

Introducing Some Solons

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he should see fit. Verily, the present house cannot claim any great degree of consistency.

The Abernethy bill proposed that all convicted drunken drivers should have to serve a prison sentence, short or long. The judge would still have discretionary authority, since he could penalize with a short or a long term. Mr. Abernethy's bill, as I see it, simply sought to place a penalty that the big ikes would feel. When a man with plenty of money or with influential friends can escape a prison sentence he is apt to continue to mix his alcohol and gasoline to the menice of the public. But when such a fellow knows that he must go to prison despite his money or the influence of his friends, it is another matter.

Besides, judges have no choice at present, I believe, to decree smaller fine, for drunken driving, and certainly for carrying concealed weapons, than \$50. Thus it seems the dignity of the judges has long suffered the very thing that the too tender friends of the drunken drivers made a pretext for preventing the passage of a measure that would have been greatly effective in reducing the dangerous practice of driving after drinking liquor.

I wish another trial could be given that Abernethy bill or another of similar import. Just watch out and see if drunken driving and rotten absentee balloting are not practically ignored in the final account, despite the much talk about each at the beginning of the session.

An Edinburgh University Graduate.

I wrote of Martin McCall, one of the Robeson representatives, a month ago, but did not know at that time that he has the distinction of being a graduate of Edinburgh University, though I told of his coming from old Scotland a score of years ago.

R. W. Scott, brother of Kerr, was manager of the Rocky Mount farm experiment station when several young men came from Scotland. They were educated in the Scotch schools, but those institutions had failed to establish chairs of mulology. The consequence was those bonnie Scotts came unprepared to function very well as mule drivers. They were somewhat of a wonder to the negroes, what with their Scotch brogue and their ignorance of mulology and other essentials of southern farm life. The blacks, however, refrained from laughing, for those Scotchmen looked somewhat dangerous to offend. One day, however, one colored fellow stood by as a Scotchman mounted a stalk cutter for his performance with that mule propelled machine. He got the wheels of the cutter astride the row all right. The mule stood ready for the word. The Scotchman reached over and slapped his muleship upon the rump and said "Commence!"—That was too much for the darky, who fell down and wallowed with laughter.

Mr. Scott has transferred the story to Martin McCall, who came over about the same time and landed from the train at Red Springs, thence to the home of some great grandson of the Scotch immigrants. In Martin's case, he told the mule to "Begin."

By the way, Mr. Scott is now in the apiary business down on the lower Cape Fear, vieing (or is it vying?) with our former newspaper friend Mr. W. J. Martin in the honey business. Sorry, though, to learn from Mr. Scott that Mr. Martin is in poor health. If Mr. Scott's six or seven hundred hives produce the high quality of honey

that Mr. Martin's Whiskey Creek bees do, he has a fine business, I am here to tell you. Mr. Martin's headquarters is Leland; Mr. Scott's Bolton. But there is plenty of room for other beemen in southeastern North Carolina.

Dare's Representative.

Whether we shall be able to show you Representative Roy L. Davis's picture or not, you will know him, if you mingle among the solons, by his liberal supply of freckles. He is tall and lithe. Mr. Davis comes from Manteo, which the whole world should know is in Dare. Mr. Davis has had opportunity himself to carry those two historic names to a big part of the world, for he is a retired naval officer. While in the naval service, on the U. S. S. Arkansas, he visited many foreign ports. That experience plus that of a youth on Roanoke Island, two years in the University at Chapel Hill, and two years as a public school teacher in his native county, has made him one of the most generally informed men in the house.

It was after his experience as a teacher that Mr. Davis entered the naval service at the bottom and worked his way up to the rank of

lieutenant. He saw continuous service during our participation in the World War on the Arkansas, which operated with the British grand fleet. That fact enables Mr. Davis to claim the distinction of having helped escort the German grand fleet to the Firth of Forth after the armistice.

In 1930 Lieutenant Davis was retired upon a pension, and he is in just the finest shape of any of the legislators to stay in session till the Fourth of July if necessary.—The other fellows' pay, and his as a legislator, will soon stop, but that reliable pension will keep coming.

Mr. Davis, like the most of the members, is probably finding few opportunities to catch the attention of the public. In fact, scarcely a half-dozen of the members so far have had anything to do that singles them out for applause or even criticism. But possibly the occasion will arise to demonstrate whether Dare's representative has the same metal as a legislator that he demonstrated as a sailor.

A Hardware Merchant As Legislator.

The proportion of lawyers in the present legislature is considerably smaller than usual. The places

usually filled by an excess of that profession are taken this time by men from a variety of business spheres. Con Johnston, representing Iredell, is a hardware merchant. He didn't volunteer as a candidate for the house, it seems, and now that he is down at Raleigh is seemingly finding little joy in the job. As the spring opens he will more and more want to be back at Mooresville fitting out the Iredell farmers for their spring plowing. He is a Duke University man and capable of playing a good solid part in the deliberations of the session, which deliberations are just beginning. It is little surprising if many of the fellows have been bored with the inactivity and lack of vital interest thus far prevailing on Capitol Hill.

Lee's Youthful Representative

"Ty" Crabtree when a student at the University was no stranger down in Pittsboro. He was a fine boy and has proved himself a young man of initiative and enterprise. At the age of 25 he was serving as one of Lee county's commissioners, and as such was instrumental in not only saving the Sanford library, built up through the

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