

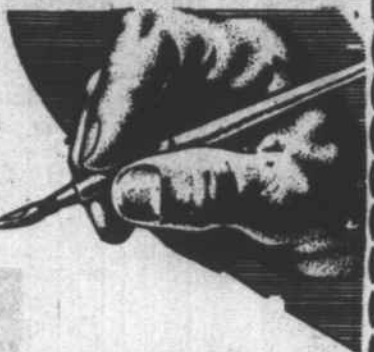
EDITORIAL AND OPINION PAGE



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**

POST ELECTION BLUES...

Some of my candidates won...and some lost. And I guess that pretty well sums up all of us the day after the election. I call it the post election blues, or GOD! I wish my candidate had won...

I did not vote for Walter Mondale, but he showed me a lot of class in defeat. He said, following his shellacking at President Reagan's hands Tuesday night, that "I called the President and congratulated him...I'm proud to be an American...and President Reagan is now president of all of us." They call that class; something we see very little of in political circles these days.

I'M STILL BUSY AND ENJOYING STUDENT LIFE
Besides running the Carolina Indian Voice (or is it the other way around?), I am

taking a full load of courses at PSU and proudly tout myself as "the oldest sophomore in America!" (I am 43). I am really enjoying PSU and all my professors. I don't know what the future holds for me, but I thank God a university is located in the town I grew up in and where I now make my living. Many of us just don't know how fortunate we are to have a university in our community. I really enjoy learning new ideas and adding to my limited knowledge.

That's about all for this week! I stayed up too late following the election returns and had an art test the next morning plus the Carolina Indian Voice is demanding attention. More next week!

Oh, before I forget, one little personal note to my daughter, Brandi Nakell

Barton, an active second grader at Deep Branch Elementary School: "Hon, Daddy is proud of you." (Brandi is the second grade reporter for the Deep Branch school news paper - The Mighty Bulldog Times) "You're a chip off the old block, and the delight of my life."

Commends Grenada Rescuers

VFW CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION

In special recognition of the accomplishments of all American Servicemen and women who participated in the Grenada rescue operation on October 25, 1983.

Through the team work, discipline, bravery and heroic devotion to duty of American soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines, over 1,000 United States citizens were rescued from the hands of a despotic communistic government, law and order were restored to the freedom loving citizens of Grenada and the threatening encroachment of communistic subversion and terror were moved further from the borders of the United States.

For these accomplishments, the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States express their heart felt pride and gratitude.

Published at the Request of
Pembroke VFW Post 2843
Harold Hunt,
Post Commander

Letters

"Charmed with the foolish whistling of a name?"

The Board of Trustees of Pembroke State University has been "charmed with the foolish whistling of a name." If it is time to change the name of Pembroke State University, then maybe it's time to change the name of its board.

I suggest we change it to, **The Bored Trustees**—obviously this must be correct if they don't have anything more significant to do than to come up with a new name for the university.

Or maybe, **The Board of Negatives**—by stretching the definition in Webster's dictionary (negate, "to deny the existence or truth of") we can clearly define the board based on its most recent recommendation.

As a final suggestion, the Town of Pembroke can easily point out the foolishness of

this name change idea—simply change the name of **Pembroke to Chapel Hill!** Perhaps then some will see more clearly. Our university would then be the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (that sounds somewhat familiar).

In my opinion, we have enough UNC's (eg. UNC-A, UNC-C, UNC-CH, UNC-G, UNC-W...). If the name is so important for some, why not relocate—you would have a good choice of towns.

Robert Browning once remarked, "One wise man's verdict outweighs all the fools." Until we hear from a wise man, let's keep the name, **PEMBROKE STATE UNIVERSITY.**

Liburn Murray
Rt. 3, Box 30-A
Maxton, N.C. 28364
844-5984

Reader "Mad" at suggested name Change of PSU

Dear Bruce,

It's 6 a.m. and I'm still so mad. I couldn't wait until this morning to have time to sit down and write this letter to you.

This article was in last evening's newspaper in the last section where even my husband missed seeing it, stuck down in a corner. I had to go to work, so I didn't have the time to write this letter sooner. This article made me about as mad as I have ever been in my life. What are all the white people trying to do to the Indian people? And why are the Indians in Pembroke so brain washed that they cannot see what is happening to them? Can't they see if they let the white people change the college name AGAIN, it will be lost from the Indians forever? That will be it. The college will no longer belong to us. That is all we have left. That college is our identification which will be lost. Don't you see that we will be separated from something that has been a part of us all of our lives?

Probably by the time I have grandchildren that I would want to attend our college, they won't be able to. They will probably be treated like dirt. I know there are some poor Indians in Robeson County that will probably never know what's going on. Those are the ones I feel for in all of this—the ones I got so mad for. We have always been shoved, pushed, knocked down and stepped on. How long is this going to go on?

I figure that you, as an editor, can reach some of these people. I get the feeling the UN.C. Board is ashamed of the Indians of Robeson County, but also recognizes our school as being one of the finest schools in the state and wants it to belong to the white people of North Carolina and not to the ones that created it from nothing. Don't you see, it's like taking away your family name that you have built your business on, to pass to your children. That name belongs to you. Your father gave it to you. That business belongs to you. You are going to give it to your son. I hope and pray and trust in the Lord, that you, as an editor, can see where I am coming

stand and hold against... The devil's swarming tide.

What's left for those Americans... Whose hearts are strong and true?... What lies within this world of sin... That honest men can do?

The answer is to forge ahead.. And do not look behind... 'Cause if your heritage is red... You won't like what you find.

The laws of God are absolute.. For no man will they bend... And all who steal from honest men... Will get theirs in the end.

by Gary L. Phillips

A Poem

"...The Native People
of this Land..."

Americans are hard to find... Most people think they're white... But those who came across in ships... Have not yet earned the right.

The native people of this land... Are Indian by race... They lost their way of life by theft... And likewise lost their space.

They gave their helping hand to men... And welcomed all that came... And thought these strangers' laws were just... Their actions weren't the same.

The proud Indian had simple ways... God smiled on them with pride... But men can't

RANTING & RAVING with Darryl Barton

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!

"GLOOM, DESPAIR AND AGONY ON ME..."

Whew! Folk, I've had bad weeks before. But this has been one of the most "gawd-awfullest" weeks of my life.

I've walked around all week, singing to myself: "Gloom, despair and agony on me...Deep, dark depression...Excessive misery...If it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all...Gloom, despair and agony on me..."

I've laughed at the ol' hillbillies on the weekly series, "Hee Haw", as they sang those lyrics, I bet you, a hundred times. But, I honestly feel like those lyrics came to life for me this week.

I know you've had a week like I'm talking about; where it seems nothing is going right. I tell you what, it's easy to see why so many folk commit suicide, thinking that is the easy way out. Perhaps they feel like it's easier to leave this ol' world than it is to face the every day problems and pressures that come along with living in this ol' world.

Well, believe you, me. Such thinking is wrong.

The reason I broach this unpleasant subject is because I dissolved my country band, "Lumbee Pride," on Monday, Nov. 5th after two years of association with the members. Then, lo and behold, on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, I received my second set of divorce papers in my short life time.

Too, Tuesday, Nov. 6th was election day in this nation of ours. It always depresses the dickens out of me on election day for some reason. I guess it's because we gullible voters seem to fall — hook, line and sinker—for any ol' line the candidates throw our way. It's sad to have to admit it, but I do declare, I believe your average politician can "lie like a rug," as the old saying goes. And, I dare say, I've had rugs that have "lied" for years. But, then again, I've known politicians who have been lying for years too.

Then, to add to my misery, I was scheduled to go back before the notorious Judge Herbert Richardson on a child support rap. If you remember, I wrote about Judge Richardson about a year ago, writing about my first time appearing before him. Needless to say, I wasn't looking forward to facing him again. Too, I didn't want to test his memory. You can rest assured that I could live the rest of my life not knowing whether or not he remembers me and that article.

Like I said, I felt bad about "Lumbee Pride" busting (sic) up. By Tuesday, when my divorce papers were served on me, I could feel pity mounting in my bosom. But, as Wednesday drew nearer, I could feel fear and dread of facing Judge Richardson again, pushing the self pity aside.

"D Day" ("D Day" I might have to pull time) approached. Now, my divorce all-but devastated me 'cause my little four-year-old girl is involved (as well as other factors that added to the devastation). But, the prospect of having to face Judge Richardson again made a nervous wreck out of me. I began doing strange things. Like, practicing picking up a bar of soap off the shower floor without bending over and exposing my innocent backside to strangers. I also found

myself forever wishing I hadn't called Judge Richardson the "Rodney Dangerfield of the Robeson County Judicial System" in the column a year ago.

Finally, in desperation, I went to a supposed-to-be friend seeking sympathy and pity. I told him all about my problems, well expecting a few words of encouragement. Instead, he asked me if I had ever contemplated suicide. Then, still laughing and cackling like a chicken laying an egg, he asked me if I needed any help committing the act. Needless to say, I left the fool a'laughing and made a hasty retreat.

Well, I'm glad to report that all my problems sorta worked themselves out. Oh, I'm still divorced. My band's still dissolved. I worked out a payment plan that kept me from having to face Judge Richardson. And I'm happy as a lark once again.

You see, the first thing I do upon waking every morning is read the obituary column of the newspaper. If my name does not appear, I grin. Thank God! and go about my business, thankful to be up and about again.

You might say that my plight reminded me of the little fella who was feeling sorry for himself because he didn't have any shoes to wear to school. Then, one day, while on his way to school, in his bare and calloused feet, he passed by another little fella who was in a wheelchair. This little fella didn't have any feet. The sight so devastated the little fella with no shoes that he was able to put things in their proper perspective. He skipped along, on his way to school, in his bare and calloused feet, thankful that he had feet.

It would do everyone—myself included—well, to remember the story about the little fella without shoes when we become depressed. It has been my experience that humans are a lazy lot by nature. Far too often we find it easier to sit back and feel sorry for ourselves than it is to face the every day problems and pressures of life head on. That's why there are so many suicides here in the good ol' U.S. of A. They feel like they're taking the easy way out. But folk, especially young people, need to realize that things are hardly ever as bad and hopeless as they appear to be. So, if you young folk feel bogged down by every day pressures, find a competent adult—preferably a parent or a school counselor—to talk to.

You see, folk, I believe the mouth is sorta the escape valve of the mind. Many times, when you feel the pressures of every day life building up in your mind, it seems that if you can talk about it, some of the pressure seems to dissolve. I guess talking sorta keeps one from self destructing from the pressures building up in the mind. Wierd. But true.

So, folk, as the new year draws near, let's all resolve to cheer up and be content with our lot. And be at peace with ourselves in our mind. If we stick strictly to this simple resolution, we will be doing our small part in making this poor, wretched, pitiful world a better place in which to live.

Well, we'll talk some more next week folk. Meanwhile, I'm glad we had this little chat. I feel a lot better. Hope you do too.

Pembroke Chamber Meets November 12th

Pembroke-Bruce Barton, president of the Pembroke Chamber of Commerce, announced today that the annual meeting of the civic organization is November 12, 1984 at the Pembroke District Courthouse, beginning at 7:30 p.m.

The Chamber is coming to the end of a successful year, after organizing efforts resuscitated the once again vibrant organization. The chamber wound up with 40 members, established an endowment at PSU, disposed of the fairgrounds properties, is leading efforts to save the Pembroke Railroad Station,

held a night at Strike at the Wind, among a number of happenings so far in 1984.

Officers are Bruce Barton, Carolina Indian Voice, President; James A. Hunt (formerly president of Lumbee Bank; vice-president; Dr. David E. Brooks, Pembroke Veterinary Hospital, secretary; Carlton Dial, Dial Insurance Agency, treasurer; and directors McDuffie Cummings, Pembroke Town Manager; George W. Lowry, Pembroke Machine Company; John Drose, Piggly Wiggly; and Charles Alton Maynor, Southern Interiors.

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