

Puzzled Ponders Pitifully: Elmer and I Lock Braces!

Dear Sniffles:

I feel as though the world is closing in on me. I overheard two people, whom I thought were my friends, saying, "She has a face that only a mother could love!"

Now, it is true that I have freckles and my eyes are slightly crossed. My teeth also have braces but mother says that makes me look more attractive.

The other night my mother got angry with me. Sniffles, it was really an accident. That night we were in the patio and he leaned over to kiss me.

He had removed his tri-focals, so he couldn't see me and he knocked my glasses off and broke them. That isn't all! His braces got hung in my own and pulled them out.

I feel mother doesn't love me anymore. She won't let me see Elmer except in broad daylight.

What should I do?

PUZZLED.

Munching Cake in Chemistry Class?

By Pat Curtis

Passing by Mr. Robert J. Lucas's chemistry class, on a certain day last week, I was surprised to note that instead of the usual sulfuric odor, the pleasing odor of freshly baked cake wafted out to me. Wait a minute, did I say I smelled cake in a chemistry class? This had better be investigated—perhaps Mr. Lucas has switched perfumes.

Upon entering the room, I was even more surprised, for in place of the calm, studious atmosphere typifying the usual chemistry class, was a seemingly mass riot! A female student drifted by, wearing, she informed me, the latest in the rubber sack—the raised waistline—and protesting loudly that Mr. Lucas had outlawed the off-the-shoulder apron for classroom use.

I was about to comment on her apparel, when I barely missed being scorched by a flying marshmallow, which was burnt to a crisp and hopping about from one desk to another, from one cowardly soul to another, 'till it met its end in a wet sink.

I then swerved into a pair of boys swapping jokes and toasting each other with the contents of brightly colored paper cups. While avoiding them, I happened upon Mr. Plotts, discussing his latest culinary achievement—roasted grasshoppers.

Finally, I reached Mr. Lucas, munching happily on a piece of flat and slightly bedraggled cake. "Which do you prefer, lemon or orange flavor?" he asked me, offering forth a piece of cake.

"Lemon, orange—it's probably hydrochloric!" I muttered as I fled from another of Mr. Lucas's mad experiments.

Tragedy on Phil's Top Forty? Never!

Being forever on the go is as much a part of Phil Giberson as his "Charlie Brown" impishness that sends pony-tailed girls scurrying away for fear of acquiring ink-dipped locks. This same touch of humor comes to his aid when the going gets rough—its most unlikely that "Tragedy" will ever rate high on his hit parade.

As captain of the golf team and vice-president of Wheel Club, he handles his duties with a touch of competent ease and a great quantity of insanity!

Weekends find Phil marching across the greens at the Miami Springs Golf Course, striving to better his better-than-average score. It seems that even at sixteen, golf has claimed an important part of his present-day life and, more important, in the far future.

Square Peg-Heads, Real Cool Cats in Arms of Morpheus

"Early to bed, and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," as Benjamin Franklin once said.

Now days, this concept is changed slightly from what it used to be. Of course, modern inventions have come into being such as TV, radio, and "worldly" things like movies, which has a lot to do with it.

If a person gets to bed before 10:30, he is known as a square peghead. Now since most of us are in the other category of real cool katz, we can forgo bedtime and really live it up till the wee hours of the night.

While many squares are quietly sleeping upon the satin pillows, the "real cool katz" are fighting the arms of morpheus.

As morning slowly rises from the East, the world begins to wake up. The square pegheads arise early, bright-eyed, and ready for the world, while on the darker side, the real cool katz drag their weary bones up and droopy eyes now meet the morning sun.

Busy feet rush down the school halls, voices eager to learn, play, and enjoy the school day. OH, if you are wondering about the cool katz, well you guessed it. Home sleeping quietly in the arms of morpheus.

Would Forefathers Approve of Today?

If our forefathers could come back now, I wonder what their reaction would be when they compared yesterday with today. Let us imagine that men and women like Henry Ford, Horace Mann, Ben Franklin, Betsy Ross, Betty Zane, Clara Barton, and Abe Lincoln would come out of the past for a brief review of America as it is today.

They would probably at first be startled but as they get used to our skyscrapers, trains, buses, factories, and modern hospitals they would start criticizing.

Maybe they would take a short trip around the United States and make their first stop at Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States, and sit in Congress for a while. I imagine they would be amazed at the problems we face today and that all parts of the world depend on other parts.

The next stop they might make would be New York. There they would find a city full of miraculous things of every kind. They probably thought of New York in their time as being, big but as they look at it now it seems unbelievable with its flashing lights and noisy traffic.

Next they might go to the middle states and stop at Pittsburgh, Penn. They would wander through the great factories and gaze at the machinery, assembly lines and mass production which would surely make them agree that industry plays an important part in our country today.

Next they might go through the West and stop at Amarilla, Texas. There they would see a large air base which helps defend our country. Today America is protected from any point, be it North, South, East, or West.

The women might visit the homes and examine the home of today with all the modern appliances such as mixers, dishwashers, refrigerators and toasters.

When the time came for them to return to the past after their brief trip, would they approve of America as it is today?

Proof Is In the Pudding

By SANDY LEE

If proficiency badges were awarded for personality and the "art" of making friends, there's one Senior Girl Scout that would pass the ranks with flying colors.

In case you're one of those people that think Scouts are S-Q-U-A-R-E (with a capital S), meet H.H.S. sophomore Mary Ann Gillespie. Here, as in most things, the "proof is in the pudding."

Recently Mary Ann was among the 24 girls selected to attend the 1959 Senior Girl Scout Roundup at Colorado next summer, representing her section of the state at the World convention.

But scouting, as much as she loves it, is not all that's on this pert Thorobred's mind these days. Mary Ann, already quite active in chorus and Tri-M, was just tapped for Anchor Club not long ago.

Extra-curricular activities and homework keep her quite busy but she still finds time to give to her church.

This above all has probably done most to help her set her sights high. So far her plans for the future include college and a career as Director of Christian Education.

Have Steel Pipes Love to Hit!

There are many delinquent drivers on the road today, but this incident proves that they are not all JUVENILE by any means. Dan Harbolt, Student Council president, will testify to this.

On a bright afternoon of February, David Ryan, Dan Harbolt and Jerry Greene were driving to a TV sports show on which David was to appear, when they were stopped by a red light on Flower Drive in Miami Springs.

A truck driver, who seemed to consider himself "king of the road" according to one of the boys, did not like their being in front of him, and he began to blow his horn and make remarks which could have showed a lack of intelligence.

Not being "satisfied with the foolish way he already looked, he got out of his truck and began "discussing" the situation with Dan. All of a sudden, he grabbed a lead pipe (Dan doesn't know whether it was for emphasis or for a clobbering) but was "restrained" with Dan's soothing words. According to the boys, the man ended up driving off into the sunset, pipe and all.

"What really got us mad," said one, "was the fact he'd hollered for us to turn, and then didn't even turn himself!"

Geese, Ghosts No Match for Her on Friday Thirteenth

It wasn't the usual Friday night. There was something different about it. There was an air of eeriness that bothered me. Of course. Tonight was Friday the 13th. Not that it bothered me any. I'm not a bit superstitious.

As I relaxed in my quiet and peaceful home, I thought to myself, "Gee, it was awful funny in school today. All the students seemed to be tense and worried as though they were waiting for something to happen to them. One girl almost had a nervous breakdown because she saw a black cat. How silly, I thought to myself. I'm surely glad that Friday the thirteenth doesn't bother me.

About this time, I was getting very bored. Usually on a Friday night, I would be out on a date. But tonight my steady had called up and told me determinedly that he definitely would not set one foot out of the house tonight.

Well, I said to myself, I'm CERTAINLY not afraid of the thirteenth, I said confidently as I walked to the phone to call up Connie and see if she would go with me to get an ice cream sundae. Good, I said, as she said she would go. Am I glad that she's as level headed as I am.

On our way to the drug store, we talked of many things like school and boys, cars and boys, homework and boys, and BOYS.

For some reason, the night seemed a lot darker than most nights. Connie noticed it too. All of a sudden, we heard a scary, screech behind us. We started to run but the noise followed us. Going about 95 miles an hour, I managed to look back, Friday the 13th or no Friday the 13th!

At first, I saw something white. Ohmygosh! I cried! It's a ghost. But as my confusion cleared, I stopped short. Why, it wasn't a ghost at all. It was a flock of geese being chased by a mean old dog.

I felt so relieved to find that I wasn't begin pursued by a number of ghostly beings that I went to the aid of the geese. While I was desperately trying to get rid of the dog, one of those ungrateful things bit me. Yes, me!

As I walked home, on that solemn Friday the thirteenth night, with my hand bandaged and quite disgusted with all mankind and all geesekind, I thought to myself, why didn't I stay at home tonight like any other superstitious person?

Lost Race Flourishes

Just Think, You May Be Extinct!

By Julie Bullard

High atop the mysterious Andes, deep in the heart of Mexico, or buried in the Amazon River Country, men have found remnants of a long-forgotten race of people, known as Sun Worshipers. These people believed they were descended from the sun and worshipped it day and night.

Today, it is certainly believed that this race has ceased to exist. But even today, we find that there are many, many Sun Worshipers left, and we find most of them in Florida!

Where, you ask, do we find them? Anywhere there is sun, and in Florida there is sun everywhere! So you can find Sun Worshipers, an "extinct" race, flourishing right in your own back yard! On the beach, on a patio, or by the ocean, they pay homage to the Sun.

How does one distinguish this peculiar race? It's not very hard. We could classify them into four categories. First, you may see the "go-to-the-beach-once-a-year-as-my-earthly-duty" type. They run out to the car one time a year, drive hurriedly to the beach, jump out of the car, and plop on the ground.

They stay fifteen minutes, jump back in the car, drive back home, and wait for another year to come. These are the "faithful" followers.

Next comes the fashion plate. Maybe you'll have to take my word for it that she is coming, for I doubt if you can see her behind all the equipment she has brought. Perhaps she intends to camp out on the beach for a month or two! She is that moving bundle over there, made of umbrellas, chairs, bags, bottles, sunglasses, shoes, clothes, magazines, and food. How she can see where she is going is a mystery known only to the fashion plate Sun Worshipers.

A third type is very easy to spot. These are the very dear people who just love to come out in the sun on a breezy day, the ocean a balmy blue and soooo inviting. They accept the water's cool invitation and go down to the edge. The sun's rays are hot and a nice cool dip might be nice. They stick their little toe in the water and the next we see of them they are running down the beach full speed. They may worship the Sun, but they DON'T like cold water!

Our last person is the one we Miamians see most often. They

come down from the North to get a tan they can brag about to their friends. And are they in need of a tan! They have that delicate skin which is so white and fragile-looking. They spend every minute in the sun, soaking up its rays.

Soon they begin to resemble it more than a little; they become a burning, bright red! They spend so much time at the beach that they wear an imprint of themselves in the sands of time (not to mention the sands of the beach).

And then they leave for home six months later, after spending a fortune to get burnt to a crisp. And their beautiful tan? Well, let's put it this way: They only way they'll get a tan is if all the freckles meet and cover them entirely. For inbetween those freckles, gleams delicate white skin!

Is this justice for the Sun Worshiper? Especially when his Florida friends get such a deep tan the very first day.

JO-ANN CLEANERS

"The Best Within Your Budget
Prompt Service With Courtesy"

PHONE TU 7-9143

4122 Palm Ave. Hialeah, Fla.

JOE & JOSE BARBER SHOP

—SPECIALIZE ON FLAT TOP—

Ph. TU 8-9341 Air Conditioned

Jose Coello Barbero Cubano

186 E. 4th Ave. Hialeah, Florida

Please Patronize Our Advertisers