

# Williams Likes Good Game Sporty 'Pitches' Right In

"Strike one — Strike two" the umpire cries, when Sport Williams, as pitcher, teams up with his favorite pastime to start a good game.

Arthur "SPORTY" Williams was born in Tampa and considered himself a real Floridian,

He has many accomplishments to his credit. In the ninth grade he was voted President of his class and has carried this office over to Senior High.

Since his arrival at Hialeah High he has added such credits as outstanding sophomore, Mr. Good



Grooming, nomination for Anchor Admiral, and membership in Key Club.

His hobbies include membership in a bowling league which has placed 84th in the nations out of 7,500 teams, and baseball.

His activities do not stop with sports and school, but continue on to an active participation in Church work. He has held the office of Vice-President in Methodist Youth Fellowship of the First Methodist Church of Hialeah, and at present is a program area chairman.

His plans for the future include Paula Barr, a college education, and finally a career in engineering.

This well rounded personality and friendly smile help him achieve the popularity that it takes to lead such a busy life.

# What Would You Do With a JERBOA?

Suppose someone stopped you in the hall and asked you a question such as, "What would you do with a JERBOA if you had one?"

Recently the RECORD made just such a survey to find out what the Thoroughbreds of the school would do with something they had and didn't know what it was. Here are the "candid" replies of some of the students. (Incidentally, a JERBOA is a south African rat!)

Stanley Blomely—I'd put it in my bowling bag.

Ed Curry—I'd take it to the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Gill Cowheard — I'd take it to church with me.

Sally Morris—I'd go to the doctor and have it cut off.

Karen Harrison—I'd give it air to expand.

Janet Youlden — I'd shoot it straight through my "cupid's" heart.

Kathy Wallorey — I'd send it to my best friend.

Jerry Middleton—I'd take it to the library.

Judy Cropp — I'd keep it. (I'm selfish!)

James Milly—I'd play with it in the band.

Sandy Lee—I'd wrap with red ribbon and give it to Marty for his birthday.

Donna Jedlicka—I'd give it to a certain sailor.

Richard Haupt—I'd put it in a box in my attic.

Pat De Marco—I'd hit it with a stick!

# French Students Learn Languages

By Janne Wilson

My French class is like no other class. Not only because we learn French, but also three other languages. Besides this great array of languages we also learn about everything from ghosts and corpses to ants and grasshoppers.

Our class is the same as any other until the tardy bell rings. Anyone who is late has to put the saying "Better Late Than Never" on the board in English, French, Spanish, German, and Russian. He then has to teach the class how to say it in all these languages.

After our homework, which Mr. Walter Walker often forgets, we sing. Mr. Walker turns on the record player which more often than not he puts on the wrong speed. The record starts out sounding more like Donald Duck than Maurice Chevalier and Mr. Walker looks sheepishly out from behind the closet door and says, "I guess I put it on the wrong speed." Which is an understatement.

If he assigns a story for us to remember and recite in class for Monday and we forget it he is awfully nice about it. Not only because he says he will let us recite the next day but he forgets it altogether for another week.

If he is erasing another foreign language from the board he asks us what the language is and how we know. When we tell him it's German he asks us how we know and we say "Cuz it's not French and it's not Spanish!" After this he gets a disappointed look on his face and sadly explains the language.

He's really a nice teacher, especially on the days he passes out girl scout cookies.

# Sandy Knows Why She's Here

Sooner or later there comes a time when we begin to wonder just what we're put on this "crazy" earth for. We ask ourselves "Just what am I trying to prove anyway?"

Many people never truly discover the answer to this question until it's almost too late. Others never find it at all. Some are fortunate enough to "wake up" while they're still young and capable of planning for the future.

Thoroughbred junior, Sandra Jeanne McCord, is one of these "lucky" individuals. (Although it certainly can't be contributed to luck in the usual sense of the word.)

Her decision was brought about by a series of ironic incidents, like the pieces of a puzzle that all of a sudden begin to take shape.

Sandy is a Senior Girl Scout and member of an International Friendship Troop. Not too long ago the girls visited Mexico. It was here that she began to feel the needs of people much more unfortunate than herself.

"This experience opened new worlds for me," explained Sandy. "I had never seriously considered dedicating my life as a Missionary before. Of course, it sounded good, but that was always for somebody else."

# Drama Department Has Unusual Props

A black lace gown, tea cups for a midget, a miniature statue of liberty, and a volume entitled "Morals for Morons." Sounds like a scavenger hunt? Ripley's "Believe-It-or-not Museum?"

These are only a few of the many interesting, amusing, and certainly unusual objects found among the properties of the H.H.S. Drama Department.

Housed in the dressing room of the auditorium the collection answers calls from play committees. One of the most interesting items found in this heaven for "old anything's" is a rolling pin inscribed "In memory of those who came late, Laura Likens, Mr. Joe White, Marlin Morris, and Steve Smith.

Odd vases, bedraggled flowers, cracked china, a large array of "beverage" bottles (empty), one pair long black bloomers, a little girl's dress, a baby cradle, an Indian headdress, and a wedding veil are some of the articles stored within the caverns or the closets.

Also a collection of furniture ranging from a fire place to a love-seat are boasted by the department.

Where did these marvels come from?

This T-bred has a very unusual hobby of "collecting" languages. In the past few years Sandy has developed a keen interest in foreign languages and plans to further her studies in college. Her biggest ambition is to translate the Bible, but "that's still way off!" she adds, jokingly.

Sandy is very active in church work and several service organizations both in and out of school. Among these are included Senior Scouting, Y.W.A., Training Union, Y.Teens, and Hialeah High's Christian Crusaders.

So far she plans to attend Carsen Newman College in Tennessee where she will major in Religion and languages. Four years of college and a year of Seminary will prepare her for the task that lies ahead.

"He wisest lives who trust the plan By which he treads the ways of earth, Who gives himself to deeds of worth And brothers with his fellow man."

People who dwell in crystalized domains should not hurl geological formations at other person's residences.

# Live in North And See Snow Kathy's Wish

By Bonnie Adkins

Soft brown eyes sparkling with friendliness and vivaciousness hint to the modest charming personality of senior Kathy Shaughnessy. Because of her sincerity and warmth, Kathy served as chaplain of Honoria in her junior year. She presently is vice-president, and this will be her three-year membership in Honoria, which, in her opinion, will be the outstanding service club this year.



Besides being senior class representative and working on the annual staff, Kathy is trying for a scholarship to Florida State University where she would like to major in elementary education. If she succeeds in becoming a teacher, Kathy wants to live up north where she can see snow.

A true Thoroughbred since eighth grade, Kathy proudly states, "I think Hialeah is great but it should work to develop school spirit and pride in scholastic work and friendship among students."

When asked her most embarrassing moment, Kathy recalls in eighth grade her spirit fell to the floor when she stood up. Aside from practical jokes and studies she enjoys her leisure time bowling, playing miniature golf and swimming.

Kathy and several colleagues wrote a letter to Neil McElroy, Secretary of Defense, volunteering their services in the next rocket to the moon. To their surprise, they received a letter from McElroy stating he would notify them when spacemen were needed.

# How to Be Dennis the Menace in 10 Easy Steps

By Sandra LaTourette

It was 8:00 o'clock and I had a date to keep. I could hardly wait to meet the little darling. When Mr. Jones came to pick me up, I gathered my books, and hurried out the door. When we arrived at the Jones house, I succeeded in dropping three books, two pencils, one pen, two pictures of Tab and my latest edition of "How To Be A Successful Babysitter in Ten Easy Steps."

It was 8:10 and they let the little darling come down. I was really surprised. He was the most polite child I had ever met. Mrs. Jones assured me he wouldn't be any trouble at all. I locked the doors after them and turned around. I wasn't quite sure but what they had changed kids on me. For now in front of me stood a perfect example of "How To Be Dennis in Ten Easy Steps."

I calmly sat down and remembered the first factor, conversation. I asked in the sweetest voice I could muster, "You go to school?"

The little darling frigidly said "No, I'm sent." Seeing that was not going to be a successful conversation. I found the book and looked up step Number 2. It took me three minutes to analyze the contents, it was simply "Don't open the door for anyone." Oh great! That was certainly a help.

Then I realized it was gone. I shut my eyes and started to count to ten, but decided against it, a kid like that in ten seconds could be fatal. I yelled "Pat" (no answer) louder "Pat" (still no answer). I crossed my fingers and called again "Pat!" "Huh" he grunted. Oh thank heavens he was still alive. He came down the stairs and sat beside me.

Hoping he'd say, "Yes!" I asked him if he wanted to watch television. He said "Yes" and asked politely "What do you want to watch?" Convinced he was going to be a gentleman I said "77 Sunset Strip!" He coolly said "okay!" I walked up to the television and said "We'll watch the Thin Man!"

In the middle of the show he said he'd seen it before. He not only revealed the plot, but gave away the bad men, he knew who was going to get married, what costumes they would wear, who would die, the jail sentence in years, months, weeks and days, and sang

the commercials word for word. The show was over and the next step was bed. I said: "Let's go to beddy-bye." and he mocked in a girlish tone, "Let's go to beddy-bye Gsh-h-h-h-h!" We then went up stairs and I told him to put on his pajamas and brush his teeth.

After hearing constantly running water for five minutes, I decided to investigate. "Pat what are you doing?" "Just putting Bingo to bed," he answered. "In the bathroom?" "Where else could he sleep." I opened the door and wished I hadn't for jumping around happily in the bathtub was the biggest frog I had ever seen.

I hustled Pat out of the bathroom and put him in bed only after he said his prayers. It began "Hi God! ready, get set, go! Bless mommie, and daddy, and grand ma, and grand pop, Johnny, Pete, Dick and Ronnie, and most of all Bingo," he continued saying "excuse me a minute," he turned to me and asked, "What is your name?" I told him "Sandy," he bowed his head and said, "Sincerely God Bless Sandy, she sure needs it. Bye God. Amen."

He hopped in bed and went to sleep, after downing four glasses of water, five trips to the bathroom and one final goodnight to "Bingo."

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