

EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE

...the voice of the drum is an offering to the Spirit of the World. It's sound arouses the mind and makes men feel the mystery and power of things. -BLACK ELK



AS I SEE IT

Bruce Barton



A MOTHER SHARES HER FEELINGS ABOUT HER SON WHO WAS BURNED SEVERELY IN AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT

I am honored this week to present a guest columnist, Mrs. Gaston (Betty Ann) Maynor. Mrs. Maynor and her husband, Gaston, reside in the Back Swamp Community with their two sons, Yancy and Lee.

They were enjoying their first day in their new home when Yancy was burned severely in an unfortunate accident. Yancy, 9 years old, struck a match near a container filled partially with gas. The container exploded and Yancy suffered 2nd and 3rd degree burns over 65% of his body.

Mrs. Maynor shares her feelings with us and affirms her abiding faith in God. It is a heartrending story told simply and with a mother's fervor for her child. We are grateful to her for sharing her thoughts with us.

Said Mrs. Maynor, "I want to share Yancy's story because it might help someone."

It was Saturday morning, March 26, 1977, around 8:00 a.m. We had spent the first night in our new house. I made breakfast for the boys and they ate a very large meal. Yancy ate two helpings of grits and eggs which was unusual for him. I asked him if he would take some boxes out to the car for me. About two minutes after he went outside, I heard a horrible loud sound. I went outside to see what in the world the noise was. Oh My God! That's when I saw my son in flames. Yancy was rolling around on the dirt trying to put himself out. I ran over and tried to help. By this time, his clothes were burnt off up to his neck. I never saw such determination in a child's eyes as was in Yancy's that morning. He got up from the ground and walked to the side of the house. I followed him and began to throw water on him. Thank God the flames were finally out. I called for Jeffery (my nephew) to come and help me. Jeff brought a quilt and placed it around Yancy. We put him in the car to take him to the local hospital.

Yancy cried a little but not hysterically! He talked all that long way to the hospital.

Yancy is a quiet and gentle nine year old. He was trying to assure me that everything was going to be alright. He asked me not to cry. He said, "Mama, if you cry I will die." I kept myself together for him.

I know God was with him that morning. I could feel his presence just as if He were sitting right there next to me. I know it had to be God because God filled Yancy with His Holy Spirit and Yancy began to talk in a different language. It was the kind of presence that would keep Yancy strong and take him through the things that would be next.

We finally arrived at Southeastern General Hospital in Lumberton. A stretcher was brought out and Yancy was gently placed on it.

Yancy was still conscious. His eyes were still shining with rays of hope and self determination. God was with him, I could see and feel it from Yancy's eyes.

The nurses began to cut off what was left of his clothes. He didn't show any signs of resistance, just an awareness for help. As they wiped his head, his hair came off onto the cloth. I could also see that his teeth had turned black from the flames and smoke of the gas. Afterwards, the nurses began putting IV's in his arm. It was at this time that a doctor finally came.

After the doctor finished examining Yancy, he told me that Yancy would have to be sent to a burn center hospital. The nearest burn center was in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. That would be about a two or two and a half hour trip by ambulance.

I was still in control of my emotions, but can only thank God for the guidance because if it was only me I would have been emotionally torn apart at such an experience.

The hospital chaplain came over to where I was standing and wanted to know what had happened. "I don't know," was all I could say. The truth was that I really didn't know! I was still in a state of shock and full comprehension was not with me.

When I saw my pastor, that's when it happened. I threw my arms around him and started crying. Oh my God, help me! My child is dying, I thought.

A county ambulance arrived and they put Yancy in it. Gaston (my husband) just did make it to the hospital before we left in the ambulance. Gaston sat up front with the driver and I sat in back with Yancy. It was about this time that I noticed the swelling all over his body.

I'll never forget the sound the siren made that day. That loud, shrill ringing made me shake with fright.

The driver and attendant would both talk to Yancy. Yancy found the strength and desire to answer. However, after about an hour, Yancy wouldn't answer. So, Yancy was asked to lift his arm if he could hear them talking to him. But, by the time we reached Chapel Hill, he could hardly lift his swollen arm or hand.

I remember thinking that the second IV would run out before we arrived. I kept asking, "it seems, about five or six minutes if we would soon be there. The last time I asked, the driver said, 'I can see the hospital now.'" I also remember saying "Thank God!" just as we pulled up into the emergency entrance. The last IV had ran out by then.

Yancy had swollen so big by this time that I hardly recognized him, my own son.

He was taken directly to a treatment room, but I wasn't allowed to go in. So we went directly to the waiting room. Chaplain Farrow (I don't know his first name) walked in and introduced himself to us. He told us that the chaplain from Southeastern General Hospital had called him and informed him about the situation. He stayed and talked with us trying to aide us with comfort and assurance. He showed us around the third floor burn center waiting room where we could be close to Yancy.

The doctor finally came out to talk with us. We already knew that the burns were bad and he told us that the burns were mostly second and third degrees. Burns that covered over 65% of Yancy's small fragile body.

At that same time I still didn't realize how serious the burns were. Yet, I wanted to be with my son, so the doctor let me go in for a few minutes after they had washed him in a salt bath.

I went into his room and, Oh My God!, his eyes and mouth were swollen so big that he could neither see nor talk to me. I couldn't stay in there. I had to get out. I wouldn't let myself cry or break down in front of him. But, just as soon as I stepped outside his room, I let myself go. It was then that I realized just exactly how serious his burned body was.

Mother, the pastor, Judy (my sister) and her husband, and my uncle and his wife had arrived by this time. The nurse at Southeastern General had told them that Yancy would "make it" to Chapel Hill. But what she didn't know was that the "Almighty God" was riding with Yancy. When God is for you, then who can be against you?

Chaplain Farrow made arrangements for Gaston and myself to stay in the

hospital motel unit that night. I couldn't sleep. Everyday I closed my eyes all I could see were the flames crackling and blazing on Yancy's body. "Oh God!!", I prayed, "Help me."

The next morning the burn unit nurse said Yancy had rested good during the night. Time passed so slow. I felt hopeless. Yet, I was trying to keep myself together. It took all my strength just to go into Yancy's room day after day. His appearance had changed so much that I could hardly look upon him.

One long and lonely day, as I sat by Yancy's bed, his little hand reached out to me and he said "Mama." He began to cry. I tried to comfort him and tell him everything would be alright. He stopped crying and went back to sleep.

Yancy did a lot of sleeping during the first weeks of his stay in the hospital. Rest was good for him. I say by his bed during this time and just watched him sleep. I felt helpless.

Yancy's weak and soft voice said, "Mama, it hurts." I closed my eyes and began to pray "Oh, God! Help Yancy. My child is suffering. I can't take that, please help him. You gave him to me, you created him, please help him."

During the day I could be with Yancy in his room but at night visitors are not permitted to stay in the Burn Unit. It was the night that I learned to hate. I couldn't be by my son's side. Oh God! I felt so helpless.

I thank God for my wonderful husband. He helped so much. He would put his arms around me and tell me everything would be alright. But he couldn't console my aching heart. Only God could give me the kind of relief, the kind of inner peace I needed the most.

One morning, around 4 a.m., I awoke in fear. I couldn't sleep. I felt the need to pray. I bent down on my knees and began to pray, "God help me, if You don't my heart will break. My heart is so heavy. Please help me." I felt as if some large heavy object was pressing all of its weight against my chest. God spoke to me in a still soft voice and said, "My Grace is sufficient for thee." When I heard those words, I knew my prayer had been heard and answered.

Dr. Roger Salisbury has been Yancy's doctor from the beginning of his twelve weeks in the hospital. I thank God for doctors like him who believe in prayer in the Almighty God.

It was only after Yancy had been in the hospital about three weeks, that Dr. Salisbury told me that Yancy had to have his most serious operation. This operation would involve cutting away all of the skin from Yancy's stomach. The area where Yancy received his most serious third degree burns was on and around his stomach. The thing that I remember and cherish the most about his conversation then is when Dr. Salisbury said, "Mrs. Maynor, pray for me too."

It was during one of those long and dreadful eighty four nights that Dr. Salisbury came and told me that Yancy had to have an emergency operation. He believed that Yancy had caught infection in a vein in his right leg. So after about an hour in the OR, Dr. Salisbury came out and told me his leg was alright that he couldn't find any infection. I know God stopped that infection because my God can do anything.

Dr. Salisbury never gave me any words of hope or encouragement. He told me my son would have to go through many operations. When he did operate on Yancy he had to work very fast in order to stay one step ahead of bacteria and infection.

Only after Yancy had had nine major operations during a period of eight weeks did Dr. Salisbury say my son would make it.

It was then that I sat down and just cried. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Mrs. Maynor, Yancy is a lucky boy. Most of the children that are brought into the Burn Unit with the kind of third degree burns that Yancy had just don't make it. They usually die within seven to ten days from infection or pneumonia. Their small and weak bodies just can't fight it off." He said he wanted to use pictures of Yancy's burns in a medical book that he's writing. The pictures would be used to help inform others on how to treat burns like Yancy's.

I know luck had nothing to do with Yancy's continuing recovery. God has been with him since the beginning. Just as God was with Job in the Bible, he has been with Yancy.

The one thing that I have now that I didn't have before the accident is a closer walk with Jesus. I had time to pray and think about myself and Jesus. God will place a light upon the dark paths of life if we would only ask in the name of Jesus, and believe.

I have learned and lived more during those two and a half months than I have in the total twenty eight years of my life.

It was a long and miserable stay at Chapel Hill from March 26, 1977 to June 16, 1977. Yet, I learned something important--there is always someone worse off than you are.

Yancy will never be the same child. His life has been altered. He has experienced something that only a very few people live to tell about.

Just to watch Yancy smile, or talk is a beautiful joy. Every time I look upon him, I see the hand of Jesus. I see a miracle. I believe God has a special work for my son to do.

I want to thank all of the concerned people for their prayers and for their donations. I want to thank the nurses and doctors at the Burn Unit especially for their understanding care, and for treating us like human beings.

I will remember each and every one of them in my prayers and thoughts. Thank you!

Yancy is presently at home recovering from the trauma and severe burns, although he will be returning to Chapel Hill this week for a checkup. And he will be undergoing a series of operations and skin grafts in the months and years ahead.

Mrs. Maynor spends at least an hour a day dressing his burns and another hour exercising his arms and neck. At one time the doctors contemplated amputating his arm but, as Mrs. Maynor put it, "God intervened."

The costs in treating a burn victim is astronomical. Medical expenses have reached approximately \$40,000 so far and costs will continue to spiral as Yancy continues receiving grafts and treatment in the years ahead.

The Pembroke Jaycees have established a fund in Yancy's behalf. Anyone who wishes to contribute may do so by contacting the Pembroke Jaycees, P.O. Box 785, Pembroke, N.C. 28372 or write c/o The Carolina Indian Voice, P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, North Carolina.

The most amazing part of this story is the courage and determination of Yancy. He is a remarkable young fellow. His life probably was spared because he had the presence of mind to roll in the ground instead of running when the explosion occurred and he was afire.

Jeffery (her nephew) who was spending the night with them and helping them move into their new home also showed an amazing presence of mind by getting the quilt and attempting to quench the flames.

It is a miraculous story. As Mrs. Maynor put it so eloquently, "God has something for Yancy to do." After all, God spared his life. We are all grateful for that.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



A Note & A Poem from a Friendly Reader

Dear Bruce:

I am also going to college trying to better my education.

I can't tell you what your paper means to me. I really enjoy reading it. I share it with at least 6 or 8 of my friends. There are seven other men from North Carolina here in Germany with me. But I'm the only Lumbee Indian. The Germans think I am special because I am an Indian.

Well, you Lumbees keep up the good work. The ones in a position to do so can put in a word with God occasionally for the poor fellows who are away from their loved ones. All-letters received from back home would be highly appreciated.

I drive a Personnel Carrier Truck that weighs 13 tons. I participated in a parade in Lexington-driving a World War I Tanker.

Spec/4 Charles C. Maynor 239-82-4469 C.S.C. 1/39th (M) Infantry APO New York 09034

FORGET NOT THE THOUGHT

Through the clustered tunnels Of my ever changing mind, I try to remember A thought that I left, About half-way to nowhere Far behind.

Just trying to remember Makes me think of something I may once have adored, Or was it a moment of pain I caused in someone That I'll unconsciously regret For ever-more?

Maybe memories aren't forever And feelings change With the passage of time, Like the time I was So happy and then Was so sad, Cause the feeling wasn't mine.

At times I feel like a puppet At the mercy of a force Far greater than I. I laugh, remember, I forget And wonder of all, I cry.

I tell myself that it wasn't important And that I'll probably never remember anyway; But then something will ask me What about today, tonight, tomorrow, Some other lonesome and thought-filled day?

I'm afraid that my mind Will hold that thought forever, And selfishly keep it locked within, For every dream I've ever had There was a thought That made it stop before It had time to begin.

In a room, Behind some closed door In one of the clustered tunnels Of my ever changing mind, There's a thought That I'm trying to remember, That I so foolishly left Half way to nowhere, Far behind.

Charles C. (Lynn) Maynor

Questions Investigation at Oxendine School

To the Editor:

Robeson County, it seems, has its own particular brand of Watergate cover-up activities. The President of the United States couldn't get away with his deception, yet one person or persons in this county school system seems to be getting away with the alleged crime of embezzlement and misuse of public school funds, seems to have been doing so for the past 3 years, and during all this time not one breath of it has ever reached public ears. This despite the fact that three local board members of the Oxendine School specifically demanded that action in the matter be taken more than three years ago.

under the rug the same way that the old board and previous superintendent did? The old board and superintendent not only covered up a matter that was questionable, but made the cover-up more complete by publicly naming the man under suspicion as the principal of the year in 1976.

I want to thank all of the concerned people for their prayers and for their donations. I want to thank the nurses and doctors at the Burn Unit especially for their understanding care, and for treating us like human beings.

I will remember each and every one of them in my prayers and thoughts. Thank you!

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The most amazing part of this story is the courage and determination of Yancy. He is a remarkable young fellow. His life probably was spared because he had the presence of mind to roll in the ground instead of running when the explosion occurred and he was afire.

We feel strongly that we tax-payers have the right to know about the questionable activities of the public servants whose salaries we are paying. Why has no report of this matter ever appeared in an area newspaper? Why are inquisitive local school board members being threatened with dismissal? Obviously, there is more here than meets the eye.

As local school board members, we feel that it is our duty to report such matters directly to the people when all else has failed. After three long, hard years, we feel that all else has failed. We are, after all, only doing what we are under oath to do for the protection of the people's educational and financial interests.

A good question is this: Will the new Robeson County Board of Education sweep this matter

Hamer Lee Oxendine Oxendine School Board David McLean

THE CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE 521-2826

Know Your Bible

Rev. D.F. Lowry

To whom it may concern:

Under the law, the people were saved by keeping the law. Under Grace we are saved by being baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Positively, God is in Heaven on the Throne. Christ is now in Heaven standing by the Throne. The Holy Ghost is here on Earth to convict and convert sinners from the error of their ways, saving them by baptizing them with the Holy Ghost and fire. The fire burns out the sin.

Sts. Matthew and Luke mention the fire. Mark and St. John does not mention the fire, and hence the fire is automatic.

The fire may be likened unto an electric bulb in the soul which lights up the soul inside when we are saved.

Being saved, being converted, and being baptized with the Holy Ghost are three different ways of telling about one and the same thing.

If you read St. John 1-33 you will see that Jesus Christ has only one way to save or to convert a sinner from the error of his ways and save a soul from sin or death.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost regenerates, saves, converts and makes us new creatures in Christ.

Quote 1 Cor. 12-3: No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. If you study the 10th and 11th chapters of the Acts you will see the truth concerning being saved.

Peter at the home of Cornelius, Acts 10-43 to 47, Verse 43: Whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins.

Verse 44: While Peter yet spoke these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

Verse 45 shows that the Jews were astonished because the Gentiles received the Holy Ghost.

Verse 46: The Gentiles spake in the language of the Jews magnifying God.

Verse 47 shows that they should be baptized with water after being regenerated by the Holy Ghost.

Now chapter 11 of the Acts of the Apostles declares the whole truth of being saved.

Please read from 11 through 18 chapter and you will see we are regenerated by the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Verse 14: Who shall tell the words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved? Verse 16 says John indeed baptized with water: Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Now the climax is in verse 18: God has granted life to the Gentiles.

Just Thinking

Just a few days ago, I was talking to a good friend of mine (Mr. Sterling Jones). Now considering the environment he is in, he has put together a most unique invention. The Watergate Rat Trap. I have come to the conclusion that the rat trap is a very distinguished piece of art, because it depicts the corruption in our American Government, mainly the Watergate scandal. Besides being a historical rat killer, this invention can tell a story of chaos in a most eloquent manner.

At the present, I am of no political party or have any ties with such, and I feel very free to speak out about this scandal. It was humiliating and totally disastrous to the American Government. I once heard Mr. Nixon say "Sock it to me, America." Now he's saying "Ease up, ease up America." Tapes, tapes, whose got the tapes? This invention precisely describes what happened to the Watergate tapes. While Mr. Nixon was playing cat and mouse, or should I say rat and mouse games. But for Mr. Nixon and company, the rats squealed because the cheese was too hot to swallow, and once again justice did not prevail.

Mabrey Locklear P.O. Box 268 Wagram, N.C.

Educational Views

DR. DALTON P. BROOKS

FORGOTTEN SKILL LISTENING

Listening is a neglected observational skill. Most people, and that means students, are too involved to give special attention to the art of listening. Many students would rather store information for immediate use than to develop an interactive process of listening.

Listening is at least as important as reading and any other skills related to the ability to make accurate observations. As a matter of fact, reading and listening parallel each other so closely that if one were to substitute the word "Reading" for the word "Listening" in the objectives of a good listening program, he would have an excellent listening program.

Listening then is a scientific skill for observation, using one's hearing to coordinate information is a logical pattern. In most instances a student can differentiate, almost immediately, any deviation from the trend of logic. A good listener can maximize the "difference" and "sameness" of an agreement. Providing a clear and concise picture rather than a

blurring image. Hence sharpening his intellectual acuity.

What are some good suggestions that can be used in the classroom?

- 1. Students will listen or direct to do so. 2. Students should learn to neither agree or disagree with person until they are absolutely sure that they know what the speaker is saying. 3. Students should try to relate to every word, concept, Get the meaning. 4. Students, try to listen without emotions, because emotions can actually change what you hear. 5. Students, be on time, punctual, ready to make notes. 6. On entering a classroom, continue a conversation that would deprive you of giving complete attention to the teacher. 7. Students, say to yourself, "I'm going to listen today." Make a commitment to yourself.

Editorial Viewpoint

STRIKE AT THE WIND! IS JUST AS GOOD THIS SEASON AS LAST...

Strike at the Wind! is a phenomenon of sorts, baffling the so called critics with its continuing freshness and pizzazz this year. It's a darn good show and worthy of the local support that it needs so desperately to survive.

Last season (the first) was a miraculous season with everything falling into place. Community support was wide and enthusiastic.

This year the crowds have not been quite as good although the show is, as we see it, better in many respects from last season. The production has been tightened up, and the technical aspects of the show have been improved, especially the lighting.

New faces abound this season. There is a new Mama Cumbo, Donahoe McCune, Shoemaker John, Henry Berry Lowrie, Hugh McGregor, Rev. James Sinclair, Sheriff Reuben King, etc. Most of them are an improvement over last season. They should be since the actors this year had last year's characterizations to react to and develop. The players from last season were a special breed, and it is difficult to assess them against another because they had to create the roles, develop them from scratch. That takes some doing.

The stentorian Julian Ransom is back as the leader. He is remarkable. We saw him give his most inspired performance last Thursday night. He is stately and has one of the all time great voices. He can be heard in the parking lot even, without shouting. Ransom holds the whole show together. His timing and delivery are unbelievable since he had not been in the stage production since he was in college, a number of years ago. In real life Ransom is a minister, and it shows.

But they are all good. Brenda Jacobs as Mama Cumbo; Carnell Locklear as Boss Strong; Victor Lane as Shoemaker, etc., etc. Right down the list.

It's a good show to take the family to see. We guarantee that you'll like it if you ever go see it. And the players deserve our support. Strike at the Wind! is a story that needs to be told. Go see it. You'll like it! We guarantee it.

Attend the Church of your choice this Sunday.

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