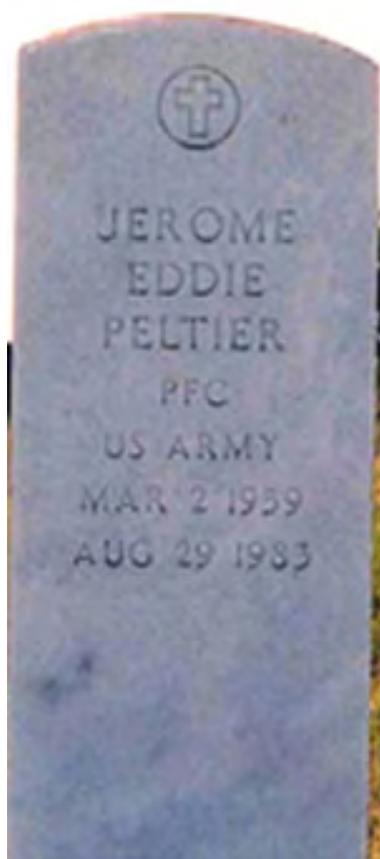


Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West
The Blog

(#12 but who's counting?)

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



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



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

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

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

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

Sitemap is now active

Held over by Popular Demand...

July 30, 2006

Another Voice

This came in my email tonight. It makes sense to me. It also lets me know that many of you get the point of this blog, entirely. I am installing it, without the writer's name for a number of reasons. One, retaliation by the corrupt, and two, this being the bigger one, I have heard this from so many of you, this person putting it so well, I feel it is the common voice of reason in the midst of all that is wrong in the community. Consider this many voices from one.

Cat,

Get this out, you reach more people than KABU!

Folks need to remember we hold the power of change, and we can change things so people don't have to be martyrs.

We can form fair committees to address issues in a timely manner so innocent people can continue to make a living. That speaking out against criminals and corruption won't cost them their jobs.

We can stop the victimization of our people by council members, we can take the felons off boards that decide things. Felons can not manage their own life; why put our people in their dirty hands?

We can stop the corruption and the violence against our people.

We spirit lake Indians need to show our spirit, no more felons like Vern Lambert double playing the jobs at water resource.

Right now the felons are in control, that needs to change.

True and respected elders need to say the prayers for us.

Education is a good thing, we need to hire people with knowledge and areas of expertise instead of withholding jobs from them because they speak the truth.

When people speak out against child molestation (when it is true) they help the community to stop it and prevent it and to heal.

Stop being fearful and ashamed to speak the truth because you might lose your job.

Stop letting murderers control every top paying job on the rez, we all know there are people in jobs who are there by favor and favor alone.

It used to be a good thing to work every day and do a good job. Now its politics; They punch in and leave for the day as long as someone remembers to punch you out again at the end of the day.

The wrong are parading their sins proudly and we say nothing.

When we say nothing we remain nothing.

If we want fairness we need to take back what a few have taken from us and give everyone a chance to thrive.

Stop letting Joey give homes to one family! We have handicapped who need homes too. The ones with two homes are healthy, they choose to stay home, there is work if you truly want it.

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 3, 2006

Tony MacDonald, Spiritual Man? Or Raving Lunatic?

Step into the Way Back Machine with me. Keep your hands inside the car at all times. Roll up the windows, this one really stinks. We are going back to that morning...

By now, Demus MacDonald (called "Demon" by those who know him) had told his brother, the local Padre, Tony MacDonald, about Eddie being murdered at Celeste Herman's house a few hours earlier. Demus helped them move the body out of the house. He got some on him.

And, he was hungry. So he went to his brother's house (Tony Mac) to clean up and get some breakfast. Helping a bunch of murderers can give a man a real appetite!

While he is in the shower, around 7:00 AM, Tony goes next door to Angeline Mary Alberts' home to "borrow" eggs, bacon, and a loaf of bread. Tony and his family had been several miles away at Tony's Mother's (Olive Wells) deathbed watch and he had to head back out there after breakfast. No time to shop, you know. And Demus was hungry.

He sees Richard LaFuente asleep on the floor. He says nothing about the murder to Angeline or anyone else in the house at the time.

Angeline is the mother to Terry and Maynard Dunn. And because they were part of the alibi as to where Richard LaFuente was the previous night, they also ended up as Defendants in the murder trial.

It was so easy! Anyone that could provide an alibi that disproved Loren Grey Bear or Richard LaFuente was involved in Eddie's murder, was put on a "suspects" list, arrested, threatened, beat up, whatever it took to twist the Truth into a lie and a lie into the truth.

Remember: Back then there was no internet, no local news relevant to the Tribe, and people had no way of knowing what was going on except what those with badges and guns told them. Poopsie and Co, had all the badges and guns. The Truth had no way of being known.

It would be only a few months later that he would sell his daughter to the Yanktons, to do with as they wished, and force her to testify that she was Richard LaFuente's girlfriend at the time and that he had confessed to her.

She was about 14 years old at the time. No will of her own.

Of course, having never even seen or spoken to Richard, she was unable to identify him from the photo line up the police presented to her. So they asked her a second time, and guided her finger to point to Richard. "Could not identify Richard LaFuente from photo lineup," the note says in the police files. "On second try, with assistance, she pointed to Richard LaFuente!"

Yes, that man is in prison today because that weak kneed woman still won't tell the truth. Her

Daddy be so proud!

Way Back Machine revs up again...

Move forward to 87, 88...

Something else you may not know about Tony Mac. He is obsessed with power. There was a spiritual movement taking shape on the rez at that time. Melvin Grey Bear had only recently "picked up the altar" as they say, meaning, he was stepping into his destiny as a Yuwipi man, and spiritual healer. It made a profound change in him and people noticed.

Especially Tony Mac, who wanted everyone to be under his spell and to see him as the only voice of God.

Tony was attempting to run sweats at that time. Sweats (Sweat lodge ceremonies) are a sacred and meaningful part of Native Spiritual beliefs. It carries a big responsibility to whomever is running it. That person has to be called to the Pipe (C'anupa) and have clean intentions in what they do, or people can get hurt.

But Tony was looking for spiritual glory at the time. Poopsie and his brothers and a lot of other people showed up for these Sweats. People have a hunger for their old ways, and for the ways of their people.

Tony Mac's intentions were as bad then as they are now. His trying to grab onto a path of belief that he was not qualified to walk on.

People got hurt in those sweats and Tony Mac got scared and quit doing them.

But it does show the real man that he is. Not the pretender of righteousness, but the real weasel inside that hide. The one that takes all things sacred; Native Spiritual practices, his family and his own young daughter, and tries to twist them into the ugliness that he knows abides in his heart and soul, and sells them to those who will soil them to the marrow.

He does this because he does not believe he will ever be called into account. Not in this life and not after this life. He has no belief in God, nor Creator, nor any other name one would call God.

But he knows people believe and that people have a hunger for the ceremonies, be they Catholic or Native Spiritual, and he can fake it like Anna Nichole on her wedding night, over and over again.

The Way Back Machine passes a billboard that reads:

Oh, and his brother Demus? Aside from getting jobs working for the casino, driving the shuttle, or whatever, he thinks he is going to be repaid someday, by Poopsie and the boys, for his part in making things quiet and for suggesting his niece be the one to tell the lies.

And he is partially correct. He will be paid back. But it will be a reckoning, not a payday and his greed and cowardice will wrap around him like a cold, filthy, wet blanket in his coldest hours of fear and loathing.

The Way Back Machine does a sharp Ueee and sputters to a full stop.

You can exit the vehicle now. Be sure you have all your belongings with you, including your common sense, logic, natural curiosity and your humanity. Those of you who picked up outrage along the way, I suggest you use it constructively and calmly.

We thank you for time travelling with us here, at Walking Sky. Do come back again!

Preview:

Next Installment:

Turdmother is questioned about her family's involvement in Eddie's Murder 12 years ago. "That was a long time ago," she says, brushing aside the question. "That's all been taken care of."

Didn't count on me, now did you Turdymom?

You know where to find me!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 4, 2006

The Waiting Game

The Petition we spoke about in the previous blog is still making the rounds. One of the reasons it is taking so long to bring before the assembly is that so many people, especially those who can't get around on their own and who have suffered at the whim of Lois Leban, want to sign it. They are phoning and emailing to get someone to come out to their home and let them sign it.

Sometimes these people need to talk, for a long time, about the unfair way in which they were treated. The petition takers respectfully sit, and do listen to some heart breaking, or blood boiling stories.

This is the first time many of those people feel they have been listened to, and that anything will be done.

The petition is, in a manner of speaking, gathering steam.

Now, the contractor who was asked to come and write up the Grant Proposal for the project, and then was, without cause and not a speck of truth to it, dismissed from the contract (a \$10 MILLION DOLLAR, contract for those new to this site) took his case to the TERO Board. (Tribal Employment Rights Organization) and was validated and should have been working the contract shortly thereafter.

The roads really do need repair out there and you can't do it in late fall or winter! But it was all handed over to Weenie Boy to sign off on and allow it to go through and work to begin.

Weenie Boy, who gets paid 40+ O/T every week, even though he is never in his office, and can be found most of the time at the casino, losing money, has not signed off on this ruling.

He is playing the waiting game. Work can't begin until he says so. He is hoping that the contractor will not be able to survive financially, and they can then declare him "out of business" and give the contract to one of their buddies. Nothing will get done, and yet another \$10 MILLION DOLLARS of Government money will disappear into the pockets, gas tanks and travel agendas of the Turd Clan and their cronies.

Weenie Boy needs to be removed from every possible office of power. He has only abused it and has never served the community. He has, by fraud, taken money from every office he ever worked in. Those HUD Funds are gone for good, boys and girls.

Those of you waiting for houses, look behind you, there are people with broken down vehicles caused by bad roads, also waiting...

We all get to play the Waiting Game until people wise up and remove these morons. Remember, Weenie Boy is illiterate. He cannot read. Why is he in charge of who gets what employment out there?

The Waiting Room

The Hereafter or "Where We Go After Here" (Some of us!)

No one here gets out alive, so the song says. And it is true! Not an immortal amongst us, nor would anyone want to be.

So, where will Turdmother go when her ticket runs out? Let's see, she goes to Catholic Mass, but she is an Indian, so let's give her a choice.

St. Peter stands at the bottom of a long driveway. Behind him are the pearly Gates of Heaven.

Turdmother arrives, hair and makeup done, nails manicured. She starts to head off towards the gates.

"Not so fast, woman," St. Peter says and a thick fog appears and the gates are not in sight and there is nothing. No up, no down, no left and nor right.

"I paid my \$5 at mass!" She declares, "I have a right!"

(I just told you there was 'no right'! Pay attention!)

St. Peter gives a chuckle. "Oh yeah, that will buy off God and Heaven!"

"I say the prayers that begin the meetings!" she declares, but still the fog won't lift.

"Oh yeah, " St. Peter chuckles again, "Those insincere words from your Black Heart will not open any meetings here!"

A darkness descends and the fog becomes thicker, breathing is stifled.

"What is with this fog??" She asks.

"Oh, this stuff?" He asks, waving a long sleeved arm around. She could only see part of it. Now her throat his scratchy and she can barely suck air into her lungs.

"All of this," he says, "that chokes you now, surrounds you now, will be with your forever. This is the lies, the greed, the evil you created on your path. You cannot find your way out of this because you did not clean your soul when you had the many, many opportunities.

"You chose to hurt people, and to help your children create suffering for all the good Indians God gave you to help in your community.

"You chose to gamble, to drink, and to assist in murders. "

Turdmother falls to her knees, "I wanted to go to confession..."

"But telling your secret to someone who will keep it a secret for you is just putting your burden on them during your life. You did not do it to gain the strength to confess your sins and make amends to the people whom you had, all these many years, wronged."

"But," she gasped and wheezed, "I always said 'Amen'..."

She sees that she is stepping in sticky, gooey sludge. "How do I get this off of me??" She wails.

"You can't," he tells her. "That is people spitting on your grave and your memory."

"I know my family paid for High Mass for me!" She complains indignantly. "That is supposed to clean this off! My family pays to clean up all our messes! We have paid all the right people! I want this taken care of NOW!" She demanded, her voice cracking at the end. She realized that money, even stolen money, could not buy her peace.

St. Peter looked at her with disdain. "Here is a little something to help you find your way to the Eternity you created for yourself. He shoves a \$5 bill into her bony hand. "Call a Cab."

And just like that, St. Peter was gone.

Magically, a pay phone appears with the number for Hell's Taxi Service being the only number she can dial.

"Not to worry, " says the dispatcher. "A driver will be there right away. He has more pickups to make so you will be sharing the cab with others."

Turdmother is delighted because now, more than ever, she fears being alone.

It seems to take forever for the cab to get there. She crawls around, tearing her nice dress, crying and sobbing. Everywhere, it seems, there is spit.

I should have gone for cremation, she thinks to herself. She wonders also, if that brood of feces she reared really did pay for High Mass? Or did they spend it on their drugs? No matter now. What little she could see of it, this was forever. She begins to sob and wail, but there is no echo, and her cries fall flat into the nothingness that surrounds her.

Faintly at first and then stronger and stronger, the smell of sulphur overwhelms her. Then come the other, stronger smells of rot and decay.

Just in time, a cab pulls up and the door opens. "Oh thank God you are here! What in the Hell took you so long?" She whines as she climbs into the back seat. She cannot see their faces, but she senses that she is once again, among family and friends. They don't look happy. They don't look at her.

The door slams shut and locks behind her. The driver turns around and stretches out an animal like paw and demands:"That will be \$5 please!"

"That is all the money I have!" she complains! "You would mistreat an old woman that way?"

He chuckles and she sees his face start to appear out of the smoke and stink. It is Demus MacDonald and this cab is only going one place.

"I would," he says, "because you did. All that we have done to others," he continues, "is now ours forever to re-live. Five Dollars or you can walk the rest of the way to Hell." He snaps the bill from between her fingers.

She sees her son Poopsie in the cab with her. "I thought you paid everyone off a long time ago!" She hisses through her clenched gums There is Celeste, Q-Ball and Weenie Boy. There is no such thing as Time in the hereafter. The cabbie picks them all up at once, so it would seem.

Demus howls like a demon, the cab lurches into a steep decline down a twisted, treacherous road. The Road that murder, theft, and sin built.

Next installment: The Indian Hereafter. *(might take awhile, other news is on the rising)*

You know where to find me. ~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 5, 2006

Wait and See?

It has come to my attention that Tony MacDonald's son (one of the few still alive, btw) has been given two jobs of high responsibility by the Tribal Council.

One is putting him in charge of the Health Care Administration for the Tribe and the other has to do with all the "Planning".

I know what you are thinking, and so am I: "Just another position of power to the cronies of the Turdclan. The guy probably will do whatever his daddy tells him to do."

Not so fast. Let's see how this one shapes up. Russell MacDonald has enough degrees to register as a heat wave on that rez. He has the education to actually do a good job there. Let's see how he works at these jobs and what changes occur and what good or bad comes from it.

Trust me, if he is misusing this position, I will hear about it and be all over it, and him. But, I am rather impressed that someone, for once, is getting the position(s) that they are actually qualified for.

So, watch him, let me know.

Photo Ops

I hear Brian Pearson (Q-ball's illegitimate son, one of many) is using the Head Start Building to campaign! Enjoy it boys, girls, elderly and disadvantaged, for this is the only time you will be noticed! You look good standing or in your wheelchair, next to him for these photo ops. But that is all you are to him, a photo op. "Nobody better start a petition on me!" he says. Hmm? Afraid it will stick?

Anyone bother to ask what he has accomplished other than making his family even more wealthy? Making his friends more immune to laws and law enforcement?

Take a good look at who is running and what they are in this world and in your life! Rapists, murderers, thieves, embezzlers, drug dealers, and child molesters! And the mother of them all leading you in prayer at the opening of assembly?

Gee, I wonder why the tribe is suffering so much? Hmmm.. Any clues? Anyone? Anyone?

Inbreeding, for the most part, has paid big dividends. That family has the numbers to keep voting in the spawn from the Black Road.

Counter Checks

Lois is trying to counter the petition on her by writing out loans as fast as her fat little fingers can fill out forms! \$20 here and there, maybe \$100, and if you are family, you can get way more, and in cash!

So, apparently, she even has to bribe her own family?

I'm telling you, the woman is scared to pieces! So, if you have been turned down in the past, go get your money now! And sign the petition anyways!

Photo Oops!

Camera Shy? Everyone was telling me from the minute they got back from the Ft. Totten Days Celebration, what they saw and what they didn't see.

Didn't See:

Poopsie. He is hiding out because he is afraid I will get a photo of him and post it on the web. Any photo will do, kids, just email it to me!

Turdmother sitting with the Elders in the shady spot reserved for them. Perhaps she is no longer welcome? No longer considered a "respected Elder"?

Did See:

The Turdclan, men and women, all huddled together, out in the blazing sun, like a pack of scared bunnies, waiting to be attacked.

Roger was overheard telling one of his relative underlings: "Go get that camera out of here! I said 'No pictures!'" and the underling goes running over to see if anyone took a picture they were not allowed to take of that family in a public setting.

(If you did, I would like to have it!)

And, it appears they were not there to watch the festivities, but rather to peer into the crowds, people watch, see if "Cat West" showed up. They all walked everywhere together, they all stood together. I guess that trip to the outhouse was a spectacle!

So, gee, what are they afraid of? Hmm? And if they are so afraid, why did they come out? I mean, it is not like they were there to enjoy themselves. Maybe they just wanted everyone to see how unafraid they were?

Go figure!

I heard that one of the Yankton nieces was a "Princess" at the event. Gee, and no pictures? How ever will they remember these good times?

Family and Friends First

Bobby Littleghost wants to run the buffalo herd, no hay cutting skills, no animal husbandry skills, and does he even know how to fix a fence? Lois can grant that wish, poor, poor buffalo herd!

Turdmother is related to the Littleghosts so they get in on a lot of goodies.

Remember, it was at the Littleghost residence that she was playing cards when Poopsie came out and told her he had Eddie's corpse in the back of his Blazer.

She knew what to do! She told him where to take him and who to tell to wash him up and redress him in clean clothes (Qball's clothes, no less!)

Then she made the B Actresses of stage and screen look like Oscar contenders with her pathetic rendition of: "*Mah son juz came an tol' me that ma otha son was foun dayed on the rowed! Ahh merc-eh! Merc-eh ME!!! WOE is Meeee!*" number.

So, expect that the Littleghosts will be big on the scene until all the ones involved in covering up the murder are themselves, dead and buried. If they want help, a job, protection, money, they only need to ask.

(Note: Not all Littleghosts are the same. The ones getting all the goodies are the ones closest to Turdmom's heart. The others get to find their children's suicides.

Cowardly Silence has its rewards, but it also extracts a payment that makes all else meaningless and empty.)

BTW, there were about 25 people that knew of this that night. Names may be coming out shortly if I don't start seeing some info showing up on the desks of the Innocence Project Lawyers!

Yes, yes, yes, we will get into the Indian Side of the hereafter soon enough! Glad so many of you liked that one about Turdmother getting into a cab to go to hell.

The Innocent Suffer

On a sad note: Richard LaFuente's grandmother passed away last week. She never got to see her son freed from prison. He could not attend her funeral.

It's not just Richard that is in prison, in a sense, it is his whole family because he is not free, they cannot be a whole family.

Those of you who hold the keys, the information, this one is on you. You keep quiet and the suffering continues, and expands. What kind of a hereafter are you looking forward to?

What does this make you? What do you make of yourself?

Of course, there is more.. but I have to sign off for now and get back to the calling of summer and all that it brings to our home.

Creator watch over you all and guide you along the Red Road to Peace when your time comes, and you leave this world of pain.

Until then! Keep your funny bone sharpened and ready for action!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 7, 2006

Ketchup

Okay, these "Ketchup" blogs (Because I like Puns) will be about catching up on various topics from the past as well as previewing future topics that will have more meat on them from time to time.

Mayberry on Meth

Yes, back to Oberon and the Oh Oh Bar again.

Looks like the finger puppet that acted on behalf of Pete Hager might find herself locked up in a huge lawsuit for filing a false police report, Slander and Libel. Not to mention criminal charges can be laid on this as well!

Not getting off the hook either is the PD that acted on her complaint without investigating. That means False Arrest and an even larger investigation into the practices of that department.

Oh my! Oh my! Hope it was worth it to you cutie pie (Pop!) because you are about to learn how things work in a real courtroom and in a real lawsuit! Go ahead, tell them it wasn't your idea! That'll get you off the hook for \$\$\$\$\$ --- NOT!

And, while we are here, let's once again raise the obvious question about why Pete Hager and his buddies not only **do not** want any police enforcement in Oberon, this despite his bar being "burgled" fairly regularly by a tweaker well known to him... and the surveillance cameras always seem to not be working just at those times, (pop!), there is also the disturbing fact that all too often small children have been left out in the parents' vehicles, for hours, day or night, hot or cold, while

mom and/or dad is inside, getting snockered!

One couple, I understand were very sweet and good-hearted, took in three youngins that had been left in those cars over a period of time. Took them in, raised them, gave them a good and decent home. Jim and Caroline Harris were then mercilessly slandered and libeled in the local rag "Benson County Press" which more resembles toilet paper than a legitimate newspaper.

Law enforcement, Benson County Press, all much too eager to jump in and defame and defile anyone that speaks out about the wrongs in the county and especially anyone that challenges either Pete Hager and his Bar or his friends. (*Cheeze Whiz Wang! What ARE you getting out of this deal?*)

Yes, it is still Pete's bar. He put it in the name of his girlfriend, but he still has the keys, still runs the side business out of the back room and is still the depot for caravans of drugs and other contraband that comes in and are distributed throughout the State and other states from that point forward.

Yes, law enforcement is aware of this, have been for years, but the corruption reaches too high to make an investigation possible at this time. But that is about to change??? Maybe that is why he is so jumpy these days. Maybe team players are requiring bigger salaries, (code for "payoffs") or they will go and play for the other team? (Code for "Turning State's Evidence in exchange for a lighter sentence or total immunity")

Cop Shopping

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome as regular readers to the website, those brave souls at the Lake Region Law Enforcement Center. Just sit back, boys and girls, I will do the investigating for you.

Trust me, you kids will be hearing from Pete Hager's friends NOW!

Used and ReUsed

Looks like Josie gets all of Carl Walking Eagle's Best moments and Barbara, the beleaguered wife cum martyr (punny, isn't it?) gets to shop for bargains.

Josie gets all the nice gifts, the luxury trips, and treated like a lady while Barbara, so it seems, has to find what she wants and needs at the Sheyenne city-wide rummage sale!

Hey Barb, do some gardening of your own! Dig up a coffee can full of cash and spend it on yourself for once! Well, I know you have in the past, but don't be afraid to do it again!

Wired

LP King who was the one reporting car theft and bar break-ins a week or so ago, and declaring "It

wasn't Joey Thumb" (scratching head on that one till it bleeds) and then driving back the same stolen vehicle to return it to the owner that same day, apparently, and this was before the blog about his idiocy was posted, got the crap kicked out of him and had to go to Grand Forks to get his jaw wired up!

So, LP, think you might need to make some lifestyle changes? Maybe find a different caliber of "friends"?

No Housing Available, Unlessssssss...

You are Willy Herman and you busted up with your gay lover in California and came crying back to the rez where your kissing cousin, Brian Pearson and his mommy as well as the rest of the Tribal Council and your family can help you out.

In NO time at all you will be driving a new gas guzzler, and you will have a brand new trailer to live in, and speaking of Live-ins, you reconcile with your California bed buddy (I am keeping it as clean as I can here, folks!), and the two of you can live happily ever after. Willy also got a nice high-paying job while the rest of the rez languishes in a 50% unemployment percentile.

Aw! Ain't that Sweeeeet?

A REAL Investigation?

Sorry, had to chuckle on that one! Apparently, Bentley Grey Bear and the Bobo the Dancing Poodle went out and spoke with someone who has first hand knowledge of where evidence of Celeste Herman's house materials and concrete are buried.

Someone told me: "Maybe now there will be a real investigation!"

Oh yeah, do get your hopes up. Way up. Now, get real. Bentley never investigated anything in his life. He has his job only because he can keep a lid on things the Turdclan does not want to see leak out, or hit the light of day.

Bobo is there to make sure he does exactly that. They both have their jobs for that reason and that reason only.

If Bentley WERE to really investigate anything, he would not have his job. Simple as that.

How do I know? Well, the person he went and talked to was someone he knew about for the last 20 years or more. He knew what he had done and when. So, NOW he goes to "investigate"??? Holding your breath on this one will reduce the population significantly.

Standing Up

Another myth has to bite. While discussing this skeleton that was uncovered a few years ago (BTW: The police only took the bones, left the skull behind because 'it was damaged'-- I know, go figger!) one man, for some reason I can never guess, tried to minimize the importance of this find by saying that 'we used to bury our dead standing up sometimes'. Just think about that for a moment or two and get back to me on it!

I could be wrong, but my experts tell me (after they stop laughing long enough) that was never the case.

Further, there was a human finger found out in the same area (with flesh, sorry, yuck, I know) awhile before that skeleton showed up. No doubt it was not an "ancient" burial, but rather, judging from the skull they did not want to take which could have led to an ID or a cause of death, a body dump from a murder.

Also of interest, even though typically when a body or a skeleton is unearthed, it is reported in the media and followed up with the results. This never appeared in any media. So the cops that handled this one, one has to ask themselves, did not report it or investigate it. Why?

Afraid to "Stand Up"?

Winning the Lottery

Well, almost. And this one I don't want to be true, but it probably is true. I thought it was stupid for the Innocence Project to put in the interview that they were looking for the Blazer that Poopsie had put Eddie's body into that night. That there might be blood evidence we could use to prove Richard LaFuente's innocence.

Well, here's the good news on that one, for one man at least: He realized that he owned the Blazer! And did he do the right thing? Hell no!

He seized the opportunity to make a few bucks off of it. He phoned the Blue Building and spoke with Weenie Boy!

Now, not sure where the bidding started on this old wreck, but be sure that however much they pay him to get that thing back and destroy it permanently, he sold it cheap and his soul along with it!

Another brilliant move by the IP team that thus far has eluded all common sense in this case.

And, BTW, boys, you did not need to dig up Celeste's old house. I told the IP about that one years ago and they blew me off and got angry because I wanted them to have the info. You were safe where it was. Now, maybe someone who moved some of it back in July will remember where they put it and you have to either start worrying all over again, or start up a whole new cycle of payoffs in return for silence.

Yes, there is more, much more. But like I say, this is harvest time and I can't get to this computer as often as I would like to.

Hope this holds you for awhile!

Do keep those cards and letters comin'! It may take awhile, but it will get in here.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 8, 2006

Let's All Move In together, eh?

Remember way back when it made the local papers that Poopsie had the Tribe sign for his personal loan of \$55K for his home? It made the papers because there was no collateral on his part so if he didn't pay, the Tribe would have to.

Well, you know he didn't pay, right? Never intended to!

So, since housing seems to be a problem on the rez, I thought we could solve it. Let's all move in to Poopsie's place! I figure that if the Tribe paid for it, the Tribe owns it and that is everyone in the tribe. I think everyone should have a key to the front door, and just go in and make themselves homely; kick back and watch some flat panel TV, snack on some deli.. you know, live the way he does. He lives that way because the Tribe paid for it!

OR, fair is fair, right? Everyone should get a no obligation \$55K loan and have the Tribe sign for it! Yes! That's it! Everyone gets one! Everyone can get their own home improvements or new trailer or whatever and not worry about paying for it!

Whew! For a minute there, I thought we were going to have to have valet parking outside of Poopsie's place!

I am sure that if we look around, we can easily dig up the rest of the financial shenanigans supplied by the TC to Poopsie and the rest of the Turdclan. Then, make a list and everyone gets the same benefits.

Wow, Christmas in August!

No? Not going to happen? Why not? You elected that Tribal Council you can un-elect them.

I think we need more petitions to go around! Get them out one by one and replace them with qualified people. One petition a month should do it.

Now, for some Law Enforcement Humor:

HOW TO CALL THE POLICE

George Phillips of Meridian, Mississippi was going up to bed when his wife told him that he'd left the light on in the garden shed, which she could see from the bedroom window.

George opened the back door to go turn off the light, but saw that there were people in the shed stealing things.

He phoned the police, who asked "Is someone in your house?" and he said "no".

Then they said that all patrols were busy, and that he should simply lock his door and an officer would be along when available.

George said, "Okay," hung up, counted to 30, and phoned the police again.

"Hello, I just called you a few seconds ago because there were people in my shed. Well, you don't have to worry about them now cause I've just shot them all."

Then he hung up.

Within five minutes three police cars, an Armed Response unit, and an ambulance showed up at the Phillips residence and caught the burglars red-handed.

One of the Policemen said to George: "I thought you said that you'd shot them!"

George said, "I thought you said there was nobody available!"

Order of Protection - Consider this more humor, sad but true!

Yes, back to Mayberry on Meth. Ms Anderson has her order of protection and has filed false police reports. She is protected because the judge did not question her credibility.

However, Loretta Stensland, who was threatened (and it is on tape) publicly by Pete Hager, as well as her family being threatened and harassed by him and his finger puppets (Ms. Anderson being one of them) was unable to obtain an order of protection.

You really must read Judge Richard Geiger's "reasoning" on his refusal to grant this protection! Apparently, Pete Hager has more rights than do other people. He is allowed to threaten, publicly, a

woman who questions the criminal activity, as well as the fact that a lot of crimes seem to start or end at that venue (the Oh Oh Bar). All she wanted was for increased patrols in that area and the man lost his mind! He turned red, blustered, and threatened her.

Judge Richard Geiger thinks that this would most likely be his constitutional right??? What about the rights of those who want to go about their daily lives without being threatened?

I am starting to suspect, from what I saw of that document (and you can see it too! **Geiger logic** where Geiger (Sorry, I just can't say "the Honorable" when it is clear he is not honorable!) holds this particular request for an order of protection to a much higher standard than others.

It does raise questions. It should raise eyebrows!

I asked Loretta Stensland what she would want to happen in all that is going on.

She told me that she wanted to feel safe, and her family to feel safe in their community.

"I want everyone to know my family and others who believe likewise, want to see Eddie Peltier, Merle Thumb, Mike Good murders investigated and solved. At least, that will be absolution for those wrongly accused and punishment for those who are truly guilty."

Well, I think we can all see that this is making some people in Oberon, and other places, feel "threatened".

Imagine, wanting murders investigated! The nerve! No wonder it was so easy to get restraining orders against members of her family! We know which side the "Law Enforcement" is on, now don't we?

Again, I say a big hello to my regular readers from the Lake Region Law Enforcement Center. Can't say you weren't aware, now can you? Uh uh!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 9, 2006

Not a Distant Voice...

But yet another voice from the heart of the rez would like to be heard, or such as it is on this blog. I am posting their letter, withholding their name at their request. Think about that for a moment if

you will. Someone who is saying only encouraging words to their people and to their leadership has to live in fear that those in power will retaliate against them!

It is Hard to Be An Indian

We are living in time when being Indian is hard. There was a time, when people choose leaders who were humble, compassionate and really cared for the people. Our past leaders years ago made all decisions with the best interest of our tribe and for the seven generations to come. Our leaders, must live by their words and be examples for our people to follow.

We are the people who put these leaders in these positions. We, the people can remove them. This as been tried and was successful in the past.

I see our representatives do the same wrongful things as was done before and I have to ask: "Why are they still in office?"

Good question! Come on now, how can they lie to our people and still conduct themselves like there's nothing going on. People know!

Today, it seems that for some of our Tribal Leaders, only give a long speeches and empty promises for the people. We have been hearing long speeches and empty promises from those who oppressed us in the past, and these are different only because it is coming from people inside our own community?

*Our people are left with disappointments, tears, broken hearts and nowhere to turn to other than their ***"tiospaya."** (* Family helping Family)*

This is so unreal. WHY? As, leaders they should live by their words and be examples in life for our young people to follow. Not like so many politicians we see who get into national government and throw away every promise that got them elected. Those who speak with forked tongue. Indians can do better than that!

Our people have been lied to for many, many years and now our leaders are following that path. You, the Tribal council are Dakota people, you should be humble.

You promise to give homes to your people and then you take it back. You promise to help us financially, but we see no assistance.

We are all Dakota, we should feel compassion and do things in a honest way. Of all things we should have respect for one another. Respect for Dakota, respect for all members of the Spirit Lake Nation

Our people are suffering in many ways. Our young people are leaving us and our elders are leaving us and with then they take our die with them. Our beliefs and our ways of as Indian people.

Do you as, Leaders really care or is it just for a time and forget when all is over? I, for one see this all the time.

Today, presently our Tribal Council members talk disrespectful of each other. Jealousy and

resentment are poisoning our leaders. Our Tribal leaders take care of themselves and their own, leaving elders, adults, youth and our children out in the cold in a matter of speaking.

What happened to our spirituality? Being Dakota? Being INDIAN? Our Tribal council is governing our tribe as the white man governs and who suffers? THE PEOPLE!!

Alcohol and drugs have devastated our people for many generations. Our council representatives who drink alcohol, use drugs; those who are abusive and cheat on there wives and time and time again use our peoples \$\$\$ for there own personal use. Who hurts??! Our people, our young adults and our children!!!

TRIBAL LEADERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stop and see. You can change and be who you were before you got into office. Do as you promised when you were campaigning.

But, all I see is no change. Get off your high mighty horse. Get back to earth and be there with your people. Only then will you see the pain, the tears, the hard times and the homelessnedd in your peoples' faces. You'll see the destruction in our young adults.

Stop and help. This can be done! You can learn by your mistakes it's not to late. You can be strong leaders in your communities. Be humble, be compassionate and leave personal issues aside from your decisions. Live by your words. When you promise to give or to help, don't take it back.

The time is now to come together and help one another heal. Look around we are all hurting one way or another. You may not see it, look around, think, feel and you shall see.

Will you think differently then? Or will you be that same person you've been high and mighty, on day you will fall off that horse and you will feel the pain. Then you shall see and feel the pain you put your people in.

Be transformed so honest work and help everyone equally. Not by who they are; Not by how they were raised; Not by their way of worship; but as human beings!

You know we all feel the same, we all hurt, we cry, we laugh, we are all the same in everyway, no one is better that the other. Be humble, be compassionate, be honest and you'll be a good leader for our people and then you'll feel the inner peace within toh and better serve your people of Spirit Lake.

So, there you have it, straight from the heart of the rez!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 10, 2006

Free Stuff!

Well, I told you that Lois would be desperate to win you over from the petition! I heard that last weekend, she was giving away free furniture, and that on Monday, it was free clothes, and she was feeding everybody.

I say smile, take what you want and raise your hand to support the petition anyway. Let them all know you can't be bought off like a child for a few trinkets, toys or beads. Desperate times for that woman!

Looking Worse Than Ever

Pisster is looking like she is not sleeping at all these days. Hair not combed, disheveled attire. She has that "haunted" look about her. Probably for good reason. Not only is Eddie's Spirit shoulder tapping her, but the ghost of Bob Herman, her ex husband, supposedly suicided down at Standing Rock rez, is tap dancing on her roof these days.

For those of you who did not know who Bob Herman was, he was married to Celeste (Pisster) and was a cop during the time of the murder and up until he committed (or did he?) suicide at Standing Rock Rez back in the late 80's.

He split from Pisster and married Paulette Driver. But the things he had seen as a cop at Ft. Totten would give him no peace. Maybe he did kill himself. But more likely, he was ready to talk and it was time for it to look like a suicide.

Given how deaths are not investigated on the rezez (my way of pluralizing rez), it could have been anything.

The Yankton boys once beat him up so badly, his face looked like hamburger and he had to be hospitalized. That was before Eddie's murder, and not by much. But you are not allowed to know that because Judge Benson, that addle-pated moron who tried the case, made sure the criminal assault records on the Yankton boys were all sealed up tight. Defense never knew. And there were similarities to the beatings, which of course, would have pointed the finger of guilt right at the Turdclan.

Some say that he could not keep quiet about the murder of Eddie Peltier. That it was one too many horrors in a collection of murders and horrors that Turdmother likes to think are all taken care of a long time ago. Too many wrongs were piling up on the slogan: "What happens in this family stays in this family." That, btw, covers everything from rape, incest, molest, drugs, murder and theft as well as assault.

Turdmother's other favorite saying: "That was taken care of. We don't talk about that ." Uh huh. Well hush my mouth!

Seems like the dead keep popping up everywhere. They just won't stay put! Not like you can kill them again to make them be quiet!

Candy Apples

Candy Herman, well there is a piece of work. She also molests children. Boys or girls. She is about 23 or so years old. So if your young ones have been in her company any time in the past 10-15 years, you may want to see if they have anything they need to tell you. You know you are not alone. She did it to a lot of boys and especially to girls. She learned it from her Uncle Daddy, one of them or all of them.

Road apples don't fall that far from the family stump, so it would seem. Wonder if past or recent victims are making charges these days? Hmmm? Whom would they be talking to? Not the local cops, we know who runs them. Not the local FBI, we know whom they protect. Hmm...

That would keep Pisster stirring into a tizzy, now wouldn't it?

Maybe she can get the Padre to listen to her confessions, give her wine and a cookie and make it all go away. I know she has at least \$5 to put in the offering. I think her soul is worth that, don't you?

Sign of the Times

I hear there is a petition going around on Mark Lufkins. Sign that one too! Removing the criminals, crooks and murderers from your leadership can only make things better in the future.

Of course, they will try to give away money, jobs, whatever you want to get you to support them, but I say, Too Little, Too Late!

Take with your hands, vote with your heart. You know what is the right thing to do.

Then, if Freebies don't buy you, they will try to sell you fear and uncertainty. Don't buy it. Make them keep that junk. That is theirs to live with from now on. You can put qualified and decent people into those positions. People you can hold accountable. People who will do right by the community.

Those good people, when they take the controls, can open up investigations into the criminal wrong doing of those who are robbing you blind these past decades. Those who hurt you can be made to pay in a real court of law. Murder investigations can be opened and reopened.

Makes Him Feel So Brave!

Not investigating any deaths, murders, or old Skeletons.. Not investigating any drug dealing, thefts of sex offenses... but if you are looking for Bent these days, he is pursuing Terry Dunn like a bitch in heat.

When Terry was shot at a few years ago, the bullet just whizzing past his ear, there was no investigation and the report just never really got filed.

But Terry got a gun to defend himself. I think we would all expect we could defend ourselves, right? Well, Bent got a twitch that said, this is a major case, and he is pursuing an investigation against Terry Dunn for being, are you ready? A Felon with a firearm!

How did he get to be a felon? Well, first there was the murder conviction against him in the Eddie Peltier case, which Bentley knows was overturned on appeal. He knows because he and his family were involved in that case and they knew who had what happening to them and when, throughout the court proceedings.

But, he would like to ignore that. Well, after Terry got shot at, and nothing was done about it, Terry apparently met up with on of the Y Boys who either drove the truck or fired the rifle, I am not sure, but it was either Weenie Boy or Poopsie (both were involved. Which explains why there was NO investigation on the shooting!) and he beat him up.

So, having the discretion to read this either way, Bentley, on behalf of the Turdclan, chooses to pursue Terry Dunn, who was the victim of this whole mess (one of the 11 wrongfully tried and convicted) with a vengeance saying that because he still has the felony on his record (nothing new there, kids, the courts are vindictive and when a verdict is overturned, they ignore it and leave the mark on the record) which 'technically' makes Terry Dunn a felon, but even Bent knows he is not a felon..

Well, long story short, for some reason, Bent is going after Terry Dunn like he was a criminal, and he has Bobo the Poodle by his side to make sure the maximum amount of damage is charged at every turn.

Instead of investigating the shooting back when, and instead of acting on facts he knows to be true, Bent is acting like he just woke up in a brand new world and has no clue that the past ever existed and has to believe whatever Bobo and friends tell him to be true.

The Turdclan needs to find someone to beat up on, just to prove that they still have the power and the control. To prove that they are still running the cops, attorneys, judges... Extra Treats in the bowl for Bobo! Good boy!

All these dead bodies and a skeleton or two piling up, and Bent is hell bent on a mission to make, what would be by any stroke of common sense "self defense" or at worst a misdemeanor, into the crime of the century.

Will there be an awards banquet after you have persecuted Terry Dunn? Do you get a medal or anything? Or do you just get to keep the job?

All I can say is this: Good thing there is no crime going on around the rez. People would think you were a joke!

Well, you know where to find me.

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

August 11, 2006

Oh Oh, Pale Face

Pete Hager, you need to pay very close attention to this. After you read it, and you get it, the blood will drain to your bowels and you will go pale!

Your yelling and screaming at the council meetings, your really outrageous attempts to bully people has now put you in the proverbial no man's land.

When you went after Beasely, you had thought you were going to intimidate her by bringing up her past where she was forced to lie to the jury and say she was a witness. (We all know she recanted, publicly in a newspaper article and to anyone that would listen).

But, because you do your own drugs, you got a little mixed up and put in too much information. You were sent in to discredit her, but you accidentally gave the true location of the murder.

Instead of saying "You were at that Juarez party" which was the fictional location dreamed up by the Turdclan and the FBI Poodle Hellekson, you said: "You were at that party at Celeste Herman's House when James and them killed Eddie Peltier!"

My, my, my! You were shouting at the top of your blackened lungs!

Apparently, this makes you a Risk Factor(**Rf1**) now on the periodic chart of screw ups that define the Turdclan and their reality. This puts you right next to the "Element of Surprise" (**ES2**) which are their two most worrisome elements.

Where it may have been in the past that you and they have enjoyed a cozy relationship, made business plans and other plans together, and covered for one another in crimes small and large.. That has alllll changed now.

Poopsie wants you neutralized. If you go down, you will without a doubt, sell out him, and his

syndicate of drug trafficking, money laundering, child porn, just to save your own sorry ass. He knows your character well enough to know you would do it.

He urgently needs to discredit you and there are a couple of ways to do that:

1. Get you busted on some major felonies, including murder and drug trafficking, so that any testimony you would give in court would be "tainted".
2. Have you meet a tragic end, perhaps it will look like an accident, over zealous auto -erotic asphyxiation to further discredit any documents you may have left behind "In case of my death or disappearance."
3. Make it look like suicide. That one is always popular because the feds love to NOT investigate.
4. Make it look like a drug overdose
5. Some combination of all of the above: You overdosed on drugs because you were depressed about being investigated for major crimes, and you accidentally went too far in masturbating yourself to death, coincidentally knocking over a candle which burned your house down.

You know he is asking around, trying to get copies of that video of that meeting so he can assess how far gone and how much damage you did back then, and how much damage you have likely done up until this point. Maybe he should ask me for a copy of that video?

You have sensed that there is some "distance" between you and that family for the past few months. You were told "Don't be paranoid!"

But they are already working at having someone else take over the bar after you are no longer around (it is in such a prime location!), and meanwhile, they are using other venues to "depot" the contraband and dispatch it out to their network in Montana, Florida, Minnesota..

Now, Petesky, whacha gonna do? Who are you going to talk to? Will you talk in time to save your own ass? Or will you be able to point the finger from the grave at who dunnit to you? Or will you just lose it all?

Oh Oh, there's that sinking feeling you are getting. You look a little pale. Perhaps you ought to sit down, pick up the phone and call the UDJ in Washington, DC or Maryland. They are watching, you know.

In a Cat's Paw

I am watching too. I can see that you can't stop your hands from shaking like the wings of a bird

caught in paws of a cat, thrashing, futile flutters and gasps... it only gets worse from here. There is no escape.

Eddie's clock is not the only one ticking down these days!

Your options just got realleeee narrow! And you are on the small wheel, time is running out faster than you think!

Have a nice day!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

PS: Here's a hint! He is planning on saying that he was "undercover" working on getting the information, not really 'involved'. Oh, and he has a criminal investigator in the family now. One who, apparently, knows nothig of his real self. She might be sympathetic to him. Then again, she might be "undercover".

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