

Individuals Can Enjoy Peace Of Mind

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth good will to men."

Yes, my friends, it is that time of year again. Light the lights, give the gifts, and sing the songs.

Speaking of songs . . . what about the words of the above carol, written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? "Of peace on earth good will to men." "Peace? There is a war, (or shall we say 'police action,') going on in Vietnam and Mr. Longfellow says to sing of peace!" Have you ever found your mind thinking along this line?

Friends, just as there is more than one kind of love in this world, there is also more than one kind of peace. An expression coined by Americans is the phrase "peace of mind." This peace is the one kind of peace that you as individuals can achieve.

"What is peace of mind?" Having peace of mind enables people to lie down at night and sleep without tossing and tumbling over some worry or being kept awake by a feeling of guilt. Peace of mind may mean different things to different people. To a father peace of mind is knowing that his family is well provided for or that his bills are paid. A mother with peace of mind has children who are growing up in the right way. To a teacher peace of mind comes when there are pupils who are grasping the understanding of a subject. To anyone knowing that he is not in trouble with the law; has a home, food and clothing; and has a good relationship with God and his fellow-man gives peace of mind.

Students, you may obtain peace of mind in a variety of ways. Peace of mind may range from something as trivial as having a date to the party to something as important as being accepted by a college.

It has been said that "A clean conscience is a soft pillow." (. . . Apples of Gold). With a clean conscience there is definitely peace of mind accompanied by many restful nights.

Peace? Yes, there is peace on earth. Light the lights, give the gifts, and sing the songs!

—Glenda Currin

Onlookers Witness Misconduct At Parade

What did you do at the Christmas parade? Were you one of those who stood by and enjoyed the beautiful floats while listening to the marching bands play Christmas carols? The majority of onlookers had come to witness one of the highlights of our Christmas season only to be confronted by a shower of peas, pebbles, and hot cigarette butts. Most embarrassing of all is the fact that the out of town bands who made a special effort to add to our pleasure were some of the main targets.

Although Webb students were not the only ones responsible for this, it is up to us to set a good example for those younger than we. Regardless of age this was indeed rude and uncalled for.

But what should be done to prevent this from happening again? It certainly would be bad if the answer were no more parades. Surely we could not be selfish enough to deprive the tiny tots of seeing Santa Claus because of our juvenile behavior.

Although the only thing that we can do about this incident now is apologize, we must realize that only we, as individuals, can keep it from happening again.

—Dot Williford

Profiles Of Webb Letter To The Editor

Leading our list of Profiles this issue is Jerry "Snake" Barker. Jerry was one of the leading members of our football team this year and is looking forward to an all conference berth next year. Some of his favorite pastimes include: grossing out Wayne Matthews, catching candy for his sister and his look-a-like brother, Mark, at the Christmas parade, and hunting leopards, (Kitty)!

One of the most outstanding sophomores at J. F. Webb this year is Emma Day. She is known throughout the school as an avid member of the Student Council. When asked about the future, Emma said that she would like to milk cows and teach French.

Taylor "Playboy" King leads our freshmen this month. He holds the office of vice president of his class and general all-round agitator. His hobbies include playing in the band and chasing Judy, Bess, Susan, Jane, Nanette . . .

The teachers of the month for this issue is Mr. Curtis Tillotson. He not only teaches history, but also holds down the position of assistant band director. He wants Santa Claus to bring him a life-size glossy photo of Herb Alpert.

Dear Editor,

After the little incident that occurred at our Christmas parade a few weeks ago, almost our entire student body wanted to rise against those few people who were involved. Could you answer a question for us? Why didn't these people do something about it when they saw it happening? Those same people stood by and watched what was going on and did nothing about it. They even thought it was funny; they came to school the next day all fired and telling everybody how they were going to "step on the heads" of those people who threw beans. If these people had stepped on some heads, so to speak, on that Thursday, this whole mess would never have occurred.

We're not saying that all the students at Webb are guilty, because many didn't realize what was happening. But to those who saw it and did nothing, somebody should step on their heads.

Thank you for your time.

Two Concerned Students
Bobby Colenda
Anita Currin

Honor Roll

Seniors
Melina Bifulco
Jacqueline Clark
Teresa Currin
Sanne Jones
Mike O'Brian
Cecelia Pruitt
Wayne Puckett

Juniors
Keith Clement
Glenda Currin
Debra Fox
Becki Newcomb
Jane Oakes
Luther Penny
Dot Williford

Sophomores
Shelia Arrington
Cathy Farabow
Mike Peters
Anna Tarry

Freshmen
Linda Compton
Wanda Knott
Jamie Rowland
Sylvia Yancey



Dear Readers,

Several weeks ago while roving around uptown in the metropolis of Oxford I saw a huge crowd gathered. I asked myself, "What in thearnation's going on?" Then along comes the elegant Webb Band marching and playing Christmas songs. It was really a festive occasion until low and behold some juveniles (apparently delinquents) began to shoot peas and throw things. Since I hadn't worn my G.I. Joe helmet that day, I ducked into a store for protection and started my Christmas shopping.

While going down my ten feet long list and making a few purchases here and there I discovered a dollar bill won't buy what it used to. Boy, is stuff expensive! Do you think my sweetheart would like a couple of packs of chewing gum instead of a fancy ring?

As long as we are discussing rings . . . I heard that Ivy Lawrence was having trouble holding her hand up. I wonder why her class ring says 1969 when she doesn't graduate until 1970!

The Webb faculty really ought to see a contractor soon about widening the halls of Webb. Not only is there not enough feet and elbow room, but have you taken a look at the Seniors lately? With all those high SAT scores back such as 1471, 1232, 1200 there are a few swelled heads around. I guess they have every right to be and the other Webb students should be proud of these scholars, too. When they become presidents and famous scientists they may remind the public that once they attended J. F. Webb High School.

Lindsey Overton announced the other day that his idea of a good time was "when Marsha comes to Oxford." Who's Marsha? I thought he was going with that cute Wilkins girl named Bonnie.

Have you heard of Joy Wilkie's latest episode? She either fell on or was pushed (investigations are still underway) into the Atlantic Ocean on a cold December night! Unbelievable? You don't know Joy, do you?

Well, people, in a few hours we'll be out for Christmas holidays. Isn't it nice for them to give us the day before Christmas Eve off from school?! Too bad we couldn't have the day before New Year's Eve off, too.

Before I rove on down the line I just want to say Merry Christmas! See you next year!

—Your Roving Reporter

Poetry

In Accordance With Life

Just how can I begin to say what you mean to me, "life"?

You are every breath, every touch and every smile.

You are every whispering wind and every hour of strife.

Every challenge and even that span of happiness that lasts only a while!

At times when this candle of "life" seems to flicker so low,

Seemingly wanting to wander apart.

I only bow my head to pretend I shall never know;

How vast it must be to have an empty heart.

There are so many things I have never touched;

The dew on the morning grass or the shadow of the sky.

There are so many small things I have wanted so much;

That cost only the chance but past times I did deny.

If only a short while I know how it feels to live.

The light touch of life comes and goes of a breeze

Often at times I have been perplexed and unable to feel

But then there are times when I awake when it begins to leave.

I begin to think how it should be without your assurance

Only the thoughts grow into vanity. I can feel the stir of uncertainty

fall upon endurance

And then the choice of death of humanity.

Could I just say "I wonder"

About such a great amount of things I've never had the right to prove?

The sudden flash of death or the sharp clap of thunder

The raging drift of the sea.

When it begins to move?

"Life" on your behalf I set you up up with all the treasures.

I give to you all the wealth, and all the fame.

I bestow upon you all of the world's pleasures;

And lastly I give to you "life" for it is rightly your name.

—Connie Briley

Senior Spotlight

A lot of credit goes to a lot of people a lot of time but whoever stops to thank somebody for just being even-tempered and nice to get along with. Nobody does! If anyone did take the time, the first person you'd have to compliment would be Sybil Royster. No matter how "shabby" you treat her, she makes you feel like a real "heel" by being so nice to you in return.

By demonstrating his leadership abilities as president of the Key Club and his athletic abilities as a tremendous award for our basketball team, Dal Mackie has certainly earned a place in this month's Senior Spotlight. (If you're like me, you can't wait to see how many records he'll break next year at State.)

Anita Currin is one girl who really gives everything she's got to our band. All during football season she worked diligently with the Pep Band and is currently trying to improve our parade conduct.

No matter how bad everything seems, one grin from Bill Powell and the world is all right again. During a football game it was rumored that he was engaged to a cute, giggling Junior; but all further reports have proved this statement to be false.

If any of you girls would like to know what it's like to be a cover girl, just ask Sanne Jones. Her lovely countenance adorned the first two issues of the "Spectator." Along with posing, Sanne works with the Student Council and is still able to maintain the highest scholastic average of any Senior.

News In Brief

PSAT scores have arrived and many Juniors' hopes and fears are being confirmed. Good luck to all.

Club pictures for the "Wildcat" were taken Wednesday and Thursday, December 4th and 5th. For once everyone tried to look their best and many of Webb's Wildcats accomplished their purposes.

The Betty Crocker Homemaking test was given to many Senior girls Tuesday, December 3. Seniors are just delighted this test is over.

Parents really had a taste of what high school is like at the November 25 P. T. A. meeting. Many of them found out that school was not quite as easy as they had anticipated. Now they know why their children don't all make the honor roll.



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