



## The Correct Way

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TO REMEMBER WHEN LEARNING TO BE GRACEFUL?

Ans. Several factors are facial expressions, poise, tone of voice, manner of sitting, and walking with proper-lengthed steps. Also important is the well-groomed appearance.

## Juniors, Seniors Study Moby Dick, Classics

Plans for the six-week study period of literature have been made by the teachers of the sophomore, junior, and senior classes.

"The sophomore literature class is making a study of poetry, rhythm, rhyme scheme, types of poetry, and figures of speech", says Miss Wilma Johnson, teacher. "Besides having to do memory work and scan poetry, each student has been assigned a special poem or life story of a poet to read and study from an outline on the 'Appreciation of Poetry'."

### MOBY DICK

Mrs. Howard Farmer, teacher, states that the junior class is studying "Moby Dick". Each student is to map the course of the "Pequod" in its search for Moby Dick, and important events of the trip will be illustrated. Special emphasis will be given to why Moby Dick is considered one of the best novels of modern literature.

By each student's reading and discussing three classics on class, the senior class will make a study of classics. As a result of this class work, the class will become familiar with 20 to 25 outstanding classics. Plot, characters, and why the books are classics will be featured in the discussions.

never tell ghost stories,  
before going to bed.

Evelyn Poole

## Rendezvous With A Ghost

Carol heard the downstairs' clock strike twelve----TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT! No sleep had caressed her eyelids tonight. Yes, sir, she was as wide awake now as she had been three hours ago when she and a group of friends met and told ghost stories.

"Oh-o-h-u-m" sighed Carol. "The wind makes the old pine moan and groan as if it is an owl that I hear. (Pause). Or maybe--No! I won't think of that! I know as well as I'm in this nice warm bed that there are no ghosts. Why, the gang would laugh at me if they knew my thoughts." With that she turned over and tried to sleep.

But her efforts were to no avail. The fury of the wind beating the submissive trees frightened her and made cold chills run up and down her spine. The owl hooting at her window seemed as a harbinger warning her of some dreadful misfortune which was to befall her.

"I know what is the matter with me", Carol exclaimed, jumping upright in bed. "It is that I'm cold. That's the reason

I can't sleep. I'll put the window down.

After slipping into her warm housecoat, Carol advanced toward the window. But before reaching her destination, she was confronted with a strange figure in a long white robe, speckled with blood. The intensified whiteness of its face pierced the darkness of the room, and the silver horns on its head shone with a ghostly light.

Unable to speak, Carol moved slowly toward this object; and, to her astonishment it advanced toward her! Finally finding her voice, she let out a blood-curdling yell----  
"M-O-T-H-E-R!"

In a few minutes the room was illumined, and her mother was by her side. In place of the ghost, Carol saw her own reflection in the mirror before her. The ghostly white face of the supposed ghost was the beauty mask she had put on earlier; the long blood-sprinkled robe, her own red polka dotted housecoat; the horns, her curlers.

The moral of this little story is, my friends,