

INDIAN TIME

Indian Time is a news service for the Mohawk community of Akwesasne & Kahnawake

sister Iroquois communities. The news policy at Indian Time insists we try to give our readers as truthful reporting as we can. We encourage and invite opinions different than ours. We are committed to a free and open press at Akwesasne. We believe in the unrestricted flow of information to our people. By this means, we have the ability to make intelligent, informed decisions about our collective future.

Indian Time is a product of the people of Akwesasne. It is your newspaper printing stories about you. Please feel free to contact our Kanatakon offices in the Akwesasne Communications Society Building if you have concerns, compliments or plain old curiosity about the material printed in Indian Time. Niawenkowa, Akwesasne for your support.

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With a circulation of 1,350 within Akwesasne, Kahnawake and surrounding communities, advertising in Indian Time can be a profitable move for your business. Call now. 518-358-9535 for rates.

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Broken Hearts

Shattered dreams and broken hearts
 Akwesasne:
 Where the partridge drums...

In youthful hands bottles of rum
 Brave men, once, now gone astray
 Culture, tradition thrown away
 Stirring ashes from a grave
 No longer the red man's pride
 Accepting willingly the devil's bribe.

Rolling dice, games of chance
 Forgotten rituals, ghost dance
 "Warriors" with weapons of war
 Shot down: west, eastern door
 Now, naked are they before every nation
 Abandoned by creation.

We, the majority, held on tight
 We believe in what is right
 Nights, days we stood, for a belief
 But from the state, despite the deaths, no relief.

Akwesasne...
 Your "warriors" tore apart
 Dreams and in its wake
 Shattered hearts.

Linda Lazore, June 1990

Obituary

David J. Chubb, 70, died May 8, 1990 at the Canandaigua Veterans Hospital in Canandaigua, N.Y. Interment occurred in Onchiota, N.Y., with services officiated by John Chubb, Chaplain of the Andrew W. Cook American Legion Post of Hogansburg, N.Y.

He was born at Akwesasne on August 22, 1919, a son of Mitchell and Louise Back Chubb. He served in the Air Force during World War II in the Pacific Theatre. During most of his adult life he was employed in Niagara Falls, N.Y., and upon retirement he lived in Shortsville, N.Y.

Surviving are four sisters, Mrs. Christine Fadden of Onchiota, N.Y., Mrs. Nancy Jagers of Munfordville, Kentucky, Mrs. Helen Printup of Akwesasne, and Mrs. Marian Wainman of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; along with several nephews, nieces and cousins.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

To the Haudenosaunee, "People of the Longhouse", those who are neutral and those who are still Indian: Be aware of the Canadian government's attempt to impose false bloodlines upon us. They are sowing hatred among us by their enrollment policies; we must abide by our own membership rules.

For many years the government tried to separate us by religion. In Kahnawake, for example, the Catholics were told to hate the longhouse people, I remember this from my childhood days. Be aware of these type of tactics.

Now those who will not obey the Great Law of Peace are playing onto the hands of Brian Mulroney and Quebec premier Robert Bourassa. These two are attempting to enforce the 1763 Royal Proclamation and the General Gage judgment. While we are divided they are taking away lands which belong to the Mohawks of Kahnawake and destroy Indian land claims to all of Quebec, including Akwesasne's claims to Dundee.

I am thankful the Creator has given me the strength to help others by seeing what is really happening. I have traveled about and recently visited the Crees of northern Alberta. I hope we can be strong as they are. We must think of our kids, especially those who do not have grandparents or parents. We must not replace the love of our people with the love of money and must try to regain our culture and our ways of life.

Niawen,
 Karonhiakeron

TO THE EDITOR

In the past few nights I have heard what sounds like gun shots in the vicinity of St. Regis. Now, they may be fire crackers or cherry bombs, but they still scare the hell out of me. It seems to me that these children who are shooting these things off have absolutely no respect for anyone around here. We have been through a lot in the last year and the last thing we need is to hear gun shots. Do you have no respect for your elderly or anyone else for that matter? I have also seen children taunting the Q.P.F. and R.C.M.P. It's not right! If you can't behave better outside of your home, stay indoors and make your parents' lives miserable and let us get a restful sleep.

A resident.

GUEST EDITORIAL

When the roadblocks were still up I went there with my mother, Mat Pyke, Loretta Lazore and my friend Raeann Oakes. I wanted to go there because my mother and Mat were there all the time. I heard my mother and Mat say, "We can't give up the fight for our rights, even until the last one stands."

At the roadblock Raeann and I were flagging cars with Doug George. Doug told us how to flag the cars as they went by. He is real nice; well, that is my opinion.

Then I was telling Doug that at Christmas I was happy to go to my father's and give my family their presents. I waited for my present but I didn't get one. I was there for two days then I wanted to go home because I grew sick of playing "Steal the Pack" for money. I said to my grandmother, "How about we put the money away and play this game the real way with no

money involved?" Then they took me home.

On the way home my uncle Charlie said, "Are you a warrior?" I said, "No, I am an anti." Then he said, "Do you want me to shoot you right here?" I said, "No, I want to live."

When I finished telling Doug my story he said "Wow." Then he let me, Raeann and Loretta Lazore flag cars by ourselves so he could go and warm up. It was a lot of fun to flag. We had fun until some people, even my uncles, drove by and gave us the finger. We started to scream. We asked some other people if they saw them give us the finger, but only my mother, Mat Pyke and Joe Lazore did. Those people were acting younger than us because we didn't do that to other people.

When it got dark my mother and Mat wanted me to go home because

you can't help anyone if you are tired. So we went home. Then my mother and Mat were going back to the roadblock but I said not to go because I did not want them to get hurt. Mat said, "No one was going to hurt anyone."

The next day I went to the roadblock again. Someone threw a M 80 not too far from where we were standing. I really got scared so my mother and Mat took me home.

Well, some time went on and people died. One was my uncle JR and another was my friend, Mat. I was real mad. Sometimes, in my head, I say, "Dad, how are my brothers and sisters? Now I am half way crying telling you I want to live in peace. I am only twelve years old and I miss Mat and I miss the roadblocks and I miss having fun again."

Tekariwate Jacobs

EDITORIAL

The new Tribal/State Gambling Compact is under negotiation and it was recently announced that both sides have agreed to keep those talks secret.

We left a window open at Indian Time one day and in flew copies of the governor's proposals on gaming and policing for the "U.S." side of Akwesasne. After careful consideration of the details of these proposals, we have come to a few conclusions.

First of all, they stink. We predict that Tribal Chiefs Leo David Jacobs, Lincoln White, and Chief-to-be Norman Tarbell will agree to the New York State proposal for the Interim Gaming Compact and legalize Class III gambling here. Slot machines won't be allowed, but you will see roulette wheels, Blackjack, horse racing, Craps, Poker, Keno, and enough other games to give a gambling addict a heart attack.

The agreement will be completely legal (from New York State's point of view) because it follows the guidelines set out by the recent Indian Gaming Regulation Act. It will also have the protection of New York's proposed police force for the "American side" of Akwesasne—basically, a branch of the state police—that will answer only to a "power elite" of Tribal Chiefs and the Superintendent of the New York State Police.

A police force may be one of the things Akwesasne needs right now, but New York's "final solution" to this problem throws the baby out with the bathwater. The main problem with it is that the Mohawk people—the average citizens getting Indian Time ink on their fingers as they read this—have had no voice in what is happening to their

community behind locked doors.

There has never been a fair, decisive, community-wide referendum on the gambling issue or on law enforcement. From the looks of it, there never will be.

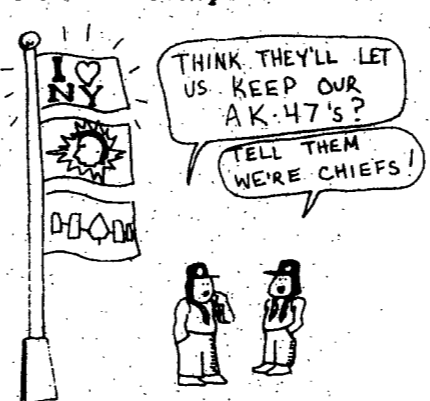
The people of Akwesasne apparently cannot be trusted to determine something as crucial as our own future.

The Tribal Chiefs seem intent on selling out our sovereignty (and the sovereignty of every other reservation in New York) to insure the future of gambling in Akwesasne. New York will agree to fortify the political chokehold these Chiefs have on Akwesasne in exchange for tax revenues, which we predict will start but not stop with regulated gambling. The Chiefs will gladly turn ultimate authority over to the state if it will satisfy their hunger for big bucks. To hell with the people of Akwesasne, and Oneida, and Tuscarora, and every other Indian nation in New York.

Once again, we wonder what the

own course of action in our own sovereign territory.

It is our guess that they are stuck between a rock and a hard place. The Tribal Chiefs will obviously prefer the state's Gestapo force over the



M.S.S.F., since the state will provide the protection of New York state law for the casinos. The M.S.S.F. can't offer any legal authority, only bad press. Therefore, we should start to see evidence of a split between the Tribal Chiefs, casino owners, and the M.S.S.F. on these issues, but we aren't putting any money on it.

The Warrior Society have always said that they are here to protect the sovereignty of our nation, but they will forsake that objective if a deal can be worked out between the state and Tribe to include them. This does not seem likely to happen, considering the political poison the M.S.S.F. has become. It would not be in the best interests of either the Tribe or New York State to include them at all.

The Warrior Society will then be forced to shift their energies from protecting the casinos (which they don't actually do) to protecting their lucrative smuggling trade (which they don't do either). It is possible, but highly unlikely, that they will try to reopen the smuggling corridor through Akwesasne. But

that effort will only meet in failure.

A military operation on that kind of scale can only spell disaster for all involved, since the Canadian government will be forced to deal with it using any means necessary. Since they appear to have very few options at the present time, we predict that the Warriors will continue to do what they do best: they will focus all of their energies on harassing their fellow Mohawks. The betrayal of our sovereignty by the Tribal Chiefs will virtually go unnoticed by this two-faced and cowardly group as long as there are "Anti's" around to blame everything on. The members of the M.S.S.F. who actually do the "dirty work" don't care to acknowledge the inconsistencies and illogic of their leaders as long as they are busy threatening "the enemy."

You don't have to be Mr. Spock to see illogic in the situation here at Akwesasne. By their own actions, the M.S.S.F. have become their own worst enemy. It was their own violent actions which brought a halt to their illegal smuggling operations, but they will never acknowledge that. They'd rather focus their energies on us, the people who saw through all of this garbage from the beginning. If the Warriors really are serious about protecting our sovereignty, I challenge them to put a halt to the reckless action of Leo David Jacobs, Lincoln White, and Governor Mario Cuomo. If they can't do that, they should at least have the decency to let the good people of Akwesasne live in peace. We're too busy fighting this obscene governor's proposals to have to worry about getting beaten or killed by our own people.

Darren Bonanarte