

Faith the One Key to Love Is God's Great Gift to Youth

Youth is a fleeting moment of our life which is more spectacular and more momentous than the rising of the sun. Youth is brief. It is beautiful. It is important. It is wonderful. At no other time can dreams seem so real and the stars so near.

Youth is the spasmodic pulsing of first, happiness and then sorrow. Ah, yes, youth too, knows sorrow. Youth must receive setbacks and endure trials but, God bestows on youth a gift. The gift is faith.

With faith all is possible. One cannot have faith without trust and these two produce love. These characteristics produce good and destroy all evil. When the road is dark faith lights the way; when the bridge is unsteady trust strengthens it; and when fear creeps in, love rises up and all else vanishes. You cynics, who do not believe, watch Youth! Watch a child jump from a high table completely confident that something will break his fall.

I am youth. I love youth but even now I know that it is departing from me, for youth is brief. I do not regret its departure for I am eager to find what lies at the end of this road. The road is long so I must travel light. I must choose selectively the things which I shall take with me. I will take only the happy memories of youth. Then, when I near the end of the road I'll be rich with memories and as my eyes dim and the sounds of earth become distant I will not long for the freedom of youth for I shall have stored it all in the treasury of my heart.

Spend Time Like Money....Wisely

When I got up this morning I had a full day in my purse. 15 hours worth 60 minutes each!

They tell me time is money and I'm beginning to see the resemblance. Trying to account for those squandered minutes is like counting the pennies and dimes I've spent today.

Eight hours subtracted for school plus two for homework would be . . . Jumpin' catfish! I'm sure glad it didn't ask for more than that.

One hour was spent for idle chat. O.K. . . gossip! Guess I could have gotten along without that. In fact, come to think of it, I did talk too much!

Another hour or so for T.V. and my new magazine . . . Let me see . . . I can't remember just how much that game of badminton cost.

This is adding up fast! Well, there's one day down in black and white, and I'm in the hole.

Right now that same purse that held fortune earlier today is quite flat. Every last minute of it gone. Part wisely spent, part thrown away, but never to be seen again!

**"I did my task and earned its gain,
But checking deeds with what they cost,
Two missing hours I can't explain,
They must be charged away as lost.**

Seniors Leave Hialeah Start on Long Road of Life

"As I look back over the year, I can picture all the activities in my Senior year."

"Me making the first spring football and you making the cheerleading squad . . . help start the season off right . . . But it was also the beginning of report cards, ugh! November brought the big football game with North-Miami and the score of 2 to 0, Hialeah; even though we played in the mud and rain.

"I won't ever forget the recognition that Bernie (BOOM BOOM) brought to H.H.S. and his title of Florida's first all-American."

"What fun we had at the Y-Teen's Sweetheart dance and the other dances by the various clubs. But the greatest dance was, of course, the Prom at the Everglades Hotel; remember the fun after the dance when you and I went to the Robin Hood Inn and they served us our first 'kitchen sink', which we spilled all over the place."

Now here we are at the auditorium, ready to graduate together, and as I sit here all of these fond memories crowd my mind. I can't help feeling sad, yet I know I now have my 1 life to start living. H.H.S. has started me on the highway of life.



Record Notes

By SUSAN CHARLES

Once a minute is lost it can never be regained. This is true, in school, in business, in winter and in summer. It isn't something that goes on day-light savings time and waits until you are ready. Time marches on and so must you. Planned schedules and promotions are two things which will be learned early in life; one way or the other.

It is a matter of courtesy to be prompt. It is also a matter of good business. In the following days condition yourself to have the minutes as you would money. They are of equal value to you and your success.

A Good Plan of Action Creates Youth Fitness

Last month, the students of Hialeah High observed National Youth Fitness Week. Essays were written, posters were posted, and many discussions ensued. Nonetheless, by now most students have forgotten the message of oYuth Fitness Week.

Moreover, they have not recognized its underlying challenge: Are you fit to fulfill future obligations to yourself, your community, and your world?

This challenge requires fitness of mind and body, working together as one whole and perfected unit—a capable human being willing to resume the mantle of responsibility, in addition to any burdens cast by the confusion of today's world.

Man can achieve this whole and perfected unit, or rather attempt to achieve it, because of the affinity between physical and mental health. These two can work against each other, or for each other.

Only through a thorough and open-minded analysis by each individual, followed by a successful plan of action, can youth achieve fitness in its truest sense.

'And This Is a Switchboard . . .'

"And this is a switchboard . . ." And that little enlightening phrase was the start of it all—the nightmare of flashing lights, intermittent buzzing, scrambled cords, and disconnected lines, not to mention the little men in white who pop up on occasion.

Ah, how unsuspecting I was, upon entering the inner sanctum of the H.H.S. main office; little did I know what lay ahead! After learning that the right cord goes upstairs, and the left one downstairs, I was left alone to manage the lifeline of Hialeah High.

Well, all was fine, the first few minutes—I guarded faithfully, then pandemonium broke loose! No. 3 wanted No. 4, No. 4 wanted No. 5, and No. 5 wanted No. 3 and No. 4 at the same time, while downstairs, four trunklines were lit up, and upstairs, four extensions wanted trunklines.

By the time Mrs. Mildred Hilliard came to my rescue, the board was a mass of multi-colored cords, lights were flashing, buzzer buzzing, and I was playing the March of the Dead on a comb.

I have one consolation, though, old switchboard operators don't die, they just lose their switches!

Hats Off to HHS Teachers

Though at times we would like to kill them, we all have to agree that our teachers have been a great help to us.

At times, we think they assign far too much homework and other work, or they give too hard a test, but it is only for our own good. Except that they made us work, we would never have done a thing.

We should thank our teachers for the help they gave. If not by things we say, we should thank them by using the knowledge to better ourselves and the rest of the world.

My Utopia

By Beverley Martin

Sit quiet and lonely on a beach of warm sand, Let time, like each grain, sift through your hand. Watch the waters which, seemingly, rise and fall

As if answering every white gull's call. Don't speak, or move, or breathe a sigh— Don't let the mood's wonder pass you by.

Becalm and restful and you'll silently see Why Utopia is so dear to me!

Hialeah Paper Doll



Charlotte Harney was chosen as the last paper doll for the 1958-59 year. This attractive senior maintains high standards in such clubs as Honoria, National Honor Society, Cheerleading and the Hi-Ways staff.

To the students of Hialeah High:

The Hialeah High Student Council has completed another year and the time has come for a report of the activities of 1958-59.

This year the Student Council started off with a debt of \$40, no constitution, no Inter Club Council, and not much of an idea about what to do. The year's end finds the Council with a bank account of over \$250, a working constitution, and an organized Inter Club Council. This alone shows that the representatives accomplished the major tasks at hand.

There were many projects and activities sponsored by the Council to promote these effects. It started by holding a welcome dance in the school gym which was a huge success, which started it on the road to recovery. The many projects are too numerous to mention, but a few of the important ones were the Safe Driving Campaign Homecoming, selling of book covers, shakers, and medals, sending delegates to district, state, and southeastern conventions, sponsoring trophy for outstanding club, and organization of an Inter Club Council.

These achievements were possible only because of the unusual spirit and cooperation of the representatives. It is to them as well as those faculty members and adults who supported us through this year of getting established, that I send a sincere thanks and a "good luck" to next year's officers and representatives.

Yours truly,
DAN HARBOLT

It's Been a Record Year

This is the last paper you will receive during the 1958-59 school year. We would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your co-operation in helping us to put out the paper you have enjoyed throughout the year.

It's been a lot of work but it's also been a lot of fun and a good experience for us. The features, editorials, news stories we have written helped us to become better acquainted with teachers and students that we probably would have never come in contact with otherwise. It also kept us informed of the happenings about school.

HIALEAH HIGH RECORD

To Seek, To Find, To Share



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