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Locklear, son of Mrs. Parlie

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Locklear entered the Army

graduate of Prospect High

School. His wife, Annie, lives

January 1975. He is a 1970

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NOTE OF THANKS

-- Mrs. Lela H. Brooks



Up from Dust & Darkness

By Lew Barton 3rd Century Artist OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

There is something one can say about all human relationships. They all end sooner or later. And when they are gone, they are

Some people seem to have the capacity to throw a human relationship aside like an outgrown garment and never give it another thought. Sometimes I envy such people, even though I recognize this type as fickle and phoney-people was possess not pulsating hearts but thumping gizzards. I envy them in a sense, that is, because they seem to suffer no regret and no pangs of conscience. My own feelings run deep, like the stirring of a mighty, ever-flowing river. I have to suffer and agonize and go through my own personal hell. There is no easing up on my personal agony until it has consumed itself.

But once my limit is reached, I am suddenly set free to rise as though on the wings of an eagle. That sudden freedom is so overwhelming as to be indiscribable.

Suddenly, the songbird singing just outside my window, isn't just making noise-and a nusiance of himself. He is really making

My soul is revived. My spirit comes alive. And yes, I am free and happy-and glad to be alive, I who once sank so low in misery and dispondency as to actually contemplate suicide!

God says, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and the door shall be opened unto you." Perhaps my seeking and knocking has wrought a miracle in my life. It is a miracle I hope never to be very far away

I am able to create again-not just muster or scribble words, my recent orignal poem may or may not fit the subject matter under discussion-human relationships-but I am including it anyhow.

I WONDER

I hear you're doing quite all right. At least, that's what they say. I'm glad to know you're not uptight,

I wish to thank all the friends and relatives who responded so lovingly to me during my recent hospitalization. My return home is due in part to your love and prayers. I invite all of you to visit me at home during my convalescence.



Throughout eternity. I send my blessings, wish you well Despite your new conquest. Though optimistic I am not, I wish you both the best.

And everything's okay.

And so am I, indeed!

I wonder if you still recall

Your vow of so slight worth

Those yarns you spun for me

Of endless love and being true

I wonder if you spin for him

Who fills your every need

I hear you've found yourself the one

They say he's happy that he's won,

But when the evening shadows fall And darkness blanks the earth,

Human relationships end in a number of ways-through quarrels, upsets, distance, back-biting and gossip, peacebreakers, home-breakers and death. They may even end because the parties are simply tired of and bore I with each other. But make no mistake about it-somehow, someway, at one time or another, ALL human

Whatever the reason or reasons, broken human relationships can be crushing. If they are family relationships, they can tear the guts

Even so, time and circumstances plus the mercy of God can bring about restoration and healing. Then no one has to groan like the

> I reached for a rose. I grasped a thorn. I bleed. I bleed.

Sometimes, restoration and healing may be brought about simply by meeting a kindred spirit, a kindred soul, a kindred acquaintance.

I bleed.

KINDRED SOULS

It's strange the way a kindred soul Can change the way you feel By simply saying, "Listen! Hey!" Then their own woes reveal. You think you're in the world alone, But, suddenly, you're not. That kindred soul can soon unfold What seems real but is not. "I've walked that same pathway myself," Your kindred friend may say. "I've even lacked the will to live As you lack that today.' Then, suddenly, you're not alone-You only thought you were! And slowly to your heart returns Those things you once held dear. That kindred soul somehow discerns, And with real human tears, Can wash away all your concerns Til real joy reappears. God bless Him who made kindred souls, Though Self-blessed that may be! He knows our needs and in His way. Fills them mysteriously.

L.B., 1978

Miraculously, as I've said already, for me the songbirds are beginning to really sing once more. And that is just as it ought to be For once again springtime, the season of new beginnings is at hand.

> Bye, bye, Winter! Hello, Spring!

WORDS OF BLESSING

Welcome!

Thanks for what you bring!

L.B., 1978

Words are magic things of power-They can wound or they can heal. They can paint such pretty pictures Or the rankest lies conceal. Thoughtless words may trickle teardrops Down an undeserving face Words of cruelty can cripple Hearts once filled with love and grace Bitter words may bate engender. Brutal words may even kill. Loving words so sweet and tender May a heart quite forlorn fill. Gracious words are like showers, Gentle April softly brings. But when careless words are spoken, They bring winter, banish spring. Joyous words are things of beauty. Like their cousins, words of cheer. Words like this can banish sorrow And bring heaven very near. Timely words-a word in season-They're the kind of words we need When our spirits lag and falter And our human, bleak hearts bleed. Words are all unique in action-Use them wisely, choose with care. Such folk breathe the breath of angels-They're the rarest of the rare!

-L.B., 1978

Locklear-St. Pierre to Emcee Robeson On Parade

Combining their talents and love for performing, Carnell Locklear and Hope St. Pierre will be emcees for the gala event, Robeson On Parade 78 The program will be presented May 5, 1978 at 8 p.m. in the Performing Arts Center on the Pembroke State University

Carnell Locklear, a resident of Pembroke is state employed. His diverse talents have reared themselves in many capacities. Since opening night of the drama, Strike at the Wind, Locklear has performed to almost standing ovations, the role of Boss Strong. Perhaps he is better known through his singing of "In The Pines." He's an outstanding Jaycee member in the Pembroke organization. Politically he has distinguished himself through services with Dave Flaherty, Secretary of N.C. Human Resources, and with Governor James Holshouser through the Order of Long Leaf Pine. He has also receive plaques of

appreciation from Robeson County Correction Unit and the University of Miami School of Medicine.

Mistress of Ceremony will

be Ms. Hope St. Pierre. Many

people recognize and remember Hope for her beautiful characterization of Rhoda Strong in the drama Strike at the Wind. Deviant from the average woman, Ms. St. Pierre has been a disc jockey with WLNC, Laurinburg, NC.

Presently she is employed with the Robeson County Health Department.

Pembroke Junior High has earned the reputation of "putting its best foot forward." As in past experiences, the school has taken great pride in exhibiting its cultural arts for the community, therefore, every effort has been made to maintain this reputation. We

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