

"BUB" and the FIREMEN

By Carl Churchill



BUB OVERDOES A GOOD THING

"Folks don't change much," observed Bub Skinner as he shambled into the engine room at the fire station and slumped his bony frame onto his favorite chair.

"What's rattling around in your head now?" inquired Assistant Fire Chief Bruce Camp.

"You ain't tryin' t' be funny, air you Mister Camp?" snapped the fire-house loafer.

"Nope," calmly replied the assistant chief, "I'm not.—I'm no comedian."

Mister Skinner looked at the officer for a long moment. He knew that the assistant chief was a man of few words; that these few words usually came straight from the shoulder and seldom, if ever, carried the least hint of jocosity.

"I were jest fixin' t' tell you fellers somethin' what happened t' me when I were a young feller, an' somethin' whut tuck place th' other day t' remind me o' it," said Mister Skinner.

"All right," snapped the assistant chief, "your mouth stays open all the time and you shouldn't experience much trouble, so go ahead and tell it!"

Mister Skinner stammered for a moment in confusion before he could get started.

"Th' other day I were in a store and whilst I stood there I lissened t' a young feller whut works in there argyin' with his boss. He were talkin' kinder uppity an' smart-like. Right then an' there I thot 'bout th' time I uster work fer ol' man Bummelstein, way back 'bout thutty-five years ago. It happened like this:"

Old man Bummelstein was a good-natured, enterprising merchant in a small town in Northampton County, North Carolina. He had in his employ one Bubbet Skinner who was somewhat of a small-town cut-up—a clown in a circus parade once called him the "town fool" much to young Skinner's amazement.

Young Skinner, better known as Bub, had been employed by the old merchant soon after Bummelstein opened his store following his arrival in this country from Germany. Young Bub had advanced through the years in a steady climb from lowly clean-up boy to the exalted position of "head clerk".

In making these steady climbs from one rung of the ladder of success to a higher one, young Skinner's salary had increased in keeping with his promotions. One is never satisfied, however, and young Mister Skinner was no exception to the rule.

Of course the high title of "head clerk" carried with it many responsibilities connected with the business as well as the usual social obligations of an executive in the Bummelstein establishment and, for that reason, as the years past, it was increasingly necessary for him to demand more and more pay. His requests for additional salary had been granted by his good-natured, easygoing employer until young Skinner was about the highest salaried young gentleman of the younger set.

One bright, sunny morning, Mister Skinner appeared at the store rather late. He had been looking to his social obligations of the night before and felt he was making quite a concession in showing up for work at all.

"Goot mornig, mine friendt Skinner," said his employer who had opened his place of business long before the rest of the town had rubbed its eyes and scowled at the alarm clock. "Vy shouldt you pe late dis fine mornig? Der headt clerg shouldt set der goot ogsample py peing der first von on der chob effer day—not der last von!"

Young Skinner had been thinking of demanding another raise. Business had been good enough to

justify such demand but he had held off because of the fact that his present salary was "tops" already when compared with that of other young men of his acquaintance.

And that young woman over at Garysburg was always wanting to go to this place and that place, and running hither and yon every night in the week and all day on Sundays ran up quite a bill at the livery stable. Now, he'd put the old man on the spot while he, Mister Skinner, was hot under the collar and in the right mood. He felt worse than Heck anyway.

"Early er late, Mister Bummelstein, I'm worth more money t' this here business than I'm gittin' out o' it," he snarled. "I want not less than ten dollars more on th' week!"

"Vy, Pub," said Mr. Bummelstein, "I dinks I bays you shouldt vell already yet; vot for poodyt I bay you more dis time?"

"Well," said young Skinner, expanding his chest importantly as he winked at another employee, "I'm your head clerk here. I knows th' details o' your bizness better'n you do yourself—s'matter o' fack I don't reckon you c'ud git 'long th'out me here in th' store!"

"Iss dot so-o-o-o?" said Mr. Bummelstein calmly. "Vy, Pub, vot in der world would I do suppose you vas to die?"

Young Skinner was stumped for a moment. He hadn't thought of an answer for that. And too, this was the first time the old man had ever put up much of an argument when confronted with his demands for more and more pay. He hardly knew what to say. His usually quick-functioning apparatus wasn't working so smoothly this morning, anyway—that was rotten stuff he'd drunk last night. So he stammered and stalled, and finally blurted:

"In—in sich a case, Mister Bummelstein, I reckon you'd jest have to git 'long th'out me!" and he rolled his eyes to see who had overheard.

"Dot's vot I peen dingkink," said the old merchant. "Vell, Pub," he said sadly, "I guess you petter gon-sider yourself deadt!"

"An' that's th' way she goes," said Mister Skinner as he grinned at Assistant Fire Chief Camp. "You c'n over-do anythin' like I did way back there in them good ol' days I jest told you 'bout. I lost th' best job I ever had by

Christian Science Society

930 Roanoke Ave.
Sunday service, 11 a.m.
Wednesday evening testimony meetings, 8 p.m.

Reading room open every Tuesday and Friday from 3 to 5 p.m.
You are cordially invited to attend our services and visit our reading room.

Subject Sunday: "Unreality".

"Reality" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches and Societies on Sunday, September 25, 1938.

The Golden Text was from Psalms 45:6. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre."

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." (Micah 4: 1, 2).

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science & Health with Key, to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy. "All reality is in God and His creation, harmonious and eternal. That which He creates is good, and He makes all that is made. Therefore the only reality of sin, sickness, or death is the awful fact that unrealities seem real to human, erring belief, until God strips off their disguise. They are not true, because they are not of God. We learn in Christian Science that all inharmony of mortal mind or body is illusion, possessing neither reality nor identity though seeming to be real and identical."

Mrs. Louis Dickens Funeral Is Sunday

Funeral services for Mrs. Louis Dickens, 79, who died Saturday night at her home near Aurelian Springs, were held Sunday afternoon at 3:30 from the residence with the Rev. Wade Johnson of Halifax. Burial was in the family burial ground.

Several children are surviving. Active pallbearers were Will Hux, Matt Hux, Bush Hux, Lester Hux, George Hux and Macon Hux.

knowin' more'n th' boss an' bein' fool enough t' keep remindin' him o' it."

Teachers Bridge Club

Wednesday evening Mrs. T. L. Martin, Mrs. Thelma Daughtry, Miss Mary Hix and Miss Jennie Walton were delightful hostesses to the Teachers Bridge Club at the home of Mrs. Martin. Flowers at various places throughout the house were both lovely and effective. A pair of hose was presented to Miss Betty Gates as winner of the high score prize. Mrs. Clayton Gurley was winner of the floating prize which was a vase. A salad course was served at ten thirty to the following players: Misses Ruth Dean, Martha Carson, Virginia and Betty Gates, Sara Cannon, Kathrine Reid, Thelma Garriss, Mary Cannon, Marjorie Cannon, Amanda Tillman, Mrs. Clayton Gurley and Mrs. John Marcus Smith. Miss Hazel Whitehurst and Miss Olive Gilbert were elected new members of the club.

Walton Brewer of Emporia, Va. spent Sunday in town.

The Teapot Club

The Teapot Club was delightfully entertained this week with Mrs. John Dunn and Mrs. Edwin Akers as hostesses. Two prizes were given, one to the club member holding high score and to the guest having highest score. Mrs. T. L. Martin won club prize and Mrs. Roderick Meikle won guest prize. A refreshment course of salad was served at five o'clock. Flowers in fall colors of yellow and purple were effectively used for decorations. Those enjoying this afternoon with Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Akers were: Mesdames T. L. Martin, W. H. Proctor, R. E. Kimball, Lyle Wilson, Fred Wilmer, Roderick Meikle, D. C. Clark, Clayton Gurley, J. M. C. Covington, J. C. Williams, J. M. Jackson, Howard Hancock, Dick Brown, Tom Cheek, M. S. Benton, and W. S. Batton.

Mrs. Thomas Carter of Littleton is a patient at the Roanoke Rapids Hospital.



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- SUNNYFIELD
- FLOUR Pancake or Buckwheat 3 Pkgs. 20c
- SYRUP Rajah Blended 2 12-oz. Bots. 25c
- KETCHUP Ann Page 2 14-oz. Bots. 25c
- PRUNES Nice Size 6 lbs. 25c
- COCOA IONA 2 lb. Can 15c
- WALDORF TISSUE 4 rolls 17c
- A&P FANCY
- APPLE SAUCE 2 No. 2 Cans 15c

- CABBAGE 10 lbs. 17c
- LETTUCE 2 heads 15c
- MELONS Honey Dew—Large 25c
- GRAPES Red Tokay—lb. 5c
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