

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

AS I SEE IT



by
Bruce Barton

LREMC Says Thanks

To the Editor:
I want to thank the members of Lumbee River EMC, the employees of our co-op, and our other friends for their support and patience during the tornado.
Co-op members volunteered to run errands, ride with line crews, and even offered their own equipment to us. One friend in a nearby town simply gave us the key to his gas station so we would always have fuel for our vehicles. Members cleared trees and debris from the right-of-ways before our crews arrived on the scene. That's support. Our employees, like the employees of so many other service organizations,

worked around the clock under great pressure, often ignoring their own problems and needs. That's dedication and cooperation.

Because Lumbee River EMC is a cooperative, we are reminded daily of the need for mutual effort, mutual involvement, and mutual benefit for those we serve. Isn't it interesting that when the "chips are down" and mutual cooperation is needed to survive, that it comes naturally?

Sincerely,
Ronnie Hunt
General Manager
Lumbee River EMC

"Art is man added to nature."
—Francis Bacon

PROSPECT CONNECTION LEADS TEAM TO INDIANA HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

If you think fans get excited in this area over the exploits of the Braves, Tar Heels, Wolfpack and the like...well you ain't heard nothing yet!

Consider Al Rhodes, 30 year old basketball coach for Warsaw High School in Warsaw, Indiana.

Here's the lead in the South Bend Tribune on Sunday, March 25, 1984:

"Indianapolis, Indiana--Warsaw High School's incredible odyssey through Indiana's legendary high school basketball tournament ascended to where there is room for only one team--the best."

"The Tigers of Coach Al Rhodes reached the zenith of Hoosier hoops at Market Square Arena here Saturday night (March 24), their gutsy, gritty play ultimately etching a 59-56 decision over worthy state runner-up Vincennes..."

Coach Rhode's success was shared with us by his mother, Mrs. Marjorie Rhodes of Osceola, Indiana.

She is the former Marjorie Moore of Prospect, daughter of the late and beloved Marie and Charlie Moore.

Her brothers, Henry and James, and sister, Carrie Moore Dial, still live in the Prospect area as does Harbert Moore and countless relatives.

Recognize anyone you know? They are all heroes, representatives of the very best our people have to offer.



Tornado brings out the best in people

The recent tornadoes in the area brought out the best in the people. Sometimes people don't know how good they can be until they are forced to deal with disasters like tornadoes and hurricanes and other tragedies.

It was nice to see our people respond with expressions of concern, like these ladies we found on the Loop Road between Maxton and Red Springs where the damage was mind boggling and devastating. These ladies and countless other volunteers like Oberon Lowry (who we met there too) got out in the

country side and found a need and worked diligently to fill it.

They set up a tent, erected cooking facilities, set up a distribution center for clothing and other items and just "helped" where they could, said Janice Jones, a member of Pembroke's Auxiliary Fire Department who along with volunteers from Lumbee Regional Development Association and other individuals "made a difference" by caring enough to help.

Recognize anyone you know? They are all heroes, representatives of the very best our people have to offer.



Nearby we saw these 9th graders from Prospect School helping their math teacher Ronald Bryant clean up the

debris from his mobile home that was totally demolished by the mad tornado. It was a miracle that his wife and child

survived the storm that leveled the mobile home to the grounds. The kids helped because, as one of them said, "we just wanted to..."

MAYOR THANKS GOINS

On Monday night, April 9, 1984 I was invited to the Railroad Express Restaurant in Pembroke where Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Goins were hosting an Appreciation Steak Dinner for Pembroke State University's Lady Braves (The Goins hosted a dinner for the men's team, also) basketball team.

The Lady Braves, coached by Linda Robinson, finished the season with an impressive 27-3 record, a fantastic performance, indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Goins are to be commended for this fine effort that helped show Pembroke State University that the greater Pembroke Business

community appreciates them for being a viable part of our Community. As you know Bruce, I am Chairman of the Pembroke Chamber of Commerce Town and Campus Committee. I feel that efforts such as these by Mr. and Mrs. Goins exemplifies the way I would like to see our merchants and our University come together in a good working relationship. We need PSU very much.

Thank you Jimmy and Diane for helping us show PSU how much we really appreciate them.

Thank You,
Milton R. Hunt, Mayor
Town of Pembroke

Remember folk! These views are mine. They are not necessarily anyone else's. Heck! They ain't even necessarily views! Just my rantings and ravings, I guess!

RANTING & RAVING with *Sally Barton*

HO-HONEY! THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND BIG CITY AIN'T FOR ME

Hot-diggity-dog! Move over Conway and George and Willie and Waylon! The ol' boy has got a taste of the boob-tube. And he likes it...well, he sorta liked it.

Yea! Me and my country music group, 'Lumbee Pride' appeared on the "Strike at the Wind!" Telethon Sunday, April 8th, on Channel 40 in Fayetteville. It was a new experience for the Fox (me). I had a pet cat named "Puss" who was on TV quite a bit; seems she liked to perch on top of the set 'cause it was warm. But, unlike the seasoned vet, "Puss," this was the first time I ever was on TV.

Now folk, if 'ya ain't never been on TV you've missed a heck-of-a treat. I was sorta jubes when Carnell Locklear, the general manager of 'Strike at the Wind!' approached me about 'Lumbee Pride' appearing on the Telethon. And the fear in my bosom mounted as we got nearer and nearer to air time, making it somewhat difficult for me to breathe and talk.

When we arrived at the television station folk were scurrying about like bees in a hive. All this activity added to the dread of the bright lights and cameras that was steadily mounting.

I was standing behind a cameraman who turned out not to be a man at all, but a woman instead. Having a perfect view of her monitor, I couldn't help but notice one of the drawbacks of appearing on TV--folk have a tendency to look about 20 pounds heavier on the boob tube than they actually are. "Oh, heck!" I remonstrated inwardly to myself, "why didn't I leave at least 20 pounds of this belly at home?"

Well, after a considerable waiting spell, me and "Lumbee Pride" took our places before the cameras and began setting up the equipment while the announcers were citing numbers, challenging and doing such other pertinent stuff. Finally they introduced us. I momentarily panicked, what with them seemingly 10,000-watt bulbs bearing down on me and all. I could feel fist-sized blobs of sweat congregating on my brow. "Oh, no!" I wailed inwardly, "it's a conspiracy. They're waiting for the camera to zoom in on a close-up of my face then they're gonna cascade down my cheeks in front of God and all the world!" I remember thinking, "I'll be danged if this ain't my television debut. And people all over the nation are gonna swear I'm a crying out of fright." Then the logical side of my brain took control of the situation.

"Might as well cry, son," a small low voice whispered inside my head. "People are gonna think you're a crying anyway." But, I'm always been leery of folk that don't talk loud enough for folk to hear what they say. So, after what seemed like thirty minutes--but in reality couldn't have been over 3 seconds--I branded the owner of the little voice a liar and rejected the notion of bawling on national television.

The bright lights continued to bear down on me unmercifully. My eye glasses began fogging up. I like-to-a lost it again! Then, at long last, I thought I heard the drum intro that lets me know to start playing the organ. With trembling, uncooperative fingers that

don't operate all that efficiently under less distressful circumstances, I looked down, all rearing and pitching and ready, hopefully, to hit the appropriate keys. That's when reality registered in the dark, foggy recesses of my mind. In a flash I realized how close I had come to screwing up the television debut of 'Lumbee Pride.' You see, it weren't drums I had heard. No. As I looked down the truth dawned on me--the beat I heard was my knobby knees knocking frantically together out of fright...and, I might add, out of beat.

Anyway, except for the mental anguish I experienced, things went pretty smoothly.

Oh yea, I might add that I almost lost my composure at one other juncture after we had begun playing the first of the 2 numbers we performed. I could see the lips of our lead singer, Sally Lowry Norris, moving. But I couldn't hear nothing but the drums and my knees that had started up another erratic beat that surprisingly was keeping perfect timing this time with my racing heart. "Oh, no!" the little liar inside my head wailed again. "I've cracked under the pressure of the bright lights and big time...the emotional trauma has caused me to lose my hearing." Then it suddenly dawned on me--if I could hear the little liar in my head then I could hear. What a R-E-L-I-E-F! (and I didn't spell that R-O-L-A-I-D-S).

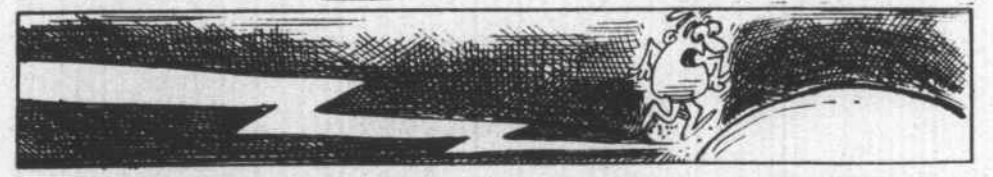
Evidently I was able to mask all the dread and consternation I felt. My brother said everything sounded great. "But, why did you look so sad?" he wanted to know. "Sad?" I exclaimed, "Bubba, that weren't sadness, that was fear registered on my face...the kind of fear you see right before a yokel goes into shock..."

Well, as I said, the television debut of 'Lumbee Pride' proved to be a success. And I'm glad to report that the telethon proved to be successful as well. Their goal was reportedly \$10,000 and they raised almost \$12,000. Quite a commendable job, I'd say. However, I might add, donations are still needed for the upcoming production of 'Strike at the Wind!' You are strongly encouraged to make a tax-deductible donation if the unreceding recession will let you. 'Strike at the Wind!' is quite a worthy cause, in my opinion. It helps us remember where we came from. That way, we are able to keep things in perspective as we chart the course of the future.

Well, needless to say, I have had a bait of being somewhat of a momentary celebrity. Although I appreciate all the free publicity the band received, I suffer from no delusions of grandeur. In fact, I know what I'll probably do if I ever feel the urge to be on television again; I'll just shove ol' 'Puss' over and perch on top of that set. And I'll sit there until I--or the urge --die, whichever comes first. Makes no never mind to me.

Congratulations 'Strike at the Wind!' Everyone connected with the Telethon is to be commended for a job well done. 'Lumbee Pride' was proud to play a minor role in the successful fund-raising endeavor.

I'll talk at ya' some more next week--God and the reading audience permitting.



A bolt of lightning can strike the earth with a force as great as 100 million volts.



President William Howard Taft weighed 350 pounds. He had a special bathtub made for him which was so big that when it was delivered, four White House workmen climbed in and had their picture taken in it.

REPORT FROM
U.S. Senator
JESSE ★★ HELMS

WASHINGTON—In late winter and throughout the spring, countless groups of young people come to Washington. Some come for only a day or so; others are here for up to a week. I enjoy the young people, and always meet with them whenever possible—even if it's only for a few minutes out on the steps of the Capitol.

They ask good questions. I've always felt that there is no better use of a Senator's time than to visit with these young people. Some of them come to Washington without an entirely clear understanding of how their government functions. They certainly are not alone in that—some of our most prominent adults are likewise confused about it.

I am frequently asked about "Reagan's budget-cuts." Some of the young people are astonished to learn that, contrary to what they have read in the newspapers, and heard on television and radio, President Reagan *hasn't cut* federal spending. He has tried, but Congress hasn't let him do it.

SPENDING—The other day, one young man asked about the federal deficits. He asked if they would ever be brought under control. My response, of course, was that Congress could reduce (or eliminate) the deficits any time Senators and Congressmen mustered up the political courage to cut federal spending by the necessary amount.

Every penny of federal spending is authorized and appropriated by Congress. Under our system, this is the sole responsibility of Congress. The President can recommend, but that is all. It is Congress that decides how much shall be spent, and for what purposes.

The young man pondered that for a moment. Then he said: "Well, the newspapers aren't telling the truth when they refer to the *Reagan deficits*." In the strictest sense, the young man was right. My only complaint about the President is that I feel he should have sent a proposed *balanced budget* up to Congress each year, and vetoed any excessive spending by Congress. Then the responsibility for federal deficits would be clear.

INCOME—Let's look at federal spending from the standpoint of the average family of four in the United States. Last year, the average income of that family of four was \$24,700.

Did you know that the federal government spends more than that *every second*? With every tick of the clock, the federal government spends \$27,066.

According to statistics prepared for me, the federal government spends \$1,624,000 every *minute*. It spends \$97,466,000 every *hour*.

Every *day*, the federal government spends \$2,339,178,000—or \$71,150,000,000 every month. Each year, at the present rate, the federal government spends \$853,800,000,000.

Thomas Jefferson had it right: The least government is the best government.

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*Please pray for us, and we'll pray for you. We need your prayers always. God bless each and every one of you.—Bruce Barton, editor

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ELECT
Adelaide G. BEHAN
District Court Judge
Robeson and Scotland Counties
Democratic Primary
Paid For By Citizens To Elect Behan—District Court Judge



IF YOU WEAR OUT YOUR BODY WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?

Fortunately, your body is more durable than your cars or your appliances or even, perhaps, your teeth. You enjoy a much longer lifespan and, with a little help from your Doctor of Chiropractic, your body is nearly always capable of "repairing" itself. You see, your body and all its remarkable energies usually cannot depend upon parts to be replaced when they run-down or "wear out." Your body is basically dependent upon a well-functioning nervous system which, when properly cared for, can repair its own run-down parts and will last a longer lifetime. The "master system" of nerves originates in your brain and passes down through your spinal cord, reaching out to every tissue of your body through passages between your vertebrae. If your spine is misaligned, those passages may be compressed and nerves exiting from them may have pressure disregard exerted upon them.

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