

# EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Since World War 2, there has been a tendency of the older and younger generations of dodge work, or being more specific, not taking the responsibility of seeing that a job is well done. Most people take the attitude that there will be others to do the job.

This is becoming a trait of the Americans today, and as an American, are proud to possess this trait? Let's not kid ourselves; everyone everywhere is labeling us as being "lazy!"

This signifies that we are no longer proud of our heritage or our country. This "lazy" feeling we have also indicates that we are satisfied with the present day situations. Are you?

For the minority, to which all the work is left, this is the worst injustice of all. These people do not have time really to live; they hardly have time to sleep. No American is privileged enough to do nothing, however, many of us are doing just that.

How can a school, a community or a nation progress if all the work is left to a minority group of people, while there is a majority group doing nothing? These people are "proud" of doing nothing. Do these people have the right to benefit from the hard work of the minority group?

Progress in this kind of atmosphere just cannot be!

Students, faculty and laborers, we all should make a new year's resolution to be more helpful and to take more interest in our environment and our fellow men.

It is apparent why our world is in the condition it is in today. The majority of people are too self-centered or too lazy to help anyone.

If anyone has ideas why people have taken this attitude, please write to the Cougar Cry.

## Life of Christmas Wrap

Here I lie, crumpled up and tossed into a lonely waste paper basket waiting to meet my dreaded fate in the burning flames of the incinerator.

Long ago, I was part of one of the most beautiful trees that ever spread forth its swaying branches. One day the most terrible thing that all trees fear happened. A gigantic two-legged monster with a sharp axe-like

instrument savagely chopped this beautiful tree down. It was taken to a mill and there made into pulp wood from which I and many friends sprung forth as some of the most beautiful paper to be seen anywhere. From there many of us were chosen to be gaily adorned for some lucky family to buy for Christmas wrapping.

I was deposited into the back

of a grimy old truck and transported to a variety of stores where I, a beautiful, top quality Christmas wrapping, was placed among some of the most plain and insignificant ones. How humiliating this was to me; especially since I came from the finest line of pulp wood.

One day my humiliation was further increased by a smaller two-legged monster. After very careful and painstaking consideration, he chose me over all the lesser wrappings to adorn his Christmas present. Before he made his way to the register, he abruptly discarded me in the cosmetic section of the store amid all the make-up and mascara. It seemed like I must have laid there in that disgusting position all wrinkled with my beautiful edges frayed for at least three hours. Finally, a sales clerk spotted me and relieved my condition. Instead of relieving my condition, she actually lowered my state of being; a fine Christmas wrapping, by reducing me from a seventy-nine cent to a fifty-nine cent wrapping. I was then placed on a shelf once more to wait for some bargain hunter to snatch me up.

It wasn't long until another one of those little two-legged monsters appeared in front of the shelf containing the seventy-nine cent Christmas wrappings, but seeing those priced fifty-nine cents, he came over to the shelf I was on. Before too long his grimy little hands were on me and before I knew it, I was thrown into a bag given to the little monster, and carried out to a car where I was tossed into the back seat with peanut butter and a model car.

At last I knew I would get to adorn some treasured Christmas present. Arriving home, this little monster took from the closet a small box from which came a squeaking sound and immediately set to work wrapping his treasured gift. The next day, I was carried to school and piled with the other presents of all shapes and sizes upon the teacher's desk. After the teacher read her students a most touching story of the birth of a child in a stable somewhere in Bethlehem a long time ago, all the neatly wrapped Christmas presents were attacked with vigor. I was savagely torn asunder from the little box and crumpled up along with all the other wrappings and thrown into a waste paper basket.

Though my life must soon end, I have lived it well. As I look back on my birth and the stages of my growth, I have fulfilled my purpose--to wrap someone's treasured Christmas present.

## Music Course

The music department of W.C.C. is expanding its program during the winter quarter to offer two additional courses--College Singers, a small ensemble organization meeting on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, and W.C.C. Chorus.

The College Singers will offer a one hour credit per quarter and is designed to explore varied types of choral music, both sacred and secular.

The W.C.C. Chorus, open to anyone interested in singing, will meet at a time to be arranged later to the convenience of the members.

Both groups will eventually plan for future performance dates in surrounding areas and will work toward the possibility of a tour during the next school year.



# The Cougar Cry

THE VOICE OF WILKES COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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