So fittingly we honor our Pioneer Fathers

...AN EDITORIAL **EXPRESSION**

LRDA'S LUMBEE TRIBAL **ENROLLMENT SURVEY AN** IMPORTANT ISSUE...

It is time to remind all Lumbee Indians of the Lumbee Tribal Enrollment Survey that is being conducted in Robeson County. There are are going from door-to-door ation. and informing Lumbee Indians of the Tribal Enrollment Program. They are also enrolling families as they visit families can also enroll in the tribe by contacting Mr. Ed Chavis at the Tribal Enrollment Project at Lumbee Regional Development Assoc., Inc. (LRDA) in Pembroke.

an important issue to the Indians of Robeson and adjoining counties. If Federal of health, education, and plication faster.

economic development to eligible enrolled Indians. These services have not been available in the past because Lumbee Indians could not receive special program funds distributed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Hopefully, the tribal enrollment officers who future will change this situ-

LRDA's Federal Recognition Committee is working very hard to obtain federal the homes. Individuals or recognition within the next year or so. They would like to urge all Lumbee Indians to enroll in the tribe either with the Tribal Enrollment officer, who visits your home, or by contacting directly the Tribal Tribal Enrollment remains Enrollment Program at LRDA in Pembroke. When you are ready to enroll, have a copy of your birth certificate ready. Recognition is achieved, it This will enable them to will bring benefits in the areas process your enrollment ap-

Helms, Hunt Are **Easy Winners**

RALEIGH — U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms and Democratic Gov. Jim Hunt easily won nomination for their Senate races Tuesday and immediately vowed to best each other in debates that each said would expose the other's glaring weaknesses.

In those races, Helms swamped GOP challenger George Wimbish, getting 133,688 votes or 89 percent to 17,290 votes or 11 percent for the Charlotte broker-wholesaler with 2,280 or 97 percent of the precincts reporting.

Hunt saw nearly a quarter of the Democratic vote go to his two token opponents but still won easily. With 2.296 or 98 percent of the precincts reporting, he had 632,326 votes or 77 percent to 124,147 votes or 15 reent for businessman Tom Allred of Greensboro. Harrill Jones, a Gastonia real estate investor, had 63,531 votes or 8 percent.

Jordan Leads Stewart By Thin Edge

- State Sen. Robert B. Jordan III and Carl J. Stewart Jr. continued their close race for the Democratic nomination for lieutenent governor, with Jordan holding a lead of slightly more than 5 percent of the votes.

With 2,010 precincts, or 85.6 percent, of the 2,352 precincts reporting, Jordan had 384,857 votes or 50.6 percent, while Stewart received 344,064 votes or 45.3

Democrat Stephen Miller, a member of the Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, received 31,466 votes or 1.1 percent in his bid for lieutenant governor.

In the Tuesday's Republican primary, businessmen John H. Carrington of Raleigh and Franklin D. Jordan of Rockingham received enough votes to force a runoff for their party's nomination for the office.

With 1,877 precincts, or 79.8 percent, of the precincts reporting, Franklin Jordan received 33,147 votes or 29.4 percent, while Carrington trailed with 31,813 votes

or 28.3 percent. Former state Rep. Williams S. Hiatt received 24,232 votes or 21.5 percent; followed by Kinston attorney Barbara S. Perry with 20,010 votes or 17.8 percent; and Erick Little of Cary with 3,356 votes or 3 percent.

The Republican Party, which has captured the governorship once in this century in 1976, hasn't elected a lieutenant governor since 1896.

Voters Approve

RALEIGH (AP) - North Carolina farmers may find it easier to get loans after voters approved a constitutional amendment establishing a state

agricultural financing authority. The N.C. Agricultural Facilities Finance Act, already approved by the General Assembly, had won the approval of 54.2 percent of voters Tuesday with 85.1 percent of the vote counted. The act is

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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

Senior citizens [those 65 years old and above] and prisoners may receive the Carolina Indian Voice free of charge simply by calling 521-2826 and requesting it.

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A CAROLINA INDIAN VOICE EDITORIAL EXPRESSION

INDIAN-BLACK POLITICAL COALITION NEEDS TO BE DISMANTLED

six years writing his

dictionary.

night at Elections Control in Lumberton as one result after another was shown him. He finally cried out, "Maybe they ought to take the vote away from us until we learn how..." He was upset at the seeming inability of the Indian-Black Coalition to deliver the votes for Henry Ward Oxendine in his bid for judge in Lumberton's Precinct #6 and elsewhere.

His measure seems a little extreme but it is something to think about when you consider that a mere 39% of registered voters in Robeson County voted Tuesday. It is ironic, too that Pembroke and Smiths (both predominate Indian precincts) were split before Tuesday's balloting in the pretense that it would encourage more people to vote. Based on the percentage of people who voted it hurt to split the precincts, somehow diluting the strength of a mass of Indian voters in one place.

It's misleading, too to call it an "Indian-Black political coalition." It's more a political devise to keep the rest of us in place. As this editorialist (Bruce Barton) sees it, it reeks to the high heavens. And all right thinking people in Robeson County ought to speak out against political slavery.

Every election Black and Indian political masters get together and decide what the rest of us are going to do. They decide who we are going to support, and who we are going to work against.

And every election the political power brokers in our midst move the rest of us around like chess pieces. The political slavemasters put us on the electoral block, and sell us to the high bidder. And the scenario is repeated with variation every

And the rest of us suck up our guts, afraid to say anything because the "Indians" or the "Blacks" might work against us. The threat of the single shot is ever before us, subtly reminding the rest of us to stay in place.

Consider South Pembroke and North Pembroke Precincts, and then consider Lumberton #6. Promises were made, few were kept.

For instance, Sidney Locks, the legislator from Lumberton #6 received 1,040 votes out of a 1,126 cast. In other words, Locks and his people "single shot" him. The instructions were to "just vote for Locks." And the voters did. That's a ligitimate political strategem, if it were not for Henry Ward Oxendine.

For those of you who do not know it, Locks is Black; Oxendine is Indian. Henry Ward Oxendine is running for District Judge. He was counting on Black support, and he expended a lot of energy trying to get it.

In Tuesday's primary Oxendine received 138 votes in Lumberton #6. The problem, as far as Henry Ward is concerned, is that Adelaide Behan, a nice, White lady barrister running for the judge seat too, received 535. Those votes, more than any others you can count, forced a run off between Henry Ward Oxendine and Adelaide Behan. The lady will

But it was explained to me Tuesday night that the votes for Oxendine were the result of The political wag seemed angry Tuesday, an internecine feud in #6. It is interesting that said feud did not manifest itself in Lock's "single shot" receipt of 1,040 votes of 1,126 cast. The ill will was seemingly acted out against Henry Ward Oxendine.

Contrast that performance to the ones in North and South Pembroke, predominate Indian precincts. Locks was the third high vote getter among seven candidates in each precinct. Locks received 232 of 635 votes cast in South Pembroke, and 205 of 707 cast in North Pembroke, about a third of all the votes

Further confusing the issue is the fact that Danny DeVane, a Hoke County legislator who lives in Raeford, out polled the Indian candidate, Bernard Lowry, in North Pembroke by 9 votes, 359 to 350 and polled another strong 354 to Lowry's 375 in South Pembroke.

Lowry's people, as well as I can understand it, attempted a "single shot" for Lowry. The Indians just ignored that possibility and voted all over the place for whoever they wanted to. It's like a fella said, It's hard to tell Indians anything. They go their own way." And they do...most of the time.

Still, an Indian power broker, after looking at the above figures, did not seem unduly alarmed. He said, "I don't believe there is any Black movement against Henry Ward..." I just looked at the guy funny. I learned howto read, write and count a long time ago.

But, anyway, here's our new stance, forged out of many years of disappointments: we will never support another candidate fully on the strength of his color. The next candidate we support will be the best one running, no matter what the color of his skin. Like Martin Luther King, Jr., we have learned by bitter experience that "we should judge one another by the content of our character, not the color of our skins."

Let the word go out from this place. We are through with so called coalitions. We will examine candidates running and base our vote on their promises and past performances. And we say, without rancor, of course, that we ought to smash the Indian-Black coalition (sic) to smithereens. It doesn't work anyway. And we ought to let it stay smashed until we can keep our promises, and treat one another with respect and run the best candidates from each camp.

Indians are always the last ones to cry uncle. our psyches demand that we punish ourselves continually for imagined wrongs. We see things darkly, and whine for our

masters to enslave us, especially politically. Political slavery seems to suit our fancy, and our only salvation is to turn on our masters and dismantle devises like Indian-

Black Coalitions and the like. We call on all right thinking people-Indian, Black and White--to rise up in righteous indignation and think and vote for our respective selves. Our votes are too important to sell to the high bidder. Our vote ANTING

aber 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!

AVING with Somy Botton

I'M A LOVER NOT A FIGHTER!

I've been married twice. This column is about my first wife and my first experience with wedlock. At the unripe age of 18-when I was still wet behind the ears--I married the first white gal I became romantically involved with. Please bear in mind that it is she that I am referring to when I use the word "wife" in this column. I am in no way referring to the Indian lady to whom I am still legally married, although we are unofficially separated. She is a good, decent person--not to mention being the mother of one of my little girls whom I love dearly. So I would never want to do anything to taint her lovely image or impeccable reputation.

When I was a child dark skin was a heavy cross to bear. Indians and Blacks were not accepted into the main stream of society like they--for the most part--are today. When I was growing up, especially when I went to school in Chapel Hill, my white classmates treated me as if I had leprosy. Too, I suffered from the erroneous delusion that white folk were superior to dark skinned folk. Because of being treated as an outcast most of my life. I developed somewhat of an inferiority complex. Perhaps I used my marriage to the 15-year-old white gal to strike back at white folk for the way they treated me.

Anyway, for whatever reason, I married the 15-year-old white young'un thinking the worst that could come out of the mixed coupling would be that I'd have to finish raising the child. Heck! Was I wrong!

I was raised never to hit a woman under any circumstances and never to hit men-especiall white'uns--if there was an alternative. But my first wife had no inbred inhibitions about fighting. We hadn't been married but a short while before she started slapping me and dishing out all manners of physical abuse. As I said, because of the way I was raised, I refused to fight back, hoping the fighting was just a passing fancy with her. But, instead of stopping, the fighting increased in frequency and intensity. Finally, one day I realized the novelty had worn off the marriage. You need to realize that back then I didn't curse, drink fight, or practice any vices worth noting.

One day she slapped me for ignoring her. When she did something inside me snapped like a rubber band that has been stretched beyond its limits of endurance. "A-damit!" I exploded. "That's enough!" (I told you I weren't too good at cursing.) "The next lick you pass will cost you!" I screamed at her in my rage. Well, being the sport she was, she slapped me again just for the heck of it. Instinctively, I back handed her, forgetting all about my inbred inhibitions about hitting females and white folk. She slid on her haunches about thirty-'leven feet, landing in another room. With a smirk on my face, I strutted in the direction of the door through which she had slid. I figured that I'd pay her back for all the slaps she had gave me. You might say I was a little cocky 'cause I figured if I hadn't broken any of her teeth, or her nose, then surely I had broken her fighting spirit. Boy! Was I ever wrong!

She emerged through the door, blood streaming profusely from her nose. But it weren't so much the sight of the blood that frightened me as it was the fact that the silly child was a'grinning.

To make a long story short, she dived in

amongst me with arms and feet and hands and head a'flailing. Heck! She was hitting me with parts of her body I didn't even know could move. I felt like ol' Marcell of Jerry Clowers fame. I just wanted somebody to shoot in amongst us. I was willing to take the chance of getting hit by a stray bullet. Anything to give me some relief. I mean, folk. That scrawny child was a'killing me!

I panicked. Being sure she was gonna kill me, I started at the floor and came up with a wild round-house blow that struck her up side of the noggin. Actually, she was putting such a "whupping" on me, I can't for sure say whether my fist hit her head or whether she hit my fist with her head. All I know is she went out like a light.

that Rolaids could never hope to duplicate. I slithered down the side of the wall out of sheer exhaustion and landed flat on my haunches. I just sat there, bleeding and breathing hard and a'looking at her in the middle of the floor unconscious. She was still a'grinning. I could'nt get over how cute and I'll be "On The Road Again!"

innocent and little she looked a'reclining there on the floor not a'moving...

Not a'moving!!! "Oh, A-damit!" I wailed inwardly to myself. "Self, you've killed her

Luckily, I had learned Mouth-to-Mouth Resusitation during a first aid class at the Durham Fire Station where I worked.

I approached her on shaky and wobbly legs. I don't know if I approached her so cautiously because I am a'scared of dead folk or because I was sorta jubbas of her even in death. I finally mustered up enough courage to kneel down and begin preparing her for Mouth-to-Mouth Resusitation. I placed my mouth over hers and perched my lips, all ready to blow the breath of life back into her frail body.

About that time I saw my ex-wife's bony fist coming toward my face with the speed and sure death of a bullet. My mind screamed in hysteria: 'Move body!! Move!" But my body was in shock. I seemed to be mesmerized by the moving bony projectile racing for my kisser. Or maybe I was just too scared to move. The force of the mean uppercut sent me a'sprawling backwards. I must have taken about two backwards tumblesaults. The next thing I remember was someone turning the lights out.

I remember a sense of floating around in darkness which must have been unconsciousness. I was a'scared to open my eyes. Finally I mustered up enough nerve to peek out the slit of one eye. Oh, no! I looked dead into the blackened eye of my little ex-wife. My mind screamed again hysterically: "Run, body!! Run!" Well, my mind didn't have to tell my body twice this time. No sir! My feet started running in place while I was a'laying on my back with my head in her lap. I knew if I could just get a little traction I would forget about pride and manhood and all such stuff and take my life and run. But she wouldn't release the death hold she had on my head.

She was a'cradling my head in her lap, stroking it lovingly and wiping away the blood and tears from my eyes. "Was it as good for you as it was for me?" She asked in a sweet, innocent, gentle voice. Well, heck folk. I had already asserted myself as man of the house. And I didn't especially feel up to incurring her wrath. And I just didn't feel like I could carry another licking. So I done the only honorable thing under the circumstance. "Yes, darling. It was wonderful," I answered in as sweet and gentle a voice as my busted up lips would allow.

As the marriage progressed, similar knock down, drag out fights became a daily prelude to wild and passionate bouts of lovemaking between us. But; not being mentally, emotionally or physically able to withstand the pressure, I felt I had to do something or I would go completely banannas. So one day the little lady took me to work at the fire station. When she came back to pick me up after work I had skipped town. Yea! I had gotten a job at the Fayetteville Fire Station and had cut out without leaving a forwarding address. By the time she tracked down my whereabouts, she had traded me in for another sparring partner. Now, don't get me wrong folk. I weighed about 165 pounds back then. She weighed about 90 pounds soaking wet. Still, by the time I left I had gotten to the point where I could hold my own with her in a fight. Heck! I ain't a'bragging. But I do believe I would have gotten to where I could "whup" her if I had been tough enough to stay with her another six months. But my heart just weren't in it.

The only regret I have is that I didn't interest her in a career as a professional wrestler or boxer. She could whip Ric Flair or Harley Race--or, heck, probably both of them together--with one hand tied behind her back. And I know from experience that she's got an uppercut that would put Muhammed Ali or Larry Holmes or any of them other boys to

So, folk, I guess the moral of this story is: It takes two to tango. And it also takes two to fight. So, if you see a fight coming on, walk away if at all possible. If it's not possible, I breathed a well-deserved sigh of relief then by all means run! It's better to be a scare-dy-cat than a dead or mangled bird.

I'll talk at 'ya some more next week. If you don't hear from me no more you'll know my ex-wife got a'hold of a copy of this column. And, if she does, danged a bunch of pride and manhood and such. I'll do like the song says,

New Advertising and News Deadlines

Effective immediately, it shall become the policy of The Carolina Indian Voice that Tuesday at 1 p.m. shall be the deadline for articles to be submitted for publication in the current week's issue of The Carolina Indian Voice. Any articles submitted after the 1 p.m. Tuesday deadline will appear in the following issue of The Carolina Indian

Deadline for advertisers shall be I p.m. Wednesday of the week in which the ad should appear.

Until the nineteenth century, solid blocks of tea were used as money in Siberia.

"He who has begun his task has half done it." Horace



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