

September 19, 2008
Local News

Got to love the small town presses. They can have tons of fun in them. Reading over last months events in O'Town, came across this little ditty:

A small entry, probably slipped in without the City Council approval, by the new bookkeeper for O'Town. She took over from Ruth Buehler, who could never seem to bring the books to city meetings, (she kept them at home, no less) and would never let anyone look at them.

Well, she got replaced about 8 mos or so ago (I forget), when the City Council hired a new bookkeeper. I guess the State was actually knocking on the door and wanting to know where funds were going? Anyhow, the new bookkeeper probably realizes by now that she is being set up as the fall guy. Ruth and her kids, who help her, apparently, "write the books", holed up in Ruth's house for over a month while the books were being 'worked on' before the hand off.

All highly irregular, mind you. Probably illegal as well. But since having a FIRE was out (I had blogged that would be their remedy for books that were already over-cooked; and that the problems would follow with the books being illegally stored... so they just 'fixed them.'

New Bookkeeper running into problems? Probably. She slipped this little item into the minutes posted in the August Benson County Press:

"There is a skip in the check count for Oberon City Account. stopped 8890 and started 9010."

That, in case you didn't catch it, means that someone has taken 20 checks from the City Account. Now, why would someone do that?

Oh, look here! What is on the page, actually facing that little entry? Why it is a little piece written by Ruth Buehler, regarding her recent vacation with a buddy! Wow! Looks like they had fun! Bet that cost a pretty penny. Wonder if... Nawww! (*Nods head yes).

*"Ruth Buehler & Anne Nelson Gallivanting last week" (They had pictures.)
"Went to Medora (Badlands) took in a musical at the Burning Hills Amphitheater.*

*Enjoyed Breakfast at Eagle's Ridge B& B
Friday... then stopped at the casino 4 Bears on the way home. "*

Wow, that sounds like so much fun! How many checks are left now? And where will they be spent? Well, I'm sure we can rely on Ruth Buehler to tell us herself!

Cheez Whiz Wang

I don't know if it is the same in North Dakota as it is just about everywhere else, but I thought James Wang was the State Attorney. Yes? No? Still? Not anymore?

The reason I am asking is because he advertises his services as a private lawyer-- Again, in the Benson County Press. Wouldn't that be a violation? Put him into a conflict of interest?

Tourist Traction

An adventurous Gentleman toured through SLN on his bike. You have to scroll down in his blog to see what he wrote about Spirit Lake what are they doing with the money?

He talks about riding through here and there, stopping in at the casino, winning a couple hundred \$\$ and then looking around and seeing how crappy the homes are, the roads, and he wonders what they are doing with all the money from the casino. That perhaps they should apply some of the profits to the community.

Gee, sound familiar? Let me guess: You think HE is cat west?

Chasing Cats

Back to O'Town, just for a minute. (Have you found those missing checks yet?).

I think last time I talked about Crazy Karen, it was her incident with the shovel, the car window and some injured drunk... (sitting in his car, the window broken, by the shovel, she was holding, up by the school...) yes, that Karen.

Well, she's more off the rails now, than she was then.

Karen Peterson, Petesky's main squeeze, the one who faked cancer three times (at least. Maybe more) to get sympathy and fraudulently collect funds (and then bragged out loud, how she never had cancer...) anywho, that Karen, wants to sue Loretta Stensland. I tried to find out why, as the two do not have any business dealings together, from what I could see.

Well, apparently, it is just her 'crazy talk' (which she goes into rather frequently these days--full moon notwithstanding) where she just sparks up, be it in the bar, out shopping, or around her own kitchen (what is that smell???) that she still thinks that Loretta Stensland is me! Or vice-versa.

Okay, for all the Karens out there, for all the crazy talking, don't-make-sense-rant-and-rave-fakes-cancer types that are rolling around on loose nuts out there: You can find all the photos and some surveillance footage of me if you go and ask Poopsie for it. I am sure, Karen, you can trade him something he really likes.

Poopsie went to a lot of trouble (so I am told) to get those photos and that tape of me, walking around. He has one up for a dart target, but his arms are so fat, he can't throw the darts right. They arc out to the side. Maybe he will let you have that one.

Also, the other woman in the area who just happens to have the same name as me, is also NOT me.

Clearly, the name is as common now as it was when I got it.

So, Karen, and any other totally insane, incredibly stupid people out there (you may or may not know who you are), save yourself the spinning, spitting and getting your hair caught in the toilet seat madness, and just go talk to Poopsie. See the picture. (Jealous?) and calm down.

Oh, and whoever is phoning the other Cat West, really dumb. You have no idea how dumb, but you will find out.

Jackie Blackbird Saga Continues

Okay, what I have so far on that is this: Jackie had wanted a position and she didn't get it. It was given to a friend of the Turdlings, doubtless less qualified. They did, however, want her to stay on and continue doing the work, just not get paid for it.

Now, of course, they have no one that is qualified, and worse, no one that is vaguely able to do the work. Can't wait until the next tourist cruises through and then wonders why things look so bad, inside and out.

Can't wait until the next tourist looks around and wonders if they have stepped into zombie land.

Just business as usual, in Indian Country.

No Balls In Your Court

Looks like the Tribal Council has managed, once again, to protect their friends, regardless of crimes. Gaelen Robertson (Seashelly's squeeze) who raped her sister, and her niece, and was arrested, along with Greg Greene (they like to tie

them up, rape them for hours... just 'fun' stuff), are being tried in Tribal Court instead of Federal Court.

Felonies are supposed to be tried in Federal Court. Anyhow, Billy Dean Cavanaugh is the Tribal Judge. Not sure what his qualifications are, but stands to reason, he has none. Not that it matters to SLN, mind you.

Anyhow, he managed to be the judge on the case of Gaelen, and pretty sure he got off with probation. Not sure exactly. Have to check my notes.

And just like the missing checks in the lead story, another amazing coincidence, is that Billy Dean was gifted some cattle.

Wow, that should make Tony MacDonald really mad. He got cattle too, but he had to sell them his (at the time) 14-yr. old daughter, Mary. Let Poopsie and his brothers have their way with her for a few days, and then, she became a 'witness' who lied on the stand to put an Innocent Man, Richard LaFuente, into prison for the murder that Poopsie and family had committed.

Of course, the cattle died. He neglected them. I wonder if Billy Dean's cattle will die?

Gifts from Turds stink. Remember that. People who accept gifts from Turds get that same stink on them. Remember that.

So, Gael an and Greg will both end up with either probation or not guilty, or whatever a good cattleman can conjure up as "Justice".

What a scare it must have been! I wonder who and how many they had to bribe (and how much it cost the tribe) to get those trials moved from Federal Court into Tribal Court? Good thing that Billy Dean doesn't have any balls, eh?

As a Side Note: Gaelan remains on the Education Board and collects pay, even though he is listed as 'absent'. I would complain about there being a rapist on the School Board, but look what else is on that board? Rapists, Yanktons, Greywaters(same-same) and all their friends.

Lemon Lie Pie

Lemon Longie, the creep who raped his step children. One who was only 6 and in a wheelchair, and the other older, but still very young, is also in jail. Now, remember, he got away with this for years and years because he is a cousin to the Turdlings. He also helped cover up their murder by reupholstering the Blazer to remove all the seats, carpet, headliner, door panels, dash, anything with

Eddie's blood on it.

Well, Lemon has been moved to the jail in Devil's Lake. The family likes to keep him close, you know. They don't want him to start talking to get himself a better or safer deal. Child rapists don't do that well in jail.

Apparently, in order to elevate himself, status-wise, in the Devils Lake Jail, he was telling everyone he was in for drug charges.

Well, now they know what he is in for.

So, where you going to move him now?

I wonder how many cattle that one will cost you?

What is amazing to me is this: Lemon was protected by the Turdclan. He tortured those children. He laughed because no one would do anything about it. One young girl, ONE YOUNG GIRL, stood up to him and talked and told.

Now, because of her courage, he is in jail.

One little Indian Girl has more guts than your entire Badger Shop. What does that say about the community? Is it doomed because of the corruption? Or is there hope because if one young girl can find the courage, maybe others can as well?

Still finding reasons to not do what needs to be done? Think it doesn't show on you? It shows. The whole community is visibly rotting. Just ask a tourist.

You know where to find me.

~Cat