

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#42)

July 1 - July 21, 2007

Also, check your local listings for the viewing times for Court TV's episode on the Russell Turcotte Murder. His body found near or on the rez. July 4th is air time. I guess they hope most of you will not be indoors watching TV? Worth looking at!

July 1, 2007

Meth = Death

Check out the **Links Page** for the recently posted links on the Montana Meth Project.

Those in the community, and you KNOW who they are because you see it and you smell it, that manufacture meth, use chemicals and processes that not only endanger neighbors and their own households, but more than that, do actual physical damage to anyone, including the children, that are in the house. I don't care that you say the kids never get near it, it gets near them. It gets on them. It gets IN them. If you care about your children and grandchildren, you would find a way to make the badgers stop this.

Alcohol = Death

Also note that Russell Means and others were arrested for staging a roadblock to check for alcohol being brought into the Pine Ridge Rez. Nice to know that the Pine Ridge Badgers are willing to put the cuffs on anyone that attempts to keep alcohol off the rez, but not willing to investigate any abuses of the dry rez rule.

Apparently, they can quickly find any technicality to lock up and silence anyone that tries to save Indians from alcohol or chemical abuse, but they cannot seem to find the sources of meth or alcohol or any drugs for that matter, on their own rez. I guess their noses are impaired by those big rings that pierce them and are tethered to the criminal enterprises that also run that rez.

Hypocrisy = Death

Personally, I think that if you are tired of the people dying so young from these unnecessary evils, I think you would also stage large protests, marches and continue to raise your voices until something is done about it.

SLN is supposed to be a "dry rez", but that is the biggest joke they tell legislators. That and the "Zero Tolerance" for drugs! Oh big belly laugh on that one! They allowed the Oh Oh Bar to be moved onto Rez Land in order to protect it from criminal investigation into any of its illegal dealings!

The meth cooks in the neighborhoods operate freely and openly and the badgers warn off anyone that would attempt to file a complaint or a report.

Now, ask yourself this simple question: "Whom do they serve?"

Start your marches at the offices of the Health Clinic and end it at the Cemetery. The clinic is where pregnant mothers go for prenatal care and information. Babies are being born addicted, deformed and impaired by these substances. The graveyard is where we bury the good people who die way too young.

A line needs to be drawn and a line needs to be formed and a line needs to be marched. Or, y'all just sit on your blankets and sneer at those who are doing the work. I have found that those who do the work support all efforts to make things better and safer and healthier.

Those who sneer, criticize and condemn anyone that says or does anything, while they themselves do nothing but complain about how their personal life is difficult, are the laziest Blanket Indians of them all.

Hypocrisy = Death

Lead, Follow, or get out of the way. "Waiting" for "someone" to "get something done" is the height of laziness. Yet, I do hear from people who do nothing and are very vehement about anyone that does do any good work out there. They are usually the cowards that do not sign their real names, or use phony email addresses.

Wonder how good they feel about themselves every time a son or daughter is destroyed or killed in that community because of the evils they ignore? Wonder if they cover up their own sense of self-loathing by trying to bring down anyone that is doing anything to make it better? Not really. They are not worth my time.

They feed on hypocrisy and they serve it up plenty. I guess that is what will carry them into the next world. Wonder what they will find there? ---Not!

Death = Pain, Suffering, Endless Grief

Remember that it is not YOUR life, but your life entwined with everyone you know and you are responsible for taking care of yourself so that those you care about don't go through unnecessary grief. Think of yourself as involved, important and take care.

Shorty

Well, things got busy here so I have to make this one very short. Have tons of emails coming in (now that the servers are fixed) and have to be gone for most of the day as this is the Holiday for Canadians. (Tell Auntie Sue I'll be right there!).

You all take care and have a great holiday weekend yourselves. Don't party to the point of stupidity or where someone gets hurt. Be there the day after and the year after to tell the tale!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 4, 2007

Blog will not be posted until July 11, 2007

It's picking, gathering and canning time and we have abundance this year.

You may continue to send information and email questions to me, but I do not get to my computer every day.

Be sure to watch Court TV tonight at 9PM for Long Journey Home, which talks about Russell Turcotte's murder out there on the rez.

Court TV Canada does not carry this episode yet.

Everyone BE SAFE out there and use common sense.

Happy 4th!

~Cat

Correction: Russell Turcotte's body was found NOT on rez land, but in Ramsey County, near Penn, ND. (Probably should get a map next

time and be sure, eh?).

What is great about that correction is that about 15 of you whom I have never heard from, reported it to me within an hour or two of the show airing. That tells me you were all watching it, and you know how important it is to me and all of us, to get the facts as right as possible on these things.

Okay, I have to go back to the harvest! Thanks to all of you. (Emails still coming in, so this should take care of that.) -- Cat

July 11, 2007

We Will Speak Of Many Things..

Of Monsters, Cabbages and Kings..(Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

Well, this week off from the blog and the days they just flew! I can only do this for another week or 10 days, and then the next harvest comes in... I might have to take another week off (Collective "Awww!" from the assembled readers?)

Still putting the pieces together on some of the stuff that has come in. I hear there was a shuttle bus crash during my absence or just slightly before... shuttle and a car? For those readers not from the area, the shuttle is what runs people to and from the casino. Demon McDonald is the one that runs it frequently, but I don't think he was driving this day, this crash.

I hear the driver was in a fit, saying he saw a huge serpent with glowing yellow eyes, cross the road in front of him. Some people are dismissing him as crazy. Others, not so sure, because many a strange thing has been seen coming out of that lake in times past.

The lake itself got its name "Spirit Lake" from the legend of the monster that lived in it and which came out and devoured people. I will have to find the links and put those in the links section so you can read up on the variations of that legend. It all seems to end, sort of, when the Thunder beings come out of the West and wrestle it for days, until it is subdued. During the epic battle, the rocks around the lake bed were cracked from the impact of the mythical forces slamming into them.

Like I said, I have to (If I have not already) put those links up so you can read for yourselves.

I also heard that a couple of visitors from out of town were fishing on the lake one day, and to their astonishment, up from the water rose a spirit, but as solid as if he were alive. He rose up, dressed in full Indian Garb, looked at them, said something in Indian Language (which of course, they could not understand) and then he continued to stand there on the surface of the water, mind you, for a few more seconds, and then he sank back into the water and disappeared.

I have heard of the woman who comes from the lake, like a mist sometimes, and like a regular person other times. She is the last person people who are headed into the water see or hear. Few live to tell the tale.

So, you can imagine, that serpent with the glowing yellow eyes, piqued my interest plenty!

Take it for what it is, but do not judge anyone crazy that comes out with what they have seen. Someday, it might be you.

One Legged Monster?

I have also heard, and have not yet verified, but figure you can do that for yourselves, that Tony McBony has to have his leg amputated. Not sure why. Don't know if it was diabetes ignored too long, or if he was in that accident with the shuttle (they say the car that was involved got it the worst), or if his evil ways are just consuming him from the inside out.

I hear that when the Missus, Vina, heard the news, she had a heart attack. Almost poetic that one. Bad things happen to good people, but not in this case. It would seem that they would rather lose all they love in this world, rather than speak the truth. That they would rather feed the evil with their lies, than to speak the truth.

Wonder if that turkey will lose the other drumstick and maybe his wings, one at a time, while he holds on to the bitter end, unwilling to set the innocent free and release his daughter from the chains of lies he forced her to tell.

People see what happens to him as comeuppance. That's the difference between being a decent human being and being a merchant of evil. A decent person, a decent family, would find help and healing, compassion and assistance from the community. Tony only grows more bitter, more vile and more mistrusting.

Did he think it would never catch up to him? Did he think that telling his lies from the pulpit would protect him? I would think that God would be ever more insulted by those things, and show ever less mercy to him and all that he holds dear in this life, because of that.

Some people think that Jesus died on the cross so that they could go out and do evil and never pay the Piper. Wrongo, Buckwheat, I do not believe that is the right interpretation of what 'salvation' means.

But continue to learn the hard way. Pretty soon, you won't have a leg to stand on, and your arms, if they go, will leave you just a sobbing, bitter sputtering pillow of a person that people will stare at, and then turn their backs on.

Nothing they can do for you. You must do it yourself. You must tell the truth or continue to pay the price in the worst and most painful ways there are.

For me, it is like watching a monster shrivel under the hot lights and salt raining down.

Other Monsters

Ouch! I hear that Zit Puppet got a beat down. That he apparently crossed the path of someone that would do to him what he had done to everyone else. I don't have all the details, and what I have to say on this might surprise you, but I want you to pay close attention:

IF this beating was the result of self-defence, then I have nothing to say about it, regardless of how bad it was.

However, if this was a beating inflicted just because someone was mad at him, hated him or did not feel that there was any other way to get the point across, I must condemn this violence, whole-heartedly.

If we lower ourselves to using violence to get satisfaction, we become like they are. Becoming what they are defeats the purpose of all the work so many good people are doing.

The task at hand is to get the truth out there, get it said and get it acted upon--legitimately. Anything less is just being them, and we know what they are.

The hard part, but the most important part is that people of Spirit Lake must come together to accomplish the changes that are necessary for that community to begin to heal. Come together to take down the corruption and put it where it will never hurt anyone ever again, and replace it with decency, fairness and give the children a chance at a life better than what waits for them at this point.

Using violence only promises more violence.

Using unity will make you all, ALL INDIAN people, realize how much real power you all have. You must first come to grips with yourself, your family, your neighbors and your community. You must then involve others who can and will support your efforts.

To do this, you must cleanse yourself of prejudices, racism, self-hatred and fear. Resorting to violence, sets all the hard work back to square one, or further back than that.

Keep that in mind.

Channel your anger into constructive motion, not mindless rage. Be the example that will teach others.

I know the frustration, and I know the dynamics of it. I am not suggesting this will be easy, but it must be done or there is no future. Only more of the same, maybe with different names, but the same.

Don't become the monster you are fighting.

Monster Mash

I have put a link to Naked Lawn Ornament speaking at a congressional hearing on the links page. Listen to the numbers, the money generated by the casinos. Now, ask where is your share?

I love the way Dorgan the Organ introduces her. He stammers a bit, and I secretly wondered if he was about to call her "Naked" instead of "Myra".

That anyone would listen to her ramble on, call her 'honorable' would be enough to turn the stomach of anyone other than a hardened politician.

Part of these hearings are to allow the Federal and State Government to completely wash their hands of any involvement in Law Enforcement on the rez. To completely give it over to the tribes and the Tribal Police. Even allow cross jurisdictions where the Badgers can go into neighboring towns to be Johnny Law!

One would think that Dorgan the Organ has no clue that most of the Tribal Police have NO training, little if any education, and the amount of nepotism and corruption that runs rampant on the rez!

OR, he knows it all too well and wishes to have no responsibility whatsoever, when it comes to his 'constituents' being abused, mistreated and their rights trampled upon by those who hold the power on the rez.

If he and Tribes get their way, he can essentially return all the letters, emails of complaints without even opening them. Pretty much what he does now, by insulting the people who write to his office to plead for help against their abusers (who happen to be his buddies).

I can see where those kinds of letters, emails and phone calls and faxes would be 'upsetting' to his tender ways. Passing the law will allow him to pass the buck even faster.

He knows he is dealing with monsters. He just likes their company too well to let it bother him.

Well, there is more, but I am going to save that for the next time.

I do want details on the monsters, be they serpents, or two-legged ones.

For those of you who complain the blog does not run any 'happy' news or 'good news' (which it does, but rarely) now is your chance to send it in to me.

You get from this what you put into it.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 12, 2007

Links to The Past and Present

I have done some serious updating to the **Links 2** page and added links to some videos by Floyd Red Crow Westerman on the topics of Blood Quantum (which we will discuss more later) and of the uprising which brought about the Mdewankanton Tribe Treaty. I also put in a link to that tribe's fancy shmancy web site so you can see how that tribe has been co opted by a band of crooks, the leader of whom is named Stanley Crooks. Since this is current and ongoing, you might want to actually look into it.

Millions of dollars a month go into the hands of these crooks, led by Crooks, while the legitimate heirs are being thwarted in court proceedings designed to delay Justice, and deny Justice.

The government knows and has been made aware since the outset that Stanley Crooks claims of Indian Blood are 100% false.

However, with the help of our favorite, Skip Longie and the Turdclan and their connections in high places, Crooks has been able to perpetuate the lie and continue to garner millions of dollars a month from the same government that knows he is a criminal.

Why is the USAG not investigating this? Oh, maybe they were and they got fired? Makes you wonder how high up the food chain this one goes, eh? It becomes more and more clear as you see what there is to be seen.

The Minneapolis Star Tribune did a very thorough piece on this sometime back, but it is now in the archives. Request it, read it, and get mad enough to write to everyone in Congress to do something about it.

If you are not willing as Indian or Taxpayer to put a halt to this criminal enterprise by writing and by phoning and faxing, then I suppose we get the same-o, same-o government in bed with criminals that has made this country what it is today --- a laughing stock among nations.

Feeding Monsters, Starving Justice

When the Mdewankanton Tribe mentioned above was established in 1969, Skip Longie, very good friends with Stanley Crooks, helped him to manufacture his fraudulent claims of Indian Blood and to this day, he is paid Million\$\$ for his continued assistance, both on and off the records. Much of the money is given to the Spirit Lake Nation in the form of "Loans" or "Grants", not of a penny of which is actually ever accounted for.

If you read some of the previous blogs, you will learn more about the connections between Skip Longie, and Stanley Crooks and how he holds a lot of power as the go-between, or 'bagman' between the tribes.

This enables the tribes to continue to launder money back and forth between them, with their friends in Congress giving a wink and a nod and saying they see nothing. In keeping with the theme of Concentration Camps, we can refer to the comical Sgt Schultz in Hogan's Heroes: "I see NUSSING!" As capers go on right under his nose.

With a little make-up and an appropriate uniform, Dorgan would fit right in there.

Skip Longie, with his connections to big money and government officials through this imposter scam between him and Stanley Crooks, was able to help facilitate the framing of 11 innocent men in the Murder of Eddie Peltier.

Government officials, FBI Agents, more than willing to follow the script, regardless of how contradictory, nonsensical and obviously concocted it was, to allow those who were key players and their friends, to continue business as usual, avoid investigation into their part in the murders, and allow one of the greatest miscarriages of Justice in recent history to ruin the lives of 19 innocent men, 11 of whom were put on trial for the murder committed by the Turdclan, and the other 8 forced to testify against them, or face the same fate.

Had they not interceded and enabled the guilty to run amok while the innocent were being framed, a lot of big money, which was already part of their daily bread, their war chests, their future under the table funding, might have been cut off.

James Yankton always said that if he goes down, he takes everyone with him. He would have gone down for murder, and who knows how many corrupt officials he would take down with him, just for spite? Not willing to risk that, government, key players in key places, more than willing to aid and abet this one. And, apparently, willing to continue to aid and abet as long as the monster of the lake, in this case, Poopsie, doesn't get angry and bring them down with him. The uglier he gets, the more they have to support him and his family and his cronies.

What is revealed when this lake of corruption is drained, will be more putrid than anything you can imagine.

A couple of glitches in that were notable: FBI Agents Falcone and Ryan followed the evidence that led directly to the front door of the Turdclan. They were transferred off the case within hours of confronting him. Their reports were destroyed. (With the exception of some fragments, which I have in my possession).

The other bump in the road to injustice was that Billy Fox would not sign the confession nor the statements that were shoved at him, despite the threats and the torture and the promise of cash money if he would swear to the lies.

He stood up in court, on the witness stand, and told the truth. But he didn't get far. He was removed from the stand the minute he started to speak and say that he had been threatened and beaten and that none of that statement they were reading was true and the signature was not his.

The monsters of injustice were in a feeding frenzy and our government was more than willing to turn a blind eye and allow it to carry on. This is where Poopsie first got his real taste of how it feels to have high-powered government officials in his pocket. This is where he found that they do, most of them, have their price and it ain't much.

This is where it became clear that Justice had been hijacked and the mutant proceedings that were wearing the masks of Justice, were in fact, consuming it.

Innocence Is Not Relevant?

I have been sitting on this one for awhile. I was hoping that the person to whom it was said would themselves, do something about it. But alas, they are 'too busy'. It's time to get it out there.

When Byron Dorgan was approached on behalf of Richard LaFuente, his Aide jumped in, as if expecting the request, and said that the good Senator is not interested in anyone's Innocence or wrongful conviction. The reason given was that one man who was innocent, was freed by The Innocence Project, and he later committed a murder.

I was sitting down when I heard that but I nearly fell through my chair. The rationale for NOT pursuing the clear case of INJUSTICE is because of all the hundreds or thousands of innocent people cleared by The Innocence Project, one was a real disappointment?

So, better to keep the innocent behind bars and allow the guilty to run free than to 'take the chance that a crime might be committed in the FUTURE?' IS that the logic? Is that the mind set?

In that case, everyone that is innocent, raise your hands and prepare to go to prison just so you don't commit a crime in the future!

What kind of government does that sound like to you?

Is Byron Dorgan really the man for the job?

He has done nothing to help Indian People gain equal Civil Rights. He has done everything in his power to ensure that those who hold power over them can continue to abuse them without oversight, without comment and without a care in the world. He has continued to fund them, and now seeks even more 'autonomy' for Indian Government and less accountability as the millions and millions of dollars pour into the pockets of the corrupt.

I say that he has shown his true colors. They are Totalitarian, despotic and not the Standard we want waving over our icons of government.

If you have any doubts about how corrupt, despotic and tyrannical Rez governments are, take a look at how their elections are done. Afghanistan had more scrupulous elections, more stringent enforcement of the rules than do the Reservations!

Imagine, any of you, casting a ballot in an election. First, friends and family of the candidates who are already in power (incumbents) tell you on a whim whether you can vote or not. Then, if allowed to vote, your ballot is taken by one of them (you cannot put it directly in the box) and they walk over to a box, or into another room and put the ballot in the box for you. Sometimes, after they scrutinize whom you voted for, they take their own pen or pencil and mark through and change things, right in front of you.

Nothing you can do. The elections are declared "certified" by yet another good friend of the incumbents, or their family members, and you once again have the same people in power. Big surprise.

Dorgan was one of the first to phone and congratulate Naked Lawn Ornament and Carl Walking Ego on their 'victories'. What a guy!

I see the Tribal Council made the front page in the swearing in ceremony. Wow, makes you think they are legit, doesn't it? Or do you know better by now?

How to Build an Uprising

The people remain oppressed and without a voice. Elected officials continue to enjoy the perks of being pals with the Monsters, and together they feast on blood of innocents.

Elections are corrupt, the people have no rights, no voice, nowhere to turn. When they have had enough, and can take no more, they see only one way out, and violence erupts. This last time it was the Butt Pirate that got a beat down. Next time it could be any of them or all of them. It can only get worse as people are denied Justice, Equality, and are stereo-typed to the outside world as inferior beings who only want to collect welfare and drink themselves to death.

People will rise up. It is my endeavor that when they do, it is in a constructive way. That we will find a way to come together as brothers and sisters, neighbors and nations to end the injustice and the tyranny and hold to account, those monsters who have fouled the waters of the well from which we all drink with their putrid greed and evil.

If it comes to violence, we lose again. The government which actively in what is called "willful blindness" ignores the atrocities, the injustices and actively participates in serving the oppressors, will send in troops and spin the same old lies that the American People have bought every time so far, and lives will be lost and ruined and we gain nothing.

The same government that turns away the pleas for help from those who have been criminally abused, saying that it is up to them to resolve these issues among themselves, will step in when the tyrants snap their fingers and point to those beating down the doors.

So it cannot be through violence that we win. It must be through healing. Healing of self, understanding of others. It must come from a joining of all Indians and all peoples, to make this right. When it is made right for Indians, it is made right for everyone.

The corruption that feeds the secrecy and the abuses of government will be exposed and cleaned out. We all benefit from that!

Our children will have hope again.

Remember: We must overcome violence, not become violence.

Keep speaking out. Keep talking. And do all that you can to make your life better than the road you were given by those who were already damaged.

Forgive your parents, and make your life better.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 13, 2007

You Feel Lucky?

Wow! Another Friday the 13th! Almost time to put up the ol' countdown clock leading up to Eddie's murder. Let's fire up the Way Back Machine, one more time and go visit those 'Good ol' Days', shall we?

Eddie was completely unaware that his on again, off again 'friends' were planning to murder him. He was just going about his business, being Eddie. In order for Eddie to get Unemployment Bennies, he would have to prove, from time to time, that he was seeking work. Eddie had quit the Devil's Lake PD and he would rather party than work. Then again, who wouldn't, eh?

One of the things he did to prove he was actively seeking work, was to fill out an application with the ND Highway Patrol. He expected to be turned down. Even if he had been accepted, he knew he would not last long because, for one thing, passing the drug test would be a problem.

But he was not worried. The NDHP was not actively recruiting and he didn't give his app a second thought. (His mother talked about how, the day after he died, his letter of acceptance arrived in the mail, and even she was unaware that he had applied).

But, our favorite paranoids were not unaware. Eddie's previous employer had been contacted as a reference, and someone in that department (you know who you are) picked up that red flag and ran it over to the Turdlings.

They knew about the bad blood between the Turdlings and Eddie. Just about everyone did. One of Eddie's 'gotcha' moments while in uniform, was to write a ticket to Poopsie, who had been driving for years, without a driver's license. Poopsie was a badger at the time and above all, it was important to him and his sibling Turdlings, that they never, ever have any kind of legal mark against them. They wanted to keep their perfect record of immunity intact.

Dealing drugs out of the police car, raping his daughters, and being able to beat up drunks after he handcuffed them, anytime he wanted, were 'perks' of the job. No one ever dared question Poopsie.

And, as a bonus, his brothers could do what they wanted, rape, rob, embezzle, molest their children and other family members, and it was all 'taken care of' very quietly, with no reports anywhere.

Poopsie always needs to feel 'all powerful' like a god on the rez. Eddie wrote that ticket while Poopsie was sputtering and spitting and yelling and everything, and Eddie just laughed.

Bad enough that was, but the thought of Eddie going into a branch of Law Enforcement that Poopsie had not yet bribed, or extorted, would once again, put him in danger of having one man on the rez more powerful than himself.

Eddie knew a lot of things about Poopsie and how he did business. Most of it, Eddie did not agree with, but never really had the ambition to do anything about it. He knew about Skip Longie and the rest of them and their parties at The Ranch and what went on at Graham Island in general. Eddie also knew about the drug runs and could really put a dent in ol' Poopsie's and the rest of the Turdclan's action. Why, he might even want a piece of it. A big piece!

Such was the paranoia and tantrums of the Turdlings. They found out about Eddie's app for the ND HP, and put their best drunken FBI Butt Buddy, Spencer Helleckson, on the job. Spencer monitored the app as it traveled along the system and kept Poopsie posted.

Quite frankly, it seems as if Eddie had forgotten all about the application, almost as soon as he handed it in. He knew he would not make it.

And, had Poopsie not been so stoned, so paranoid and so juiced up with rage and stupidity, he too would have known that Eddie would not make it. But paranoids have a way of home-growing their worst fears, and nothing can stop them.

Still angry at being put in the position of having a traffic ticket (most people get over these things, but not Turdlings), he was just looking for an excuse to murder Eddie.

Imagine Eddie's confusion on that night, when he went outside to take a leak on Pisster's house while the drunken party indoors was in the process of passing out, and Poopsie followed him outside.

Eddie was a big enough boy that he could take a leak without supervision, but Poopsie was peppering him with questions about 'did he ever want to be a cop again?' and 'would he want to be a Tribal Cop?' and Eddie was shaking his head 'no' and muttering that he wanted to collect unemployment until January, if he could..

All of which fed into the paranoia of Eddie wanting to be a cop and lying to Poopsie about it so he must have some sinister plan that would lead to Poopsie's downfall...

Finally, unable to pee in peace, Eddie was trying to figure out what Poopsie wanted from him. It sounded like he wanted Eddie to apply for a position as a Tribal Cop. Eddie really didn't want to do that because he knew he could get that job and he did not want to go back to work --just yet.

But maybe Poopsie was going to report to the Unemployment Dept. that he had offered Eddie a job and Eddie had refused. That would cut him off from benefits. He knew Poopsie would do that. So he just shook it a couple of times, zipped up, shrugged his shoulders and said: "Yeah, maybe you could get me a job as a Tribal Cop."

Since there was no 'good answer' for Poopsie, that one, being a turn around from him saying he didn't want to be a cop, proved to Poopsie that Eddie was lying and had some plan...

"Just one more beer?" Poopsie offered.

Eddie followed him into the house. But the beer tasted 'off'. Eddie knew that someone had drugged his beer. That was a total buzz kill for him. He began to rapidly sober up as the adrenalin rushed into his blood stream.

Poopsie caught that glimpse of instant suspicion and moved fast. He jumped on Eddie, and Roger kicked Eddie's legs out from under him. Eddie kept getting up. "Get my bat!" Poopsie yelled to Q-Ball, and QBall opened the closet door and before he could get the bat to Poopsie, Pisster had swung a cast iron pan at the back of Eddie's head, stunning him.

He shuddered from the concussion and fell to the ground. Still, the beating did not stop. Jeanie Charbonneau and Pisster were screaming at the tops of their lungs, as Poopsie and Weenie Boy, and Q-Ball continued to beat and kick Eddie's convulsing body. Poopsie did not let the bat go to waste. He swung over and over again.

A few houses away, the windows open because of the sweltering night air, the screams and thumps woke up those who had been restless in their overheated homes, lying in their beds. The screams from the women pierced the night air.

One woman screamed: "Stop hitting him James! You've already killed him!" (Which one of you ladies would like to take credit for that one?)

Thus it was announced to the surrounding homes, that a beat down had turned into a murder at the home of Pisster.

They dragged Eddie's lifeless body from the kitchen to the back porch. Pisster was still in hysterics. They gave her a job. "Watch him" they said.

The floor had become slimy with blood and the Turdlings slipped and Poopsie fell, only to be given a bloody hand up from Weenie Boy, his hands so slippery, that Poopsie fell again.

Another scream from the backyard. It was Pisster, holding a bloody rock. "He moved!" she said.

I think it was just one of those twitches that happens when life is beaten out of a body. Muscles contract. But to her, it was as if he was coming back to life, going to get her.

She gets drunk all the time these days. Says she is sorry for killing Eddie. She cries that everyone should just get over it.

The best part is that during the day, she runs the daycare for all the little babies whose mommies go to school and work at the college. Imagine having someone that drunk and stoned on pills all the time, someone who helped to murder Eddie Peltier, watching the children? Only in Indian Country!

Stay Tuned

We will continue this story, after all, it is the favorite summertime ritual on the rez, remembering how the Turdclan murdered Eddie Peltier, and others, and how they all keep their silence and feed their young to the corruption that consumes them.

No wonder the monsters are rising up from the depths of the lake. There is so much evil, fear and cowardice on that rez, and that my friends, is what those creatures feed on.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 16, 2007

I See Icy Serpents!

Not me, Demus. It was, apparently, Demus who crashed the shuttle and he claimed to have seen the serpent crossing the road. Might be getting towards the end of the road for that one about now. A lot of times, these kinds of apparitions show themselves to people who are being warned as to what will pursue them in the Spirit World if they do not rectify their crimes, reveal their secrets and find safe haven with a clean soul when they go!

I wonder if he has felt that thing slithering under the floorboards of his house, yet? Wonder if he has seen it and felt it, slither across the foot of his bed, waking him up from his sleep?

At first, I thought it was someone else that had seen it, but now, knowing it was Demus, it makes more sense.

I think that if he looks at it instead of looking away in terror, he will see that recently, it has had a meal. Probably see his brother's lower leg (recently amputated --with more to be removed in a couple of months) working its way through the bowels of that beast.

One other person also reported seeing that thing. They said they saw it headed under Demus's house. I wonder if that is where it lives? Wonder what kind of Black Road Magic he will hunt for to keep it at bay?

Since this is a blog in progress, I got word that the serpent "thing" that was seen slithering under Demus McDonald's house was more 'transparent', and had either hair or whiskers..oh yeah, and it moves very fast! I wonder what it is looking for under the back of his house? I wonder if it lives there? I wonder what it hears and sees...and smells!

On A Different Path

If you want to look at stark contradictions in dark and light, one need only to hear about more than 7 pews being filled with young ones making their First Confirmation this weekend. One adult, also, who had labored to reach this goal in her life, and all should be commended. What a joy it must have been to see so many step into the religious road of Goodness and Godliness!

Now, it is up to their families and the community at large, to continue to support and guide these young people and keep their souls safe from the evils, temptations of evil, that hang nearby, hoping to snare them.

Where there are that many young people that determined to follow their religion, keep their faith, there is hope for the future. It is up to all of us to protect them, guide them and allow them to continue on with the work and the Goodness of their spirits, in the days, and years ahead.

What a contrast to all that is corrupt and dark in that place! Take any light you can find and nourish it!

More later...Blog in Progress

Get Him An Eye Patch and a Parrot

Tony McBony had his leg amputated, and the doctors say more will be lost if he doesn't take care of himself. Well, if there is one thing he has always been good at, it's looking out for his own best interests! I think they should perform a closer examination of him. I think they would find that his lies are eating him from the inside out.

Vina and her heart attack, apparently not front page news for him. If he talks about her at all, it is only about how it 'adds' to his pain and misery and once again, he has everyone centered on him.

I wonder if they will give him a prosthetic leg right away, or if they will fit him with a pirate's peg and let him go thumping and bumping his way across the deck?

I wonder how Barb Walking Eagle is doing. Her adoring husband can't seem to be bothered with visiting or phoning her. Too busy with his other women, and a man or two on the side. I guess when she is gone, he can walk around in her clothes and people will just say that he is grieving for her.

They could compete for Pity Parade Queen. Be interesting to see how these two demi-monsters play out the stage in the upcoming months.

Links And Documents

I have more documents to make web-ready, and more links to install for you all to go and see what your lying leaders are up to when they are not at home robbing you blind. But, it will have to wait. Yes, more cherries came in and we are full-time on them. I just spent the last 6 hours filling up the dehydrator (again).

Canning season begins at the end of this month also, so expect the blog to be spotty, and you may have to remind me to post documents and links that have been sent to me.

Thanks for writing in. I'm sorry the blog is so short this time and so much of what has been sent cannot be posted right away.

But fear not, it will eventually make it!

Meanwhile,

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 18, 2007

How To Kill An Indian

Sorry folks, the cherries took way longer than I had anticipated. There were so many of them! Gloves did not work because they were awkward (too big) so I had to use my bare hands. I had cherry juice half-ways up to my elbows! I had cherry juice in my fingernails and around the edges. I scrubbed and scrubbed, dug and dug, but could not get it all out.

It was like my fingernails were telling the tale of cherries that met their end by my hands. Oddly enough, all that red stuff on my hands made me think of Pisster. I wonder how she and her brothers got all the blood off of their hands?

I know they showered and hosed off outside, trying to get all that red stuff off of them. It was all over their faces, in their hair, and I am sure, it was in their fingernails, telling the tale of the murder and how Eddie had met his demise at their hands. I know they could not get it all off.

For me it was cherry juice. For them, Eddie's blood. I wonder how, for days and days after, even as Pisster's house was being totally demolished and buried, they were looking at their hands and trying to get the blood out from under their fingernails, hoping no one would notice. That if anyone did notice, they would only think it was dirt.

I was thinking perhaps I should phone Pisster and ask her what she used to clean her hands after the murder, and then I realized, her hands are still dirty.

The same hands that tend to the little children in the daycare that she runs, stoned on her ass, stinking of urine, those same hands will never be clean.

Cherry juice is all faded off of my hands now. But blood on your hands, that must be a seriously different story, eh?

That Indian was killed by being beat to death and then laid out on the highway to look like a hit and run. Too many people saw the boys, Jeannie Charbonneau and Bruce McKay at the scene, staging the body, and yet all of them have so far not been charged with their crimes because they control the community with lies and fear.

They committed murders before and since and continue to this day, killing anyone that gets in their way. The blood on their hands will never come clean until they come clean and admit what they have done, to Eddie and the others.

Jamming that screwdriver into the gut of Sam Jackson because he was going to tell, and then Poozie holding up his hand with the blood on the screwdriver dripping down his arm, threatening all who saw it that if they spoke up, they would end up with the same thing.

Fear is killing those Indians.

It is eating them alive from the inside, all of them. Those that do these murders and those that keep the secrets that enable them to keep on keeping on with their evil ways, that is killing those Indians, one by one, bit by bit, bad hearts, bad legs and bad blood, all consumed by the evil that is feeding on the Indians who stay silent.

That fear is being fed to the children, in futility, anger, addictions, alcoholism and suicidal self-esteem. They are dying by neglect, by fear, by abandonment, all so that the evil that rules your lives can continue to go unchallenged.

The children are the future. The future is dying, wandering lost in the abyss of apathy and denial. That is how the Indians of the future are being killed, today.

Silence is how you kill the Indians today.

Those who speak up are left to stand alone because the rest of you want to stay safe in your silence. I have to ask you; How 'safe' do you feel as your children spiral into the void? How has your silence made it better for you, your children or anyone?

The next time someone stands up, stand with them, or stand back and watch as the darkness takes another child, another loved one.

You allow their arrogance to run your lives and you say nothing. Don't worry, soon there will be no voices to speak up. Those who can, will abandon the darkness and leave behind their homes and their way of life for the shelter of assimilation.

Your culture will only be for show, because no one will be around that knows it well enough to teach it and no one will want to be an Indian enough to learn it. The loss will be profound, and that blood, my friends, will be on your hands.

Small Pox

We all have heard the stories of how Indians were put onto reservations, which were in every way, 'concentration camps' (see Floyd Red Crow Westerman's videos). These were not 'safe havens', but a way of isolating Indians from one another's tribes, removing from them all power to control any aspect of their daily lives, and they were not allowed to speak their own language, practice their religion and forced to send their children to 'schools' that debased them for being Indian.

They were starved, and the food supplies that were supposed to be given to them were withheld by corrupt 'managers', and the government turned a deaf ear and a blind eye while all this was going on.

The only person they listened to on how things were going on the reservations were the appointed managers. No one else had a voice.

Then, one fiercely cold winter, the government sent the blankets (Indians were not allowed to do their weaving or trading with other tribes, so 'blankets' were part of the 'care' and 'support' given by the Government to the Indian People.

The blankets came in and were distributed immediately. They were not withheld and the Indians did not have to beg for them. They were tossed off the wagons to the cold and hungry Indians as the wagons came into the compound.

In a matter of days, a plague of smallpox broke out among the Indian People. It ran like a prairie fire, cutting them down in the worst possible ways. No medicines were provided, there was no care offered.

Only later was it revealed that the army had deliberately sent blankets with the disease on them to the Indians, as a way of wiping them out. Genocide by germ warfare.

But not all the Indians died.

Flash forward today to the inferior food stuffs given out as 'commodities' with the better stuff being skimmed off by those in power for themselves.

Now look at the recent 'gifts' from the government of the Airbase Homes which were delivered to the rez. Turns out they are full of lead paint, which is a health hazard. Oh yeah, government wants you to think they had no idea! How they can play both Stupid as Day One and All Powerful and Wise at the same time, is jarring to those of us who see the contradictions.

Oppression and Revolt

Indians were given alcohol, as much as they wanted, and many of them succumbed to the numbing embrace of that soul stripping addiction. It was their way of self-medicating, a temporary escape from the reality of their conditions in the confines of the concentration camps.

Many died from this, and many more were just plain ruined. Families were abused, and there were rages that created more rages, and Indians were being destroyed from the Inside out.

When members of the tribe could no longer tolerate the abuses, the starvation, the rapes and the sickness, they would revolt.

These were called 'uprisings' and the Government dispatched the military with all its force, to kill indiscriminately, men, women, children, the elderly and the animals. Indians were punished for not tolerating the abuses.

Very few people had insights into what was going on on the reservations. Our government was still very new and most people had a sense that our government was as idealistic as the soldiers and statesmen who brought it into being.

They had no idea of how many lies they were being told so that the government could commit genocide on the Indians. In fact, it took hundreds of years, many wars before people began to look into the motivations and connections of those in government who prospered from the genocides of Indians and other people all around the world. It would take almost until today before enough voices would raise up and question the reasons and the hidden agendas that required lies, genocide and racism in order to advance and take from Indians, all that was theirs, and then take from all of us, that which we always assumed was ours.

When there were uprisings, only those who had intermarried with Indian people and were close to them understood the dynamics and questioned the Government's abuses. Communication back in those days was at best, telegraph and penny novels.

Penny Novels sold out if they talked about how our government, our military had heroes who kept us safe in our beds, by stomping down the Red Man, whom we were all told, were Godless, heathens and savages.

Telling the truth would have put the ugly where it belonged and all good people in the land would have revolted against our government and the way it was doing business at the expense of all we valued as Americans.

The Press was not free, it was bought and paid for by those who made their fortunes stealing, lying and murdering to make their prosperity greater than the next man's wealth.

Indians were marched in death marches, most commonly known as The Trail of Tears, but there were other marches, other kangaroo trials, executions, hangings and imprisonment.

But still, Indians survived.

(Next)

Residential Schools

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 19, 2007--Blog In Progress

How To Kill Indians, *Continued

Residential Schools

I can think of nothing more barbaric than the methods and abuses contrived in Residential Schools as part of the genocidal 'progress' designed by our government and those who wanted to wipe out the Indian People, so they could take what they wanted from the lands without question.

They pretty much do that anyways, but the questions haven't died.

Young children were ripped away from their homes and taken hundreds and hundreds of miles away to 'Residential Schools'. There, they were taught that being Indian was like being dirt. Their culture was beaten out of them, their identities 'remolded' into what government would expect of them in appearance and speech.

You see old photos of the children wearing clothes that were as comfortable as someone else's shoes, and those pictures, for me defined what was going on out there. They were made to feel like they did not belong in the White World, because the trappings of the White World did not fit them.

But the years wore on. Their names were taken from them, their hair, their culture, and in return, they were taught Christian Values that came with beatings, rapes, molestation.. and these abductions of these children from their families, their culture were long term. One of the stated goals of these Residential Schools was to teach these children things they could in turn take home with them and teach to others.

By the time they returned home, they were strangers there. All grown up, different names, not understanding the language of their parents or grandparents, the fracturing of the Indians was beginning to take hold.

Not understanding their own culture, which they were taught was dirty, ignorant and stupid by these magnanimous Christian types, who used every form of pain and humiliation to get their point across, left people with no world to be from and nowhere to go to.

Those who excelled at their studies, were seen as 'models' of how these residential schools were 'working to improve the lives of Indians by helping them to assimilate..' (sounds so much like the Borg of Star Trek fame, doesn't it?) But they were also viewed as a threat when they used their education to report on the exploitation of Indian People.

Instantly, they could be cut off from any sense of accomplishment, welcome mats were only there if they were the compliant trained pets of the government ideal.

PTSD

Survival and annihilation were the two most common choices. Those who could not cope with the abuses but did not die, also returned home, to villages where they were strangers to their families, and they brought their sicknesses with them: alcohol, addiction, molestation. They brought with them what they had learned, all right.

No one in the villages knew how to cope with these evils because they had not been in their lives before. Reservation life became a greater hell than anyone could imagine. Those who spoke up were considered a threat; those who quietly destroyed themselves were considered a waste, and those who struggled to understand or improve things were alone.

Indians learned they could not trust other Indians. Indians learned they could get whatever they needed in that one hungry moment if they sold out other Indians to the government assigned managers of their concentration camps. Betrayal was currency to those who had nothing left.

Mistrust among Indians, to this day, causes more damage than can ever be repaired. Not able to trust the government, most non-Indians were unable to understand what was going on with life in a concentration camp, and the Residential Schools were touted as 'saving the souls' of the little Indian Children, when in truth, they were being tortured, exploited, and it went on for years at a time.

Indians were, for seven generations, subjected to the laws of the land which demanded that every Indian Child be abducted from their parents and taken to a residential school.

How would we feel if someone today came to our home and took our 4 year olds from our arms and took them to a place where we could not protect them, or even contact them? Then return them home, damaged, resentful, unable to understand a word we say to them, unable to tolerate our welcoming embrace?

People who are treated this way suffer from PTSD. Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, which came to be understood only after Viet Nam, and the damage done there, is where the coping mechanisms of an individual are taxed beyond their ability to cope, understand or self-repair. Personality collapse, rages, nightmares, inability to keep a relationship with anyone, and every kind of addiction are what follows.

People cannot cope without help and there is, even today, almost no help available. For Indians, this was not just one war's damaged returns, but 7 generations.

The damaged personalities came home, eventually had families of their own, and no skills to raise them, and no way to protect them from the abductors who would come to take them away. The cycle went on and on... until the 1960's when people could no longer keep a lid on what was going on in those warehouses of horrors, and the residential schools were shut down.

Now, lawsuits that took 20 years and more to wind through the courts are yielding a few pitiful dollars to those who survived. But even those payments are slow to arrive because the government that runs the courts on our tax dollars, can stall until fewer and fewer are alive to make claims.

Multi-generational PTSD sufferers can only lead to more and more dysfunctional families. There is still nothing said about the horrors, and still no apologies for those who endured, nor for their families that were victimized by the process.

And people wonder why so many Indians fall into addictions? I think that if they could see the scale of what has happened, the question would be "How did ANY of them survive?"

But they are still killing Indians...

Blood Quantum Schwantum

Blood Quantum is math, not science and it is designed to erase Indians. Indians can be all Indians in their heritage, but if they are not specifically one tribe, they are not considered "Indians" by the math of Blood Quantum. (Sounds almost like "Wampum")

The only way to insure that an Indian can claim to be a 'Full Blood' these days (Get ready, I'm going to piss off a lot of people who call themselves 'Full Bloods') is for them to be the outright product of in-breeding, (a Turdclan specialty, btw.)

The laws were designed to make it so that people who had less than 1/4 of one Tribe's blood running through their veins could not claim to be Indian. Breeding to extinction by the mathematical laws, so-to-speak.

What is amazing to so many people who are getting their DNA tested nowadays to 'get to know their ancestors', and expecting to be from a grouping out of Middle Europe or Eurasia, is how many of them are finding that they are direct descendants of some major tribes right here on Turtle Island!

Suddenly, people who had been taught only that they were Scottish-English-Welsh-French, are also finding out that they are also Iroquois, Chickasaw, Arikara, etcetera.

A whole relatively recent stream of their river of life, their bloodline, had been ignored. As if our lives begin over, like First Man and First Woman after our blood quantum falls below what the government is willing to recognize!

People looking to connect with their own heritage, find significant elements of their own cultural heritage, are amazed at what was not included in their histories, but are now being revealed through science.

Now, today, people are looking at Indian issues and realizing that Indians are not 'other beings removed and irrelevant to their lives' but actually, related, and very relevant.

Government does not like this. Power over people diminishes when people find they are connected. Especially when that connection is bloodlines. Suddenly, Indian history becomes their history!

Like a river artificially redirected away from the main flow, water eventually seeks its own path and returns to the source. So it is with bloodlines. They too, carry a song and a feel that seeks the comfort of the familiar and the source of their beginnings.

Indians come in all colors these days: Red hair, blue-eyed, freckled, speckled black and white. Who is to deny that the blood that brought them into this world is relevant? Who will say that they must skip the history and ignore the connections they have to those who are their relatives and are walking this world today and in days past?

Where Government has tried to wipe out Indians, Indians have, like an underground river, spread throughout the land.

Racism is Killing Indians

Indians so exploited, abused and mistreated for 7 generations have adopted many of the worst habits exhibited by their 'managers'. They act as if The Creator erred in making anyone but them, and they disparage those they think are of 'lesser bloodlines'.

Indians turn against Indians and this pleases government because Indians have now taken over the job of keeping Indians down.

The terms "half-breed" are terms used by cattle breeders. If someone calls someone a 'half-breed', and insinuate that they are 'full breeds' they are saying that they are cattle, just better cattle, if there is such a thing in the slaughter pens of society.

Self-esteem is at a premium in Indian Country because Indians have been taught to hate themselves, and then to put down other Indians, with racist terms that defy common sense.

Most of them too foolish to look ahead one generation, at their own children and how they will be considered less than half of what they are. They cut their children in half in this way.

The Myth of Sovereignty

When it became clear that the managers and stewards appointed by the Government to "care for" the Indians on the rezes were creating more problems and issues were arising from the uprisings that could not be ignored for long, Government took a new tack: Give the Indians Sovereignty.

It sounds really good, until you look at the fine print. Indians don't have the same Rights as other people in the USA. In fact, they have laws that confine them to the whims and willful exploitations of those among them that take leadership by corrupt means, and leaves them no recourse other than to have those who abuse them agree to be sued or arrested. (See the Indians Handbook of Rights in the [Documents Page](#),

This way the Government can accomplish many things and be able to wash its bloody hands in the waters of 'sovereignty' and leave the people to struggle with no way out.

To insure that the bullies and the thugs stay in power and thwart the will of the people and prevent the people from becoming self-sufficient and, God forbid, running for high offices, Government ignores the cries of the wounded yet, if they protest in any way that would be effective or draw too much attention from the outside world, the thugs and bullies in power place a phone call to their buddies in government and cry "Uprising!" and suddenly, the military is called in and the press is kept away, far away (they get 'bulletins from the government giving them one side of the story'), and terms such as 'renegades' and 'warpath' hit the media.

They conjure up images of 'scalpings' and burning cabins, wagons are circled and the people are trembling in Cowboy v. Indians fears until we get the 'All Clear' from those heroes with uniforms who have made our country safe once again, from the 'savages, heathens,' etc.

Now, the reason this is so important is the cycle of money that flows into and out of Indian Country, but is never counted, never accounted for because of 'Sovereignty'. Billions of dollars every year, disappear into Indian Country and magically appear in off shore accounts, fake businesses, "gifts" to elected officials, Federal Judges, etc.

Money is the one resource every tribe has endless amounts of, but which never seems to be enough to actually reach the people. It flows through the hands of the corrupt into the hands of the corrupt.

And when the pockets begin to thin down, legislation is passed that is 'imperative' to help the Indians who are suffering an 80% unemployment rate, inferior and insufficient housing, health care, education, and so on. Who could possibly vote against that? Don't they see the faces of the suffering Indians? Don't they hear the long-winded speeches by Tribal Leaders who are trying so hard to raise their people up?(*POP!)?

Legislation is passed, and funded and money is delivered... and then the problems are never solved, money is never accounted for, and we begin again, with legislation, grants, etc.

Why does it seem that all these billions of dollars over the years have not put a dent in the suffering? Gee, let me guess: corruption?

The public, uneducated about the dynamics of Sovereignty, Indian Country and how our own elected and appointed officials benefit from money that is never accounted for, begins to resent the 'Welfare Indians' 'too dumb' to save themselves, and too lazy to do anything to better themselves.

Government and Tribal Government especially, loves that stereo-typing because it keeps people from seeing what is really going on on the

rez, and who the real criminals are.

Because if people were to see into this, feel like it related to them, and like Indians were part of their heritage, why, who knows what might happen! The whole system of corruption might collapse!

People might actually work together to lift one another up. People on the outside and the inside might realize that Indians are capable of learning, excelling, building and succeeding in this world. Indians might be allowed to do this!

Those who struggled to get the education to come back to the rez with skills to help others and teach others, might be allowed to return and to fulfill their dreams of making where they came from better for the next generation.

But for now, they are run off, denied jobs they are qualified for, and must watch the unqualified, the corrupt continue to exploit and abuse those who have no choice but to live on the rez or lose everything, which is nearly nothing by now. Die faster or die slower, but die, Indian die!

But if this DNA project keeps up, and more people realize who they are... and if Indians quit killing Indians, who knows what might take place?

It has been said that The Creator did not create us as fearful and weak spirits, but rather as strong and powerful beings capable of great wonders in our time.

If people started to stand up together, if they lost their fear of speaking out, and found the one voice common to them all, who knows?

What else is killing Indians? Denial, Jealousy, Addictions, Neglect, Abuse and Suicides.

But still there are Indians that just won't die! And now, with the rivers rising and returning to seek their source...

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 21, 2007

Tony Walking Eagle Died

So, I fully expect Carl Walking EGO to immediately head on over to Lois's office and collect \$200 for every member of his poor family. Don't be surprised. I know Lois will be generous with him because he is so needy. Oh yeah, and throw in some extra money for the other relatives, because Carl will tell her that he will distribute it all to all of them. And of course, with his pockets bulging with that cash, he will deny he took any of it and the relatives will show up and get 'seconds'.

Keep in mind that when other people who are not politically well-connected must bury their loved ones, Lois slams the lid on the money box shut. If they don't get the money, she takes it out for herself and writes in the ledger that she paid them. It's free money, right? Someone has to get it. Why not Lois?

Let's see what kind of a funeral ol' Carl puts on for his daddy. And while he is standing graveside, do what he would do in your place, and do dig up his backyard and help yourself to some cash-filled coffee cans.

He can't say they are 'missing' because he denies they are there. Smart people already know where to dig.

This is tomorrow's blog so we will return to the topics on tap. This has been a 'breaking news' update.

(We now return to our regular programming.)

Boarding School Curriculum

I received a letter from several people who have had survived the horrors of Residential or "boarding" schools as Indians.

Some were just tear soaked, others very matter-of-fact, and some were disjointed, as if the writer was shaking all over as the memories flooded back.

I am going to share one of these letters with you so that you will better understand, both Indian and Non-Indian, how things came to be so destroyed in Indian Country. Remember to multiply this one writer's story by hundreds of thousands, over a period of 7 generations, and you can see trauma piled upon trauma.

Like a pile up in the fog on a super highway, the wreckage cannot be missed if you know what it is you are looking at.

It needs to be dismantled, this wreckage, and dealt with. This cannot be achieved any other way than for us to all understand how it happened and what twisted lives are left behind and what needs to be done to begin the healing.

First step is to make it safe for people to heal. That means that only the most qualified can run these programs, not those who step in by running off the qualified, and then use their position to spy on the innermost secrets and pains of those trying to crawl out of the wreckage of their lives.

Only counselors with experience and training should be allowed to participate. Not that a college degree for counseling is required, but training is a must! And harsh consequences to anyone that is caught breaching confidentiality MUST be in place.

Otherwise, only more damage can ensue.

This pile-up on the interstate we are viewing here, is a Nation. It is Human Beings, our brothers and sisters.

Here, without further adieu, is the story of one person's experience in Boarding School:

I was reading what you wrote about the boarding schools. I started school in the 1950's. Fortunately for me, at that time I was already formed as a person inside and out, but it was a constant struggle to maintain my identity in the face of threats and whippings.

I met many other people like myself in those schools, and we remain friends to this day. Too many of them have left for the spirit world now, but there are still many of us scattered across Indian country.

When we get together we talk about those days in those schools. I explained to them once that the children's self-esteem was lost too many of them who were not yet strong, and that it was not their fault that this happened.

The priests and Nuns, Teachers and Dorm Matrons, etc did this by saying things like "backwards little bastards", "Dog eating little bastards." There were other horrendous abuses, but the venom coming from the mouths of 'God's People' was toxic to so many, so young and tender and so far from home or help.

Once I heard one of them say to another boy, " You probably don't even know who your daddy is."

Teachers would slap them when they did not pronounce the words right, and they did this in front of everyone. I wish we had the same rights as the children have today, but I know that this was all done to destroy us.

I watched the little children's faces when the Teachers put them in the back row when they had their Christmas concerts. I watched their faces when they were told they did not need to try and get a part in the school play, and then groom the kids who looked white for the main parts.

I know why they did not feel proud and were ashamed that they were Dacotah's. I hated those Teachers and "administrator's" for doing that then, and I hate them now, because I see the results of what they did everyday.

Now there is a division that is growing between the Full bloods and the mixed bloods because of this. It goes back to the days when they were separated and segregated by skin color, even back then.

I call this the "colonial mindset", where Native people will always listen and follow the advice of a white person regardless of how ridiculous that advice is. It is this same mindset that makes the Native people think an educated Native is a threat and someone who should be watched closely and with suspicion.

As our resources dry up and funding becomes scarce, this division will grow even more, as they will be threatened by being left out, no housing, no jobs, no justice in Tribal Courts, so it is a bad situation that is rising but no one notices. They all have the same mindset.

While this battle rages, the white people exploit it and use it for their own purposes and fan the flames. It is really sad that all this goes on at the expense of the people.

I wish I could find a way to restore self-esteem to the people, I try to do this, to reinforce the sense of self with people I work with.

I explain this whole process to them and tell them the same thing you say, that there are forces and people who do not want you to be sober because you would realize what is going on.

If everyone did not drink and abuse drugs we would know what is going on and would stop it. There would be no children in foster care, there would be no one walking on the sides of the roads to Devils Lake, where they go to be abused by the police and the people in that town.

There would be no children wandering around the community at 3 and 4 am. No parent in their right mind would allow that to go on

The people as a whole would not tolerate police abuses in our community, and there would be no need for a Juvenile Court. We did not have that in the past. In the 50's and 60's Juvenile offender incidents were once or twice a year, and usually the same offenders.

Now it is 4-5 incidents a week, our community is becoming a dangerous place to live, just like the inner cities in the poor and gang infested neighborhoods.

If you follow the trail back to where these things came from, it will lead back to those boarding schools and the treatment the children received at the hands of the "Christians."

In Chamberlain, S.D. there is a school called St Joseph's. The Christians there would take a electric clipper and shave a stripe down the middle of the children's heads if they attempted to run away from the school.

They would also have older children hold you up by your legs and arms, and as you hung sideways they would use a belt and whip you across the belly and back.

I told my children about that school and the effect it had on some of the people here, I told them so they would understand why the people are the way they are. Why they drink themselves to death and why they taught their children to drink and use drugs and why the cycle goes on and on.

I also told them that my friends and I would always be proud of the stripe down the middle of our heads, just a few thoughts you might be able to use in your website.

Take care and pray for the people.

Added Note:

You may think, many of you, that the government is giving 'handouts' to the Indians to repay them for the broken treaties and the mistreatment, but that is not true. The 'handouts' go directly to those thugs and bullies who wallow in self-indulgence, luxuries, and do the work of abusing their own people, and of keeping them down.

They are paid zookeepers, essentially, making sure none of the people ever gets a sense of progress or healing or improvement in their lot in life.

These corrupt officials then point to the human wreckage in their care and demand more 'handouts' and who could refuse?

All Indians want or need is equal rights. They do NOT have the same Civil Rights as every other American has. They have no recourse, nowhere to go to seek justice and the abuses continue to pile up as the drive to extinguish their spirits, erase their footsteps continues, out of sight and out of the glare of public scrutiny by a disinterested media that cares not for informing the public, but for selling the most product and gaining the biggest sponsors.

We must ask ourselves, at some point, how we can sleep at night, knowing what is going on in our name? These abuses and the governmental neglect, is just plain wrong.

The next time you see a drunken Indian on the street, hustling or passed out and filthy, take a second look: What you see is someone not yet dead despite all that has been done to them by a system bent on making them extinct.

Instead of judging them as failures, better admire them for surviving for this long, given the circumstances and ask yourself how long you would manage any sign of life had these 7 generations of circumstances been heaped upon your wretched soul?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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