

# Editorial and Opinion Page

## Along the Robeson Trail

by Dr. Stan Knick, Director-UNC-P Native American Resource Center

North Carolina  
Robeson County  
Amy Graham Sanborn,  
Plaintiff  
vs.  
Dana Emile Sanborn,  
Defendant

To: DANA EMILE SANBORN, Defendant take notice that a pleading seeking relief against you has been filed in the above action. The nature of the relief being sought as follows:

PLAINTIFF is seeking judgment of absolute divorce. You are required to make defense to such pleading no later than the 24th day of November 1998, which is 40 days after the first publication of this notice. Upon your failure to file a pleading by the above date, party seeking service against you will apply to the Court for the relief sought.

This the 8th day of October, 1998

Locklear, Jacobs, & Hunt  
By: Arnold Locklear  
P.O. Box 99  
Pembroke, N.C. 28372  
(910) 521-3413  
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Will the real Henry Berry Lowrie please stand up? Of all the stories we have heard and told here in the land of the Lumbee, which Henry will it be? Will it be Henry the persistent hero, or Henry the vengeful scoundrel? Will it be Henry the reckless outlaw, or Henry the bold freedom fighter? Will it be Henry at the Wire Grass Landing taking aim along the barrel of his Spencer rifle, or Henry at the old homeplace tickling the fretboard of his banjo? Will it be the Henry of fact, or the Henry of fiction?

One of the most important elements of an approach to situating any group of people within the broadest context comes in a view of their heroes. What sort of person is it who makes the grade, instead of being a hero only for a while and later losing favor? Whose accomplishments are talked about at kitchen tables and on front porches in his or her own day, and then not forgotten with the passing of years? Whose reputation holds firm — seems only to grow over time into something that, if we really

thought about it, might seem to be perhaps beyond real mortal capabilities?

What makes that person a hero to the people in the first place, and why does his or her status as a hero persist? When we can answer these queries — or at least comprehend the import of the questions — we will move further into an understanding of the Lumbee in context.

Every group of people has its heroes, both the momentary kind and the durable kind. Samson of the Israelites. Crazy Horse of the Lakota. Cuchulain of the Irish. Ira Hayes of the Marines and the Akimel O'odham (Pima). Often our heroes are people who overcome some human frailty, some tragic flaw, or some seemingly insurmountable obstacle. In some sense, heroes need to be different from the rest of us.

Most humans like to have heroes around somewhere, especially the heroes who last. They make a useful comparison, an instructive standard by which to evaluate ourselves and others. They help us teach important lessons to the children. They become

the sound and substance of stories told by the elders. We identify with them; and in doing so, they identify us. While they may need to be different from us, they also need to be sufficiently like us to make the comparison between us and them feasible.

We get our English word from the Greek word *heros*, which originally probably meant "to watch over, or protect." We use it to describe people whom we admire for their courage, their nobility and/or their deeds. In a modern world in which there seems to be a shortage of real heroes, a closer look at Henry Berry Lowrie may help us understand his place in the context of the Lumbee. It may also help us understand Lumbee culture — the system of meanings which are learned and shared among the people.

In the next segment we will continue our search for the real Henry Berry Lowrie. For more information, visit the Native American Resource Center in historic Old Main Building, on the campus of The University of North Carolina at Pembroke.

### Pass the cornbread and collards

#### Ranting and Raving



Garry Lewis Barton

In this Land of Plenty, far too many of us are fat and sassy. And one of the most lucrative fads sweeping this country for years has been dieting. So many of us seem obsessed with losing weight, some folk make a good living exploiting our misery. But, I'm reformed. Or rehabilitated. Or whatever it is we fat folk are when we kick the habit of dieting. Oh, yea! Now, I remember -- hungry! Whether dieting or not, we're always hungry.

I'm what you might call a traditionalist of sorts. In other words, I believe in the things that have made this country great—apple pies, hot dogs, and Chevrolets. But since I can't afford a new Chevy, I feel somewhat compelled to double up on the other two. Ergo, the inflated image you see of me.

That's why, when folk saunter up to me and ask, "Hey, Garry, what're you up to?", I invariably have to answer, "260 and gaining."

But, like most fat folk -- hey, don't cringe, fat ain't a four-letter word. And contrary to what some burro-crats might try and tell you, I ain't horizontally challenged. I'm fat! But I'm always a dieting. Or doing something to lose weight so I can "pinch an inch" instead of "grab some flab."

All this talk of dieting dredges up a painful memory. Yea, I remember it just like it was yesterday instead of yesteryear. My then-wife was helping me lose some excess weight and had me on a diet which included poached eggs, of all things. Now, folk, it seems to me that if God meant for us to poach our eggs, He wouldn't have given us Crisco. And, thank you very much, I don't care which came first; I like fried eggs and fried chicken!

In order to poach an egg, really all you do is bring some water to a boil, crack an egg and chunk it in without the shell.

Just the memory of it gives me flashbacks. I hadn't eaten anything, it seemed, in days. My stomach was gnawing at my backbone. I'd growl a while. Then my ol' belly would growl for a spell. We'd sort of swap off.

Finally, it got so bad my wife couldn't tell which one of us it was a growling, so she turned her attentions to poaching that cuss-fired egg. And when she was finished, if I thought that ol' shriveled-up, naked egg looked lonely and forlorn a'floating in the midst of that boiling water, that couldn't hold a candle to how pitiful it looked when she plopped it out in the middle of that big ol' plate, which I was used to seeing overflowing with real, fried, greasy food.

Then, lo and behold! To add a little excitement to the thus far drab and dismal pitiful excuse for a meal, I dabbed at the yellow of that poached egg with the corner of a slice of toasted bread. And I wish I hadn't a'done it, folk 'cause that ol' yellow commenced to running. And my legs soon followed suit. Destination: the bathroom.

And that's when I discovered one of the truths of the Universe, folk: in order to throw something up, as a general rule, you gotta have something to be thrown up.

The funny thing is that my wife had been trying to get me to take up running for a long time, all to no avail. But suddenly, when I saw that ol' yellow running, I felt inspired and set out a'running.

By the time I finished spilling my guts in the commode, my wife was in the bedroom getting ready for bed. So, seeing my opportunity, I slunk over to the fridge, grabbed me two sausage dogs and three hot dogs, and dropped 'em into that boiling water. I figured, what the heck! I could always plead temporary insanity, brought about by malnutrition, or something. I was too worried about the fate of those hot dogs and sausages, folk, to fret needlessly about repercussions and such. I wanted food. And dang the consequences! Or anything else, for that matter.

Five minutes later, my wife snuck into the kitchen and caught me right smack dab in the middle of inhaling the last of the sausage dogs, the rest were already a savored memory. I saw right away away there wasn't any use trying to lie my way out of it, since I had been caught red (tainted by the sausage and hot dogs)—handed anyhow. So I 'fessed right up. But I was still a mite cantankerous.

"I don't know why you're so cuss-fired mad," I railed at her, wiping sausage grease off my chin with the back of my chubby and grubby hand. "At least I poached the dad-blame things!"

Now, I've become resigned to the fact that I'm gonna always be fat and out of shape. And, since there's nothing no sadder, anyhow, than seeing an anorexic-looking, 260-pound man a'begging for food, the next time someone slinks up to me and says something snide about my big belly, I'm gonna tell them like my friend Carnell Locklear used to say: "Hey, if you have something of value, you build a shelter over it." (Get 'cha minds out'a the gutters, folk, I was a'talking about my new belt buckle.)

We'll talk again, folk. Meanwhile, pass the cornbread. . . And collards. . . And black eyed peas. . . And give me a dab of that ol' marg'rine. . . And a slice or two of that crispy fatback. . . And a biscuit and some of that there mollasses. . . But I'll hold off on that poached egg, thank ya just the same, unless'n it's still in the shell. . . And some fried chicken. . . And.

### Pediatric Pointers

By: Joseph T. Bell

One of the things we get concerned about as parents is how often our children have cold symptoms. Sometimes it seems like our young kids have colds continuously, especially through the winter time. The question often asked to me as a pediatrician is "is my child having too many colds?" What we have to remember is that during infancy and in the preschool years, children average about 7 or 8 colds per year. When you consider that the average cold might last up to 7 days, this means as much as 60 days in a year could be spent with cold symptoms and that be normal.

The main reason kids get so many colds is that they are constantly being exposed to new viruses as young infants. There are at least 200 cold viruses he is being exposed to and the less protection his immune system has against it. Children who attend daycare, nurseries, or preschool are directly exposed to more infections than children who don't. Infants kept in home based daycare rather than large daycare centers tend to have less complications during the first year of life with common colds. Children with older siblings in school also have more indirect exposure to cold viruses. The older siblings catch colds and then bring them home. Colds are thus more common in large families.

The rate of colds triples in the winter when people spend more time crowded together indoors breathing re-circulated air. Smoking in the home increases a child's susceptibility to cold and coughs as well as ear infections, sinus infections, croup, wheezing, and asthma.

Some parents worry that a child who has frequent colds has some serious underlying disease. Children with immune system diseases do not get any more colds than the average child. Instead, they tend to get the more serious infections often, like pneumonia, meningitis, sinus infections, and skin infections.

Some parents worry that in some way they have neglected their child or done something wrong to cause frequent colds. On the contrary, having a lot of colds is an unavoidable part of growing up. Colds are the one infection we cannot prevent. From a medical stand point colds are an educational experience for your child's immune system.

That is all on colds today. Next week we will talk about dealing with frequent colds. Take care. We will talk again next week.



You hope no one in your family will ever need CPR. We hope you're right.

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To find out about classes in your area, call your local chapter.

### web watch

(NAPS)—For information about multiple sclerosis, including ways to manage daily life, contact the National Multiple Sclerosis Society at 1-800-FIGHT-MS, e-mail info@nmss.org or visit the website at www.nmss.org.

If establishing a Web site for your small business is a step you're considering, you have plenty of company. An estimated 900,000 small businesses launched Web sites in 1997, and industry observers predict the total number could reach two million this year. To learn more about small business computing solutions, visit the Intel website at www.intel.com/business/small.

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