

United Fund Is Your Job Too!

In a growing metropolitan community such as the greater Miami area, welfare problems, especially those of public service, are constantly increasing.

There is a vital need for a central clearing house to screen these welfare and public service agencies; to insure legitimate charity drives in an area where deceitful operations can no longer be denied existence.

Various agencies would most logically be more beneficial when united in a smoothly functioning organization.

All the above factors are the basis of the United Fund of Miami. Composed of businessmen, community and social leaders, this compact unit offers organization and economy to 55 different agencies.

United Fund is a local operation, independent of the government. Its elements of support are the press, radio, television, and the people who give so freely of their time and service.

To gain admission to United Fund, such groups as the Boy Scouts, the Cancer Institute, and Family Service, had to meet the prescribed standards. They were carefully screened by a qualified board before acceptance.

The United Fund has grown into a truly great organization only through such careful judgment and co-operation. It could cease to exist, if it does not receive your co-operation in the coming November drive.

Before you say, "I thought so!", and pull tighter on your purse strings, ask yourself this question—what if there were no United Fund?

How Small Are We?

By VIVIAN HOLT

Have you ever lain awake at night—outside, upon the ground Forgetting sights of stars and sky Just listening to the sounds. No matter where you are, there are always sounds to hear. These sounds will make you wonder, Or think, or love, or fear. You hear a siren far away—so frantic, rushed, so shrill. It may come after you one day. This thought gives you a chill. You hear the rustling of tree leaves from wind that's cool and smooth. You think that all around the world The same wind whispers too. Could be a cricket starts to chirp—you wonder what he's saying. Could be he's calling for his mate— It just might be he's praying. Lie quietly now—you musn't stir. You must respect his right. Who knows, it could be you're the one Who's holy in his sight. It's true you're something he can't see, but he can tell you're near. Isn't it true of our own Lord— Can we really see Him clear? You know He's there—You feel Him there You can't see Him at all. In this we're like the little bug— We're really very small.

Had Your Polio Shots?

"I never thought it could happen to me," said the small attractive girl, as the intern wheeled her chair onto the terrace for her daily sun bath.

These words, unfortunately, are being repeated day after day by hundreds of young people all over the land. Young people who, because of ignorance, lack of interest, or just plain stubbornness, neglected to obtain their polio shots.

Once you have contracted polio, it is too late for cure. In some cases, where there is but a mild attack, a person can recover to some degree. This, however, can come about only through hours of intensive work; hours of tedious, tiresome, repetitious effort, that must be spurred on with unending desire.

Is it really worth it? For just a few minutes out of your life, you can almost insure complete protection. Is this such a great price for its reassurance?

What about you, had your polio shots?

Where Can Peace Be Found?

By DIANNE SMITH

I've searched the skies and tried to find a peace of mind. It's so quiet there, stars glittering in the moonlight forming patterns left for the mind to search.

The clouds shield the heavens like mighty armor, sheilding the only place where peace is found. The moon seems to brighten its surroundings, giving life to its part of the heavens. But as I look and think, I notice the search lights challenging the peace there, and soon it circles the heavens, guiding lost planes, giving hope, protecting our land from war and invasion, but still disturbing what little peace there is to find.

Now I know why a soldier might gaze into heaven in the midst of war, looking for that small bit of hope and security that means so very much to someone as lonely as a soldier. All he can see on earth is war. A strange man called war, crushing the small and weak and large and brave. Crushing and destroying dreams wrapped up in a little child who's lost from his mother and father, perhaps crying in the streets or maybe running to find security and warmth, in one's arms.

Whose arms could be closer at hand than those of the soldier? Who too is so alone, afraid, and searching for a reason. A reason why the tears and heart-aches shed in wars before couldn't prevent those to come.

And then we'll ask ourselves again, over and over. Searching and wondering and longing to find security. But where, where is there peace?

Notes From The Record

By BRENDA WOOTON

Snappy Band:

Hialeah's snappy marching band, under the wonderful direction of Mr. Logan Turrentine, has done another good job of adding spirit to the games as well as for the pep rallies. A good band to be proud of.

Welcome Home Alumni:

Although the Homecoming celebration was a little early this year, welcome to the alumni who attended the game and dance. Homecoming is another important tradition that makes the Alma Mater what it is.

T.V. Classes Are Dreaded

Dear Editor:

On the first day of school this year, when I was handed my schedule, I didn't know whether to be pleased or not, because my fifth period class was American History in 329.

Oh, gosh! I thought to myself, that's TV History! I wanted to run and hide after remembering some of the comments I'd heard last year, like, "Oh, I'll never pass TV History" or "Why, oh, why, did TV invade good old Hialeah?"

By the time fifth period rolled around, I was a nervous wreck! I walked into the auditorium meekly, and took my seat. When I looked around, I discovered I wasn't the only bewildered student; I saw the same expression on the rest of my 350 classmates. They were just as leery of this as I was!

First of all, there is no relationship between the teacher and student. It is important that a student and teacher have this relationship, but just how can the teacher get to know you hidden in a mass of other students? Why, we aren't individuals with personality, just a number in a seat!

If we have a question, it will often go unanswered. Why, because Mr. Bright can only answer one question at a time, and there are other students asking them too. You can't ask a TV set to answer, either.

What is really accomplished by a TV class? Well, Dade County saves a half-million dollars since they don't have to build as many new classrooms and pay more teachers.

But what about us, the students? Why aren't we getting the benefits of it? The reason—most of us are unhappy in this type of class. You find that when a student does not like the way a subject is taught, he can't learn much.

But, the question is, do we have the right to say anything; to have our opinions judged for their worth? Or must we remain mere numbers?

—A TV Student.

This 'First' Is Needed

Hialeah High is noted for having firsts. We are all conscious of this yearning which is on the minds of everyone.

We are waging and winning a war that confronts most all new schools, the war of respect and recognition. But in our mad attempt to be first in the limelight, aren't we forgetting our "first" that begins right on the campus?

Hialeah is definitely lacking the togetherness that is such a basic need of any organization. We resemble a slew of wood cutters all trying to chop down the same tree at once, and thus not being able to chop at all.

The friendly competitive attitude which exists in a really good school is nearly lacking.

Our school is run by small groups and the rest of the student body stands idly by, grumbling because things go wrong. If you want Hialeah to be an outstanding school, why don't you work for it? Join a club or get behind the Student Council.

If you feel that you are too good to pitch in and help, then don't grumble or criticize the decisions and plans made by others.

Patios Can Be Put to Use

A soft, balmy breeze, music, and a tropical moon could set the scene for many activities of Hialeah High, if only an outdoor patio was on the list of facilities needed.

The present trend is to include in the design of a school a place for an outdoor patio. We also have this space.

Dances would be cooler and with less tension. Even the lunch period would be improved if people could take their conversation outdoors, instead of holding tables for this purpose.

If this idea can be developed, the band-wagon is ready and waiting for any volunteers.

Hialeah Paper Doll



LOVELY JUDIE KILLOUGH, graces this week's Record as Paper Doll. This active junior is not only vice-president of the junior class, but boasts membership in Honoria. After school, she's seen most of the time whizzing around in her family's Volkswagen, dubbed the Doodlebug.

More Fountains Needed For H. H. S. Hallways

Situated in four places in the north and south wings are four cold water fountains dispersing cool, clear water to many a thirsty soul. Not only do they quench thirst, but provide a refreshing moment in a busy, and often hectic, school day. Yet while these few parched throats are satisfied, several students still go thirsty.

The reason for this is that there are still too few electric coolers in the building. While the new ones are a definite improvement, the proportion of over 2,000 students to four hall water coolers is overwhelming. It's not "cricket" that just some should have a benefit that is denied many.

The solution, and a very pleasant one, would be for the numerous service clubs at Hialeah High to devote some time to raise money towards the purchase of more water coolers. Actually, the price is reasonable when you realize that one electrical cooling unit will chill two fountains. The fund-raising task could also be a joint effort of two or more organizations.

In return for their service, the clubs would receive as reward, the smiling faces of many grateful students.

Let's Lose This Bug

Since the beginning of time man has fought a losing battle with pests like the cockroach, fly, and mosquito. From our modern laboratories, scientists have come up with every type of insecticide imaginable.

The various sprays, pastes, and bombs, guaranteed or your money back, are still very ineffective in combating one pest in particular known to man as the "litterbug".

This species is not an insect, for it has only two legs and usually no wings. It can't be classified as a Crustacea (hard-shelled) because of its soft head. The natural habitat of this creature is wherever it happens to be at the time and can be easily spotted by the unmistakable trail of litter it leaves behind.

Hialeah High School is one of the few spots in Miami that is fairly free of these pests, but still from time to time one can be found. The Thoroughbreds in general have certainly shown their "good breeding" in this respect. It would be wonderful if they could go on to make this "Litterbug" extinct in their school.

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To Seek, To Find, To Share

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