

VISITING A. C. L. TOWNS BY RAIL

For a change, I broke my usual habit of visitation by Ford express by taking a trip up the Atlantic Coast Line by rail. It is cheap riding—77-cents to Wilson from Dunn. But schedules must be greatly improved before one can really profit to any great extent by the cheap fares unless he is on a straight-ahead journey.

Wilson Getting Out of Dumps.

It was evident that business affairs at Wilson have greatly improved in the last 14 months. As you know, the business life of Wilson is dominated by the tobacco industry, and the hard years had flattened the old town. But the "New Deal" come-back of tobacco has manifestly restored much of the old confidence in the city's future. It still boasts of being the greatest leaf tobacco market in the world.

Looking Over Old Scenes in Enfield.

After 35 years I returned to Enfield after a residence there as a teacher. It was hard to find many people there that I knew in those other days. It was a nice town, with quite a number of fine old homes back in those days, but the town had become stagnant and the sons had departed for greener pastures and many of those homes contained only the aging husbands and wives whose broods had hied away to other parts. Consequently the whole community at that time contained only about 45 children of school age. The most of the mature people of two-score years ago have departed—Attorney Alsop, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Britt, Mr. Collins, the Flippins, Dr. Harrison, Dr. Whitaker, Fletcher Parker, etc. But Mr. Meyer, the merchant from whom we bought our groceries, and his principal salesman of that time, our next-door neighbor in those younger days, Mr. H. C. Alston, survive and seem hale and hearty. Joe Meyer, big and genial elder son of Mr. Meyers, was one of my younger pupils. It was a pleasure to talk to Joe. He evidently has the interest of his town at heart, and is far from approving the shenanigans of recent years, among which he emphatically disapproves of the closing down of the town's power plant and the loss thereby of the big profit the plant was making, which being applied to payment of bonds was keeping the town free of defaulting and would, as he thinks, have gradually brought about a condition in which the town's expenses, after the payment of the debt, would have been paid by the profits from the plant.

I looked up Mrs. Dennis, wife of my old friend and mother of my school boy Ralph Dennis, who by the way was expected to come in for a visit from his Florida home. Mrs. Dennis is about ninety now, but surprisingly strong.

I had a long chat with Mr. R. B. Parker, father of Judge R. H. Parker, and met his charming wife of later years and the baby boy. The sixteen-year old son is spending the summer with an uncle in Panama and, of course, having a glorious time.

I found Mac Johnson, one of the lads of my Robeson days, who is an Enfield attorney and has served Halifax county in the legislature two terms, declining to be a candidate again. He is a son of that former staunch citizen of old Robeson, Mr. W. S. Johnson of the St. Paul section.

Some of the fellows were off at the state convention and I missed making a number of desirable new acquaintance. I found Harvey Durham, who was reared just over there in Johnston and whom Mr. W. R. Denning says he remembers from the days when he wielded the hoe in his father's cotton patch on up through his apprenticeship in the Benson bank. He is now cashier of Enfield's strong bank and the only man I found upon a visit to the prayer meeting at the elegant brick Baptist church which has replaced the little wooden structure of the nineties. But it was a woman's program. There was not a soul at the church who was ever seen in it when I was a member of it.

Mr. Kent, mine host at the hotel, seemed no stranger and I discovered that he had been a resident of Sanford during my earlier years at near-by Pittsboro.

Tarrying Briefly at Halifax

I took the often expressed abjuration to "go to Halifax", but didn't tarry long. It was a pleasure to chat with Mr. E. L. Travis and to meet my old Sampson boyhood friends Bruce and Horace Boykin, and Mrs. Bruce Boykin, by the way one of the Maxton McArns. To my surprise I found that Bruce had struck it rich the last ten years and had salted away quite a number of thousands of dollars, largely in General Motor stocks. When he bought that new Chevrolet he may have had the realization that some of the profits of the bargain would come back to him in dividends.

The pleasure of chatting with Bruce was extended by his kindly offer to take me to Weldon, which trip really wound up at Roanoke Rapids, where I spent the night and journeyed back to Weldon the next day. Elsewhere I have told about some of the Roanoke Rapids people. So let's go back to Weldon and howdy Raleigh Daniels, one of the Wake Forest boys of my day, but now, like some others of us, getting along in years. Raleigh's brother Walter E. Daniels was long one of the leading lawyers of the state, and solicitor, I believe, of his district for a number of years. His sister is the wife of Dr. Wallace Riddick, formerly president of State College. The only night I ever spent in

Weldon was with the big and hearty youngster of forty-odd years ago who is now the distinguished Rev. B. W. Spillman, D. D., nationally and internationally known as a Sunday school authority. We went boat riding the next day on the old Roanoke and fishing, but if there was a single fish in the Roanoke you can never prove it by me.

Just about everybody I wanted to see on my recent visit was out of town or gone to dinner and I had to leave at 1:30. I had a pleasant chat with Merchant Willey, a man of good sense and a prosperous business man. I did finally get to meet for a moment young Grady and his new assistant at the Roanoke News office. And a \$1.57 ticket brings me back the more than hundred-mile trip to Dunn. Cheap enough, but railroad travel does not have the flexibility of scooting about in the old Ford.

The teacher heard a child crying, and rushed out to the playground to find out the cause of the disturbance. "What is the trouble?" she asked little Jimmie, who stood calmly by eating an orange.

"Billy took Fred's orange," explained Jimmie.

"And where is the orange?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, I've got that," replied Jimmie. "You see, I am the lawyer."—Christian Science Monitor.

Raleigh To Lose Revenue Department.

If you hear any otherwise unaccountable noise attribute it to the bewailing of Raleighites over the imminent loss of the Federal Revenue Department. The removal of Collector Robertson and his force of sixty assistants from Raleigh to Greensboro was reported Wednesday morning as assured. Greensboro's great new federal building, with its abundant unoccupied space and in the more central location of Greensboro, is the magnet that is pulling the department away from its long-time home in the federal building at Raleigh.

It is stated that the Raleigh collector collects more money for Uncle Sam than any other in the country. Raleigh, like Rachel, will be difficult to comfort. Greensboro is already gloating over the fore-ordained move of the important federal agency to that city.

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