

EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE



We Cannot Know Where We Are Going If We Don't Know Where We've Been...

So fittingly we honor our Pioneer Fathers



Locklear, Ladison Key Pembroke win

by David Malcolm
Pembroke-Eric Locklear and Albert Ladison each scored 15 points to lead Pembroke to a come-from-behind 52-48 win over the Littlefield Hornets in area high school basketball action Tuesday night.

WARFARE IN THE INDIAN CAMP

It's sad, really! Indians, as I see it, are masochistic, weaned on pain and misery. We like to flail and denigrate ourselves.

And so there is always warfare in the Indian camp. We like to catch each other short, hold ourselves up to public ridicule. It is our way of saying, "I do not like myself very much." It is built into the Indian psyche; we are—all of us—simply in the midst of a psychological rinse.

And I have run into some of that mentality lately in the Indian camp, in the Pembroke circle. A few are still putting about the recent commissioner's race when long time incumbent Herman Dial was toppled by newcomer Wyvis Oxendine with the active support of Larry Brooks who came up six votes short himself in the primary.

Feelings run deep. My sister, Connie Brayboy, actively supported Herman Dial...that's facts! But she did not do so as a member of the Carolina Indian Voice staff although, as a hot headed fella noted, "It's hard to tell

where the two animals separate..." Maybe so.

She infuriated a lot of the Larry Brooks contingent, especially his brother, Dexter Brooks, the brilliant Indian barrister who himself was toppled as school board attorney in the aftermath of the heated commissioner race. It was brutal, no doubt about it, but not unexpected.

And, of course, when the heat got to fever pitch, I sided with my sister, as any warm blooded American boy would do. And, conversely, Dexter Brooks sided with his brother. Reason ran from our grasp. We have both been a little nuts ever since, as I see it. And warfare continues in the Indian camp. It is sad, isn't it?

And recently some of those in the Pembroke circle have decided to punish the Carolina Indian Voice by boycotting our Ten Year Celebration. It's pitiful, really! We are going to have a party... with them or without them.

I wish all of us could be bigger than we are. Warfare in the Indian camp always defeats us— not the real enemy!

I'LL HAVE TO CATCH MY BUDDY, AL KAHN, NEXT TIME AROUND

I finally got around to answering my buddy Al Kahn, but I was a day late and a dollar short. It seems that he has a ten day limit within which one must offer the editorial rebuttal to WAGR pontifical pieces that he airs on his popular radio station in Lumberton. I guess I got caught up in the Christmas season and, well, in a sense, Al could consider my non-answer his Christmas present from me to him. Anyway, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Al Kahn, the King of the Pontificators. I guarantee you that I will not allow another one to go unanswered. Honest.

Man, it would take all of my time to answer everything that needs to be answered. But I like to try, although I come up short every now and then. I went over and picked up a copy of Al Kahn's editorial that aired December 3. I will answer it in due season, as soon as I recover from the holidays.

There are certain benefits accruing to one who runs a newspaper. For one thing, if you can pay the printing bill, you can always have the last word on a particular subject. NEW COLUMN COMING FROM THE LAND OF THE COHARIE

Mrs. Frances Emanuel Maynor has agreed to write us a column beginning, hopefully, next week on the Coharie of Sampson County. It should be interesting and exciting to hear from the land of the Coharie.

We hope to have a picture and biographical sketch of Mrs. Maynor for you next week, and maybe some background material on the Coharies, truly a remarkable and beautiful people.

Letters To The Editor

THOUGHTS FROM CENTRAL PRISON

To the Editor:

I am writing you this letter to see if there is anyway you can publish it for some special reason and for all the Indian people in jails and prisons all over the world today.

BEHIND THESE WALLS

I'm alone, I sit and listen to the noise. There is laughter, yelling, screaming, and the boys. Someone next to me is getting down in a game of chess. The ones on the other side are trying to get some rest. Guys on the first tier are watching t.v. The guards around are banging the keys. There is fighting and cursing, the most filthy language you'll ever hear. And there is no way to escape it. It is right in my ear. After I pray at night, I go to sleep hearing this. And wake up early the next morning knowing there is nothing I've missed.

Days go on and on and on. There is nothing to talk about. And if I wanted to, in order for you to hear me, I'd have to shout it out, I'm told when to sleep and when to wake up, and when to shower and when to eat. I must ask for what I want with politeness to the man. And if I cause trouble, I will suffer from his hands.

But when the guys are all asleep, this is the time I wish to keep. For when things are quiet and the noise has died down, I can think of mother down in my home town (Pembroke). She is worried and cries many nights. And sometimes wakes up in an awful fright. She can feel my loneliness all the way up here. And that's when she bows her head and sheds precious tears.

She says to be humble, and meek, walk away from a fight. And deep down inside I know she is right. But life in prison is so hard to accept. You find no true friend to turn to for help. So I know one day everything will be fine. And I'll make it cause all it is, is time. Yes, but time is so precious now. We haven't much of it left. And it hurts

me more every day cause all I do is sit. Yes, time is hard for a man to pull because sooner or later you'll meet someone who thinks he's a bull. And in order for you to make it you have to throw that right. But deep down inside something says don't fight. I believe this is God who is speaking to you. And whatever He says this is what you should do. Cause he loves you more than anything. More than gold, and silver and a ruby in the finest rings. But I'll make it here. I have to you see. It is not for my mother's sake or for me. It is not for anyone's sake and not for you to bother. It is for the one I'm living for up above, my father. Cause I'm trying, God, I really am. I want to be as tenderhearted as your precious lamb. I want to be a chosen one, one among your sun. To be with you, father, in your precious kingdom.

So while I'm here locked up behind these bars, I'm going to study your word and seek my cause for I wish to make you happy with the things I do and prove the reason I'm living is to satisfy you.

Thank you, father, for your wonderful love. And thank you, father, for being the most high up above. And watch over all the people this holiday season as the new year comes in and remember me as your ever lasting friend. Amen.

I wish to have this letter published during the holidays for my dear mother in Pembroke and for all my friends in prison and everyone on the outside. Thank you so much.

Yours truly,
Stoney Barton

O Lord, take the words of a wise man: Stay out of places like this. I also hope everyone had a Merry Christmas and will have a happy new year to come.



The annual per capita consumption of soap in the United States is about forty pounds.



Cattle were brought to the New-World by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage.

NEW YEAR'S DANCE

The Pembroke Jaycees will sponsor a New Year's Eve Dance, Friday, Dec. 31, at the Jayce Club House. There will be disco music beginning at 8 p.m. Price of admission will be \$20. per couple.

We want you to wake up feeling so good it shows!



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GOOD PSYCHOLOGY

By Candace Lieberman
North American Press Syndicate

Most people, experts say, like to go with the crowd. If other people are doing something you want to do, you feel better about doing it too. That's called cognitive consonance.

It's some-thing business people seem to be feeling these days when it comes to advertising in



newspapers. Newspapers are the number one advertising medium in the United States and newspapers last year sold more advertising than did television and radio combined.

"All real works of art look as if they were done in joy."
— Robert Henri

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