

# EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Not too many years ago, war was something we read about in history books and watched on the late show or heard our parents talk about. Today war is a reality. It's our brothers and our friends and husbands being sent to fight — and perhaps die — in Vietnam. For many of us it is having to leave our friends and families, jobs and schools to fight in a land we had never heard of a few years ago. It does seem unfair and pointless. But's it's nothing new. We are having to deal with the very things young people have since the dawn of civilizations. Let us have the courage to do it in a way that we and those who love us can be proud of. Let's try to be more like the young man who wrote this letter.

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A 20-year-old soldier killed in action in Vietnam on February 1 of last year has been honored posthumously with the top 1966 Freedoms Foundation award, for a "last letter" to his parents.

### "I Died a Soldier"

Dear Folks,

I'm writing this letter as my last one. You've probably already received word that I'm dead and that the government wishes to express its deepest regret.

Believe me, I didn't want to die, but I know it was part of my job. I want my Country to live for billions and billions of years to come.

I want it to stand as a light to all people oppressed and guide them to the same freedom we know. If we can stand and fight for freedom, then I think we have done the job God set down for us.

It's up to every American to fight for the freedom we hold so dear. If we don't the smell of free air could become dark and damp as in a prison cell. We won't be able to look at ourselves in a mirror, much less our sons and daughters, because we know we have failed our God, Country and our future generations.

I can hold my head high because I fought, whether it be in heaven or hell. Besides, the saying goes, "One more GI from Vietnam, St. Peter. I've served my time in hell."

I fought for Sandy, Nell, Gale (his sisters), Mom and Dad. But when the twins and Sandy's kids get old enough, they'll probably have to fight, too. Tell them to go proudly and without fear of death because it is worth keeping the land free.

I remember a story from Mr. Williams' (Thomas Williams, a teacher at Strickland's high school) English classes when I was a freshman that said, "cowards die a thousand times. The brave die but once."

Don't mourn me, Mother, for I'm happy I died fighting my Country's enemies, and I will live forever in people's minds. I've done what I've always dreamed of. Don't mourn me, for I died a soldier of the United States of America.

God bless you and take care. I'll be seeing you in heaven.

Your loving son and brother,

Butch

## The Cougar Cry

THE VOICE OF WILKES COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
Wilkesboro, North Carolina

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## Taking Advantage of Others?

Is it fair for people to take complete advantage of others in school? People who do this are not only hurting themselves but others, too. It's good to get help on something a person does not understand, but each person needs to get the major portion of his work by himself. There's no sense in one person standing idly by the wayside while everyone else is trying his best to understand and do his own work, for no one is any better than another.

Tom, Dick, and Bill were all three taking history and mathematics. Dick and Bill worked as hard as they could to make good grades. They practically took notes during every class meeting in both courses. By doing so they hardly ever had any serious trouble with their work, but when they did, they would compare notes and work out their own problems. Tom, though, just didn't give a heck about school. He was going to make it through school the easiest way possible. Instead of studying he was always out somewhere having a good time. When the time came to get his homework done, he would always manage to borrow Dick's and Bill's papers to copy. When test time came around, he would always get caught in a bad situation because instead of taking notes and listening in class he always managed to find something else to occupy his mind. Tom thought he had the perfect solution to his little problem--see Dick and Bill. They always took notes so Tom decided he would borrow theirs and cram for the test the night before. Many times, though, the notes did not help him very much, especially in mathematics because he just simply did not

understand how to work the problems.

Sometimes every person becomes Tom relying on Dick and Bill to do all his work. Almost every day someone needs another person to help him with his work. Because many times the necessity arises when people have to miss a class, can't take notes, or do not understand something. But constantly doing as Tom did, never trying, is just not right. What good is an education to a person if he never puts forth even the smallest effort to help himself. He just might as well have not gone to school in the first place. In later years what will he profit by going through school on someone else's work?

Nancy Icenhour

Two workmen sat down to eat their lunches. One began to unwrap a package about 18 inches long.

"What's that?" asked the other.

"My wife's away," said the first, "so I made myself a pie."

"A bit long, isn't it?" his friend asked.

"Long?" Sure it's long. It's rhubarb pie."

It is well to realize that time to think is as important as time to work.

### Turks Play For Dance

Saturday night, April 27, at the "Y", the Turks provided music for a dance sponsored by WCC students.