person has resided in more than one county of New York State during the last six months, he must obtain a certificate of Residence from each county. The legal residence of an unmarried student, under 21, is deemed to be that of his parents.

To obtain a certificate of residence it is necessary to complete the following steps: 1. Fill out the application for the Certificate of Residence completely in ink (an Application for the Certificate of Residence is available in Cor. Ed. office). 2. Have the application form notarized by a Certified, New York State Notary Public. 3. Take the application to your home County Court House and submit it to the County Treasurer. 4. The County Treasurer will then issue a County Certificate of Residence to you. 5. Students must bring the Certificate of Residence to the college at the time of registration. Certificates of Residence obtained in the Fall of 1969 are valid for both Spring Semester and Summer Sessions of 1970).

ADMISSIONS:

Admission to summer school is open to anyone wishing to further his or her education. High school students entering their Senior year may enroll in Summer Session courses and receive degree credits for such courses upon graduation from high school.

WITHDRAWAL:

Should a student find it necessary to withdraw from a course, he must officially notify in WRITING, the Director of

Continuing Education. Failure to attend class or merely giving notice to instructors will not be considered an official withdrawal and may result in a failing grade for the course.

REFUNDS:

No student is eligible for a refund unless the office of Continuing Education has been notified in writing, before the 2nd class meeting of the session. **LIMITATION OF HOURS:**

Students will be permitted to take 6 credit hours per day session as well as 3 credit hours during the evening session. Therefore, students wishing to earn credits equivalent to one semester's course work may do so. Students wishing to take 9 hours in either day session will have to receive special permission from the Director of Continuing Education.

COUNSELING:

Counseling services are available to students at the time of registration and during the Summer Session.

OFFICE HOURS:

The Summer Session Office is open Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. when the College is in session. Telephone 898-5826.

COURSE LOCATION:

All courses will be held at the Main Campus in Groton, New York.

LATE REGISTRATION:

There will be an additional fee of \$5.00 for anyone registering during the Late Registration Dates.

REGISTRATION:

All registration for the 1970 Summer Session will be at Tompkins-Cortland Community College, Groton, New York. Individuals may register for the Second Day Session or the Evening Session before the regular registration dates for these sessions at the Office of Continuing Education during regular office hours anytime before the session begins.

Time for a Spring - in

PROPER'S
VARIETY STORE

The Store with 1001 Items

184 Main St.
Groton, N.Y.

JEAN'S
Beauty Shoppe
128 Main St.
Groton, N. Y.



Candies
Pecans
Novelties
&
Monthly Specials

FIRST DAY SESSION: June 8 to July 10

Registration in person---June 4, 5
 (9 a.m. to 12 noon)
 (1 p.m. to 4 p.m.)
 Late Registration-----June 8
 (9 a.m. to 4 p.m.)
 Mail-in Registration-----June 1
 (see explanation)

EVENING SESSION: June 22 to Aug. 14

Registration in person-----June 18
 (9 a.m. - 12 noon) -----June 19
 (7 p.m. - 9 p.m.)
 Late Registration-----June 22
 (7 p.m. - 9 p.m.)
 Mail in Registration-----June 12
 (see explanation)
 Classes meet Mon. & Wed. OR Tues. & Thurs.

SECOND DAY SESSION: July 20 to Aug. 21

Registration in person-----July 16, 17
 (9 a.m. to 12 noon)
 (1 p.m. to 4 p.m.)
 Late Registration-----July 20
 (9 a.m. to 4 p.m.)
 Mail-in Registration-----July 10
 (see explanation)
 Classes meet Mon. through Fri.

Course No. & Title	Credit Hours	Class Time
ACCT 102 Principles of Accounting II	3	8-9:30
BIOL 101 Man & Biology	3	8-10:00
BIOL 203 Conservation & Natural Resources: Discussions, field trips and guest speakers on current and recommended approaches to utilization of natural resources. Included will be modern social, economic, and political questions along with development of an understanding of experimental methods and their applications to the solution of problems in conservation.	3	8-10:00
Prerequisites: None		
CHEM 101 General Chemistry I	4	8-11:00
ENGL 225 World Literature I	3	10-11:30
HEALTH 205 First Aid & Safety	3	10-11:30
HIST 201 American History to 1877	3	8-9:30
PHIL 201 Contemporary Moral Issues: This course will examine the relationship of various contemporary moral problems and various moral theories. Problems for discussion may include civil disobedience, pacifism, war, civil morality, discrimination, and business ethics.	3	12-1:30
Prerequisites: None		
PSYC 201 Social Psychology	3	10-11:30
PSYC 205 Child Psychology	3	12-1:30
PSYC 103 Introduction to Psychology	3	M&W 7-9:30
PSYC 207 Adolescent Psychology	3	T&Th 7-9:30
SOCI 203 Human Relations	3	M&W 7-9:30

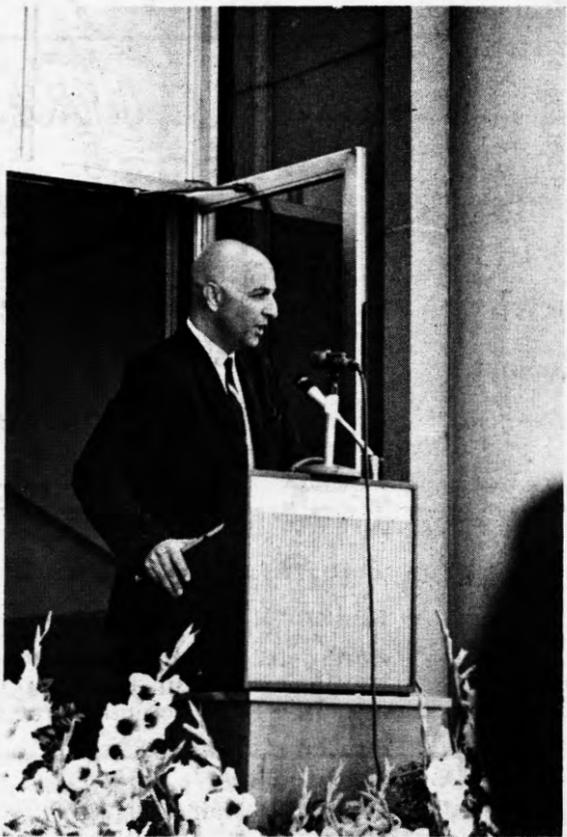
Course No. & Title	Credit Hours	Class Time
ACCT 101 Principles of Accounting I	3	M&W 7-9:30
BADM 201 Business Law I	3	T&Th 7-9:30
ENGL 102 Composition & Literature II	3	M&W 7-9:30
ENGL 201 Fundamentals of Speech	3	T&Th 7-9:30
MATH 103 Technical Math I: An applied course in triangle, rectangles, circles, tangency, ratio and proportion, areas, volumes, volume and weight, geometric constructions, complementary and supplementary angles, Logarithms, characteristic of numbers, interpolation in tables, Trigonometry - use trig functions computing tapes, and slide rule, multiplication, division, and square root.	3	M&W 7-9:30
Prerequisites: None		
MATH 105 Theory of Functions: This course is designed to provide the necessary foundation for a standard calculus course. Topics include: definition of a function, review of geometry, polynomials in one variable, arithmetic and geometric progressions, combinations and permutations, binomial theorem, rational functions of two or more variables, exponential functions, trigonometric functions, elements of analytic geometry.	3	T&Th 7-9:30
Prerequisite: High school algebra & geometry.		
MECH 217 Production Planning & Control: Routing, scheduling, and dispatching, graphs, Gantt charts, modern analytical techniques, manpower utilization and machine loading, inventory control, economic lot size, record keeping.	3	T&Th 7-9:30

Prerequisites: None

Course No. & Title	Credit Hours	Class Time
BADM 104 Business Math.	3	8-9:30
BIOL 102 Man and Biology II	3	8-10:00
CHEM 102 General Chemistry II	4	8-11:00
ECON 101 Introduction to Economics	3	12-1:30
ENGL 101 Composition I	3	8-9:30
ENGL 226 World Literature II	3	10-11:30
HIST 202 American History after 1877	3	8-9:30
HREC 205 Leadership in Recreation	3	10-11:30
MATH 101 Structure of Math: Intended primarily for non-math majors to provide a broad appreciation of the power structure and beauty of Mathematics from a general cultural point of view. Topics include development of number systems, set theory, algebraic functions, logical systems, elements of geometry, and statistics.	3	12-1:30
Prerequisites: None		
PSYC 101 Psychology of Personal Adjustment: The course will attempt to bring into sharp focus certain factors that facilitate or hinder persons' relationships with himself and those with whom he lives, associates and works. It will also stress the motivational and goal-directed aspects of behavior. Attempt will be made not merely to describe behavior but to explain it and to reveal its inner workings, through interpretation of surface phenomena in exposing the deeper lying dynamics.	3	10-11:30
Prerequisites: None		
SOCI 101 Introduction to Sociology		



President Bahar



Students Aid Community

Detailed plans to deal with the serious problem of pollution control in the Village of Marathon were unveiled early in March 1970. One matter of concern seemed to be that as many as one-third of the village residents involved in the plan are on a fixed or limited income. Also, the question was raised as to whether the cost of a sewage system should be equal to 55% of the assessed valuation. It was reported that the state would shortly clamp down on pollution offenders by withdrawing some \$7,000 in yearly aid to the Village.

Three men compiled, circulated, and summarized a nine part questionnaire about the sewage disposal plant. Two of these men, Ralph Hines and Don Marks, are students of TC3. They presented the results of survey to the Roundtable group which sponsored it, and they also used the project in their Urban Problems classes at the College.

A total of 130 questionnaires were answered and tabulated for Zone I, which would be served immediately by the proposed municipal system. Ninety-two questionnaires from Zone II, to be served in the near future by the proposed treatment plant revealed much the same results as those from Zone I. Only three questionnaires were returned from Zone III, slated to be served in the distant future. Of these, all said that the present system was adequate and that sewage did not go into the river.

For Zones I and II the results were as follows:

Question 1: Do you consider your sewage system adequate? 184 said yes, 31 said no, one said his system was partially adequate and 5 did not know.

Question 2: Does your sewage empty directly into the river or does its overflow go into the river; 50 said yes, 165 said no and 7 did not answer.

Question 3: If your answer to question 2 was yes, could you individually correct this situation? 19 said yes, 26 said no, and 7 did not know.

Question 4: Do you own your own property? 221 said yes, and one said that his was municipally owned.

Question 5: Are you on a fixed income because of welfare, disability, pension, or social security? 52 said yes, 164 said no, and three gave no answer.

Question 6: Do you feel that municipal sewage would increase the sale price of your property? 50 said yes, 145 said it would not, 10 said maybe, 3 did not answer, and 24 said they did not know.

Question 7: Do you feel that \$120 to \$150 a year is too much to pay for your sewage treatment plant? 170 said yes, 41 said no, 4 gave no answer, 2 said it might be too much, and 2 did not know.

Question 8: Do you consider that connecting up with the sewage treatment plant would be a financial burden to you? 163 said yes, 50 said no, 5 said maybe, one did not know, and three gave no answer.

Question 9: If you are against the proposed sewage treatment system, what solutions do you have for the Village to end the pollution of the Tioughnioga River? Here while many said the municipal plant was a good idea, they felt that the cost was too high. The majority of those who answered felt that sewage disposal should be a matter of individual concern with the landowner paying his own costs.

By conducting this survey and submitting the results to the Roundtable Group, Mr. Marks and Mr. Hines have brought Tompkins-Cortland Community College into the community at large.

We wish to thank the MARATHON INDEPENDENT for their aid in producing this article.



WHERE is my \$25.00?!



TC-3 Forum

Wednesday afternoon, April 14th, a forum was held in room 302. At least it started in room 302. In the interest of increased participation the forum was moved outdoors for the day. This move increased participation about 100%. The major topic of conversation was the new welfare program. This discussion soon branched into a

discussion of welfare in general. The conversation revolved around the rights of those under welfare and what should be done about third generation welfare families.

The forum meets every Wednesday in 302 and any topic is open for discussion. Anyone is welcome!

Newcomers Welcome

The "TC-3 Crucible" is now in its second year at TC-3. Last semester we produced two issues. This semester we must produce five.

The "Crucible" hopes to perform three functions in the college: stimulate thought and conversation; disseminate news; and provide a forum for discussion and communication.

If you feel you would like to be a part of a growing paper in a growing college, then the "TC-3 Crucible" has a place for you.

Spring Weekend

Is Here

Groton Feed Company

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General Hardware

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Rothschild's

State & Tioga

where Ithaca shops with confidence



Question and Answer Men

Reviewing questions asked of Marathon residents on the proposed sewage treatment plant, Don Marks, left and Ralph Hines discuss the interesting results of their survey which showed that the majority of those questioned felt the system was too expensive. The two TC3 students plan to use their survey project as part of their course study at the community college.

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Spring Weekend

A Spring-in has been declared for Friday, May 1st to start off the Spring Weekend.

The first event of the day will be a road rally which will start at the Rod and Gun Club and end at Greek Peak. The clambake will begin at Green Peak at 4:00 p.m. and last until 12:00 p.m. Music at the clambake will be provided by the ELECTRIC ELVES, and the CAT'S MEOW.

On Saturday evening there will be an Inaugural Ball in honor of President Bahar from 9:00- 1:00 at Pace's Restaurant. Music for the ball will be provided by the MISTY BLUES.

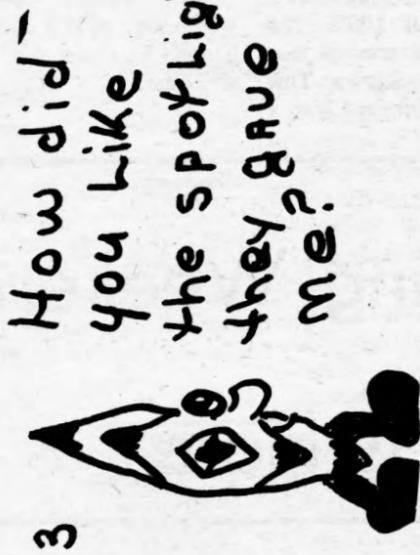
Before the ball there is going to be a roast beef dinner. The dinner is at Pace's restaurant and begins at 7:00. The dinner and ball are formal but gentlemen may wear a suit instead of a tuxedo.

Congratulations should be given to Susan Swartout and her committee for the fine job they have done in organizing this weekend.

The crowning of the King and Queen will be held Saturday night at the ball. Many people have been nominated, and one alternate couple will be chosen.



1
Did you
ENJOY
E. DAY?



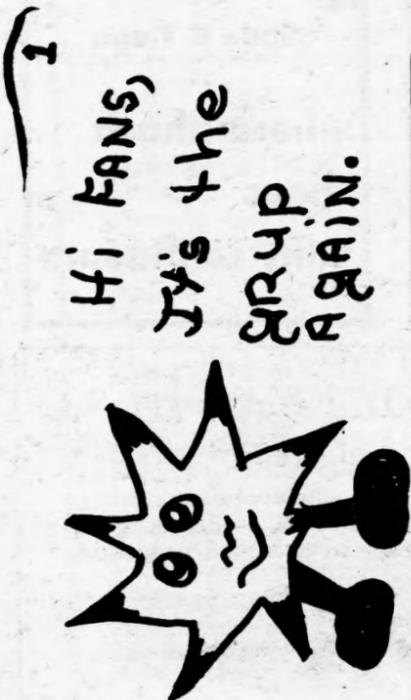
2
How did
you like
the SPOTLIGHT
they gave
me?



3
Pollution
IS A GREAT
thing.



4
OH, By the
WAY. DON'T
BREATHE TOO
HEAVY, YOU'LL
CATCH A LOT
OF US.



5
Hi FANS,
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GIRUP
AGAIN.

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