

Where Do We Get Our Stories? From Waste Basket, of Course

By JULIE BULLARD, Feature Editor

The feature page is the gathering place for the wit, humor, and idiocy of the school. So it's quite natural that the editor of this page should be a witty, humorous idiot. Let me introduce myself!

Personalities Plus For These Seniors

Charlene Gould is a tall, blue-eyed senior with shining red hair and an always present smile. She is president of Hialeah's Y-Teens, vice-president of city-wide Y-Teens, and a member of National Honor Society.

Charlene's many interests range from painting to fishing which shows the large range of her ability. She enjoys watching all school sports and is one of Hialeah's biggest rooters.

The thing she likes best about Hialeah is "the friendly attitude and school spirit of the students." Although Charlene looks forward to majoring in psychology at Texas Woman's University next year, her main wish is to marry and raise a family.

Bill Palow, another Hialeah High Senior combines both brains and brawns in his active life. He has been a fighting Thoroughbred on the football squad for three years. In his senior year he also found time to work on the track team as a pole vaulter.

Bill boasts membership in H-Club and has been a member of Key Club for three years. Placing extremely high on Senior Placement Test, Bill shows, besides being active in sports, he is also an excellent scholar.

He plans to further his education at the University of Florida with nuclear physics his major.

Patricia Danzis is a vivacious dark-haired lass who hopes to be a secretary. To quote Pat on her future occupation, "I want to work for a big executive and make a million dollars a year and sit around an air-conditioned office."

Pat is an active member of Anchor Club and National Honor Society. A sports-minded girl, she enjoys all our spectator sports, especially baseball.



For the last nine months, (well, eight months, three weeks and one day to be NEARLY exact), it has been my questionable pleasure to mark through, tear up, and later dig out of the waste basket when I need them the many (?) stories written by faithful(?), diligent(?), and trustworthy (are you tired of seeing question marks?) reporters who sweat many hours over worn out material and turn out worthless stories. Oh, I'm kidding, of course!

Each deadline, I've strained and sweated trying to finish my page. My reward? "You're the second slowest person on this earth!" (She didn't say first because she didn't want to hurt my feelings!)

The only reason for this "farewell address" is that I'm tired of putting everyone else's picture on MY page! I've waited until the last issue so that it won't matter if I'm fired.

And now as the year draws to a close, (it's corny, but it's true!) here's hoping the best for each and every one of you and good luck to my successor! (I guess maybe he'll need it!)

Picnic Panic Prevails During Vacation Time

With the coming of spring and summertime, the air of "getting out-of-doors" prevades like a nervous bear that's been cooped up all winter.

As we associate bacon with eggs, so we associate spring and summer with such things as picnics, beaches, and watermelon. Ah watermelon! What cool, delectable refreshment lies within thy mellow green covering?

Behold thy obscure little seeds, nestling in thy red, glistening flesh. When thou hast been eaten, and thy seeds spit asunder, and thy mellow green covering cast away, I am left with but one thought... Ooooh my aching stomach!

On the beach, with the hot sun toasting our exposed bodies, we look out across the sand, teeming with typical beachcombers. Here we find a little boy vigorously piling sand on his half buried playmate. Oddly this innocent little game was met with disapproval by his mother, just because the half that was buried was his small friend's head.

The "sun worshippers" come in every size, shape, and description. Sea-shell hunting old ladies, bathing beauties admiring old men, sand castle constructing little girls, and sand castle destructing little boys, sun lotion drenched women, barbecue fire starting men, water splashing brats, fish fearing girls, ball playing boys, and, with transistor blaring... teenagers.

One fair damsel ventures so far as to stick her big toe in the water, and remark with a screech that it's too cold.

As the sun slowly begins to sink, and its bright rays grow dimmer, the blistered, but happy, beachcombers depart, leaving the surf to lap peacefully on the shore, and to be returned once again, to the crabs, seagulls and pelicans.

Few Undergoing Interview Proclaim 'Summer's Gotta Go'

SUMMER BE ELIMINATED?

THE QUESTION: SHOULD THE ANSWERS:

Rocky Chair (Film actor and star of the picture I Was A Teenage Teenager)—"I think summer's the best time of the year because it gives all us actors time to admire our Oscars. I never won an Oscar for acting, but I married an Oscar. Her name was Oscar Martin.

She was a Hollywood starlet, with a different name. You know, Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren and Jayne Mansfield? Well, Oscar looks like Mickey Mantle. I'm divorcing her tomorrow. What a waste of time!"

Edward Rochester (private eye and love interest in Jane Eyre)—"Summer is for the birds. It follows spring too closely, and if guys aren't thinking about dolls, they're thinking about robbery. Look at the latest FBI figures. Nine out of 10 people who committed robbery stole something.

I predict that if the recession gets greater, we will need more thieves. Then, after people's belongings are stolen, they'll have to go out and buy."

Orvis Earful (unemployed R&R singer, who recorded the song, Why Work?)—"What's summer? Duh, say, you wanna hear me sing? No? You like my sideburns? They go alla way down to my elbows. What do I think of Pat Boone? What's he do for a living? What do I think of Elvis Presley being in the Army? Which one did he join?

Myrtle Filch (95-year-old grandmother)—"I think that summer should be eliminated because that's when my corns act up. Yes, son, I've led a long life. Why, I can remember when for a dollar, you could buy all the oats your horse could eat. Nowadays, horses come in cars, but I can't find the critters no matter how many oats I put out for them to eat."

Who Raided Them Garbage Cans?

By JOHN O'BRIEN

"My name's Shannon, D.A.'s Man. My cigarette is Festerchield". On April 14, year not specified, there were plenty of mysterious garbage can raidings. Then man I work for, Lou Bonaforsky, assistant District Attorney, called me to our secret meeting place, his uncle's wig shop. "Mike," he said to me, "we have to find these culprits. DUM DE DUM DUM."

(Step No. 1) Shannon, walking through the street one night found several garbage cans broken into and garbage covering the street. So Shannon following this hot lead decided to establish a contact with his contact man. He picked a place that wasn't too conspicuous, the city park offered ideas.

(Step No. 2) After having told his contact about the mess, Shannon decided to investigate further. Setting himself up as a patsy, didn't do any good, so the best thing

was to keep on the lookout.

(Step No. 3) On a Saturday night, April 15, year not specified. Shannon was walking through the alley when he was hit from behind. When he woke about two days later, he decided that somebody could hit awfully hard.

That afternoon Shannon decided to establish contact with Lou Bonaforsky in his Uncle's wig shop. Shannon had an idea and I told him to treat it kindly because it was in a strange place. He belted me.

Shannon's idea was to trap the mysterious Mr. G (Garbage) with his own trap. Shannon set up two garbage cans outside my uncle's wig shop. My name is Lou Bonaforsky. My uncle runs this wig shop.

About 10 o'clock that night our Mysterious Mr. G. payed us a visit. Shannon tangled with him for about an hour, and finally one punch did it. He was talking to him the rest of the time.

Just like I told you, Lou, Shannon said, the mysterious Mr. G is none other than your uncle.

DUM DE DUM DUM. Trial was held February 14, year not specified in the Federal Court of N. Y. The sentence, to shine every garbage can in NEW YORK City!

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