

Mem S HILL

(from p. 10)

almost empty, and
 cause us to reason
 ion God on high the first college
 before the season back to Mars Hill,
 e in the sky. to say, "The col-
 g things of His beginning to come
 best for everyon
 our eyes are dill, Christianity is
 ork on earth is to be laughed at.
 arthly pain and ced upon Christian
 has called his ch attendance. The
 lass up there. urches are friendly
 er be the same. eryone who attends
 se the very best
 assed the test.

OPHAR

er walk outside, I
 ance around me to
 iful scenery which
 He stopped. Hill. In spring,
 Truly, but I dis only get their vivid
 till this afterno only get their vivid
 Navy base all which stay through-
 did hear I was t. In fall, the trees
 a plane, could their red, yellow,
 telegraph." wn leaves. When
 She stared, at the trees, houses,
 you heard? W walks are covered
 train?" gnuing white snow.

Key

The key of love
 I give to thee,
 The key that
 The heart of
 Take the key
 Keep it near;
 Wear it close
 Your heart,
 Guard it with
 Your love and
 So that we
 Will never part
 The key of love
 I give to thee,
 The key that
 The heart of

PAULINE

Desperate Moment

My flight instructor looked at the snow white clouds on the horizon and then looked at me. "Dick," he said, "Be careful and remember to have plenty of air speed before making a turn, even if it means diving for the ground." After this advice I climbed aboard the small plane.

I looked at the sleepy attendant through the plexiglass windshield and yelled, "Brakes on, stick back, throttle closed, and switch off." At this command the attendant began to spin the propellor to clear the engine of vapor lock.

Finally the attendant yelled "Contact." I immediately pushed my throttle forward a little and flipped my switch to "on" position. The engine coughed, sputtered and roared to life. The little plane now took on a new characteristic. No longer was it a piece of dead machinery. Now the whole plane vibrated with life and seemed anxious to be airborne.

I released my brakes, kicked my left rudder a little, and began to roll forward, slowly gathering speed. The long grass runway lay ahead of me, and beyond, the beckoning sky. Now the field seemed to zip past and one look at my air speed indicator told me I was ready to fly. Slowly I pulled back on the stick. At first there seemed to be little response, but slowly the landscape began to fall away beneath me. I began to climb steadily to the south. Three hundred feet, four hundred feet, and still I climbed.

Suddenly I smelled smoke. What could be wrong? A quick glance told me that my oil pressure was dropping. The tiny needle dropped steadily, 90, 80, 70; and still it dropped. I looked behind, and sure enough, a tell-

RICHARD ERGENBRIGHT



tale stream of black, oily smoke. Wow! What a time to be on fire. At five hundred feet I could not do much. Should I attempt a crash landing or try to make it back to the field? I cut my power and dove for the ground in an attempt to build up my air speed for a turn.

Slowly my air speed rose, and just in time, for there was not much between me and the earth. I made a one-hundred-eighty degree turn back to the field and with a prayer touched ground. By the time my plane rolled to a stop, the attendants were extinguishing the fire.

A Touch

I touched the petal of a rose
 And touched the heart of God.
 I felt the rain upon my face,
 And knelt to kiss the sod.

I walked today beneath the sun
 And watched the clouds roll by.
 I saw the smile of God on me,
 And bowed my head to cry.

I cried to see the smile of God,
 And feel him touch my heart.
 I placed my hand in His great hand
 To push my tears apart.

PAULINE GIBSON

HILLTOP—PAGE FIFTEEN

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