

Robert B. McNeill

The Grim Reaper is no stranger to the tragic laden corridors of Wilkes Community College. He's been there before. He came again this past summer, stalked the Campus, and nodded his head. Quietly, quickly, without notice and with cold neutrality of impartial judgment escorted "Rob" McNeill through the door of death.

Rob had no fear of dying, but had a tremendous love and respect for life. He also had the wisdom to "never send to know for whom bell tolls." His credentials were solid gold, varied and many. Pure respect for his modesty prevents more than the mention that he was a Professor, a student, a man of the cloth and a friend to all.

A calm patience, strength to accept the trials of life and rise superior to them, coolness and

presence of mind, calmness amid storm, clearness of judgment, immobility, impassiveness and a keen sense of understanding were all "Rob" McNeill. He was not only a teacher of life, but a pupil as well—a man of conviction—a man who, while losing battle after battle to the overpowering forces of society, inched forward with the banner of humanity. Small victories, each to their own, but in total, a conquest advancing the good of all mankind.

In a family plot in a small town in Alabama, a grave marked its ceremony of victory over Robert B. McNeill. But this grave has been cheated. "Rob" McNeill lives in the heads, hearts and lives of all he touched.

"OH GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY???"

John Cashion

McNeill Will Be Missed

Rob McNeill was cantankerous, egotistical, bullheaded, and opinionated. Why then, did we love him so, and why does his passing leave such a void in our lives?

Perhaps his love for us was the basic reason. Although his was never a maudlin, sloppy, or showy affection, no one who knew him doubted that he wanted the best for us, and, more profoundly, that he wanted us to be the best that we could become. He constantly pushed his colleagues and his students alike to more profound levels of thought, more compassionate levels of behavior, and more active levels of involvement. We always knew that he thought of us as first-rate human beings and expected us to live first-rate lives. This may well be the deepest level of human love.

His was not, however, a blind love. We knew that he saw us as we were and as we could be at the same time. It was pointless to pretend or posture in his presence. He knew better, and we knew he knew better. Indeed, I have seen phoney who resented him

because they knew he saw through them. He never doubted the potential, however, of even the most artificial pretender.

He saw things clearly because his intellectual curiosity and his intellectual honesty required it. His mind was always active, always seeking, always on the cutting edge of the ideas in his fields of interest, and always rejecting the faddism and mere verbiage that passes for thought in some circles.

The quality that everyone recognized was Rob's courage. Never did he hesitate to act for fear of his career or even his life, as evidenced by his actions in Georgia in the late 50's in the early days of the Civil Rights struggle, or in the late 60's in less dramatic but equally threatening circumstances.

Rob loved humanity and served humanity in a way and to a degree that few have the qualities to match.

The gadfly who loved us as he irritated us is gone. For a while we shall mourn him. We shall always miss him.

Student Tutors

Are you having trouble writing papers in English? or are you having trouble in math? Never fear—STP is here.

What is STP? That's the new student tutorial program which will begin on campus fall quarter. What it amounts to is one student helping another. Anyone can be on either the giving or receiving end, or on both ends. But we all lose if you don't participate in some way.

What's in it for the tutor? There are several answers to that question. Some of these are the satisfaction of knowing you have helped someone make it through a course when he otherwise might have failed, the experience of working in a teacher assistant type role, the opportunity to meet new persons and personalities, and the

opportunity to get to know your instructors better through dealing with them concerning your tutee. One other possible gain you may have in participating in STP is class credit. If you're taking the right course, STP may be a class project. Further, if we have plenty of participants, we hope to organize a new club for the tutors.

What's in it for the tutee? That one should be obvious. All a tutee has to do is to tell us in which subject he is struggling and when he is free, and a tutor will be found to help him.

What do you do to become either a tutee or a tutor? That's simple too. All you do is fill out an application which asks such questions as how to get in contact with you, what subject you would like to tutor or to be tutored in, and when you are free. This application will be placed in some classes, student services, in the Instructional Media Center, and in the library. All students are invited to participate, and remember you may be a tutor in one subject and a tutee in another.

A vacation is not going away from your work; it is getting your work out of your mind.

Not failure, but low aim is a crime.

Letters To The Editor

October 8, 1975

Dear Editors of the Cougar Cry, I am a freshman in WCC's Radio-TV Broadcasting Program. I have only been here for about three weeks, but I am very much impressed by the warmth, sincerity, and friendliness of Wilkes Community College students and faculty.

I am a lonely person who needs all the friends I can get, and I think that this college is the answer to many of my problems. I have attended a different community college, but I have found the program here to be superior to theirs in many ways. I was delighted to find that Wilkes had a one-year broadcasting program because I have always had a keen interest in this field. I have looked other places for a program of training in broadcasting, but I feel the program here must undoubtedly be the best.

I also write poetry and listen to music a lot, and I was very happy to hear about your newspaper and literary magazine here. I believe the role of a student newspaper which presents concerns in an unbiased and non-partisan way to be a very important one. With so many different students from such different walks of life, I feel that student creativity should not be overlooked by any means.

The Cougar Cry has already proved itself to be a vital source of student opinion to me through the survey that I filled out today. This is one indication to me that WCC exists for its students and that the newspaper staff wants to know how students feel on important issues.

Keep up the good work, editors, and I want to encourage the students of WCC to make contributions to the paper. After all, a college newspaper exists for the students and is not the property of the faithful few who put it together. I feel that this is going to be a good year for WCC, and the paper is one of the things which will make it a good one.

Sincerely,
Ron Wishon

NOTE: Because of Ron's obvious interest in the newspaper, the advisor and editors invited him to add his talents to those of "the faithful few who put it together." We are happy to announce he has joined our ranks.

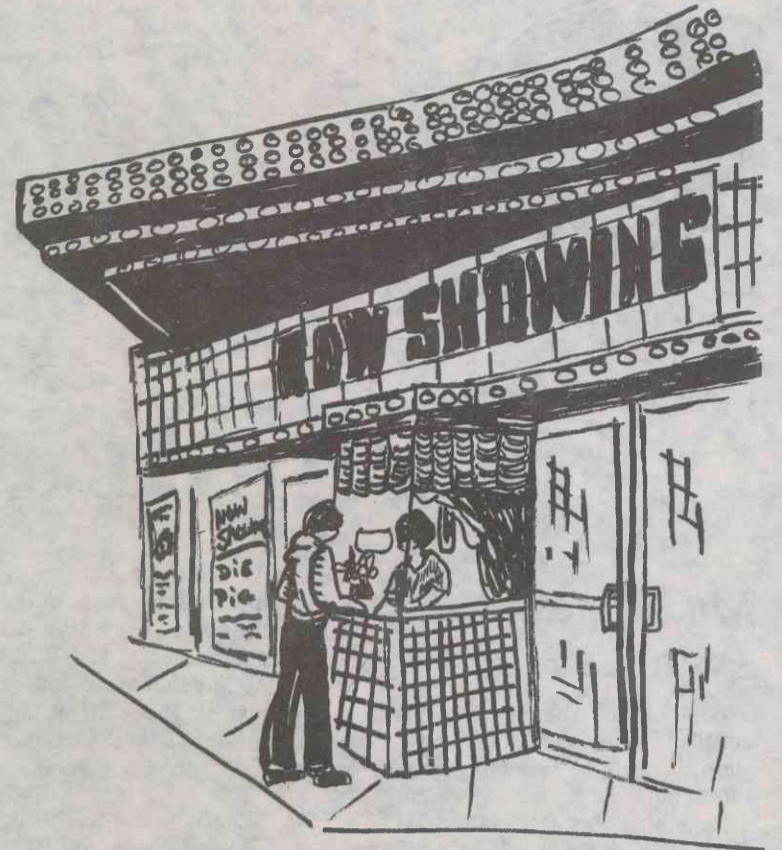
The Editors

When Does Your Real Life Begin?

Someone said to me the other day, "Now that I am almost out of college, I keep having this funny feeling that my life is supposed to begin. But nothing's really different, just sort of anticlimactic."

One of the biggest clinches around is the one about everyone being so busy preparing for the future that no one has time for the present. But have you ever noticed that one of the troubles with a cliché is that it's so familiar no one bothers to examine it?

Take the command to be "here and now," for example. Everyone knows we should try to be involved in the present moment. Therapists write about it; poets sing about it; mystics proclaim it. Still we are educated and groomed as if today were merely the fuel for tomorrow, to be utilized as economically as possible in the service of the concept of what we will someday become.



Free Movies

- Oct. 7 — The Graduate
- Oct. 14 — Eight on the Lam
- Oct. 21 — The Wicked Dreams of Paul Schultz
- Oct. 28 — The Conqueror Worm
- Nov. 4 — Bell, Book, and Candle
- Nov. 11 — Chump at Oxford
- Nov. 18 — "\$" (Dollars)
- Nov. 25 — That Man In Istanbul
- Dec. 2 — The Noose Hangs High
- Dec. 9 — Start the Revolution Without Me

These movies will be shown in the Teaching Auditorium at 1 P.M. and in Room 209 at 7 P.M. on the dates above. Sponsored by the Student Government Association.

Mark Twain once said this about experience: We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it — and stop there, lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never again sit on a hot stove-lid — and that is well, but neither will she ever sit down on a cold one.

Free Grass

Thought that would get your attention! Now that we have it may we say it has been suggested that the name of the school newspaper be changed from the "Cougar Cry" to something with flair. Your suggestion will be carefully reviewed, and the person who submits a winning entry, (should the name be changed) will receive an autographed picture of John Idol! Place suggestion in Letters to the Editors Box.

SUGGESTION



In grammar school we prepare for high school. In high school we prepare for college; in college, for a job. In one job we look for the next. There seldom seems to be a sense of existing in a moment as if it were sufficient unto itself.

Unhappily, I think that many of us have an attitude that keeps us from fully entering into most of our moments. Perhaps the simplest way to put it is that we start life not feeling responsible for our actions. Parents, after all, do dictate most of our very early behavior, and often fail ever to really take charge of our own destiny. We let teachers or parents or peers tell us what we "ought" to do. The trouble with that is that someone else's "ought" never had the imperative of your own "want." The result is that we do the expected. We play out our roles without ever connecting them to our own inner needs. How often have you heard, "It was his fault," or "I couldn't help it," or, "I really wanted to but" or, "The real me isn't like this." With excuses like that, we dribble away our valuable time, staying uncommitted, unfocused, thinking that tomorrow our real life will begin. Not so. Your real life begins at whatever moment you decide to connect yourself with your actions, whenever you learn to do what you believe as well as think what you believe.

In an effort to display her business proficiency in running the home, the little woman submitted to hubby a detailed account of expenses for the month. Asked to explain an entry marked, ESP-\$26.98, she replied, "ESP means, 'error some place.'"

We too often love things and use people when we should be using things and loving people.