

Again The Bell

Bells are disrupting devices. I wish that some super-genius could invent an educational system that would operate without them. This is what happens:

We are in our English class (a delightful and refreshing period of study); the teacher has finally completed his introductory remarks and is reading Coleridge's **Rime of the Ancient Mariner**. We are hypnotized by the Mariner's eye as he tells us his tale. We have reached that portion of narrative:

And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there
two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

when the bell is sounded, shattering our mood of enchantment.

We walk, run, stumble to our next class, which is trigonometry. We are jerked out of our world of the supernatural and plunged into a world of facts and figures. The

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To a Friend

I searched your heart,
And there I found
Truth, deep-rooted and profound.
It gave me help and hope
And buoyed up my sinking soul,
And made me know
That I had found, through you,
God's greatest gift—a friend.
—Mary Kathryn Seagle.

instructor patiently explains over and over again the perplexing problems we have failed to find a solution for. Ah, the solution is

beginning to come from that maze of figures—alas, only to be lost again; the bell is ringing.

Reluctantly, we gather our books, and with a wistful, boardward glance we leave the room and hurry on to our next class, sociology. Here we discuss pertinent facts concerning the gigantic issues of life. We are on the verge of grasping a profound truth when—the bell rudely interrupts our ratiocination.

Next we carry our bell-befuddled brains to our creative writing class. Being in such a disturbed condition, mentally, we cannot create; therefore, we think only of the folly of governing our education by bells.

"Surely," you say, "such a system must have its advantages?" Yes, that is what we shall discuss now. One great advantage—

Scattered dandelion seeds!
There goes that bell again!

Just One More

Of late, the desire, the unrelenting desire, seems to have a stronger hold upon me. Time after time I determine never to taste it again. Yet, my senses will not let me rest. The aroma fills my head. I then have the sensation of a tingling, burning fluid going down my throat. I long to retain this sense of well being, but it escapes as swiftly as it came leaving me shaken and with a want more demanding than before.

My friends nod at one another when they see me. I sense the knowledge in their eyes of my weakness. A few are more understanding; they give me gifts of oranges, apples, and carrots. They look forward to my reforming. My roommate discourages me. She often hides my bottles in places where I cannot find them. Her eyes follow my movements around

our room. When I am gone, she peers under the bed, behind the radiator, or into my boots hoping to destroy the bottles she finds.

Often at night when everything is quiet the gnawing craving returns. I wait until my roommate is asleep; then I slowly sit up in bed. My feet slide to the floor and seek for my bedroom slippers. My head pounds as I move with swift steps toward the door. A shrilling ring fills the room. I have kicked over the alarm clock. My roommate jumps up in bed. "What's wrong?" she asks. Sheepishly I crawl back under the covers mumbling about my having a nightmare.

Between classes I have my hardest struggle. Alone in the room I open my books to study. My eyes glide down the pages, but I do not understand what I am reading. I begin to trace through my mind where I have last concealed that

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bottle. Desperately I search around the room, under the bed, in the closet, behind the curtains. Defeated I sit on the bed and try to think. My hands are moist with cold perspiration. Now I remember! In the clothes bag I look. At last, alone, with the bottle in my hands! But no, guilt creeps slowly upon me. I reason with myself that one more will not hurt me. My determination to reform prevails. Triumphant I place the Coca-Cola back in its hiding place. It is a comfort to know that I have one near, available for the time when I simply cannot get along another second without it.

The trial of the ages for man:
To keep his head in the clouds
and his feet on the ground.
—Betty Sanders.

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