



Hello there world's it's me again. I hope that all of you had a good week. I also want to thank everyone that has been buying my book, it is almost gone.

This week I want to dedicated this column to the memory of my big baby brother who left this Earth for his heavenly home on May 20, 1992. His name was the Rev. Douglas Wayne Maynor; and most of the ones who knew him called him "Brother Doug."

Douglas Wayne Maynor was born on April 10, 1953 in Prince George County, Maryland. He was not a small baby, as he weighed close to 10 pounds. He was not only of Lumbee but also of German descendant (and believe you me, we both had the temper to show that our mother was German).

His nephew, Charles, shares his birthday with him.

Douglas received the first formative years of his education in Glen Burnie, Maryland where we lived at 1730 Saunders Way. I can honestly say that if there was a person that ever loved to sing it was Doug. We attended Harundale Presbyterian Church where Doug was the first one in the family to join the choir. And with his urging I soon followed by joining the young girls choir. Doug first sang at the Thanksgiving Service on the day that my mother left our family after the family dinner. We both cried for a long time but I really think that he shed more tears than I ever could.

One day the Choir Director Dr. Shurr called my father and said that we needed to come out and see what Doug was doing. This young emotionally hurt child has thrown himself into his music. Both of us were amazed when we sat in the back of the church and heard him sing. He sounded so in tune with the pipe organ that they musically appeared to be as one. "I have been teaching young boys how to sing for 20 years and I have never seen this happen," the choir director said. "He is excellent".

Doug's first solo performance was at the Christmas Eve Candle Light Service. My father and I sat in the back so that he could not see us. We were expecting them to enter from the front of the church. As we sat there behind us we heard something like a huge herd of Buffalo coming down the aisle. There was brother Doug leading the boys in his white choir robe singing "Angels We Have Heard On High." It was the first Christmas without our mother but with both of us being in choirs at church it made the holidays alot easier because we could not let our emotions show.

We would go to the Television studio on Saturday morning that was close to the shopping mall and be in the audience for "The Lorenzo The Tramp Show." This was an area show that featured local children in the area. One day Lorenzo wanted someone to get up there and do his signature dance with him called "The Stomp." Doug volunteered. I never had a clue that he could dance until that day. Then we were on there every week and sometimes my brother would dress up just like Lorenzo and dance with him.

I can honestly say that life was better for both of us when we moved to North Carolina. There was no one telling us that we were half black, burning our yards and breaking our windows.

All of these events came about when we came to North Carolina in 1967 and found out that we were Indians and not little white kids with a suntan. We went back and told the kids in our class that we found out that we were Indians and

that is when all heck broke lose in the neighborhood. Doug had gained alot of weight and he really could not run and he could not fight. One day this boy who lived down the road from us named David decided to beat up my brother. I tried to jump in and his sister Patty decided that she could beat me. After she broke my glasses I ran to the bike and got my lock, put it in my hand and made a tight fist. I only had to hit her once and she went crying. Then I got between David and Doug and I socked him in the mouth and knocked out two of his teeth.

Their parents came to our house and wanted my father to pay the dentist bill, but they did not want to pay for my glasses. So my father told them where to go and if they did not get out of the yard he was going to show them how to get there. Several weeks after that on November 10, 1967 my father moved us to Pembroke.

Brother Doug graduated from high school at Pembroke and was going with this girl in Laurinburg. Pa had forgot to tell him about the birds and the bees. Within the two years that they went together he fathered two children. Doug was off at college and they had made plans to get married when their son was 6 months old.

A policeman came to the house one night in December in 1974 and asked for Doug. We got him on the telephone and sat there in shock as the officer told him that his future wife had been in a wreck and had been killed. Her mother was handicapped and could not tend to the baby. My father would not let him bring them to the house so he signed the papers for them to be raised by her sister and her husband. I can say that he did the best thing for them, both of them have a successful life and they are in the medical profession. Both of them came in as consultants when my father, my husband and their father Douglas got sick. They were there and they do receive this paper.

It was after the death of his first love that he decided to become a preacher. He joined the Happy Echoes when he was not even 20 years old and they traveled everywhere and sang.

We always kidded Doug that if he ever got another woman that he would have to go out of the county and get one. He went to Hoke County and found BJ. When he married BJ he was employed with Robeson County Ambulance Service. He was known as one of the best EMT's in the county.

Because of love he left his 10 year career for a job that did not last six months. He began getting depressed and would just eat and sleep. I have often wondered why no one bothered to get him medical attention until his body was damaged beyond repair. They separated and his heart broke as he heard his own children call another man "daddy."

When my father became sick it became just too much for my brother to bear. He had lost everything and everybody that he had ever loved and now he was going to lose his best friend, his father. When my father died, he felt that he had lost everything and had nothing to live for anymore.

I wish that I had been enough to keep him here. He became ill five days before my father died and with his deep depression he became sick once again. I know now when he had the doctor call me that night and said "Vinita your brother has taken a turn for the worst. He wants to know if he can go?" I thought that he meant could he go to ICU, but I was told that when the doctor said to my brother "It's all right Mr. Maynor, your sister said that you can go." He died.

I know that he is up there in heaven with my father, ET, and husband just playing that keyboard. He walks with the angels and the angels walk with me. I never feel alone.

So, here is to you, my little baby brother. Love you and I miss you but I know that there is no more pain and broken hearts where you are. Take care of Pa and I will see you soon.

Has anyone old you today that they love you? Well I do and I know that God does too!



Douglas Wayne Maynor and his little sister Vinita on Easter Sunday 1965 at their home in Glen Burnie Maryland. Do we look



James M. Chavis and Sue Chavis are shown with Miss Lumbee Glenda Hadden.



Bettie, Ader Lowery and Mardella Lowery.

MATH @ POWER
Algebra Geometry Calculus. Call 1-800-97NACME.
www.nacme.org
NACME

Celebrates 85th Birthday



Mrs. Ader Wilkins-Lowery celebrated her 85th birthday Saturday, May 15th at the Pembroke Jaycee Hut

Mrs. Lowery was born on May 20, 1914 in the Union Chapel area, the daughter of the late Sion and Sarah Ann Locklear-Wilkins

Mrs. Ader married Clemmie Lowery (now deceased) in 1928 in Dillon, S.C. Their children are John Wesley (deceased), James Earl (deceased), Clemmie Jr. "JuneBug" (deceased), Paula "Bettie" Lowery-Aegan and Mardella "Babe" Lowery-Salsgiver. She has 16 grandchildren, 21 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great grandchildren.

Mrs. Ader lives in the West Lumberton area and attends Evergreen Church. When asked what she attributed to her long life to, she said "I always honored and obeyed my parents and her obedience to God"

Honored guest were Miss Lumbee 98-99, Glenda Hadden, Rev. & Mrs. Charles W. Maynor, Mr. Ernest Wilkins, Mrs. Ella Nora Wilkins Lowery Family Singers and Clemmie Jr. Lowery Family Singers.

The dinner was given by her daughters Bettie Lowery-Aegan and Mardella Lowery-Salsgiver. Food was served by her grandchildren Wanda Lowery-Graham, Freda Lowery-Pomaski, Darlene Lowery, and Bobbi Ann Woodell-Chavis, great grandchildren Rachel Graham and William Chavis, Jr. plus friends. All guests were given flowers and gifts.

Mrs. Ader gives thanks to everyone that was able to attend and for the gifts that she received.



Shown left to right, Vickie Locklear, Robeson County Register of Deeds, Ader Lowery and Mardella Lowery.



Freda, Rachel and Ader Lowery, Wanda and Darlene, grandchildren.

Get your copy while supplies last of a new book:
"PEMBROKE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"

by
Connee Brayboy
Editor of

\$16.99

The Carolina Indian Voice

\$16.99

"Pembroke In The Twentieth Century" uses a wealth of images to bring the history of Pembroke in this eventful century to life.

Name _____

Address _____

Please fill out coupon and mail \$19.99 in check or money order, which includes \$16.99 plus \$3 Shipping and Handling for each book desired, to: The Carolina Indian Voice, P.O. Box 1075, Pembroke, NC 28372

CALL (910) 521-2826

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

This is to advise taxpayers that the real estate unpaid taxes will be advertised during the week of June 6, 1999. Any unpaid real estate taxes for the year of 1998 which remain unpaid at the close of business on Friday, May 28, 1999 will be included and advertised. To avoid additional cost, taxpayers should make immediate payment of all outstanding taxes.

Robeson County Tax Department
Robeson County Courthouse
Lumberton, NC 28358