

WHAT NEXT???

Last week, on the floor of the N.C. House, John "Pete" Hasty dramatically demonstrated why his political career is no longer now in trouble...it is doomed!

Rep. Hasty (and we use the word "representative" loosely) was speaking against the redistricting bill which would place him in a district in which Blacks would have the majority. Mr. Hasty spoke about racial harmony and how the old system had encouraged cooperation. He spoke against the current redistricting bill and implied it would lead to racial division and dissension.

Apparently, in one sense, Hasty was correct because when Mr. Hasty completed his baseless and indisputably biased speech, he quickly moved to adjourn the meeting to cut off further debate, even though Rep. Adolph Dial was standing, microphone in hand, waiting for the opportunity to speak on behalf of the bill. If not for the parliamentary move by Rep. DeVane, Mr. Dial would not have been permitted to speak. Apparently racial harmony and the spirit of cooperation are strictly defined, supervised, and dished out by none other than John "Pete" Hasty. His actions speak volumes!

Afterwards Hasty attempted to explain his action. He claims he was merely trying to save the legislature some time since he knew his efforts to amend the bill would fail. Pete Hasty knows better than this--his actions speak louder than his face-saving words. In our opinion it is obvious Pete Hasty has no respect for minorities. Hasty's concept of racial harmony is for minorities to sit down and keep quiet and let him do the thinking and talking. Hasty has shown no concern for the issues which impact minority people and his action last week on the floor of the N.C. House illustrates very vividly how "Pete" Hasty regards minorities.

John "Pete" Hasty is an anachronism. His opinions and behavior, as adequately illustrated by his actions in the N.C. House last week, are more appropriate for the old South of the 1860s.

Goodbye Pete Hasty--and Pete, we take solace and delight in knowing you shot yourself in the foot! The only way to save face now is to wear a paper sack over your head. Even then people will know you. But you can also take a measure of solace because you will not be remembered or missed!

E.B. (Exceedingly Braggadocios) Turner recently revealed he had been "elected" to lead a new group called, the South Lumberton Improvement Association. We believe this is at least the second if not third group Turner has developed. This association's "stated goals" mirror those of the South Lumberton Community Actionners for Progress which many see as Francis Cummings' launching pad for a legislative bid in 1992.

While Turner is perfectly free to set up an organization to be run by him and assist his bid for the N.C. House, it would seem he could have been a little more original in designing such a group. After all, is SLIA's true purpose is to "strengthen the economic status of the South Lumberton community through community development, etc.", then Turner would be well advised to have his group join Ms. Cummings' Actionners.

But there is more to Turner's SLIA group. His appetite

in the N.C. House is embarrassingly obvious and unfortunately, it seems to us, Turner is not above using the people of South Lumberton to help further his political ambitions. South Lumberton does not need both SLIA and SLCAP. These two groups can only create division in the community. This is especially true in such a group truly exists only to further the political ambitions of its so-called "leader."

Some politicians on the street say Turner is attempting to insure Pete Hasty's re-election by further dividing the Black community. While anything is possible given Turner's connections in the Democratic Party, we feel Turner's motivations are fairly upfront and obvious. He wants to serve in the N.C. House and he will do whatever it takes to get an edge in this campaign. And while we do not feel E.B. has a chance, if he were elected, you might as well call him "Pete" because there would be little positive change for the people of Robeson County.

Little did we realize Pembroke would gain Lumberton's lame duck mayor, but it was announced last week that good ol' David F. Weinstein will join the Pembroke State University's Board of Trustees.

Regarding his appointment, Mr. Weinstein reportedly said, "I'm really excited about it. The future of our area is definitely education. Pembroke State University can play a major role in what transpires here in the next decade." Very true Dave, however, you failed to acknowledge that Pembroke State has played an important role in the area for the past 100+ years! We will forgive the oversight this time because we know you were excited by your "election" to the board.

Remembering Mr. Weinstein's off-the-wall suggestion that "Strike At The Wind" move to Lumberton, we wish to preempt any thought he might have about moving Pembroke State University. Just kidding David...welcome to Pembroke!

The commissioners of Robeson County narrowly acknowledged the necessity of permitting input by the residents of the county concerning the way county commissioners are elected. Fortunately, Commissioners Woods, Cox, and Locklear were joined by the Chairperson, Billie Britt in favoring a public hearing on the matter.

The public hearing was requested by Burt Benson, the unknown chairman of the county Republican Party. Mr. Benson hopes the method of selecting commissioners will be changed from an "at large" to a "district" system.

Bill Herndon was reported as saying he thought "very little" of the Republican Party's request. He also said he considered himself a "county" and not a "district" commissioner. This is not an unusual view for the commissioner from St. Pauls. Bill has always felt himself to be more than he actually was or ever will be. When thinking of Bill Herndon we fondly remember the old advice that if you bought a man for what he was worth and sold him for what he thought he was worth you would make a handsome profit.

As usual, Herndon is on the wrong side of the fence and fortunately for the citizens of Robeson County, Herndon's opinion matters little this time around.

Only in Robeson



I had a great time this past weekend. I took in all the activities of the 4th of July on the Reservation.

Scrapiron usually goes back to Pennsylvania during the Fourth but this year he decided to stay on the Reservation and visit some of my friends. We had a big time all week but the fun we had on Saturday I will remember forever.

I drove my pick-up down near the Indian Agency office early Saturday morning so I could get me a good parking space for the early morning parade. Scrapiron had two old milk crates we used as chairs. While we waited for the parade lots of old friends came by and we talked about everything from cars to old girlfriends.

After the parade Scrapiron and I walked down to the crafts fair and we met more old friends. Some of these folks I had not seen in twenty years. By this time I was about to float away because as I talked to my old friends Scrapiron kept buying lemonade from this cute little

Indian girl next to the T-shirt booth.

As we stood around talking to people we hadn't seen in years and to some that we wished we hadn't seen in years, Fast Eddie suggested that we play an old fashioned softball game. Everyone agreed and looked to me to organize the game. Since our old ball field over at the sawmill was gone I suggested that we play in the big pasture behind Gator's Country Store.

We agreed to meet at the ball field at 5:00 o'clock so we all went our different ways to get prepared to show our skills. Acting like true Indians we planned this game for the 'boys' and didn't include the women. Needless to say this ball game idea was not well received by the girls but we loaded up and drove to Gator's anyway.

As we arrived at Gator's the teams seemed to develop on their own. The locals against the out-of-towners became the teams as the heat of competition developed. There were two preachers in our group so we selected them as umpires, thinking they would be honest, for the

Along The Robeson Trail

By Dr. Stan Knick, Director of the P.S.U. Native American Resource Center

Many of the best-known historical photographs of Native Americans were made by Edward S. Curtis. Among the most famous photographs are Curtis' careful studies of Chief Joseph (Nez Perce); Two Moons (Cheyenne Chief who fought at Little Bighorn); Geronimo (Apache); Bear's Belly (Arikara); Mosa (Mohave); Slow Bull (Ogalala); and Princess Angeline (daughter of Sealth, or Seattle). Even if some of these names don't sound familiar, most people have seen these Curtis photographs reproduced again and again in magazines, posters, and books.

But most people are not aware that Curtis did much more than take pictures of Indians. He wrote numerous detailed accounts of traditional dress, activities, rituals, and of the people themselves. He also recorded thousands of songs and legends during the period between 1896 and 1930.

Here is one version of a legend which probably would not be available to us now had it not been for the work of Curtis. He recorded it among the Selawik Eskimos of Alaska (more properly called Selawigmiut), and it is the story of "the woman who became a bear."

Pisiksolik was a mighty hunter who lived with his wife and children far away from the other Selawigmiut people. He was such an outstanding hunter that he always had a large supply of meat in storage. And he was so good at hunting that he only hunted large animals like the bear and caribou, never bothering with the smaller game upon which most other Selawigmiut men depended.

Once Pisiksolik killed a she-bear and her two cubs, and immediately afterwards fell sick and died. His wife buried him in bear skins, and set up poles around his burial to keep wild animals away. She mourned for a very long time.

One day during the next winter a bird came to her door and sang a song in which he told her that her husband was really alive, and re-married in a far away land. She rushed to his grave site, but it was open, and tracks led away from the grave and disappeared in the distance.

She decided that she must go in search of her husband, so she fashioned a garment from a bear skin, which she padded with skinning boards to protect her from any

game. sudden BooBoo, who plays softball on the weekends down in Louisiana, hit a line drive directly at me in right field. I slapped my glove, adjusted my new cap and began to back up keeping my eyes on the ball. As I backed up the ball seemed to go higher. As I reached the shade of a large pine tree at a speed faster than I had run in years I reached out my glove and low and behold the brand new ball landed in the corner of my old high school glove.

I immediately held my glove up into the air and at the same time began to run to the sidelines. I continued to hold my glove hand high in the air as I crossed third base on my way to the coach. The noise was tremendous. I heard every player on my team screaming as I entered the infield. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the ladies waving their arms and everyone of them were on their feet. I was so excited. About half way between third base and home plate I stopped and turned and tipped my cap.

When I turned to continue to the sidelines I saw the Coach waving his arms and making a howling sound. I knew he could not believe the play I had made and was so proud of old Joe.

Then I heard him say, "Joe, there's just one out."

As is the case with virtually all Native American legends, the story of "the woman who became a bear" is full of lessons for us all. Perhaps one of them is that we should be careful what we wish to become.

For more information about Edward S. Curtis and his work among Native Americans, visit the Native American Resource Center in Old Main Building on the campus of Pembroke State University.

game.

Slim was elected as coach for the local team so I knew I would get to play. As Slim sent his team to the field he looked at me and pointed to right field. I took right field with the pride of a pro. I had gone by home and got my new Harley T-shirt, my U.S. Keds and a new ball cap. The new ball cap read "Coon hunters do it in the dark." So I knew I looked good. As I stood in right field flexing my old glove which I always kept well greased with old motor oil, I bent down to remove some cow chips from my section and then adjusted my new cap and as I looked up toward home plate I saw dozens of women making their way with lawn chairs behind the catcher. As I looked over our new arrived spectators I saw several old girlfriends that I had not seen in years. My heart skipped a beat or two but I kept my mind on the game.

Coach Slim walked over to the mound and said a few words of encouragement to Stump who was our starting pitcher. Stump threw a few warm-up pitches to Scrapiron then we heard Preacher Will yell "play ball."

The game began. Stump was doing all he could do throwing what he called a fast ball and keeping it over the plate. All of a

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The descendants of Zackariah and Matilda Locklear; also the descendants of Preston and Emaline Locklear are invited to the annual Locklear Family Reunion, Saturday, August 10, at Preston Gospel Chapel in Maxton. Those attending are asked to gather at the church at noon for a brief program and lunch will be served immediately afterwards. Those planning to attend should bring a covered dish to be served at lunchtime. For further information, contact Holly Floyd Locklear at 919/521-4280, or Lillian T. Harris at 919/521-4107.

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Tips for medicine use

Your prescription says "take one tablet three times daily." But if you take one with an 8 AM breakfast and one again at lunch, only four hours have elapsed between doses - and you could be over-medicating yourself. "One three times daily" means one every eight hours.

Other tips: - Don't pulverize a pill to make it easier to swallow. Doing so may alter the drug's effectiveness. - Many drugs make skin more sensitive to sunlight, so guard against sunburn. We want you to be drug smart, and we're always happy to help you with your medical needs.

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