

# Along The Robeson Trail

By Dr. Stan Kales, Director PSU Native American Resource Center

Very regularly someone will contact the Native American Resource Center seeking an answer about Indian language. Most often these inquiries take the form of: "What is the Indian word for so-and-so" or "How do you say so-and-so in Indian"? It is as though there were only one Indian language.

The fact is that there were originally so many Indian languages that nobody knows for certain exactly how many. We do know that before contact with the outside world there were a great many Native American language "families" (groups of closely related but distinct languages), but there is no way to be certain that we even know what all of those were (much less, the individual languages within each language family).

In his classic compilation of Indian language families north of Mexico (originally published in 1891, and based on the fieldwork of several other people who were affiliated with the Bureau of American Ethnology), J.W. Powell listed fifty-eight language families. In the years since then, some consolidations of language family groupings have been made (for example, in 1956 Hoijer made some combinations and reduced the number to fifty-four language

families, but his work does not substantially change Powell's conclusions). In any case Native Americans originally spoke a very large and diverse set of languages.

Just for the record, and for those who may someday wonder to themselves what the "Indian" word for so-and-so is, here is Powell's list. Keep in mind that these are only the ones north of Mexico, and that each of these language families consisted of some number of individual languages (in some families just a few, while in others a great many):  
 Achaetan\*; Athabaskan\*; Algonkian\*; Athabaskan\*; Attacappan\*; Beothukan\*; Caddoan\*; Chimakuan\*; Chimarican\*; Chimmeyan\*; Chinookan\*; Chitimachan\*; Chumashan\*; Coahuiltecan\*; Copehan\*; Costanoan\*; Eskimauan\*; Esselenian\*; Iroquoian\*; Kalapooian\*; Karankawan\*; Keresan\*; Kiowan\*; Kitunahan\*; Koluschan\*; Kulanapan\*; Kusan\*; Lutanmian\*; Mariposan\*; Moquelumnan\*; Muskogean\*; Natchesan\*; Palaihnihan\*; Piman\*; Pujunan\*; Quoratean\*; Salinan\*; Salishan\*; Sastean\*; Shahaptian\*; Shoshonean\*; Siouan\*; Skittagetan\*; Takilman\*; Tanoan\*; Timuquanan\*; Tonikan\*; Tonkawan\*; Uchean\*; Wailatpuan\*; Wakashan\*; Washoan\*; Weitspekan\*; Wishoskan\*; Yakonan\*; Yanan\*; Yukian\*; Yuman\*; Zunian (language families with \* are either no longer

widely spoken or completely extinct).

Some of the languages of these language families have been sufficiently written down to provide complete dictionaries. Some of them have even been studied to the extent of having books written about their grammar. But a large number of traditional Native American languages only survive in short lists of words, recorded by some linguist, ethnographer or traveler many years ago.

These short lists of words (whether a few words or a few hundred) are important, even if they only represent a fraction of the original language of many thousands of words. This is especially true because many traditional Native American languages only survive in the form of a single word -- the name of that language. We know there was a language there once because the word survives, or because the people survive who once spoke the language. But the language slipped away.

It has been recently estimated that fewer than forty percent of Native Americans living in the United States today fluently speak their traditional language. For more information, visit the Native American Resource Center in Old Main Building, on the campus of Pembroke State University.

## What's It Like To Be In Jail Awaiting Trial

The systematic injustice practiced by the Robeson County court system makes one wonder if this county belongs to a state that is part of the union, or a little dictatorship somewhere in Central or South America. In this country a person is innocent until proven guilty. Not so in Robeson County. You're guilty as charged, and the prosecutor will do whatever it takes to let it remain that way. These almighty's can have you held up in jail for months before giving you a probable cause hearing. The aim is to have you so frustrated that you will settle for a plea bargain or better yet plead guilty even if you are innocent. Anything to get it over with.

I've been incarcerated in the Robeson County Jail going on four months and have only seen the courtroom once for the first appearance. The law requires a probable cause hearing 30 days after the first procedure, and also the law requires a bond motion every 30 days. My bond was set at \$120,000 immediately and stayed that way for about two months. So finally about three weeks ago, after the hassles and red tape I've gone through, I finally received a reduced bond of \$15,000.

The bond is still extremely much here at Christmas Time, although I would only have to pay a bondsman a non-refundable fifteen percent fee. I've been requesting another bond motion as soon as possible so I could be with my family for the holidays like the rest of the human beings. But it seems as though the Judicial system

as a problem with the suggestion. That's why I'm writing this letter of concern. It's been brought to my attention that I may not go to trial by the end of next year because the system is overcrowded with cases, as well as the jail.

I can go to trial early if I'm pleading guilty or taking a plea bargain but not to prove my innocence. But why should I plead guilty to something I'm not guilty of. A typical court morning in jail starts about 8:30 a.m., when inmates numbering anywhere from 30 to 35 are huddled into two holding cells that were designed to seat 10 people together. After a little wait in very close quarters, you are transferred to the 2nd or 3rd floor of the courthouse. There you're shackled or maybe handcuffed, while you are continuously in and out of small poorly ventilated, overcrowded holding areas the size of an average hotel room. Here the waiting can last until court is adjourned at 5:30 and you never make it inside the courtroom. During this time any number of things can take place. You can pick up a virus, a skin rash, become dreadfully ill from inhaling secondary smoke, because I'm a non-smoker, along with inescapable odors of individuals using the toilet. One may get trampled by people who get irritated and start a fight, which occurs quite often. If the same situation were discovered in a club or some other business establishment, this would be deemed unhealthy, unsanitary, illegal, and the place most certainly would be fined or closed. But here in the "Halls of Justice," a few feet from where a judge sits, dispensing justice, all this is taking place and no one seems to notice or care.

Another point of interest is the Public Defender's Office in this county. When the office is overcrowded with court cases, private attorneys are contracted (hired) to defend those who cannot afford one on their own. However, these attorneys often don't represent (although they may be very good at what they do) the best interest of the client the state pays for, because most of their time is spent attending to their private practice. Very few will come and see a client in jail. And if they do, it's usually to offer a plea bargain or a waiver of arraignment. For others, if they see you at all, it's about five minutes before they rush you into the court. There is no proper accommodations for attorney and client to converse. Or if there is, the attorney certainly doesn't use it. The area they use is the hallway or between holding cells or the room next to district court which doesn't offer any privacy because of other inmates being transferred from the holding cells to the room. One only has to read the newspaper to see the numbers of people out on bond and really don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out that the court needs to provide an effective way for incarcerated defendants to get into court.

Until an effective system is developed, the court can at least set aside one day in court for people in jail and another day for people out on bond. The prosecutors are the ones who schedule cases when they want to and choose which judge he/she would like to hear the case. Often they select a judge they know will side with them on certain issues. It is said that "power" can corrupt even a saint. I am afraid that when it comes down to the prosecutors in Robeson County, this is a reality that must be cured, be limiting their power to let them realize that they are not "God."  
 Donald Floyd

## Genealogical Glimpses

by Elisha Locklear

### TURPENTINE IN GEORGIA

Many stories came back home to Robeson County from the turpentine woods. Some of which many of us have never been too fond, but I suppose if we had been along, had been young and full of sap, we may have found it entertaining, to a degree at least.

There's the story about old Sam. Been told probably a hundred times, but maybe bearstelling again. Wasn't any good, every time the boys went out to cut new trees or scrape the boxes, Sam was nowhere to be found, looked high and low for him, hollered, hollered till we had all the dogs in an uproar, killed two rattlesnakes looking for the sorry devil, still no Sam.

About sundown, you could hear the wagon teams coming, muleskinners cursing, clouds of mosquitoes flying around their heads, slapping mosquitoes and running the mules near to death. Mules were lathered with sweat, foam flying from their mouths, bits cutting the blood out of their mouths but by now, after all day in the woods their mouths were probably numb to the pain.

Boys setting on the back of the wagon atop the barrels didn't look much better than the mules. Sorry looking sight, barefooted, britches split up the sides of the legs, scratched by briars, dog bit, snake bit, worked from first light till nearly black dark, if it hadn't been ten miles to camp the straw boss would have boxed them longer, thank the Lord for all the little blessings, for this you get fifty cents a day, plus board. The wagon stops long enough for them to climb stiffly down, limp over to the pump to wash up for supper and from the looks of them, they'll be going straight to bed.

At the supper table, by lantern light, very short order is made of the beans, biscuits, and side meat. The door opens slowly, and Sam eases in and sits down. He begins to eat as if he had come in with the crew. The young Indian mean begin to exchange

glances. During the Depression of the 1870's, Indians had to work "hard" to make anything to live on, let alone have anything to send home. And here this Black man loafs all day long, lies to the Boss, gets paid anyhow. It just so happened that at this particular camp, the cook was an Indian man who loved to cook a lot of fried foods.

The next morning the wagons left with the hands, on the way back to work. Sam, as usual, avoided the mad rush and decided today he would just lay around and take it easy, after all, he had just finished as fine a breakfast as money could buy.

The sun's coming up and Sam has sit down in the front door a kind of dozed off. In the warm Georgia morning, birds are singing, all nature is very alive, why not relax and enjoy life. Sam's body slowly slides down until he is lying flat (of his back) down, facing upward. On this particular day, the cook has decided to kill a few chickens and fry them. He has busied himself and is ready to begin frying at about an hour by sun (an hour before sundown). He observes that Sam is still very much relaxed in his position and doesn't appear to be getting up anytime soon. The shades on the east side of the shack begin to grow longer as the young cook looks at the pot of grease boiling on the stove and at Sam still lying, blocking the door jam. The pot looked like it was about the size of a foot tub, Lord, it was heavy. But with a great effort, the young man lifted it at about shoulder height and began to walk toward the door where Sam was still asleep. As he neared the door, he began to wonder, could he? Would he be able to? Within about a yard and a half of the door, the pot began to tilt forward and that awful heat almost directly from Hades itself began to wash Sam from head to foot. The saying goes that the frightful shock the soul-searing heat and the pent-up anger of the young Indian caused Sam's heart to burst. Could be...just could be...

## Reflections

by Alta Nye Oxendine

### WHAT CAN YOU DO ON A DARK, DREARY DAY?

Lately I've been talking about praising God at the start of each day. If you're like me, it's not hard to wake up feeling thankful on a bright, sunny morning. But what about a dark, dreary day?

When we read the "praise" passages in the Bible, we realize that those people (including Paul) did not wait for a bright, sunny day. They gave thanks on the "dark, dreary" days as well.

### ASKING GOD FOR GUIDANCE

Let's also pray often throughout the day about our world's problems. Let's ask God to lead our present leaders, our new president, Bill Clinton, and all other leaders around the world. God has not promised a perfect, peaceful world. But He has promised to listen when we call upon Him.

## YOUR BIBLE AND YOU

by Daniel Davis

Congratulations, you have won a million dollars...if you return the winning number! Does that sound familiar? How many different companies send us notices that we might win some fantastic amount of money or a free house or car, if we just follow the instructions inside the envelope. Probably most of us have returned some of these things hoping that we might be the one person out of the millions in the United States that gets surprised by strangers with a big check.

We get very excited about what we might do with a million or ten million dollars. Some people even know what they would buy first! Isn't it interesting that we can get so excited about the slim chance that we might win some sweepstakes, yet can react with so little emotion when presented with the chance of a lifetime!

In the Bible we read about mansions being built in a city paved with gold. We read about gates of pearl and foundations of precious gems. We have been told that there will be no more death and sorrow in that land, for God shall wipe away our tears! Does this not grab your interest? What are your chances of gaining this prize? One in a hundred-million? One in a thousand?

Your Bible says "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." That says that the prize is yours, if you want it. All you must do is accept God's gift of eternal life and it's yours! What better odds can you get?

## News of St. Pauls Holiness Church

by Cathy Smith

On Sunday, January 10, 1993 we had a wonderful service with Rev. Joseph Locklear preaching a wonderful message taken from Genesis 1:26-27. He used as a subject "An Improvement in God's Creation." It was a very uplifting and spiritual sermon.

Our young people sang Sunday afternoon at Youth For Christ Church in their singing. They held their first young people's meeting at 6 p.m. There were 40 people in attendance. The meeting lasted until 8 p.m.

We would like to welcome a newcomer to come over on the Lord's side. Sister Darlene Wilkins was saved in last Thursday night's service. Let's encourage her and her in our prayers.

Also we had a new bir church. Brother Marshall an,

Lynn Cummings are the parents of a baby boy.

We would like to congratulate them on their new arrival.

Also, keep us in your prayers...our many sick loved ones: Sister Thelma Locklear, Sister Rochella Lowery, Sister Addie Hardin, Brother Ned Bumette, and many more.

Our announcements: Our pastor, Reverend Norman Caulder, will be preaching this Sunday, the third Sunday.

Our monthly singing is Sunday at 6 p.m.

Our revival will begin the 4th Sunday night at 6 p.m. and services week nights will begin at 7:30 p.m. with Evangelist Kenneth Locklear preaching nightly. Revival will run through February 4th, lasting twelve nights.

Continue to pray for us at St. Pauls Holiness Church. God bless you.

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### O.T.C. skin irritation

In the attempt to quickly deal with acne problems, many people buy the strongest over-the-counter acne medication they can find (10% benzoyl peroxide) and wind up with red, burning skin. Benzoyl peroxide is a good product, but it's also very harsh. Unless your skin is very oily (the oil provides a buffer against irritation) start with a lower concentration of 2.5 to 5 percent and gradually build up to a stronger one. Also, if O.T.C. medications don't clear up mild acne within a few weeks, you may need to see a dermatologist. Your good health is our business. Come see us!

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