

## COOL SPRINGS BUBBLES

(By Writers Club of C. S. H. S.)

### Chance of Name

With this issue of the paper the Writer's Club has changed the name of our News section to "Cool Springs Bubbles," in keeping with the name selected some weeks ago in a contest.

Let me explain why the name "Cool Springs Bubbles." The name Cool Springs is a joke on our school, because there are no springs here any more than there are Boiling Springs at our "red-hot opposites." There must be a spring somewhere, so I decided it must be the spring of school life, with the students as "tadpoles." Over the regular curriculum there float some news bubbles; bubbles of mirth, etc. Along comes one of the sophisticated-looking "tad-poles," known as a member of the Writers' Club, who gathers in these bubbles for publication. Hence the name "Cool Springs Bubbles." Hereafter, we shall extend our writing over phases of writing other than mere happenings; we shall include materials created by our own genius; the substances of lengthy discussions; corrected and revised amateurs at the real stuff. Please send all criticisms to the Writers Club.

### Dr. Gillespie Talks in Chapel

The boys and girls of Cool Springs High school were entertained last Wednesday afternoon, February 22, by a talk by Dr. Gillespie. He talked of our influence. All of us were greatly impressed and hope we will be fortunate enough to hear him again.

### Miss Wilder's Return

Chapel held a new interest for the student body last Wednesday as the song was announced in a familiar

(tho' long-absent) voice. It was Miss Wilder, back from her long sojourn in a white bed, and you knew we were glad to have her back. I can't count the number of times I've heard students say: "My, I never knew how much I really did like Miss Wilder, until she left!" But she's back again and back to stay—we hope, for all of us have missed her.

### "Once to Every Man"

One of my teeth is growling—it is painful—I decide I can get along without it—I go to the Dentist's office—My courage fails as the nurse greets me—I ask to see the dentist—He hasn't come yet, I am informed—I make an appointment for 3 p. m.

I go to school. I am sullen and fidgety. Classmates slap me on the back, I growl at them. They inquire of me why I am unusually quiet. I retort, "I do not choose to talk." I draw back into my shell and remain during the morning classes. I am still in agony.

Dinner and to home. I make an attempt to eat. I fail miserably.

To town. I decide the logical thing to do is stay out of school. This I do.

The town clock strikes once. It is 1 o'clock, or thereabouts. I walk the streets.

I build air castles in the air in an effort to forget the inevitable. The castles tumble in the dust.

Time flies—the town clock strikes—it's 2 o'clock, or the clock lies. I'm in greater agony. I cease my walking and turn to a victrola for consolation. The music does not ease the awful pain. I am resigned to my fate.

At ten minutes of three. I start my march to my doom. I am a Martyr to a lost cause. Halfway I

think how great men would face the ordeal. My hopes rise, a decision that if Lincoln could stand it, so could I.

I arrive. The dentist is busy. I sit down. Reach over to a table; take a magazine; look through it about six times; place it back on the table; and pick up another; the grind of the dentist's drill reaches my ears. I feel faint. It is uncomfortably hot. I move to a window.

Now its my turn. I walk slowly through the door, as a murderer would to the death chamber. I seat myself in the chair.

There's a silver lining in every cloud. I realize that I will have one tooth less to wash. I am ready.

The dentist lays his tools on a stand before me. I am shaking like a leaf. I don't know why.

He takes an instrument that favors a pump—only smaller. He calls it a needle. A dose of cocaine is shot into my gums. It stings. In a moment my gums are numb. The dentist takes his pliers, opens my mouth. I almost pass out. He tugs at the tooth. It is out! It is over. I am still alive.

### A Protest

Time was, when we possessed a desire to see someone in another part of the building, permission was received by continually asking the teacher until, being worried by our nagging, she finally consented. We would, at her "yes" go where we wished, unmolested. But now 'tis not so. Here is a reproduction of the oft enacted process, by which we are enabled to escape the study hall:

Tom: May I go see Mary?

Teacher: Where is she?

Tom: In Miss B's room.

Teacher: Why do you want to see her?

Tom: Er—er—I just want—er—He blushed at thoughts of his intention of making a date with her—George Washington's spotless life has just been expanded to him and he cannot tell a lie.

Teacher: No—Get to studying.

Tom gets a book and works for about fifteen minutes.

An idea comes to him and again he tries his luck.

Tom: May I go get a History book in Mr. C's room?

Teacher: Is he having class?

Tom: No.

Teacher: Here's your permit (a paper with his mission thereon.) Tom makes a wide detour by Miss B's room; makes his date (if Miss B allows May to speak to him); and detours back again with a book snatched along the way.

Now I ask you how can we be modern George Washingtons, as long as this state of having to have excuses keeps up?

I protest!

Contributors to this issue: Merle Price, Ina Holland, Margaret Neal, Wallace Long.

The married women look so young in their short dresses now, that the turant officers will be coming around soon to see why they are not in school.

There might not be so many triangular love affairs if there were more square meals.

## MOORESBORO NEWS

Mooresboro, R-1, Feb. 27.—Rev. Washburn filled his regular appointment at High Shoals, Saturday and Sunday.

Quite a few from this community attended the singing convention at Concord, Sunday afternoon and everyone reported some splendid music.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Wall, had as their dinner guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wall, and attractive children, Charlie, Jr., and Paty Jane, of Gaffney.

Miss Mavis Dedmond, who is teaching at Uree, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dedmond.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Proctor, and daughter, Genoise, spent Thursday afternoon, in Shelby, shopping.

Miss Iris Robinson, of Shiloh, was the week-end guest of her parents. She was accompanied back to Shiloh Sunday afternoon by Mr. Columbus Dobbins, and Miss Pauline Steadmond, of Shelby.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hanes, and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Sid Wall, at Henrietta, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Plato Champion and daughter, Miss Effie, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Hamrick Wood, at Avondale.

Miss Belle Hawkins, who is teaching at Kings Mountain, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paris, and children, of Spartanburg, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Robinson Sunday.

There is a lot of sickness in this community including "flu," chicken

## TRAIN SCHEDULES

### Seaboard

No. 21, South Arr. 1:18 p. m.  
No. 109, South, Arr. 10:30 a. m.  
Mixed.)  
No. 22, North Arr. 4:21 p. m.

### Southern

No. 113, South, Arr. 6:20 a. m.  
No. 36, North, Arr. 10:09 a. m.  
No. 35, South, Arr. 5:35 p. m.  
No. 114, North, Arr. 8:56 p. m.

### Clinchfield

No. 37, North, Arr. 10:45 a. m.  
No. 38, South, Arr. 4:48 p. m.  
No. 110, North, Arr. 11:20 a. m.

Mrs. G. W. Chance, Mrs. Fannie Walters and two children, of Augusta, Ga., spent the week-end here with their sister, Mrs. L. B. Padgett, who has been quite ill for several weeks, but is now improving.

pox, and smallpox. We sincerely hope they will soon be well.

## "MONUMENTS"

To mark the resting place of your loved one.

L. T. GREENE  
Ellenboro, N. C.

## DR. W. L. STALLINGS

VETERINARIAN

Night Phone 178-W Day Phone 178-J  
Forest City, N. C.

Bandits reported to be getting some big hauls, but the best one will come when they are hauled in some city's patrol wagon to the nearest jail.

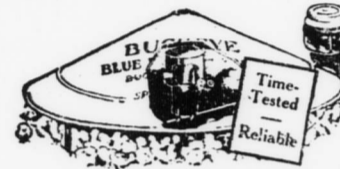
## Raise More Chicks from Every Flock

YOU can do it with Buckeye "Blue Flame" Oil-Burning Brooders. Come to our store and we'll show you how. And besides their amazing chick-saving ability, we'll show you how easy and economical they are to operate.

### No Oil-Leveling Mechanism

There is no "oil-leveling" mechanism to bother with or to give you trouble. Set it down anywhere—and light it. It stays lighted. It stays regulated. It is always safe and dependable. It cares for your chicks with the greatest efficiency.

But visit our store and let us tell you all about this wonderful oil-burning brooder.



Buckeye "blue-flame" brooders  
For Sale By  
COFFIELD FEED CO.  
Ellenboro, N. C.

# The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

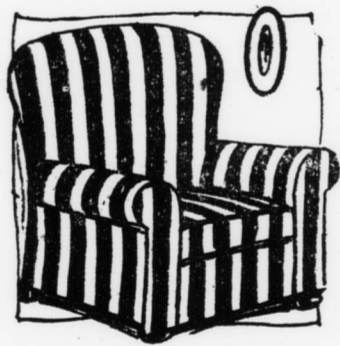


Balloon  
Dual  
Grip

## The Tread Two Years Ahead

General's Balloon Tread is the leader in the latest principle of balloon design. All the testing was finished a year ago and now it has had a solid year of actual by tens of thousands of car owners. No experimenting—it's not new but a tried and proved feature with General.

Forest City Motor Co.  
Forest City, N. C.



## Slip Covers At a Special Price!

Not only will slip-covers protect your furniture from the wear and tear of an open house—but they will add to the appearance of your home and make it cool and inviting on the warmest days.

We also make a specialty of making slip covers for automobiles. Doubles the life of upholstery. See us for particulars and prices.

Come in and see our attractive assortment of materials—and make your selection! We guarantee perfect measurements and prompt service.

## Marks Shoe Shop

Forest City, N. C.



## A Style Exhibit for Men

PRESENTING THE NEW SPRING STYLES  
NEW PATTERNS AND NEW COLORS IN

## Society Brand Clothes

Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10

Here's your opportunity to see Society Brand's entire line of distinctive suit models and woollens for Spring. Also your opportunity to be measured by a Society Brand expert from Chicago, for a suit to be strictly custom tailored to your individual order.

## Carroll & Byers Co.

Better Merchandise for Same Money.

Forest City, N. C.