

# Miss Jordan Says Hialeah's The 'Mostest'

By Beverly Jernigan

A big smile, a dancer's figure, sparkling eyes, and a personality that glows; all of these traits are typical of Miss Dolores Jordan, Physical Education teacher at Hialeah High.



This well-known personality has been in Florida for six years. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, she graduated from Boston College and Sargent College, from which she received a Bachelor of Science Degree.

Her hobbies include dancing, the theatre, and modern dance lessons, which she has taken for many years. She is a member of the Board of directors of the Dade County Public School Association for Physical Education and Health Education. She recently served on the evaluation committee at Southwest Miami Senior High.

Her opinion of H.H.S. is that she "wouldn't teach at any other school in Dade County. Says she, "It has the finest physical education staff, which can be classified as the 'mostest' and the 'bestest'."

## Brewed, Stewed, It's Still Just A Glob of Goo!!

What is it—this strange substance? Is it a bird, a plane, or superman? Is it a man-eating glob of good from outer space?

Thinking fast, the head of the institution's research group gathered his brilliant entourage together. He placed before them several jars containing the mysterious X. Laughing somewhat fiendishly, he said, "Before you is X, the UNKNOWN! It is your job to determine what it is and to report your findings to me in order to prevent a drastic catastrophe!"

The perplexed chemist set to work immediately. They tested for carbohydrates, nitrates, sulfates, and all sorts of "tastes". They boiled, brewed, and stewed the unknown X.

Finally after much toil, with sweating brows, they gathered together and confirmed all their finding. It was not just one substance, but many, such as carbohydrates, starches, nitrates, and just plain water. At long last the catastrophe was averted — now the class was safe!

They breathed long sighs of relief as they all filed out from room 121, confident in their minds that they had saved all mankind from destruction, and secured a worthwhile grade from their Number One "Mad Scientist," Mr. Robert J. Lucas.

# Sandy Says She May 'Wind Up' Smashing Clocks

'Busy' is hardly the word for a certain Thoroughbred these days. Between home work, extra curricular activities and being the oldest of five children "spare time" is few and far between for Sandy Lee, 16-year-old H.H.S. junior.

Girl Scouting is one of the "most important" items of this gal's list. Sandy has been in Scouts for ten years and has served as an officer on the Senior Girl Scout Board of Dade County for the past two.

Camping and the Out-of-doors run neck and neck with sports close behind. Some of her favorite "past-times" are reading, cooking, and dancing. As for housekeeping and child care are concerned Miss

Lee claimed there's plenty of opportunity at home for experience.

This year, interest in several clubs, reading the daily devotions, organizing the Home coming dance and burning the "midnight oil" to keep up with home work, have led her to complain that there "just aren't enough hours in the day."

As president of the Christian Crusaders, she had the opportunity of representing her organization at the International Youth Council (I.Y.C.) a few weeks ago. "It's a wonderful experience," Sandy enthusiastically replied. "I can't think of a better way to do what little we can, as teenagers, in this important business of International Friendship."

Of course Hialeah High is "tops" with this Thoroughbred and School is her favorite subject. Looking ahead a few years she thinks that marriage and having her own home would be wonderful, but for a college education are still all important. "It's necessary for a girl to be able to help out in the case of an emergency, and if I have to work I want to be able to do something I enjoy."

Although no definite plans have been made, professional Scout work (social work) and teaching are in the final toss-up. "Who knows", she adds jokingly, "the way I love time, I may 'wind up' smashing clocks for a while!"

# An Empty Gym's A Lonely Place

Outside the air is chill. In the parking lot, a stray dog runs around the corner, disappearing into the damp night. All that is here are the empty parking spaces, swept clean that morning by an unidentified street cleaner, making his ghostly rounds in the still of the early hours. The parking lot is cold, dark, and empty.

Next to the parking lot stands the gym., too, is empty. Nothing would indicate any life whatsoever inside the big building. Inside the cool air has had little chance to reach into the big space for the windows and doors have been closed tight. This building is also dark, and empty.

And then, in the space of perhaps only a few minutes, there is a complete metamorphosis. The doors burst open and warm lights filter out through the windows and other crevices. Windows are opened, the parking lot is filled with colorful cars crammed with noisy people. The building becomes crowded, the air becomes warm, the parking lot is filling and the night sparkles with the happy sounds of people gathered in one place. Lots of people gathered together for one purpose. Gathered there to see the basketball game.

The game goes on, the crowd cheers loudly, and the people mill inside and outside. The warm lights stream outside to light up the ground, sneak into the crevices, and break into the night. For perhaps two hours, maybe a little more, the place is alive, alive with this teeming, happy life!

And then it's over. The gym becomes empty. All that is left to show that there had been hundreds of people in this place are the scuffed floors, the papers and the other various objects dropped on the floor in a moment of excitement. The big building has again become cold and dark and empty.

Outside the air is chill. In the parking lot, the same stray dog runs around the corner, disappearing into the shadowy recesses of the night. All that is left here are the empty parking spaces, the trash that is scattered over the paved section. The parking lot, too, is again empty.

The empty gym is indeed a lonely place.

# New! Hialeah Has Nursery Rhymes!

By JULIE BULLARD

I'd like to start my little poem With a word of explanation. This isn't meant to ridicule, I hope there's no beration!

These people whom I speak about Are quite well known, you see. And everyday are seen by all. Yes, even you and me.

But now to get down to business. I'm using all their names And changing a bit some nursery rhymes Which have achieved some fame.

What are these poems? Trees? Hiawatha? The Raven? No, not these. But just as famous, known by children In all the nurseries.

Danny Harbolt had a lamb. Its fleece was white as snow. To all the Student Council meetings, The lamb was sure to go.

Dick Krtaush lost HIS sheep, And didn't know where to find them. But running down the football field, He saw them right behind him.

Little Miss Charles sat on her laurels, Eating her curds and whey. Along came "The Spider," and sat down beside her! Poor Susan was frightened away.

Diddle dumpling, my son John, Olivero, that is, had no stockings on. One shoe off, one shoe on. Diddle dumpling, call him "Bare-foot John!"

Georgie Ricker, puddin' and pie. Kissed the girls and made them cry. When the girls came out to play, Georgie Ricker ran away!

Sherry, Sherry, quite contrary, How does your garden run? Silver Bells, and Cockleshells? Pretty, like sweet Sherry Dunne.

Vivian Holt, the queen, made some tarts, All on a summer's day. Dave Ryan, the knave, stole the tarts! Yes, took them all away!

Joe Godfrey, the king, brought back the tarts, To Dave, said "Steal no more!" So Dave became a good old knave, And they ate the tarts, all four.

I hope you'll all forgive me. But I had to fill this space. The reason I used the nursery rhymes? My poetry is a disgrace!

# Have Hawaii But Cannot Travel!

Do you seek out the mysteries of life, search for adventure, or yearn to travel? Well, don't sigh with regrets, wish you were a millionaire, start a bank account, or think this is an advertisement for Dr. Jekell's "Get Happy Tranquilizers" . . . Hialeah High School has just the tonic for you!

It's inexpensive, available to all, and bears the directions: open your eyes and look around while traveling the hi-ways and by-ways of H.H.S. With a little imagination, you can find many items of interest featured in each room's showcase.

Most prominent, of course, is the Trophy case in the main hall—it boasts reminders of hard-fought battles on many a muddy field and crowded court. It, too, has its heroes and great adventurers.

Also in the main hallway, you will find an outstanding display illustrating a special day or season, such as National Education Week's enlightening theme.

# David McDavid: Gentleman of the South, "You All"

By Beverly Jernigan

Born way down in the Deep South, Mississippi to be exact, Mr. David McDavid is the epitome of a southern gentleman, with his nice manners and his soft, Southern drawl.

Having always been a good student, he graduated with honors and earned his degree from the Southwest Mississippi Junior College and the Mississippi Southern College. From the latter, he graduated cum laude. Also in his secondary schooling, he attained membership in several fraternities, among which are Kappa Delta Pi, and Phi Delta Kappa.

A satisfied bachelor, his hobbies include all the minor sports such as tennis and softball. He also enjoys music, which he listens to for his own enjoyment.

All of his leisure time is usually taken up by various organizations when include the Masonic Lodge, local and state classroom teachers associations, and the National Education Association. It is this organization of which he is a lifetime member. Church activities at the Opa-Locka Baptist Church are also an integral part of his busy social life.

Mr. McDavid is the sponsor of the Hialeah High School Future Teachers of America, and says that he finds more interest in this club now than he had in the years before.

Hialeah High has been fortunate enough to have had him as a teacher for over seven years, so he is certainly entitled to an opinion on his policies and its practices. He says that it is his opinion the Hialeah High School Student Council could be stronger, and if it were, Hialeah could certainly grow more in traditions and in experience than it has since its beginning five years ago.

For travel, journey to the nearest foreign language room. Mr. Walker always features some interesting country to visit, such as Spain, France, and Germany! (If you get him in a good mood, you might get a guided tour thrown in for free.) For a closer look at the people of other parts of the state and even the world, Mrs. Miller's showcase holds copies of newspapers from as near as Coral Gables and as far away as the islands of Japan and Hawaii.

Mrs. Lugo's classes presented an unusual and very different theme, the question of American education versus the Russian education. To top it all there was a Spanish flavor in it that made it quite different!

Humor and human interest your cup of tea? The library spotlights amusing bits of odds and ends, and will also continue its hobby showcase of last year as soon as some string-rubber band-stamp-all around hobbist volunteers his love for display.

Still want that trip? Well, how about a few showcases as a starter?

# Let's Organize!

## "Teen Party" Guarantees Peace

By Sigrid Tobiason

The Democrats, the Republicans, the Federalists, the Whigs, and Abraham Lincoln have all had their chance! Now let's band together and establish a sensible government! All we need is youthful ingenuity and energy.

Other parties have been unable to solve our national problems. We won't wait for rockets. We'll get to the moon, anyway, without the help of Cape Canaveral. We won't ever argue about schools, or school financing. We'll simply make the school self-supporting by selling the cheerleaders' time to wealthy advertisers.

We will stop the waste and create new wealth. Here's one surefire suggestion: "Live Rat Hats" for tough mouseketeers.

We'll have a new curriculum, new classes for the "get-tough policy."

In London they have monuments honoring Lord Nelson. In Japan, it's Madame Butterfly. We'll

set up a fountain in Washington, D.C., honoring Rick Nelson!

The main problem to be solved by the "Teen Party" is "Adult Delinquency." Grown-ups just don't make an effort to fit in! They hang around on corners mumbling jibberish about stock markets and bridge parties. They wear clothes you wouldn't be seen dead in! No matter how many chances you give them, they refuse to give in. Who knows? Probably all they need is a good old-fashioned spanking. This is a job for our "Teen Party!"

Yes, the Democrats, the Republicans, and the Whigs have had their chance! Now move over and let the "Teen Party" in!

Connie Reynolds was a very pretty girl With a curl in the middle of her forehead. And when she was good, she was oh, so good. And I've never known her to be horrid!