

Illinois Gal Considers Herself Southern Belle

By BRENDA WOOTON

Although born in Chicago, Illinois, Sherry Dunn, tall, perky, five foot nine inch senior, considers herself a southern belle. She enjoys dancing and "All in the Game" is her favorite record. Sports is another one of Sherry's interests. She proves this by participating in the various kinds of girls' sports offered and has made several of the A and B teams.

Sherry was selected as one of the Hialeah representatives to attend Girls' State this past summer, where she held the offices of City Clerk and Representative to the house. She said it was one of the most exciting times of her life.



Honoraria and G. A. A. claim Sherry as one of their most devoted members. This year she is secretary in Honoraria, and devotes much of her time to fulfilling this job.

After high school, off to college

goes this ambitious girl to study psychology, and then she hopes to get married and try out some of her experiences of psychology on her husband and children.

This popular senior can be found at all school events, always pulling for Hialeah and promoting good school spirit, for people with no school spirit is Sherry's pet peeve.

"Now that I am a senior, I realize that seniors don't have enough privileges. I hope we can do something about this before we graduate," she stated.

Name the Voice, It's Barbara!

"Riddle me ri, riddle me ree, you hear my voice, but who would you see?"

When the devotions are read every morning the voice you hear is that belonging to Barbara Lasseter, secretary of the Student Council.



A cute brown-eyed five foot four southern miss, who hails

from right here in Miami, is known to her many friends as "Barb".

This active Thoroughbred has been a member of the Student Council all five of the years she has attended Hialeah High and last year she held the office of treasurer.

She is also active in Christian Crusades. She does much church work and her ambition is to be a foreign missionary. She plans to attend Baylor University in Texas, and is a very apt musician, playing the piano and accordion equally well.

Barbara, upon being asked about Student Council said, "We have a very good group among the Student Council this year. I think it will be the best year we've had!"

To Have A Friend Is to Be One Also

The hall is crowded, students are smiling and friendly. "Hi's" and "Hello's" fill the air as each rushes in his own particular way to his own particular class. A little guy quietly slips down the corridor and into his classroom. His face holds no smile. His lips part in no Hi's and Hello's.

You laugh and think maybe he doesn't have his homework done, but day after day this same little guy steals quietly by. This means nothing to you but seems puzzling. That old psychology starts to formulate in your mind. "What can I do to help him?" you ask yourself. The old proverb "To have a friend is to be one" pops into mind.

As a committee of one, you seek to gain entrance into his locked world. Surprisingly enough, the task is simple. A smile here and a friendly "hey there." First, he is a bit wary; then shy; then bursts forth a smile that would put Red Skelton to shame. Your pleasure is immeasurable!

He needed a friend, and you became one. You needed an outlet for your curiosity and friendliness, he provided the answer. "All that glitters is not gold;" just as "every dark cloud has a silver lining."

True Spirit in Joan Johnson

By PAT CURTIS

Passing by a house on West 3rd Court in Hialeah, you might be surprised by the number of cars and the teenagers going in and out.

Who's the celebrity? None other than Joan Johnson, a gal well known by many at Hialeah.

Her sparkling eyes and quick wit disguise the fact she's lying in bed with a plaster cast for a bed-jacket. Who could think of doctors, operations and the disinfectant odor of the hospital, though, in this cheery room, crowded with gifts and school books, guarded by a regiment of stuffed animals.

If you walked in her room with a bandaged finger, Joan would be the first to notice it. She'd make you the patient, instead of herself! But then, convalescence seems like fun the "Johnson" way!

What creates such a wonderful atmosphere?

Is it Mr. Johnson, a smiling bulwark of strength, her mother, spreading sunshine like a spring day, or is it "Will", the big brother, always near to cheer, console, or even scold, if necessary?

All the factors enter into it, but most important of all is Joan's wonderful, complacent attitude. It would be a marvelous aid to medical science if this infallible spirit could be bottled, to be given in pill form to all who lack courage.

And this spirit is infallible. It's spirit in the finest Thoroughbred tradition; it's something to be proud of!

Secret Work Was Mrs. Frost's Job

By Beverly Jernigan

Mrs. Addie Frost feels she has led a very interesting life. She was born in Sabetha, Kansas, and spent her youth there. When she was seventeen she began teaching in a one room school house, 8 grades being taught in the single room.



Two years later, when she broke her parental ties, she moved to a nearby Kansas town, and taught in what was a large school then, but which is considered very small by our present day standards. After this episode, she went to California where she educated many Golden State students.

In the early years of World War II, she worked on tool designs at Douglas Aircraft Company. She spent much time in Washington, D. C., where she did confidential work for the government. After some time she came to Florida to begin teaching at Hialeah High, where she is now head of the Language Arts Department.

There has been only one semester since 1953 in which she has not been studying for various degrees. In 1956 she completed her courses and received her Masters' Degree from the University of Miami. Each summer she attends Barry College where she studies.

Her interests include reading, travel, literature, and decorating her new home which she moved into the beginning of August of this year. Her only pet is an eight month old puppy, which she classifies in the mutt division.

Photographer Snaps Juniors

Pity the poor newspaper and annual staffs and the other journalism classes. If you passed the journalism office between September 22 and October 1 you would probably understand.

Mr. Chuck Parris, photographer for the Tooley Myron Studios, armed with cameras and assorted equipment, advanced upon the journalism office and began snapping pictures right and left.

The pictures in question were of the junior class for the 1958 HI-

WAYS, and Mr. Parris took about 80 or 90 a day.

When asked whether he thought girls were easier to photograph than boys, he said that he thought they were "pleasant, because boys act as if they are afraid of the camera."

The photographer said he feels one of the hardest parts of his job is to make his subjects feel more relaxed and less nervous. He goes about this by complimenting the girls, and joking with the boys.

If you did happen to pass the journalism office about the time of "Parris stand", and heard a voice wafting out lines that sound something like this, "Turn your nose towards me—hold it—that's good—thanks", you haven't lost a marble, he was just taking those junior pictures!

Where's Autumn? Weatherman's Sad

Familiar cries ring through the halls as students cry, "Where's autumn?"

Just what has happened to those cool days of autumn with her crisp breezes and fresh air? Has it somehow, in the mysteries of Mother Nature, suddenly decided it will not put in an appearance this year?

This is a question the Thoroughbreds can't answer, and the weather man is inclined to agree. Somewhere along the way autumn has missed South Florida, for the time being at least.

Of course, the sunbathers and tourists are taking strong delight in this warm weather. There is nothing to hinder their making their trips to the beaches, parks and picnic grounds and these places are still crowded with such people.

Who's complaining? Certainly not these outdoor enthusiasts who can go ANYTIME they wish and sit through the hottest days in their pools or the cool water of the beach.

But what about the students?

They just LOVE going to school in the stifling heat, and sitting out their day in their "cool" classrooms!

The solution would be to bring to class a portable pool or something to that effect. But since this isn't quite acceptable yet, Thoroughbreds will have to be content with "Where is autumn?"

Of course there is a little nip in the air every once in a while with a slight and hopeful promise of a spell of cold. But these never last too long and the students' hopes soon collapse.

No Dreamer, Joe Has Many Plans

Joe Godfrey has dreams of flying, but his feet are definitely on the ground while holding the position of Editor-in-Chief of the Hialeah Hi Ways. He plans to attend the University of Florida and study engineering, although he hasn't decided on a definite vocation.

Joe . thinks Hialeah is the greatest and he should know as he has attended this school since the opening year when he was in the 8th grade. He was born in Pleasantville, New



Jersey, and moved to Florida when he was in the second grade.

His favorite teacher is Mr. Richard Shaffer and the subject he most enjoys is trigonometry. Mr. George Dolan is another of his favorites, after having him for Civics in the ninth grade.

Joe has a favorable opinion of the new I.B.M. machine. "I think it is a great thing that our school got the I.B.M. machine and I think it will become much more useful and efficient when the operators have had more experience running it."

Thoroughbreds Forewarned: Beware of Strange Creatures

A stranger to that great public institution, Hialeah High, would probably be alarmed by the very sudden appearance of a large, persistent, almost frightening horde.

These creatures are everywhere at once or maybe it seems like it because there are so many of them.

It's difficult to describe them for they are all sizes, shapes, and colors, with grasping and clinging appendages. They can sneak up behind you with amazing stealthiness and pounce on you with alarming speed.

Another of their outstanding characteristics is that they look just like any other human beings and are like all Thoroughbreds, except for their unusual abilities. Luckily, they're good sports and wear little tags, to identify themselves.

At first sight of one of these tell-tale tags, you can take to the hills, if you want.

However, even if you manage to escape them once, twice, or three times, they'll get you in the end!

Before you take aim with an elephant, or begin laying other life-taking traps, it's against the law to harm them! Anyone doing so had better beware, for their kind benefactor is Mrs. Alfreda Miller, who seems to enjoy collecting all sorts of odd pets, such as crazy, mixed-up journalists.

As you can see, it's a hopeless, helpless, fight, and there is little you can do about it. So when you see or hear one coming, stand your ground, surrender your \$2.50, and run like the blazes before they make you buy ANOTHER annual!

Special Dates Cause Confusion

Nothing to do. Want to keep busy this year? Just observe all the special days, weeks and months there are to observe. You won't have a spare moment.

Nowadays we are asked to observe not only such standbys as Mother's and Father's day, but also Pancake day, Straw-hat day, Cookies day and many more. But the calendar doesn't stop there.

There are scores of special weeks and months too. Table-tennis week, Pickle week, Cranberry week, Rye-crisp and Cheese week, Coin week. Also Cherry Pie month, Dairy month, Keep slim with Jello month, and National Trimmed and Beauty month.

Fortunately there is also Leave-us-alone week for those who wish to escape the cluttered calendar. Many people will look forward to mostly Leave-us-alone week.

But there is a catch. It's also Peanut week and honey for Breakfast week. The way to lick this problem is to sit high in a tree top, eating honey-covered peanuts for breakfast.

Tiny 'Copters Buzz Hialeah Class Rooms

Miniature helicopters zoom past unsuspecting girls and squeals pierce the air as the invasion on the dragon-fly begins once again for Hialeah High Thoroughbreds.

First warning comes with the sounds of loud buzzes and the next minutes are usually filled with head ducking and chair wiggling, as the reckless creatures dive bomb around the class room. They have a practical purpose, yes. They DO eat insects and get rid of other crawling pests. But this is sometimes forgotten as they whiz overhead!

The fun really begins when everyone starts swinging at them. They're reckless creatures in the sense that they don't look where they are going. So they're likely to aim at the most unusual places.

There is not much way to get rid of them. The only way to endure them is to be wary. And don't slam one in your notebook!