

"BUB" and the FIREMEN

By Carl Churchill



KNOTS IN YOUR NECK

"Don't never go 'round stickin' your neck out," said Philosopher Bub Skinner as he entered the engine room at the fire station in a sort of cranksided fashion. "If you do somebody's liable t' tie a knot in it."

Mister Skinner found himself a seat. As he lowered his lanky frame onto the chair his face twisted itself into a mask of misery. When he had entered the fire station, the firemen had noted that his manner of locomotion resembled that of a crab that had lost, in one way or another known only to crabs, all its legs on one side. He had just sort of sidled in.

"Yeah, Maw got th' notion t' stick her neck out, an' her nose in somebody's bizness, so t' speak, an' as th' result got a knot tied in both o' 'em, therecketically speakin'." Mister Skinner massaged the small of his back, and went on.

"It seems like Maw jest has t' have them kinder fits in spells. Right after supper t'night, she made me up and go up town with her t' kinder winder-shop fer Christmas a bit, an' who shu'd we meet up with but ol' Mike Jimpson. As usual, Mike were purty good an' drunk.

"Maw didn't 'pear t' notice him bein' in sech a state fer quite a spell. I tried t' get her t' come 'long, but she were determined t' have a talk with Mister Jimpson.

"Now, ol' Mike thinks he's a smart politician, 'specially when he's full o' spirits. So th' first thing I knowed he were talkin' politics right off.

"Mizzes Skinner ain't nobody's fool when it comes t' 'lectioneerin', herself. She jest stood an' lissened t' Mike's ramblin' fer a while an' then she said:

"Mister Jimpson, how many have you got in your fam'ly?"

"They's five o' us all told," said Mike tryin' t' get funny. "They's me, th' wife, th' kid, th' cow an' th' cat."

"Maw kinder swelled a leetle. Fer a minit I thought it'd tuck her breath, so t' speak. 'So, they's five o' you!' she sayer sneerin'ly.

"Yes'm," sayer ol' Mike with a bleary leer, 'they's five o' us, why do you ast?"

"Maw didn't answer his question. She jest ast 'im another one. She had stood lissenin' t' Mister Jimpson blowin' 'bout how 'portant he were in th' political doin's o' th' community, so she jest fixed her mouth in th' way she always fixes it when she's gonna ast a hard one, an' sayer:

"An' whut's th' party affillyation o' your peculiar fam'ly, if I may be so rude as t' ast?" Maw said, an' I started tuggin' at her sleeve t' get her away from there. But Maw is Maw, as you fellers well know. She jest had t' stick 'round as well as stick her neck out. She jest wu'dden't budge.

"She's kinder mixed. Yes'm, th' politics in my conglomerated fam'ly is right muchly mixed, much t' my shame an' deggergation!" sayer ol' Mike with a foxy look on his face.

"Now, take me, fr' instance, I'm a Demmycrat, th' ol' woman's a Republican, th' kid's Wet, th' cow's Dry, an' th' bloomin' cat's one o' them there Fence-sitters! Yes'm, we're kinder representative 'round at our house—Whaaaa! Whaaaa!"

"I knowed it were gonna develop into somethin' like that," said Mister Skinner. "So I'd turned my haid away t' onside t' keep Maw from seein' me laffin'. Boy, were she hot! I th'ot fer a minit she were gonna take one o' her well-known swings at Mister Jimpson. She must o' th'ot better o' it, fer she didn't. She jest stood there glarin'."

"Then it seemed like she'd discovered fer th' first time that ol' Mike were drunk. I don't know how she'd kept from knowin' it all th' time fer he were smellin' t'

beat th' band.

"Don't try t' pull none o' your smart stuff on me, you good-fer-nothin' booze-guzzler!" Maw yowled at 'im, mad as a wet hen.

"Now that you're gettin' smart with me," sayer Mike kinder mad hisself, 'I jest wanter tell you that I don't wonder at ol' man Skinner hangin' out at th' fire station all th' time! You shore pulled some smart stuff on that pore cuss when you ketched him an' wangled him into th' notion o' gettin' married—Mizzes Skinner, I'm jest bound t' say it—you're 'bout th' homeliest woman I ever seen!"

"That were puttin' it on purty thick, but Maw had ast fer it," said Mister Skinner, "an' ol' Mike delivered—she shu'dden't oughter complain. But Maw come right back at 'im.

"An' you, you punkin'-nosed, booze-swillin' ol' windbag, air th' drunkest man I ever seen!" Maw yowled at 'im.

"Ol' Mike looked at her fer a minit before he sayer anythin'. He seemed t' be lookin' her over from haid t' feet. Finally, he sayer: 'Yes'm, maybe I am, but me,—well, I'LL BE OKAY T'MORROW! Whaaaa! Whaaaa!"

"Maw was fit t' be tied! I ain't never seen her stood up like that before. She were th' maddest person I ever seen. She grabbed me by th' arm an' drug me t' where we'd parked th' ol' T-model. Then she jumped under th' wheel an' made that ol' rattle-trap roar like it hadn't roared in years. After she's caused everbody in two blocks t' turn 'round t' see whut buildin' were fallin' down, she yanked th' pore ol' car 'round an' we cut fer home."

Mister Skinner rose. As he straightened up his wrinkled old face went into a series of convulsions. "Oh, my pore ol' back!" he said miserably.

"Let's see whut's wrong with that back!" said a sympathetic fireman. A number of them gathered around Mister Skinner.

By lowering his trousers slightly, and lifting his shirt-tail a bit, the firemen discovered the reason for Mister Skinner's peculiar method of locomotion.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the sympathetic fireman in a voice filled with awe. "Why in the world have you got 'N. C. 612-550' tattooed across your hips?"

Mister Skinner shook his head sadly. "That ain't tattoin'," he said. "That's where Maw run into me with th' ol' T-model when I got out t' open th' garage door!"

Mesdames Exum Bellamy, P. S. Bellamy, Robert Harper and Owen Bellamy were joint hostesses at a most enjoyable meeting of the Auxilliary of the Protestant Church on Monday afternoon in the home of Mrs. P. S. Bellamy.

On Tuesday, at her lovely country home "Shell Castle" near Enfield, Mrs. Spier Whitaker entertained at a charming luncheon honoring Mrs. J. M. Bradley on the eve of her departure for her home in Nashville, Tenn., after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. Holt Evans.

On Monday evening Mrs. George Clark was hostess to the Enfield Baptist Fidelis Class at its monthly business and social meeting. Assisting hostesses were Miss Julia Branch, Mrs. A. C. Haithcock, Mrs. Myrtle Howell, and Mrs. Gertrude Wright. There were eighteen present with Mrs. R. E. Shervette, Jr., president, presiding. The new officers elected for the year were: President, Mrs. R. E. Shervette, Jr., 1st Vice President, Mrs. Kesler As-

sonary Society of the Enfield Baptist Church observed the Week of Prayer for Foreign Missions with all day services at the church. Each circle had half an hour program, and the three junior organizations also put on programs. The envelopes with the Lottie Moon Christmas offering were taken. A good attendance was present.

About ten ladies of the R. R. C.'s enjoyed Monday evening in the home of Mrs. William Pope. Conversation and sewing featured the evening's entertainment, during which time a dessert course was served.

The Dramatic Department of the Enfield High School presented the faculty and three other players in a nonsensical farce, "Calm Yourself" at the Auditorium on Wednesday night. Those taking part were Miss Mary Collins, Miss Helen Barney, Miss Blanche Moss, Miss Lydia Wells, Mrs. George Randolph, E. L. Smith, Fred Hoyle, John McGwigan, Jimmie Kinkins and Red Bishop.

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Calvary Church

Sunday School Sunday morning at 10:00. The Epworth League will meet in the home of Miss Allyne Faucette Sunday night at 7:30. Hope there will be a large attendance.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my mother who departed Dec. 16th, 1936.

When the evening shadows lengthen, and the sun sinks in the West, oftentimes we fall to thinking of the loved one gone to rest. But dear mother you have left us

with a sad and aching heart, but some day we hope to meet you where we'll never have to part.

Her daughter,
Lorell Walker.

Mrs. Gibson Hostess

Mrs. H. E. Gibson was hostess to the Wednesday Night Bridge Club last week. Lovely arrangements of potted plants and fall flowers were used throughout the living room where three tables were arranged for bridge. When scores were tallied Mrs. H. C. Wirtz was presented with high score prize and Mrs. J. A. Wood second high prize. The hostess served a delicious salad course with coffee. Club members and additional guests included: Mesdames Calvin Kennemur, Chas. Fitts, Hugh Horne, J. A. Wood, Pete Graham, Stewart Wilson, Arthur Gilliam, Francis Starke, M. F. White, H. C. Wirtz, Cranford Hoyle and Miss Clyde Fulghum.

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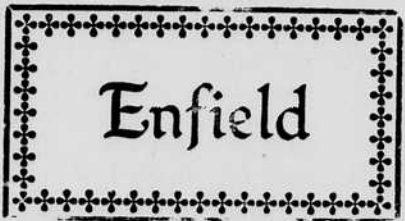
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