

Farmer's Miss Turkey's Gain

By Mike DiPrima

"Ye gads!" thought Hurky the Turkey. "It's getting close to that time of the year again. Why can't that toad of a farmer find something else for his Thanksgiving dinner, instead of us sweet, innocent, little gims of the avis world."

"Uh-Oh, here he comes now, with a hatchet clutched between his grimy paws, a look of determination in his beady, crossed eyes, and an uncanny smirk on his fat impish face. Oh, the HORROR of it all! I can't stand it. I'm crackin' up for sure!"

Finally Farmer Brown succeeded in catching Hurky, after trying everything from a "bird gum," to salt on his tail feathers. "Doomed!" That word raced through Hurky's bird brain like a chicken with his head chopped off. (oops!)

Panic gripped Hurky as he was laid out across the chopping block. "Be brave," thought Hurky, "courage." He squinted his eyes heal tight, and waited for the worst to come.

Farmer Brown, calculating just the right spot to place the hatchet on Hurky's shivering neck, drew back the hatchet slowly. A loud thud echoed across the barnyard. A bloodcurdling scream pierced the air. Blood once again stained the infamous chopping block.

But then through the ghastly scene, a roar of hilarious laughter could be heard. For there rolling around on the ground, laughing till his sides nearly split, was Hurky the turkey.

Running toward the house, Farmer Brown could be seen clutching his now four-fingers hand. "Guess he miscalculated," chuckled Hurky. "Oh well, that's life." And off he strolled to the chicken yard.

Curious Girls? See This Article

Perhaps you'd like some vital statistics about some of the Hialeah football players. Here, especially for the curious girls, are a few of the more important things to know about our team:

Quarter-back

Paul Donaldson is 5'8", weighs 154 lbs. Comes from Newark, N. J. (#4).

Randy Harper is 5'9", weighs 145 lbs. Born in Carlo, Georgia (#6). Dickie Krtausch is 6', weighs 192 lbs. Hails from Passiac, N. J. (#16).

Left-Half

Bob Tafel is 5'10", weighs 155 lbs. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio. (#23).

Full-Back

Bill McIver is 5'9", weighs 135 lbs. He was born in Jacksonville, Florida. (#30).

Mike Little is 6'1", weighs 165 lbs. Was born here in Miami, Fla. (#36).

Right-Half

Ernie Trippy is a 5'7", 139 lber., from Tulsa, Oklahoma. (#41).

Right-Guard

Bob Palladino is 5'6", weighs 146 lbs. Born in Long Island, New York. (#60).

Jim Smith is 6', weighs 175 lbs. Born here in Miami, Fla. (#62).

Bill Palow is 5'9", weighs 145 lbs. Was born in North Miami, Florida. (#63).

Doyle Peterson is 5'9", weighs 168 lbs., and comes from Douglas, Ga. (#68).

Right-Tackle

Bob Johnson is 5'11", weighs 178 and hails from Manchester, Conn. (Co-Captain). (#75).

He Didn't Know So He Said No

A fly buzzed lazily overhead; the study hall was quiet. Over in the corner, a blond added to her already apparent beauty. The football hero slept peacefully and dreamed pleasant dreams, of soaring through the goalposts to the tunes of the crowd's cheers, and the smuggler calmly passed a note to the girl sitting in front of him.

The teacher, dark eyed and sinister looking, passed between the aisles, piercing each student with his feared gaze. Suddenly he stopped and stared. He gasped, exhaled and spoke!

"Young man", he said, "such trash is NOT to be read in THIS school!" So the young man, the slightly irate young man, calmly

substitutes something more suitable. But as the teacher continued his trek around the study hall, he cast a rueful look at the so-called "trash", the "trash was the script from the class play—"Through the Keyhole."

Mrs. Jane McShane Has Rhyming Name

By Beverly Jernigan

Because she thought that having a firm background in business subjects would give her assured support in case she had to drop out



of school, Mrs. Jane McShane, was routed into the study of business and clerical subjects. Now she is head of the Hialeah High School Business Education Department.

Mrs. Jane McShane, the woman with the rhyming name, was born in Newark, New Jersey, although she spent most of her life in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Assisted by a scholarship, she worked her way through Carnegie Institute of Technology, and received a B.S. degree. She earned her Master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh.

In the category of hobbies, she would win the \$64,000 question, as she spends her extra time in the pursuit of many widely varied activities. She says that her most time-consuming interest is house-keeping, while her most relaxing is sewing.

Strange though it may seem, she, after having played for several years, decided that her abilities as a pianist could be better developed and improved upon, and therefore she again continued her piano lessons.

A very widely-traveled person, she has traveled from coast to coast in the United States and has visited Europe. Her ambition is to one day visit South America. She has been in Florida for six years, five of which have been spent at Hialeah. Even though she has visited many other schools, she feels that H.H.S. is an exceptionally good school and in her opinion we rate high in the minds of the other schools in Dade, county, as well as other places.

Must-Watch List Includes Western

The T.V. programs of today all have their national ratings from the polls taken among people all over the country. So Hialeah has now gotten into the act and taken a poll of the programs most enjoyed by the students of H.H.S.

Here is a list of the shows that, according to the students asked, are on their MUST WATCH list. How does your choices compare with these?

Of course, in the first place must come one of the westerns. What else but this, as the rage sweeps the country, WAGON TRAIN is found to be watched by most. In a close second we find the program featuring the family of the present singing star, Rick Nelson, in the program OZZIE and HARRIET. (A more appropriate title, according to one boy, would be RICKY and DAVID).

Up in the still honored third place rides DICK CLARK, not on a horse but on a turntable as he presents daily and on Saturdays the favorite singing stars. GUNSMOKE comes from behind.

In fifth place is STEVE ALLEN, liked so much for the "man in the street" routine. And along with him on the same network is Dear PERRY.

Just a little behind is Ellery Queen, and then one of the top horror shows, THE DUNGEON, starring that ill-fated man of many fiendish plots, Mr. Graves.

And in the last place, riding Diablo, comes our over-lovin' ZORRO as he carves his way across the T.V. screen.

No Bedside Story

It's Just A Crazy Mixed Up Fairy Tale

By Pat Curtis

Startled out of my tranquil, midnight walk, I looked up to behold a decrepit red jalopy, circle 1912, come to a grinding, wheezing halt above Callahan's Meat Market. It seemed to waiver in mid-air for a moment, then, with a shudder, collapsed on the roof.

With its last groan emitted, an odd entourage of people clamored out. In the lead, a bow-legged man clad in green, skipped merrily along, followed by a lovely lady resembling a Venus, gowned in someone's night clothes, and a night in shining armor.

Fully expecting a pink elephant next, I decided to cut-out, but fast! In the process of clearing a ten-foot fence, I was brought to a stop in mid-air, and a small voice queried, "Hey, you hopped-up pole vaulter, how's about a direct to that plane of higher education, Hialeah High?"

Believe me, if you've ever been in suspended animation over a ten

foot fence, you don't stop to ask why! Half jibbering, I pointed a numb finger in the right direction and blissfully blacked-out. (Believe me, when a pink elephant asks directions, it's too much for any normal person to take).

Upon arising next a.m., safe and sound in my own little bed, I chalked it up to too much pizza and chocolate ice-cream plus a vivid imagination.

Much to my surprise, therefore, came the confusion awaiting me later at school.

The first thing I noticed was the school seal; it looked the same, but it didn't sound the same; in fact, it shouldn't have sounded at all, but it did — whenever someone stepped on it, it cried, "Ouch!"

Then Mr. Barringer came running into view followed by about 10,000 frogs. "I wished for more frogs, but this is just too many frogs for any class!" Next came Mr. Weller, followed by a small

For One Night All That I Saw Was My Castle

All eyes were pointed toward the stage. Out in the darkness of the great auditorium were many people, all here for one thing — to see ME!

"Tonight I'll be the center of attention," I thought, as I awaited my cue. "Tonight they've come to see me, and I mustn't let them down."

The open curtains revealed the rows of colored light, a bit of scenery scattered over the stage; the Eyes saw a tree here, a forest there, a mountain, and on its peak, a castle.

"Tonight that is MY castle," I thought. "I shall stand up in front of those Eyes and tell them, This is MY castle and MY forest, and MY trees. Tonight they are mine to do what I wish."

The lights dimmed, casting blue shadows over a dark, quiet stage. Those Eyes traveled over a black mountain and focused on a balcony on the tower of the castle. There they stopped on the lone figure, the spotlight bathing her in a halo of light, the Eyes on her as she spoke to the shadows

"The listen to me," I thought. "They see only me, for tonight I shall be the queen of this castle. No one else but I can speak to these shadows for even THEY are mine, tonight."

The voice went on. Sometimes it laughed; sometimes it cried. Sometimes a murmur so faint it could hardly be heard. On and on, and the Eyes watched and stared and WATCHED and STARED!

Then it was over . . . and I was no longer the queen of my castle, the captor of those relentless Eyes.

I looked around. The colored lights, the black darkness, the hundreds of eyes, they weren't there anymore. There was only the emptiness of a deserted dramatics class, with its empty rows of desks.

There was my mountain, a chair in the corner of the room. There was my castle, an empty box standing on the chair. It was from this empty box that I'd just given the greatest performance of my life!

Judy DeLay Is A Gal in Orbit

"Five foot-two, eyes of blue . . ."; so goes the song and so goes Judy DeLay, one of Hialeah's unpredictable seniors.



A pace setter for the new and unusual in clothes, this Georgia rebel was one of the first to wear a chemise, the "headache" band and even sported red legs for the Hialeah-Edison game. As one boy put it, "That girl's got courage!"

Whether it's courage, spirit or enthusiasm, this gal's bubbling over with these qualities. A member of Honoria, a recent Tri-M. pledge, and one of the Student Council's busiest, Judy still finds time for swimming, dancing, and a "certain fullback for the University of Miami Hurricanes."

Judy's crystal ball of the future holds a college education and a career in teaching, thus following in both her parent's footsteps. Louisiana State University is her choice for college, and it's possible that Thoroughbreds of tomorrow will find classes with a Miss Delay on their schedules.

Serious for a moment, she explained her reasons for choosing such a profession.

"People have always interested me, especially the younger generation. I hope that when I am older, I'll still be able to understand teenagers as they would like to be understood."

Then with a quick smile, Judy told of her record collection, and its latest addition—you guessed it—progressive jazz! As this "Chemiser" would say, "Man, I'm in orbit!"

Television's Arch Rival Is Radio

If there were a magic word that would open up the door to the teenage world, it would more than likely be the word that is the password for today's students, a complicated mechanical construction which has come to have a lot of meaning to the average teenager, the RADIO.

If a poll were officially taken among the Hialeah students of how many hours a student listens in a week, the amount on the average would be a tremendous sum, if what Hialeah students do could be considered a good indication.

The once ardent rival of the radio, the television, has lost many of its viewers among the bobby socks set in the face of the current fad. It's no longer "Did you see that T.V. program last night?" It instead is, "Did you hear those new songs played on the radio last night?" Apparently the more modern invention has lost out to the older mechanism.

There seems to be a psychological effect on themselves, according to many of Hialeah students, that helps them to think, to do homework or many of the more menial tasks that accompany a teenager in his daily tasks.

Listening to the radio while doing homework seems particularly "the thing" and many students can be found listening to popular songs while deep in the study for an American history test, or some other not less difficult course.

They say that "music soothes the savage beast." But is there anything in that which says, "Music soothes today's teenagers?"

gavel, who was yelling, "I'll get even with you for hitting me so hard!"

There was no end to the nonsense. People butting lines were suddenly halted by unforeseen forces; T.V. sets went on the blink for both periods; typewriters flew faster than fingers could type; the pep rally was interrupted by a race horse carrying a slightly dazed jockey.

Much to our dismay, school was dismissed at 9:00—all the teachers had suddenly lost their voices!

As I walked home past Callahan's I saw a crowd gathered, their attention focused on the remains of an old jalopy that was perched on the roof.

I was about to commit the folly of retelling my strange adventures, when an unmistakable, seductive voice said, "Don't be a square, man, live it up!"

Believe me, when a gal like Venus says to live it up, why man, you live it up!