



One of the facets of publishing a newspaper that I really like is hearing from our readers, from every part of the country and beyond. We get an occasional "nasty" letter but most of the correspondence we receive is nice and encouraging. Like a telephone call from my old school chum, Willie Smith. He and I graduated from Pembroke High in 1959. I said it was 1958 in a recent column. Willie said, "No wonder... you are even having trouble keeping up with the time. And I don't want to be a year older. Please correct... and keep my Carolina Indian Voice coming..." Willie now lives in Virginia and is interested in getting our Pembroke High classmates together for a class reunion. It has been ten years since the class was together.

We also heard from Geraldine Oxendine (Geri) now living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She writes: Dear Bruce, I was very surprised to open the May 19th issue of the Carolina Indian Voice and see my generation, the five generations that we are so proud of. The young lady, Loretta, was my great grandmother's fifth generation of which we were very proud. I'm not being critical but Adell is a Chavis, she would be tickled to see Hall. I was down this year for my father's 71st birthday. I'm very glad I came down, it was my second time in twenty one years. I was down at the Carolina Indian Voice-LRDA offices and talked to Carnell Locklear, thought I was talking to you till the next day I realized who he was. No reflexions!

Since my little sister worked for the Carolina Indian Voice in Baltimore (Janice Revels) for Mr. Lew Barton I've had a question-is this the same Mr. Barton I met as a pre-teen in Pembroke at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Clark now of St. Louis, Mo.? He told a story of how when he was in the army he went to a home (overseas) to ask for the Bible and when he was given the Bible there was dust on it, so he wrote the song Dust on the Bible. Each time I hear that song I remember the story. When I read the Voice I can sense a Christian spirit in the paper, which makes me believe Mr. Barton could have written this beautiful hymn. Maybe you or your father can answer this for me. As for Carnell, I was at Union Chapel School the night he won the Slims Mims

Contest, great times like this I don't forget. That was many, many moons ago. Wisconsin has been our home since 1962; it was hard to leave home but I've gotten used to it and really love the great state of Wisconsin. Our home is always open to visitors, so anyone from North Carolina that comes to Wisconsin will always be welcome. I visit with my family weekly by phone, but on Mondays I visit with the people of North Carolina. I'm glad we found YOU. (The Carolina Indian Voice.) I'm married to Lawton Oxendine of Pembroke and we have a daughter, Beverly, 21, a son, Anthony, 17, and a Schipper-Poo dog and we're very proud of our ROOTS in North Carolina. I have faith that you will reach 5,000 new readers by December, my mom and dad really enjoy their copy each week. The best to you and yours. Sincerely, Geri Oxendine

And the subscribers continue to come in. Be counted. Let us hear from you. Recent subscribers are: 153. Ertle Chavis, Pembroke NC 154. Gene A. Brayboy, Manassas, Texas 155. Hal Hunt, Baltimore, MD 156. Alice Locklear, Maxton, NC 157. Viola Strickland, Pembroke, NC 158. Donnie Locklear, Pembroke, NC 159. Stella Lowery, Pembroke, NC 160. Wholesale Auto Parts of Pembroke, Inc., Pembroke, NC 161. Lailure Lowry, Pembroke, NC 162. Gloria Lopez, Elmhurst, NY 163. First Union Bank, Pembroke, NC 164. PSU Performing Arts Center, Pembroke, NC 165. Jackie Chavis, Roseville, MI 166. Suzanne Sampson, Tempe, AZ 167. Jeromie Locklear, Wagram, NC 168. Grover Locklear, Lumberton, NC 169. Waldon Freeman, Cary, NC 170. Jerry M. Barnes, Lumberton, N.C. 171. Bradford Oxendine, Lumberton, NC 172. Southern National Bank, Lumberton, NC

- 173. Grover Oxendine, Pembroke, NC
- 174. David Earl Brooks, Pembroke, NC
- 175. Larry W. Chavis, Lumberton, NC
- 176. W.R. Richardson, Hollister, NC
- 177. David Johnson, Greensboro, NC
- 178. James E. Sampson, Pembroke, NC
- 179. Sally C. Clark, Maxton, NC
- 180. Willie J. Locklear, Maxton, NC
- 181. John W. Lewis, Houston, Texas.
- 182. E.B. Turner, Lumberton, NC
- 183. N.C. Commission of Indian Affairs, Raleigh, NC
- 184. Dorothy Neilson, Santa Monica, CA.
- 185. Sam Locklear, Gastonia, NC
- 186. B.J. Stacks, Charlotte, NC
- 187. Gloria Jones Simmons, Fairview, NC
- 188. Joseph W. Smith, Cary, NC
- 189. Bonnie Barnes, Red Springs, NC
- 190. Allen Jamerson, Lumberton, NC
- 191. Governor Barnes, Jr. Norfolk, VA
- 192. Marie Radford, Lynchburg, VA
- 193. Marshall Bowen, Pembroke, NC
- 194. Mrs. Lloyd Sencenbaugh, Maxton, NC
- 195. Molly H. Sampson, Pembroke, NC
- 196. Mrs. Doris Aitson, Taylor, MI
- 197. Larry Polk, Rowland, NC
- 198. Martha Odom, Pembroke NC
- 199. L.W. Herndon, Parkton, NC
- 200. Dufrene Cummings, Pembroke, NC
- 201. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools, Charlotte, NC
- 202. Sue Locklear, Pembroke, NC
- 203. Jo Jo Hunt, Huntington Beach, CA.
- 204. Margaret Hines, Joppa, MD.
- 205. Milsie Carpenter, Hackensittown, NJ.
- 206. Glassie Locklear, Fayetteville, NC
- 207. Doris Oxendine, Fayetteville, NC
- 208. Betty Lou Bell, Pembroke, NC
- 209. Charles E. McNeil, Shannon, NC
- 210. Mary Lois Locklear, Shannon, NC
- 211. Lock B. Locklear, Levittown, Pa.
- 212. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Oxendine, Charlotte, NC
- 213. Flowers Sampson, Pembroke, NC
- 214. Martin Oxendine, MI. Clemens, MI
- 215. Luellen Lowery, Maxton, NC
- 216. Rozier Strickland, Lumberton, NC
- 217. Rod Jones, Darlington, SC
- 218. Willie Carvie Jacobs, Pembroke, NC
- 219. Loraine B. Brooks, Baltimore, MD

To the Editor: Why, after 24 years, has religious worship over radio station WAGR been denied air time? There are those who think this was done against Rev. Grover Oxendine and Rev. Willard Jones because of their involvement against the LREMC Action Group, headed up by Carl Branch, etc. In my opinion, the LREMC Action Group to some degree consists of perpetrators of racism. In my opinion, Mr. Al Kahn was pressured by these people or people with the same thoughts. It is a shame for the shut-ins, the elderly, etc. for there were people I know definitely were just so anxious and waited patiently to see Sunday come. May God ever be with the ones who were not concerned. There are avenues being pursued pertaining to the acquisition of a radio station, so that people who deserve it can tune in to their favorite station for the joy and comfort received through spiritual worship, such as was brought to them by Rev. Grover Oxendine and Rev. Willard Jones. I am quite sure Rev. Oxendine and Rev. Jones were really shocked. But never mind, there is a pay day for we serve a God who knows every evil thought, let alone a bad deed.

Violet Locklear Pembroke
To the Editor: There are those who want you to believe that industry would bypass Robeson County if it did not have Robeson Technical College located therein. This is far from being true. Industry is happy to locate in Robeson County because of the tax breaks they can enjoy, the low low labor cost to build and market their product, the non existence of fringe benefits for the employee and many many more assets to take out of Robeson County, NC. When industry comes to Robeson County, NC it has researched and developed its product already, and most likely industry paid the equivalent of and more than the organized union wage scale. I

ask you employees is it fair to you to build industry's products at the minimum wage, when industry's product is sold at the same price as the product built under the union label. Think about this industrial worker. You are not getting a fair shake. As a worker, time is the only commodity you have to offer and you should not settle for less than a decent wage that will remove you from the welfare program. These facts will verify that Robeson Technical College has not improved the situation for the industrial worker in Robeson County, NC. If you know enough to find your way to these industrial complexes, you can do the job that is assigned to you. There is talk of renting space from Southeastern General Hospital. In my opinion, Southeastern General Hospital has the highest room rent in the county. Who owes who favors at Southeastern General Hospital? As a taxpayer I don't want a penny paid to Southeastern General Hospital for Robeson Technical College room rent. The funds set aside for Robeson Technical College and Hilly Branch Vocational School should be channeled into high school vocational training. The cost of transporting students from the various high schools to RTC and HBVC is absolutely stupid procedure. I think it is time for the Robeson County Board of Education and the Robeson County Commissioners to tell these so called leaders in the field of education at the state level that you know what is best for your people in Robeson County, NC and you want vocational training in the high schools where it belongs at a much less cost to the taxpayer.

Please Mr. and Ms. voter-taxpayer, vote no to a bond referendum to support big spending for nothing in Robeson County, NC. More later. Give Bruce Barton a boost with a paid subscription to the Carolina Indian Voice. **John L. Godwin Pembroke, N.C.**

Letters To The Editor

Prospect School Graduation Exercises
Continued from Page 1
of this factor, I feel that we, as graduates should set a goal for ourselves; whether that goal be to further our education in some way or to do a job to the best of our capabilities. Often it is not because things are difficult that we do not dare; but it is because we do not dare that they are difficult. I'm not saying that we should set our goals so high that it would virtually be impossible for anyone to reach them, but I'm saying that we should set them high enough so that they cannot be obtained without effort. With this thought in mind, I challenge my fellow classmates to set goals for themselves. Our graduation should be thought of as the rung of a ladder, it was never meant to rest upon, but only to hold a person's foot long enough to put the other foot somewhat higher. We have finished out high school education and we're ready to meet the unknown and the

Prospect School Graduation Exercises
Continued from Page 1
new day. There will be ladders of life to climb and I hope that each of these ladders will enable each of us to grow in wisdom and become more efficient. Life won't be a bed of roses, there will be ups and downs, celebrations and depressions but may we always retain the spirit of youth. The valedictorian of the last graduating class of Prospect School was Brian Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Jones. Jones played football and baseball at the school. He was named to All Conference and All County in football. He was a member of the National Honor Society and Beta Club and served as Chief Marshal. He will be enrolled at North Carolina State University in the fall. Jones was also the recipient of the U.S. Army Reserve National Scholar Athlete Award.

Pembroke Elementary School Dance Festival
A dance festival was held at Pembroke Elementary School on May 6, 1983. The dances revolved around the theme "Dances Through the Ages." Dances began with those of the 17th Century on down through the dances of today. Students depicted the age of their dance with their costumes. The dance festival was high-lighted by the Junior Gymnastic children who have been under the instruction of Mrs. Lynette Locklear. Attendance by parents, grandparents and nursery children was great! (Photo by Mrs. Elmer Hunt)

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

MEANDERING WITH GARRY L. BARTON

Snakes! Yuk! The word alone makes my skin crawl. And the sight makes my feet run. Such was the case recently when my brother and I were checking out the recently remodeled trailer of our precious grandma. I was stepping down from the porch after surveying the inside when I thought I saw something move. Heaven forbid! I thought it was a snake. The thought alone was inspiration enough. While still in mid-air, I managed to make a ninety degree turn, pointing my nose-with my body not far behind-toward mama's house (the trailer was located behind mama's). My feet must have looked like those of the Roadrunner when they hit the ground. I know at first I had a bit of a traction problem. But, evidently that problem was corrected when I hit second gear 'cause as soon as the dust cleared and I regained some semblance of composure I looked and realized I was a good hundred feet from my brother and the slimy serpent. Being a good Samaritan at heart, of course my brother's safety received next highest priority. So I cupped my hands around my mouth like a yodeler from the Alps and hollered at the top of my lungs: "There's a snake!"

Remember - these views are mine, they are not necessarily anyone else's; they aren't even necessarily views.

band, I acted swiftly; I cleared about three hedge bushes in a single leap that would have put Superman to shame. Landing flatfooted on the paved road, I done what any other over-protective husband would do: I hollered: "Run!" That was the first and last time I bothered to survey that end of the lots. From the sketchy description I gave, someone told me it must have been a King Snake and that it wouldn't bother me. (I knew it wouldn't bother me unless it could do the mile in less than 4 minutes). So I gave it the honor and respect due a King. I promised the good Lord and a nearby Mocking Bird that I would not ever bother the King Snake again. He could be king of that lot and I'd be the king of the other one on the other end-if my wife would let me.

I couldn't see my brother from my vantage point. All I could see was a faint puff of smoke. I figured it was his Converse sneakers fighting for traction as he back-tracked back into the trailer. In the end he came out the back door of the trailer and ended up chopping the snake's head off with a shovel. I, on the other hand, ever conscious and concerned about the safety of my mother and grandmother, stood guard at the exact spot where my trusty number 12's had taken me. As a matter of fact, I was glued to the spot. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted too. And, believe me, I didn't really want to. Let's face facts people, I'm scared to death of a snake, or anything that resembles a snake for that matter. Another time, my wife and I had just purchased a new (to us, at least) home. Like any proud couple, we were at the end of one of the two lots just a looking, a picking and a grinning. All at once a discarded rubber hose came to life and coiled up right before my startled eyes. Being the big, over-protective type hus-

Perhaps my (and anybody else with good sense) fear of snakes got its roots in the Garden of Eden. You see, the Lord told Adam and Eve not to eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The ol' snake bit Eve with the bite of lust. The more she looked at a juicy, ripe apple freshly plucked from the forbidden tree, the more she had to have it. Well, Eve must have thought she could catch the Lord napping (just like you and I sometimes do), because she took a bite of the tasty treat. And it tasted so good to her she gave ol' Adam some too. And, like my paster once said, man has been snake bit ever since. 'Cause God cursed Eve for her disobedience by making women bear children in pain and agony. He cursed Adam for his disobedience by making men earn their keep by the sweat of their brows. And, lo and behold, God cursed the snake for crawling a creepy, slimy liar by making him crawl on his belly instead of walking upright! Now, don't get me wrong, I don't mean to be sacreligious or nothing, but I sure wish God hadn't done that. I ain't scared of nothing that walks on two feet as long as I can see it. No! It's them invisible creepy, crawly things that go snap, crackle and pop in the middle of the night that scares the bejibbers out of me. As you can well see, I treat a snake the same way I would see a lust-crazed Grizzly Bear in heat who has been fasting and lusting for forty days and forty nights-I give the sucker plenty of room! We'll talk some more next week.

Prospect School Graduation Exercises

Continued from Page 1
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new day. There will be ladders of life to climb and I hope that each of these ladders will enable each of us to grow in wisdom and become more efficient. Life won't be a bed of roses, there will be ups and downs, celebrations and depressions but may we always retain the spirit of youth. The valedictorian of the last graduating class of Prospect School was Brian Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Jones. Jones played football and baseball at the school. He was named to All Conference and All County in football. He was a member of the National Honor Society and Beta Club and served as Chief Marshal. He will be enrolled at North Carolina State University in the fall. Jones was also the recipient of the U.S. Army Reserve National Scholar Athlete Award.

WHATEVER COMES

by Lew Barton
MY OWN PERSONAL SEPTEMBER SONG
Once you reach 65, you know you are definitely singing your September Song. Oh, no one hits you over the head with a cue stick to remind you. And only a few friends may remember at all. But you know. The Social Security office knows. And even a few 10% discounts may begin to trickle in. So be it! Such a birthday passed quietly for me on June 4. Some of the ladies of Strickland Heights prepared a special dinner for me--stew beef, fresh mustard greens and the like--and it was delicious. Such food is always better than cafe fare, which almost never is, and I guess nobody knows better than a bachelor like me how to appreciate a home-cooked meal. I thank God that I am here at all for this august occasion. So many friends, relatives and acquaintances who once walked closely at hand didn't make it. I can count them off the top of my mind like fingers and toes. Some of them were great. Some were humble. Yet the same Fate overlooked them all, one by one, just as I know it shall soon behold me, too. "For it is appointed unto men to die once a after that the judgement." Death, like tax-

es, is always sure. Yes, even sure! I used to hear the people of the Robeson community criticized for their realistic attitude toward death. "We all know we've got to die," this man would grumble. "But these people work at it." I have purposely deleted the adjectives he used to describe such people. But since that time, he has long departed this scene, destination unknown. Death is as real as life. For you cannot have one, not over any appreciable length of time, without the other. Wherever there is life, there is also death, lurking somewhere nearby in the shadows. Some people seem to think that if they ignore a problem long enough, it will finally go away. But that doesn't work where the Grim Reaper is concerned. He's definitely out to get you and me and everyone else who breathes the breath of life. The only One Who ever defeated him, was Jesus, Jesus, who promised those who put their faith in Him, "Because I live, ye shall also live." Again, "I give unto them eternal life. And they shall never perish." How long is never, neighbor? I equate forever with

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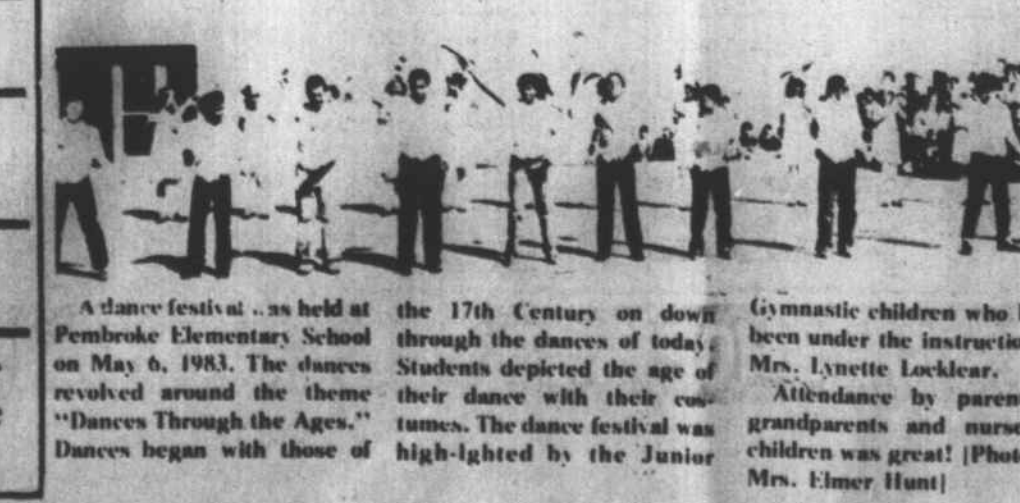
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God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

Editor Bruce Barton
Associate Editor Connee Brayboy

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"We will never know where we are going if we do not know where we have been..."



Pharmacist Howard Brooks
Pembroke Drug Center
(Main and W. 1st, Pembroke, N.C.)

Rules to avoid heat stroke
Heat stroke, or sunstroke, occurs when the body can no longer rid itself of excess heat. It is caused as a result of excessive sweating and a consequent loss of body fluids and potassium with a resulting salt and chloride imbalance in the blood. To avoid heat stroke work gradually into heavy exercise such as football practice and steer clear of continuous potassium-depleting perspiration. Eat fresh fruits for liquids daily, and refuse "quick energy" sugary snacks which may lower blood sugar.

STORIES FROM THE BASK OF BORN
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