

Back Talk

Edited by
STAFF

Mac's Meanderings

Some thoughts on wasted water, with all the water shortages in the western counties of our fair state one would think that Wilkes, or at least its college would be self respecting enough to follow suit and starve for water in the days of drought like everyone else.

Not WCC! Water? Man we got it! 17 springs under one building alone, and to keep it where it belongs, one would think, rightly so, that we could use some of the stuff to at least operate one fountain to beautify the campus. Even a wishing well would do wonders for the morale of the student body, especially around exam time. Also, proceeds from the wishing well could be used to help pay for some additional student help now and then to care for the ornament.

Or, if a wishing well is prohibitive cost-wise, how's about one or two hand-pumped freshwater wells, (tested of course) to go soak your head or drown your sorrows or just plain thirst in? A bit of memorabilia fast fading from our scene nowadays, it could very well enrich the heritage to the successors who attend our institution.

Seeing as how we have this vast resource at our disposal isn't it time we did something to utilize a rapidly vanishing resource or at least, make a token effort toward that end? We are not unsympathetic to the financial problems involved in such an enterprise, but isn't it at least worth considering over your next cup of coffee?

You Can Never Go Back

By Gary McNeil

You Can Never Go Back,
To that time before graduation.
To the happiness, tears, frustration, fears
That were you "B.S.," "Before Sheep-Skin."

As you simultaneously receive the diploma
And the congratulations of "Doc" himself,
Two keys are simultaneously turned.
One locks out the past, except for memories.

The other key, Knowledge, opens up
Wisdom
Insight
Privileges
Responsibilities.

"They" are watching you. Some with anticipation that that you will succeed.

Others, with glowing eyes of vultures, waiting to pick up your pieces after the crash, when your New wings have failed, they hope.

But most, just watch, curiously interested,
To see what your life will turn out to be.

As you make those first faltering steps
You (yourself) wonder if it was worth it,
You don't feel any "brighter" or more witty.
Even though now you have been "Certified Smart."

"Now, let's see, which one of these roads do I want to take?" Funny, it sounds, "Do I want."
And suddenly, you realize that

the decisions you make
Have no more freedom than the "required" classes of A Quarter Ago.

So, off, you go, on the path of life you've chosen,
As best you can, as fast as the potholes will let you.
And remember, the rest of us are watching you.
And we learn from you.

No, you can't come back, though we would appreciate a visit from you occasionally.
For you, holding the light, must scout the path
For the rest of us.
Godspeed, Graduate.
G. McNeill

What Became Of Dept.?

Once upon a time, a long time ago when the Fairy Tales was a 'goin' around, there existed an obscure little underground publication, with a total circulation of 105 and a maximum distance of 100 yards. As are most such pieces this paper was printed on pink mimeo paper and was titled, appropriately, **The Pink Sheet**. Filled with the usual assortment of humor, houndoggery, and hierarchial hijinks, the little publication brought at least 15 minutes worth of laughter during the morning coffee break. And, in the words of Edward Lueders, "Tell it like it never really was, man, and maybe we can see it like it is!"

Like all good things, I guess it takes too much time on the part of too few people already overworked, but in a bit of nostalgia, it 'us good while it lasted.

BARRIERS WE CREATE

The barriers we create,
Not mountains, forest, rivers or swamp are as high as barriers we create,

Not mountains, forest, rivers or swamp are as high as barriers we create.

Some in fear,
others come from deep within the mind.
Many manifest themselves as laws or walls;
but most are subtle barriers,
The ones we create.

R. Gracely 1970



O.K. GUYS TIME TO LINE UP FOR THE LAST MILE

The Cougar Cry

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