

**REP. LAURA S. TALLY  
ADDRESSES PEMBROKE  
BPW CLUB**

Representative Laura S. Tally (D-Cumberland Co.) was the guest speaker for the April meeting of the Pembroke Business and Professional Women's Club.

The topic for the evening was Current and Pending Legislation and Other Issues Affecting Women.

Rep. Tally spoke at length on juvenile offenders. She pointed out that there are two divisions of offenders. The first is the child who commits a felony. There are 7 juvenile detention centers throughout the state. At these the child is held in secure custody. These are fairly small. Here testing, counseling and tutoring for the child is ongoing.

The second division juvenile offenders are those who have not committed a crime. They are offenders guilty of running away from home, truancy, etc. These children need foster homes and counseling. The parents are also counseled. The court counselors need to follow up closely with the juveniles. When they return home, the child could encounter the same problems.

Rep. Tally recommended a Big Sister program for the BPW members.

Rep. Tally doesn't feel too hopeful about ERA. She pointed out that some who supported it are now running for other offices and not as interested as they had been earlier.

Rep. Tally closed her talk by opening the floor for questions.

Following the speaker the club went into the regular business session.

The installation and awards banquet will be held on Monday, May 1, at the Town and Country Restaurant in Pembroke. Mrs. Edith Strickland, chairwoman of the nominating committee presented the committee's recommendations for officers for the 1978-79 years. They are: Mrs. Clara Neville, president; Mrs. Deborah Sampson, 1st vice president; Mrs. Mollye Briley, 2nd vice president; Mrs. Susan Maynor, secretary; and Mrs. Betty Roberts, treasurer. All were accepted by the members.

**Up from Dust  
& Darkness**

**By Lew Barton  
3rd Century Artist**

**MORE ON LAW AND ORDER**

My father (Harker Randolph Barton) sired and reared three families. He fed and clothed them all by pulling the lever of a saw, sharpening saws, farming and doing whatever else he could to earn an honest buck. In-between-times, he improved his sixth grade education by studying at night by the light of an open fireplace. He also found the time to take care of the correspondence of hundreds of illiterate fellow Indians. He never stole or took by force or craft, a dime in his life. And guess what was one of the proudest achievements of his entire life?

"Sonny," he often told me, "I've never seen the inside of a jailhouse in my life."

He never bragged about the countless people he'd gotten out of jail or helped out of jail (bond-wise) - only that he'd never been in himself.

I agree with my son Bruce that it isn't easy to stay out of jail in Robeson County, especially if you're Black, a poor white or a Croatan (as he and I are - and proud of it!) Neither of us have been as fortunate as papa-poor papa who was often trudging home on foot with a tow-sack full of groceries to feed his healthy, hungry broods.

"Our people need lawyers, Sonny," he often told me when he'd worn himself out with letter writing for the neighbors. How proud he'd be if he could know that today we have seven or eight of them!

The first time I went to jail, was because I came home from the Navy on leave during World War II, overslept, missed my bus, and got back to my ship (the U.S.S. Core) several hours late. "The Old Man," as we called the ship's captain, gave me no hearing. He just gave me five days of solitary confinement on bread and water. He put me off my ship to serve my time at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. But I prayed so hard and so long in that Marine brig about what I considered to be a grave injustice that the good Lord either got

sorry for me or tired of hearing me-and performed a miracle on my behalf.

The third day of confinement, the Old Man received orders to shove off in search of more German submarines. The ship couldn't sail without me. There was no one else who could man my station. And so the Old Man canceled the rest of my confinement. He never mentioned those other two days of my sentence again.

Yes, I've had injustice-from both sides. Just last year, I was attacked by a berserk young man with a chair. I was taken from a private home against my will-literally kidnapped-by the rescue squad and taken to Robeson Memorial Hospital with my bleeding head and befuddled brain against my will.

At the hospital, I repeated what I'd told them all along. "I don't want treatment. Is there any law that says I have to submit to treatment I don't want?"

"No, but unless you're out of here in twenty minutes, I'm calling the law and having you arrested," replied the head nurse.

Meanwhile, the ambulance that had brought me against my will, had pulled out and left me. As I am a legally blind person, (having legally certified, up-to-date documentation to that effect), naturally I couldn't see well enough to leave.

That nurse kept her word. She had me thrown in jail, this "angel of mercy."

Why?

Personally, I think it was because I am a Croatan and dared to try to reason with a white nurse. To her, I wasn't a wounded man, half out of his head because of a head injury and two broken neck bones that later showed up in an x-ray picture (taken in Dillon, S.C.). I was just a Croatan who dared to "talk back." (in my own behalf, a privilege guaranteed me by the Constitution of the United States.)

As you can guess, the inevitable occurred. An officer named McViccars appeared. I tried to say something in my own defense, even in my addled, befuddled condition. No profanity, no swear words. Just something like, "I haven't done anything to go to jail..." And then I collapsed at his feet, unconscious. My honesty have thought me more drunk than injured. I have to leave that determination between him and his God and his conscience.

I was aroused, still in a stupor, several hours later. My wife and a mutual friend had come for me. I dimly remember someone wanting me to sign certain necessary papers for my release. But even in a stupor, I like to know what I am signing before I sign it. I must say that the Indian magistrate and several white officers exercised patience with me, even though they probably didn't know I'd been struck over the head with a chair.

It was only later that I learned I'd been booked for public drunkenness, resisting arrest and obstructing the work of police officers.

I employed an Indian lawyer-Ertle Knox Chavis. When my case came up, a white judge listened carefully as Counsellor Chavis interrogated the officer as to exactly what had happened. I believe McViccars answered truthfully. When he'd finished, the white judge threw the whole thing out because his charges failed to correspond with his honest testimony. I honor that officer, who after all is human and was probably new in police work, for telling the truth under oath. I think we all learned something from my bitter, painful experience. I'd been victimized, as I see it, by both sides but hold no grudge nor ill-will. Of such is the quality of human-not necessarily Robeson-justice.

Such justice has never been perfect-nor will it ever be. Only God's justice is perfect - and He tempers it with mercy. Yet we can-and should-do everything possible to improve it. Man's justice has never been too accurate to need improvement.

More than ten years ago, I listened for at least half-an-hour while someone worked at my door, trying to get it open. I could tell by the fumbling at the door that the person trying to force entrance must be drunk. Because of this, and also because I was living close to my God, I fired no shots. I just waited and prayed for self-control.

Getting the door open at last, a young man who was obviously intoxicated, attempted to crawl into bed between me and my wife. I simply led him to the door and persuaded him to go home and sleep it off.

But next morning, I told his wife what had happened. I reminded her of the seriousness of her husband's crime and said, "Tell him to come talk with me."

He came, bedraggled and sorry. He apologized profusely. I forgave him, asked him to kneel with me and prayed for us both and our families.

When he left my home, there were tears of gratitude in his eyes. He'd promised never to repeat such an act-and he never has. When I heard from him shortly afterwards, he'd given up drinking altogether. So far as I know, he has never taken another drink from that day to this.

Unfortunately, however, not all such stories have so happy an ending. I fired a warning shot at the last person who tried to break my door down-through the door. He fired back through the windows, endangering my life and the lives of my guests.

His offense against me was but one of a number of offenses throughout the community-mostly breakings and enterings and larceny. Now "the poor fellow" is in prison. Offenses that could have brought him and his brother 150 years, brought up to 4 for one and not less than 6 for the other.

There is a difference between drunken crimes and a series of crimes deliberately planned and executed. There is a difference between the person who more or less accidentally gets into trouble and one who has evidently made crime a career.

Be it ever so humble, a man's dwelling is his home, and his belongings are his own. And in this country, a man's home is his castle. It is, as it rightly ought to be, a serious crime to violate that principal by breaking and entering.

To recapitulate-

I recently saw charges against two defendants which could have netted them something like 150 years, reduced to up to four years for one and four to ten years for the other. If that isn't mercy - and Robeson mercy at that, then I don't know the meaning of the term.

Both were poor. Both were Indians. Both were uneducated. But

**New, Soul-Stirring**

**Gospel Sing**

Union Elementary School  
Hwy. 710-Between  
Pembroke and Rowland  
**Saturday, 7:30 p.m., April 22, 1978**

- Bible for oldest person attending
- Gift for youngest Christian
- Gift for largest family attending
- Songs by D&L Gospel Singers & others
- No admission charge
- Sponsored by Southeastern Gospel Music Association, Inc., a new, non-profit organization. Rev. Grover Oxendine, President.
- Hot dogs, sandwiches, drinks available
- Come and enjoy soul-moving gospel singing. Witness. Praise God.

they did have a friend who was neither poor nor uneducated nor undispasionate - at least, where they were concerned.

Meanwhile, the many stolen items were never recovered, and the legal process demanded no restitution. The lost time and anguish and trauma on the part of the victims, were not even taken into account.

Of such as this is our system of human justice. As I said before, there is room for improvement.

Let's face it - law enforcement is caught between the Devil and the deep blue sea. Officers are damned if they do and damned if they don't.

I was riding with a lady minister in a big city several years ago. She made a wrong turn. A very courteous policeman blew the whistle on her and gave her a ticket.

She was furious. "Now I know why people call policemen pigs," she lashed out. "Real criminals are out there raping and killing and robbing but you have to pick on a poor woman driver!"

To stop her tirade, unpleasantness and Possible real trouble I offered to pay the mere \$15 for her making a wrong turn myself. That's one lady preacher I never went out with again. Although she was certainly beautiful and I was certainly unmarried, I don't think we could have gotten along.

No offense, Rev.! But he didn't pick on you because you were "a poor, helpless woman." He gave you a ticket because you broke the law-a law passed in order to save lives.

Admittedly, there are "rotten apples" in the apple barrel of law enforcement. Admittedly, there are errors, and conceivably innocent people who do time-or even lose their lives- for crimes they did not commit.

But, oh, boy! Where would each of us be today without the enforcement of human laws by sometimes erring human being?!

**Cross Country**

**Amusement**

**Center to**

**Officially Open**

The official opening of Cross Country Amusement Center will be held Saturday, April 22 beginning at 7 a.m. and lasting until 6 p.m. The activities include fishing, 3-legged race, sack race, bobbing contes and much more. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The four oldest people will receive gifts, the oldest a brand new Kennedy Rocker. The youngest wedded mother will also receive a gift. Many other gifts and trophies will also be given.

Cross Country Country Club is located 9 miles West of Lumberton, off Highway 211 on Shannon Road. It was formerly Ted Tyner's Circle T. Lakes. Everyone is invited to attend and participate in the activities.

Elementary education master's degrees may be awarded with a focus on grades K-3 or on grades 4-8. Administrative master's degrees will focus on either administration or supervision.

PSU has been involved in two cooperative graduate programs with other universities, Appalachian State University and the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, but until Friday's action, could not award master's degrees on its own.

Chancellor English E. Jones called the board action "a dream come true."

The graduate programs, he said, will provide "a great opportunity for the public school teachers within our university's primary 13-county radius in South-eastern North Carolina to earn their master's degrees. It is a great step forward for this entire area of our state."

The cooperative program with ASU was initiated in 1974. In 1976, 125 students received their degrees, after doing the final phase of their work on the ASU campus.

Currently, 66 students are participating in the program with UNC-C and need 12 more semester hours before being eligible for their degrees.

**PSU Gets  
Education  
Graduate  
Program**

Special To The Times  
CHAPEL HILL - A graduate program in education for Pembroke State University (PSU) was unanimously approved Friday by the Board of Governors of the University of North Carolina here. The board, at its regular meeting, approved a program which will begin this fall, allowing PSU to award master's degrees in elementary education and educational administration and supervision.

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"Quality Education for  
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**WHO IS JERRY LOWRY?**

**NAME:** Jerry Lowry, son of Rev. and Mrs. Harvey Lowry.  
**ADDRESS:** Route 1, Rowland, North Carolina. Residence-521-9044, Business-844-5132.  
**WIFE:** Doreen L. Lowry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Lowry.  
**CHILDREN:** Elena and Ana Lowry.  
**EXPERIENCE:** Teacher and Assistant Principal in Elementary Schools.  
**EDUCATION:** Pembroke State University Graduate in 1970; attended University of Las Llamas, Santander, Spain.  
**COMMUNITY SERVICE:** President of PTA at Union Elementary 1977-78; Past President of PSU Alumni Association 1977-78; Member of Union Civic Club; Advisory member of IEA for Union Elementary.  
**CHURCH:** Sunday School Teacher-Pleasant Grove United Methodist Church; Past Lay Leader and Lay Speaker; Chairman of Administration Board; Youth Counselor and Coordinator; Member of the Board of Laity with United Methodist Church; Past Choir Director.  
**OCCUPATION:** Self-employed-Owner and Operator of Lowry's Chainsaw and J and D Grocery, Maxton, North Carolina.

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- Self-employed accountant
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