

Georgia Girl Likes Twirling, People, and Hialeah High

By BONNIE ADKINS

"Forward, march — one, two, three, halt! kick, step!" is a familiar speech heard by the majorette squad. A senior, green-eyed Assistant Captain Karen Harrell was born in Atlanta, Georgia. Karen has lived in Miami three years.

The five feet three inch redhead recalls when she was accepted for the majorette squad in her junior year and remembers her modest reaction as, "I was sure they have called the wrong name, but I was real happy and rather scared."

Karen's activities in school include membership in Honoria, Tri-M, playing clarinet and flute in the Concert Band, and majorettes.



In her sophomore year she was candidate for Sweetheart, and also was campaigning for treasurer of the senior class.

Her hobbies keep her on the go with bowling, twirling, music, cars, water skiing, swimming and teaching a baton class.

One of the most outstanding features about this active senior is her friendliness and ability to get along with people, making her a great asset to the Hialeah High Majorette Squad.

When asked her opinion of Hialeah High, she said, "I think it's a wonderful school and wouldn't change for the world. In the future years it will be one of the most outstanding schools in Florida. Hialeah now has a much better reputation than some of the other so-called outstanding schools."

Gleaming Batons Light Their Way

A pleasant topic is open to discussion, one that is no doubt deep in the hearts of everyone, particularly the masculine set, is particularly apparent in the football season.

The subject being referred to concerns six specimens known as female homo-sapiens, averaging about five foot three inches, 110 pounds in weight, neat shining hair, healthy even smile and a magic-like flip of the wrist method with a silver baton.

The specimens are better known as the high stepping Hialeah High Thoroughbred majorettes and the silver baton can be seen twirling and glittering above their heads as they march in front of the band.

These majorettes add that certain sugar and spice to H.H.S.'s outstanding marching band. On the average, the majorettes practice two to three days out of a week after school and can be seen in their royal blue practice uniforms which were designed by the girls.

The squad is made up of the following girls and this list includes also the number of years they have participated:

Three-year members are Beverly Calvert, Solo, Linda Trout and Judy Tuck. Two-year twirlers are Karen Harrell, Assistant Captain, and Kathy Headlee.

The freshmen or first year members include Janice Eddins, Susie Fresh and Joyce Grassman.

John Holds M.I.T. In Near Future

Being president of Key Club, a member of National Honor Society the National Forensic League, and Student Council, as well as doing Audio Visual work, are just a few of the things that make John Olivero one of Hialeah's busiest students.

Still loyal to his home town of Yonkers, New York, he has never-the-less developed into one of the school's most patriotic and loyal Thoroughbreds.

John, a senior, has attended Hialeah High since the tenth grade. He has set a fine example in taking every math and science course offered and maintaining an A-average.

John has hopes of entering M.I.T. next fall, to study Chemistry or Nuclear Physics. At present, his chances are pretty good, because of his score on the National Merit Scholarship competition test.

About 25,000 students took the National Merit Test, and John finished in the 99 percentile group, one of the highest in Dade County.

According to one of his teachers, "John has a great mind and wonderful personality. He is the kind of boy who strives for a high goal and then uses his ability to its greatest extent for success."

Jr. Record Causes Confusion

A breathless reporter rushed into the newspaper room, shouting, "This is too much! I can't take it; it's simply too, too, much!"

Thinking this was merely another unbalanced reporter, the Editor calmly asked, "What's too much?"

"It's plagiarism — that's what! There's another 'Record' at Hialeah High!"

After the editor was scraped off the ceiling, which she had so soundly hit, the staff got to the bottom of this confusion. The source of this competition proved to be Mr. Reynold's fifth period English class.

Amateur Painters Do Thorough Job

Sighs of relief, and pleased looks were apparent everywhere as students entered the newly painted choral room, to be greeted by a fresh, clean, space surrounded by shining walls.

Mr. Bill Inglis's protege, Room 125, now bears the bright new colors in paint and curtains, administered by enthusiastic chorus students.

The walls are painted cream and coral, to accent the multi-colored curtains that have been used in the past 2 years. Mr. Inglis was so disappointed when he learned that the painters working around the school were not going to do the chorus room until this summer, that he started lining up amateurs.

On Friday, October 10th, nearly thirty students met to work, supervise, or just plain sit in the way and watch. With all the laughing and talking going on, many pertinent comments were ignored; among these was this timely one:

"Hey, look out—not the hand! Don't paint the hand!"

New Band Uniform Brings Comments

The initial appearance of the new look in the uniforms of the Hialeah marching band was on Friday, October 3. These snappy outfits were seen by hundreds for the first time at the Central Catholic game.

The uniforms made a great hit with the crowd. Here is what some of the students at Hialeah High think of the new outfits:

Sandy Lee, 11-21: "I think they're terrific! They will really be great at the Orange Bowl Parade."

Connie Barnes, 12-8: "I think that they are very snappy and colorful."

Gloria Martinez, 11-23: "I think that they are wonderful and go just right with our Thoroughbred 'Tony'."

Dave Clagget, 12-7: "I think it was a very creative idea."

Angel Simonetti, 11-8: "I think that they are cute."

Shella Bennett, 10-10: "I think they are neat, man! I mean, like they're real gone!"

Mike Karpchuk, 12-14: "They're off!"

What do you think?

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As a class venture into the field of journalism, they wrote and published a news-sheet, the **Junior Record**. It was also revealed that the Record's Associate Editor had aided in this fantastic and slightly mixed up plot.

After poring over "Junior," so aptly handled by Editor Janet Youlden, Associate Editor Barbara Hibbard, Sport's Editor Frank Daniel, Art Editor Albert Hawkes, and Kathy Wollney, Women's Editor, the staff of its senior counterpart assumed the air of proud and boasting parents.

"Actually," they were saying, "we really didn't mind . . ." when in rushed the same reporter, with the same breathless manner, wringing his hands and weeping.

"This IS absolutely too much! Now there is another OTHER Record!"

This time, we caught the editor before she hit the ceiling, boarded up the room and went into hiding. The poor reporter isn't doing so well though, so please stop by to see him if you get up Chattahoochee way.

Good Things in Small Packages

Good looking and very easy to get along with is the best way to describe Robert Palladino, right guard for the Hialeah football team. Bob is 138 pounds of pure dynamite when he's playing out on the field for the Thorobreds.

Bob was born in New York approximately seventeen years ago this October and Miami was greatly blessed with his coming at the very tender age of six months. He is quite fortunate to have hazel eyes, that many hold to be his best feature, and a love for loafing, and especially the girls, a subject he claims he is "real good at."

This popular senior has attended a good many schools during the first years of his life, and has attended Hialeah both as a Junior High and as a Senior High. He attended Hialeah Elementary School for the fifth and sixth grades, and also went to Miami Springs for two years.

Bob has played football ever since the eighth grade but since he became a senior he's really gone all out for this popular sport, being on the team for three years.

Mrs. Edwards Admits Truth; Failed History

By BEVERLY JERNIGAN

Even though she was born in Ohio, Mrs. Jessie Edwards, Hialeah History teacher, thinks Florida has many more advantages. She has been here for over ten years and has only returned to Ohio once. She says that she would not have returned then, had it not been an emergency.



A well known personality at H.H.S. she was raised on a farm, and has fond memories of riding horses, gathering eggs, and feeding chickens. She picked berries for her brother,

who paid her one cent per quart. She continued "You may think that this is a pittance, but you have to take into consideration that my brother only received ten cents for every quart sold."

Every year she was given a lamb for a pet. After raising it she would sell it for spending money. Her family moved to Columbus, Ohio, when she was nine years old. By then she had saved over \$35 from the sale of her lambs, and felt very rich.

She went into the fourth grade, and did very poorly. Her teacher, whom she remembers as wearing hobble-skirt dresses which she says were very much like the newer dresses worn today, almost failed her.

In high school, though this may sound a little fantastic, she failed History. Not the American variety, which she teaches, and has taught, for ten years, but Ancient and Medieval History, a course which is considered quite easy to fail.

When asked how she chose teaching as her career, this very witty woman said that her girlfriend was planning to teach so she did the same, and has never regretted it. "I like everything about teaching," she says, looking around at her students proudly.

She earned two degrees, a Bachelor of Science and Education, and Master of Arts, from Ohio State University.

Does the Bad Man Ever Get Away?

Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . . sound familiar? Something from the latest western, no doubt. They're all a LITTLE different in one way or another, but they had to search hard to find a new approach to the latest ones. Maybe now the Hero wears three guns, or rides his horse backwards. Or the Sheriff of Tin Star wears a BRASS star, instead!

Of course the plots vary a GREAT deal! For instance, in one dramatic show there's a pretty girl plagued for her rent by the villain. At the "exciting" climax, he raises his hand to strike her, and our Hero rushes into save the day.

And in our other very different plot, maybe the young girl also has an elderly grandmother who owes rent! In the end the villain turns good, marries the grandmother, and our Hero lives happily ever

after with his horse! No Western worth its salt and six-guns would be caught without a villain. You can always recognize him. He wears a black hat. Picture the climatic scene of the wild chase, after this desperado, by our Hero.

The badman races ahead, his black hat bobbling up and down. He hears the clippity-clop of our Hero's horse. He turns around and lets loose a volley of shots.

Bang, Bang, Bang . . . on and on. One, two, as many as eighteen shots out of his trust old six-shooter.

The bullets fly into trees a half mile away. They never touch our Hero. But our Hero slowly takes out HIS gun, and in one well placed shot aimed somewhere in the vicinity of a tree two miles to one side, he puts a hole through the badman's cruel heart.

The craze is on, the Westerns are crowding the T.V. channels. But the public will continue to watch them if for nothing more than to wait for the day that the villain will NOT get caught!

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