

**Journal #5112 from sdc 1.12.22**

*Thanks to the Yurok Tribe, Condors will Return to the Pacific Northwest*

*The waterbaby story, retold by Songoi and her dad by Alyssa Songoi and Wesley Dick. ·*

*The Western megadrought is revealing America's 'lost national park'*

*US Military Polluting Hawaii's Water Supply - and denying it*

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*'After 900 nuclear tests on our land, US wants to ethnically cleanse us'*

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*Gwendolyn Jessie Thomas*



**Thanks to the Yurok Tribe, condors will return to the Pacific Northwest**

<https://news.mongabay.com/2021/09/thanks-to-the-yurok-tribe-condors-will-return-to-the-pacific-northwest/>

Getteminâk Wuskén Gachtin (Greetings of the New Year)  
Lowan - Winter  
Winigischuch - Time of the falling snows (before Global Warming)

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[Wesley Dick](#) added new photos to the album: [The waterbaby story, retold by Songoi and her dad](#) by [Alyssa Songoi](#) and [Wesley Dick](#).

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[This is a story about the water baby shared and passed from the Numa- also known as the NORTHERN PAUITES, not of a certain body of water upon the lands renamed ...](#)



### [The Western megadrought is revealing America's 'lost national park'](#)

By NPR, 1/7/2022

Despite recent rain and record snowfall in California's Sierra Nevada, the Western U.S. is experiencing one of its driest periods in a thousand years — a two-decade megadrought that scientists say is being amplified by human-caused climate change. The drought — or longer-term aridification, some researchers fear — is forcing water cutbacks in at least three states and is reviving old debates about how water should be distributed and used in the arid West.

### **The US Military Is Polluting Hawaii's Water Supply - and Denying It**

*Wayne Tanaka, Guardian UK*

Tanaka writes: "The Hawaiian governor issued an emergency order to de-fuel the Red Hill Facility. The US Navy has enlisted top lawyers to make sure its 600 million liters of petroleum stay perched above our water supply."

[READ MORE](#)



### [Beavers Are Reshaping the Arctic Tundra. Here's Why Scientists Are Concerned](#)

If you or someone you know is a veteran who is struggling with trauma please look into the Lone Survivor Foundation. Go to their website <https://lonesurvivorfoundation.org/> to learn more about this program. This program can help save a life! Please share this email to help us reach more veterans.

## Nevada Commission for Women

**Gordon Frazier** By [Nevada Traveler](#) - July 24, 2021



Somewhere in the rocky high ground North east of Nevada's pyramid Lake there's a white Mustang mare that Gordon Fraser and I would like to bring out one day.

She's one of three or four hundred wild horses still roaming that remote corner of the Paiute Indian Reservation, and she's as fast as has fiercely beautiful as the lightning. When Gordon took me out roping Indian-fashion, she was the big one that got away.

I met Gordon a couple of years ago at Sutcliffe, the two saloon settlement on the west shore of the lake. He's a slender, dark skinned Paiute of medium height and athletic build, and more often than not he wears his Piratical features wrapped up in a wild grin. He'd come into the bar on late afternoons slapping the dust out of the blue baseball cap and have a beer or two before going home from his road maintenance job. Dan Hellman, the former L.A. Angels pitcher who worked at the bar, introduced us one day. After Gordon had gone home, Dan told me about him.

When Arthur Miller had come out to spend a couple of summer months at the ramshackle dude ranch sprawled under the cottonwood trees at Sutcliffe, they had been fascinated by the wild horses in the nearby mountains, so fascinated that he hired one of the commercial ropers to take him out and show him how the large-scale captures were made.

"it was Gordon who showed him the operation," Dan told me, "And from what Gordon told him showed him, he wrote The Misfits for Marilyn Monroe, who was his wife then, and Clark Gable. And when they came back out here to make the movie, it was Gordon who handled the mustangs for them and who did the roping that Gable and Montgomery Clift got the credit for on the screen.

Wild horses have been grazing Nevada's isolated mountain ranges and secluded valleys since the first of them strayed from the pioneers' wagon trains more than a century ago. Their numbers grew over the years with the addition of strays from army posts, farms and ranches and by natural increase until, less than 40 years ago there were several times more wild horses in Nevada than people.

For much of the time they were ignored, except by the angry farmers those mares they have lured away and whose crops they poach and by the cowpunchers who occasionally captured them do use as saddle horses. But in the 1930s the horses became valuable as an inexpensive source of meat for pet food, and large-scale hunts were organized. By the 1950s, when Arthur Miller came for a look, commercial hunters were using aircraft at the

alkali flats where they could do it with relative ease from trucks.

Legislation now protects the horses from wholesale slaughter, but Indians still range the sage-clumprd hills in search of the tough, swift beasts. For them the remaining wild horse bands are a source of fine saddle stock.

The next time I saw Gordon I asked him if I could go along when he went out again to rope mustangs. He said I could come along with him and four other Indians the next weekend.

But that weekend it rained, and the following weekend he had to help his brother-in-law move some cows, and the weekend after that something else came up, and so on for four months. It was a Friday afternoon in August when we finally did meet again at Sutcliffe to head up into the hills.

By the time I got there, two of the men had already started out on the hard 50-mile journey around the north end of the lake. They were driving an old stock truck with three saddle horses in it, and would set up camp ahead of us. The second stock truck rattled up with the rest of the horses shortly after I arrived. An hour or two later Gordon pulled in, his yellow pickup heavy with baled hay and tack. We set out in convoy, Gordon leading the way, the stock truck grinding after him and me following. It was soon dark, and we had to stop before going 25 miles. The lights on the stock truck wouldn't go on.

We took turns tinkering with the wiring for more than half an hour without any luck, and finally set out again in close tandem so that the stock truck could steer by Gordon's headlights upfront and by mine poking around the left side from behind. We bounced in a close-coupled knot over a series of dusty, rock-cobbled tracks that eventually wound up into the chalky pastel mountains above the northeast shore of the lake. Gordon called a stop every mile or two to look for signs by the headlights. He'd hunker down on his haunches in the trail and trace the faint markings with his finger. I was enchanted with the sight of an authentic Indian tracker until I realized that he was not looking for unshod hoofprints, but for tire tracks. He was worried that the first stock truck had got off the road somewhere.

It was nearly midnight when we dropped into the hollow at the head of Wildhorse canyon. The truck wasn't there.

The Indians corralled the horses and put their bedding into an old cowboy's line shack while Gordon drove off to backtrack and see what had become of the other truck. An hour later two pairs of headlights came jiggling over the crest of the road. The stock truck missed the turn into Wildhorse canyon (even though it was marked by a sign) and had been wandering for nearly four hours over little-used desert roads far to the north. The fact that the Indians had got lost on the reservation where they lived all their lives was foreboding. What had I got myself into?

In the bright, fragile light of dawn I was standing on the stoop of the old shack sipping gingerly at a cup of scalding coffee when one of the men extended his arm toward a hillside three or four miles away. Peering where he pointed I could barely make out for specks against the sage mottled hillside. "Bay stallion and three mares," he said. "Just watered and moved down to graze."

The men hurriedly saddled their horses and divided into two groups. Two of the men would ride out to flank the browsing mustangs while the others took to higher ground across the valley. The hazers would sweep down from above and behind the horses, stampede them across the valley, and there the ropers, waiting on fresh horses, would gather them in. I was stationed at the brow of the hill above our camp to prevent escape by waving my arms

and shouting and running back and forth if they veered away.

It didn't work out that way. The ropers rode off over one hill, the hazers over another, and I waited, watching the four distant specks through binoculars. They were moving all right. Half an hour passed with no sign of the Indians. The four shapes moved slowly downslope. I studied them — and studied them some more.

What the hell! Those shapes weren't horses — they were cows!

I began searching the hillsides for some sign of the riders, the suspicion welling up in me that they had all ridden, laughing like crazy, back to Sutcliffe to drink beer and giggle about the tenderfoot they had left out on the hillside with his arms raised and his lungs full of air, ready to explode into a frenzy of hooting and windmilling as the cows browsed amiably in his direction.

But just as I was about to let go and feel angry and foolish, I saw something moving on the ridge above the cattle. Three horses were streaking down the hillside, angling off away from the waiting ropers. They were gone out of sight in seconds. The cattle paid them no mind, but I regained some of my ebbing self esteem.

And then three more shapes crested the hill. Through the binoculars I could see that the original plan had gone haywire. When the hazers had come galloping up behind the wild horses, the three mares had bolted for the canyon floor as expected, but the stallion, whether from momentary confusion or from a gallant impulse to help his ladies escape, hesitated. In that long moment one of the Indians made an instinctive split second throw with his lariat. The rope grazed the stallions neck and the horse lunged aside — just far enough to permit the second hazer to sprint between him and his mares.

All this had happened beyond a fold in the hill from where I was watching, but as the two riders began working the wild stallion, they moved into view. First one of the men and then the other sprinted forward to throw his rope. By hell-for-leather horsemanship and shrewd timing they set up a weaving pattern that the mustang could not break through. As one rider plunged down the steep hillside to cut off escape, the other looped his rope at the animal's head. When he missed his throw he spurred forward to contain the horse while the other made a try. At last, after ten minutes of desperate high-speed maneuvering, one of the riders managed to rope the horse. Twenty minutes later he was side-hobbled in camp, snorting and crow-hopping in disgust.

In the meantime, from their vantage point high in the rocks, the waiting ropers had seen several bands of six and seven horses moving towards the ridges behind them. After resting the horses we set out after them, and again I was stationed at a point of the triangle as a hazer. Two of the riders rode out to circle a high ridge while the ropers waited at its foot.

Late morning passed into early afternoon as I waited under the August sun. An occasional solitary hawk floated past overhead. The hours passed in utter silence.

And then, as I had about decided we had seen the last of those mustangs that day, I spun suddenly around. Behind me I had heard a sharp clattering sound as if an armload of slates had been suddenly dropped. At first I saw nothing. And then, high on the ridgeline far above, I saw a string of horses led by a fleet white mare snaking down the hillside.

For an instant I watched, transfixed by the beauty of their fluid, incredibly rapid descent. Behind them I saw the winded riders struggling after them. I ran forward shouting and waving my arms to drive them back toward Gordon and the others.

Without a break in stride the great white mare veered aside, staring at me in surprise for a split second. And then she dismissed me from her mind with a confident toss of her heavy head. She swerved into a shallow wash leading toward the lake below, and the six trailing horses thundered furiously after her. I took a few clumsy steps as if to follow, not so much thinking I could catch them or stop them, but because they were so almighty beautiful I ached to run along with them. They ran more than five miles before they vanished out of sight.

Turning back in disappointment I saw the cloud of dust they had raised high on the mountains top still hanging in the hot motionless air.

The commotion had warned the other mustangs away, and reluctantly I packed up for the drive back. Gordon and I chatted for a few minutes before I jounced off toward Reno. He and others were staying another day and would be looking for the white mare in the morning.

"But that but that bunch is pretty spooked now," he said. "Maybe we'll see them next time out."

I saw Gordon again later, and we talk for a couple of hours over coffee in the kitchen of the reservation headquarters town of Nixon. He and his brother-in-law run a 85 Head of cattle on reservation land, and they had been out branding the weekend before. But Gordon still works as a heavy equipment operator for the Highway Department too.

He told me about his father, who had lived and worked in the rough, open country all his life. From him Gordon had learned how to work cattle and how to rope and break the wild horses, how to dance the ancient dances and how to speak the old language. His mother remembers with a smile how he practiced as a boy. "He used to rope the chickens in our front yard," she told me. "He stretched their neck until their heads just rolled on the ground."

Gordon was the first of the reservation kids to go to public high school at Fernley, where are they all go now, and he made the Allstate basketball team three years in a row. Several western universities, Utah State among them, offered him basketball scholarships, but he turned them down in favor of an Indian college in Oklahoma where he studied only briefly.

Back at Nixon he married, settled down in an old house on the Truckee River and began raising a family. When his oldest boy was four, Gordon, his father and his son were in great demand as a dancing troupe. The boy won second prize among dancers from 62 tribes at a meeting in Pendleton Oregon.

"My boy seemed to change away from the old ways as he got older," Gordon said with regret. "I tried to teach him the cowboy life but he lost interest in it while he was growing up."

Now that boy is grown and away at refrigeration school at Lawrence Kansas. Gordon is a member of the tribal Council, which is negotiating with developers for design and construction of a multimillion dollar community complex on 7,000 acres of the tribe's lakeshore land. The planned community will have homes for a population of 15,000, a business district, motels, a luxury resort hotel-casino, a golf course, marina — and jobs.

I asked Gordon if he had caught sight of the white mare since that hot August day more than two years before.



“No,” he said, “I never saw her again.”

<https://nevadagram.com/gordon-frazier/>

“A LIBRARY IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
COMMUNITY IS A CROSS BETWEEN  
AN EMERGENCY EXIT, A LIFE RAFT,  
AND A FESTIVAL. THEY ARE  
CATHEDRALS OF THE MIND;  
HOSPITALS OF THE SOUL; THEME  
PARKS OF THE IMAGINATION.”

CAITLIN MORAN

### **A Wild Idea: Earth Optimism Book of the Month**

January’s Earth Optimism book of the month pick shows how transformation is possible for people and nature.

[https://www.smithsonianmag.com/blogs/conservation-commons/2022/01/05/a-wild-idea-earth-optimism-book-of-the-month/?utm\\_source=smithsoniandaily&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_campaign=20220107-daily-responsive&spMailingID=46216501&spUserID=OTYyNTc5MzkyMTQyS0&spJobID=2160777478&spReportId=MjE2MDc3NzQ3OAS2](https://www.smithsonianmag.com/blogs/conservation-commons/2022/01/05/a-wild-idea-earth-optimism-book-of-the-month/?utm_source=smithsoniandaily&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=20220107-daily-responsive&spMailingID=46216501&spUserID=OTYyNTc5MzkyMTQyS0&spJobID=2160777478&spReportId=MjE2MDc3NzQ3OAS2)

### **GBIA 058: Maurice Churchill Oral History, 1 August 2016**

Maurice Churchill is a Western Shoshone from Yomba, NV. His family came from Smoky Valley, NV. Maurice discusses his own cultural experiences as well as the importance and relevance of cultural knowledge. He talks about how the relationship between Native Americans and the Federal Government motivated him to become knowledgeable in the cultural field. He also talks about the history of burials and traditions that went along with such cultural occurrences, and shares a series of short stories that go along with topics such as Federal Government decisions that influence Native Americans.

[http://www.kaltura.com/index.php/extwidget/preview/partner\\_id/2096981/uiconf\\_id/39808892/entry\\_id/0\\_wwb3kbcl/embed/auto?&flashvars\[streamerType\]=auto](http://www.kaltura.com/index.php/extwidget/preview/partner_id/2096981/uiconf_id/39808892/entry_id/0_wwb3kbcl/embed/auto?&flashvars[streamerType]=auto)

<https://humanities.gbcnv.edu/omeka/items/show/415>

### **Prescribed fires planned for Lake Tahoe Basin**

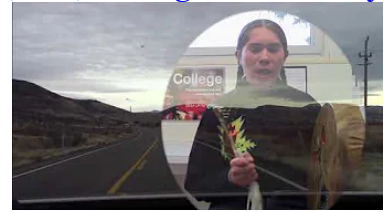


Sloan Sampson, Director  
Shoshone/Goshute Youth  
Language Apprenticeship Program

**Behind the scenes, making of the Shoshone play  
“Twelve”.**

(Click on pic)

**Duck Valley History, part 1 by Lance Owyhee (2018) Edge of Discovery**



**‘After 900 nuclear tests on our land, US wants to ethnically cleanse us’: meet the most bombed nation in the world**  
**8 Jan, 2022**



Women dancers at Yucca Mountain gathering. © Ian Zabarte

Native-American nation's land was turned into a nuclear test site. Now, they suffer from illnesses 'The most nuclear bombed nation on the planet' is the unwanted accolade claimed by the Shoshone Native American tribe. This has had devastating effects for the community, and RT spoke with one campaigner fighting for justice.

*“They are occupying our country, they are stealing our opportunities and we are expected to die because of that. We are still trying to grapple with and understand what happened to us, and find ways to stop it, correct it and prevent it happening in the future.”*

Ian Zabarte’s voice is angry but does not falter as he describes the stark fate of his people, Native Americans who for decades have been - by any measure - subjected to the most unimaginable horrors, all perpetrated by their government in Washington.

Zabarte, 57, is the Principal Man of the Western Bands of the Shoshone Nation and he is spearheading a campaign to expose what he describes as the “*ethnic cleansing*” of his tribe.

Shoshone land stretches from Death Valley in the Mojave Desert in eastern California to Yellowstone Park in Wyoming. But in 1951 the US started nuclear weapons testing on Western Shoshone territory, at the Nevada Proving Grounds (now known as the Nevada National Security Site). The Shoshone can now lay claim to be the most nuclear-bombed nation on the planet.

Over a period of just over 40 years, there were 928 tests conducted there – around 100 in the atmosphere and more than 800 underground – resulting in nuclear fallout of around 620 kilotons,



according to a 2009 study. In comparison, there were 13 kilotons of fallout when Hiroshima was bombed in 1945.

This is obviously a massive health risk and Zabarte, who lives in Las Vegas but runs a healing center at Death Valley, is understandably angry. Although he's engaging and friendly, a sense of rage regularly creeps into his voice as he becomes more animated about the injustices his people have endured. But he never lapses into self-pity; there's always a steely aura of defiance.

The Shoshone signed [the Treaty of Ruby Valley](#) in 1863, which handed certain rights to the United States. But they did not give up their land. *"We wouldn't have signed a treaty that would end in our ultimate destruction,"* Zabarte told RT.

According to the tribe, Washington's testing programme has killed thousands of people, with many since developing a range of cancers and illnesses.

Zabarte's grandfather's skin fell off due to an autoimmune deficiency, and he died soon after from a heart attack. Other family members have had pacemakers fitted at very young ages, while his cousin's twins died aged 11.

*"My family have a high incidence of thyroid cancer, but we're not following those individuals – we don't have the capacity,"* he explained.

*"The United States doesn't want to study our own adverse health consequences. [It] would be no different to Nazi Germany studying the health consequences of their testing on Jewish people. That is so far from right. We have to do it ourselves and we need help."*

The Shoshone have no medical equipment or computer databases to track their people. So deaths from suspicious conditions are generally not recorded. In addition, the Shoshone are, by tradition, proud people, so not all of them speak out about their health issues.

Although the nuclear testing went underground in 1962, even that wasn't safe.



['I wish my tribal ancestors had not helped the Pilgrims survive their first year'](#)

As Zabarte explained, *"Even though it went underground, venting took place and we don't know where that fallout went."*

That's borne out by the [Mighty Oak](#) incident, a botched test that destroyed \$32-million-worth of equipment in April 1986. It was weeks before Chernobyl and experts [claim](#) the US government vented the radiation under the cover that everyone would assume it was from the Soviet catastrophe.

*"The Department of Energy doesn't consider that an accident because they manually released the gas inside the underground chamber where the weapon detonated. It went around the world and beat the Chernobyl radiation back to the United States,"* Zabarte claimed.

Of course, the US is not the only country to have conducted nuclear testing. The [United Kingdom](#) also used Western Shoshone land, in 24 tests that were joint operations with the US. France completed [210 nuclear tests](#) in Algeria and the South Pacific from 1960 to 1996. And the Soviet Union [used](#) the Semipalatinsk site in Kazakhstan until 1989 to perform its testing.

But, even to this day, lots of secret activities continue on Shoshone land, as proven by JANET flights regularly [flying](#) from Las Vegas to the classified Area 51. (The call sign stands for Just Another Non-Existent Terminal).

There's also the contentious issue of the [Yucca Mountain Nuclear Waste Repository](#), first planned in 1987 and later approved by the Obama administration, which the Shoshone have stalled. It's intended to store high-level radioactive waste.

Zabarte has a US Department of Energy study for the project which he says refers to "*cultural triage*" defined as "*a forced choice situation in which an ethnic group is faced with the decision to rank in importance equally valued cultural resources that could be affected by a proposed development project.*"

It goes on to state that this triage could be "*emotionally taxing for the Indian person.*" The [United Nations](#) backed these claims in a 2006 report, and Zabarte believes they perfectly encapsulate the problems faced by his people.

*"We have a deliberate act by the United States government to dismantle the living life ways of my people, my family, in relation to our property, our sacred land.*

*"The United States has developed a systematic process to ethnically cleanse us from that land, so that they take all the profits and give them to other Americans," he said. "In order to prove genocide we need to consider, what is the intent? It is the culture of secrecy, that is the intent."*

A prime example of how the Shoshone's life has been eradicated [came](#) in 1971 with the Wild Free-Roaming Horses Act. As Zabarte explained: "*Politicians in Washington DC defined our Indian horses as wild and started coming after our ranchers, who have a guaranteed right as hunters or herdsmen under the treaty to have livestock.*

*"The United States Bureau of Land Management determined our horses, our cows, our livestock were destroying the land. But the land was destroyed by nuclear weapons testing fallout and the United States government blamed the Shoshone people."*

#### [Low wages, no staff, and politicization: Ex-cop on what's wrong with US policing](#)

There is no economy or sustainable lifestyle, and the nearest town is 80 miles away. "*I have nothing on my reservation to go back to,*" said Zabarte, who can trace his direct descendants to the Kawich region, which houses Area 51. "*They stole my horses, they stole my livelihood. There are no jobs, there are no opportunities; the United States has stolen our economy, our hunting, our fishing... and made us trespassers in our own country.*"

But the reservation only makes up a tiny part of the entire Shoshone land. The rest is used by the American government and population, sometimes unwittingly. People are buying houses and living on land that the Shoshone feel they should control – but all tax from economic activity goes to the US. The Shoshone have no claim over it.

*“The United States cannot prove ownership to it but they come into our country and they provide tax money to the state of Nevada, and the state of Nevada takes that money and provides it to every other non-Shoshone unit of local government, and we get nothing. That is taxation without representation,”* Zabarte said.

Despite the obvious sense of injustice, he feels an obligation to warn Americans who live in or go through the Shoshone nation of the danger it presents.

*“My grandfather always said, ‘don’t kick up dust’ because of the radioactive fallout. I care for these people because of that treaty of peace and friendship, and have an obligation to provide aid and comfort to other Americans passing through. But I watch them kick up dust in their off-road vehicles and they are quite likely exposing themselves. There is plutonium in a lot of the roofs of their houses, too.”*

The key for Zabarte is awareness. The more people know the history of the land and understand the issue, the greater the chance of meaningful action. That could involve providing medical surveillance and advising the next generation how to protect themselves.

Zabarte is also keen to build momentum so the Shoshone, including his own son, can have access to all of their land and create a functioning economy that fits with their traditions.

*“We need to continue to make our people aware the next generation don’t have a safe place to live; we have these tiny reservations and they are colonies created by the United States. They exist only to the extent that the United States provides the funding. We don’t have ways to survive on our own land.”*

He is a man on a mission and has sacrificed his life to shoulder this burden. *“I have dignity and my family has dignity and that’s what I’m fighting for. These a\*\*holes aren’t going to get away with it.”*

*Chris Sweeney is an author and columnist who has written for newspapers such as The Times, Daily Express, The Sun and the Daily Record, along with several international-selling magazines. Follow him on Twitter [@Writes\\_Sweeney](#)*



*Clyde Bellecourt, AIM co-founder and longtime civil rights leader, dies*

Bellecourt, one of the most important leaders in the history of the American Indian struggle for civil rights, was 85.

By [Randy Furst](#) Star Tribune      January 11, 2022 — 2:09pm



Richard Tsong-Taatarii, Star Tribune file

Clyde Bellecourt, one of the most important leaders in the history of the American Indian struggle for civil rights, died Tuesday at his home in Minneapolis. He was 85.

Peggy Bellecourt, his wife, confirmed his death and said the cause was cancer.

With Dennis Banks and others, Bellecourt was a co-founder in 1968 of the American Indian Movement (AIM), which began as a local organization in Minneapolis to grapple with issues of police brutality and discrimination against Native Americans. They were soon joined by his brother, Vernon Bellecourt.

AIM quickly became a national force. The group would lead a string of major national protests in the 1970s, including a march to Washington, D.C., in 1972 called the Trail of Broken Treaties, and a 71-day occupation in 1973 of Wounded Knee, S.D., to highlight corruption on the reservation and federal injustices against Indians.

"He loved the Native people," said Peggy Bellecourt. "He loved being out there, trying to help improve conditions."

This is a developing story. Check back for updates.

**Randy Furst** is a Star Tribune general assignment reporter covering a range of issues, including tenants rights, minority rights, American Indian rights and police accountability.  
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*Gwendolyn  
Jessie Thomas*

**Funeral Services**

Thursday, January 13, 2022

11 AM

Human Development Center

Owyhee, NV

**Burial**

Old Cemetery

There will be no community  
feeding following graveside  
services.



