

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

Feb 13 - 21, 2007

The Blog

(#28)

Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. **NOTE: I reserve the right to NOT respond to whack jobs that waste my time.**

The ongoing events and behaviors of those who murdered Eddie (and others) on the Fort Totten Reservation, North Dakota. How the ongoing criminal enterprise continues to flourish unabated and without a single response from the Justice Department. Well, not surprising on that! They would have to investigate themselves and how some of their elite were directly involved and have prospered from the corruption that exists, protected and funded by US Tax Dollars.

Even if you don't live on the Rez, it's your money, **YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK**. You owe it to yourself to peek in once in awhile and see what you are paying for.

February 13, 2007

Strange Bedfellows

It would seem that most of the community at large knows the history on Orelia (letter writer of previous blog fame. Ambassador from Flat Earth Colony). Her recent history is very much in conflict with the high moral tone of her email. Seems she was, for decades, the bar buddy and bed buddy of Weenie Boy and numerous other friends in common.

It was her brother that murdered Stacey Littleghost (Myra Pearson's brother) not long ago. That sort of put a kink in the friendship, I suppose. A few years ago, Orelia's husband died.

I also hear that she is an avid reader. Seems out of place to have a well read person falling into the traps of ignorance and denial like that, but such is the trauma of living on the rez, eh? Having a murderer for a brother would rock one's world as well, I am sure.

She has by stating that her family "has had a checkered past", earned her Black Belt in Euphemism!

So, her high and mighty stand on whom she hangs around with, and what they do, is really, all very, very recent. She was then and seems to have now forgotten, what all she knew about the Turdlings. What their pleasures and their vices were.

Her claiming to not know any of these things proves how well she has erased her own muddy footprints from the floor, as well as the muddy footprints of the Turdlings and others whom she now pretends are not all that bad.

So, it becomes clear as to why she would like for all this to go away, and why she minimizes their crimes as "personal problems" and wishes to let bygones be bygones.

If by pretending all this ignorance and pretending to be Traditional (which, by the way, she has no clue about what Traditional is) she hopes to regain the close friendship with those who she knows are more desperate for alliances these days, those who also pretend to practice "Traditional Values", and are desperate for alliances as they fall ever faster into the pit of their own poop. Maybe she just misses the old days and the old gang, eh?

Back when no one spoke of these things out loud. Back when it was only whispers, and her bar buddies walked like kings upon the rez. I can see where she would miss those times. I think a lot of scared people miss those days.

Count her among the ever dwindling numbers of trained seals who will attend the General Assembly meetings and applaud with zeal, every lie that comes out of the mouths of the Turdclan and the Tribal Council. Maybe they will see that they have missed her too, and reconnect, for old time's sake?

Knowing more about her story, you might therefore, know and understand a bit more of the background stories on the remaining number of loyal trained seals. That their numbers are down-sizing does not seem to bother them; rather, it makes them feel all the more special and even more needed by those to whom they bow.

Only thing is, those trained seals sometimes catch from the corners of their blinders, a look at the people around them who now see them for what they are. Worse for them, they occasionally catch their own reflection in the glass and wonder who that person is.

There may not be a lot of choices on the rez, but there are a lot of bad ones for those who go looking. Anyone can, if they are determined to, clean up their act and become a better person. I always say it is not about being perfect, but it is all about redemption.

Hard to find Redemption in Denial, however, but keep looking anyways. It will give you something to do in between funerals.

Fast Friends

They are the ones that will be left behind, and several will be set up to take the fall. Steve Cartier got involved and was definitely a part of the Kiddie Porn ring out there. But he was not the biggest, nor even second biggest player in that game, in that place.

Imagine his delight when all those hard drives came to be stored at his place because he was so "Trusted" and loyal to the Turdlings. And now he has only the rock and the hard place; the frying pan and the fire for choices in what is left of his life.

He still believes that Poopsie and his loyal sidekick, Bobo, will, at the very last minute, pull him out of the fire. They have the connections and they have the know-how. They can do it. Steve keeps his mouth shut. He has no real choice.

Each day he realizes more and more, how even now, if he talks, he dies, and if he stays silent, he dies.

When Weenie Boy drove that truck up to his place and gave him all the goods to "hold until things cool down," he should have realized then that Weenie was handing him his death warrant. Hush!

They were once fast friends. Now, they are past acquaintances. Poopsie telling investigators that he always wondered about ol' Steve. Investigators believe him. But there is a problem. A big problem; the world is watching. The investigation has been recharged as it was exposed recently in Canada, with connections going to all of Poopsie's favorite places, towns, cities and "hot spots".

One thing they will find in common when they round up most of these pedophiles in the US, Canada, Taiwan and Mexico, is that a lot of them, oddly enough, are connected in some way, to Poopsie and the Spirit Lake Rez, and especially, the Casino.

Their hard drives will provide information that came from and went to the hard drives and servers that were in service to and used by Poopsie and his Turdling siblings.

The natural question will arise: Why was this not pursued by those who had already nailed Steve Cartier? Why did the investigation stop cold at his door? Try that one on, boys, and let me know how comfy you are and how well you sleep knowing that the world will find a way to break through your corruption and hold you and all whom you co-opted, accountable in these vilest of crimes against children.

Sweet dreams!

Still Waiting

Investigations that have never even begun keep the community in the dark. Mike Meade's death was never investigated. Results never given to the community. Kalum threatening Mike's auntie and other people who cared about Mike the day after Mike went missing is not even going to be looked into.

Kalum going and tailgating Mike's auntie, ramming her back bumper over and over again, trying to run her off the road, also will not be investigated.

Kalum is one of the Turdclan and if his bad temper leads to assault or murder, the cops won't even look at him because, like everything else out there, they are scared of him. Perhaps if they could recall that Lady Cop from Belcourt, maybe she can show them how it is done.

You have that skeleton found on Devil's Heart, body parts showing up here and there, but that can't be of any interest to the Badgers.

There are rapes, thefts, robberies and assaults, but they don't have any time for any of those. That drug dealing that goes on, the one that poisons every family out there, that is not as important as the Big Assignment. You know, the secret mission that has Donovan Wind-between-his-ears crawling around on all fours on all floors, looking for 'staple sign'.

I hear that all they can investigate at this point, is the pursuit of the phantom stapler. Donovan Wind is hot on that one. Hey, if he finds the stapler, maybe there will be a citation or a commendation in it for him. Will he be gracious enough to share it with the whole Badger bunch? Ka-CHUMP!

Slow Burn

Seashelly so happy to have Gaelen come and puke in her house again, that she bought him a brand new SUV! And yes! He gets to keep his job! Well, just so you all know that the money they stole from the IA accounts didn't go to waste, I am here to tell you that it has made Gaelen a very happy kept man!

The Tribe is broke, bills are not paid, jobs are suddenly not there anymore, and the accounts are emptied by the pigs at the trough. You go hungry and your children may never have a future, but Tribal Council can still party like there is no tomorrow.

Well, someone has to! All that poverty, raping, killing, molesting, drug addiction is so dreary!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

February 14, 2007

Valentine's Day

Ah yes! Love is in the air! I am hearing more rumors, and I am sure that is all they are, just nasty rumors (*Pop!) of porn tapes and DVDs of some of the local Circus Stars, starting to circulate.

Hey, I know you thought the deal was that no one would see them but you and your now -ex (some of you) and others of you thought that the one you are with would never use those movies to entertain his friends, and still, sadly, others of you had no idea there was a camera in the room, but such is do-it-yourself entertainment on the rez.

A lot of the movies, apparently, made at the underage drinking, drugging sex-parties with underage girls playing the starring roles. I guess now everyone, young and old enough to know better, is going to find that they are being passed around like raw meat in an abattoir and that they can be blackmailed into doing much worse, probably forever because of it.

So, how does it feel to be a "star"? Happy VD!

Selling Off

One irate writer wrote to me saying that I was wrong about Kalum. That he is not doing well. That he and his girlfriend are having to sell off everything: furniture, music, and pills. Too funny!

I never said he was doing well. I said he was poisoning the community by selling meth and that he has assaulted members of Mike Meade's family, as recently as a week ago. I am sure that is to make sure they know he killed Mike and that they keep their mouths shut.

I also never said he was very bright. Ripping off his suppliers and ripping off his customers has possibly put him in a tough spot. That he has to sell his "pills" to pay his bills, just cracks me up.

Perhaps we should have a "fund raiser" for the little monster, so he can get by?

Also, I have heard that this blog has made him too high profile for some of the other, brighter, (but not by much) meth dealers who consider him both too hot to be around and too stupid to trust, on top of his being careless, and ripping people off.

Oddly enough, that writer was also very angry at me for causing Kalum all this grief! Let me set the record straight: I did not cause this grief, he brought it on himself. I just narrated his behaviors so that some of you who missed it the first time or one hundredth time around, could get the instant replay.

Kalum, time to make another visit to Donovan Wind and see what he can do to help you. He might be able to take a break in the big case he is working on (Phantom Stapler) to give you a hand.

Anyone out there feel bad for ol' Kalum and his hard times? Anyone? Anyone? Seeing no hands are raised, we move on.

So, for those of you who still haven't found that perfect something for that perfect someone, why don't you stop on by Kalum's shack. I hear he is having a a half-off sale. Swing on by and pick up some Skittles for your sweetie. And know you will be helping out a guy who is in desperate straits. Imagine, having to sell everything; furniture, music, drugs, and all your stolen goods. What is the world coming to?

Recesses

Information comes in to me daily. It seems to be non-stop. I can't always get to all of it in a timely manner, but I do my best. Sometimes the blog doesn't get a new posting every day. Take that time to review previous blogs (re-live your favorites!) or other parts of the web site. There is plenty there to keep you all reading for a very long time.

I recently re-read the poems that came in that were from "eddie". They give me chills every time.

Also, when I am not putting out the blog every single day, know that I am most likely assembling documents or whatever else has come in, so that I can put it in a format that can be posted in the blog.

As much as it may look like I am taking a break or having a recess, never fear, more is on the way!

I spend, on average, 4-9 hours a day on this project. And I have other work that I do to help pay for keeping this web site alive.

And don't worry, no one is going to shut the site down. As much as the bad guys hate it, they are going to be forced to eat it every day. They put themselves in that position. I had nothing to do with it.

Sometimes, when the blog doesn't update for a day or two, they get to where they can almost intake a sigh of relief. But then it always comes back, with more and worse for them and they now know that the quiet is, truly, just before the storm.

The dark recesses of their lives exposed for all to see and know. The word is out there and the Good People of Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake Rez are acting on the information and beginning to speak out and stand up for themselves.

Recessive

Even if this blog were to vanish tomorrow, I don't think the Good People would ever allow their lives to return to the degrading complacency that for so long covered them in dirty blankets of fear and ignorance.

It is from all of you out there, that this information, documents, all comes to me. It is you doing your part that makes this not just my work, but OUR work.

The counter-to-common-sense lies and pathetic explanations put forth all these years by the inbreeds with recessive genetics dominating, no longer holds the community in the grip of apathy and fear as it so easily once did.

Now that you know who and what they are, the illusions they used to be able to cast of strength, superiority and dominance, are dropping away like rotten shingles from a decaying barn.

More light shines through and you can see the darkness within them shiver at being exposed.

They look different now, don't they? You see their fear and you hear their fear. It drips from them like sweat and oozes from their eyes like running sores. They know the end is coming. They realize that it was coming from the very beginning, and they were too blinded by their own anger, power and greed to see the warning signs.

Recessive genetics, shared stupidity, and now they all have the same fear of the People they once dominated, is seen in their shifting eyes, shaking hands, diseased bodies and minds.

It is heard in their stammering voices, their words cracking like a whimper escaping from the deep recesses of their darkest fears. And you can smell it on them. No amount of cologne, perfume or air fresheners can remove the stink that is following them like the ghosts of the dead that now rise up from the ground, the lake and the lands around, to hold them in clear light for all to see, and for all to hold accountable for what they have done.

They fear the good people for they have offended them. They fear their friends and allies because they know their weaknesses. They fear one another because they know they cannot be trusted. All of this breaks them down because they know the end is coming.

What was the sound of one bull buffalo stomping the ground and snorting in the steam from the rocks of the lodge, has become a gathering, a collecting of the courage and the light, the strength and the integrity that real Indians are made of.

Strong Connections

They are surrounded. Those who are in High Places that for so long covered their tracks for them, protected them can no longer both save them and save themselves. They choose to only save themselves. They too will fall.

The same cable tows that pulled them out of the fires of consequences time after time, have now bound them all in unbreakable chains that lead them all into the light, to be examined for their deeds.

As each one falls, they pull the chain and another comes into the light, and another and another until all are revealed.

Badly chosen allies in the past become the anchors that drag everyone down. Those who knew better should have done better. Those who learned too late should have opened their eyes sooner. I have no sympathy for any of them, but I do have pity for I know what is coming.

It is the logical conclusion to the road you traveled. The Path of Darkness can only lead to more darkness. Even the so-called "enlightened" who thought they could misuse every concept, every magic and every spell to their advantage, now see the rapids becoming more treacherous and the falls ahead, too steep for anyone to survive.

Should have known better. Should have done better. The same greed that bound you all into one chain of corruption; the same black tendrils of evil that snaked out to ensnare the weak and the weak-minded, all gather for the binding together and the fall into the abyss.

But first, before you go, you will, each of you, be dragged into the light.

Each of you will have your rocks turned over and you squirming, wormy secrets will be revealed to all.

Somehow, with those tapes and movies making the rounds this Valentine's Day, one cannot help but wonder, since they work by light and dark, if this is a form of being brought into the light, being revealed at your lowest, most vulnerable, secret times?

With so much more to come, this, although not forgotten, will be such a minor revelation.

Mark and Monica, I hear you guys made one of the best tapes a couple of years ago. And I thought this was just all brand new love! Question already arises in both of you: That if your partners then could not trust you, and the partner you are with could not be trusted, upon what, pray tell, do you base your trust in them and they in you, today?

Insanity Defined

I believe it was Albert Einstein who said: "Insanity is defined as doing the exact same thing in the exact same way, over and over again and expecting a different result." I will have to look that up to be sure, but I know that it is close.

Observe, if you will, that the exact same stupidity has been done by the exact same people, over and over again, and yet they want you to believe that the result will be different this time?

One would have to take a whole world of Stupid Pills to believe that would work! Even the denial factor out there is strained to the breaking point on this one.

Gathering

Gather your petitions and demand the meetings. Bring in Reporters from outside of the community, tape it, video-tape it and make it stick.

Do not allow any goons at the doors to intimidate you. If they try to lock you out, you lock them in! Your voices will be heard. They will be held accountable.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 15, 2007

Beating a Deadline

Those of you who have been wondering what the countdown clock at the top of the page is all about have probably figured it out. I was told that Steve Cartier would first try to have the case dismissed outright, and then failing that, would, no later than Feb 18th, plead guilty to all charges. We sort of discussed it in previous blogs.

It was going to be later, but had to be bumped up sooner because of renewed interest in the Kiddie Porn case from Law Enforcement from outside the US. He pled guilty on Monday, the 13th.

Now, when other Law Enforcement agencies go to review the material to see how it ties in with their cases, they are going to be stonewalled. The evidence is going to be destroyed. Maybe by "accident"? Here's a fat HINT for y'all: there are NO accidents, got it?

Equally outrageous is the presumption put forth by the investigators that even though he had upwards of a MILLION kiddie porn images on his hard drive, and even had video of himself raping a 9 year old, the USAG's Office doubts that he was trading any of these images because his face is shown in the one video and porners like to shoot themselves from the neck down to avoid recognition.

Oh yeah, make it sound ever so insignificant and very limited to the one man, all by himself, and localized in Indian Country. That ought to keep the media at bay! Laughed so hard I threw up on that one. I'm not the only one.

The byline in the Grand Forks Herald goes to Steve Lee, whom it appears, just takes the press releases and goes with that. Be nice to see him actually get off his ass and dig a little deeper into the story. Nah! Too much 'work'!

Send that man a bag o'donuts from me, will ya?

Hope Cartier has made out his will. Two reasons: One, he won't be around long and won't live long enough to get another hearing if he changes his mind and decides to talk to make a better deal (and trust me, there was a deal on this one, despite the regurgitated Press Release), and Two: because QBall and the other Turdlings are sitting on their hands (I am being polite here) hoping they get to inherit the rest of his "collection".

Of course, when it all comes down and they carry ol' Cartier out in a ziploc bag, there will be a brief statement about how these things happen, and can be neither predicted nor foreseen...blah, blah, blah.. not the outcome we would have wanted.. yadda yadda yadda.. and there will be an investigation and we will keep you posted..." and then we never hear a word about it ever again.

Ask yourself this: If I knew about it and posted it way back when, why did they not know about it? Truth is, from Day One, they knew about it. But they need this investigation to shut down really fast and the evidence to go awol because it leads to much higher people in much higher places.

The rarified air up there, already starting to require Fabreeze Scent Stories, incense, and a little extra spray.

Your tax dollars at work! If you take the press release at face value, it would appear that once again we are all safe and sound in our homes and our children have one less boogeyman to terrify them day and night. AND, as an extra bonus, the TAX Payers have been saved a bundle by not spending another dime on the investigation and the trial!

The Real Kings of Kiddie Porn are breathing a little easier, but only for a little while. Keep your eyes on Las Vegas, boys and girls. Las Vegas, Seattle, Minneapolis and Orlando. Or, as Poopsie likes to call it: "Oral ando".

The question will arise in the minds of those who were really working on this case, and who really put their heart into it: "Whom are we really trying to protect here?" A memo to that effect has already been sent. You and I will never see it. Or will we?

I will keep you posted.

Money and a Photo Op

Looks like a politician is eager to get his diversity points by posing with the Indians. He is about to have that photo op when a huge cash grant is awarded to the Spirit Lake Tribe for (Wait for it!·°‡·°‡·°‡Drum roll...€! Cymbal crash) Medical Clinics, drug rehab and treatment!

Without so much as bothering to see how out of compliance the Tribe's finances and bookkeeping is, and without even bothering to look at where millions of \$\$ have gone missing, yet more money, with a check, a handshake "hold it" flashbulbs and snapshots, more money coming straight into the pockets of the Tribal Council. Smile and Wave!

What is important here, and we must remember this about every politician, is not the substance of what is being done, but rather the appearance of what is supposed to be being done.

And of course, that money, for which the Turdclan pulled some big prayers from the Black Road to draw it in, they feel belongs to them personally. And another politician, without knowing and frankly, without giving a hot cookie damn, has signed on to the already deep in disgrace who have gone before them.

This will ensure, by the way, that the money continues to roll in, one way or another, to spare the smiling moron, immortalized in photo op shaking hands with the Devil, from ever having to be exposed.

But, it will be throwing good money after bad. Things have changed now. Secrets once kept are now flying out of their hidey holes with banners, flags and that horrible grinding noise as yet another career comes to a screeching halt.

Ah! To be a fly upon the wall in that office when the realization sinks in. "Whose bright idea was this, anyway?" will be asked. Assistants, aides and clerks will all shrug and look on down the hall to see if there is anyone they can pin it on; anyone that can bury it; or a closet they can jump into, just until it all blows over.

Don't take my word for it. Just watch. That ball is already in play and it will come a rollin'.

It's going to be a very public mess. One that we all have to mop up from afterwards.

Watch This

4 Horsewomen It's a video that takes about 6 minutes or so to play. When you see those stranded horses, think about the rez. When you see them led out of there, you realize that at first, they needed to be encouraged because they thought they would die. Watch as they learn the water, for the most part, is not as deep as they thought. See how they perk up, step higher, as they realize they are doing it. They are saving themselves!

Then realize that the time is now, for the Good People of Indian Country to start stepping up to save themselves. Now is the time. It may not come again in their life time.

Sure, they could have stayed on that cramped, dwindling island with good intentions bringing them hay, and them competing over it. But now they are free.

Also, as you are watching, realize that the 4 women who came to do this, just decided to do it. Period. Everyone else was making it real complicated, but they just went in and did it. You see a lot of "official types" just standing around, looking doubtful, scornful, not helpful and not thinking it would work. They stood around, waiting for it to fail.

But it didn't fail. It worked! The spirits of the entire Nation were lifted because it worked!

I send you to this video because it is symbolic of the spirit of the rez being resurrected and able to overcome their fears. Good leadership will do that. Those women did not come in boats, or helicopters, or jet skiis They came on horses to help the other horses save their own lives.

It is a beautiful thing to watch.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 16, 2007

Gopher It

Going to be a short and sweet blog this time kids. I am way behind on my deadlines, but this entry had to be made.

Looks like Carl Walking Eagle has a gopher problem in his backyard. His niece and one other youngen, went and dug up a coffee can or two, hunting for treasure as young girls do! They knew the money was there and figured they would just go for it! (I hear the groans, but don't let that stop you from reading on).

Carl WE, the man of fluid family values, went looking for the darlings, with a loaded .44 handgun! He is willing to rob the Tribe and kill his own family members in order to keep the booty he stole! What does that tell you about the guy?

Willing to KILL his own nieces?? Real high moral standards that one. And you thought I was kidding when I talked about deals with the Devil? You cannot trust him any farther than you can haul his big butt up and throw it over the top of his house! Anyone that is a friend of Carl's is someone you cannot trust. It is plain as all day long now, that he is crooked to the bone. He cares nothing for the people and nothing for his own family if he is willing to both rob them and kill them to get his greedy fat fingers on the money and keep it all for himself.

I hear he plans to run for office yet again! What a piece of work that whole Tribal Council is.

When they tell you there is no money for your medicines, your education, your home repairs, and the IA funds are all drained dry, get the whole neighborhood together and go dig up that backyard and take what is yours to begin with.

Remember: An honest man would have phoned the cops or phoned his brother or sister to resolve the problem. But he is not an honest man. He is willing to kill to keep more people from finding out that it is true about him having all that money buried in his backyard.

Should have done what Carl McKay did: should have invested all that stolen money in real estate, condos and apartment

buildings.

Ol' Carl Walking Eagle (because they are too fulla bulla to fly) likes to keep it where he can get his hands on it.

MY BAD

Ooops! Looks like I had the wrong Knutsen girl referenced in the Feb 10th blog. I said it was Marilyn Knutsen that the cops were so quick to respond to the call to put her off the rez (less than 10 minutes from call to at the door!) when all other 911 calls take more than an hour to respond to, one has to wonder just how connected the little druggie that made the call, is and who's her daddy these days?

Okay, It was Michelle, not Marilyn. Are we all good now? Yes?

Short and Sweet

Tons more happening, but I am busier than a wallet at a pickpocket convention. Even the paperwork is stacking up faster than I can weed it down. This entry in the blog is just short and sweet!

Now, y'all remember: If you need a little cash, you go ahead and dig for it. He ain't calling the cops and he won't report it to the FBI. Why? Because he knows they would only show up with shovels of their own!

I am getting more stuff to post and will have it (hopefully) by Monday's blog.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

February 17, 2007

Funny Papers

I have documents on the documents page you are going to want to see! Actually, you, and any attorney you choose to hire, as well as the Federal Government should be investigating. Carl Walking Eagle Stock Purchases and Carl Walking Eagle Money On the Documents Page

Seems ol' Carl Walking Eagle has taken the advice of the smarter thieves among the herd he rubs shoulders with. He took a lot of the money he stole, and invested it. I have only uncovered the tip of the ol' iceberg, as they say, but there is a whole lot more coming in.

Peruse the stock purchase documents if you will. Ask yourself how much money it would take to purchase over 1 Million shares of an Electronics company? Further, that he states his legal address to be in Minnesota kinda makes him unqualified to hold Tribal Council seat, does it not?

Yes, he still has coffee cans stuffed with cash in his backyard. I think y'all ought to show up with your shovels and just take it back. I know he went after his own niece with a loaded .44 magnum (Phallic substitute? I think so!) and is willing to kill to keep what he stole, but not likely he will ever fire a shot.

One loud BANG! And the Badgers will be called. They will respond to this call when they hear the address, but they won't arrest him and take him to jail. They will sit him in the back of the community squad car while they dig up his backyard for themselves!

I should do an episode of "Restless Lake Syndrome" to cover the dark comedy that all this invokes. Perhaps later in another episode of the Blog that Ate Ft. Totten!

I am checking to see how much these shares sold for when he purchased them last November. November 16, 2006 to be exact.

Oh, I hear he is running for Tribal Council again! Who are his supporters?

Tribal Council probably all have accounts like this. You need an investigation into their finances and it needs to be done at the Federal Level.

By the way, CWE is the smallest potato in the patch on this stuff. Wait until you see Poopsie and Weenie Boy's ill gotten gains! How do I know? Common sense. CWE was just trying to "catch up" to the big boys on this one.

Fax the Facts

Might be a good idea to printout and fax copies of Carl's Stock purchases to Larry Leventhal's office. Him being the attorney for the Tribal council (and they owe him big time!) might want to have a heads up on the corruption. At least, once he has been faxed, he cannot claim he did not know. That leaves him with either covering up a crime and protecting a criminal, or forcing charges against CWE and living up to his contract to protect the interests of the Spirit Lake Nation.

I like the idea because it forces him to choose. That way, if he helps to cover it up, he can also face charges! If he refuses to do anything, he can face charges. If he pursues CWE, he has to pursue wherever that leads and that will make him persona non grata to the Tribal Council, who will then use that as an excuse to not pay him what they owe him.

This is going to be rich! (Save your FAX printouts and send me a copy!)

The Other Carl

I hear that Mike Stefan (not sure how to spell some of these names) has been brought in to replace Carl McKay as head of SMC. Carl McKay will then take over Mike's old post as interim manager of the Casino. Stefan is presently Head of Entertainment. I believe he is also on the Gambling Commission. I have to check that one out.

Anywho, you all be happy to know that SMC plant just got another huge contract with the Feds. Yup, the feds decided to not investigate further the millions of dollars in "irregularities" (a euphemism for theft and fraud) and award another contract to the SMC plant.

Of course, laying off all those people saves money too. So, by not having to pay all those workers, keeping the money they are ripping off from the government and now this new contract, should line all their pockets really well!

Carl McKay, however, doesn't know it, but he is on his way out. Way out. He knows too much and is considered dangerous to the "bigger boys". There are some things which just beating the crap out of a guy won't put to rest. Don't worry, it will look like a suicide. And there will be a note, and his "friends" will all recall him being depressed lately and talking of killing himself.

And, to make it all go down even smoother, they (Poopsie and the Poodle Squadron) will "find" almost \$3 Million of money that McKay had misappropriated and they will endeavor to seize those funds (Call Larry Leventhal, file papers, pay Larry, and themselves, oops! All gone!) and apply them to the many bankrupt programs on the rez. Oops!

So, McKay, make out your will. Try to remember who your friends are. Oh, yeah, making out a new will will also be seen as "suicidal". Sorry pal, cannot help you there. If you would like to send me some documents and photos to get even, now might be your only chance to do it. No pressure.

Yet Another Side of Carl

The same CWE that steals millions, is willing to murder his own flesh and blood to keep it, has multiple affairs on his wife,

Barb, has yet another side to him. And this will explain his liking to be with women who are "larger". He likes to dress up in women's clothing. Further, he prefers men as sex partners. Preferably unconscious males, but at least, according to him, he is not after children! Nice to see the man has standards!

It was in the late 80's that he was attempting to rape an unconscious Paul Yankton. Right in front of other people no less! Janis Miller de Jarles (again, spelling uncertain) and a couple of others made him stop that attack. Hey Paul, you can be grateful that someone was looking out for your ass on this one!

Paul's Grocery Store is where you can find Paul and his friends, Jeannie Charbonneau and other really close ones like that. So, looks like he was not too worried about CWE predilections. He keeps Jeannie Charbonneau gainfully employed, despite her past and present behaviors. Part of that whole familial entanglement that surfaces frequently out there.

So, if you see a really ugly looking woman walking around in Paul's, it could be Jeannie Charbonneau or it could be Carl Walking Eagle, dressed to kill, looking for the one that got away back in the 80's!

Running In A Dress

So, when you see CWE running for office again, reflect for a moment on the poverty out there, the lies, hand him a copy of his stock purchases and ask him to " 'splain it to me, Lucy" and see what happens to the back of his pants. Perhaps he needs to buy himself a load of Man Diapers now that the astronaut has made wearing "Space Diapers" all the rage amongst the criminally insane!

Be nice for Poopsie to have company in this Diaper Dance.

Carl, or shall we call him Carlotta? Can't hide who and what he is anymore. I don't care how big the dress is, it won't hide his lies.

Well, that should hold y'all for a Saturday afternoon. Check back later and see if there are some updates on the Weekend Edition of Restless Spirit!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 19, 2007

Justice Depart

I think we live in a time of Executive Oxymorons. Homeland Security leaves us all scratching our head as every bonehead move leaves us more vulnerable. Canadians and US Citizens entering the US from Canada MUST have a valid passport, but Mexicans and those who cross the borders illegally through Mexico, don't need one.

Border Patrol Agents who pursue drug traffickers and smugglers, are dealt the harshest of all injustices. Further, the Homeland Security, which now controls the Justice Department, even lies to congress regarding the matter, and then forces Congress to use the FOIA (Freedom of Information Act) to gain documents to find out the truth.

Even Dog, the Bounty Hunter and his posse, are being hogtied and returned to Mexico to stand trial on what was a misdemeanor in Mexico (Bounty Hunting) when the truth of the matter is that they did everything according to the law while there. The legal system in Mexico, from the cops to the judges is about as corrupt as you would find anywhere in the world.

But what is perplexing to all of us, even to members of Congress, is why is the US catering so, groveling even, at the feet of the Mexican Government? Why is Homeland Security pursuing so vigorously, and unjustly, those who protect our borders and those who bring criminals to Justice?

In the case of Dog, I would think that the Mexican Government and all the Good People of Mexico, would throw a parade in his honor for him and his family taking out one of the most notorious rapists. But that is not the case. They want to punish him.

We find that everything is upside down in the Justice Department. We ask "Why?" and they roll over us, unconcerned and "immune".

They prefer to cater to the drug dealers, the rapists, and the entire criminal dimension because that is where the big money is.

Andrew Luster, the rapist that Dog brought in comes from one of the wealthiest families. That family wants and can afford revenge. In Mexico, buying a judge at the highest level, is apparently a simple matter.

What is perplexing is why something that bogus would be allowed to happen in the US, with the full and vigorous cooperation of the Justice Department. Well, buckle up kids, because there is more to come.

I have explained it before and I will explain it again: The injustices that were practiced and allowed to stand in Indian Country become "precedent" on which future actions can be based. The corruption in Indian Country costs billions of dollars a year, but you don't find any media interested in that. Our Tax Dollars used to hurt the innocent and keep a group of peoples down and invisible on the landscape.

It becomes easier after all these many years of corruption in the Justice Department, for even more extreme injustices to prevail and to spread, like the drugs, the rapes, the whole criminalizing and victimizing of society, from that secure, secret base of operations known as "Indian Country."

That is where the corruption became king. That is where the greatest evils are fostered and then rupture onto the scene of everyday America. These evils that are so long ignored grow, like sickness in petri dishes in each of these corrupted, abusive criminal operations on which the US Government, Congress and Society at large, ignore. Of course it eventually comes to the homes and gardens of middle America. Any disease, unchecked, ignored and denied, will eventually spread to the surrounding communities and from there, the nation.

I don't know if I should laugh or cry when I see these reports about the Injustices being carried out against good people in America by our own government, which was supposed to protect us, but instead, is wounding us, selling us out and betraying our trust.

Everyone seems stunned, amazed, perplexed and no one seems to have a clue as to where this evil, this upside down, twisted and tortured legal system went wrong. People think it is something recent. They think it is an anomaly. They think it will get straightened out and all will be well.

I have news for y'all. It will only get worse, more bizarre and more painful each time. Your complaints will fall on deaf ears. Even the media will abandon you for media whores like Paris Hilton or to feast on the corpse of Anna Nicole. Anything to boost the ratings, ignore the stories that need telling, but sales will climb.

More and more people will be squashed like bugs as the Justice Department caters to the criminals, giving them immunity, homes, jobs, citizenship, if they turn on those who were doing the job of protecting you from criminal activity, drugs and smugglers at the borders.

How safe do you feel now? Probably pretty safe, because you don't realize it yet, nor will you until it is your turn. And your turn is coming.

The drugs, the weapons, and those who smuggle will enjoy special protections of the US Justice Department. The illegals who come across to escape the poverty and corruption of their own government only to be mistreated and enslaved in this country, neither they nor you will have any protection. They will turn us one against the other, and we will fight to survive,

each of us.

As absurd as it is to allow the most corrupt government to the South tell our government what to do, regardless of how illegal it is, is merely a sign that we have been sold out. All of us.

There is no justice. They can lie, steal, murder you and you cannot even get your congressman or woman to help you because the people that run this enterprise answer to no one.

You will recall, someday, as you are struggling to make sense out of a friend, family member or someone you see on TV being mistreated by our own government, that I told you where to look to find the root of this problem. That the root to all this evil begins in Indian Country and the policies that have nourished abuse and corruption in the heart of the land all this time.

You can choose then to continue to ignore what I have told you, and reinforce your denial and your racist stupidity, and keep all that is ignorant intact, but that won't save you.

You can continue to ignore the obvious and think that it can't happen in America, despite the fact that it has been happening in America for over 100 years and it is spreading now to where you can see for yourself what it is. You can be "surprised, stunned, amazed, confused, perplexed and disheartened" each and every time the Injustices manifest and appear on your nightly news.

But if you don't learn and what you learn about deal with and make the changes happen; it is only a time before you reach a real, undeniable understanding of what it is like to live in Indian Country. How does it feel to be an Indian? You will probably learn that in your lifetime.

Welcome to America!

People like to say it is the greatest democracy on earth and condemn anyone that criticizes the injustices that are more commonplace every day. They fail, we all fail to understand that our part in protecting the very things that make America great, that by ignoring where it has run off the tracks, does not make us a stronger nation. Rather, it makes us a blinder and dumber nation, more vulnerable to the self-destruction from within that has brought down each and every great nation from the beginning of Time.

Unless and until we are willing to look at the areas of disease in our Justice system, we can only expect that disease to flourish. A disease that is allowed to flourish gains both strength and momentum and becomes an epidemic. It is true of every living organism. Our Country, our Democracy is a living Democracy and if we ignore the wounds and the infections, we could lose it all.

We need to be willing to see what we don't want to see, about ourselves and our country if we are to repair what is fixable and salvage what is left before it is too late.

Those who rise up in anger over the thought of a blemish or an imperfection and wish to condemn those who work only to heal and protect, are not patriots nor champions of democracy. Rather they are frightened bullies who cannot face the facts that each day, unravel more of our society, and diminish more of our democracy, with corruption and hypocrisy.

True Warriors

There are not that many true Warriors in this world. True Warriors know peace, find peace and protect peace. Even when they are in the heat of battle, they do not take it personally, they merely do their work, with their eye and their heart's goal of Peace. You can kill a true Warrior, but you cannot defeat them.

No True Warrior would ever pursue revenge. No matter how great their pain, they would never strike in anger. They stand for what is right and true for all Human Beings, and that, my friends, is because the kernel that spark that rises in the True Warrior is in all Human Beings, and it cannot be denied. It cannot be defeated. And it will rise again and again until the

End of Days, and the True Warriors return to the Creator and the Peace they earned on their journey.

True Warriors are defined not by their size or their strength, but by their courage.

Come Together

This is why I tell you all that we must come together, as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, to bring the Peace and the Healing that each and every one of us craves at our core existence.

We must forego the distractions of material things, and search our heart and our spirit to find our True Self and the Warrior within. If we do not honor the Warrior within, and we allow the evil that surrounds us now to go unchecked, unquestioned, unseen and denied, then the Warrior within each of us will bring us down hard to save us from feeding the evil, the ugliness and the perversions that currently run the rez, the Justice Department and the whole Nation we thought was better than that.

Take one day and truly look inside. Let me know what you find, those of you who are not afraid of what you see.

It's not too late to get this train back on the track of right and true, but the time when it will be unfixable is closer at hand than you realize.

I tell you again, look in Indian Country. See with your True Warrior Eyes, what is happening and how it came to be that way. Realize that ignoring it will only bring it to your door all the sooner.

Denial is not protection, it is the path of swiftest destruction.

Stop being surprised each time these horrific injustices happen. Being surprised by the same event over and over again is a sign of stupidity. Look at the thing in more light. Follow it through and ignore the distractions, and you will see that the root of this thing resides in Indian Country.

Make it Right there, and the root will be pulled into the light of day. The evil will wither and we can, after much hard work and diligence, again see the light of a new day and a brighter future.

Fail to look, fail to do the work, and you can realize that you have chosen to remain a part of the problem.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 20, 2007

Blood and Money

Turning up more and more on the whereabouts of missing money from the Tribe. We know that Carl Walking Eagle has coffee cans buried in his backyard each containing no less than \$20K, some as Much as \$75K. We know that his nieces have gone and dug up a can or two and gone shopping. We know that he is willing to kill them, literally, packing a loaded .44 and gone looking for them, ready to kill his own flesh and blood in order to keep what he has stolen.

One has to ask at what point will he think he has stolen enough? Turns out he and Myra have also put a few million dollars into a company called Ronin Electronics. It all looks very legal of course, until you start to look at the parts and the parties at play. The money, being embezzled to begin with, makes the whole purchase a fraud by my estimation. I am sure the SEC would want to look a little closer at the whole shootin' match. Maybe, maybe not. Hard to say.

Further, that they as individuals are the direct and indirect beneficiaries of all this money they have invested is probably even more cause for alarm. You knew that millions of dollars was missing, and now, here, in Ronin, we see four to eight million

dollars worth of shares (I am being conservative) in their two names alone!

Let's take a look at how part of this works. A part you probably did not know about. Recently, the Tribal Council removed Marshall, a company that was managing the casino, OUT. They then gave the contract for managing the casino to Ronin.

With Carl and Myra being large holders in Ronin, a clear conflict of interest is present. Further, that they can now avail themselves additionally of funds generated by the casino, both as holders in the company that is paid to run the casino and as salaried board members in the Ronin entity, and let us not forget how the TC each takes their cut, in cash from the top, of the casino proceeds, which leaves Carl and Myra making money on top of more money!

Did anyone see the financial printout for the Tribe at that meeting in December? November? Anyone see any of this money being accounted for in those slapped together financial statements? No.

Further, and we owe this little tidbit to Mark Lufkins who drinks loudly, especially when he is slugging them down in Warwick (Darrell's), that he and Carl Walking Eagle will never have to worry about money again because they have bought a resort, in their names, in Las Vegas. He said it so many times and so loudly, one wonders if perhaps he said too much?

So, now you have some small idea as to where all the missing money has gone: Most of it to Carl Walking Eagle, but a little to Myra, and a big ol' chunk to Mark Lufkins.

Monica Monica Bu-Bonica

By the way, Monica, your marriage to Mark in Las Vegas? Not legal. He never filed within the appropriate amount of time, so your marriage is not valid. You have no claim on any of the money that he steals. Just thought you would like to know that you have been had. I know he said that he was sharing everything with you, but it seems he is already getting tired of you, as they all do, and you won't see a dime.

Has he been avoiding you like the plague lately?

Blood Lines

Now, why would Carl be so greedy that he would want to shoot his own nieces? His granddaughter, Jordan is another story. She brags all the time about being rich and getting everything she wants and doing whatever she wants.

Apparently, there are favorites in the family, eh? Bet Jordan has a lot of friends. When you have a lot of money, you have a lot of friends. People whose families are in poverty because Jordan's grandad stole all the money, probably don't think she is at all cool.

I wonder if Jordan ever wonders whether she has friends only because she has money? Wonder how many will be there for her when the money suddenly vanishes from her family? Maybe she should spend some time growing a personality. Or, does she think that money can buy that as well?

Well, if she gets lonesome, she can always go in the backyard and dig up a can or two to keep her company. Then again, Carl would probably not hesitate to blow her brains out to protect his ill gotten gains. For Carl, there is never enough and no one had better get in the way. For Carl, Blood can just be plain inconvenient. Money is all that matters. He steals, and steals and steals, but there is never enough.

He has bled the Tribe to bankruptcy but still he wants more. He wants to be buried, I kid you not, with his coffee cans in the coffin so that he can buy his way past the Gates of Hell into the "Box Seats", whatever that means.

Carl, I don't think the Devil wants the money you stole. And I am certain that when you find you are sitting on the hot coals of eternity, it will be in the Cheap Seats. And that day may come sooner rather than later as your family now knows that you are willing to kill them to keep it all, perhaps they are willing to do the same to get it from you? We have to wait and see on that one. But we won't have to wait long, will we.

The Going Rate

The going rate for passing a drug test by cheating is now up to \$250 a cup. I guess everyone has expenses and Chuckles is no different than any of the others. Someone suggested that I post about the Lenoirs and others at the Rec Department that sit out there and smoke weed in front of the kids, be drug tested. Have to break it to you that this too shall pass. All that would do is make Chuckles richer.

With so many examples to the children about being Indian meaning that you steal, do drugs, alcohol, molest, and rape, is it any wonder that they have no self respect?

And where do people who have no self respect go in life? You know and I know that we will be shoveling for a very long time and there will still be more funerals waiting to be had.

Prophecy

A long time ago, before Contact, a Holy Man named Drinks Water had a vision. In this vision he saw that his people were all living in square grey houses. He saw that they were, all of them dying outside of these houses, over and over again.

The vision so profoundly saddened him that he soon thereafter returned to Mother Earth.

I am of the belief that Visions are there for a reason. Not all of them are inevitable. Especially the ones that are warnings like this. That they are there to warn us, and encourage us to change the path of destruction and annihilation that we are on, and find a better way. They are there to tell us that we must save ourselves.

Those who are lazy will say there is nothing they can do and they will do nothing. Those who have heart and will not give up without a fight, will put all that they have into preventing this vision from fully coming to pass.

I believe that Prophecies are there as guidelines. The Good that is seen must be worked towards to bring about. The bad that is seen must be worked to prevent from happening.

That so many give up so soon, is probably what broke the Heart of Drinks Water. Not the death and dying, which in itself is heart wrenching; but rather the giving up, the surrender of the spirit to the darkness, that caused the pain that took him down. To know that a once mighty and fierce people have become victims of their own apathy would be tragic beyond words for a Holy Man to endure.

To know that each in turn feeds their children to the darkness of jealousy, apathy, addiction and denial, would be too much for anyone to bear.

At the time Drinks Water had this vision, it was when the Indian People were at their strongest, and flourishing.

So, do you who live in square grey houses see that you are dying? Do you see that your children are dying outside of your square grey houses? Do you give up? Or do you make a stand?

The choices are yours. I am just the narrator of your story. Tell me what it will be and I will tell the world.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 21, 2007

Joke

A man went to bed the night before his wedding anniversary and his wife knew he had not purchased her a nice present.

She decided to put the pressure on him. "You better have my gift out in the driveway tomorrow morning and it better go from 0 to 200 in less than 60 seconds!"

The next morning, after he left for work, she looked out in the driveway and there was a box, with a bow on it, but it was small. She figured it was a box inside of a box, with a key to a sports car inside.

Eagerly, she opened it up. It was a bathroom scale. Her husband has not been seen since.

Bigger Joke

Kalum and Joe Teel, Jr. (he's the one with the pus from his brain leaking out of his eyes) have had to sell off everything to make ends meet. You know, gambling, drugs, all the things that are the basics of life for a Turdling child on the rez.

Kalum had sold off all the drugs he got from his Granny Turdma, most of the stuff he had stolen, his furniture and his big screen TV. Boy, did he miss that TV!

What to do about it? That was easy! He and Joe Jr. went over to Joe Teel Sr's home and ripped off all they could get their hands on: Took his big screen TV and his drug cash (over \$3000) (but Jr. told Kalum that it was only \$2K), some random jewelry that Joe Sr. had taken in exchange for drugs (The rotten apple did not fall far from that rotten tree either), and an unspecified amount of drugs.

They then took the cash (well, \$2K of it anyways) and went to the casino and gambled it off. Kalum kept the TV and the two of them split the drugs, 20-80.

They were not worried about the Badgers coming after them. Joe Sr. was not about to report that everything he had from selling drugs was stolen from his drug house. But he knows who did it. He wants the TV back and he wants the cash back and he wants the little black book back. Not sure what is in that little black book, but I hear it has notes on people in high places. Joe Jr. had been wanting to get that book for a long time. It has phone numbers and everything.

I wonder who is getting phone calls that hang up these past few, five days? Could be the druggies checking out to see who you are.

Biggest Joke

One would think that Carl Walking Eagle would be a little shame-faced after being exposed in the blog for his kinks and bends. Apparently not. He is bragging it up! He says that Curtis Black is the most eager, available and willing he has found. Gee, Curtis, does your wife know? Your family? Your kids? They do if they go to the same bars where Carl likes to give out the details.

I hear there is a rehab for this. Takes about 28 days, but it cures you of being gay, and of meth addiction at the same time. Ha-lay-looo! Or should I say: Ha-LAY-LOO-YOU!? Wait, I take it all back. That rehab is only for ultra-Right-wing-Christian Leaders. Probably won't work on Indians or their boy toys.

I'm pretty sure Christie knew about Curtis, but pretty sure she was looking so hard the other way that her neck almost broke. Denial is high maintenance in some families, eh?

No Joke

I have documents pertaining to Carl Walking Eagle and Myra Pearson's using Tribal funds to make their fortunes in Ronin Electronics. I will post those as soon as I get them down to a loadable size.

I have some other documents as well, and you just have to take those for what they are. I have no clue where they came from, but they look like they could be genuine. I figure I can post them and you all can judge for yourselves.

The plague of corruption is all around the place up there. I hear that New Town has some interesting issues with their corrupt Tribal Council as well. The way I see it, only a few tribes will survive the next few years. Only those that have overcome the corruption and made their communities stronger will be able to. The rest of y'all, just bankrupted and forgotten.

That's the problem with letting criminals run it all all this time. They are not just murdering, stealing, raping, molesting, drug trafficking; not just moving in the gang elements to run their operations; not just stealing from your children; they are erasing Indians from the landscape.

What the 7th Cavalry and the rest of them could not do to you, you are doing to yourselves.

Like I said before: Every Great Nation collapses from within. The Sioux were once a mighty Nation, and now, they are the biggest joke of all.

Pull that Indian Pride Cap down to your chin so you don't have to see what is going on around you and to you.

Is that where you want it to end? Up to you to change it.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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