

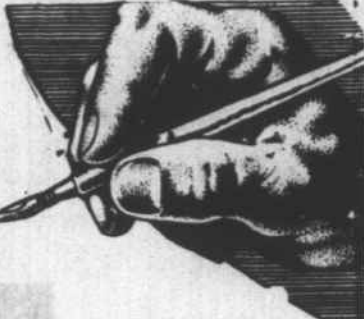
# EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE

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



So fittingly we honor our Pioneer Fathers

## AS I SEE IT



by  
**Bruce Barton**

### JUSTICE NOT DONE IN GREENSBORO KILLING

The Charlotte Observer said in a recent editorial that "justice has not been done in Greensboro killings."

Yet two trials -- one state, one federal -- have resulted in not guilty verdicts for klansmen and Nazis charged in the 1979 Greensboro killing of five communists.

The acquittals handed down Sunday means that no one has been convicted of any crime in spite of the fact that five so-called communists were shot to death in broad daylight on the streets of Greensboro with more than 100 witnesses and 80 cameras rolling.

The result, of course, is madness, the epitome of outrageousness.

Still, the federal jury has spoken, denying assertions that 9 klansmen and Nazis violated the civil rights of five communists by killing them. The 1980 state trial -- the longest in N.C. history -- and the just concluded three month federal trial upholds the defense's contention that the communists had fired first, upholding the sacredness (sic) of self defense as an American institution.

Was anything learned? God knows? After two million dollars at least of tax payers' monies expended, and the horrors of five deaths one of the acquittal klansmen said he felt like he had died and gone to heaven. Oh, and after the exultation, he said he was going to a klans meeting that

night, according to the evidence, as I see it, the communists are disliked even more than the klansmen in these parts.

### LARRY D. CHAVIS, A FRIENDLY GUY ON THE ROAD WITH B.J. THOMAS

Larry D. Chavis, 31, is the drummer for B.J. Thomas, one of the super stars of the music business. He was in town for a few days prior to an April 7 concert B.J. Thomas was sharing with Kenny Rogers and the Righteous Brothers in Reynolds Coliseum in Raleigh.

He is the son of the late Harvard Chavis, and his mother still lives near Bear Swamp Church. And, of course, he has a girl friend in Pembroke. I caught him while visiting her and went out to see him.

I met a prince of a guy, a really nice and pleasant fella. I found him unsullied by hanging around with big stars like Thomas and Rogers and the like. He still retains his down home ways and is positive and upbeat. I didn't hear him say one negative thing about anyone. He had nice words for the Henry Berry Band, and all the fellas he used to play with. He thinks Lori Ann Locklear "sounds nice" and is a big fan of Willie Lowery too. He recalled fondly playing with Willie and the Henry Berry Band and the Reactions.

Larry, who toured with Joe Savage before becoming part

of B.J. Thomas' traveling band loves music. He admits that he was probably tempered by growing up with seven sisters. He has been playing with B.J. Thomas for three years now and enjoys every minute of it although he gets homesick more often than he used to.

**Larry Chavis ... ON tour**

RALEIGH, N.C.--On Saturday, April 7, 1984 I attended the Kenny Rogers, B.J. Thomas and Righteous Brothers Concert at Reynolds Coliseum.

The main event for the evening one might say was Kenny Rogers, but for Larry's daughter Trudie Chavis, Linda Strickland, Sylvia Walder, myself, Lambert Locklear and Mickey Oxendine, the main event was B.J. Thomas and his band.

Mr. Thomas who played first was accompanied by none other than our own Larry Chavis of Pembroke. Arriving early we were able to see Larry for only a few minutes. Larry introduced us to Mr. Thomas who is as good-looking in person as he is on TV. B.J. was very warm and receptive to all of us--and made us feel very welcome to his concert. B.J. gave Sylvia, Larry's cousin, a kiss on the cheeks. Go Sylvia! Larry plays drums for Mr. Thomas and also does vocal backup as well. Larry played splendidly Saturday night as well as professionally.

Pembroke should be proud that a young musician who went from the Reactions, Joe Savage, and Henry Berry Band now plays professional drums with B.J. Thomas. Larry is now getting ready to go on a European tour, but will be home soon. So when we see Larry let's give him our support and congratulations. And whenever he is playing close to home it will be worth anyone's time and effort to go see B.J. Thomas in concert because the whole band is great! And as Larry would say: "Please support your local musicians."

Kayron Maynor

## DIAL LAMBASTS REP. ROSE

Tommie Dial, Candidate for U.S. Congress, Seventh Congressional District, released the following statement in response to a new Political Action Committee proposed by Congressman Charlie Rose:

"Congressman Charlie Rose takes the cake!!! He has proposed that a new PAC (Political Action Committee) be created and called 'Friends of Flue-Cured Stabilization' to raise approximately one million dollars (\$1,000,000) to scatter among Congressmen who might be sympathetic to State Legislation. He has even

teamed up with two (2) Washington, DC lobbyists Horace D. Godfrey and former S.C. Congressman now turned lobbyist John L. Napier, R-SC to sell this ridiculous idea. And would you believe they have enlisted the support of Fred Bond, manager of the Flue-Cured Tobacco Stabilization corporation to sell this blood sucking plan to the public and the tobacco cooperative itself. "It is impossible for me to imagine such an absurd idea! It is also impossible for me to understand how Charlie Rose, with absolutely no qualifications to fill the position, became chairman of the agriculture committee and has purportedly become the advocate for and leader of the movement to save the tobacco program. My God, this is worse than having Dracula in charge of the Blood Bank!!

"Horace Godfrey is quoted as saying 'you can't buy votes, but giving some money here and there does increase your opportunity for access to tell your side.'"

"Now get this folks, tobacco is among the few major commodities with no PAC to represent farmers, although several cigarette companies and trade association, the

tobacco institute, have PACs. "I have always thought that we the people elected Congressman to the Congressional State to represent the interest of the constituents of the particular Congressional District. Presently they are paid in excess of \$72,000 per year and expenses and an allowance of \$250,000 annually to operate offices in their districts to serve their constituents. Now a combination of, watch this, Charlie Rose, D-NC, former Republican Congressman John Napier-R-SC, turned lobbyist; and former U.S. Department of Agriculture official, Horace D. Godfrey, turned lobbyist team up with no less than the manager of the Flue Cured Tobacco Co-operation Stab. Corporation to create another PAC Fund to be split among the Blood Suckers!!!

"Also Rose suggests that the plea for funds should also be made to warehousemen and larger growers who can later afford the contributions, meaning 'Raise the Pot Boys!!!"

"He has also received \$32,370 from Political Action Committees in the last reporting period."

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\*Please pray for us, and we'll pray for you. We need your prayers always. God bless each and every one of you.-- Bruce Barton, editor

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Subscriptions are for the length of one year only to facilitate and improve our record keeping.

## Keeping up with the Going-ons in Robeson County

Dear Mr. Barton,

I am enclosing my check for \$15.00 for one year's renewal of my subscription to your newspaper. I realize that your rate for out of state subscriptions is \$13.00 per year, but some people may be a little apprehensive when dealing with the number 13. I know you are working to get the CIV on a sound financial basis and don't need any obstacles in reaching that goal, because someone may be a little superstitious. I would offer the suggestion that your out of state subscribers who may want to stay away from the #13, to voluntarily add a surcharge to their yearly rate. This surcharge could help with the cost of your generous offer of providing the CIV free to senior citizens and prisoners.

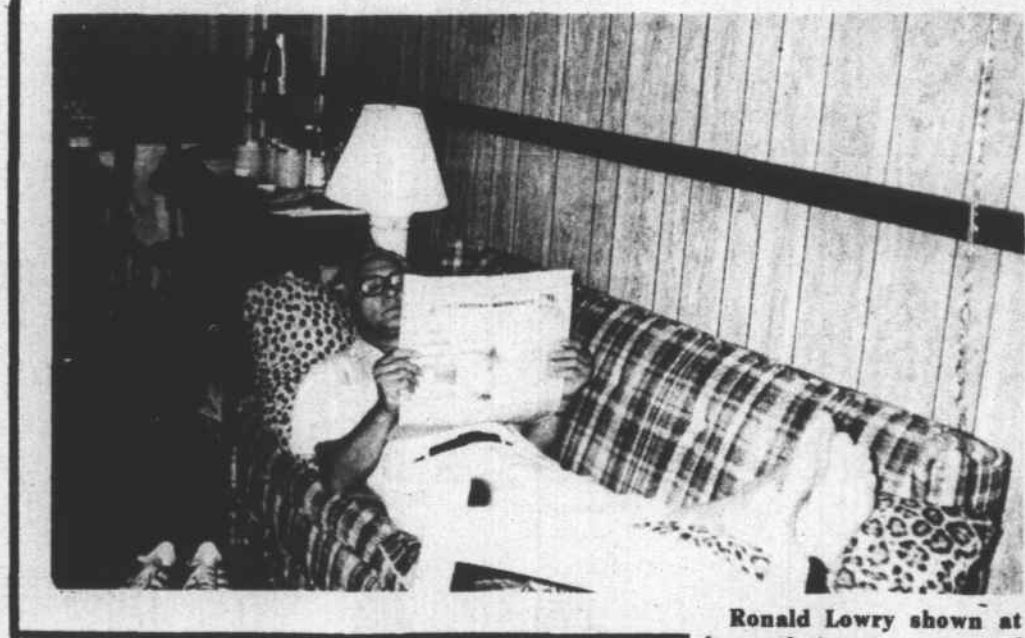
For the first time in our history we have a means of communication which is not restricted, and we should be supportive as long as all sides are permitted to voice their opinions on subjects of interest. My primary interest is centered on the past history of the Indian inhabitants of Robeson County, and their struggle for recognition and the opportunity to reach out for their goals in life.

I find the Carolina Indian Voice quite useful even after consuming the printed word. In the wintertime old copies have been used to kindle a fire in the fireplace, and in the

summertime it has been used as sort of a mulching device around my vegetable plants in the garden. In the heat of midsummer when I get tired of pulling weeds from around my plants, I cover the ground with old CIV copies along with some old local newspapers. This method prevents weed growth, provides a clean place for produce like squash to mature upon, and finally degrades and helps condition the soil. The squash seems to produce better fruit if I mulch them with old copies of the Carolina Indian Voice. I can't

explain this phenomenon, except to say that both can trace their origin to Indian influence. It is also quite interesting to catch a picture scene from Robeson County in past CIV copies while picking garden produce. Old editions of the Carolina Indian Voice are also helping to build a 1.2 million dollar Methodist Sanctuary, which is scheduled to be completed in June here in Virginia Beach. One of many fund raising drives include collecting and selling old newspapers. So you see the CIV serves in many ways, and it must be maintained as a viable instrument for communication, information, and historical accounts relating to descendants of the original inhabitants in Robeson County.

Sincerely,  
Ronald H. Lowry  
Virginia Beach, Va.



Ronald Lowry shown at home during a moment of relaxation reading a copy of The Carolina Indian Voice.

# RANTING & RAVING with Gary Barton

Remember folk: These views are mine. They are not necessarily anyone else's. Heck! They ain't even necessarily views! Just my rantings and ravings. I guess!

## LIGHTNING AIN'T FRIGHTENING TO ME!

The killer tornado that touched down so close to home (Pembroke) March 28, seemed to catch a lot of folk by surprise. But not me. I've been expecting it for some time now.

You see, I have been dodging lightning bolts purt-near all my life. Really! It don't matter where I'm at when a storm appears on the horizon, lightning will sniff out my whereabouts and start nipping at my heels--I actually believe lightning gets a charge out of pursuing and harrasing me.

But still, I wouldn't go as far as to say I'm a 'scared of lightning. Oh, no! It's just that when it starts lightning, I get this strange and strong desire to lie face-down on the floor if I'm in a crowd, or hide in some convenient locations (like a closet) if I'm alone. Hey! A man's got to save face.

But, you see, I really only have the welfare of those around me at heart when I hit the deck or hide during a thunder storm. I think my conscience would hassle my tongue out of me if some innocent bystander was struck by a fiery, blazing bolt of frightening lightning intended for me.

I remember the first time when, as a tot, I realized that I was destined to be forever running a zig zag pattern throughout life, dodging lightning bolts. I was standing at a window, using my oft practiced macho stance, watching a bolt of lightning as it zeroed in on a cow in a nearby pasture. Other folk in the room were doing the sensible thing--they were sitting down like they had some sense. But not me. Charged with the vim and vigor and false courage that often accompanies youth, I stood there in that window trying my best to stand like Clint Eastwood. Then, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, without malice aforethought on my part, the bolt of lightning seemed to sense my presence. Right before striking the cow with its fury, the bolt made an abrupt about-face. Ye! Just as pretty as you-please, that bolt of frightening lightning turned around in mid-strike and headed straight for me. I watched in horror as that bolt of death and destruction beared down on me.

Well, since the room was full of innocent people, I done the only honorable thing. I forgot all about Clint Eastwood. I dived for the floor, and lay there, sprawled face down, expecting any second to be struck on my backside by the blazing bolt. But, remarkably, the bolt passed over me.

Well, after that stormy incident in my life, every time it started lightning and thundering, it still seemed like lightning was hell-bent on getting me. Finally, after a number of like incidents, it became sorta second nature for me to hit the floor during stormy weather before the lightning had a chance to hit me.

But still, I wouldn't go as far as to say I'm

scared of lightning. Oh, no! Let's just say I respect lightning.

After lo these many years, I believe I have solved the phenomenon of me being such an effective lightning rod. You see, I've always heard that one should steer clear of steers and horses and such when its thundering and lightning. Seems the animals become some sort of lightning rods when their hair covering their bodies become wet. Well, I've sorta put two and two together and came up with five. You see, mama always told us young'uns when we were coming up not to wash our hair when it was lightning and thundering. It seems our wet hair would serve as a sort of lightning rod and draw the lightning. Of course, by that time I had figured things out pretty much on my own. So she didn't have too much trouble impressing the importance of that fact upon me. I mean, how in the dickens can you wash your hair when you're sprawled face down in front of God and mankind begging God's forgiveness for things you might have just thought about doing?

Well, anyway, I noticed one day that my hair was as dry as corn shucks and as coarse as sandpaper. In short, there ain't enough difference in my hair and the hair covering a horse or cow to mention. So, obviously, my hair sort of jams the homing device on the computer in the sky that flings frightening lightning bolts down from the sky. Makes sense. Huh?

So, like I said, I know it's my hair that draws the lightning. So, whenever I'm in a crowd when it's lightning I do the only honorable thing to protect those around me--I sprawl face down and kiss the floor and do some heavy duty praying to God above. But still, I wouldn't go as far as to say I'm a 'scared of lightning. Oh, no! I do it for my fellow man. Oh, ye! If I'm by myself when it's lightning, I'll hide. Being a practical man, if it's at all possible, I'll cram all these long legs into a closet and hide, sprawled face down in the closet. But still, I wouldn't say I was a 'scared of lightning. I hide in case some innocent people come visiting me unaware of the way I attract lightning.

So, folk, if my head's shaved the next time you see me, don't jump to no conclusions. Okay? 'Cause I wouldn't go as far as to say I'm a 'scared of lightning. Oh, no!

Seriously, folk. I kid about lightning. But it is a serious subject. No doubt about it, God controls lightning like He does everything else in the Universe. So in the advent that stormy weather does appear on the horizon, I suggest you seek shelter immediately. Afterall, the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

I'll talk at 'ya some more next week.

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Larry D. Chavis, drummer for B.J. Thomas, and a nice guy.

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