

Students Remember

How Far Is

One Thousand?

To you one thousand feet may seem a very short distance, maybe to the corner drugstore or soda fountain; to someone else it may be a little farther. To someone trying to cross a river without a boat it may seem like miles and to others, still farther. One night in November 1948, it seemed as if it were a thousand miles to three men who were all wishing that they could just get over the thousand feet of space. This night had started the same as many others had for the past six months. At twelve o'clock they went to the ramp and picked up their plane which had just returned from a flight to Berlin. After loading ten tons of coal and pulling all the necessary ground checks, they lumbered into the air and sat down to the tiring job of another of three hour flight to Berlin. Upon arriving there, they unloaded the coal and started back to their home base, Frassberg. In front of them was another ship from the same squadron as they. As they left the ground the ship ahead called back and told them that they would keep the coffee warm at Frassberg.

About half way back the ground suddenly spouted a white blanket. One minute everything was clear as a crystal; the next not a thing could be seen. The fog had done this before, so no one worried about it; besides there was a Ground Control Approach system set up at Frassberg for just such nights as this. Arriving over the field, the men had to sit tight and wait their turn to be brought in on Ground Control Approach. Finally there was only one plane ahead of them, and it was the one with their friends in it. Everything seemed to be going along fine. They could hear the Ground Control Approach man talking the next plane in. The plane was to the right of the runway, and he was telling them to start a left turn to correct it. At that instant, directly below, the earth seemed to erupt into a solid sheet of flame. It looked as if someone had set off all the fireworks in the world at once. No one said anything for what seemed ages; then someone said "My God, they have crashed," and it seemed as if the whole world came down on their shoulders all at once. What could they do? Between their friends and them there was a thousand feet of space. Then everyone got the same idea at once—call the field and get the fire trucks and a doctor out there. After this was done no one said a word; the men just looked at their watches and down at the burning plane. In exactly

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The Oak Tree

Chop, chop, chop! The axe slashes in to the tree; the chips fly. The colored man is clearing the lot next door of trees and brush because some people are going to build a house there. At this moment he is chopping down the oak tree in the center of the lot. It seems a shame to destroy this fine specimen of nature. From the deepest root to the highest branch, this tree is a perfect gift to man from God.

I like to think of this tree as being a little different from others. The roots are the same—going deep into the ground and securing the necessary nourishment, keeping the tree sturdy and erect. The limbs and branches are the same—reaching high into the sky like the tower of Babel. The massive trunk is the same—except for the crude boards nailed to its side. But this homemade ladder didn't simply lead to some boards nailed on the limbs. It led to adventure. Up there boys were pirates in the crow's nest, Daniel Boone on the lookout for Indians, Tarzan in his tree home. The tree is familiar with overactive boys climbing and playing in its limbs, which reach out like grotesque arms. The scars inflicted don't mar the beauty in the least; they add character to the old oak.

Up high in the forks is a squirrel's nest. The squirrels scamper and play, chattering as they jump from limb to limb. The squirrels seem carefree; they don't realize the impending danger to their home.

The branches spread out into the sky, looking down contemptuously at the antics of mankind and up reverently towards the heavens. The leaves glisten in the sun for the last time.

It is all over now; the tree is beginning to fall. Never again will boys play in this tree. Never again will squirrels scamper from limb to limb. No more birds will sing from its branches. The tree will not be completely forgotten, however. I shall never forget it, and I know other boys, along with me, will never forget that old oak tree.

—Jerry B. Holloday

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At The Bat

Around Independence Park these days can be heard the sound of wood being rather gently applied to horsehide. The term "gently" is used because in the only two games to date, the members of the Charlotte College baseball team have as yet, collectively and individually, to garner a single extra-base hit. The only hits by the team this season so far have been singles, and these haven't been over abundant. As the season is still young, however, it is hoped that the previously proven hitters on the squad will soon find their batting eye.

At the beginning of the season, Pitching was the chief cause of concern. That problem has in some measure been solved by the capable right arm of Bob Isaacs. Bob played with Burton's Institute last season, but he is losing no time in establishing the truth as to where his true sentiments lie. As further proof of this fact, he pitched CC to a 5-5 tie with his former teammates from Burton's on Thursday, April 13. It should also be noted that all five (5) runs scored off him were unearned.

Thus it has been found that other positions than pitching are weak defensively. The loss of Isaacs to the outfield has considerably weakened the structure of that unit and caused a general reshuffling of players in the outer garden. Four players are currently battling for the three positions. Of these, Jim Kilgo is the only one who appears certain of a starting assignment. The others are Bud Walker, Harold Parker, and Hugh Parker. Catching, a position which is weak primarily because the boys cannot practice as often as they should, has two candidates, Paul Putnam and Lee Burke.

The infield appears set already, with veteran performers back at every position except second base, where Walter Ross is now holding forth after an unsuccessful try on the mound. David Cash at third base, Ray Kisiah at shortstop, and Aaron Brown at first base are the returning regulars; and they should provide the sadly-needed hitting power of the ball club. Jack Nesbit is the utility infielder.

At a recent meeting of the team, Ray Kisiah was re-elected captain of the squad; and Glenn Baughman was named as the Manager.

Improvement is being shown with each game, so turn out and take a look at your team. Then form your own opinion. The next two home games will be played on April 20th and 24th at Independence Park at 3:00 p.m. The first against Burton's Institute and the latter against Gardner-Webb Junior College.

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MASQUERADE

By Martin Setter

The great hotel ballroom resembled a Mardi Gras. It was the scene of the last dance of the graduating class of State University. The masked dancers in their bizarre costumes were a riot of color and pageantry. An internationally famous orchestra was playing sweet, soft music.

On the darkened terrace leading from the ballroom, a tall lone figure stood smoking, looking out over the parapet at the conglomeration of lights that was New York's skyline after dark.

Jack Coburn was unhappy. Apparently he had everything that a man graduating from college should have. Over six feet, his body in its height and breadth and width denoted many seasons of training tables in that elusive pursuit of glory termed football. He'd been a great football player at State. His grades had been excellent and he had a swell future in a law office in California. But he was far from happy.

Now, he was dressed in a strange costume. He looked a throwback to the days of the Spanish Inquisition. From his plumed hat to his Cordovan boots with the hugh spurs, he was the picture of a Spanish Grandee. His rugged, yet sensitive face for some reason was not marred by the black mustache and goatee he had taken some pains to have just right. From his white silk shirt showing under the velvet jacket to the long sword at his left side, he seemed a true gentleman of old Spain.

He threw his fifth or sixth cigarette down and, after adjusting his mask, turned and looked through the French doors into the dance. His eyes flicked back and forth and finally settled on one girl—a girl whom he had been following with his eyes most of the evening, a girl with whom he had never danced, a girl who was to him, the girl, Mary Williams, who had been crowned that evening as "Miss State College." She was the only girl he would ever want to marry.

"Tonight," Jack thought, "I'll make up for many things. She won't know me because even my teachers didn't recognize me in this outfit, and none of them know that I speak Spanish. I just wish with all my heart that things had been different years ago. I would give my interest in Heaven to have ever been able to talk to her as easily as I talk to all the other girls who've wanted me to date them, or go steady with them. I guess I just never had a chance." With that thought he stepped forward from the terrace door and intercepted a tiny girl who seemed to be walking toward the buffet. She was Miss Mary Williams. Her beauty was not only evident in her 'Madame Pompadour' costume, but she carried it with the grace of a true queen.

Her roguish eyes seemed huge in her small, oval-shaped face. He looked at her and for the first time in eight years noticed that there was no hesitancy or nervousness, as he said in perfect Castilian Spanish.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" The tiny beauty smiled dazzlingly.

"I don't understand you, Sir." Without saying more he gathered her in his arms and they glided off to the music of the waltz. After a moment he leaned over and began speaking softly in her ear, still in Spanish:

"Mary, my dear, this is the first and last time I will ever have you in my arms, and I have longed for this so many years." She looked up at him, questioning, but he continued:

"I know you cannot under-

stand, my sweet, but I have loved you so much and so hopelessly since our high school days and never had heart to ask you for a date, my loveliest of the fair, my jewel among women. You don't know me now, and I can't tell you all those things I have kept within me so long.

"Your lips are nectar, and when you smile you shed a radiance beyond compare. My dear, to kiss your lips would be an ecstasy only the gods could understand. No rose exists to equal the beauty of your fair cheeks and those veils, termed lashes, that cover your eyes, hide two pools of enchantment I could spend a lifetime, gazing into."

Mary cut in with: "Whatever you are saying, it sounds nice."

"I have worshipped you, my Mary, since I moved next door to you long ago. When you were blocks away I have stood at my window watching, and I have said, 'There is that dear form hurrying toward you, coward Jack. Why don't you talk to her?' —But no, never did I have the courage."

The soft music changed abruptly, then, into "Goodnight, Sweetheart," and the tall Spaniard began talking faster:

"Goodnight, sweetheart, I will probably never see you again. I am going to live in Los Angeles after graduation, but remember that this heart is yours, carry it always with you—so, goodnight sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart and goodbye."

The music stopped and the lights came on.

Mary reached up and removed his mask and her own. She looked at him tenderly and with the tears spilling down her cheeks and sobbing as though her heart would break, murmured:

"Jack, Oh why didn't you let me know? I have loved you since I first saw you move in next door, from my window. I have prayed for this moment so long. My eyes followed just you when you played football. Do you remember when you were injured playing that time, and I went next door and handed you some flowers—when all the time I ached to put my arms around you and kiss away the pain? Oh, my darling, my heart knew you at sight tonight and, my sweet, if you had ever asked me out, you would probably have learned that I majored in Spanish just because I once heard that you learned it as a child and could speak it fluently."

Jack Coburn stood there for a moment, looking at her unbelievably. Then he leaned down and kissed her, and hand in hand, they walked out of the ballroom.

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