



The Cougar Cry



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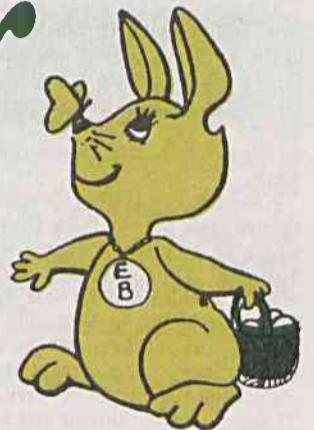
APRIL 6, 1990



Happy Easter



Holidays



From The President

Dr. Jim Randolph, President

After all, it was more than ten years old. And the 1,300 mile trip from Cheyenne, Wyoming to Wilkesboro, North Carolina was just too much for it. The color was gone. The image was various shades of green. The sound control was going fast. Yes, it was time to buy a new television.

The new unit was great. The Denver Broncos' jerseys were still the orange that I remember. The sky was blue and Dan Rather's hair was really turning gray. It was everything I remember that television should be. What I wasn't expecting, however, was that little flat plastic device that came along with the new unit that allowed me to turn the television on and off, raise and lower the volume, and change channels all from the comfort of my easy chair. You just aim and push a button. It was magic. What a marvelous addition to the art of television watching is the remote control unit. This little device provides total control without getting off the couch. I could change channels, sip a Coke and munch a handful of peanuts—all at the same time.

It soon became apparent to me that the remote control was indeed invented just for me. Why had I waited so long to buy this great invention of mankind? With remote in hand, I could easily watch three sitcoms, two "cops and robbers" show, one movie, all-star wrestling, and a basketball game all at the same time. It was wonderful! No longer would I have to endure commercials or predictable outcome to otherwise boring shows or the middle of *Murder She Wrote* when almost nothing ever happens. When I got bored, which was often, I just flipped channels. No longer would I have to listen to Dick Vital say for the fourteenth time, "but baby...it's party time." I had truly died and gone to heaven.

But then, Caroline (the co-owner of the television set), having had enough of my masterful editing of several shows, said "Jim, if you change that channel one more time, I'm leaving the room!" Oh, great. Once again, I was forced to watch a full hour of Larry King discussing Donald Trump's marital problems with Morgan Fairchild. Yuck!

I was forced to move back into the Dark Ages of TV watching. I had to painfully endure entire episodes of *America's Funniest Videos*. Give me a break!

Soon, I found myself longing to flip through the channels. I became desperate. "Caroline," I would say, "someone is at the door, can you get it?" Flip, flip, flip. Oh, it felt so good. "Caroline, you're wanted on the phone." Flip, flip, flip.

I know that I was totally hooked when in the space of time it took Caroline to go to the kitchen for a glass of water, I could get through all twenty-one channels five, count them five, times. I had become an addict. I was a "flipaholic."

Yes, I was ashamed. I craved the chance to madly flip through the channels. I felt the need to see what video was being shown on VH-1, to know the score of the Atlanta Hawks and Chicago Bulls game, and to see if Ralph Emery's guests included Hank Williams, Jr. I knew that I needed help. The only thing left for me to do was to sign up with the Connie Chung School for Flipaholics. I had reached a low point in my life.

But then, just last week I read Dave Barry's column in *The Charlotte Observer* (March 18, 1990) and was relieved to discover that Dave believes, therefore it must be true, that men are biologically capable of keeping track of a large number of television programs simultaneously by changing the channel the instant something boring happens, such as dialogue. Whereas women, he postulates, because of a tragic genetic flaw, feel compelled to watch only one program at a time.

What a relief. I was not really an addict, but rather I was born with the ability to grasp the significance of numerous programs in a singular moment. Certainly, this must be the same genetic trait that allows men to play 27 holes of golf in one afternoon, but keeps them from taking out the garbage because of a bad back.

Now, instead of feeling guilty, I'm proud that I have this trait and feel sorry for Caroline as we watch Matlock laboriously and boringly cross examine the guilty party and win yet another case. I smile as I wait for that special moment. "Caroline, you're wanted on the phone."

Flip, flip, Flip (P.S. This, I suppose, should have been a serious article that would inspire students to bigger and better things, but, what the heck, the year's almost over and we all need a break. Best of luck.)

Easter History

Easter Day, the Feast of the Resurrection of Our Lord is the greatest of all festivals of the Christian Church. It is also the longest observed holiday. Although it is speculated when the Birthday of Jesus is, there was never a doubt about the Resurrection. This took place at the time of the Jewish Passover. Easter can never fall earlier than March 22nd or later than April 25th. Due to inaccuracies of early calendars we cannot pinpoint the first Easter Day, but it did come in the Spring.

The word Easter is derived from Eastre (or Eostre) a Northern Goddess of Spring and the Dawn, whose celebrations were held at the Vernal Equinox. Religious ceremonies of pagan peoples around the world enacted in the Spring to make crops grow and prosper have carried forward into our Easter customs.

Easter eggs, for instance, are deeply rooted in pagan antiquity and so are hot cross buns and the Easter hare. The custom of eggs at Easter symbolize continuing life and resurrection. The giving of eggs as gifts, colored or gilded, was also a pre-Christian custom. The egg can be many colors, but quite often is red, traditionally commemorating the blood of Christ. But scarlet eggs were also given by pagan peoples centuries before Christ. Like the egg itself, the color is an emblem of life.

The Easter hare is an ancient guise of the Easter beast a once sacred animal of the European Spring-Goddess. He is a living symbol of fertility, renewal and the return to Spring. The Easter Hare is the one who hides the eggs. In Yugoslavia, the hare makes a nest in the stable, and the children on Easter morning find the eggs concealed in the hay.

Spring cleaning also stems from houses being "cleaned down" for Easter.

It is custom everywhere at Easter to put on a whole new outfit or at least a new hat or a pair of gloves. This tradition is older even than Easter. New garments worn at the Spring Festival were to celebrate winter's passing.

On Easter Day altars are adorned only with the arum lily (known as the Easter lily). The white of the lily and green of the branches signify immortality.

By: R. Dian Marcum

A Visit To The Animal Shelter

They lay roasting in the sun on hot pavement, all caged in and having no hope to go on living. Some having bleeding wounds from some heartless person that has shot them. Others have been beaten or found tied to a tree with no food or water. And most have been picked up from wondering the streets. "We make rounds picking them up four or five times a day, sometimes even eight," said Alfred Speaks, Control Officer at the Wilkes County Dog Shelter. These are the small innocent animals that just want a good home and someone to love and care for them.

"We use carbon monoxide to put them to sleep, this is not painful, they just go to sleep," explained Speaks. "The sick ones are put to sleep as soon as we get them. Their sickness could spread and the others could get it," said Kelly Thompson who is working there as part of his community work. "I try to clean them up and get my friends to take them. Some are really great dogs. They were about to put a little puppy to sleep just because it was wet and looked sick. But I cleaned it up and its just fine." Kelly hoses down their cages and

helps look after them.

Bulldogs, Lab puppies, and Collies are just a few that are wanting a good home. The dogs and cats are for sale to a good and caring animal lover for \$7.00 (dogs) and \$2.00 (cats). Speaks says that there are people going in and out everyday to look at the animals to take home but there are many that are left without. The shelter has dozens of cute and huggable puppies just waiting for a caring friend. But if they stay there over five days they will be put to sleep. Some of them won't be that lucky, the older and larger dogs will prevent them from getting any food.

The shelter can be reached at 921-3878 and is located off of Germantown Road. It is at the same site as the Landfill. If you wish to get in touch with the *Human Society* call 667-4084 it is located in Wilkesboro. You may ask to speak to Charlotte Porter. The Dog Shelter is open 8 to 5 Monday through Friday and 8 to 3 on Saturday. Anyone is welcome to come and look at the animals during these times.

By: Derrick A. Higgins



"Spec" an English Bulldog, along with her two newborn puppies are held in the arms of Susan Colvard. Susan is a senior at Wilkes Central and plans to attend WCC this summer.



WILKES COMMUNITY COLLEGE



1965

EXCELLENCE IN EDUCATION

1990



This sad looking Basset Hound named "Abby" takes time out of her playful routine. She belongs to Melissa Higgins. Melissa is a graduate of WCC.



All caged in and wanting you to take him home. This is one of the many puppies you will find at the Wilkes County Dog Shelter.