



Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story

By

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The Blog

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Turd Family Tradition

Paul Wallace Robertson, 41 convicted of raping a 14-years old girl. He will serve 10 years in jail. I guess he didn't learn from the first conviction ('98) of raping an 11-years old child, eh? Oh, you might already know that he is related to Turdmother. she is his auntie.

Her side of the family seems to have a tradition of raping children. Well, raping children, adults, and no doubt any strays or livestock that are wandering around just "asking for it," (eh Qball?).

Also, I hear, and you have to check this out with the appliance store in Devil's Lake, it is a tradition for them all (TC2) and their families to get brand new appliances for their homes this time of the year --- and bill it to the Tribe. The guy at the appliance store is probably thinking that the Tribe is doing really well if they get new appliances every year or two. Hey, anyone besides those bozos get any new appliances that were billed to the tribe?

At any rate, getting a new this or that every year for Turdmother and the rest of them means they never have to clean the old ones, just throw them away (and mark it as charity).

Rape, embezzlement, murder, incest, yup, it's that time of the year when we can look back on what was and remember all those great family traditions.

Pisster getting snookered at the Oh Oh Bar, declaring either "Yanktons Rule!" or "I didn't mean to kill him!" or both, over and over again, until middle brother, Poopsie comes to cart her soggy butt home again.

She's starting to hear those hissing noises and the rappings on the walls again, in her home. Poopsie tells her it's all in her head, but he flinches when some unseen hand goes rapping on his windows and doors.

Hey, he gets all shaky and tongue tied when a reporter knocks on his door, in broad daylight.

That sure is a fearful bunch.

You know, back to ol' Paul Wallace Robertson again, that if he had not gotten reported to the cops outside the rez, he would have gotten away with it forever. Badgers never investigate any rapes. They ask the rapist if he did it, and he says 'no' and they let him go. They shrug their shoulders and ask "What did you want me to do?"

I dunno, be a cop?

I wonder what tales of' PW will tell once he is back behind those bars again. Rapists and child molesters don't do well in prison. I wonder if he has already started to make 'new friends'? I wonder who he will talk to and what he will say in order to get a better deal for his sore ass?

I bet Poopsie is wondering too!

Do keep me posted.

Meanwhile, as the turdlings continue to uphold their family traditions of rape, embezzlement, incest, murder and traveling in style, I am sure the rest of you will be upholding your traditions of ignoring the problem, mistrusting everyone, doing nothing. And the all time favorite: Struggling to put food on the table, heat the house this winter, get your meds and your car might need repairs too.

So, did you spend your \$328 already? Tsk, tsk, tsk. You know, they say you are just jealous of the turdlings because they have worked so hard to become so successful.

They never earned anything legally, in their lives, but they were willing to murder, to bribe and to blackmail to get all that they have. Stealing from you is not easy you know! They have to heave those stacks of hundreds into their suitcases, and those suitcases can get real heavy, you know!

At least we all have our traditions to get us through the hard times, eh?

More on them later this week. We have many fish to fry, and the pan is getting very hot!

Walking With The Dead

And since O'Town was feeling so left out of the blog for so long, we once again journey back to that distant planet. Wear your goggles, we are going into that parallel universe where the crooked try to look upstanding, but the heat from their bad deeds is catching up to them, like footsteps in the graveyard.

Looks like Petesky, his world crumbling since Ned Mitzel bailed on him and a real cop took the badge. Ned not able to keep it all under control in O'Town, and that disturbs the wicked ones and their cowardly ways. Never thought they would have to be careful, but now, they are torn between the caution of not wanting to get caught; and the ever stronger pull of greed that has driven them all these many, many years.

We find Petesky walking in the graveyard, middle of the night. A lot of things go on in that graveyard in the middle of the night and the early morning hours, but we'll stick with Petesky for the moment.

By now I know he is so happy that his bestest friend in the whole wide world started jumping up and down, drawing attention, once again, his direction. I kind of wonder, I do I do, if perhaps that was her intention to begin with?

All was quiet on the blog, with so much other stuff to take focus and light and heat, I had left O'Town alone, apparently for too long.

And the old bag that wrote to me knew that of course, like sneeze from a hiding place, she would draw it all to O'Town once again: The light, the heat and the questions that Petesky and the rest of them never want to answer.

With so much on his mind, he takes these very late night, early morning strolls, through the graveyard. He's not alone when he goes. He takes his dog. I guess the dog can warn him about anyone trying to sneak up on him, or give that low growl if a restless spirit should curiously move too close? Boo!

They are not alone in that graveyard. Other warm bodies are walking around, driving up there, meeting, handing off, paying off, and discussing things they don't want anyone else to hear, ever.

In that quietest place he knows, he makes the kinds of noises and says the kinds of things that disturb the peace of those gone from this world into the next -- or almost there. So he whispers.

He has a lot on his mind. He will wear out a lot of shoe leather walking among the dead, but it won't be that long before he will be one of them. That racing heart of his, making him sweat a cold sweat, seizing his chest like car parked on his gut. But that will be later, although not much. For now, we have a series of problems facing Petesky and those raiders of the public trust, the Town Council.

Plan B

Some of you recall that months and months ago I predicted that the O'Town Council would find itself in a bind with the books they have cooked for all these decades. Ruth Beal breaking every rule by keeping the books at home, never allowing the public to see them, making excuses for them being not available at this time... that sort of thing.

Usually, the way the gang solves their problems is to have a fire. Worked well for getting rid of the evidence surrounding the murder of Mike Good, but it was not necessary, because no one in that area was going to investigate anything anyways. I mean, considering that Deputy Dawg and Ned Mitzel were with Petesky as they hunted down Mike, shining the spotlight in every doorway until...

Well, that was a few years back, and for awhile the fire solved that problem. We will review it at a later date, in more detail, or you can peruse the older blogs until you find it again.

But now, the State and others are demanding that the books be produced to show how the money has been taken in and spent. Oh dear! What's a Beal to do? Embezzlement, Cooking the books, why that could send her to prison!

And it would reveal how all of them have schemed to defraud the good people of Oberon, out of their due, all these years. It would reveal secret land deals and sales among them, their friends, and sometimes the money never really made it to the bank.

I predicted they would solve the problem in one of two ways: A) A fire! Yes! They could burn down the town hall! But that would be suspicious. After all, the books are never there and the one day they are there, the offices burn down? Oh, that would never do!

Burn down Beal's house! She was aghast! Too much to move out of there, too many obvious questions would be asked if her treasures suddenly left, just before the fire, and returned shortly after repairs.

No, they would have to resort to Plan B) Hire an incompetent bookkeeper to take the fall. Someone that would do only what they were told, not ask any questions and take as gospel, any lies they were told as to where the money went.

Had to be someone that really wanted a job and who knew nothing about what they were getting into. Should they post the job and see what shows up? No, might have problems if the highly qualified were passed over for the incompetent.

Nope: Bright and cheery in one meeting and duly reported in the local paper, Petesky motioned that a young, inexperienced woman, Jessie Knatterud, be given the job. All for? Hands went up. It was unanimous. Plan B was officially put in motion.

They had found the perfect fall guy/girl, whatever. Problems were solved just that simple and no one had to set the fire. Fire, btw, still remains a viable option as it was not completely ruled out -- just in case.

Jessie Knatterud was given the job of Auditor. Apparently, it was a surprise to her as she never applied for the position.

Oh Oh Bar: Beers and Tears

I guess that until you look at it, up close and first hand, you have no idea of how many ways the corrupt and the wicked can worm their way into the money and keep the secrets so sloppily, that when you do see it, you know it is what it is, but what can you do if you are the inexperienced auditor, suddenly plunged into what you realize is an ongoing criminal organization masquerading as government?

Well, mz Knatterud (married, mind you, but we are 21st Century in this blog), overwhelmed by the corruption, the thieving and the fact that she has been put in a position of helping to conceal the crimes, possibly take the fall for them as those numbers don't add up no matter what you do, does what you would expect her to do.

She goes into the Oh Oh bar and cries in her beer. "I don't want this job!" she wails, dragging her hand through her hair, anchoring her mug of beer with the other hand, staring opaquely at the person across the table.

She looks around the bar and wipes a stream of snot from her nose, her face puffy and shiny from crying: "I don't want to do to you guys what they did to you guys!" She wails again, hoping that the assembled will see she is torn between making a living and being an accomplice to any number of felonies.

"I don't want to get involved!" She swivels back to her beer, her bar mates, blankly guzzles down more beer than she normally should have. Another mug is delivered and the empty carted off, out of sight, out of mind.

More sobbing, more disclosures, and she drains that mug, filling the reservoir for more tears.

Plan B is going out of her mind. It is clear to her that things are not right, and have not been right for a very long time. She senses she has been set up to take the fall on this one.

Blanket On The Window

Meanwhile, the books remain, oddly enough, at the home of Ruth Beal, the former auditor, the one Jessie replaced. Beal's house looks a bit different these days. There is a blanket over the window that is the light source for the dining room table where she works on the books that never should have been taken to her home, but have never left it.

The curtain is there because she, and the rest of the gang, are jumpy that Plan B is going so badly. They fear that high powered cameras will peer into the home, and see every mark she makes on the pages, and the pages she tears out and starts over again and again.

That blanket on the window, she thinks, will keep her secrets safe. How could she know that it is like a giant flag declaring that she is hiding her wicked ways, cooking the books, afraid of being caught?

As long as all the players were in place, none of them had anything to fear from law enforcement. No questions were ever answered, and they could all do what they wanted to do, with no fear.

But Ned Mitzel abandoned his post to save himself, distance himself from that gang, their dirty deeds, and perhaps a murder or two. He is working as a deputy not too far away, but he was smart enough to see the writing on the walls. He knew that their play was coming to an end, and a bad one at that.

All this time, they never had to really be smart, because they had all the cards stacked in their favor. Now, that aging batch of dummies, unable to make a clear plan or foresee any contingencies beyond their own success, are stumbling around, looking for plan C.

The Smell of Rotten Eggs

Looks like they might have to burn Beal's house, after all. Maybe her along with it. Someone has to take the fall. Petesky knows it won't be him. He's the smartest one of the bunch and that ain't sayin' much!

So, while Beal tries to figure a way to re-cook the books and Jessie tries to figure out how to get out without being killed, or taking the fall for auditor fraud we see O'Town crumbling at the rotten core of its corp. Corp means "body", in case you missed the pun.

Beal assures Petesky she can do this, and hopes he doesn't realize she isn't bright enough to do anything except make it worse for everyone. They don't look one another in the eye anymore. The smell of fear is on both of them, like rotten eggs, and they no longer trust that the other one is trustworthy or loyal enough.

They are both realizing, as are others, that none of them was really ever smart as they thought they were. Getting away with it all this time, not because they were smart, but because they could, in the end, confused them, and will be their undoing.

Slowly they see that the messes they made in their greed and their corruption, is following behind them, like a wake of garbage they can't outrun and will overtake them.

They all handle it in different ways. Beal signals all is not well by hanging a blanket over her window and trying to get her family involved in the clean up.

Petesky strolls the graveyard, proving to himself that he is not afraid of ghosts. He does deals out there and watches others make deals of their own. Later, when he asks them did they do this, they say no.

The bond between them all, the glue that kept them together, was merely greed, and that never was like real trust. They all know one another well enough to know that they are dealing with people who will give them up or burn them out, even kill them, just to make their getaway look cleaner. Even if only for a little while.

That deal that Petesky is trying to make, to buy that bar in Warwick, Daryl's. How is that going? I'll meet you in the graveyard, later tonight, and we can discuss it more.

Be sure to whisper. We would not want anyone to overhear the things we shouldn't be saying, now would we?

Especially, you don't want those friends of yours whom you have left out of your latest enterprises, to find out that you have already made your plans to sell them out, burn them out, now do we?

The Spotlight Has Returned

I'll bet that old bag that wrote those snarky letters, when common sense would have told her to be quiet, just got what she wanted after all. She wanted me to look again at O'town, and put those whom she thinks are selling her out, into the discomfort of the spotlight once again shining under those rocks, in those dark places, in that quiet graveyard.

I'll bet that Petesky or one or more of the others messed with her, left her out, made her mad and now she has gotten even. I wonder if she will thank me now that I have done what she knew I would do.

That's okay, your dedication to the blog is thanks enough! Your willingness to drag your former friends into the heat and the light, just to watch them squirm, so you can serve them cookies while they crumble. "There, there," you say sympathetically as you listen to their complaints. Secretly, you enjoy their despair as they enjoyed yours. (*The sound of air sucking in between the teeth) I get chills of delight with how exquisitely you finessed them from the frying pan, into the flames and more confusion is just frosting on that cake, is it not?

The truth is, you are not that bright of a person, but you are an intellectual giant among your friends. They just never showed enough appreciation or respect for that and now they will pay, will they not? And you get a front row seat to their angst.

That will teach them to trust you! By the time they figure it out, what you did and why, they will probably be in jail for any number of crimes. You brought the spotlight back to them, and their secrets once again, exposed.

Hey, what are good friends for, anyway?

Rematch

Some day, maybe, if you go back to school and learn a thing or two, you might, you just might be able to try to match wits with me again. I saw through this one, your plot so thinly veiled! But I loved it for its simplicity! So I played along. This one, Old Bag, is all for you! A gift wrapped moment for you to relish, over and over again.

We can see why Petesky has so much on his mind these days, and nights. See why he takes those graveyard strolls and holds meetings among the dead.

There is so much more to play with here, but I must, at least this week, return to the Turd Clan and the Tribal Council. They make you look like amateurs when it comes to the evil they can do and have done. Amateurs!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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December 4, 2007 -[Printer Version](#)

Meetings Schedule

All General Assembly meetings should be scheduled at a time and place when and where most people would be able to attend. Your TC has decided to NOT do this. Rather, they schedule at a time when those who work cannot attend. If they cannot attend, neither can they transport other family, friends or elders to attend.

With that in mind, the latest memo from Zit Puppet regarding the meetings. Click [HERE](#).

Your next meeting will be scheduled for December 18th, (a Tuesday) 2007, it says. But wait! There is no time and there is no location! And further, he has not yet confirmed with Chairperson Pearson (His own mother, btw) as to whether or not that suits her highness or not.

He tells you to feel free to stop by his office or phone him if you have any questions. Not that he will respond, be there or care, just go ahead, beat your head against that brick wall.

It all sounds so professional! And he wishes you a Happy Thanksgiving (this memo was dated November 21). I assume he means that those of you who were able to turn in the paperwork required to get that "SIP" check of a measly \$328.

Further, that form they have you fill out to 'update your enrollment' also requests your Social Security Number. That has never happened before. Methinks they have decided to use your identity information for their own benefit. Possibly taking out loans in your name and you not expecting it, nor most of you without computers nor means to check your credit scores would be entirely unaware that your identity has been stolen and high rate loans or credit against you in process. Good luck on that!

If their Enrollment Roles are not up to date, they should fire everyone involved. You should not have to prove your eligibility every month in order to receive the benefits you are entitled.

Another thing could possibly happen to those who do not get these forms in: You could fall off the enrollment and they could use that as an excuse to cut you off from everything!

For those who do not read, or who are unable to write or sign their names, this would be a tragedy as they would cut you off first.

Chances are, if you cannot fill out that form and no one there to watch over you, they figure you will not be able to pursue any action against them for the harm they do you.

Ah yes! Your Tribal Council! Finding more and more ways to take your money, your identity, and cheat you out of everything.

They are bad enough now, powerful enough now, that even the Turdclan is becoming alarmed at what they can do. It is a power struggle between two serpents out there at this time. One more evil than the other. You choose which.

When Their Lips Move

That's the answer to an old question: "How do you know when they are lying?"

So, while Zit Puppet mindlessly muses upon, thinking about, anticipating, guessing that maybe the next meeting will be the 18th of December (take a memo on that will you?) I am getting a peek into how it goes when those meetings are held at all.

Lately, I guess Poopsie feels that the Tribal Council is gaining too much power and stealing almost as fast as he does, and he is proffering that perhaps, maybe, just guessing, someone ought to 'police' that bunch.

Of course, when asked "WHOM?" he stuttered, stammered, pooped a little, pointed to Jeannie Cavanaugh "She could do it! She used to be a cop!" and Jeannie just amazed at his fat finger pointing in her direction gave him a cold look. He looked around, saw Loretta Stensland in the group, and said "She could do it!" I wonder if he realized that he was pointing to a Country Western Singer, not a former cop? She too, was astonished.

His fingers fluttered some more, he stammered some more, filled those man diapers a little more and sat down. Note to Poopsie: Less Botox, better glasses.

Of course, anyone who would police the Tribal Council, would have to share all their information with the Law & Order (*Double chord) Committee which is headed by, none other than Poopsie. One joke after another out of that bunch.

The other humor for the evening came from Turdmother herself. She is upset that so many 'White People' are being enrolled. Gee, I wonder who started enrolling people who were not from the tribe but only connected through mutual criminal enterprise? Uh, that would be Poopsie and the rest of them, who have vouched for and signed on for so many to become members of the tribe, while they were simultaneously removing authentic members from the tribe (old furniture out, new best friends in) long time ago.

Turdmother and her litter of pooplings are just upset because the tradition they started has been carried on, way beyond what they ever thought it could be. Mexican gangsters, gang bangers, drug dealers all enrolled as 'members of the tribe' and funding comes in for them as part of the head count. The TC won't give them up. They are worth their weight in grants!

I know, back in the day when the Turdlings ran it all by themselves and for themselves, only those who were part of their criminal enterprise

were enrolled (wink, wink). Now Carl McKay, Walking Ego, Pearson and the rest of them just enroll anyone they want for whatever reasons suit them. It's becoming 'obvious'. How embarrassing, eh?

Seashelly & The Rapist

With her beau, Galen Robertson, able to commit rapes at will with no consequences, she feels she has the right to stand up and declare she is taking a trip to Washington to attend a meeting regarding sex crimes. She is doing that for the tribe! How noble!

Is she going as an authority on the subject? After all, being with a full-time rapist, drunk and molester would make her an expert, would it not?

Galen's mother, Barbara, works for the Superintendent of the BIA on site, and she uses her position to get her boys out of just about any kind of trouble. Galen brags that Duane Smith is taking the fall for the rape on that 14-year old that he drugged and they both raped out at the ranch.

Anyone says he is a rapist, she runs right out and writes a check for up to \$10K and everything goes quiet for a few days until he does it again, and again and again. You wonder how she spends through her yearly budget in less than a month? Now you have a clue.

However, when she stands up and speaks, you see her lips moving so you know she is lying, why do you say nothing? You could shout her down for protecting one of the most prolific rapists on the rez, but you sit there and wait, quietly, to see how much money they are going to cheat you out of, and then you get mad, and mutter to yourself, but you say nothing to their faces at the meetings?

You say "rapist!" and she yells "Prove it!" You can say: "Rapist!" over and over again. She knows what he is. It is your money she is using to buy him out of trouble. It is your daughters he is raping. What? Cat got your tongue?

Silent Partners

What you can call an accomplice or someone who contributes to a crime or business but has no voice in how things are done. When you are silent, and it is your money being used to cover up crimes, you are the silent partners to your own abuse.

And when someone does stand up and speak out and ask the questions, you do not add your voice to support them? You sit back and wait for them to be threatened or the question ignored? You wait later to see if they are retaliated against and then you exhale a long slow breath and be glad it wasn't you that spoke up?

No wonder your kids are drinking and drugging, committing suicide and murder. Look at what they have for parents. Look at what they have for a community. Look at what they have for a future.

Those of you who said nothing, even when someone else stood up and spoke up; and those of you who said nothing when you knew their lips were moving and they were lying, why don't you take that \$328 and give it to the kids so they can spend it on the booze, the drugs, the things that make them numb to this world and able to forget who they are, where they are from and what is ahead for them.

That would be money well spent. Your time in attending these meetings, could be better spent by you demanding answers, and countering their lies. Better spent in supporting those who are courageous enough to stand up, speak up and say the things that need to be said.

But if you are going to waste your time, doing nothing, saying nothing, then what's the point?

Don't worry, you will get to do it all again. Zit Puppet is contemplating yet another memo. It won't be worth anything, but neither, apparently are your sorry silent asses.

They Fear You

You have seen how it is when you speak out and when you demand and you question and you don't listen to their lies. You have seen what it is like when you speak with strength.

The evil that shrouds you pulls back and light can be seen. And then you all suddenly go quiet again. Waiting for the fog of abuse, denial and hypocrisy to surround you and make it all familiar again. Victims are familiar with victimhood. Unfamiliar with success or overcoming the weak ones that rule their lives.

Victim hood: As comfortable as a broken down couch in a drafty room with no heat, commods instead of real food, and vermin stealing what little you have. Is that where you are most comfortable? As Victims? Up to you.

You know you could make it change, but you are too lazy to do it. Easier to complain. That way, if something doesn't go as planned, hey not your fault! Hands up in the air, eyes cast down, backing away from the issues. Too much work for you to be in charge of your own life? Maybe so.

Related

But look at what you have been teaching those kids. Look at the culture your victim hood has bequeathed to them. Bet you are disappointed to see your kids drinking and drugging, pissing themselves and passing out, eh? Yeah? Well, my guess is they are pretty embarrassed by your hypocrisy, cowardice and weak knees.

Their drinking, drugging, dying is all related to your example of victim hood Congratulations! You have cloned yourselves! They are acting out what you have taught them, perfectly!

But still you don't see it? You think they got that way because???

More funerals, more children, more thistles. But for a few bucks, you can be bought. Your silence is deafening. Your prayers are a joke. You pray for it to change, but you don't do your part? Anyone seen my red cape? No? Me neither. I don't have one. I am not here to save you. You are there to save yourselves.

Jokes For the Ancestors

Stop praying for help if you don't support it when it shows up in your path. Stop praying for change if you are not willing to change. Stop praying for it to get better if you are unwilling to do what it takes to make it better.

Stop being quiet when you see their lips moving and you know they are spilling lies into the air you must breathe.

Your prayers make the Grandfathers laugh. You make the Grandfathers cry. You make a joke out of being a Human Being. Stop complaining and start doing. Stop telling jokes to the Ancestors. Not funny anymore.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

December 6, 2007

Ronin Runners

I know, sounds like new athletic shoes, yeah? Ever since that one shoe company came out with athletic shoes designed especially for the feet of Indians, and to be sold on to Indians (go figure: I wonder if we have to show a card to prove we can buy a shoe or two?) people have been scratching their scalps trying to figure out the logic and ignorance of the corporate world. It's appeal lies in the wider sole and the higher instep accommodating designs. (*Head spins)

Closer to home, we have, up close and personal, enough corruption in the Corporate sector to keep the billions of dollars in Indian Country, concealed, siphoned off, and embezzled for decades.

Most notably is Ronin Wireless Technologies, in which the SLN Tribe is the heaviest investor by a wide margin. A little background on Ronin: It originally had for at least 18 months, nothing but debt. A \$250K note that was coming due in a matter of days to one 'investor'. It had no product, no market, no sales, just debt.

Suddenly, in walks Carl Walking Ego and Naked Lawn Ornament (Your tribal vice chair and chairs, respectively) and they dump, in one sitting (I know, the toilet analogies are a bit of a strain, but you will appreciate it all later), \$4 MILLION dollars.

This from a Tribal Council that denies basic necessities to its members, saying the tribe is broke, financially. (Truth is, the only thing 'broke' about the Spirit Lake Nation is the "Spirit" itself).

Next day Ronin declares itself as having made a 'profit' of that exact amount of dollars. Now, "profit" usually refers to the net gain after product

production, marketing, sales and distribution are all worked together. To declare a 'Profit' from what is technically a "loan" is deception.

Since that time, NLO and Walking Ego and several of their cohorts, have 'invested' in this company that has never legitimately produced any kind of earnings, and has only been a vehicle by which shady investors can dump funds into a pot and then divide up the cash among themselves as "Executive Board Members" in the guise of salaries, per diems, bonuses, etc.

Further, it appears that NLO and CWE frequently buy millions of these shares for a penny a share and then sell them back to the tribe at several hundred times that amount and declare their share of the "profits" as 'earnings'.

Further insult to the robbery is that the funds they use to 'purchase' these penny stocks initially, come from tribal funds and you cannot prove otherwise. So, say, the purchase of a few million (up to 12 million at times) shares at one penny each comes to (clickety, clickety, total, spin) a minimum of \$10,000 of tribal funds per million shares (up to \$120K for 12 million shares) and then the shares are put entirely under the control of one or both of them, and they then sell these same shares back to the tribe for anywhere from \$4 per share to \$22/per share, depending solely on their mood at the moment.

How do we know this? Because it is illegal, illogical and bizarre to buy your own shares from yourself at a vastly inflated rate. Yet, these shares are 'sold' ostensibly (Look it up, I'll wait) to the tribe under the management of NLO and CWE and their buddies, and then suddenly, the tribe 'loans' millions of dollars to the company in what is called 'debentures' (and we did discuss those a few months back: Essentially a debenture is a loan that never has to be paid back. It can be 'repaid' in cash, or shares (regardless of how worthless the shares are deemed at the time) or 'forgiven' which means it is never paid back) The collateral for these 'debentures' are the very stocks that the tribe supposedly already owns.

Essentially, if the tribe were to be paid back these millions of dollars at all, it would be with their own shares already supposedly in their name.

Try to go to a bank and ask them for a loan and tell them you may or may not pay them back. If you do pay them back it will be with the money they already have and none of your own. See how far that gets you.

Inasmuch as both Carl and NLO are major shareholders and both at one time or another, on the Executive Board of the company, being paid by the tribe and the company, an outrageous conflict of interest arises.

A conflict that can be deemed criminal in any court.

That is why, when asked if he had done any trading with Ronin shares, or was in any way involved with that company, Walking Ego out and out lied and said he had nothing to do with that company. He muttered, as he was running away (check the shoes: were they extra wide? Have a higher instep?) that he only dealt with the funeral funds and took care of the elderly... his pace picking up to an escape velocity that set his inseams to smoke and spark.

Yet, if you go to the company's own website, you will see he is prominently listed as the Top guy on the Executive Board!

I am going to gather several links to Ronin to post in this website. You will be able to see for yourselves, that this company, despite its slick appearance, is all vapors and no substance.

You will also be able to see that Carl Walking Ego is right at the top of that heap, trying to jockey as much of your funds as possible into his own pockets.

He is a thief, a liar, a drunk, a cross-dressing embarrassment to the tribe. He has no credibility, no morals and no ethical standards. He has been plundering the funds of the tribe since day one.

Look around your community and see the poverty, the futility and what is left after so much has been stolen by the likes of him and the rest of them. What possible excuse could you have for not running them out of office?

What, exactly are you waiting for to happen that will 'signal' it is time for you to stand up?

Here's a few documents for 'light reading'.

[CWE as Director of Ronin](#) (I copied and pasted from their site. This is what they have to say about him and his career with Ronin and the Tribe)

[From Ronin's website](#) It's **2.8 MB** for just an image (but printable!)

[CWE Trading Ronin Shares](#) You will notice something peculiar in this document. CWE always seems to trade the exact same amount of shares as the Spirit Lake Tribe trades. Hmm? Further, in this document, he is and the tribe is, selling over 1 MILLION shares for "\$0". Yup, zip, zero, nada, bupkis, nimno.

Now, if he would admit to doing what he is doing, perhaps he could 'splain to us all why he is dumping the stock in such quantity, for NO money. But that would mean he would have to admit he was lying about not being involved with Ronin in the first place.

I wonder if Poopsie has any spare man diapers. CWE definitely crapping his shorts on that one!

Floating Off Into The Sunset

I hear that Richard Street has been floated off the rez. I have not heard anything good about the man, so I am not here to defend him. However, every time they float someone off the rez, the reasonable questions have to be asked:

1. How was this person a threat to the community?
2. Where is the proof against them?
3. Were they given a fair hearing to defend themselves?

Usually the answer to all three is 1: Uh--I dunno, 2: Don't have any, 3: No, not really, why?

Also, when someone is floated off the rez, let's say they are 'bad' for argument's sake: How bad are they? You have murderers, rapists and thieves, incestuous rapists, drunks, drug dealers, and scammers running your rez, so how 'BAD' was the person that got floated off?

If being a murderer, rapist, thief, incestuous, drunk, drug dealer, scamster is 'okay' with the tribe, how bad is 'bad'? Where is the standard here?

Some people may deserve to be floated off, and others who are floated off do not deserve it, but until you apply a standard of fairness and even handedness to the process, it doesn't matter who you boot out of there, you are hypocrites, big ones, "Hippos" for doing it and for allowing it to be done.

Throwing people out while allowing the worst of the worst to remain, is goofy. They not only remain, but the worst of the worst are the ones running the show out there.

I see the pod of hippos submerging now, into the muddy liquid abyss. Ears twitching, bubbles signaling the ballast has been engaged. Out of sight, all we see is the serenity of the scenery. No witnesses. No one is responsible. Without so much as a ripple, yet another person is floated off the rez.

So, how long can you stay submerged in d'Nile?

I leave you in your false sense of security, wrapped in your blankets, shivering from the fear, er, cold, until our next episode of the Blog.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

December 10, 2007

Pigs Dining on Ancestors

I will just touch on this in brief at this point. I will 'flesh it out' with more documents and links later, for those who need to see for themselves. Meanwhile, for those who have artfully forgotten, not only what happened, but who they are and what this makes them, lettuce begin the litany of disrespect heaped upon the tribe by the Turdclan and the Tribal Councils and their zeal to control millions of dollars and all the power, authority, cover and allies in government that provides.

The Spirit Lake Casino was originally built in Tokio, but was later moved to where it is today, a couple of years after the sham trial of the 11 innocent men yielded guilty verdicts from a jury that never saw a Red Man in their pool, ever.

The spot chosen for construction, just so happened to be located directly upon a burial ground. A known burial ground, mind you. And since we all hear the tearful stories of Indians who have been offended by their ancestors being dug up and carted off for 'study' by government and institutions, and how these same Indians fought long and hard to stop that practice, what comes next is one of the highest points on Mt. Hypocrisy as ever you will gaze upon or from.

The bones were a problem. But construction had a deadline. (Bones, deadline, seem to have a theme, yes?), Without hesitation, and without consulting any of the other tribes whose ancestors were buried in that place, the SLN Tribal Council quickly offered Hamline University and others, the once in a lifetime deal: Come and get these bones for your institutions, to study and to keep.

Several of the Elders were alarmed at this when they found out what was going on. They found out, not from the Tribal Council informing them, but from driving by the site and seeing a 'dig' in progress.

They were told something to the effect that this was the "Most respectful way to treat our ancestors and bring more enlightenment to our people." Yes, the powers of spin were dizzying back even, in those dull times. Protests were not allowed.

After all, the casino and the money it could bring to the tribe, was far more important than the respect and dignity of the dearly departed. After all, what would they care? They were dead, right? And, who among us would want our ancestors staring up at the floor of a casino?

Such twisted 'logic' stunned the tribe into doing nothing, which is what it was best at, even back then.

Later, after public outcry from neighboring tribes over the loss of the burial ground, they all banded together to issue a letter of offense and to demand their ancestors be returned so that they could be 're-interred'. Does the term "Indian Giver" apply here in all its worst shades of brown? I think so.

And then ensued, the spending of Tribal Funds to hire the lawyers to pursue the return of the bones that should never have been dug up in the first place. Your money used to insult you, and then to return to you those whom you had insulted, so that you could proudly proclaim that you have once again, fought for the dignity of all Indian People. Go Fighting Sioux, ya

Now, For The Pigs: All You Can Eat

Every Monday the buffet at the Casino has a "all you can eat steak dinner for about \$6.00. Always draws a huge crowd. And the term "huge" has a double entendre when you realize that Poopsie and the Flycatcher, (Cathy, the wife he married to keep her silent about him and his brothers murdering her brother, Fulton), are always there to stuff their bloated bodies with as much as they can cram down in one sitting.

Takes them about an hour to devour. They have grease all over their chins and mouths, and they make the most disgusting noises as they grunt and snuffle at the trough, er, table. People try to not notice, but it is almost impossible. Even if they are not in your line of sight, they are loud enough that you know they are there, snarfing down.

Cathy seems unaware of the fact that she is as fat and bloated as she is. I guess to her, the world has merely gotten smaller, the chairs tinier, the toilet seats not big enough (special ordered the ones for their butts).

All You Can Stomach

When they get up to leave, it is like watching hippos emerge from the waters. They just seem to get bigger and rounder and fatter as they stand up. Poopsie's belly is so huge that it won't be long before he has to hire one of those mini-forks to brace it up (the kind with the wheels on the front) so he can more or less wheel barrow himself out of there.

They don't even wipe the grease off of their faces! The grease stains down the front of their clothes would make you think these are the only people in the restaurant that don't know how to use utensils.

Remember: These are the people that the who tribe fears! These waddling pigs, and their porcine ways, are running that rez! He has skimmed millions of dollars off the casino take every month, and yet he is compelled to pig out at the \$6 steak night?

Perhaps it is a good thing the ancestors were given to a science department. At least they will not have to look up at the floor of the casino, the sewer system running along their burials, and worst of all, those two chowing down at the trough.

So, this being Monday's blog, see if they show up or not, for that all you can eat steak night. See for yourselves what evil looks like when it feeds at your table. And remember: The ancestors were dug up and sold off so that this kind of activity could go on.

Kinda makes you not so proud to be an Indian, eh? Well, only if you do nothing about this. If you continue to let this go on, they will in fact, be what people think of when they see Indians. If you stand up and put a stop to them and their ways, people will see Indians in a much better light.

Right now, pretty dark where you are. I see the line up at the all you can eat is starting to grow. I can hear the familiar grunting, lips smacking and snarfling from that table where they are sitting. So can you if you stop in, just to see if you can stomach what they are.

Oh, and if you happen to get a photo, feel free to send it to me! Be a way of sharing the experience with those who cannot travel that far to see a freak show.

Selling Out The Dead

Here's the article that was sent to me. [click here to get the full article](#) (link does not work in pdf version)

"Cemeteries Versus Gambling

American Indians have frequently claimed that their burial grounds were sacred and not to be usurped for other purposes. Many times in recent history, Indians have stopped construction or development of their sacred burial grounds. They have also gone to court time and again to keep scientists from studying burial sites and ancient dwellings and laying claim to property that the Indians say was taken from them. The Indians always claimed that sacred burial grounds should be left alone for the peace of their ancestors buried there. Now the moccasin is on the other foot, and a few Indians aren't looking so good.

...If the Wyandottes get their way, workers could be driving pillars into the cemetery sometime next year in preparation for a \$4 million to \$5 million casino and bingo hall.

" This is not some multimillion, non-Native conglomerate saying, `Hey, have we got a deal for you,'" said Dan Wildcat, an American Indian who is a professor of American Indian Studies at Haskell Indian Nations University in Lawrence. "This is a native people proposing to do this over the burial ground of their relations. It flies in the face of our beliefs, values and customs."

Although the article above is regarding the Wyandottes Tribe of Oklahoma, the practice of selling off the heritage in the name of 'economic survival' is a crock.

It is simply a chance for a few people to get their hands on a whole lot of money, not share it fairly among the rest of their tribe members, and declare they are desecrating the sacred 'to help the people.' It is all a show, folks. And now you have nothing to show for it except more drunks, more addictions, more bullies, more deaths and more futility.

At least, that is how it has worked out in most of the tribes, thus far. What makes the Wyandottes think it will be any different for them? Perhaps they should spend a little time on the rez I call my *homies, and see what really goes on. (*Oh that will piss a few right off, eh?)

If they still want to gouge their ancestors out of their rest, over the objections of members who believe it is abominable desecration, well then, nothing can stop them. They are probably as corrupt as all the other rez rulers.

You know the feds won't even glance over their shoulders to see if it is being run fair and square, or even if it is legitimately distributing funds. They don't care. Indian Country is the last frontier of uncharted money for the Big Boys who know how to play the games that cost the people, all they hold dear.

At least there are some in that tribe, good people, who are speaking out. Not that it will change the outcome, or the income, but at least there are still voices to be heard that challenged this greed and evil in one narrow spot in Indian Country.

Stealing From The Children

Not only is desecrating these sites stealing from the dead, it also takes away from the children, any chance on them growing up to learn more and understand more about their own ancestors, their own lands.

Already you have taken so much from them they feel they have nothing to live for, except that drink, that drug, and all that indiscriminate sexual

behavior. You take away from them any chance they can later in life, reconnect, understand and carry on traditions and respect for their own ways.

Well, why not? You steal their IA funds and just shrug when asked about it. Well, you steal from everyone's IA funds except for those who are close enough to be called friend or family, right?

Most people out there not even aware that the funds were supposed to be over \$30K per child at age 18. Every year, they stole more and more until they decided there wasn't both enough for them to steal and a paltry few pennies to distribute. So, rather than insult you with a really noticeably small check, they just stole it all.

So, kids, while you are out there, getting blasted, partying it up, just realize that you are doing exactly what they need for you to do in order for them to steal from you. If you were sober, and educated enough to figure out what was going on, you would be a tad more upset with those who are supplying the alcohol to you to keep you too messed up to even try to reach for what they are stealing from you.

Yup, you trade over \$30K for that 'good time.' So, was it worth it? Are they still your 'friends'?

Think about it, sometime when you get a couple of sober moments. Why do you think those parties are never busted up? Not because they don't know about them, because actually, they are supplying the kegs to the people that are keeping you drunk and stoned. They don't want you standing up to them.

So now, with your cooperation and willingness to lie down in your own puke, they steal from you, and you are grateful to them that they allow you to ... whatever.

They steal from you and you let them. What could you do with \$30K? And what about the rest of the money you will never get to see? Is that stupidity that you are all so proud of, really worth it?

Imagine if all of you, instead of getting ripped, sobered up, stood up, and started doing the very things they are afraid of you doing: "Speaking out, holding them accountable."

Oh ya, I dream. They kill your friends and you protect them. They kill you, and your friends protect them. Tell me, will you please: What exactly is your definition of "friend"?

I hear their coyote laughs as they roll around in the cash that is supposed to be yours.

They are stealing from you and you make it easy.

You make it easy by being mentally crippled by drugs and alcohol. You not only take the poison they offer you, you pay for it! You make it easy by making a joke out of school and you pride yourself on who can talk 'more stupider than the next guy'. You make it easy. Way too easy!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

P.S. Don't forget the All You Can Eat Steak Night at the Casino tonight! Tell 'em Cat sent ya! Ahahahooo -woooo-yaaaah!

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December 11, 2007--[\(Printer Version\)](#)

Proclamation From Mt. Hypocrisy

The more I hear about the history of that casino on Spirit Lake, the more ugly and profane the disrespect of the whole ordeal to both, the Ancestors and the Living.

When people became curious about the digging going on, they were at first and for the most part, brushed off with the story that it was "Just a bunch of horse bones" being dug up. They did not want the Natives to become alarmed at the desecration so they pretended it was not happening.

Later, when it was discovered that those were ancestral graves being desecrated, the story of how it was for the better inasmuch as the casino had to be built and it was better the ancestors did not see it.

Later it became, and this is where Mt. Hypocrisy gained altitude, that the White Man had robbed them of their ancestors and the following proclamation was issued: Behold.

**POSITION OF THE NORTH DAKOTA INTERTRIBAL REINTERMENT COMMITTEE
OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE TRIBAL GOVERNMENTS
OF THE
STANDING ROCK SIOUX TRIBE
TURTLE MOUNTAIN BAND OF CHIPPEWA
THREE AFFILIATED TRIBES
DEVILS LAKE SIOUX TRIBE**

1. We are categorically opposed to the excavation, curation, and study of all Indian remains and grave goods found in our homelands. We submit that these activities are ethnocentric and extremely racist, and violate our religious beliefs.
2. We want released to us all excavated ancestors and their personal belongings taken from our homelands for immediate reburial on Indian lands.
3. We reject any arguments that scientific analysis must be done on remains to establish tribal identity and assert that we do not have to prove we are related to Indian remains taken from our homelands. We further submit that there is no scientific test available today which conclusively identifies Indian remains as to tribal origin, and that any such findings made by science are strictly of a speculative nature.
4. There will be no subsequent disinterment of reburied ancestors or their belongings taken from our homelands for further study in the future.
5. The bodies and belongings of our relatives are not the property of any individual, institution, or government.

Note: It was mutually agreed that the position of the North Dakota Intertribal Reinterment Committee would be attached to the MOA. This does not reflect the policy of the Omaha District, Corps of Engineers.

Spiritual Imbalance

When the spiritual imbalance is set in motion, consequences follow. Some who recognize the balance or imbalance of things, attribute as consequences of this disrespect, the malaise and suffering that befalls those most responsible.

We are told that the Grandfathers teach us first the easy way, by setting down laws of respect, and balance. That if we miss those steps, we are taught a harder lesson by lessor or greater consequences. That if we continue to fail to set things right, the consequences grow in magnitude to match the level of disrespect or desecrations, until there is nothing left but us. All that we love, care for, taken from us and we are left with nothing but the emptiness that craves death.

That, of course, is a very abbreviated version of The Old Ways. But it is the groundwork for further thought into what I tell you next.

The casino was authorized to be built where it is today by the Tribal Chairman of the time, Elmer White. He authorized the purchase of the land at a drastically inflated price from what he had recently purchased it for, himself. Gee, "Insider information"?

He owned the land and he made a fine profit, some say, an obscene profit from the sale of it for the casino.

At the feast for the Grand Opening of the Casino, Elmer had to be wheeled in a wheelchair as he had suffered a massive stroke, out of the blue. Some say, it was a sign. Most ignored it. He later passed away.

Another Tribal Councilor Member at the time, Priscilla Cavanaugh, also had a stroke. She is alive, but must be cared for 24 hours a day.

There are stories of people being healthy when they hired into the casino's employ, but then so many of them have died of cancer, or had early deaths.

Some say it is the price that will continue to be paid by those who earn the wrath of the Ancestors for profiting from their desecration.

A lot of people see the casino as Bad Luck.

And if you look at how many have had their winnings stolen, and even been murdered for their winnings, you might be inclined to go elsewhere until certain matters are better investigated and settled. You might decide they never will be, and move on.

Untouchables

In India, under the Caste System, there were the lowliest of low class caste members and they were called "Untouchables" because they were deemed to be unclean, as much by the work that they did as by the diseases that work and their environment caused them.

They were mostly beggars and the wealthier castes were obliged to put coins in their bowls, outstretched, while looking away from those darkest of eyes.

They were considered as Karma lowlifes. The ones that The Creator alone would deal with. They could steal, and no one would arrest them. They could not be touched unless it was to defend yourself against an attack from them, directly, and then you could beat or stone them to pieces.

You have among you, those that consider themselves "Untouchables" for a different reason. The Turdclan and the Tribal Council Members, all think they are beyond your reach and you cannot hold them accountable and make them answer.

For them, the proof seems to be that while everyone around them is suffering, they are living off the proceeds of their criminal lifestyles.

It seems 'spiritually unfair' that they continue to get away with what they have done. They even brag it up, often, because they think they are "Untouchable".

So, why do the people suffer while these lowest of the low live the high life and rub your noses in it? Is it because God's back was turned when they did what they did and no consequences will follow? Could it be because they have used so much of that stolen money to 'buy God, the Church and the Government' and there are no consequences for them in this life or the next?

Look again. They have been revealed for what they are and what they have done. Their physical bodies are rotting as they live in them, and their sleep is shattered by nightmares, insomnia and fears of all things, both dark and light.

Their children hate them, are humiliated at being related to them, and they know it. They cannot trust one another, and neither family nor friend is safe from them nor they from the other.

Yet, no stroke, no mighty hand has squashed them like the roaches they are. Why is that?

I have a theory. I believe it is because if that were to happen, you all, we all, would learn nothing and in their place would spring forth another and another, each more evil than the one preceded. If the Creator takes them down, we lose the opportunity to become stronger, better, wiser and more vigilant.

It is up to us to hold them to account. Up to us to make them give back what they have stolen. Up to us to bring them to Justice so that they can answer for their crimes. Up to us to free the Innocent, restore the dignity of those wronged by their evil and our apathy.

Only then will the suffering stop and the balance be restored. Only then will the children be able to resist the poisons and save their own lives.

Until then, they walk among us, as vile and diseased, filthy and disgusting as any class of "Untouchables" that ever wallowed in the sewers and bowels of this world. They are a reminder of what we need to do, to make this world a better place for all of us.

Until we learn to come together to face this evil that is thriving in our midst, we will continue to watch the suffering come closer and closer to our own door.

All that we love, hold dear and treasure in this world will be taken from us if we fail to do what needs to be done to begin to restore the balance for both the living and the dead.

Their putrid hands hold the power that we allow them to have. Some wait for The Creator to teach them the lesson. The Creator waits for us to

recognize that the lesson is ours to learn; the task is ours to do.

Until we come together, as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, to do our part as the Living owe to both Past and Future generations, the spiritual imbalance will continue to darken the days and ways of Indian People, lost in their own lands. Suffering by their own hands.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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