



WILKES
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

COUGAR CRY



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*The Day Before
Christmas at
WCC*
by Stormie
Campbell

'Twas the last day before Christmas break when all through WCC, not a creature was stirring not even a bee up at JAWC.

The books were placed on the shelves with care, in hopes that no one would be there.

The students were staring blank-faced in their desks, as visions of no homework and sleeping late danced in their heads.

The faculty and staff were waiting for the end of the day, waiting to settle in for a stress-free holiday.

When down in the Commons there arose such a clatter, Pete Mann was called to see what's the matter.

Away to the Commons he flew like a flash, grabbed Bud Mayes and they made a mad dash.

When what to their wondering eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh

and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver so lively and quick, they knew in a moment it must be Bill Moffett.

More rapid than a student late for a course, they came, as he whistled and shouted and called them by name, "Now Dianne Steele! Now Brenda Moore! Now Becky Mann & Blair Hancock! On David Reynolds! On Tamara Grayson! On Cliff LeCornu and Pete Petrie, too!

To the top of Hayes, to the top of Thompson Hall, now dash away, dash away, dash away all!!

So up to Tech Arts, the teachers they flew, with a sleigh full of goodies and Bill Moffett, too.

He was dressed just the same from head to foot, he lit up a cigarette and inhaled tar and soot.

A bundle of something he had on his back, it looked like a full-time student's backpack.

His eyes - how they twinkled, his dimples - how merry, his cheeks were like roses - his nose like a cherry.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, and the beard on his chin made him look like a gnome.

The butt of a cigarette he held tight in his teeth, and the smoke encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a round little belly, that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump - a right jolly old elf, and Pete laughed when he saw him in spite of himself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head then Pete knew that the students wouldn't end up dead.

He spoke not a word, and got straight to work, sat at a table beside of Sam Sink.

Out of the sack students' tests he pulled with a wink, and marked them all A's in red ink.

When he was done he sprang to his teachers and gave them a whistle, and away they all flew like the down of a thistle..

But Pete swears he heard him exclaim as he flew over the lake, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good break!"



Photo by Bob Thompson

THE BEST USE OF PEOPLE -WCC TAKES THIS AWARD!

by Dr. Rita Rotabaugh

Being involved with faculty and staff at WCC in producing a float for the Wilkes Christmas Parade greatly reinforced my already high esteem for our college community. When I saw the theme for this year's parade advertised—Christmas Through the Eyes of a Child: The Power of a Dream—I knew this was a perfect opportunity for us to portray the opportunities at WCC. After all, whatever a child dreams of becoming—a nurse, a mechanic, a carpenter, a business executive, a police-

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