

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#13) Updated

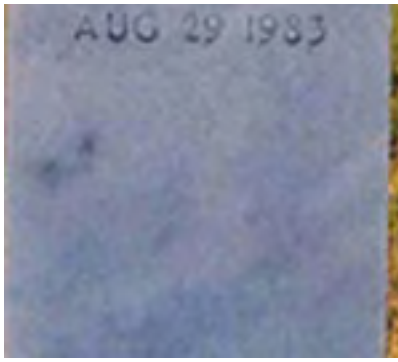
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Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. CAT



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.

August 14, 2006

We need a Bat Signal

Good Monday Morning to ya! I can see that today, Eddie's clock is less than 14 days until he is murdered. Imagine, if you will, what life would have been like around there had he not been murdered? Had the bullies not taken over?

They run the place now because they have to. If they aren't in control of every penny, nickel and dime, every job opportunity, housing and income, every cop and every police file, if they are not controlling all of it, they run the risk that the good people of Fort Totten/Spirit Lake Rez will open an investigation into Eddie's murder, Merle Thumb's murder, Sam Jackson's Murder, Fulton Merrick's murder, Alfred Littlewind's murder, and more.

Now that you know they are serial killers, and that you know they are embezzlers, rapists, bullies and who commit so many acts of incest the family tree has turned into a stump... Now that you know all of that, and you know about the drug dealing, the corruption.. all of that puts them and their cohorts at an extreme disadvantage should the good people of Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake rez take the power back and start investigating.

Big uglies will fall and flee on a daily basis. Not just tribal cohorts, but FBI

poodles past and present, tails between their wobbly legs, running for cover.

That countdown clock is ticking away to the moment when they put themselves above God, above the law, and above you all, by swinging that baseball bat across Eddie's back, head and chest until he was little more than a pile of hamburger on Celeste Herman's kitchen floor.

The killing did not begin with Eddie's murder and it did not end with Eddie's murder.

It only got uglier.

But, with our fairest and finest at the helm of the Tribal Police Dept, we can rest assured that if these nasty memories start popping up, Bent and Bobo the dancing poodle will put a lid on it.

Things we don't yet know the answer to, and we should wonder why, after all this time, are not only the murders listed above, but

- That human finger that was found on Devil's heart.
- The skeleton dug up a few months later and no one was told about it except the police who have disposed of the remains without notifying or investigating. All that is, except the skull, which they left at the dump site because it was "damaged." (still shaking my head on that one!)
- What really happened to Mike Mead? How did he end up in the water?
- Mike Good's murder investigation (out in Oberon) clamped shut so fast no one got a look inside. Well, almost no one!
- And recently, just a little thing, but significant once again by what has NOT been done, the assault on LP King which left him with a broken jaw and other injuries. Big Ang took him to the hospital (bless her heart!) but she has yet to be questioned about what she knows. But give Bentley Grey Bear time, it has only been three weeks and he is still in hot pursuit of Terry Dunn owning a gun, even though he never used it on anyone, shot at anyone or threatened anyone.

Come to think of it Bent, why did you never investigate when Terry was shot at a few years back?

I guess being shot at is not as important as maybe owning a gun?

Maybe Bent just goes where Poopsie Points. Go fetch! Just like Bob the dancing poodle! Maybe Bent needs to know from us when he is needed on other, more important cases and events. Maybe we should construct a Bat Signal to shine in the sky so he knows when he is needed?

Well, the FBI still taking Poopsie's word for it that everything is A OK on the rez. No need to come here. That SMC raid was an anomaly, but already forgotten.

Ketchup

The Petition on Lois is still out there so go ahead and get yourself heard on that one. The petition on Mark Lufkins was turned in as soon as it had the minimum amount of signatures, so be sure and raise your hand at that meeting!

Brian Pearson still mouthing off that no one had better start a petition on him. Well, sounds like an invitation to me! How about y'all?

I have added a links page, updated the contact page and the misc page. I have to do that site map page some more.

But, you all know where to find me!

~Cat

Hey Jeannie Charbonneau! You got a clerk to ask a stupid question in the store? Ask if that young woman was me?

I heard that woman explaining in simple math terms so even you could understand, that she was not me. Feel a bit more stupid now, do ya? Man, that one is all over the moccasin telegraph now!

PS: Poopsie has pictures of me anytime you want to see them. They're in the side drawer, under the file folders. They are dated, back a ways, 97 or so, but I think I looked rather adorable, don't you?

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August 15, 2006

Whacha gonna do?

Apparently, the pressure is getting to some of those who fear the truth coming out. Maybe it is that countdown clock making people think about Eddie's last days on this earth as a Human Being.

Maybe it is information about drug dealers, embezzlers, millions of dollars that go missing from the Tribal council's control.

Someone is going to "shut that website down" I hear. I address this about once every 18 mos or so, when someone decides they are going to "do something" about me and my web site.

Who knows? Maybe they will get lucky this time? (Sorry, I just laughed some coffee out of my nose!)

I hear that some of the enrolled members and a woman who works for the Tribal Council are trying to get this web site investigated. Go ahead. I hide nothing. I have nothing to hide!

I have committed no crime. I have concealed no crime. I have participated in no crime. Look, investigate, explore all you want. That goes two ways.

Anyone who tries to stifle someone who is putting the information out there... or silence the only one that is making sure that the people can have a voice and everyone can have the same information, anyone that wants to make sure that is stopped must have something to hide.

It is not my voice you want to stifle. It is *all of the voices* that are speaking out, and you cannot do it. (The echoing must make it hard for you to sleep at night. Or is it your own guilt and fear?)

To me, the greater question is this: "Why would you become involved in protecting murderers? Why would you become actively involved in protecting embezzlers? Whose well-being and reputation are you trying to protect?"

"What do **you** gain by your people not having a voice? What do you need to hide and what do you get out of keeping those corrupt persons in control?" You look at me, I look at you. Fair enough!

I am more curious about you now than ever before.

Only people who have felt the heat of my information coming too close to their own dark corners would want this thing shut down. Go ahead, make yourselves known. The questions won't go away.

Yes, I know, all those murders were such a long time ago! But forgetting about them, trying to hide the guilty from scrutiny, makes you what you are.

You going to go into each mind and shut it down next? Forbid the thoughts? Forbid the questions? What will it take to make you feel safe?

Dances With Skeletons

Perhaps my bringing up that skeleton too many times has got some people really jumpy. I can only wonder why.

Maybe there are many, many more skeletons that will be coming out into the light?

Millions of dollars go unaccounted for in the hands of your Tribal Council, but they want you to help them shut me down?

And do you really think that ***IF*** it were possible to shut down this web site (which is unlikely, trust me) that you could in the same move, make all those who are coming out from under that blanket of denial want to crawl back into that dark place again? You think people will stop remembering? Stop talking? Stop petitions?

Not likely.

Truth is, I can't stop you from doing whatever it is you are going to do. Nor would I want to.

You can either keep covering up the messes or get in there and start cleaning up the messes. But the messes are there, and they stink, like rot, like feces, like corruption, they reek. The messes won't go away until you clean them up. The choice is yours.

The information will not go away, it can only come out more and more.

The murders will be investigated, the financial crimes will be investigated. Books will be opened up and audited. Every aspect of every detail that I have

posted in this web site and blog will be revealed, one way or another. Whether it is by my hand or by yours, it will be revealed. Drug trafficking will be revealed. Child molest will be revealed. People in high places, former Federal Prosecutors, judges and their corrupt cronies, all will be revealed.

Revealed and known.

Courtesy in Chess

Consult with them first. Not for my welfare, but your own. They have more to lose than you realize and consider any kind of an "investigation" or anything that will lead to an investigation a threat to them and what their life's works. You are in more danger from them than you could ever be from me.

I have nothing to hide.

In the game of chess it is considered proper etiquette to warn your opponent when a key piece is in danger: "Watch your Queen" or "Watch your King" are considered "Courtesies".

I give you the courtesy of telling you to consult with all players you think you are protecting before you venture out and end up paying the ultimate price for your boldness.

You cannot open up any part of this without opening up *all* of this. That would be an answer to my prayers!

Almost laughable that you think you can do what the corrupt US Attorneys could not do! What a corrupt Federal Judge could not do. Maybe you are smarter than they are or were? Stop and think why they did not pursue me. Stop and ask yourself why they talked others like yourself out of pursuing me. They are the ones with so much to lose!

It is they who will do you in, not me. They do not want any of this to gain "on the record" status. Because then an investigation can be forced to open and they fear that.

This beast I pursue has more arms and legs, heads and mouths than ever you imagined it would. Key to this is that one goes down, the whole thing shrieks and becomes helpless, exposed to the light of day in all its ugliness for the world to see.

They will stop at nothing to prevent you from making them that exposed, that vulnerable. Know that for real if you know nothing else. Common sense, my friend, is there if you but look.

I need you there, because you hold the information that needs to come out. Anything happens to you, it is a loss for me and this project in many respects. I need you all alive and well so that you can be made to tell the truth and to answer for your crimes.

You leave the game, there is less of a victory for the people who have worked so hard all these years to get the truth open and out there. Take good care of yourself in all that you do!

The Wheel Is Already Turning

The truth will come out. After all, is that not what the good people of Ft. Totten and Spirit Lake Rez have been praying for all these many years? *Is that what you are afraid of?*

They pray to God, the Creator and to the Grandfathers. *They don't pray to me.* It is not *me* you have to stop to save yourselves from what is coming. You cannot stop what is coming. Neither can I. Only difference is, I would not even try to stop it. I embrace it.

*Refer to that scene in The Matrix where Neo is at last in his true self. The bad guys are lined up against him. He extends his hand, palm up, and makes that *beckoning gesture of "bring it on". (*"whtwht!")*

You can come at me, but the outcome will not be what you had expected. I, on the other hand, am expecting you.

Do what you will.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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August 16, 2006

Goon Tactics

Well, well, well, looks like Mark Lufkins survived the recall vote by a landslide of 20 votes!

Break out the confetti and the cham... but wait, was it a legal vote??

Apparently not! Mark's relatives, the ones he gives money to for nothing, showed up early, got in and then Myra closed the doors early so that the people who showed up on time, were not allowed in and could not vote!

Just like in the day when Dickie Wilson was running the Pineridge Rez, and he and his goons pushed people around, broke the rules and called it legal... Myra, as Tribal Chairwoman, (Mother to Brian Pearson who is one of Q-Balls offspring) is setting her own rules.

No other way she could survive! No way ANY of them could survive now that you know what they are doing.

So, call another meeting, doors stay open and this time you vote on Mark's recall petition AGAIN and you vote on MYRA being rolled out of there!

These corrupt tactics hurt the people. Good people attempting to do business in a law abiding fashion are cheated out of their rights and opportunities to be heard and counted.

No wonder that silly woman (she knows who she is) wants to get more tribal monies to "investigate who owns the walking sky web site." Money to an investigator? Thousands no doubt!

Here, let me save you the time, effort and \$\$\$\$\$. I own this web site. My name is on it. My name is Cat West! Still, some of you don't believe that is my real name. What, too sexy for ya? Hah!

I guess because I am the only forum in which the voice of the people can be heard, there is an urgent need to try and shut me down.

Can't do it, clowns.

Meanwhile, those of you who may have doubted how corrupt your tribal council is, now you see these cheating tactics, reminiscent of Dickie Wilson and his Goon Squads, now you know for sure!

They don't do this for your best interests. They do it to keep the power in their own hands. To prevent the investigation into their corruption and worse.

YOU ALL need to do something about this.

Demand your voice be heard, and demand your vote be counted. THAT is what is in your best interests!

Meanwhile, Back at the Office...

I hear that Lois Leban is going door to door looking for votes and asking if you need any money. The big bucks she gives to her own family, \$500/week if they don't work... but y'all can get a dollah heah and a dolla theah.. Don't worry, it is the St. Michaels' money she is dealing out now.

One woman who had taken a whole bunch of medical tests and had to go out of town for more tests and doctor's visits had a referral for the traveling money, \$200.

But, when she showed up to get it, Lois told her that she can't have any because she had given \$200 to the woman's husband.

"Did he have a referral?" the woman asked.

Well, no, of course not! But that is how it stands on its head out there. A man with no referral can get money, but the woman with the referral can't.

"I'll give you \$100," Lois starts the bidding low, being the pro that she is.

The other woman held out for what she needed.

"Okay," Lois being the consummate professional, "\$150?" It was agreed upon just because the shouting was getting out of hand and the woman with the medical condition, being older, not really up to the whole fight. Lois snarled at her, wrote her the check.

Here's thing: Lois knew that she should not have given that money to the

woman's husband for anything. He had no paperwork, and he was not entitled. And, apparently, there is no receipt to show that he received any money. So, probably didn't get a dime. Just Lois trying to make a little extra for herself. Made \$50 for herself off the woman that needed the money.

That is how it is with these corrupt types. They think they can break the rules, bend them anyway they want to. They think they can buy your votes with your own money. They think they can slam the door on your right to be heard. And they don't want you to get a vote in edgewise, and ruin their little power club.

You can change all that.

Still to come:

A family reunion, cost a fortune to pay for all those travel tickets, hotel rooms and caterers... your tribal dollars go to one family above all others

Body parts been showing up around the rez for years. No investigations, no questions, no official reports. Human life mean anything to you all? Maybe you had been hold your police department to a higher standard?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: Still working on that Bat Signal!

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August 17, 2006

Half Ass Magician

That is what you call someone who can make money disappear but can't show you where it went. No receipts, no work done, just -(*Poof!)- gone!

Carl Walking Eagle has that problem, and then some. He can't explain where

approximately \$380K of \$480K in housing construction money went. There were supposed to be 40 constructions but only 15 were completed, and the money was all gone!

Now the Feds are looking for paperwork to prove where the money went, how it was spent. Forging that many receipts and tampering with the ones you have will get more time in the hoosegow, Carl! Better just shrug your shoulders, whimper a little and declare you are the victim of scam artists, once again!

Like that Golden Eagle Wireless business you had in the SMC plant. You had Senators down there, shaking your hand, photo ops left and right. "Gonna employ a lot of Indians with this," you declared... but that was never your intention, now was it?

You and Mark Lufkin just found another way to scam the government out of large chunks of cash, and then you shut the doors less than 5 months later. All gone! Money all gone! And you say you went into business with these Arab looking fellas you met on an airplane? And it turns out they were not on the level! Oh My! Hard to believe! (Save all your empty coffee Cans for Carl. He needs them to stash the cash in his back yard!)

So, I wonder, just wonder if the Feds when they were reaming the SMC plant awhile back, noticed the sign: "Golden Eagle Wireless" on that empty office in the plant? Wonder if they have put it together where most of those cell phones were being sent? (Here's a hint: They sent very few of them out to legit businesses. Most of them, I am talking packages of over 100 at a time, every day, were going to those strangers he went into business with. I wonder what those cell phones are doing these days?

Anything from fraud to terrorism right? Think that heat might come too close to you both? You and Mark that is.

Total Ass

Well, could be. You know the feds are all over this site. Part of that is Poopsie's doing. He wanted to see if he could get the site investigated awhile back. Backfired like a slow fart on a match and burned his butt good, that one did! Because now they know where to get information they had been looking for all these years!

Your mistake, Poopsie, (and the rest of your friends), was that you thought *all* feds were like your dancing poodle boys.

Wrong-O! Some actually want to clean up crime! Some want to see an end to the drug trade, contraband trafficking of all sorts. Now, since you enlightened them, they have a way to see what you are doing out there in Indian Country!

Thanks Poopsie! And, uh, better go see the nurse about that nasty burn!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

PS: Gee, Petesky, you looking pretty ragged these days. I almost didn't recognize you. I swear, if it weren't for the smell of fear on you, I would have overlooked you completely as some old homeless guy!

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August 18, 2006

Charming

Just a couple of notes here about body parts and dead bodies around the rez.

The body part that seems to show up most often is "fingers". Severed fingers seem to show up, ironically, around crime scenes. Of course, they are dutifully reported the to Tribal Police who immediately round file it. (Dwight Bellenger can make a 3 pointer from his desk!)

Fingers, by the way, are the favorite amulet, mojo, charm, whatever, of the Black Road Medicine people. Joe Tiona had one for years that he used to use to point at people's spirits he wanted dead. Not sure what happened to that one. Might have turned up in some fast food somewhere...

So, if you find a finger, don't touch it. Take a picture of it, report it, send the pic to me and I will make sure that people know someone is missing a finger.

Well, people are all looking around saying: "I think we'd notice if someone was walking around with a newly shortened finger count!"

Yes, yes you would. But if they were already dead and buried, you might not notice unless you dig them up and count the digits.

Not So Charming

You know how people like to go slam back a few cocktails or do a few rounds of beer with their buds at the Oh Oh Bar? You know how some of these people like to bring the little ones along to keep the car or truck company while they are in the bar?

These people don't care about their kids. Period. They don't care if they cook to death in the sweltering heat; freeze to death in the cold of winter; get snagged by a pervert or any other horrible tragedy that could befall them. They just don't care about their kids. If they cared, they would not do that. Simple!

The Good People of Oberon who are trying to get this practice stopped and are asking for more law enforcement patrols around that particular establishment, primarily because it is the crime depot of North Dakota, but on the surface, only appears to be full of drunks who abandon their children in parked cars for hours...

Well, the City Council in its wisdom, has blocked that proposal each and every time it has been raised. Publicly slandered anyone who proposes that these children, at the very least, be protected from such dangerous neglect and ridiculed, attacked and threatened anyone who mentions that perhaps the Oh Oh Bar is in need of a checkup once in awhile.

Well, Chubs Shaw is a real fan of the bar and the City Council for that matter. Last night, driving home drunk (as per her usual), she wrecked her car in the Crow Hill area. She's fine! Yay! But her little one, under one year old, dead. She was pinned under the car.

Congratulations to the Oberon City Council and it's diligent work at keeping a dangerous situation in place, despite common sense and simple decency!

That dead baby is on YOUR hands kids. Oh, did I mention? Pete Hager is on the City Council. It's not really a governing body like you would expect. No real protocol or fairness is even pretended. More like a drinking club that has to hold public meetings once in awhile to get the money they want to fund their various enterprises.

Hey, Ned Mitzel! Think that if you had seen that baby in the car last night you might have done something? Yeah, riiiiiiight!

Pray for the spirit of that lost little one that she can find her way to the light without the politics of her mother's friends barring the way.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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August 19, 2006

Quick Change Artist Needed

Aren't they great? I mean have you been watching "America's Got Talent"? They had a quick change artist team in there who did amazing entire makeovers in the blink of an eye!

They are good! I thought to myself. *But not as good as Carl Walking Eagle and his team of quick change artists!*

You know they are reading the blog, probably 10 times a day looking for what it is I know or have on them. When I mentioned "Golden Eagle Wireless" still having their sign set up in the SMC plant, Bang! in the blinkofaneye, it was changed! "Varsity Bags"! Bravo!

Well, since they don't have cell phones to pack their drugs in anymore (yes, I know about all those phones going TO Thailand and then those very same phones coming back FROM Thailand) but now it's BAGS! Bags and bags of BAGS!

Well, it will make stashing the drugs a little trickier. I mean, bags would be too obvious, right? Dogs might get a whiff of those!

Speaking of Bags

Maureen Cavanaugh, the other OTHER woman in Carl Walking Eagle's bed, has been stashing some documents aside for a few years now. I wonder if maybe she has a plan?

(Geez ladies! I am starting to wonder how desperate you all are out there that you think he is some sort of catch!) (Oh, the money, I forgot about that. Gets you all foamed up, don't it?) (*Phtewi!) Sorry for all the parens, I had to spit something out. (*Shudder!).

Gimme a 'C'! Gimme an 'A'!....

Oh my, my, my! I am getting emails from people who think they know who I am and that I am Charles Andrew Trottier! I think that is funny, but he probably doesn't.

I wonder what he said or did that made him fall from grace with the gang? Must have done something, or maybe Mary is just tired of him? Who knows?

The reason I say this is because the people starting the rumor (Poopsie and Turdclan) know exactly who I am and that I am NOT Chuck. I didn't even realize he had an "A" for a middle name!

Anyone that knows chuck knows A: He is not computer literate and cannot write anything clever even if he tried. And his spelling is so bad that the spell checker on his last computer popped up and said: "I give up".

Well, Chuckles, I can see the writing on the wall, even if you can't. You might want to get in touch with me before they put the finger on you, if you know what I mean. And I know you do!

They Take That Which We Value Most

People think it is retribution when the grandfathers bring us a world of grief. Say, the death of an infant. But it is not.

We are being guided always on to the right path. Those who refuse to step up and make right that which is theirs to make right in this world, are taught the same lessons, only harder each time. Finally, one by one, those whom we love and that which we value most above what is right in this world, is removed from our life.

Fewer distractions make it possible to see the path more clearly.

If we are a righteous person, and have been on the right path, we find comfort in these times and we find peace along the way. Eventually, we heal. We never get over the loss of a child, but we can find peace on the right road.

But those who have practiced the Black Road Medicine and those who have kept their silence to profit from the sins of their family, have a somewhat different experience.

A darker experience. One that yields no comfort. No healing and no easing of the

mind. Makes that one family have to ask: "Which one is next?" There is only descent for the descendants from this point forward. We should all pray that the Creator show mercy to these lost souls. I would not wish this next year or the next, that they will suffer through, on anyone. (Turdymom, should have broken out that extra \$20 when you had the chance!)

The baby that was killed by its drunken mama (Chubs Shaw) turns out to be Alex Yankton's baby grandchild. Hard to tell which are inbred offspring and which are not. You figure it out. Chubs is his daughter.

We know what that family has been up to, both back then and now.

And the irony is that the party house that Chubs was driving from that fateful night, was Carmen's, a well known party house, the same one where Stacy Littleghost was beaten to death awhile back. Jr. Diaz on that one.

All the alcohol in that area comes from the Oh Oh Bar so at some point, she was there, with her baby... just like so many others have done. (Amazing how people don't want to go drinking in Sheyenne because there is law enforcement there. Could have prevented this one, maybe? Or the next? But we will never know because the O Town Council has decided that the bar and the town *don't need no stinkin' badgers*. (Dirty Pete used to crack up on that one. Wonder how funny it is to him now?)

I am researching more on that murder. I am sure your best and brightest in uniform have been ignoring that murder for years as well!

One by one, the Grandfathers remove the distractions so that we may see the path more clearly.

Upcoming:

Janice Miller, then and now

And yes, of course I will do the Turdmother's hereafter, Indian style. There has not been enough time to get all the fun stuff in.

So until some time next week...

You know where to find me!

~Chuck, uh, I mean Cat! (Just kidding, Chuckles!)

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August 21, 2006

Big Bad Brian

Never underestimate the value of an education. Case in point: Brian Pearson (Son of Myra the Tribal Chairwoman, and Qball) is stomping around the great wide plains these days declaring that he is going to get this web site shut down. What happens in Ft. Totten stays in Ft. Totten, eh you big bad boy you!

Let's review: I already warned that anyone who tries to do that would be unsuccessful for a number of reasons, but also that by making those kinds of noises, you make those who have committed the greater portion of these crimes, very nervous. Nervous and upset. They will stop you, not me.

Common sense should prevail, but not in that inbred! Proving once again that you can send them to school but you can't get them to stop eating the books!

Apparently, it upsets Big Bad Brian (whom, by the way, is one of the few Turdclan members we never have to worry will create any offspring) that the criminal enterprises in the Tribal Council are getting to be so well known because of the information that comes into my blog.

For instance: Did you know that after I mentioned Golden Eagle Wireless still had the sign up in that office inside the SMC, they went and changed it within hours? Did you also know that the GEW office also, at that same time was "broken into" (*Pop!) from the SMC side of the wall?

Gee, considering how that plant runs 24/7 one might think that someone would have noticed someone tearing into the walls!

Guys, if you want to stage a "break in" you have to come up with something a tad more believable than that one! Geez, can't stage a proper hit and run to cover up your murders; can't stage a proper break-in scene to cover the criminal activity of the GEW!

I understand that you did have advance warning (48 hours or more) from Bobo the ever vigilant dancing poodle, that the SMC plant was going to be raided and you were able to get the drugs out of there in time) so all this activity now,

covering up what? What you had hidden, literally inside the walls?

Were the FBI's too stupid to look there? Poopsie always said they made good poodles but lousy investigators. He might be right.

Well, Brian, what else are you concerned about?

Would it be Noreen Cavanaugh? She is in an upcoming episode. I know she has tons of documents about the financial dealings from the past two decades. Yes, even after she left the Finance Dept. She kept in touch! All those missing checks, most of which can be traced directly to her and to Janice Miller.

Gee, I wonder if Janice Miller's new employers know about her embezzling all that money from the tribe? I know that Carl Walking Eagle got her the job in Vegas at one of the casinos there because he has such good connections with them.

Brian, is that what is bothering you right now? I haven't done those stories yet. I haven't told why these women (and others) were never prosecuted, and I never mentioned why Myra Hunt (now a judge for the Tribe) can't be removed from office with a crow(hill) bar.

Funny thing, just as Myra Hunt was going to be investigated, her office caught fire! All those papers never seen again! Yes! Another amazing coincidence that keeps that Tribal Council Corruption percolating to the top.

I still get a laugh about those other two women being fired from the casino for writing to me (from the casino!) Charges later amended to say they had "stolen" a 50¢ candy bar! Wow! The secret to being able to steal hundreds of thousands of dollars, embezzle or forge checks is to never, ever, go near a candy bar!

BTW, those women did not steal a candy bar. But it shows to go ya that if Poopsie and his family want you gone, they will stoop to whatever unlikely low they have to.

Those who steal, really steal and steal big, well, they are like family! A free pass. I wonder if the Organized Crime Unit out in Vegas has caught on to any of the Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake connections? Maybe they want to talk to me and I can hand them some network schematics that show them just how the whole thing runs. Who is who, who does what, deliveries, meetings... and addresses and phone numbers. Maybe I can give them a head start?

Well Brian, Big Bad Brian that you are, looks like you have your work cut out for ya! (*Whtwht!)

You know where to find me!

~Cat

August 23, 2006

Cops and Robbers

Wow! Think how great that game would be if you could be both! And if you were able to play for reals! Well, move on down to the Spirit Lake Rez! See for yourself that it can and it is done.

The laws only apply to those who don't have the power or the position to snub them.

One man was robbed recently (I am still trying to get the details from the witnesses) and the report, including enough information to go out and arrest the slimy little culprit was all given to Bent. Of course nothing was done with it!

Whooie! For a minute you thought that Bent, all that nobility in his veins, would rise to the occasion and go out there and arrest the guy who broke into that house!

Well, he would, but...

It was Jerry Lenoir's son. Jerry Lenoir's son can break the laws and remain unscathed, unaccountable... because he is Jerry Lenoir's son!

Wow, Bent! People used to think I was kidding about what a wuss you are, but they are seeing for themselves that you only fetch and sniff where the big boys tell you to go.

Dwight Bellanger, your trusty Captain, (*snapping to a stiff salute I yam!) lets you wear the uniform, carry the gun and the badge, but won't let you do any real work? Or is it your choice to just look police-ish, but not act police-ish?

Your daddy so proud of you! Bet you dream of him slapping you on the back, saying: "That's ma boy!"

Robbing the Cradle

Other laws that don't apply, especkally to cops or those who are cop-like, is sex with a minor. (Siddown Bent, this one is not about you!).

Terry Morgan, married, and a cop, apparently likes his bed buddies YOUNG, very young! He took off with a girl who he had been messing with for over a year. She just turned *16 recently, I believe.

You all would know the details better than I do, so write in with any corrections. (***Correction:** She just turned 17. However, I do believe that this still is a violation of the *Mann Act* and is a felony. *Transporting a minor across State Lines for the purposes of sex*) Regardless, as a cop, he has proven he is a creep!

Apparently, he took off with her and her mother had no clue what had happened to her. Didn't know if she was in the water, dead, or what. She filed a missing persons report with the police. Three days later, she shows up. She had been with a po-lees-man, Terry Morgan to be exact, the whole time!

POP QUIZ

What happens to a man who is 37 years old who is running around with an underage girl?

- A. He is arrested
- B. He goes to Jail
- C. None of the above

Well probably A & B if it was someone without a badge...

Let's try that again:

What happens to Terry Morgan, A po-lees-man when he gets caught running off with an underage girl? Taking her across State lines (ever hear of the Mann Act you moron?) for sex and "shopping(?)"?

- A. We laugh it off, keep paying him and letting him be a cop.
- B. We slap him on the back and tell him "Way to go big fella!"
- C. We transfer him to another rez so that they can have their underage daughters at risk from his behaviors.
- D. All of the above

Well if you said "D" you got the answer right on this one. Oh yeah, Internal Affairs looking into this affair.

My question is: Why was that pedophile not arrested, fingerprinted, mug shot and have to throw bail like any other criminal would have to do? Is being a cop that special?

Apparently!

Like I said, feel free to write in any corrections to this sordid little tale. I'll be happy to post them!

There's a new character or two in town!

Not sure what is behind this one, but Oberon has two or more new characters running around. One is a farmer guy, and one is an old man, fake beard and all!

Wait, they are ALL Pete Hager! For some reason, he has taken to wearing disguises around town! Fake this and fake that, old man walk, cane and shuffle.. the works!

Or, while painting his bar he dresses up like some old farmer! No one had seen the theatrical side of him before, but now, more than ever, he is a character!

I wonder if he got lessons from Dorothy Comer? She can dress up like a pious old lady, grey wig, Mormon dress, old lady shoes, the works, when she has to go to court for anything. I thought she was an odd ball, but apparently, whatever mental deficit she has is either a shared twitch, or a contagious one!

I wonder who else will be shuffling around the Oh Oh Bar in disguise?

I figure Pete did not want to be recognized by anyone after that baby got killed

cuz his drunken mommy was too drunk to care. Maybe my reminding the good people of OH OH Town that their town council was adamant about not having law enforcement in the area of the Oh Oh Bar, could now mark up one dead baby on their side of the score card.

After all, what did they think would happen?

Ketchup

Well, busy here, I will try to keep up, but if I miss a day or two, don't think I have forgotten you all! Just a lot going on here and I can't always get to the computer to post this stuff.

Oh yeah, I know, a Yankton got pulled over at a traffic stop last Fry-Day, and he was fried! Had meth on him too.

Betcha they get all that reduced to nut tin' by court time. Record clean as a whistle!

I'll have more on that, and the other stuff (list is getting longer than Christmas!) when I get time to get all my work done again.

You all take care and be well!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

PS: Hey Brian! How's that shutting down the web site project of urine coming?

August 26, 2006

Possessed

Okay, looks like the Oh Oh Bar people feel sorry for the dead baby. They were busy planting flowers and sprucing the place up after that episode of the Blog. Sort of their way of both making the place look harmless, and sort of (without a whole pile of flowers and toys piling up) making a memorial to the little one that died! I say that should be the memorial spot and that people should leave candles, flowers, and tots toys along with messages to comfort the little spirit of that baby, right there, up against the wall of the Oh Oh Bar.

How better to remind those drunken morons that leaving a child in the car or driving drunk with a child in the car, can have consequences?

Both Karen Peterson (the supposed owner of the Oh Oh Bar, but we all know it is still Pete's and under his control and the proceeds from the contraband are his to keep) and the city auditor were out there planting posies! What a site to see!

And, of course, Pete in his silly, albeit theatrical disguises, strictly to draw attention to himself makes one wonder if he is possessed by the spirits of those who met their end because of that bar? Or, more to the right side of it, because he fears he will be busted and needs to hurry up and cultivate an insanity plea. "Not competent to stand trial," kind of thing.

Dispossessed

Perhaps, either way, stupid or insane, he does not belong on City Council?

Only a Few Shopping Days Left

According to the countdown clock at the top of the page, only a few more days until the anniversary of Eddie's murder. Time to lay in all those party supplies, eh boys and girls? Poopsie, you bring the plan, and remember, a tarp to contain all the blood this time; Roger, you go out and get drunk so you don't have anything to do with it. But, that didn't work last time; your brother got you out 6 hours early. Celeste, you bring the rock. We already have beer, lots of it, drugs, and the sedative that he would not take (didn't want to pass out and miss his own murder!), drugs, dope, Demus, you make sure that anyone that witnesses this knows to keep their mouth shut; Tony, you will be giving up your daughter in exchange for all that you can get in the future for your part in covering this up...

Yes, everyone is ready! Now, all of you, step into the Time Machine and go back to that weekend. Go back to where you were and how you were until just before you murdered Eddie.

Poopsie, you got the bat, right? Roger? Wake up Roger, you are part of this too!

I understand that you all think that the countdown clock means there will be a bust at the casino, the Blue Building, SMC (again), or at the Bingo or their homes. Could be anywhere. Could be!

Poopsie, carry an extra Man Diaper with you. You're gonna need it!

Next week will be more.

Heads up: September will be very active, October even more and I think November will yield some of the biggest "surprises" yet.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

August 27, 2006

Remember

Most of you will be reading this part sometime on or after Monday Morning. The Countdown Clock will have ticked off the last of Eddie's moments of life. I want you to think about what that must have been like for him.

I want you to think about, and some of you can remember, the struggle as he fought for his life while surrounded by those he thought were his friends, but who were beating, and stomping him into hamburger on the kitchen floor of Celeste Herman's house.

I want you to remember, those of you who were there, how Demus MacDonald put his finger to his lips to signal "Don't say anything!"

You who did nothing to save Eddie, nothing to prevent this and nothing to bring justice to his real killers. Remember it. Remember all of it.

The days ticked off, and the hit and run set up did not work. The Yanktons, with a lot of help from Pete Belgarde, Spencer Helleckson, and others, began to look at how they could frame the innocent for this, the most horrible murder in a series of murders they already had and were yet to commit in your community.

They did it so that no one would stand in their way as they dealt drugs of various poison, both mental and spiritual to your community. They did it so that they would not ever have to answer for the other murders. They did it so that they could kill again and again and not have to answer for it.

They did it so they could control all your lives in every way: From who gets a home, finances, assistance, clean water, employment, medical care.

They did it so they could use the Government money for themselves and no one can or would stop them.

They control the police, the drugs, and they and their family and friends get away with stealing, raping, molesting, embezzling, and murder.

No one looks, no one investigates... and even if they did, they would have nowhere to go.

That is why they did it, that is why your children are drunk, using drugs, dying young. Your future is dying. You can stop it. You can stand up.

But will you?

Those children who manage, despite the odds against them, to get a life without drugs or worse, those who manage to better themselves with an education, find there is no place for them in their own tribe, in their own community.

All the high paying jobs are given as payoffs to the unqualified, the uneducated and the unworthy.

THIS is your past and your present.

Only you can determine your future.

The clock is ticking. You have a lot of work to do. The first thing is to remove all of them from their positions of power and install people who are qualified by both education and character.

At the same time, you must demand more of yourself and your family to stay clean and sober.

You must demand that the same government that has supported this criminal syndicate with money and enforcers; the same government that has looked the other way while you have been robbed, molested, your children poisoned with drugs, abuse and neglect; your future drowning young... you must demand that they are all accountable.

We have much work to do and we must work together. We can do it. That is why they fear us.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 28, 2006

Stand up and be counted!

The petition on Lois goes in today! Stand up and be counted! Get her out of there NOW! Don't let Myra slam the doors early.

Once you get Lois out, someone else start the hard, but rewarding work of getting the rest of those criminals OUT!

Fitting, isn't it? Today, as the last hours tick off of Eddie's life clock, a petition would go in to begin undoing the harm caused by those who murdered him! Remove their allies, and they will fall hard!

~Cat

August 31, 2006

Canning

I know, I know, I have missed you too! It has been busy here, and contrary to the moron squad, I do have a life that does not involve the puter! I have the last of the canning to get done before winter. Ummm, love that home canned goodness!

I promise I will be back with a vengeance probably by monday or Tuesday at the very latest. Tons to catch you up on because even though I have not been here delivering all the goodies, goodies pile up on my desk none-the-less!

I do hear that Brian may have bent a few rules, changed a few rules and declared a lot of signatures on the Get Rid of Lois Leban Petition, disqualified.

Don't let that stop you! They are afraid of being held accountable.

So, go ahead, re-sign the petition and see if Lois resigns! Be watching for the time of the meeting. Ask around your area if you don't see it here.

You still need to do some canning of your own while I am busy in in my kitchen.

I'll be canning fruit and so can you! *Can Brian!*

Okay, next will be a new blog.

And thanks all you listeners of KABU! You made my day!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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