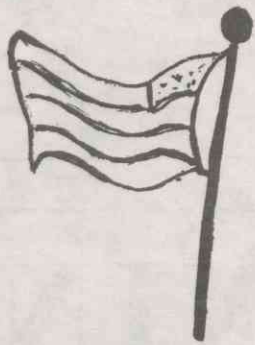


Cougar's Conscience



At The Risk Of Sounding Corny

Crises come; crises go. Crises are the corpuscles in the life-giving bloodstream of American history. For nearly two hundred years my country has experienced one great crisis after another. It's a way of life for the American people. So stop blaming my president. In the name of common sense how could any one man be responsible for all the things my president is blamed for? Cut him a little slack. I personally think he must be superhuman to withstand the pressure. (When a man is down, kick him.)

Where are all the people who were riding the bandwagon when Nixon won by one of the biggest landslides of all time? Surely I'm not the only guy who voted for him.

Uncle Sam will come out of the crisis he is in now, just as he has always come out, more independent, fearless, bold, sturdy and tough than when he went in.

Just what is America and just who is Uncle Sam? Uncle Sam isn't just the Army or Navy. He isn't just the tax collector. He's not just the hippies on the corner, and he isn't just the folks in Washington.

Uncle Sam is a lot of people, both living and dead. Uncle Sam is the fellow that thumbed his nose at the Redcoats and dumped a whole boatload of tea in the Boston Harbor. He's the bantam-legged youth, Benjamin

Franklin, who walked into Philadelphia with a pack of dogs at his heels and who remained to establish a reputation as America's most eminent scientist and statesman.

Uncle Sam is a little band of patriots at Valley Forge, shivering in the winter snow with all hope of victory gone, holding on, to give us our sacred heritage we enjoy today. Uncle Sam is the homely, unhappy boy in the woods of Illinois, who failed and failed so many times, yet who, through sheer faith, emerged so great an American; he wrote the Gettysburg address. Uncle Sam is Henry Ford, the Wright Brothers, Edison, Will Rogers, the spirit of Sam Ervin, and yes, Richard Nixon — men with strong hands and tough brains who made free enterprise a word to frighten little dictators.

Uncle Sam is simply the best of you and me and what we want this country to be—free, brave, and strong. He's you and I and two-hundred million other Americans who, hopefully, are willing to speak up to as well as sacrifice, blood if necessary to keep this country the greatest thing on the face of this earth.

Yes, Uncle Sam will come out of this crisis, the stars and stripes unsoiled, and leading the parade right back to the top of the opinion polls will be . . . my president.

—John Cashion

Burning The Candle In The Middle

By Nancy Lee Culbreth

I suppose someone has something good to say about the nation going on Daylight Savings Time. To be honest, even if I think real hard, I cannot come up with anything nice to say about it. This morning, Jan 7, as I led my son by the hand (so he would not get lost in the fog, smog, and dark) to the street to catch his bus, I decided that someone had really split his atom! To send children out in the dark, let alone the fact that we mothers have to get up before the moon has reached its peak, is unforgivable.

Someone has said it's to save fuel! According to my way of thinking, and I have never claimed to be a superior intellect, if one gets up an hour earlier, they have to burn lights an hour longer — besides the heat. To save on heat, one is supposed to turn down the furnace until frost forms on one's glasses (if one uses them.) Once again, up an hour earlier, turn up the heat an hour longer.

To top all this, I now learn I can cook my roast (if I can buy one) by placing it under the hood of my car and drive at 60 miles an hour (what about the 55 speed limit) for five hours. Before, it only took 1½ hours the old-fashioned way in the oven. Now, I can burn up a

tank of gas while I cook my dinner!

So far as I can figure it, if I have a roast and chicken in the same week, I get to drive ten hours to nowhere; and, instead of filling my tank every two weeks, I can now fill the gas tank every third day—if I can find gas. But—that's another story, and my pen is running out of ink; so I shall stop here, have my car gased, the oil checked, and see how my meatloaf is getting along!

Not Long Enough

Poet--Are you the man who cut my hair last time?

Barber--I don't think so, sir, I've only been here six months.

Wonderful

Boss--To pretty, young applicant -- So you want a job? Had any experience?

Applicant--Oh, some very wonderful ones!

Those who founded the United States would probably be amazed at it today.

RICHARD JONES

Deputy Richard Williams Jones, Sr., our Security and Traffic Control Officer, is the trooper in charge of traffic safety on our campus. Meet him and you'll find a very likeable fellow whose main interest is seeing that no student gets hurt by another's careless use of a motor vehicle. He invites students to co-operate with the campus safety regulations.

Deputy Jones graduated from GAR High School in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. He had to drop out of college because his father's death made it necessary for him to help support his family.

He served with the U. S. Army in the Pacific Theater as a foot soldier in the infantry. After his tour of duty in the Pacific, he was stationed in Maryland. There he met his wife, Alta, who is from Wilkes County. After his discharge in 1946, he and his wife moved to Wilkes County and have lived here ever since.

Deputy and Mrs. Richard Jones, Sr., have a son, Rick, Jr.; a daughter, Kathy; and two grandchildren.

Both Ricky, Jr., and Kathy graduated from Wilkes Central High School. Ricky then graduated from WCC, and Kathy graduated from Mitchell College in Statesville.

Mr. Shaw, Vice-President for Administrative Services, introduced Mr. Jones to WCC, and Richard was deputized and hired as Security and Traffic Control Officer.

He enjoys all sports and has done part-time work upholstering furniture for twenty years. Presently, he also distributes the Winston-Salem Journal in North Wilkesboro. In his enthusiasm for sports, he helped organize the Little League and the Pony League.

He says he enjoys his job because he gets to meet many interesting people.

—Frank Perez



SYLVIA AND HER "TWO LITTLE BOYS"

TWO LITTLE BOYS

Two little boys—
always having fun,
always on the run,
never, ever still,
and doing what they will.

Two little boys—
always there with a grin,
ready to be your friend,
loving and tugging,
squeezing and hugging.

Two little boys—
growing fast—faster,
are gifts from the Master;
Smiles, laughter, and joys
are our two little boys.

—Sylvia Haymore

GO FACULTY

By Jerry Rhodes

Wilkes Community College has become one of the finest two-year colleges in the state of North Carolina. This honor has been earned for us (the students) by the hard work of Dr. Howard E. Thompson and our faculty along with the nice folk in the administrative area. Stop and consider for a moment what the staff of WCC offers to the student.

Where does a student go when he needs information? He goes directly to the Student Services Office where help is readily available to him. There the staff makes every effort to help the student with his problem.

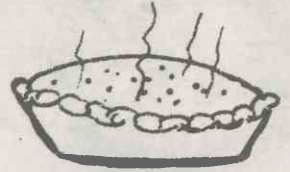
Even though it up to the student to make the effort to pass, the instructors here do bend every effort to help a student succeed. Our learned faculty will give a student the grade he deserves — nothing less. (And, we might add — nothing more). When students are in trouble with grades, the faculty is always willing to point out to the student the area that needs working on.

In the five quarters that I have seen at WCC, I am still amazed by the friendly understanding that prevails among the students and staff. Everyone here makes our stay as enjoyable as possible. I have never been denied help by any of the many people who make WCC the college it is.

In addition to being willing to help a student, the faculty can many times be found in the Student Commons chatting with students over a cup of coffee. This practice of the faculty, a practice frowned on by some, proves to me the interest taken by the faculty in the students.

One should consider the qualifications of our faculty. Most have Masters Degrees; some have their Ph. D's or ed. D's and still many others are working on their doctorates. Many have had outstanding training and experience in technical and industrial fields. At least one has a degree in law, and one is a certified public accountant. So this writer says "Go, faculty." Let's help them as they help us.

Cougar Cookin'



By Nancy Culbreth

Now that the Christmas dinner is over, with all the parties (and the goodies), and sitting around the television watching the bowl games, check your weight! If you don't feel like doing that, no one will blame you—least of all me!!

As was promised in the last issue of the COUGAR CRY, here is a very delightful recipe submitted by one of our readers, Pineapple Cream Pie.

Pineapple Cream Pie

2 baked 9-inch pie shells (cooled)

2 Tea. lemon juice

1 can Eagle Brand Milk

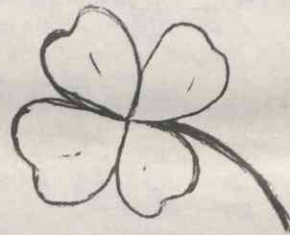
1 9 oz. cup cool whip

1 can crushed pineapple (drained)

Gently fold ingredients together. Pour in equal portions into cooled pie shells. Let set in refrigerator until firm.

Now sit back, put up your feet, and enjoy this delicious pie with a cup of coffee. There is no doubt in my mind that a ball game of some type can be found on television. So sit back and watch while enjoying your Pineapple Cream Pie. (Jan. 13, Super Bowl!)

Coming next issue will be an outstanding German recipe for meat.



Wilkes County Folklore

By Charles Osborne
SUPERSTITIONS

Very few of us are totally free of that little twinge of fear when a black cat crosses our paths. Who would purposely walk under a ladder? Would anyone in his right mind turn down a chance to pick a four-leaf clover? These are but a few of a myriad of superstitions that cover every aspect of country life.

Many superstitions are carried over from ancient times. Many people would be surprised to learn that knocking on wood is a direct descendent of Greek nature worship. Knocking on the wood invokes the spirit that lives in the wood to ward off ill fortune.

Fear of black cats dates back to early American witch trials. The black cat, reminiscent of darkness, was thought to be the witch's familiar spirit. It is interesting to note that the fear of black cats is not found in England. They consider white cats unlucky.

The origins of the superstitions are relatively easy to trace. Others have more obscure origins. No one really knows why it is unlucky to spin a wooden chair on one leg, or why it is unlucky to carry out ashes during Old Christmas (the twelve days from Christmas day to Epiphany, January 6; also known as the Twelfth Night).

We laugh at them. We make jokes about them. But even in the midst of our great technology, superstitions are still with us.