

upon the hapless Old Ruthie. But she was true to form. Without blinking an eye, she inclined her head, listened for whatever it was she seemed to hear, and went on, completely undisturbed about the whole situation, if indeed she even knew it existed.

For all her peculiarities, Miss Bell did have two very important characteristics of a good teacher: an interest in her subject and an interest in her pupils. Biology was her first love, and she showed it in many ways. For several Saturdays each month she would trudge through bogs and over streams with her most interested students as part of a little club called the Swamp Stompers. Tirelessly, she explained each leaf and rock they discovered and tried to give each of them a glimpse of that rich and colorful world of natural science that she herself had found so exciting. In the classroom she always found time to help a bewildered student who was having trouble with his dissection project or who just could not seem to locate a particularly elusive amoeba under his microscope. Her patience was boundless, and she seldom became angry with a student unless he refused to follow directions or was consistently lazy.

Although her personality was not the kind to inspire students to toil ceaselessly at their biology, Miss Bell did manage somehow to drill quite a lot of it into most of her pupils, before each year was up. But, oddly enough, after a few years it is not so much the knowledge that remains as the memory of Old Ruthie—contemplating the ceiling, tromping through swamps, adjusting a microscope. When she leaves Norwalk High School, it can never be the same, for with her will go a forty-year tradition that will never return.

“People do not like night. . .”

Glory-June Greiff

People do not like night to come in—
 They shudder and shrink inside their clothes
 and refuse to grasp its icy hand.
 Its frosty black fingers beckon to me,
 carressing my raven soul.
 Ebony and gold the night snickers at the Frigid-hearts.
 I smile.
 I know the joke.