

Sandy Believes in A Very Busy Life

By NEOLA BYRAM

A friendly smile and a vivacious hello are the familiar traits of Hialeah High School's Senior, Sandra Weigand.

Sandy who believes in a busy life, really practices what she preaches. Her days at Hialeah have been crammed full of serviceable deeds.

She is an active member of Honoria, and among other duties, she holds the office of Chaplain.

Going along with one of her favorite pastimes, singing, she finds enjoyment in her membership in Tri-M and participates in the Tri-M trio, which includes Judy Mason and Boddy Sellars. She also holds membership in all State Chorus and in the Ensemble Chorus at Hialeah.

Sandy doesn't have time to think of leaving Hialeah, for her senior year is filled with such activities as the annual staff.

This year she attended Tampa clinic which is held yearly by the Florida Music Education Association.

Sandy's favorite subjects are Algebra II, Terry Ellsworth, Sewing, (she makes all her own clothes) and people.

Future plans of Sandy include a two-year term at Florida Southern College and two years at Emory University, where she plans to study medical technology.

Although Sandy keeps her hands active he mind is keenly alert and earning second place in the Scholarship Qualifying Test could very well prove the age-old adage, "Idleness breeds Indolence." So again we find a good student upholding the high ideals of our wonderful High School.



Is Graduation Your Goal Now? There's Still Time

By CONNIE REYNOLDS

It was a bright cool day in February when James got home from school. It had been a long day and he was glad that school was over. Today had been the first day of the second semester and there had been quite a few things to attend to. Finally the exams were over, and it was time to start working toward his goal. Graduation, of course, was his goal.

After the family was through eating, James went up to his room to begin his homework that had been assigned him that day. After about an hour and a half of studying, Jimmy put his books away and went to the shelf to get the library book he had been reading.

He had been reading for about a quarter of an hour when he re-

called something one of his teachers had talked about in one of his early morning classes. The lecture had been on choosing a vocation, and why we should try to get the most out of our education.

His instructor had pointed out that there was a lot of money being spent each year for the education of the many children of the United States, and also how so few of the students were taking advantage of the many opportunities offered them today.

He pointed out that since it was only the beginning of the second

semester that many of the seniors still had chances for scholarships still being offered.

As Jim sat there, he began to realize that he still had a chance to improve his grades and that he should study even harder this second semester.

Yes, this semester he was going to put his best foot forward in school and try to improve himself in all he could. He has a good motive behind this too. His school record would follow him everywhere he went. Many times a job might depend on this very factor.

Anyone Here for A Tranquilizer?

The class waits expectantly; the air is laden with suspense. . . Suddenly the quiet is broken by the click of the clock. As if by chain reaction, the students hurdle through the door. . . The lunch time rush is on!

Once again wary T-breds caught in the halls run for cover. Some kind soul deposits a stray puppy into a waste basket. "Yipes! That one was taken!" yells this same soul, as clutching the dog he climbs the nearest fence.

Seconds later, the cavalcade take the first turn—they're in the stretch now! They whiz through the sedate diners and come to a grinding stop at one of the lines.

The cafeteria staff, hearing the students' arrival, take their second hour tranquilizers and hope for the best. Trays rocket by as sparkling jetstreams. Spoons clatter; food literally flies!

Then to the equipment tables—straws and napkins dwindle away rapidly. Finally, with a scrape and rattle, the diners are seated. Reflexes are slowed down, and lunch begins in earnest.

Cafeteria doors open to reveal the principal and an important guest. "My, what a quiet, pleasant place this is!" he exclaims. The principal smiles, nods in agreement, and makes a mental note to get some more of those "wonderful tranquilizers on the way home."

G. Washington Is The Worst Enemy Of a Baby Sitter

"Oh, boy, this homework!" I mumbled as I settled with my books in time to hear the ring of the phone.

"Hello. Oh, Mrs. Jones." (Oh-oh, she's got the four worst brats in town—) Yes, I'm fine. (Those kids never did quite finish burning me at the stake—junior grade Franksteins!) Babysit Friday night? Well. . . (Oh, come on now, George Washington never told a lie. . .) Yes, I'd love to, Mrs. Jones. Goodbye. (George never told a lie, but the old boy didn't have to sit with THOSE kids!)

The fateful joy lay on my brain as I climbed into bed that night. As I slept visions of sugarplums kept popping into my head wearing Indian headdresses and smearing grape jam all over the rug. As I dreamed these little sugarplums began to resemble the Jones kids, and became no longer sugarplums but sour grapes!

"Bobby and Johnny, stop swinging on those drapes this minute! Get down before that curtain rips. . . Oh. . . Johnny are you hurt?"

Be quiet, Sandy. He is NOT dead and no we can't have a funeral for him. Sam, don't you dare bring that goat in the house! Goats DON'T belong in the house, that's why!

What, Sandy? The baby's crying? Well I'll go and. . . wait a minute. There aren't any babies here. . . Now you take that baby back where it belongs."

I know this was just a dream, but I wish only one thing. . . Why didn't George Washington keep his BIG MOUTH SHUT?

Popular Fran Stage Struck

When Hialeah first met Fran Epstein she was acting. Today, five year later, this pretty junior is still acting. Those who know will more than likely agree that she is one of Hialeah High School's most popular girls.

She gained much of this popularity by her talented acting. Fran feels that maybe the reason for her stage struck attitude is because she was born so close to Broadway, in Brooklyn.

Fran (who cautiously admits to being named Francine, a name she "positively loathes") is 5 ft. 2 in. with sparkling green eyes and dark black hair.

Some of her stage characters have fascinated and entertained many H.H.S. students, such as Mazie the telephone operator, who she did at the Drama Festival in 1957. Or, perhaps it was Made, the movie star or the new one, Joey. She has also won the Monodrama division two years in succession in the Reading Declamation contest.

Although Fran is very busy on the stage, she still has time for a few clubs. She belongs to National Thespians, of which she is treasurer this year, and past secretary. She is chaplain of Anchor and is in the Student Council.

With all these activities you'd think she had little time to be in

so many plays, but even then she takes part. She has had lead roles in Dear Ruth, Jane Eyre, 17th Summer, and Nobody Sleeps.

When asked what she thought of Hialeah, this was her answer: "When I entered H.H.S. in the 7th grade, we were a young school trying to gain in a position in the surrounding communities. Now we have reached this position and the various departments of the school should work toward future prestige."

Fran has many hobbies, one of which is Steve Cohen, a graduate of H.H.S. now attending the University of Miami. Also a hobby which she loves is pantomime.

Many people wonder how she does it. She has all the activities which she does a wonderful job at, but in spite of all this she has a straight A average.

Norma Jean Curry Queen of Marines

No one can doubt the reasoning behind the Marine Corps when they elected Norma Jean Curry to



hold the title of Queen of Marines. For this pretty, blonde-haired, blue-eyed miss certainly has all the attributes of a pretty queen.

Being a part-time model, it was no hard task for Norma to reign over the Marine Ball, and she says that she considered it a "thrilling experience."

She has many interests among which are dancing, horseback riding, and also social dancing. She is a member of the Hialeah High School Orchestra and is also a member of Tri-M, music honorary club.

Norma was chosen to participate for a four week period in the Ziegfeld Follies, a musical show put on at one of the Miami Beach hotels. She tried out for this with the thought in mind that she would gain in the experience. She will also appear in another show coming up immediately after this one. She plans to return to Virginia Beach this summer to dance for six weeks.

Television Driver Saved by the Bell

Turning the key I could feel my heart turning right along with it, then the roar of the engine began to drown out my fears. I had to remember; first the clutch, and gas, and gears. Oh! no, wrong gear, it's going back! where is the brake? Slam! Gee! how exciting.

Finally the car moves forward, slowly it creeps, then a little faster, uh! oh! remember all the speed laws.

This is a cinch. I've got it made. Who ever invented this must have been great. Settle back and the car does the rest, why I've got the world by a string.

Who started the rumor about girls not being able to drive, why I've got this car beautifully under control.

Oh, no, there's a red light, that means I'll have to stop and start all over again. What if I can't do it? Now that's no attitude to take. I did it once, I can do it again. When I made it but what's that in the middle of the road, a box, no a dog, hey move, this is my side of the road. No! No! I'm going to hit him! No! I can't. . . Ring. . . Ring. . .

"Students this concludes our lesson for today. I'll see you all tomorrow," came the voice of the driver teacher.

As I arose from the seat I occupy in the T.V. driving class I couldn't help but remark to myself, "Saved by the bell."

Hialeah's Best Says Graduate Of Edison High

By BEVERLY JERNIGAN

A very interesting person to talk to, and one with a very exceptional philosophy of life, Mr. Richard Shaffer feels that, as the



second semester begins, the adjustment of student to teacher will have taken place and students' grades should be on the upswing.

He has worked with the present Hialeah High School faculty for 10 years; he taught when H.H.S. was still a junior high.

Born in Franklin, Pennsylvania, he grew up in Hialeah, and attended Miami Edison Senior High, as it was the only high school that provided bus transportation for students living in Hialeah.

His college education included attendance at the University of Florida, Oklahoma State University, University of Miami, and Appalachian State Teachers' College. Mr. Shaffer has earned a Bachelor of Arts and a Master of Arts degree.

Last summer, he was asked to teach at the Appalachian State Teachers' College, in North Carolina, a fact which pleased him, as it is quite an honor.

He has very well defined ideas on intellectual maturity and says that some time in a student's high school years, he realizes that being the "happy member of a crowd" is not as important to him, as his own educational achievement.

He buckles down to work and concentrates more on his studies. Mr. Shaffer feels that when this happens, "it presents a milestone in one's life. When this doesn't occur, instability often takes place and the person is restless."

Mr. Shaffer is exceptionally proud of his family which is composed of two sons, and the newest addition, a baby girl, Suzanne, now only a few months old.

This interesting man feels that, (in his own words), "Hialeah students are the finest in Dade County. Their courtesy and cooperativeness proves this. Future graduates of this high school will be well-prepared. They are given as much of a well-rounded curriculum as any other Dade County high school can offer. The successfulness of H.H.S. students is proved by alumni of the other graduating classes."

Here's A Dating Tip

- 1) Be friendly. So what if his sister is your worst enemy! Maybe he doesn't care that you think she's a toad. Be nice to him, anyway.
- 2) Be appreciative. Don't forget to tell him that you're enjoying yourself, even if you don't like to travel 75 miles an hour in a 25 mile hospital zone on a one-way street. This will help boost his morale so the next time he'll go 80 miles an hour the other way!
- 3) Don't be afraid to talk. Boys like to talk about subjects that girls are interested in. Cars, girls, cars, sports, cars, girls, and his V-8 motor with two mufflers on a Chevy frame.
- 4) Be late! This is the most important of them all.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers!