



Record Notes

By SUSAN CHARLES

Seniors graduate June 5. At 2:00 P.M. the ceremony begins; by 4, the high school seniors will be graduates.

On the surface, this looks good. No more high school days with homework and getting up at 6:30. Just loafing and maybe a job from 9 to 4.

Those, my friend, are banker's hours. No banker ever got where he is today by sitting around watching the world go by.

Graduation means a fork in the road. One path leads to a job. An employment that will earn you money for a better job or for a specialized school. Whatever the reason, it means work!

The second path leads to a college or university. This is an institution famous for its working habits and no one needs to explain that a student in its fold will do his share of the job.

The traffic along these paths is heavy and hurried. In the next few years it will be even more so. If one wants to sit beside the road and "be the friend to man," then he is welcomed to. All will smile as they go by but only the sitter can motivate himself to get into the stream.

Such is true with the green senior. He may be at the top now but how soon he will tumble and have to start from the bottom! The climb to regain the top peak is his alone. The sooner the hike is started, the sooner he will be on his way up. The longer he dreams, the longer the climb.

Summer Holds Promise For Select Few Only

At last, I never thought it would come. It is about time." All these sayings are now being heard from every corner of Hialeah High School.

The students are beaming with anticipation of the coming summer vacation. Just the thought of the wonderful days at the beaches and pools! All the lazy days at home watching T.V. the quiet serenity of the nights without any homework. Oh! for it to be June 5.

But hold on a minute, let's go back over the wonderful planned summer. Isn't it more like once a month beach trip, while the other days are filled with either company, or washing the car? And for the T.V. shows you were going to watch, what about your Grandmother and Grandfather from up north, who goes to bed at 7:00. At least there is your quiet serene night, listening to the clock tick. And during the week what do you do? Wash clothes, iron them, clean the screens, mow the lawn, mop the floor, and other various summer activities.

Well, there you are in the middle of the summer, you can't seem to find enough to do to keep busy. Don't you wish you were each in school?

Why I Chose Homemaking

By Beverly Jean Adams

To be point blank, I didn't have any choice. My mother was in P.T.A. and was gone most of the time to meetings, luncheons, and conventions. I was the oldest and the responsible one for the cooking and caring for our home.

When I took Home Economics in high school I developed a deep interest for it. I feel like I have accomplished a great deal with the assistance of the Home Economic teachers, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Deerman. It was really a shock to me, to be awarded the Betty Crocker Homemaking Award. I only wish that I could keep coming back to school for more Home Economics.

HIALEAH HIGH RECORD

To Seek, To Find, To Share



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Editor-in-chief Susan Charles
Associate Editor Connie Reynolds
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Slenderella and the Case of The Missing Sneaker

By Pat Curtis

Once upon a downbeat, deep in the land of the Beat Generation, there lived a swingin' chick named Slenderella. Now Slenderella lived in a creep pad right near the tracks, and was ruled over by her two step-sisters who were strictly from Squaresville. And the only cool notes from the joint came from the rockin' swing of this beat chick's broom (which went on all day, 'cause these sisters were real bean fiends and inhaled the stuff all day, leaving their weeds behind them).

Now this here gone gal had a sugar bun named Prince, who was a horn blower in the corner Jazz Palace. Every night about ten the Palace really started to jump, so all the other dames in Beatland wanted to go there and wail like fraills to the notes of Prince's licorice stick.

Poor Slenderella didn't have much of a chance to rendezvous with Prince, 'cause her grinchy step-sisters kept her busy posing for the before pictures in their reducing pad. But one night, while Slenderella made with the tears, her fairy godmother came in, told her to cut all that crying jazz, and get hep to the jive—live crazy—because godmother had brought a neat pair of bluejeans, complete with oversized T-shirt, and dirty snekas for her to wear to the Palace blast that night.

"Just remember, cat, when that clock makes with the twelve beat, hit the road, or you'll be a gone chick for real like!" yelled the Godmother as Slenderella headed for the Palace.

Well, the Palace shook that night, and Prince and the Slender one were making their own Be-bop when the drums hit 12 bells. Man, did she ever cut-out, like with speed!

On her way to her own pad, she lost one of her filthy sneaks, but still kept on going to make it home before the beat of twelve.

Well, to make a long tale, short, the horn blower, Prince, found the sneak, fit the girl, and they lived happily ever after in Endsville.

And the sisters? Without Slenderella, their business collapsed, and they now make a living doing commercials for Playtex, and on occasion write jazz for people who like opera.

Enjoy Prom, But Be Mature

Pleasing everyone would be one of man's greatest accomplishments. But since it is quite impossible, he at least tries to please most everyone.

The juniors worked very hard and accomplished a great task in selling their magazines so that every junior and senior can afford a prom free plus bringing someone else. But to a few people the prom is going to be a total mess.

Although they don't act intelligently mature, they considered themselves babies when they must have their parents' permission. It isn't the parents' permission, but merely to count the number of people attending.

Since the juniors work so hard to have a prom at the Everglades Hotel all activity will be on the designated floor, as that is the only floor the junior class could rent. Since this is the only floor, it behooves all to keep all activity on that floor and not the rest of the hotel.

A prom is a place to have fun and enjoy yourselves. So act mature and enjoy the prom instead of complaining.

Knowledge Is Basis of Life

Students enter high school supposedly as new born sponges, ready to soak up an entire sea of knowledge. Yet we find more than books awaiting us, for we're faced with the challenge of too much emphasis on extra-curricular activities.

Our job, then, is to weed out the trimmings in order to gain the essentials—our purpose for entering the halls of ivy.

H. H. S. Spirit Strong in Students

We, the students of Hialeah High School, in order to form a more perfect relationship with our school, establish good will toward others, high school spirit and a feeling toward teachers and school work that will benefit all.

Our teams are always striving for victory and with many a won game for reward. Behind the teams is every student of Hialeah pushing and shoving all the way.

The teachers aren't to be forgotten either. It takes teachers to sponsor our clubs so that we have beanies and shakers to use at games. Most important are the coaches that put in more overtime to hold our teams than could be recorded in the social security permanent record.

The students of Hialeah feel strong enough to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our property, do ordain and establish this for a fact that we are all for Hialeah.

Use the Brain; Not the Mouth

As the race to the finish line gets faster, people get more keyed up. All the end of the year work, along with the activities seems to be a burden difficult for a burro to carry, much less a Thoroughbred.

Due to these burdens, each is in his own world; unconsiderate, moody and tired. Not thinking of the other's little world, a person may constantly complain that he will never see daylight and doesn't know how he will get through. The listener at this point may retort, "Try using the brain instead of the mouth," and rightly so.

A word to the wise is sufficient, quote philosophers. So if you have a little world and you're wise, here's your words:

Be considerate, remember there are other worlds to be conquered beside your own.

Hialeah Paper Doll



VOTED MOST OUTSTANDING SOPHOMORE girl by her classmates, Jeannie Deptula is this week's Paper Doll. An active member of Anchor, she was elected Treasurer for next year.

It's Better to Be Safe Than Sure

My! My! My! What a pretty shade of red. Notice anything familiar about the preceding words? Many students are coming to school looking like broiled lobsters. While they may not be lobsters, they certainly are broiled. This could have been avoided by consulting a water safety handbook.

If you have one of these books, you will notice that it says not to exceed a half hour the first day. Most of us say that we can't have any fun in a half hour. Maybe so, but I'd rather be bored for one day than be miserable for a week. Think it over the next time you go to the beach.

Dear Editor:

Everyone has heard of the chronic complainer but they just laugh it off. Actually this is not a laughing matter. For the most unhappy people in the world are chronic complainers.

Let us take the day of a typical complainer. First of all he gets up in the morning complaining, how he hates anything like the sun to be bright and cheerful so early in the morning. He goes to the most horrible school in the country, with the most unreasonable teachers and the most unfriendly students. Besides that the school paper looks like it was printed by a first grader. It had two mistakes in it!

Maybe you do not know anyone quite this bad off, but I guess if anyone tried hard enough and complained long enough he could easily get like this. And if this person does not watch out, he will end up hating himself.

BETTY SARGENT

THEN THE FUN BEGAN



HELLO HONEY, DOIN' ANYTHING? HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE PROM TONITE?

JOHN LAWRENCE