

A Hospital Is All She Needs

By Janice Spence

Well, this is the day I knew would come, sooner or later. My mother, my little brother, and I, are getting out of the car. I slowly turn my head and see the most monstrous building I've ever seen. It's a hospital! I just wanted to stand there and enjoy the clear, cool day. The most beautiful day I have ever seen, and I have to waste it in a hospital.

The fresh air smelled so good, and the birds are so beautiful as the fly overhead. Oh! but look at the flowers, pink, yellow, and orange. I wish I was a flower, I bet they don't have to have tonsils taken out.

How stupid of me, acting like a baby. "You don't have to push me, mother." "Roger, stop pulling on my arm." Well, here I am at the door, "Goodbye, world."

As mother walked over to the desk, I stood alone in the big room. "What's that I smell? Smells like medicine or something." Bravely

I walked over to mother and said, "Where's my room?" "Right this way," said the nurse. Mother left, and the nurse led me up two flights of stairs and down a long dark hallway.

All of a sudden I heard a breath-taking curdling scream. "Don't worry!", exclaims the nurse; "he's only having his leg amputated."

The nurse showed me to my room, opened the door, shoved me in, and left. Deciding to make myself comfortable, I tried out my new bed, Boy! was it hard. It felt like a board. I pulled the sheet up only to find it was a pile of boards very neatly arranged in the hape of a bed. As I looked around, I saw a picture on the wall. It was a real head, enclosed in a frame.

Just then, as I glanced at the open door, I could have sworn I saw a leg running by. A minute later, a big man came into my room with an overgrown pair of tweezers. He held my nose so that I would have to open my mouth. Then he pulled and yanked at my tonsils.

I could feel them ripping out by the roots, and I could taste the blood as it slowly seeped down my throat. I began to scream and yell as loud as I could. Who is that I hear? My mother? What is she saying?

"Janice get up, wake up, hurry and get dressed. We have to be down at the hospital by 10:30. You know you have to have your tonsils pulled today!"

Goolsby Is Up And Way Out!

Climbing into a T-33 jet trainer, securing his flying helmet, and receiving orders from the control tower, nineteen year old H.H.S. senior James Goolsby, glides down the runway for a sleek takeoff. Soaring into the wild blue yonder, Jim begins a series of jet training lessons offered by the U.S. Air Force and sponsored by the Civil Air Patrol, of which he is an outstanding member.



As the most outstanding member in the state of Florida, Jim has been selected to go to an Air Force Base in Texas during July for a two-weeks jet orientation course.

With 206 hours behind him, and a private pilot's license, and also aiming for a commercial ticket, Jimmy has flying experience and extensive knowledge of the fundamentals of flight enabling him to be a likely candidate for cadet school, the honorable Air Force Wings and a bright field in aeronautics.

Mary Has Weeds?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockle shells AND WEEDS

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall Humpty Dumpty had a great fall And all the king's horses and all the king's men HAD SCRAMBLED EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet Eating her curds and whey Along came a spider AND BIT HER

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Male World's Shattered By One Question

By Mike Di Prima

There comes a day in every young man's life when the inevitable "When are you going to teach me to drive" is uttered by his girl friend. He cringes at the request, but solemnly sets a date for the driver education of his steady.

It's a Sunday afternoon; all is calm and serene. As she situates herself behind the steering wheel her dauntless beau explains, step by step, how to shift gears.

"Now let's begin by making a smooth start. Easy on the gas and lift up gently with the clutch." Obviously she has her own interpretation of this rule, for down to the floor goes the gas pedal, and the clutch is released as if it were a rattlesnake that she just stepped on.

Although it wasn't a smooth start, it was enough to make any dragster green with envy. The car leaps out like a preying panther, leaving rubber from the tires almost 20 yards long.

"Very good," he commends her after she cautiously drives around in circles for ten minutes. "Now make a smooth stop." SCREECH!

After the car stops skidding, he scrapes himself off the dash board, and calmly says "We better try that again too. Finally after innumerable dents on the dash-board, and likewise amount of lumps on his head, she masters the art of stopping an automobile.

"Shall we call it a day?" he asks hopefully, and to his relief, she agrees.

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Have New Diet: Will Guarantee Upset Stomach?

This is a diet designed for all those girls who don't really need to lose weight, but think that they do. (Maybe it will cure them).

NOTE: All meals are to be eaten under microscope to avoid over- portions.

MONDAY
Breakfast, weak tea.
Lunch, 2 bouillon cubes in half cup diluted water.
Dinner, 1 pigeon thigh—2 ounces prune juice (gargle only).

TUESDAY
Breakfast, scraped crumbs from burned toast.
Lunch, one doughnut hole (without sugar).
Dinner, 2 jellyfish skins—1 gallon dehydrated water.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast, shredded eggshell skins.
Lunch, navel from an orange.
Dinner, 3 eyes from Irish potato (diced).

THURSDAY
Breakfast, boiled-out stains from tablecloth.
Lunch, half dozen poppy seeds.
Dinner, bees knees and mosquito knuckles, sauteed with vinegar.

FRIDAY
Breakfast, 2 lobster antennae.
Lunch, 1 guppy fin.
Dinner, filet of soft shell crab claw.

SATURDAY
Breakfast, 4 chopped banana seeds.
Lunch, broiled butterfly liver.
Dinner, jellyfish vertebra a la bookbinders.

SUNDAY
Breakfast, pickled humming bird tongue.
Lunch, prime rib of tadpole.
Dinner, aroma of empty custard pie plates—tossed paprika and clover leaf.

Senior Turns In Racket Last Time

The captain of the Hialeah High tennis team will soon turn in her racket, never to play again in high school tennis. Sound a bit drastic? It isn't. The reason is that Susan Charles, the only senior on the team, will be graduating this year and will play her last game on April 8.

The tennis team is to participate in the Gold Coast Conference Tourney which is to be held in Hollywood on April 10 and 11. There will be many member schools participating for the championship.

Before coming to the final end, there is one last bump which will lie before them. This one will be the meet with McArthur High to be held at the Municipal Courts on Wednesday, April 8. As this will be Susan's last game, she feels that it will certainly be "a memorable one, even if we might not win!"

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Joanne Aims for Very High Job

There are many girls in Hialeah High who fit this description: Five foot four, shiny brown eyes which reflect many colors, and a pleasing personality. But it so happens that there is only one Jo Ann McCranie, and only one magnetic personality and attractiveness to go with her.

There's no use insisting she's pretty for she will only deny it, but apparently the judges in the Miss Hialeah contest wouldn't agree with her for they placed her up front in the contest in third place. For this Jo Ann won a dress, a bathing suit, and a large trophy which she loves.

Her love for chocolate eclairs hasn't spoiled her size five figure, just as her embarrassment didn't keep her from asking a boy to the senior banquet. Maybe her favorite course of psychology has helped her to make her many friends but most of them say it was her sincerity and friendliness instead.

Although it has been found that her favorite hobbies include dancing, swimming, and outdoor sports, there is a certain boy at college

who hopes to go before these. (Jo Ann certainly doesn't deny this!)

Including her in their membership are ensemble chorus, the Record Staff, Modern Dancing, and the I. Z. Steppers. As a full-fledged member of each of these, she has participated in many activities of the school. The Record brought a meeting with actor Tony Curtis, which Jo Ann describes as "a very exciting experience."

She has a very busy summer planned, including a course in nursing and a job at the Hialeah-Miami Springs Bank, after graduation. She plans to continue these until she becomes twenty and will be eligible for a job as an Eastern Air Lines stewardess, which she hopes will be an interesting and exciting life career. However, there are many who say Jo Ann will have no need of a life career, for some lucky man who just might come along and hire her for a real life time job!

Give Cheerleaders Arm to Lean On!

Again the time of year has rolled around when most young girls' fancy has turned from the boy next door to the athletic field, and an earnest desire to be among the 12 lucky individuals who take home the news that they have been chosen to participate in the activities of the Hialeah High cheerleaders.

As you walk down the crowded halls that make up the campus of our school you perchance may meet one of these hopeful girls. The signs are very simple to detect:

1. First of all it may seem that she is trying to break in a new pair of shoes, but really she just can't walk.
2. Second—the new glow she has apparently attained is none other than a third degree sun burn.
3. Then through all this you may recognize a friend and stop to converse, only to discover to your surprise your friend has lost all power to converse or she is too hoarse to be understood.
4. Also if you are lucky enough to see the inside of her notebook, you find not math problems and history notes . . . but CHEERS! Even a few original ones (Oh no).

But if you are lucky enough to have one of these poor, aching, but happy females in your crowd, there is but one thing you can do. Simply try to bear with her. (Oh, by the way, it wouldn't hurt to also give her your arm to lean on!)

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