

Campus FM Provides Listening Alternative Or What Has 10 Heads And Can Be Heard For Miles?

BY DAVID R. HAYES

The majority of radio listeners in Northwestern North Carolina have access to only limited radio reception. While most areas are serviced by a single local station or the signals of the high powered stations to the east, Wilkesboro's airwaves are alive with a number of signals that provide a true choice in programming. In addition to the fare offered by the commercial broadcasters in the area, our own campus radio station, WSIF, provides yet another listening alternative to students of W. C. C.

After months of delays, technical problems, and paperwork, WSIF-FM signed on the air on April 6, 1977 on a frequency of 90.1 MHz. With the exception of four weeks during the summer required to repair the effects of a thunderstorm, WSIF has been broadcasting every Monday through Friday from 9:57 a.m. until 2:03 p.m. The format is

described as educational, but the music, news and special features that WSIF provides its audience make that label somewhat misleading.

The students of the Radio-TV Broadcasting Class form the staff of the station. Each student is announcer-operator for a period of one hour, with the air shifts being assigned on a rotating basis. The experience gained in this actual broadcast situation is invaluable in their preparation for professional radio and television. The studios are fully equipped and allow the student broadcasters to become proficient in the operation of the equipment used in commercial radio.

The emphasis in program material is placed on that which is relevant to the college community. Programs featuring College President, Dr. Daniel, the president of the SGA, and the directors of each college division provide a plethora of information concerning happenings around

campus. The Broadcasting Class prepares campus news stories for a daily, five minute newscast at 12:45 and the Associated Press Wire Service provides sports and features, in addition to material for five minute newscasts every hour. A complete program schedule for WSIF is posted on the bulletin board at the studios in 318 Hayes Hall.

The next time you feel like changing your "radio rut", turn to 90.1 on your FM dial. Your campus radio station, WSIF, provides a true listening alternative.

Art Class Has Exhibit

BY DAVID HAYES

Mrs. Sherry Dancy, art instructor and media specialist at W. C. C., has taken several charcoal sketches from her Introductory Art Class and placed them on exhibit in the Library from November 14 to December 2. The class is composed mostly of beginning art students and the exhibit serves as a testimonial that no special talent is needed to enjoy art as a hobby. "I feel that no extraordinary talent is needed in order to draw," says Mrs. Dancy. "When a person writes their name they make all the necessary marks one needs to draw. It's just a matter of learning where to put the marks."

Mrs. Dancy says she is very proud of her art class since they are beginners, and she believes that everyone should take an art course to become more visually aware of their surroundings. She notes that, "Half of drawing or painting is seeing."

Mrs. Dancy will continue her instruction in two courses Winter Quarter entitled Oil Painting, and they can be taken for credit or non-credit. Times and dates are available in the Winter Curriculum Sheet, and students are invited to register regardless of their art experience.

A fellow was walking along the street one day with two small boys, each wailing loudly. A neighbor yelled to him, asking what was the matter. "What's wrong with the whole world," replied the man. "I've got three pieces of candy and each boy wants two!"

President's Column

We Can Do It

A high school friend was born with only one arm, his left. He was not defeated by his physical incompleteness, however. Bill decided to play the trumpet. Some thought this ambition to be only a dream, because trumpet players traditionally hold the instrument in the left hand and finger the valves with the right hand. Bill found that he could both hold the horn and manipulate the valves with his one hand. He practiced hour after hour, day after day. He became solo trumpet player in a large high school band. After that he played first trumpet at Davidson College. My friend received his law degree, a master's degree in history, and is now a university professor. How easy it

would have been to be filled with self-pity. Bill could have manipulated people instead of trumpet valves, to pamper and humor him. Instead he persevered and made his weakness a strength. Most of us "whole" persons take a lot for granted. We do not use our abilities to full potential. Sometimes we even make excuses for failure as if we were somehow incomplete in our makeup. The truth is that we can do whatever we decide to do with the resources available to us. In the vast majority of cases we do not excel for one reason - that we did not manifest the tenacity of Bill to gain proficiency, in spite of all odds. Yes, we can do it. We will do it!

Poetry Corner

INSANITY

I know the truth - nothing is real
Not you or me or the way I feel
But I know a place and it's all mine
I'll take you there if you have time.
There's no cold - no sleet - no rain
No love, no hate, no hint of pain
No dissension, goals, or tears
No minutes, days, months, or years.
No binding chains, guarantees, or ties
No bullshit, assertions, meaningless lies.
No tomorrow, or no yesterday
No future, past, no today
No one to judge what's wrong or right
No light for day, no dark for night
When you look out, and finally see
That there is no reality.
Drop your problems and your cares
Look for me, I'll take you there
For in my struggle to be free.
I've found the truth - **INSANITY.**
-Audrey

Long ago on the Nile,
In the New Kingdom style,
Lived a long-necked lovely queen.
She could throw out commands
With a clap of her hands,
But she could Nefertiti.

In the Pyramid climb
She could do record time,
And would counsel with Ptah
for the good of her Ka,
But she could Nefertiti.

She could o'leap a sphynx
with the grace of a lynx,
Get straight through to Isis
At the tiniest crisis,
But she could Nefertiti.

She could swim 'cross the river
With hardly a quiver.
Got Notes from Osiris
On special papyrus,
But she could Nefertiti.

She could shinny an obelisk,
Got calls from the Sun-Disc,
Compose in Hieroglyphics
With lots of specifics,
But she could Nefertiti.

She could raise children royal
Without letting them spoyal,
Went to parties with Nut,
and was wonderously cute,
But she could Nefertiti.

So t'was not copesthetic,
It was almost pathetic,

And explains why her smile is
inscrutable.
For although she was great
At achievements of state,
This law is clerally immutable:

Without one certain skill
It will all come to nil.
And she'd always fail.
T'was a miserable tale,
For she could never, Nefertiti.
-Bill Moffett

THE VALUE OF V

The more unusual the more
exciting
The rarer something the more
valuable.
Hence the value of virginity
From a virgin no disease caught.
With a virgin solace often sought.
No comparison or complaint,
Hence the value of V.
-Ken Holmes

GOD'S PROTECTIVE CARE

No I lay me down to sleep
This prayer I was taught at my
mother's knee
Each night this I would pray.
And his protection through the
night I would see.

As I grew older, this prayer I
forgot,
In fact; many changes in my life
did I see.
No longer did I ever pray to him,
who love so completely covered
me.

God said, "I remain the same,
I change not from day to day,
But it was you my child, not I
that choose from my life to run
away"

I confessed my need for my God.
The God of my childhood I had
known.
He forgave me for all my sins,
By prayer to him, I can now safely
go.

Truly, now as an adult I can say.
Now I lay me down to sleep,
And know if I don't arise,
God's care for my soul in death
He will keep.
-John Wiles

THE BRIGHTEST STAR

I fee as though the final curtain
is fastly coming down and it seems
as though the crowd wouldn't
stop booing the final act - now
I'm being told that my last line
has been spoken, my last song has been sung
and the last ticket has been sold or maybe
filed away because of lack of interest
and I know that the critic will say
"he's lost all the old magic, he'll never be back"
As I leave the back door
to the theater, I hope that soon
you'll be finally able to find the brightest star
-Ervin L. Waller

Would you want somebody just
like you to be your friend?

How can a rumor without a leg
to stand on get around so fast?

How come no woman's picture
appears on U.S. money?

The Cougar Cry

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