

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#19) Updated

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 NOTE: I reserve the right to NOT respond to whack jobs that waste my time.**

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

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

Welcome to the new web site for Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier!

This gives me more room to add more pages, photos, images, graphics, cartoons. Eventually, I can add more pages including a "string board" (Police Investigators will know what that is) which will show who's who in the Rez Zoo. There will be more features, more pages and a more comprehensive site in general.

All the pages are not yet hooked up, but as they fill out, I will post a note here and you can go and see for yourself.

New (2nd) Contact page is hooked up. You can find information on contacting the Parole Board to Free Richard, HERE

Texas Monthly Magazine has done a feature on this case. Read the October Issue, available at newsstands now. OR, go to the online version. Michael Hall went to the rez and saw for himself.

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October 30, 2006

Around the Pumpkin Patch

And, just so you all know, sometimes when I am not writing in this blog, I am working on a piece for it. Stuff comes in all the time. Documents show up and I have to figure out how I am going to use them or if I am going to save them for any upcoming media or investigation. And to answer the question from the far center of the pumpkin patch, it can take anywhere from 45 minutes to 3 hours for me to assemble a posting for the blog.

I hear there was a Wopida Ceremony at Little Hoop to honor Paul Yankton, Sr. whose Indian name means Little Hoop. Everyone, just about was there. Even the Turdclan showed up, however, this night was not about them. It was about honoring the Yanktons who have made contributions to the community, and done right by the people.

It was a big do! Speeches were made, gifts were given, smiles all around, except in the front row where the Turdclan huddled, ignored by all. Considering the amount of disgrace they have brought to a heretofore honorable family name, I think they should consider themselves fortunate to be able to sit in the same room and breathe the same air as the better side of the family!

Poopsie stomping around already today, feelings all hurt and all. Gee, can't a serial murder/rapist/bully/thief/embezzler get a break? Ahooo-Yaaahooo-ya! I guess they know now that the community can carry on, come together, and don't need to kowtow to that brood!

If not for Turdmother and the monsters she turned her children into, the Yankton name would shine everywhere. But for now, as it is now, remember Poopsie and his siblings, his mother and their drug dealing, raping off-spring as a separate entity from the Yankton Family. Hence, the name "Turdclan."

Everyone Is Related

And yes, that is very true, and in some cases "too true!". This is why so much goes on out there and people know it is wrong, but they feel they have to stand up for family, regardless of the crimes, small or horrific. Denial comes in handy. In fact, it is a reflex. We all do it.

Imagine someone coming up to you and telling you that your brother or sister was a sexual predator, murderer! Imagine your first reaction would be to slam the door.

Imagine later, little by little, you learned it was true? What would you do?

Touching on Residential School Points

**Nothing in-depth, but the topic can be researched by anyone interested in knowing more than what is only lightly touched upon here.*

And, considering the way Indians were so atrociously mistreated by both church and government for over 200 years, all that they had to survive, to get through, was family.

It is understandable as to how deeply ingrained this denial and protection of a criminal in the family can be. Not that people want criminals in their families (with the Turdclan being the exception), but because the thought of having government come in and take away a member of the family -- again, triggers old memories of government

coming and doing whatever they wanted to the Indians, taking them away from their families, and forcibly removing very young children from their homes and families and forcing them into residential schools, miles, hundreds or thousands of miles away from their families.

Forced to stay there, beaten if they spoke their own language or prayed to God in their own way; many were mistreated and abused and they had no recourse.

It would be years before they could return home; strangers in their own lands, their pain only grew, or dug in deep as they worked to survive; only to have their children ripped away from them and so on and so on...

So, you see, it is very understandable that the first instinct is to protect, shelter, conceal any criminal in the family because of the history of contact with government and the "laws", which were always different (and still are) for Indians.

This practice of forced abduction into Residential Schools and the abuses that followed was carried on even into the 1960's, in North America.

Indians were considered "non-persons". Remember: They had to be considered as less than nothing in order to justify the taking of lands by force and by deceit.

So, Indian way of life was in transition from the point of contact up until present times. Life had gone from having balance, and being able to work out conflicts to confronting an enemy that had no honor. And those with the power, trust me, had no honor.

Can you imagine, look around at your family, and imagine that you know it is coming, that knock at the door, or the door being kicked in, and police hauling away your sons or daughters, beating you until you let them go, and taking them to a place where their lives would be in jeopardy, their spirits broken until they "learned to be like anything except an Indian", imagine your children being ripped away from you and not allowed to relate to any of the teachings you had to share with them.

And then, when they were 15-18 years old, having them dumped back into your life, angry, bruised, confused, a stranger.

Imagine you knew from the minute they were born that was going to happen to them because it happened to you.

Can't do it, can ya? Most of us cannot. It is too horrible to imagine. And it happened in every tribe, everywhere, until too many of them became lawyers and sued the crap out of the Church and the Government and made it known that this practice had to be abolished.

Good people protested all along, but their voices were few. That did not stop them from decrying the outrages they knew were happening. But the practice stopped when the Indians were able to join in and defend themselves, speak up and be heard.

Wake of Destruction

The aftermath of Residential Schools, regardless of lawsuits or pitiful compensation, is the complete disjoining of families and communities. This slo-mo holocaust took its toll in lives ruined, generations past and still to come.

It was never about the money, mind you. I know survivors of Residential Schools in Canada and the US and

what it is about to them is acknowledging that a terrible wrong was perpetrated on each of them.

An apology from government and churches involved. That would have gone a long way. But, since so many who profited off the system of Residential Schools are long since dead, all that is left is to seek remuneration to help glue back the pieces of shattered self, identity, dignity, left in the wake of destruction.

This, more than anything, speaks of the resilience of spirit that lives in Indian Country. Unbreakable, surviving, even if not well, the atrocities of ignorance, greed and pure evil. Surviving to tell the story that they are still here. That they are still standing and that they are People and they count in this world.

The worst part of the destruction visited upon the Indian People, from what I have seen, is the way not only government destroyed the balance and freely ran over the Human Dignity as if it was a mud puddle, but the way they were able to turn their own against them.

It was, many times, the only way to survive for some. They were not the smartest, nor the strongest, but they were willing to be the abusers and government was willing to support them, enforce their will regardless of how many laws were broken to do it, just because even after all the many generations of abuse, indignities, corruption and mistreatment, Indians were still standing.

Old stories, old ways kept resurfacing, and the people held on to one another, even as they learned to not trust their own kind, Indians kept on standing up again. It was becoming too difficult to get people in government to do the work of following in the footsteps of the previous abuser.

The trauma was becoming too clearly written out and many could not stomach it. The government, after hearing complaints from their own people, were in fear of them "going native" and taking up on the side of right against their own government. It had happened in a few places, and it was happening more and more. Too risky for the government to be front line on this.

The government gave up, but they did it in a way that permanently keeps the people from getting too steady on their feet. They put into place a system of corruption, thuggery, murder and worst of all, apathy. They key in a few people that will do whatever it takes to stay in power and keep the rest of the community down. A government that is completely indifferent to what is really happening on the rez. (Research Pine Ridge to see how that turns out)

A government more in denial than any community I have ever seen. A government that has and continues to this day, to turn their back on the law, the people and the Human Side of this world.

Those who step out of line and speak up in that corrupt system are pounded down into a small place where no one can hear their voices. But even they are finding a way to work towards making us all Human Beings again.

Yes, there are some in government, as there has been all along, who are offended by what is being done in their name, and with their tax dollars.

Of course, they pay the price, and they have to look under their beds at night and their vehicles in the morning, but they are not entirely silent.

The Denial Mechanism Revisited

Now, you see how denial in some forms has allowed people to survive, as a group, a family, a community, when there was no other avenue for them to do so.

But it is time for Denial, both in the community and more so in government, to be let go of so that the healing can begin.

Time for families to look at bad behaviors among their kin and say: "That is unacceptable and you are accountable." Time for the molest, incest, addictions to be faced and healed before we lose the generation coming up. The one that is supposed to take care of us!

Healing doesn't always mean "Punish that bastard and put him away forever", healing has more to do with understanding on all sides as to how this came to be, and for each of us to make the adjustment in our self that will allow the changes overall to take shape and the healing to be permanent and ongoing.

But when it comes to murder and more murder, theft and deception, where a single family has repeatedly done great harm to the community, that family needs to be held to account by both the community and by the family members who carry the same name with dignity.

This thing is so complex, the families so intermingled, intertwined, everyone has a dog in this fight and everyone feels they need to protect their dog from the other dogs.

What if we stop making this a dogfight? Start making it a community standing up and declaring that it is not going to take it anymore? What if the community did this together? That is the only way it will happen. The only way it will work.

I sense it is starting to happen. Not from anything I have said to you, but from what I have heard from you all out there. Something is stirring, getting stronger, and louder. Respect is growing like the wild grasses, showing up everywhere.

You have survived everything done to you as a community, as a nation, as many nations. You are here, today, as living proof that you have a right to be here and no one can take that from you.

There has been a lot of damage done, generation after generation have felt the blows. It won't suddenly go away and everyone be fine. It is going to take a long time starting when it starts in each of us. Collectively, the proof is there: Indians don't go away. Their spirit is indomitable.

We cannot do this alone, any of us. "When Nations come together..." so it was said. That means we have to let go of racism, old grievances and any other luggage that is slowing us down, and come together, all of us, as nations. There is strength in that.

Imagine: Indians survived all they have survived. What can come if they actually all come together? Not as a war party, not as an uprising. But as a rising up of the spirit, a holding fast to dignity and self worth.

Hard to imagine, but we must if we are to end the tyranny that binds us all in ignorance, fear and misunderstanding.

Time to all of us, crawl out from under those blankets of denial and see what is really going on in Indian Country because it is being done in our name.

What is done to Indians in our name will be done to us by the same government. We make it possible by allowing it to continue. Sooner or later everyone gets to be the Indians. Hmmpf! I guess Assimilation worked after all!

Aaaa-Hooo-eyah! Coyote got us all!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

PS: *We will resume the current topical bloggery again, but I felt it was important that more people have an understanding of how things got so dysfunctional in the Reservation system, Government especially!*

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November 1, 2006

Dusting Off

Well, it looks like people are gaining more of an understanding of how it got this way and are asking for more of the back story on events and such that led us all to where we are today.

Trying to condense 200 and more years of history and abuse into a few paragraphs to convey where we all went wrong, who was wronged and how badly without it becoming a pity parade, ain't easy! Again, like I said before, we are just skimming the surface here and there is a whole lot of information out there, some more available than other parts, for those who want to research the topics more in-depth.

I hope the good people of Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake rez don't mind me putting their current events on the back burner for a little while we go into the dust of history and yank up some "under reported history". I promise we will get back to it, so keep them cards and letters coming.

I am late getting these out because sometimes, even I need a break from all of this!

Dysfunction as a Growth Industry

I just howl when I hear from the Moron Squadron "You just think you're so perfect!..." Because they don't like me pointing out the fact that their community is run by a government supported criminal syndicate, replete with incest, rapists, murderers as well as drug dealers, money launderers.

Gee, how perfect would one have to be to notice something this wrong? So caught up in their own addictions as a way of life they don't want anyone to mention the 1200 pound gorilla in the living room!

Think about it: If I or anyone else truly thought we were "perfect", we would have absolutely nothing more to accomplish in this life, in this world. Why would I or anyone else even care about those living under the tyranny of bad government in our own backyard?

Trust me, we all understand dysfunction because it is a growth industry in North America. We all come from some form of it and we all create some form of it. When it becomes criminal and chronic, people need to speak out.

People on the rez have nowhere to go to speak out, except for now, to me and this blog.

"Je-ree! Je-Ree! Je-Ree!"

Everything from Dr. Phil to Jerry Springer, rakes in piles of money dealing with mild to extreme dysfunctions available out there. Our society is so dysfunctional that it has become "entertainment"!

The do-it-yourself-ers have no less than 500 top titles on the bookstore shelf(ers) (*sorry, had to*) to cruise and peruse in their dabbling to explore their own dysfunctional family and relationships.

Some of these help, some exploit, all make money. It is a growth industry with no end to the dysfunction and destruction, no light at the end of the tunnel, in sight!.

Common to all these top shows and Best Seller lists is the conspicuous absence of anything relating to Indian Country and the issues, profound issues that reside therein and effect all of us, whether we realize it or not.

Does the lack of mention of these issues, methods or media coverage mean there is no dysfunction on the rez?

Hear, See, Speak No Evil

According to the government, especially The Justice Department, the lack of coverage of these matters, the lack of reporting on the ongoing criminal activity in Indian Country means "Four Bells and all is Welllllll!"

The truth is that the people with a grip on the tiller and their hands in the till have run this ship onto the rocks and The Justice Department has been watching it breaking up on the rocks in a sea of ignorance and apathy, all this time, waiting for it to self-destruct and be obliterated from the landscape of history.

Debris

We have all too easily been distracted by our own dysfunctions and too easily misled by those with greater dysfunctions and lesser values, to even realize that the root source of most of what ails us all is the hypocrisy of government.

A government too often swayed by corporate interests and too seldom concerned with the real issues and needs of citizens, both inside the invisible boundaries of Indian Country and outside thereof!

By the greater part of our people being distracted, overworked, under paid, inundated with marketing pressures and messages, skyrocketing debt; we find ourselves prematurely and constantly overwhelmed and exhausted.

We are too tired to look, listen, learn. Too busy chasing our own problems and dysfunctions and addictions to invest the time (we cannot spare) into looking into the heart of Indian Country and seeing what an ongoing policy of betrayal, deception and mistreatment has done to the nations within, and our nation as a whole.

Less aware are we to that which is being done, in our name, to those who live in Indian Country, is also being done, step-by-step, to all of us.

Drug trafficking, money laundering, child abuse and other crimes spill out into and gradually and greatly because

of the perpetual Blind Eye Syndrome, infect the neighboring communities and spread there from, to more distant burbs and metropias.

As long as these criminal operations, abuses and mistreatments are allowed safe haven and even government sanctioned, supported and enforced criminal operations within the invisible boundaries of Indian Country, no community is far enough removed that we can feel truly safe in our own homes, communities and families.

On another level, as obscene rulings are left to stand in Federal Courts where Indians are treated shamefully, by the very people and system that claim to protect us all; all of us are having our legal rights stripped from us in the midst of our chronic distraction of the debris of our own dysfunctions.

Eminent Domain, Habeas Corpus, Ex-parte, Right to an attorney during questioning; the right to see the evidence against us as well as any exculpatory evidence uncovered during an investigation; all things we thought we were protected by or from, already gone from us. Taken from us in Federal Court rulings in cases regarding Indians but affecting us all.

Any one of us could wake up tomorrow and find we are falsely accused of a crime, unable to properly defend ourselves in a court system stacked against us, leaving us stripped of our rights and due process.

We can find ourselves in Indian Country on Main Street, USA.

That debris floating and bumping into our tiny rowboats on the sea of apathy, can sink us all at any time.

Yet Another Water Analogy

(Forgive me, I should have ordered wetsuits for my readers before we got to this point, but I am on a roll now...)

So, while the government provides an undertow of corruption, nowhere greater than in Indian Country, we must endeavor to take a step back from our own distractions and dysfunctions and see what is coming towards us like an approaching Tsunami about to wash over the very foundation of our freedoms and set us all adrift, dog paddling to keep our heads above water but never able to see much further than the next paycheck, or the next meal.

The debris from the distant storms is now washing up on our shores, into our neighborhoods, as a cautionary tale telling us that doing nothing to help others leaves us all in harms way.

We have been side-stepping, stepping over it for so long, we can't remember when we first noticed and then ignored it. Worse, we can't really say when it was that we became afraid to step outside of our own houses.

Where To Start?

I say that we cannot fix anything until we fix our policies and practices towards Indian Country. We can't fix that until we become strong enough and willing to look at what has been done, in our name, funded by our tax dollars and enabled by our votes and our ignorance; the damage we have committed, and continue to allow, in Indian Country.

The Blanket of Denial covers more than Indian Country, it covers the nation as a WHOLE. It is up to each of us to do the work of saving ourselves by becoming aware of what is going on around us and what is being done in our name and with our money.

If we want to save ourselves we must work to save our children and their children. We must work together.

"When Nations come together..."

Do I think that I am perfect??? Yeah, riiiiight!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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November 4, 2006

Who Protects The Children?

This is so gross. Lemon Longie, the oldest half-brother to the Turdboys, the one who raped a six-year old little girl who is in a wheelchair, is free as a bird!

Yup, all charges dropped and he can do it again and again. I hear that Poopsie and the Dancing Poodle pulled every string possible to get the charges dropped. I guess they can feel right proud of themselves.

It was official on Tuesday that he was let out, but I had heard reports last Saturday that he was seen driving the road home, big ol' turd eatin' grin on his face.

I have to ask you all if this is okay with you. Are any of you who were reluctant to speak up before, ready to speak up now? Or are you waiting for it to get worse and come closer to your door? It will come, you can bet on it, because nothing is being done to stop it.

What's next? Chubby gets her child's birth certificate removed from official records so she can get off? You wouldn't think so, but then again, who would have thought that a rape this horrible would render Lemon a free man to laugh at the law and you all.

People ask me: "Why don't they just report this stuff to the FBI?" I got tired of explaining the unread history of Indians to them and that was why I posted those other pieces recently: To explain how the government has no honor, the Justice Department has no honor when it comes to dealing with Indian People in Indian Country.

People I hear from are now starting to understand more of the dynamic of this dysfunction and how it got to be this way. How there is nowhere to turn and no one to trust.

We all know that now. So if you want things to get better out there, you have to find a way to come together and do it. You have the numbers, you just have to find the way to rid yourselves of this evil that pervades your lives and puts every child at risk.

Leaving that family and their relatives and best buddies in control of everything, every dime, every job, every service, and even controlling what the FBI hears or does not hear from you is sickening to your community.

I hear that you won't go to the meetings and such because you think it won't do any good. They just ignore you and do what they want. That may be true, but you show up in numbers, you all there and you all hear and see the same thing, and you can decide better from that point on.

You not going to the meetings makes it easier on them. They don't have to look you in the eye, hear your grumbling. Oh, and they play the victim when you don't show up: They say that they are the only ones who care or do any work for the community and they are not appreciated near enough!

Lemon is free to walk among you, and the Turdclan is laughing at you because they can do whatever they want.

Gee, anyone want to guess as to who his new P.O. is now?

Better read up on Pine Ridge and how it went out there. You are being set up for the same thing where you are. I say, get pro-active and make them hear you by just not shutting up.

Then again, maybe you have a better idea. Perhaps you think it will all change after they get old and die?

Janitors Needed In The Justice Department

I am sure it is someone hand-picked by Poopsie himself. You know, the Justice Department relies on that serial killer to tell them he has you all under control.

You'd think they would want to uphold their image of protecting children from predators, and if you all were any other variety than Indian, they would! Somehow, being Indian means you, your children, just a joke to them. Poopsie has Bobo trained real well! He can't see drug dealers and he ignores babies murdered, or being raped. I wonder if he laughs with them lately? Or if he is starting to stare into the abyss?

The Justice Department reads this blog every day. I wonder how they feel about their colleague? I wonder if they are really proud of the whole organization or just their little corner of it? I wonder if they feel impotent and unable to make that dirty little corner clean up? I wonder if they are afraid that if they ask too many questions, look too close, they will be in career hell?

Selling Out

I hear Kalum has done too much of his own meth and is now pretty well drowning in his paranoia. He is selling off all his stuff, including his dog! Where does he think he will go with all that money?

He thinks that his room mate stole his stash and now he can't trust him. If I were his room mate, I would make out my will now! We know how Kalum and the rest of the Turdclan deal with perceived threats to their comfort level. We have seen it over and over again: Alfred Littlewind, Eddie Peltier, Merle Thumb, Sam Jackson, Mike Meade (?)

Yeah, I put Mike's name there because no one has been able to answer the question for me as to why Kalum was threatening so many people to keep their mouth shut the day after the party. Mike's body wasn't found until almost two weeks later! Hmmm? Maybe Kalum is psychic? Maybe somehow he just knew?

That's okay. Water over the car, as they say around Spirit Lake rez. So many of Mike's friends continue to party with Kalum, Trevor and the rest of them. I guess what matters is who has the drugs and who can get away with murder, eh?

I wonder why Bobo the Dancing Poodle has never investigated one single murder out there? And how, with all those law enforcement agencies working on that HUGE drug bust, did they only net the smallest fish in the pond? How did Bobo manage to keep Kalum and the rest of them out of the line of fire?

You don't suppose that everyone on the rez knows that Kalum is a drug dealer, except for Bobo?

Kind of makes the FBI not look all that bright. Then again, when it comes to Indian Country, the dumber the better, eh boys? Looks like Bobo will have a lifetime assignment, just like Spencer Hellekson did.

Party Planners

Ah! Looks like Petesky and the Turdboys are kissing and making up! All is forgiven! In fact, Pete, I hear that just to show you there are no hard feelings or paranoid thoughts about what you might do next or what you might say, that the boys are planning to send you on a trip!

Pack light, you won't be coming back. This time they want it to happen out of town. Eat, drink and be Mary (that dress will look great on you!) for tomorrow...

And, if you think they won't do it to you, remember: They invited Eddie over for a party just to prove that they were all still friends... and you know what happened at that party.

The party they are planning for you will have the same outcome.

Maybe they will let the perv Brian have a run at you first, just for entertainment sake! Wonder how much that video will sell for!

Oh, pshaw! That's just speculation on my part. Don't you give it another minute's thought! You know me, I'm just joshin' ya!

Or???

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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November 6, 2006

Dance of the Sugar Plum Faerie's

Christmas not that far off, everyone make up you list for Santa?

Here's a real nutcracker for you:

Brian Pearson, the rapist, hangs out at Web's Bar these days. It looks like the people at Web's think that a man

who drugs and rapes other men is really a celebrity! The flock around him, hoping some of that magical faerie dust will rub off on them too!

My question is: How much brain damage, collectively, is served at Web's? I would have thought you'd all be a little pickier than that, but looks like I would be wrong, eh?

Belated Halloween Haunting

Well, looks like that little slip up by Pete Hager, the one where he shouted at Beasley Stensland at the Town Council meeting (which was being video taped, btw) and accused her of being at that party at Celeste Herman's house where they murdered Eddie Peltier, could come back to haunt him. And, of course, the Turdclan.

You see, Pete testified under oath at the trial that for a fact the party was at Bernice Juarez's place. Well, I guess that lie got lost and the truth came blurring out of his mouth as he was trying so hard to tell another lie.

Only man I have ever seen trip over his own tongue so many times in so many ways!

Don't Say a Word!

You remember the trailers for that movie starring Michael Douglas, *"Don't Say a Word!"* where that goofy woman says: *"I'll ne-ver tellll!"* over and over again while she is drawing with her finger in mid air? I don't know why that comes to mind on this one, but read on, and you might hear that hoarse whisperer in your mind's eye too. (I apologize for mixing metaphors without a license).

Mollie MacDonald is Lemon Longie's Parole Officer these days, so I am told. Perfect! That makes her accountable for any criminal actions on his part. She is aware that he is a registered sex-offender, living with a woman that has young children, one of whom is age 6, in a wheelchair, another is 14 year old female who has complained that he got her drunk and drugged her and then molested her.

So, golly Molly, what are you gonna do? I think The Good People of Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake should ask you about that every day.

You could do what your daddy did while the Turdbrothers were stomping Eddie to Death in the kitchen: He put his fingers to his lips and warned others in the room to "keep their mouths shut!".

Yup, your family is real big on keeping secrets. Bet you are an Ace at it too! Let me guess: You can find no reason to breach Lemon's probation/parole? Everything look good to you?

"I'll ne-ver tellll!"

Just Another Indian Mystery Spot

Some of you scratching your heads trying to figure out how someone as Straight Arrow as Chuck Trottier can be fooled into allowing the Turdbrothers and their inbred kin to pass drug tests? Is he really that stupid? Or is he really not the Straight Arrow you think he is?

Well, both, actually. He is probably the last man on the rez to learn that his charming wife has and still does, perform bed buddy duties with the Turdbrothers. It gets her and him, all those juicy contracts, and special treatment the minute she walks into the casino. ("There's a machine over there that someone has left some plays

on!" the "guard" tells her.) Yes, that is illegal, but who's counting?

I wonder if anyone has told him about how Mary and Jeannie Charbonneau were buddies at the time of the murder and how, when Beasley was going to come forward and recant her bogus testimony, the two of them kept trying to get her to change her mind.

So, "ladies" how did that work out for you back in the day? Jeannie slept with one Turdling and you slept with the other? You flip coins in advance so there would be no territorial incursions? How embarrassing that would have been, eh?

Don't worry, I won't mention a word of this to Chuckles. (There! Hear that hoarse whisperer again!)

Chuckles likes to live in a pretend world. Tell him you think he is "A Hero Cop" (retired), he just eats that up like dark brown pudding! I do know that where these drug tests take place is just another Indian Mystery Spot where things can change into good results with the right incentives. Admission to the Mystery Spot, so I am told, is \$50.

Can't Dance

Chuckles had Melvin Grey Bear fooled for years. But Melvin caught on, albeit late in the game. So, Chuckles, that Black Road catching up to you I hear! Melvin not around to clean up your spiritual messes any longer. How's that working out for you?

You know what you have to do! I know, you are weak and cowardly, but don't let that stop you from doing the right thing. I mean, that is your very last shot at redemption on this path.

And you know what the consequences are.

Oh, what's that other movie where one guy says something to another guy and the other guys says: "Might as well. Can't dance."

I think it is an old Elvis movie or something. Anywho, that is what comes to mind when I think of you these days: "Can't dance."

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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November 10, 2006

Ketchup

Yes, do keep those cards and letters coming! In the process of entirely revamping my office, need a little elbow room here and have to upgrade the filing system now that I am up to 600 letters every month!

I will just touch on some of these topics and as more information comes in a can be verified, as much as someone in my position can verify, I will add to them in later blog-a-thons.

Pig Party

That is what they are called in some parts of the country. Young girls show up, get some booze, and some "free" drugs and then perform sex acts with numerous boys and young men. Occasionally, with older, uglier males.

These young ladies allow their bodies to be used as toilets just so they can feel they are "accepted" by their "peers". Protection is seldom used, ironically because these oh-so-manly males are too embarrassed to go to the pharmacy and purchase "c-c-c-con-con-condoms" But they are all man at these parties!

The parties are meant to demean the females in every way, but think about it: Who can participate, watch or attend without degrading themselves?

Some of these girls are as young as 12.

It was one of these parties last Sunday on the rez that is of interest in this posting. Not only is HIV/AIDS spreading at these parties, so is Hep A, B & C, syphilis and the clap. New cases of genital warts are appearing at the clinic every month. Consider them all as "Party Favors", from the Pigs at those parties.

Yes, this is going on in the best neighborhoods in America as well. But those kids have access to the best medical treatment available and they are less intimidated about going to the doctors and they have really good insurance.

On the rez, it is different. Very different.

If anyone needed a sign that the young on the rez have the lowest self-esteem possible, I would say that these parties, which are frequent, are a real clue.

I blame low self-esteem on many things. Primarily on the absent parenting. Parents who ignore their kids, or who are too busy with their own addictions, be it drugs, alcohol or Bingo or other gambling addictions are absent by addiction.

Kids raise themselves and learn the worst methods of survival and acceptance.

Worse, when signals show up that a kid is in deep trouble, the parents and the family usually work not to help get that one on the right road, but rather to firmly entrench themselves in denial. "It was just a little pot he was busted with at the hotel room with his 2 year old daughter in the room." As if that makes it NOT a problem???

The message becomes clearer and clearer: Be good and grow up right and you are ignored. Break the law, get into addictions and your family will surround you like a fort and protect you from the consequences. They will defy anyone that tries to break their chain of denial. You are safe at last and they must care, right?

Worse, children who are victimized by sexual predators are given no protection and are condemned for speaking out. The predators are protected by the same denial mechanism.

Lemon Longie is a prime example of that. He now again has full unsupervised access to the little 6 year old girl he was raping. A girl who is in a wheelchair and cannot defend herself and now is not heard by anyone, not

protected from this horror.

The young in your community suffer for this. They think only of the moment and not of the future. They allow themselves to be used like toilet paper and discarded like garbage. They see how it works out there. It has an affect on their self-esteem.

Cry Rape

Although rape is treated like a joke out there, and the victims have nowhere to turn and in fact, if the rapist is a member of the Turdclan, they can expect that they will be laughed at if they try to press charges, things are different if the one crying rape is a member of the Turdclan.

I am told that a young lady who attended the Pig Party on Sunday, and who was being ignored for the most part because no one wanted to mess with her because she is a member of the Turdclan, despite all her attention seeking actions and teases, finally got a taker. She got the one she "wanted" so it is said.

But he was not interested in a long term thing, which to the youth out there is more than a week, he just wanted what she was offering for the moment.

I guess this made her angry. Hard to say. She got home about 6 AM and was in trouble for not coming home sooner. So, immediately it was "Boo Hoo, I was RAPED!!!" (Get this straight: I think that anyone that attends these parties is 'raped' and that the person who puts it on is guilty of varying degrees of rape).

By 9 AM, to everyone's amazement, the FBI showed up (all of them) to "investigate"!!! So, if you are a member of the Turdclan, and you say you are raped, regardless of true or not, you will be listened to! Everyone else, especially 6 year old children in wheelchairs, go jump in the lake, right?

My question to Bent on this one is "Now, which master do you serve?" The Turdclan has you by the snowballs on this one. And since the one being accused of rape is your relative, how do you justify your loyalties now? I mean, before it was easy: Poopsie told you he had evidence of a crime on this or that family member and that he would keep it from being looked into, and "now you owe me," .. one of those debts that is never paid, btw. And this is the second time one of your family has been set up by them to take a serious fall.

Yes, he can make it go away again, he has the power to do that. But you will owe him more. I say, Bent, you need to go to the Spirit Bank and take out a loan. Borrow some so you can stand up like a man.

That twitch is getting worse for a reason you know. It is the mark upon you. It won't go away until you do the right thing.

We All Grieve Differently

When James Yankton, Sr. passed away after years of being an invalid and being cared for by his elderly wife of 25 years, Pearl, it was a sad time for all. Pearl attended the funeral in her wheelchair and the Turdboys tried to snuggle up to her, but she brushed them off. She doesn't need any of that sticky evil rubbing off on her!

The Turdboys grieve in their own way. They had ignored their father in his later years, never lifted a finger to help him nor to contribute to his care.

But now, NOW they really miss him! And to prove it, they are seeking to have his marriage to Pearl annulled so that they can take all the land that is rightfully hers.

What is it with Turdboys and people in wheelchairs?

Phony Phax

Not sure what to call this document. It is on BIA Stationery and meant to look like a voluntary statement by Terry Dunn against his own family in order to get him off with a lighter sentence for being a felon in possession of a firearm.

However, so much of it is so steeply inaccurate, not to mention that Terry doesn't talk like that nor would he make statements like that against his own family, even if it were true! Terry is tough as nails and you would have to kill him in order to move his mouth to say things like that!

Besides, one of the statements about Dustin Dunn being a big time meth dealer is just plain stupid. For those of you who don't know, Dustin has been battling Lupus for more than a year. Most of his time is spent in the hospital or laid up, swollen up, unable to run around dealing meth, the way this statement would lead you to believe.

And saying that Terry would not remember Carmen Longie's last name (I think he has one or two kids by her) is really stupid. Yes, Carmen Longie is a meth dealer, but that is the only thing I read in this phoned up document that was even near accurate.

Carmen is best buddies with James Wang and he gets her off of any charges and prevents investigations into her activities from being carried out. "My Jimmy will fix this," she is heard to say. Well, he has made some DUIs go away for her. And he is wound real tight with Pete Hager and so is Carmen, so it could be that this is just the beginning of what Poopsie is planning to bring down the Oh Oh Bar, Pete, Carmen and the rest of them while making it look like it is coming from the mouth of someone else.

Poopsie was real big on phonying up police reports and "witness" statements back during the investigations into the murders he and his Turdlings (siblings) committed.

Now that I think of it, this looks very much like those documents.

So, if you want to know who is really behind this, I think you know where to look. You can smell him coming these days, that cologne hardly disguises the raunch of a full diaper.

Black Road Medicine

Chuckles, you need to rethink your behaviors on this one. No one is putting bad medicine on you and you KNOW I would never (could never) do such a thing to you or anyone else. The problems you are having, the ones which you are asking for Poopsie's help on, are ones you brought to yourself.

So, every time you ask for Black Road Medicine to keep your enemies away and hurt them, you are actually, whether you realize it or not, praying against and using Black Road Medicine against yourself!

That is why the problems keep coming back. You are calling them!

You know what you have to do to turn this around. This is just the beginning and it will get worse. Mary won't help you. She gave your hair to Roger.

You met me, you know me. I met you and I know you. These lies you tell won't help you. The Black Road you are walking is what is hurting you.

Melvin can't help you now. No one can because you are the one working against yourself.

Filing, Sorting

So, I am back at the office revamp and the other work that I have to do around here. Do keep them emails and letters coming! I know there are topics I have not posted that are of interest to you all, but be patient with me and they will show up.

It is my theory that when the new filing system is put in place and the new office system is completed, that it will be easier to put more in-depth information on a more regular basis again. There is so much going on out there.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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November 11, 2006

Caught on Camera!

Well, well, well! Looks like Petesky's finger puppets, fueled by early morning binge drinking, decided to head out to Loretta Stensland's home and threaten her!

Yup, 11 AM, reeking of beer, having come straight from the Oh Oh Bar and on orders from Pete Hager, via Cheryl Logan (Karen Peterson's sister) was tending bar this morning... anyway, they went over to Loretta's house to threaten her and to thump her mellon!

One of the two fine young morons who did this was Jennifer Strauss (who lives in perpetual envy of Loretta's daughter, Patty for some reason) and the other was not known to Loretta.

Anywho, Moron #1 (Jennifer) comes pushing her way into Loretta's kitchen and then Moron #2 pushes in her door and the two of them stand there, threatening to beat the crap out of a 62-years old woman!

How brave is that? Two 20 somethings (and truly, hard to find a term that would describe this level of stupidity) show up in their car (a moss green, never mind, I am sure the plates show up on the video which is on its way here now-- so don't bother looking for it!), they are drunk!

Conversation, aside from warning Loretta, whom apparently they think is me, turned weirder and stranger!

When Loretta asked them how stupid it was for them to head directly into the possibility of surveilled premises like that Finger Puppet#1 pipes up with:

"Don't be writing anything about Pete in that Blog!" (???) and then adds, and this only makes sense if you

understand that she wrote to me once pretending, of all things, to be Patty, her idol of envy; "...and that wasn't me that wrote in that blog. That wasn't me."

I told Loretta that it had to be her because it never got blogged what she wrote to me and what I wrote back and how I knew it was Jennifer. So, the only person who would know about that letter or incident would be the person that wrote the letter, threatening me! Duh-Uh! (*slide whistle, crash, shattered glass).

And then FP #2, after she gets a good look at Loretta, who is a celebrity in the region and well known in the halls of Country Western Singers, pipes up with: "I know you! You came to our school and played for us when we were little kids!" (*Boing!)

After flubbing this threat and intimidation session big time, the two jumped into the car and roared off the property -- straight back to the Oh Oh Bar!

Loretta dialed 911 and reported it. "No use phoning Benson County Sheriff as they ID the call and ignore us. They refuse to show up on any emergency call, so I called 911 in Devil's Lake and they said they would dispatch someone from Benson County Sheriff's Office right away --- which of course, has not happened." Says Loretta.

Mitzel, even in the last days of his corrupt hold on the Sheriff's office, is still not willing to even pretend to be working for anyone other than Pete Hager. By the way, Deputy Dawg is still not able to dig himself out from under the landslide vote for the other guy which buried him in his bid to become the next Ned Mitzel!

A real sheriff is coming to town. A lot of people around the Oh Oh Bar and in Turdclan's operations are very nervous now.

Anywho, just so everyone knows, Loretta wants her name on this and the finger points directly at Jennifer Strauss and her buddy if anything whatsoever happens to Loretta or her property.

That is just what Petesky wanted: Someone else to be the first focus of any investigation into anything that he does.

Now, Jennifer, in order to keep you from defending yourself, he will have to find a way to seriously discredit both you and the other bimbo who went on this mission, or remove you permanently so you can't rat him and Karen out.

How dumb was that?

Film at 11.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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November 13, 2006

Message from Terry Dunn

Terry wants it to be known that he has not given any incriminating information to any authorities about drug activity on the reservation. He says the bogus interview reports flying around Fort Totten are a transparent effort by Donovan Wind to divide the Dunns and to try to apply pressure on him. "They're setting me up," he said. "Donovan Wind is using me. He's trying to use my name to bust these people." Specifically, Terry denies saying anything whatsoever about his son Dustin. That allegation in the clumsy forgery should be ridiculous on its face, he said. "He's trying to use me to turn us against each other," he said.

~ Anonymous

So, Donovan Wind, you're busting these guys based on info you got from the Turdclan as they attempt to have you weed out those they consider a threat. Be a man, Donovan, stop hiding behind a guy who had nothing to do with it.

It was a really trashy forgery. Looked like one of Poopsie's old masterpieces!

Santa is watching and so are a lot of other people.

-And, before I go, Happy Hula Days to my good friends in Hawaii!!!

-More on the "hire a hitman from Vegas" information in upcoming blogs.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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November 14, 2006

Fire This Time

More tragic news regarding a young child related to the Turdclan. Brenda Jackson, who is the live-in cousin/common-law wife to Weenie Boy lost her 3 year old grandchild to a fire over the weekend. Bobbie Littleghost is the mother and she was drunk, passed out with a cigarette burning and this caused the fire, killing her own child. Her sister is in the hospital out of town in really bad condition from burns she received in her heroic efforts to save the two children. She managed to save one child, but the little one that died was beyond her efforts.

This 3-year old who perished is the great granddaughter of Helena Littleghost, who is the sister to Turdmother.

Prayers for the woman who risked her life to save those children, that she will be able to recover from this ordeal by fire. Should she pass because of this, pray that the Grandfathers welcome her for her courage and her love.

"Bad things gonna happen. A lot of people gonna suffer.."

I ask again: are you ready to stand up? If not, the question becomes: "Who's next?"

Eliminating Threats

For some reason, for the past 4 years or so, the Turdclan has viewed Terry Dunn as a major threat. More on the ego side than anything else. Terry has on more than one occasion, not only stood up to the bully boys, but has kicked their butts!

Bruised egos in the Turdclan are the war cry that set them on the path to murder most of the time. When Roger pulled up to Terry's driveway one winter a few years ago, and pulled out his rifle and took a few shots, more than one of which literally whizzed by Terry's ear, I posted the first warning on the old website about the plan to kill him.

But, now they need your help to do this. They need for you, especially those who are involved in the drug trade out there, to think that Terry is the one narcking you all out and making the investigators bust you.

Donovan wind phoned up a Prisoner Statement form and has been circulating it all over the area.

What he hopes to accomplish with this is to be able to divide Terry's family against him by false claims of them dealing drugs, and he also wants to be able to bust up those who are involved in the drug and money laundering run by Pete Hager.

That is why he mentioned Carmen Longie in that phony bologna document. He left out her last name, but who among us could not figure it out? He was hoping for some wiggle room with her because her operation is more protected by James Wang (yes, the same State Attorney who ran unopposed in the recent elections!) than is Pete Hager's part of the operation.

Yes, he protects them both, but frankly Petesky, you don't have the right plumbing to make it more important to watch over you!

By framing Terry Dunn, who is currently in a halfway house and cannot be there to set the record straight, Donovan also creates a threat to Terry's safety and when a member of the Turdclan shows up with a bullet to give him next time, suspicion will turn towards those named in that phony statement and not towards the Turdclan.

High Fives all around on that one! Brilliant! Except that it is so stupid, and no one who has ever spoken to Terry would believe it for a second.

By eliminating all these birds with one phony, it gives the Turdclan more control over the drug trade, money laundering by eliminating those who would be competition; and it obfuscates any investigation into the threats or assaults or even murder of Terry Dunn in the future!

Except that people are wise to it now. And more are getting wiser.

So, Donovan, what is your next stupid move? Clearly, you are the one doing this. And, clearly you are doing this for the Turdclan.

Did you hear? They lost another child at the hands of a drunken mother in that family. I guess they have not yet learned. Each time it gets worse, both for their family and for those who support them and do their bidding.

Got any little ones Donovan? Better love them now, because you never know which one is next or how horrible it will be.

(And you all thought that Chubby killing her baby while driving drunk was as bad as it could get??)

Love Is In The Air-plane!

Mark Lufkin is smitten these days! He has a yummy girlfriend and he takes her everywhere with him, even flying her First Class to an all expensive paid trip to Las Vegas! He is there with her now! Maybe you want to be at the airport to greet them when they return?

Afterall, it is the Tribe's money that they are spending this way! Yup, the money that is not available for housing, medical or children is readily available by the bucket load to the Tribal Council and their bed buddies!

First Class! Wow!

Doing the Dirty Work

I would like to know more about this guy named Brown that works in the Casino and who is also in Vegas now. Why does he need a photo of Loretta Stensland?

I hope the Hit man they hire gives them a group rate! He has to take out a whole lot of people before the Turdclan will feel safe again! So, Brown, whoever you are, think it might come back to bite you on the ass if anything happens to certain people?

You know the Turdboys will sell you out in a flash just to keep themselves out of range. They might even tell the hit man that you are talking to the authorities and he will have to eliminate you as a threat too!

When will people learn? When you do the dirty work for the Turdclan, you are the one with the stink on you and they trade you in for their free walk.

They are even going to say that you stole the money from the casino! And they have tape to prove it, already. You have been set up as you make the set up. Dumb bastard.

Poopsie installs himself as lead investigator anytime there is an investigation. He claims that he is running "surveillance" and "sting operations" when he has to answer for his dirty hands.

FBI so stupid they always fall for that one! He laughs his diapered ass off because the exact same thing works every time! He has made absolute fools out of what is supposed to be the most elite law enforcement agency in the country.

Now they are so humiliated by it that they feel they have to protect him in order to keep anyone from learning the truth about the stupidity and corruption in their own ranks and in the Halls of Justice as pertains to Indian Country.

Ultimately, it is the FBI that does the dirtiest work for the Turdclan.

Think they might get tired of it, wouldn't ya?

I hear that Coyote Howling. I have to go now! Ahooooo-Wah!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

Let's Clarify

Okay, There are two(?) Dustin Dunns. I did not know that Terry had a son named Dustin. I am not saying Terry is innocent or that his kids are drug free. I am saying that Terry did not write that statement that is going around.

Think about it: Why would the cops need that from him? They already know who the drug dealers are on the rez. It is fairly open-air and obvious. The most obvious being Kalum Yankton. But they seem to be in a "fog" when it comes to him.

Out comes this phony document and it doesn't make sense. And it is not "true" in that it is purported to be from Terry Dunn when it clearly is NOT.

Whether Terry or anyone in his family does or sells drugs is not the question here: The question is that Donovan Wind, a coward and a bully, wants to remove Terry Dunn from the community and to have others do it for him, preferably by violence.

Donovan Wind doesn't protect the people from criminal activity, he protects the Drug dealers and their like from investigation. Certain drug dealers, the small timers are taken down while the big ones, thanks to having Dono clear out the competition, thrive with impunity!

Hard to cheer on the boys in blue when you realize they don't work for you. They work for Kalum and the bigger fish. Get all the drugs off the rez? Even the little guys? Absolutely! But do it like a man! Don't phony up a document and say someone else said it. And, go after the bigger fish, the most obvious fish. Just busting the little guys, the competition to the bigger guys is a joke.

Carmen Longie

I am told that the woman who goes by the name Carmen Longie is better known as Carmen Hager. Okay, that makes even more sense. I told you Petesky, they are after you!

Playing With Fire

This is really low. I hear that Bobbie Lou, who was drunk and passed out on the couch when the fire started is now claiming that the little girl, the one who woke her up to tell her the house was on fire, was playing with matches and she started the fire!

Probably not true. Kids, when they play with matches, which is not as common as people would have you think, (*Every time there is a fire and there is a child in the house, someone tries to say it was "children playing with matches." Usually, it is electrical or some drunk adult with a cigarette.) And, if a child is playing with matches, they usually go do it where they won't be spotted, such as in their room, or off in a corner.

Really bizarre that Bobbie Lou would just so happen to be passed out on the couch that caught fire and blame it on the child that woke her up and probably saved her life! Definitely sounds like a Turdclanner to me! Yup, and comes from Turdmother's side of the patch!

Blaming the child??? Especially the one that saved your life??? Your OWN child???

I guess we all grieve differently. The Turdclan likes to blame others, annul marriages that went on for 25 years just so they can steal the land from a widow.

I would ask the question: "How much lower can they stoop?" but I am afraid of the answer.

Also, what is coming next, because people are not learning to stand up to the evil in their community, because people want to get angry over what is said in here rather than sign a petition, or go vote out the slime that rules their community, because of the cowardice and the misdirected anger, I fear that the next message will be one that no one in the community can miss.

It's going to be so bad it will bring people to their knees. It will gut punch everyone out there with grief. Pray now, find your courage now. Do the right thing NOW.

You are playing with fire if you think it can't get worse.

Now, anymore corrections? Clarifications?

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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