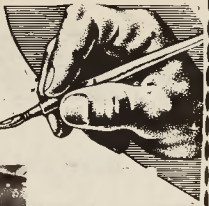


ASI SEE IT



by
**Bruce
Barton**

BIG BUCKS OFFENSIVE TO ME, PROBABLY WILL COST JESSE HELMS VOTES IN OL' ROBESON

I'm trying to keep an open mind concerning Senator Jesse Helms because Governor Jim Hunt sometimes offends me for trying to be all things to all men. A man needs, every once in a while, to just stand flat footed and take a stand. I like Jesse Helms for that but...

I found the big bucks gathering at Tom Gibson's home in behalf of Helms offensive, and it will probably cost Jesse Helms votes when all is said and done in Ol' Robeson. Believe me 'cause I can smell the political winds a blowing.

\$500 a throw is a lot of money for anyone to have to pay to see a U.S. senator. And that's what they say it cost to attend the "by invitation only" event at Tom Gibson's home in Lumberton. The event was, according to press reports, closed to the media because Gibson said, "It is closed to the press because we are going to be cramped for space."

"I'll tell you, folks, I'm suspicious of anyone connected with the public business who has parties and stuff 'closed to the press.' What is there to hide? It seems counter productive to me."

And I kind of like Tom Gibson. He ran for sheriff once and he interested me at the time. He seemed like a breath of fresh, political air. But this big bucks stuff bothers me considerably. And, more than that, it might have cost Helms a vote or two in my camp. I know he lost a lot of poor folks votes, and that's mostly what populates Robeson County. Rich people can't elect Goddard to the presidency of a mean guys federation, much less sell Helms (for even \$500) to us sight unseen. And, on top of that, Gibson and his organization brought in former interior chief James Watts too, both for \$500. God almighty!

And, interestingly enough, Gibson lists himself as a conservative democrat. I wonder if any of the local Black and Indian Republicans could afford to go to the big bucks party? I've talked to some of them and they swear that they either were not invited or couldn't afford it. I would rank the big bucks party as one of the most damaging political gatherings in the history of America. Poor folks won't forget the big bucks party, and it will take more than rich folks like Tom Gibson and the money churning Congressional Club (which backs Helms to the hilt) to ever come our scorn and votes.

Jesse Helms ought to wake up and disavow the big bucks practitioners who seem to have him in their power.

Helms got elected to the U.S. Senate because his Christian virtue rang true and seemed to be a clarion call to decency and honor. But the Congressional Club and big bucks parties are leaving a sour taste in the political mouths of we poor folks. I hope someone will tell Jess what I just said. If not, Jim Hunt might topple him and replace him in the senate in November.

AND FOLKS RESPOND POSITIVELY TO "THIS MIGHT BE MY LAST YEAR AS EDITOR OF THE CAROLINA VOICE" COLUMN OF LAST WEEK

My heart has been touched by the positive response of readers to my column "This Might Be My Last Year As Editor of the Carolina Indian Voice" which appeared on the front page of the Carolina Indian Voice last week.

Most have said "Don't do it!" although one fella said quite forceful, "Good riddance!" But most folks sounded the alarm of "we need you!" more than any other response. Readers called me, wrote me, spoke to me on the street, in sufficient number, to let me know that the Indian Voice is read and considered each week.

Another friend (sic) chastised me for "being so religious" lately, saying, "People don't give a good Tinker's damn about your Christian faith. They want you to take some forceful positions on issues like you used to do before you started all this spiritual mumble jumble."

But I have started down the road of faith, and I make no apologies for it. I believe that Christ is sufficient for my needs and that I can turn to Him in a time of trouble.

So, goals are not anathema to God. He is not afraid of goals. And, if one lives righteously and praises God, goals are attainable. That is why I have tied selling the rest of our stock and 5,000 subscribers in 1984 as an answer to whether I stay or move out of the way and let another have a crack at developing The Carolina Indian Voice.

I believe our goals are reasonable. Just watch and see. I believe we will have 5,000 new subscribers in 1984. I feel it in my bones. And we are developing some good features that will help us reach our goals. We invite you to share this great adventure with us.

I am calling it COUNTERDOWN TO 5,000! Count with us as we list subscribers weekly. Get on the lively list.

I want to stand naked before Christ, no cover ups, no hypocrisy, no sham. I want to take a stand for Christ, publicly and strive for His excellence.

Pray for me. I need your prayers desperately!

BOOK REVIEW

by Earl Brooks, Baltimore, Md.

"AS I SEE IT: AN INDIAN MANIFESTO."

Bruce Barton, 265 pages, The Carolina Indian Voice, P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, N.C. 28372. \$10 (includes postage and handling).

Henry Berry Lowrie, the legendary Lumbee Indian folk hero, who kept white traditionalist Robeson County North Carolina in a state of post-Civil War siege for nearly a decade, is a spirit cousin of Bruce Barton who continues a ten year struggle of his own for civil and human justice in the land of Lowrie.

As editor-founder of The Carolina Indian Voice newspaper, Barton has persevered since January 1973 to supplant Winchester's and sabres with pen and wit, two instruments that focus local, state, and federal attention upon Robeson County's entrenched atmosphere of three-way segregation which is the unfortunate legacy of over 300 years of white supremacy here. The county seat-Lumberton-- is predominately white. The town of Pembroke nearby is overwhelmingly Indian and the cultural seat of Lumbee Community of forty thousand. Many of these people harbor clear memories of three separate accommodations for Indian, Black, and White prior to 1954.

Barton sheds light on the necessity for Black-Indian coalitions to obtain political control of the county whose 105,000 inhabitants are nearly equally divided among Blacks, Indians and Whites.

With some exceptions, which include Lowrie's interracial band which received national press for its protracted exploits, Black and Indian voters have not trusted each other in Robeson County since Reconstruction. Barton, in malcontent fashion, stated in 1974 that majority rule in Robeson "will only become a reality when Indian and Black voters hold firm and trust each other. What Blacks and Indians have to do is sit tight and not do anything foolish, like turn on each other at the direction and behest of the powers that be."

Divide and rule strategems have allowed the white minority in this southeastern region to exploit employment, education, and religious activity to prevent Indian, Black alliances from gaining root. The lost system in Robeson County is deeply entrenched due to geographical isolation of the past and enforced biases running into the future.

Barton has abandoned the normal complacency of the area toward human relations and color line in favor of a needed social conscience. He is capable of taking his readers to a time when fields had names and common courtesy was accorded greater importance, despite the crippling force of race roles. Barton's young enterprise is

the only Indian journal in Robeson. Lumbees have been established here since 1650, having Indian and English ancestry dating from the English Roanoke Colony of 1587. European settlers in Robeson County before 1700 found people whose features were Indian and European, farming the land, living in houses, building roads and speaking and reading Elizabethan English. Lumbees are unique in Native American history, and are currently a varied blend of Indian, European, and other cultures.

The Indian Voice's motto, "Building Communicative Bridges in a Tri-Racial Setting," is the framework for Barton's philosophy of co-operation. The 165 editorials in *As I See It*, chosen from the paper's first decade of service, contain issues ranging from civil rights violations and heavy-handed patrols to the humorous musings of Barton's alter-ego--Ol' Reasonable Locklear--whose spirit recalls the philosophic Jesse B. Simple of Langston Hughes.

One issue of immense weight for Robesonians dealt with double voting, which enabled voters of the six city areas (mostly White) to vote for school boards not only in their towns but in the predominantly Indian county system as well. County voters could not correspondingly vote for city school boards, thus diluting the Black-Indian county vote. Declared legal by North Carolina Federal Judge Algernon Butler in 1974, double voting incensed Indian voters who did not have control of their own school system.

Barton's editorials helped defeat it in 1975 in federal court, a decision which led to the first Indian school superintendent for Robeson County with a majority Indian school board. Today the board is mostly Indian with an Indian chairperson. Indians and Blacks comprise 80% of the county system. As late as 1982 before the courts ruled against it, gerrymandering of Black-Indian populations out of white held districts was seen capable of weakening Indian power around Lumberton who benefited from such manipulations.

Barton has survived many of the frustrations of separatism which breed long-standing bitterness which claims too many good minds in segregated society. What has taken folk like Bruce Barton so long to accomplish what privileged take for granted is that the former have had to carry the latter in addition to their own burdens. He has channeled hard-gained time and resources into a newspaper which serves a long-neglected and abused Indian community whose numbers are found in Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Baltimore and other cities. Over

5,000 Lumbee people with roots in Robeson dwell in Baltimore and are kept abreast of home events by the Indian Voice. Lumbees in each of these major cities are familiar with Barton's efforts. Responsible for the first Indian college in the United States, Lumbees have entered every endeavor and are among the best educated Indian people nationally. It is upon this base that Barton can depend for input and support.

The fact that the Democratic party chair in Robeson County is rotated between Blacks, Indians and Whites is a hopeful sign for the county's future.

But *As I See It* is not confined to Robeson. It is an historical document capable of serving as an example of Indian accomplishment despite contrary winds of oppression which occasionally hurl us off course. Besides illuminating the need for Black-Indian and progressive White unity, Barton's account extends an invitation to others in like circumstances to harmonize purposes and heal social fracture.

Bruce Barton's literary expertise has produced a collection of times, people, and circumstances which deserves company with other current works of Native American history and helps prevent past exclusions from becoming some present reader's loss.

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

THE "FOWL"-EST MOMENT OF MY LIFE
The incident left a "fowl" aftertaste in my mouth.

I guess everyone has had some pretty embarrassing moments in their life. I know I have. One especially embarrassing moment came when I was but a teen-teen or nineteen years old if I am not badly mistaken. As teenagers are wont to do, I experimented with drinking alcoholic beverages--Pabst Blue Ribbon beers if my memory serves me correct.

Well, some hillbilly (from West Virginia, not Beverly Hills) friends and I had been drinking the better part of the day. I was putting on a good front for all intents and purposes, if one did not know better, no one would have ever guessed that I was in reality plastered. But, when we stopped at a Kentucky Fried Chicken place, I unintentionally dropped the big macho masquerade. Being the big, bad Indian, I strutted inside the place to order for everyone who evidently was too smart to attempt venturing outside the confines of the car. I strutted over and got in line behind this distinguished-looking white senior citizen and waited to be waited on. I waited. And I waited. Still, the line seemed to be at a standstill. Although I noticed the cashier casting sort of leery glances at me from time to time, I noticed that she never did bother to wait on the distinguished-looking old chap or me. Well, she can't be prejudiced, I thought to myself. 'Cause the fella in front of me was white. And she didn't seem in no particular hurry to wait on him either.

I didn't let it ruffle my feathers, though. You see, I was cool. I placed my hands in my pockets, started rocking back and forth--and occasionally sideways--on the heels of my feet, whistling--like cool cats are supposed to do. Too, I figured the fellow in front of me must have already been waited on. Perhaps they're filling his order in back now. So I rocked. And I whistled. And I waited. And I waited.

The longer I waited, the more certain I became that she did not want to wait on me because I was "a knotty-headed Indian." I waited. And whistled. And rocked! And fumed!

Finally, with wounded ego and pricked pride, I stormed out of the place. "I just take my business to Hardee's," I told the cashier in passing, "where if it'll be appreciated!" "Okay," she replied meekly, still looking at me like she was looking at some sort of psycho reject or escapee.

I was madder than a wet hen--or rooster--when I staggered out of the place. To add salt to my ego wound, when I approached the car I couldn't see any hillbilly heads bobbing to the beat of music from the radio. I started losing my composure somewhat then. I started getting all sweaty and panicky. I was paranoid; sure the whole world had turned against me. And I kept looking over my shoulder, expecting Rod Sterling to step from the shadows at any moment and pat me on the shoulder while informing me I was in the "Twilight Zone."

Anyway, I opened the car door and received the fright of my life. There in the floor board of the car were all four grown hillbilly friends, plopping around like chickens with their heads cut off, laughing and cackling and holding their sides, acting like some Kentucky Fried Chicken rejects. I was fuming!

"What's so daburn funny?" I asked the closest hillbilly as I barked him up from out of the floor board by his arm. (I never was too good at cursing. "Daburn" was about as good as I'd ever get at "cussing like a sailor.") He wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes, and attempted to answer me. Pointing in the direction of the Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment, the yokel burst out cackling again. I turned his arm loose, and he slithered back down into the floorboard with his companions. It sounded like a chicken coop convention, what with all that cackling from "dem" hillbilly doo-doe birds.

I looked in the direction he had been pointing and suddenly, like being hit with a bolt of lightning from heaven, I saw the light: I realized what was so funny to everybody: That distinguished-looking gentleman hadn't been waited on yet. He hadn't even moved yet. He couldn't! It was a statue of Colonel Sanders! And I had been standing behind him for the last fifteen minutes. Well, what could I do? Realizing I had been keeping company with a dummy for the last fifteen minutes, I slithered down into the floorboard of the car and started cackling with them. Might as well laugh at myself, I figured. 'Cause I had certainly made a dummy of myself.

That "fowl" incident gave birth to a notion that has been reinforced over the years: it takes more of a man to turn down a drink of alcohol from a friend than it does to give in to peer pressure and drink with your friends. So, laugh. But, if you drink alcohol, don't be surprised if you check to discover you won't be keeping company with a dummy too. You see, a smart man won't drink. We'll talk some more next week.

Don't Quit!

Dear Bruce,
This little letter is to deal with your idea of giving up your editorial writing. Don't. You have been effective because you speak the truth as you know it. No one can always be right, but you have been courageous. And this is the number one criteria for a worthwhile life.

If you become a minister of the gospel you would not have as large a congregation as you have in the reading public. So stick with what you have been doing.

Sincerely,
Dr. Ken Johnson
Kwan Reporter



The banana does not grow on a tree. It grows on an herb--the largest known of all plants without a woody stem or solid trunk.

W. Robeson falls twice ...but improving

The West Robeson Rams, although showing a lot of patience, and improving team play, came up short against Cross County rival Lumberton last Friday night 72-58. Lumberton is now 1-0 in conference play and 7-3 over all while West Robeson fell to 1-1 and 4-7.

AND E.E. SMITH WINS BY 10

Andre Murphy scored 16 points, Kenneth Jenkins 14, Walter Johnson 12 and James Hardister 12 ad E.E. Smith defeated West Robeson 70-60 in Southeastern 4-A Conference high school basketball game Tuesday.

THE COLD FACTS

What illness results in 32 million days of lost work, 34 million days of lost school, and accounts for more doctor visits than any other illness? Fever it or not--the common cold.

There's no cure for the common cold, but here are some "cold facts" that may help you separate the facts from fiction about this misunderstood ailment.



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SEE YOUR DOCTOR

This information comes from Smith Kline and French Laboratories, a leader in high blood pressure research and therapeutics.

High blood pressure and other heart diseases occur almost twice as often in blacks than in whites.



The death rate from hypertension and heart disease is also higher for black people. If you are black, it is especially important that you get your blood pressure checked regularly.

See your doctor. He or she can detect high blood pressure through a simple, painless test. Once your doctor discovers your problem, and you follow the treatment given you, high blood pressure can be controlled.

FACTS & FIGURES

Eleven U.S. Presidents could trace their roots to Northern Ireland. That's not the only reason, however, that American business executives are increasingly exploring the possibilities of this lovely land as the base for penetrating the European Economic Community markets. Three of the reasons most cite for the move are: high and rapid return on investment; labor stability and productivity; generous financial incentives that include tax-free grants.

Financial advantages just one more attraction Northern Ireland. Irish businesses a wide range of incentives, better than you find in mine out of other countries. Add telecommunications with modern world wide phone, telex and data communications links, an understanding infrastructure, a technical education system that is very superior of business, and you appreciate why dozens of companies operate plants Northern Ireland.

Letters Policy

Letters to the Editor encouraged and welcome. Writers should keep as short as possible. No addresses and telephone numbers should be included and all letters must be signed. We reserve the right to edit letters for good taste and brevity. Letters should be received by the Carolina Indian Voice (P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, NC 28372) by 5 p.m. Tuesday of the publication week.

Theodore Roosevelt, one of the 11 U.S. Presidents with roots in Northern Ireland.

Northern Ireland, as an integral part of the United Kingdom, has direct access to the EEC and its more

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