

November 1, 2009
Mish Mash

I just checked the Tribe's website again. You know, the one that is supposed to give you up to date information. Looks like someone finally woke up the webmaster ...a little.

The forever scroll on the page that told people about the November 08 meeting, finally got changed. (Confetti Cannons! Strike up the Band! Rev up the bus to nowhere...) It now states:

"GENERAL ASSEMBLY Held in Tribal Conference Room Every Last Tuesday of the Month" and then again: "GENERAL ASSEMBLY Held in Tribal Conference Room Every Last Tuesday of the Month" and then again...Okay, you get it.

Last Tuesday of every month is the General Assembly meeting. Plan to show up. The only way you can help your new council members do the best job is to be aware of what it is they are doing-- and to make your presence known, your voices heard on things relevant to you and your community.

And then the webmaster hit the snooze button again and only calendared September Events. Someone wake them up and tell them there are 12 months in a year. You might want to know what the agenda is for the meetings, or you might want to see the minutes from previous meetings posted.

The webmasters are: Marshall Demarce and poopsies daughter, Brooke Yankton. Wonder how much they are paid to, essentially, do little to nothing? You are entitled to know the costs of everything your Tribal Council pays for, including their travels, expenses, and yes, the webmaster fees.

Standing Rock Elections

Looks like people in Standing Rock Rez got sick of Ron "His Horse is Thunder" McNeil. He pretty much denied people a voice in anything. Ignored petitions and curried his profile as a celebrity. Beat by almost 2-1 by the man he had replaced in the previous election.

Sometimes you don't know how good it is until you lose it. Ron was supposed to be the face of the future, but people decided they didn't like that kind of dictatorship. Almost 2 to 1!

Why is this interesting to me? It goes to the ongoing controversy over the Fighting Sioux nickname. A name given in a Pipe Ceremony from the Standing

Rock Tribe... waaay back. Instead of letting the people vote on whether or not to honor that ceremony and allow the name to stay, Ron declared it the sole discretion of the Elected Chief to decide, not the people, and he decided he was against the keeping of the name.

We can get into all the racism shown by ignorant people, students, and such, another time. I welcome your letters on this if you want to be heard. I will even make a page for it if there is enough interest.

What is interesting about the outcome in that election is this: Now that he has been replaced by someone that is for the keeping of the nickname, he wants to 'stay involved' at several levels in the negotiations. Why? He is no longer elected and according to his own absolute rules, just being the member of a tribe did not give anyone a voice in this matter. Sit down and shut up? Or become some sort of Democracy advocate?

You watch and report. I find it ironic.

I put his name in quotes because I am told, that contrary to his statement that his Grandfather gave him the name, in fact, it is a name he gave himself. I don't know one way or the other about that. It does sound rather pretentious. And now, "His Horse Is Thunder!" will have to get a real job, unless that acting gig works out for him.

See Ron? When you become a bully, people lose respect for you. They make fun of your name. Just ask Popsie.

Wind Farm

From everything I can see, the wind farm is moving ahead. It is not getting the path cleared for it like the Casino does: \$3 Million with a 10 minute discussion. But it is moving forward. Through hard work, diligence and much effort, those involved in the project are plugging ahead.

When completed, this will be one of the best forward financial projects ever. Clean energy. The casino's future is more iffy by the day. You might want to attend those General Assembly Meetings just to get, or demand, updates on the wind farm. Oh, while you are at it, ask about the casino.

Checks

The checks should be coming out this month. How much will the casino declare you "won" or you "earned" this year? Are they going to charge you taxes on it like last years? That was illegal. But do, no matter how tiny or futile it seems, keep

me posted on what happens with that.

And, if you get sent another 1099 form, let me know about that as well. Send me copies of it. I have not forgotten and I have not given up. Perhaps now, with a new administration in town, we might be heard on this one. Or, we just keep it for the sake of history, for the day when they do look back and see how the people were robbed. Either way, let's keep the paper trail alive.

Someone has to tell the story. We know it won't be the lame ass webmasters of the Spirit Lake site. The again, that could change too. Who knows?

And, while you are at it: Tell your new Tribal Council to unblock the Restless Spirit site. Tell them you don't need to be protected from information they may or may not want you to know.

Dying Young

The young are dying out there, with no abatement. A new death is around every corner.

Allison Faye ConqueringBear-ThunderShield, only 30 years old. I don't know anything about her. But 30 is far too young. The circumstances of her demise are probably common out there, and avoidable if only people would come together for the common cause of healing the community, allowing the young to thrive in a safe environment.

When the tribe realizes that the changes that need to be made must be both deep and wide in Politics, and in Law Enforcement, Education in order to give the young--OUR FUTURE-- a chance to thrive.

The young are more and more disconnected from the culture that is their heritage, and less and less able to attain acceptance in a culture that views them through a racist lens, and without at least, solid footing in their home culture, there is no way they will survive.

It needs to be made safer out there. People don't feel safe. Corruption still holds a grip on the community. Murderers still control the jobs, the income, and the police.

USAG

I hear that Jan Morley is still out there, wandering around half lost. She still hasn't figured out that everyone is watching who talks to her. She still hasn't figured out that it all gets reported to Poopsie. She still hasn't figured out why people are

afraid. She thinks she can close this out. Just shut it down and say she has nothing to work with.

Here's a tip for ya Jan: Go and talk to Celeste Herman. She was there, it was her house that Eddie was murdered in. She helped kill him. They completely demolished her house that next week and built a new one on top of the old spot. Ask some real questions of people you know (but don't want to be able to prove) are involved. Celeste might talk now that her brother QBall has murdered her son, Willy, and their brother, Scott.

QBall is killing and beating at will these days. His own family is as fair game as anyone else. He shoots meth directly into his arm, leg or anywhere else he can find a spot. He's big and he is strong and he is ugly.

Maybe Celeste is tired of protecting the family that did nothing to protect her son. Maybe she is ready to talk. Or, maybe she will wait until her other children are murdered. Just talk to her.

You keep asking the Innocent who were wrongly convicted, what they know about the murder. How can they know ANYTHING? They were not there. They were framed.

Start talking to Popsie, Celeste, their mother, Pauline... someone needs to start asking them some really hard questions.

They are afraid of the questions. They are scared to pieces at this point. That is why they are turning on each other. That is why Qball is killing members of his own family, and they are too afraid to say anything about it.

Don't look for records of murder. There are never autopsies on dead Indians, no matter who kills them. The cop on the spot, regardless of his lack of training, can pronounce cause of death and there is no further investigation. You are working with amateurs, liars and blowhards.

Look at the real statistics for rape on reservations. One in three women will be raped before she is 21. Now, look and see how many actual investigations there have been of rapes (or murders) on the rez. You will find, less than one every 10 years. That one that does get investigated is only because someone forced it to happen. Someone from the OUTSIDE.

It is not uncommon for a young girl to be beaten, gang-raped, and give statements that are never followed up on by the police who take the statements. If she dies, they drop the investigation altogether because she can't give them any more information.

You see around the rez, how people's spirit has been broken. You see how people don't trust you. You make no secret of whom you are talking to, and you put their lives at risk, and then they don't say anything to you, and you snort that they aren't helping.

Play dumb all you want, Ms. Morley. But the truth is there and it is staring right at you. Common sense. Protect those who can and will talk to you and give you real information. Or, just walk away and then never connect the dots on how they got beat up, lost their job, got run off the road, got killed. Just shrug.

You can either support the stereo type of Indians you grew up believing, or you can see what is really going on. You can make a difference, a huge difference, in the lives of everyone out there, or you can just go through the motions and pretend it is all you can do.

Blows my mind that some out there call you their 'friend'. They have no idea how one-sided that 'friendship' is. How you have no intention of doing this right.

You can either be a part of the solution to opening up this criminal organization, or you can be a part of the ongoing cover-up. I think you have found your fork in the road.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 7, 2009
Rules is Pretzels

Remember when all those petitions were being passed around to try and get rid of Zit Puppet? A notorious chronic drunk, drugged up rapist? Naked Lawn Ornament (his mother) went and pretzeled the logic of the rules to the extreme to disqualify the petitions.

She even had help from Vern Lambert, whose son had been raped by Zit Puppet a month or so earlier. He had done a lot of snorting and stomping and threatening to get an investigation, but settled for a job that he was not qualified to have.

Immediately thereafter, he was the panting sycophant who went out of his way to twist the interpretation of the rules to make it mathematically impossible to meet the requirements for a recall. You can review that episode here -->>Vern Lambert

While you are there, read the "legalized" letter he wrote, and upon which Ms Naked Lawn Ornament based her refusal to recognize the Petitions.

Now it seems, the rules have changed again, and she has now either untwisted the rules that were twisted to protect Zit Puppet, or she has twisted them even further, but somehow, it appears from the emails I am getting, she has found a way to recognize the recall petitions against Clarice Brownshield.

If I were you all, I would demand to see the rules she used this time and compare it to the rules she used last time and see if mathematically it added up. See if the signatures were in fact qualified by the same 'stringent' process as before.

She is doing all she can to upend the last election and put Poopsie's pals in place. I believe the runner up on the ticket was Josie McKay. She is a well-known drunk, druggie, whose only claim to fame is that she openly sleeps with Carl Walking Ego. He is desperate to get an ally on Council so that once again, he and NLO can drain all your money into their pockets via Ronin or other money laundering scams.

You need to show up at the meetings and NOT let this happen. You need to phone her office daily, hourly if necessary, and demand to see the process she used "THIS TIME."

You need to use that same process to get up a petition against her and Walking Ego. Dump them.

Side Note

Tell your Tribal Council that you are grown-ups and you are entitled to view my website from any computer on Tribal lands that has internet. Tell them that you are entitled to both email me and receive emails from me without being blocked.

Ask them what they are so afraid of? Get my site and my email address unblocked.

I received several really nice letters this past week regarding previous blogs. One in particular that I tried to respond to, but my email was blocked. So, to that writer, and you know who you are, Thank you, and keep up the great work. Get a new email address that is not affiliated with the Tribe that is afraid of me, and we can correspond!

Seriously, Tribal Council, grow up.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 12, 2009

The Meeting Regarding Clarisse Brownshield Is NOVEMBER 17

Just a quick note here to let everyone know that the meeting to recall Clarisse Brownshield will be held **November 17, 10 AM in the Blue Building.**

They are holding the meeting at a time and a place where they figure most of you will not be able to attend. They do that so they can more easily pack the crowd with their thugs and get their way.

I say, show up and show up early and stand up for the Tribal Council Member you elected and do not allow them to remove her and install their drug addict puppet.

Remember and remind them of how they refused, despite the chronic drunkenness, on and off the rez, they REFUSED to allow you to get rid of Zit Puppet. Remember how they kept moving the meetings on that and how they slammed the doors early to prevent people from getting in when they finally did have it. Remember how they had their thugs shouting people down?

Remember how they had their sycophant from the "Urinal" only interview people who were supportive of him?

Naked Lawn Ornament and Walking Chicken abused the Tribe for too long. They know they can't do it without help from their drugged out, drunken pals.

Don't let them change the rules every time they want to get their way.

Go to the meeting and stand up for Clarisse so she can stand up for you.

I am sure she is not perfect. But look at how much worse it will be without her.

And, don't you think it is odd that this is coming just at the time when the Tribal Council has to decide how much of your money they will give you in the Christmas Checks?

As long as they have their pals in there, no one can stop them from robbing you blind and leaving you cold, again and again.

Support Clarisse and you, at the very least, make it more difficult for them to run over you.

And, if they start changing the time and the location of the meetings, demand to be informed 1 week in advance so you can make plans to attend.

Yes, SMC Employees will be threatened with termination if they attend. So make sure someone from your family shows up for you.

This is as much for YOU as it is for Clarisse.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 16, 2009
Dances With Monkeys

Still waiting to hear from Jan Morley. Yeah, the USAG that is supposed to be investigating the real murderers of Eddie Peltier. Ho hummm. Yawn... stretch. Seems like our little Jan just shrugs her shoulders and can't figure out who to talk to. Can't research the case files, or even read the trial transcripts.

Apparently, she is waiting for someone to 'confess' and bring her videos of the murder so that she might start to be able to start to build a case.

Oh yeah, Feds like to have everything delivered to them, neat, tidy and with a bow on top, otherwise, it's just hopeless!

That's why they never asked the obvious questions about the Turdclan. Glaring, screaming questions, that seem to go unheard, "unthought of", by the well-educated USAGs.

They really appreciate it when the real murderers can rape, torture and beat up people until the render false confessions or suborn perjured testimony by threats or cash payouts. Anything else seems to be a real puzzle to them!

And as Li'l Miss Morley ponders the mystery of why no one will talk to her, in front of the Turdclan's chief informers, let us say good-bye and farewell to a witness who, had Miss Morley bothered to look into the case, actually saw the Yanktons hauling Eddie's stiffened corpse out of the back of Poopsie's Blazer. She made statements, she came forward at the time, but was dismissed by Crooks, Fisher, et al. They told her to give her statement to the new Chief of Police first: Poopsie.

And I am sure Li'l Miss Morley sees nothing wrong with that. Probably her own fault she never got that statement into court. Who was this woman? Lynda Alberts.

Yes, another "Mysterious" death, which will NOT be investigated, but which happened rather suddenly.

Don't be alarmed Li'l Miss Morley, I won't tell anyone that you are making this about as half-assed as can be. I won't tell anyone that you are lazy, or that you prefer the racist stereo type in your head to the real truth about what happened to Eddie, who did it, and what has happened since.

I'm pretty sure that if you talked to Pisster, after all, she helped murder Eddie, she will be happy to just tumble in with a confession, video, tons of pictures...

whatever you need to make your case.

Does it even bother you that Innocent young men were framed for this? By the very people that committed the murder? Does that bother you at all?

Or, does it bother you that an innocent man has wasted away in prison for over 20 years while the real killers have taken over the drugs, money and all the resources of the rez?

Does any of that even ping your moral radar? Or, is it time to shrug your shoulders, turn your back and say: "It's just Indians." ?

I'm not sure how you sleep at night. I'm pretty sure you don't much care about anyone or anything--least of all the laws, the Rights of people, or Justice.

Wait, wait! I can hear it coming...on tiny high heels... "Some of my best friends are Indians." Is that what you are going to say? If so, let me guess who some of them are and who they are related to.

I used to have this paperweight, a long time ago. Three Monkeys: Speak No Evil, Hear No Evil, See No Evil. If I find it, I will be sure and send it to you. Christmas is coming.

The rest of you: Imagine what it is like to be an innocent man, spending yet another Christmas in prison while the real Killers and the USAG do this little dance with the monkeys.

Jan Morley, you have an Indian Name now: Dances With Monkeys. Wear it well.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 19, 2009
Loyalty vs. The Law

Let us revisit another murder... there are so many to choose from. We are going to step into the Way Back Bus, which looks suspiciously like the Four Winds Bus to Nowhere—only cleaner, and journey back to August 22, 1985.

What is it with you all and the month of August? Is it too hot? Are you too drunk to think straight? Why is it you get so many murders in August?

Ephraim Hill came home from work. There was a party goin' on. Typical. Summer, nothing else to do, high unemployment, too much booze and drugs available... oh, I forgot, it's supposed to be a "Dry" reservation.

So, Ephraim comes home from work, and his woman is drunk, and there is this party going on. Ephraim and her are having their problems. Problems made worse, not better, by alcohol.

There is a gunshot. Everyone saw what happened. Ephraim is dead. That's him lying on the floor over there. The rifle that did the deed is across the room. That's what Melvin Grey Bear, Chief of Police for the Tribe sees when he comes to investigate.

Frances Rose, Ephraim's common-law wife, is rocking in a chair that is not a rocking chair. Her face is all streaked from tears, and she reeks of all-day beer.

"He shot himself," she says. Everyone that stuck around is staring at their feet, wiping sweat off their upper lip, fielding darting looks from one another.

"Is that what happened?" Melvin asks.

"Yes, that is what happened," he is told. The person that tells him is another cop. Andrew Morin and *1Bob Herman were both there. Cops wouldn't lie to cops. There is honor among those who wear the badge. These were all good people. This was just an 'unfortunate incident.'

Anyone with any investigative smarts would have smelled a cover-up. Perhaps Melvin did, but he went along with it. "Suicide. Alcohol involved." Just another Dead Indian. A statistic.

Clearly, the bullet going into Ephraim's chest could not have been self-inflicted. Not with that long-barrel rifle over there. How did that rifle get over there?

"Anyone touch this?" No one touched it. No one fingerprinted it. Would have not found any prints on it if they had. You see, it was wiped clean... just in case. Just in case someone did do a real investigation.

Little worry of that. Dead Indians are just that. Dead. No autopsies, no investigations, just whatever a badge surmises, on the spot, is the end of that story. ¹

Ephraim Hill. Suicide. Alcohol involved.

I asked Melvin about this one back in 2001.

"How long were Ephraim's arms?" I asked him.

Melvin was puzzled. So I asked if Ephraim was deformed or had really long arms.

Melvin kind of chuckled, and said no, that they were normal length arms.

"How then, " I asked him, "Was he able to shoot himself, in the chest, in front of all those people. I mean, he had to work at it. Or have arms 4 and a half ft long arms to be able to hold the rifle away from his chest (because it was not a contact wound)..." There was a long pause on the other end of the phone.

"He couldn't do it, Melvin. You know he couldn't have done it. He was murdered."

Silence.

"He was murdered, and everyone lied, to protect their friend, to protect themselves, to make it all go away."

It was one of many uncomfortable discussions between Melvin and I.

Be Careful What You Pray For

"You want the Truth to come out," I told him. *"The Truth is the truth about everyone and everything and every murder. These are your prayers being answered. This is everyone's prayers being answered. And people don't like it when their prayers get answered."*

To be fair, there wasn't anything Melvin could do. There was no real training for cops on the rez, and there still isn't any. There is no forensics, and the Feds don't back up any investigation that might lead to corrupt people being caught up in "unpleasant business".

Corrupt people must stay in positions of power so that the flow of unaudited money can continue the cycle from Federal Grants to Indian Tribes, stopping at the pockets of those in power, little or none going to the people, and then back up the line as 'donations' and just plain cash, into the hands of politicians at every level of government.

This is why they don't investigate the corrupt. They need them. Billions of dollars flow under the radar every year through Indian Country. A lot of well-heeled, powerful people, depend on it.

Some say that the system itself would collapse if the rocks were turned over and the vermin writhing in the light, turned on one another. The system is very careful not to turn over the wrong rocks. Very careful who they send in to investigate the rocks. They have to be able to control that someone, if they get too close to the Truth that everyone is praying to come out, but that no one really wants to come out. They need a lever. Loyalty, especially to family, is a really good lever.

With no one willing to come forward and tell the truth, it laid there, on the floor, next to Ephraim, bleeding out, while everyone backed up the lie and hoped it would just go away.

It always does and it never does. It goes away because no one investigates. It never goes away because everyone knows.

The Cops just look around, check who is related to whom, figure out where their loyalties lie, and then decide, based on loyalty whether or not this one needs to be investigated.

Frances Rose Lamb dies later on. She dies really hard. Before she dies, she confesses to murdering Ephraim. All those lies, woven together, protecting each other all those years, finally revealed, at the last hours of a troubled life.

This is how murders get buried on the rez. Covered up in loyalties.

Fear Trumps Law

Stay on the bus. This is the same year that the investigation was going on that ultimately framed eleven innocent young men. What a year!

In the case of Eddie Peltier, his murder was planned. The Turdclan planned it and they carried it out. It helped that Poopsie was a cop at the time. That badge got him a lot of free passes. He raped and beat his own daughters, getting them pregnant. Angie's son, Kalum, is the product of direct inbreeding. You can see what a mess he is.

Poopsie used everything he had to cover up that murder. First, he tried to get it to look like a Hit and Run. No one bought that one. He and his drunken FBI pal, Spencer Helleckson, then went to extremes to both stop the investigation from ever coming to his door, and it was starting to come to his door: People were talking to Melvin Grey Bear. They were telling him what they saw, heard and knew.

Melvin didn't want to believe it. Poopsie was far worse than what Melvin ever wanted to believe. That was one of the reasons people did not trust Melvin at first. He was not a bad guy, but he just couldn't cope with some of the facts. If someone gave him a story that made it all okay, he went with that.

Even he could not buy the "Hit and Run" scenario... and the more he heard... even he knew where it was leading.

Hit and Run was the plan to begin with. That was why Poopsie had so elaborately had Patricia DeMarce, (aka Sissy Big Track) lure her cousin, Richard La Fuente, from out of state. He was supposed to be the fall guy for the hit and run. Pete Belgarde was already on script, ready to tell that he heard 'squealing tires' and saw Ricky LaFuente's El Camino racing down Hwy 57 at high speed.

Plan B

Poopsie moved fast to get Grey Bear out of the picture. He and Helleckson created a frame up of Grey Bear's son, Loren, as being the killer. Demanded that Melvin be removed from the case, eventually from his job, under this false frame of 'conflict of interest'.

The only problem with that frame up was that Loren, like most youth of that age, when mom and dad were out of town, had thrown a large party and he had too many alibis.

Through intimidation, using the FBI to help intimidate alibi witnesses, Poopsie and his thugs, threatened everyone with jail time, prison time, the loss of their children forever, if they did not give statements implicating Grey Bear as being involved in the murder.

Poopsie and his brothers beat the ones they had to, raped the wives in front of them, to convince some of the more reluctant witnesses to get onto the script and say exactly what he wanted them to say.

Others were promised payouts and they got them. Anything from as little as 2 cases of beer (for washing Eddie's Body and redressing him in QBall's clothes) to \$5000. Only a few got the big bucks. Most were just paid \$500 or so.

If you had a choice between having your arms broken, your wife or children beaten and raped in front of you, or cash, which would you take? It all ended up in the same place. Tell the story.

So, covering up murders happens all the time on the rez. Typically, the cover-up works. No matter how ridiculous. No matter how long the arms have to be to make the scenario work.

Clown Cops

Eddie's murder was and is, a little different. Eddie won't stay down.

Poopsie and the other Turdlings, along with Turdmother, have to keep trying to reinforce their secret, even though it is not a secret any more.

Poopsie manages to get in on EVERY law enforcement issue. He and Walking Ego have appointed themselves as the Law and Order Department of the rez. They even take extra pay for it.

It entitles them both to every scrap of information that comes from any investigation. It entitles them to pick and choose which offenses will be investigated and which ones will not.

That is why Donovan Wind-In-The-Brains has spent months "Investigating," literally, crawling on his hands and knees in various offices, looking for staples, and paper to figure out who is printing and distributing this blog. THAT is his number ONE priority. I hear calliope music in the background. The cop circus is in town. Poopsie is the Ringmaster and Donovan is his biggest clown.

Meanwhile, children are being raped, women are being beaten and raped; people's homes and cars are being broken into; drugs are being cooked and the smell is easily tracked to the houses of dealers; children are neglected, killed, suiciding at an alarming rate; fires are starting; people are being run off the road and murdered... but Poopsie and Walking Ego, determine what are the priorities for Law Enforcement on the rez.

Round and Round Table We Go

You can get off the bus now. Nothing has changed. Secrets still protect murderers.

They call themselves the "Round Table" now.

This way, Poopsie, who was actually thrown out of his job as Chief of Police back in '95 for corruption, can run the law enforcement on the rez, and make sure that certain murders are not looked at as murders. If they are, it is a simple matter of breaking a few arms, raping a few children, or paying off key people, to create yet another frame up.

Perhaps Dances With Monkeys will want to take a second look at how things work on the rez. She's supposed to be an Indian. And now she has a real Indian Name.

I hear that they put her in there to look but to not find. That they have members of her family that are, shall we say, depending on her to not do her job so that the people she might uncover in Eddie's murder, won't in turn, suddenly release evidence on them.

Yes, the Loyalty game. It goes way up. It affects everyone and everything out there.

Murders are buried as suicides, accidents, natural causes. No one looks. Especially not another Indian. They have the most to lose. They have the most to fear. They have the most to gain, but they never will.

Badges mean they are all in the same club. They keep each others' secrets. Especially, the really bad ones.

But eventually, no matter how big of a sycophant one is, Poopsie gets paranoid. He had Bentley Grey Bear holding down special duty, "Special Investigator" status, in the most supreme irony of all. Bentley is Melvin's son. Poopsie enjoyed being able to have Bentley at his beck and call. Poopsie was always jealous of Melvin.

Bentley was the one going around with Dances With Monkeys as she wandered through the rez, clueless as to whom she should talk to. Whomever she did talk to, was reported, directly or through Bentley, or indirectly through reports that had to be filtered through the "Law & Order Roundtable".

Poopsie has to stay ahead of everyone on this loyalty game. Bentley recently lost the suck-up contest to Raymond Cavanaugh. Ray is cousin to Eddie Peltier. Ray, so

they say, was sucking up to the Roundtable, so much, the room pressure dropped to near perfect vacuum.

Bentley is in New Town now. He has a different assignment. Ray is the one that Poopsie is relying on now. Let's see how that works out for everyone.

Other News

The SMC plant is closing down before Thanksgiving. I don't know if this is permanent or what. But they lost a \$7 Million contract. Dorgan the Organ might be too busy on this Health Care thing to get himself tangled up in another procurement scandal with SMC. Maybe later.

Rest assured that Carl McKay and his wife, will have skimmed enough cash out of the company to keep themselves very comfortable for a very long time. Poopsie still gets his cut.

Also, rest assured, that neither Poopsie nor McKay, nor Naked Lawn Ornament, none of them really gives your well-being a second thought. They are probably all getting drunk right now, celebrating.

It's going to be a very cold winter.

Make it Hot

My suggestion to heat things up: Talk to Dances With Monkeys. Make her do her job. Make her listen to you. And then tell me what you told her, when you told her and where you were when you told her. Force her to do her job... no matter who gets hurt. Get the truth out now. It will only get worse, for everyone, if you continue to try and hide this.

Make your loyalty to the future. To the children who are suffering in a community that is run by rapists and murderers. Give them a future by telling the truth, all of it, about the past. Give them a chance to have a chance in life. Give them a life that is not being smothered by the dirty blankets of lies, secrets and threats.

You too, Celeste. They killed your husband, they killed your son. They killed your brother Scott. What are you protecting yourself from? Clearly, silence is not safety in your family. It is, after all, your family that is killing your family.

Loyalty in your case, is the dirtiest blanket of them all. Talk to Jan. She has to listen to you. She will be in her office on Monday.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

¹ **Bob Herman** was, at the time, married to Celeste Herman. He was aware and involved in the cover-up of Eddie's Peltier's murder, two years earlier. Bob Herman later split from Celeste and moved to Standing Rock, where he lived with Paulette Driver. The Turdclan was always worried that he would start talking. Suddenly, Bob Herman shows up as a suicide at Standing Rock right around the time that Weenie Boy had gone to chat with him about keeping family secrets "in the family."

November 25, 2009

The Ephraim Hill Controversy

It is easy to contact me if you feel you have been misrepresented in a posting. Andrew Morin, who was named in the previous post, handed me a correction: He said that Ephraim and his girlfriend were arguing outside the house. That he and others remained in the house. While they were arguing outside, there were people gathered around and watching, but no one intervened.

He said it was suicide. "No mystery about it." But, I point out, he did not see it, he cannot say for sure. Another reason I continue to believe it was not suicide is this: It is physically impossible to shoot yourself in the heart, straight on, with a rifle.

Further to this point was that it was a small hole with no scorching on his shirt or skin. The muzzle flare alone would have rendered a much uglier wound. It's called a "contact wound". Imagine how long the arms would have to be to not only shoot himself in the heart, but to do so without leaving a contact wound (muzzle has to be at least 8" away from chest). So, Ephraim's arms would have to be below his knees to accomplish either of these factors.

The people outside, with Ephraim and his woman while all this went down, Pister for one, and her (since deceased) husband, who had only two years prior, covered up their part in Eddie's murder.

So, Andrew says it was suicide. I say it was murder. Don't argue about it, just think about it.

Another Dead Indian

The body of another young Indian man was found floating down the river. Anyone has any details on who this man was, and what happened, let me know.

Say Goodbye to Delvin Greywater

Delvin passed on the other day. He was the best example of all that is right and all that is wrong out there.

He was diabetic, addicted, and an alcoholic. He had lost first one leg to his disease, and then the other. He was small in stature, but he was huge in heart.

He never denied what he was. He never allowed either his size or his condition, stop him from standing up and speaking the truth. He first came to my attention when he stood up in a Council meeting and called Popsie a murderer, to his

face.

Later that day, Weenie Boy went to Delvin's trailer, with a friend of his, and proceeded to kick and stomp the man who was half his size. First, to be sure the one-legged man, half his size, could not fight back, he took away his crutch.

Beat him from one end of the trailer to the other, throwing him out the back door, onto the dirt, bloodied. Soon as Delvin got himself bandaged up, he flipped the bird to Weenie Boy and the rest of the Turdclan, again and again.

It's not that he was fearless. Clearly, he knew he was going to get beat for speaking up and for telling the truth. It was that he did not let his fear stop him from speaking the truth and expressing himself. THAT is courage.

Addictions & Futility

Addiction is a communicable disease. We catch it from our friends. Alcoholism is also a disease and we catch it from our genetics. Both can be avoided, but prevention has to be taught.

This "Just say No," bullshit is a joke. That was Reagan's way of not investing in authentic studies and methods for prevention. Blaming the addict is a great way to not invest in the process of healing the body, ravaged by addictions, or the mind, misled by the shadows of suffering and futility, or the spirit, sickened by grief and abuse, starved for lack of Sacred Ceremony.

Those who are the purveyors of drugs and alcohol on the rez must be removed. They must be arrested and their crimes must be illustrated to everyone in the community, so they can see how the disease spreads, and what their part in it is.

Arresting the addicts is pointless. Healing the sick is where it will turn around.

Indians are dying way too young. This is genocide. It is murder. It is suicide. It is neglect and it is unnecessary.

Look at the schedule of graves being dug out there.

There is a prevailing air of grief and deep sorrows that covers everyone. No family remains untouched by the violence or the deaths, the alcoholism or the addictions. Everyone is being dragged down by all this.

The overall sense of futility, that one must fight hourly if they are ever to overcome the challenges out there, are presided over by the most corrupt. In fact, it is the corruption that creates the sense of hopelessness and futility out

there.

Communities as a whole, and especially in Indian Country, need to rethink how they treat themselves, one another, and how they view others. We all need to examine our racism and prejudices, even if we think we have none.

Those are the things that most deeply divide the people from one another. Division leads to isolation. Isolation means you may not find or even look for, comfort or help when you most need it. When you can't find help or comfort, you can always find drugs and alcohol.

The spiral starts from there, and it only goes down a very dark road. We cannot live in a community where we allow others to fall into this pit and do nothing to bring them back out. We cannot survive in a community where we allow others to be broken and do nothing to help them to find healing.

It takes us all down. It cannot be ignored. We cannot just watch it happen to others and think it will not affect us.

Now, look around. This is your family. This is your community. This is your Nation.

That body floating down the river. He's one of ours. We are all affected.

WE can all do something about it. We **MUST** do something about it. We start by coming together. We continue by holding together. We stand up, regardless of what comes, or how wounded we are, and we tell the truth. We confront the evils of corruption. We throw them out. We demand investigations. We hold the Guilty accountable. We free the Innocent.

That is how we begin to heal.

And, until we begin to heal, we continue to allow the unrelenting sorrows to surround us.

You know where to find me.

~Cat