

## Akwesasne Wake Up!

All you people on the fence,  
Wake up and look around!  
Do you like what you see?  
Doesn't it bring you down?

Our people are fighting amongst themselves, you can't let it happen by sitting on your shelves.

We have "anti's" and we have "pro's" Akwesasne is falling apart bit by bit and it shows.

What will it take, for you to get out? To fight for your beliefs, and to reason your doubt.

Don't wait until someone gets hurt, or for someone to die, or when someone does, ask yourself "WHY?"

You live here, so do your part, not with just your mind but also with your heart.

If you're a parent, how do your children feel?  
are they scared and frightened thinking Akwesasne will never heal.

A casino owner has greed, a warrior has a gun, is your child safe with them when they're shooting for fun?

If you're a youth will Akwesasne be here for your children to grow up like you, year by year?

Does it matter that love and trust is slowly going away, we're living in crime and hatred every night and every day.

so leave your shelf say what you want to, we won't get angry, cause you are you.

Everyone must say their part, it could be today of tomorrow, but please don't wait until there's grief and sorrow.

Peters '90

## Broken Apart

I hear yelling and screaming, both for and against,  
Over gambling and culture which makes everyone tense.

There are pro-gamblers and anti's, What do you mean, who is that? They are fighting each other with a gun and a bat.

We were all born Mohawks, so we should blend as one, But instead we just fight, father against son.

I really just wish this fighting would cease, We've set up blockades, so there could be peace.

It's no use, there's no solution to the problem at hand.

It's just brother against brother, and friend against friend.

If we don't stop this fighting we might all end up dead, "I am proud to be Indian," my father ONCE said.

There's no way to solve this, where do we start. Until we find out, we stay separate, broken apart.

M.M.C - 16 years old

## Voices From the Front Line



Leanne Jock Faces the opposition at the western door.

Underneath the dark sky at the road blocks, Leanne Jock and Margaret Peters don't demand any attention or acknowledgement. They talk quietly to their friends, stopping occasionally to take a sip of hot coffee to warm themselves against the cold night air. They could be in your kitchen sharing every day experiences about their children or work. They could be your friends, neighbors, or sisters. Normal, with one exception, they have put their lives on hold to build a better future for Akwesasne. They are living the danger of being part of the blockades. They have been apart of the stand offs against the pro-gambling faction's guns, bulldozers, bats, and cars. Death became a real probability when the pro-gamblers marched on the Eastern door with bulldozers and guns and when they marched on the western prepared to fight.

This is what they seen and thought when the casino workers tried to "clear the roads".

Margaret Peters:

"I remember thinking, 'They (casino workers) have finished talking, they're here to fight.' Andrea Swamp asked if I wanted to be in the front line when they came. I decided I could never hit someone so I went front line. I couldn't sing because I was in shock that it had come to this; two bulldozers and people with bats and guns. One girl was yelling, 'Why aren't you singing don't you want peace?' I told her, 'I'm not the one carrying a weapon.' I kept thinking, 'were their jobs so important to them that they were going to kill or hurt somebody.'"

They denied having warrior support but Fabian Hart was their with a gun. Harry Square was there. They were the first to provoke. I felt sad for these people.

If I had any doubts about the blockade, they stopped when I seen them coming.

We want to get rid of the violence the casinos are bringing in.

I never thought I would get hurt I was worried about my husband who was behind me and my kids who were at home.

Leanne Jock:

"We got the call Sunday that they were coming I took what I thought was my last walk in Hogan. Sally (Benedict) was shaking hands with everybody and saying good bye. I realized we could die. I remember Andrea Swamp saying 'this was not rational', when we were standing on the bridge waiting for them to come. Meme David and Emily Tarbell said a prayer. We didn't care if they hurt us. I didn't want anyone to fight.

We seen them coming. I seen Fabian with his gun, his eyes were glossy with hate. If he was a real Indian he wouldn't need a gun to prove it. I seen Jerry Cook behind him with a baseball bat. I said hello to him. He put his head down. If they were going to do it, DO IT, I thought. Once the drivers stepped down we knew they couldn't do it.

When we seen one person leave I felt good. We didn't have to fight to prove a point. We were singing instead of swinging. I believe that in their hearts they didn't want to hurt their family."

Leanne was there again. The next Saturday when the pro-gamblers

tried to tear down the blockade at the western door. She was the first to step out in front to keep both sides from violence.

"I knew something was going to happen. They (Antis) wanted something to happen. The young guys were getting mad. It's worst when your guys get mad. You know how mad they really are. I started to walk back and forth in front of the road block. They (Pros) were sitting in their cars across the road. We couldn't see who they were because they were shining their lights on us. People across the road were screaming obscenities. 'What are we gonna do if they beat you up,' someone asked. 'Bring me flowers and candy,' I replied. I had to keep the mood light because it was too crazy. I thought I was crazy.

The people in the cars were revving their engines. I looked right at them. I was going to see the person who ran me over. It might have been only for second but I was going to see it, so I could haunt them. We won again, no one was hurt."

The people who manned the front line and the people who man the road blocks day and night need no accolades. They are just doing what they believe is right. They are prepared to offer up their lives as a sacrifice for a future without guns and violence. These people are brave. And remember they ARE your neighbors, brothers, sisters, and friends.

## AMS Students Win Science Fair



back-Natasha Francis, Lani Papineau, Anna Thompson middle-Waylon White, Clayton Benedict, Rawaras Mitchell front-Louise Montour, Marlana Thompson

Seventeen students from Ams participated in the united counties "Science for the 90's" science fair held on March 31. The competition took place at St. Lawrence college in Cornwall. A total of 280 students participated.

Out of the nine projects entered by the Akwesasne students, four won prizes:

Anna Thompson and Lani Papineau's project entitled "Hair spray" won 7th place over all; the silver award for a mark between 85 and 89.9%; the S.D.&G. Women Teacher's Award for Excellence in an Experimental Project.

Louise Montour and Marlana Thompson's project, "Whales and Dolphins", took a bronze award for a mark between 80 and 84.9% and the Freudenberg trophy for Best in Zoology.

Natasha Francis' project on caffeine won the bronze award and the Nutrition Research award. Waylon White and Clayton Benedict won the bronze award for their project on the heart.

In the wall display competition Rawaras Mitchell won a gold award for his display on Indian Medicine. Congratulations to all who entered and to those who won!

## Answer Me

War and peace it's one or the other we join together or it's brother against brother.

Fighting today what will we do? Can there be peace between me and you?

When we meet up What will we say? Will we talk as friends or will we just look the other way?

What is trust? Will we ever know? Who can I talk to? Where can I go?

What is unity? Is it here? Will you comfort me, if I shed a tear?

There are many questions I have for the community and I'm asking you- Can you please answer me?

Peters '90

If there's a pain in your chest, be a pain in the neck.

Complain to a doctor. Emergency



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