

EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE

"We cannot know where we are going if we do not know where we have been."



As I See It



by Bruce Barton

Two favorites, Rev. Chesley McNeill and Rev. Jack Hunt, recovering after serious heart attack and stroke respectively...

Sickness seems rampant in the land, and we were saddened here at the Carolina Indian Voice to learn that two favorite Men of God had been struck down recently with debilitating illnesses.

Rev. Chesley McNeill suffered a massive heart attack but is, according to reports, now out of intensive care at Southeastern General Hospital.

Rev. Jack Hunt, pastor of the Pembroke Church of God, where my mother attends church, is recovering from a life-threatening stroke.

He was allowed to come home "just for a little while" Wednesday and my mother, Mrs. Berna Barton, and I took a few moments off and went to see him.

He affirms that he counts his illness "a joy to suffer because the Lord has revealed so much to me since I've been sick..."

He asked me to announce that "I will be preaching at Pembroke Church of God Sunday morning (as his doctors at Southeastern have promised him his first week end at home) although I'll probably have to preach from a wheel chair for a while."

That's good news to his church and to friends and admirers like me who remember when he came to comfort me in a time of trouble.

Reflections by Alta Nye Oxendine

"I dread going back into that 'oven'!" I complained to my brother Stan, who lives at Tucson, Arizona.

"So do I!" he responded. (It was the middle of August, and we were in Montana, where summers are usually cool and comfortable. In fact, this summer the daily rains during my first week or two in that part of the state had made the weather a little "too cool for comfort.")

"Since we have to go back to that southern heat, why don't we do something fun like what we used to do when we were growing up?" I suggested. At least, that way we can have one or two special memories to carry back with us!

So for a change on Wednesday, August 18-Mother, Stan, Shirley (his wife), Jenni (their nine-year-old) and I "dropped everything" to take an afternoon trip up Mill Creek.

The day started out sunny and warm-at Glen Alder, the small ranch named a century ago by my grandmother, Amy Nye. But by the time we had travelled eight and a half miles to Twin Bridges (our tiny home town) and then ten miles beyond, to Sheridan (our rival back in high school days) the sky was depressing.

I pray that both men will continue to improve and, eventually, be able to return to their duties as "Preachers of the Word."

ly dark. Soon it began to sprinkle.

We decided to go on anyway. So Stan started Mother's Buick Skylark up the steep unpaved road winding past the noisy creek and through a narrow valley bordered by rugged, boulder-dotted mountains.

At the first campsite he stopped the car. In spite of the steady drizzle, we all rushed out to get the feel of the pine scented air.

Silently Stan began building up a pile of chips and twigs under one of the grills. Almost immediately to my surprise he had a fire started. The rest of us scurried in all directions looking for further scraps of wood to keep his campfire burning.

Suddenly the down pour hit. We jumped back into the Buick. For a half hour or more the five of us just stayed in Mother's car, visting and watching the campfire's multi-colored flames, as they wrestled for survival with the falling raindrops.

A sunlit hike was what I had hoped for. Instead we "played" in the rain. Still, each of us "Southerners" was creating an unforgettable memory of that cool Montana afternoon to carry back into the heat of our respective homes.

Exactly one week later on Leon's and my wedding anniversary, August 25-Wanda Kay and her friend Donnie met my plane at the Charlotte airport. As I stepped out to walk toward our La Sabre, I was suddenly surrounded by the heat I'd been dreading for weeks.

However, most of the warmth I have felt since then has come not from the physical heat and humidity I'd feared, but from the genuine love I've received from my daughter, my mother-in-law, and so many other friends who have given me such a wonderful welcome back to the town of Pembroke, to first First Methodist Church, Pleasant Grove, and PSU.

Now, when the stifling heat and humidity begin to over come me, I can turn on my memory (like a tiny personal TV set) and relive that rainy afternoon up Mill Creek.

Then it's back to North Carolina and Robeson County, and the hundreds of persons I have grown to love since my arrival at Pembroke one hot Labor Day, 26 years ago.



The first wristwatch of which there is any record dates from 1790, and is itemized in the accounts of the Swiss watchmakers Jaquet-Droz and Leschot of Geneva as "a watch to be fixed on a bracelet."

Occasionally, On Time, Or Not At All...

PEOPLE DO REMEMBER

by Low Barton
Knight of Mark Twain
"Gone But Not Forgotten,"
Lied the lonely stone
Standing there alone,
Unremembered.

"Gone And Not Remembered,"
Write upon my stone...
If I have a stone,
Unremembered.

Writings unremembered
Bury 'neath my stone.
Make these words my own:
"Not Remembered."

Since so few remembered,
I was so alone,
Make these words my own,
"Not Remembered."

Oh, my God, remember me
At Thy Great White Throne
Lest I there, too, groan,
"Not Remembered!"

The above are the bitter words of a much-frustrated writer at a particularly discouraging time of his life-meaning me and mine. Fortunately, however, it was a feeling of depression I did not long retain. And I now know better.

The street where the immortal poet Homer once begged bread, now proudly holds his monument. Though belatedly, he is remembered.

Edgar Allen Poe died in a Baltimore gutter. Yet his literary genius was so great, his writings are studied today by every school child in America before he or she gets out of high school. Poe is remembered. And so are many, many other people worthy of remembrance.

LAST WEEK TWO REMEMBERED

Last week two Robeson figures were well-remembered...and will continue to be. One was a leader who died in 1915 and the other still lives.

HERMAN DIAL

"I've served for sixteen years as a Robeson County Commissioner," Dial told me recently. "It is a heavy responsibility. I feel as though I have served the major portion of my adult life as a Robeson County Commissioner."

"If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't do things any differently. I ran my campaigns honestly. The people put me in office and kept me there four terms. I served honestly. I'm proud of my record."

It isn't often that people

remember a defeated candidate, but last week several hundred Robesonians turned out to honor Commissioner Herman Dial...in a very special way.

HAMILTON McMILLAN
Col. Hamilton McMILLAN, a dutiful Confederate soldier when circumstances and his region demanded it of him, was also a humanitarian extraordinary. He was the best friend the Robeson Indians ever had," a Lumbee leader in education said recently.

When he died two years before I was born, it was predicted that he would be remembered so long as there was a Robeson Indian.

He will be remembered as long as there is a Pembroke State University, too, because he is the father of that institution, regardless of how small its beginnings were. For as someone has said, "A thousand miles journey begins with a single step."

He took more than a single step on behalf of Robeson's people, however, especially the Indians who needed him so desperately. His journey on their behalf took him from 1864 to 1915. For once the great man set sail, he never turned back.

It may have begun as "just a little red school house (only not "just") but the first days were the most critical ones in the institution's history. In order to fully appreciate McMILLAN's contributions—seemingly endless contributions—it must be remembered that he began at point zero.

No, I was not privileged to know him personally. Yet I feel as though I did. And in a very real sense, I did.

You see, he cared about me and others like me before I was even a gleam in my now-deceased father's eye.

Yes, I get emotional about the memory of Hamilton McMILLAN. He brought us hope when we had none, became our friend when we were without friends. Any time my people are unjustly treated and I am inclined to be bitter and racial, I only have to think of Hamilton McMILLAN to know and realize the tremendous good, love and compassion of the truly great of all races. He represented the very best there is to be found in mankind.



WASHINGTON—One of the questions often asked of me concerns our mail—how much do we receive.

In 1981, we received, and answered, 232,674 pieces of mail. Clint Fuller keeps track of our mail count, along with his many other duties as executive assistant. He notes that in 1981 we received 949.6 pieces of mail each working day.

Through June 30 of this year, we had received 96,531 pieces of mail. Inasmuch as our heaviest mail months generally are in the second half of the year, it's likely that we will top the 1981 total by the time December 31 rolls around. During the first six months of 1981, we received 10,000 fewer pieces of mail than in the same period this year.

FUNDS—It also may be of interest that during my first 9½ years in the Senate, we turned back, unspent, to the U. S. Treasury \$1,427,311 of the funds allotted to us for operating our office. This may not seem a great deal of money when compared to the hundreds of billions of dollars spent by the federal government each year. But if everybody in government, at all levels, would make an effort to turn back some of the funds allocated to them, it would have a remarkable effect on the economy.

Let me illustrate: On May 20, when the Senate was considering its budget legislation, I took all of the available information home with me one evening for study. I spent several hours, until well past midnight, looking at the various aspects of the legislation.

Along about 1 a.m., I was astounded at the enormous figures I had compiled.

INCREASE—I discovered, for example, that the proposal before the Senate (it eventually passed the Senate) would increase federal spending by \$282.8 billion during the next three years. During the same period, tax collections were to be increased by \$365.2 billion.

That was something that I simply could not support. Therefore, I prepared an amendment to reduce both spending and taxes by 6% per cent. I do not believe there is one agency or department of any government, and especially the federal government, that would be paralyzed by a 6½% cut in funds allocated to it.

Yet that proposed 6½% cut would have saved the taxpayers more than \$100 billion—and it would have sent a healthy signal across the country that Congress was serious about restoring a measure of common sense to government spending and taxation.

My amendment was not accepted by the Senate.

PROTESTS—Every time President Reagan or anybody else proposes to slow down the rate of increase in federal spending, there immediately is a storm of protests. Hardly anyone receiving federal money seems willing to sacrifice even a little bit in order to straighten out the country. President Reagan is right when he talks about the "big spenders" in Congress.

Little or nothing has been said about it, but the budget legislation approved by the Senate calls for a \$145.8 billion increase in federal spending for 1985 compared to 1982. Moreover, the legislation calls for \$825 billion in tax collections in 1985, compared with \$323 billion in 1982.

MASSIVE—Such enormous figures boggle the mind, I know. But they are the figures that we must constantly deal with in Congress. And they are the figures which prompt President Reagan to veto spending proposals sent to him by Congress.

The truth is, the President has not called for enough reductions in federal spending. Yet he is criticized constantly and vehemently by those who contend that he is cutting "too much."

That depends upon whether the American people are serious about wanting to straighten out the economy. I believe they are. They understand instinctively that there's no easy way to do it, and that there's no instant solution. Congress has devoted more than 30 years to approving excessive federal spending, and the result is obvious: We have a trillion dollar federal debt, a stagnant economy, interest rates that are stifling our farmers and business people.

Our national sickness has been clearly diagnosed for anybody who will face up to the facts. The question is, are we ready to do what is necessary and inescapable in order to set things straight again?

NOW ACCEPTING ORDERS FOR... THE BEST OF "AS I SEE IT,"

by Bruce Barton, Editor

The Carolina Indian Voice Newspaper

•BRUCE BARTON the sometimes irreverent and caustic editor of THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE newspaper has compiled the best of "AS I SEE IT," his own peculiar view of life around him, in a book.

•A Lumbee Indian perspective that is sometimes wise, sometimes foolish, but always got honest.

•Lots of History! Lots of Pictures!

•Published by: The Carolina Indian Voice, Inc. P.O. Box 1075 Pembroke, N.C. 28372

•A Lumbee's View of the tri-racial world around him!

•CLIP OUT COUPON AND SEND TO THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE, P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, N.C. 28372

PLEASE SEND ME 1 2 3 COPY OF "THE BEST OF AS I SEE IT."

•Enclosed you will find a check or money order in the amount of \$8.27 For each copy requested.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

•An Anniversary Edition in Celebration of THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE'S TEN YEARS OF PUBLICATION, January 18, 1973 to January 18, 1983. A decade of survival.

*Book will be available January 22, 1983.

THE SEASON '82-'83

LAST CHANCE

TO SAVE ON THE SEASON '82-'83 SEASON TICKET

SUBSCRIPTIONS

\$15..... Individual
\$12.50..... Senior Citizen
\$35..... Family

Dixie Gilgough.....Sept. 30, 1982

Susanah McCarbo.....Nov. 9, 1982

The Washington Herald.....March 14, 1983

Vincent Price.....April 21, 1983

ONLY SINGLE TICKETS

FOR EACH EVENT WILL BE

SOLD AFTER SEPTEMBER 30, 1982



Double duty... sprout hearts of celery in jars of water on kitchen counter. They'll look pretty and the tops can be snipped for use in salads and soups.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY ASSOCIATION FOR INDIAN PEOPLE PRESENTS

SECOND ANNUAL STATEWIDE AMERICAN INDIAN CULTURAL FESTIVAL CUMBERLAND COUNTY MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM

101 S. ANN ST. - WAREHOUSES FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. 28501

October 1st and 2nd 1982

Table with ticket prices for Dance, Theater, Children, and Youth events.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

ARTS & CRAFTS SALE AND SHOW

Shopping for Unique Prizes

Shopping for Indian Souvenirs

Top-Free Shopping

Donations for the Community

Shopping for Indian Prizes

Authentic Arts & Crafts

Authentic Indian Food

Will Be Held

Constitution Month 1982 (No Federal Government by October 1st)

Special Events

10 Month Old Pottery Show

Call Collect 81-800

Local Art Show

Antiques Show (Open Day)

\$2.00 (10 yrs & Over) or \$1.00 (5 yrs & Under)

\$1.00 (Children 10 & Under)

Admission 10 & Over

TRADERS AND CRAFTSMEN WELCOME

100% for You Shop

Support Products

10 & 20 Dollars with Trade and Crafts

See Free Information Table

For South

CAMPUS AVAILABLE

See poster in program for full details and location of participating vendors.