

## ***Journal #6109      from sdc      11.7.25***

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*Amanda LaRay Roa “Pandaburr”*



*Fall color - the yellows have been spectacular*

## UC cuts ‘Diversity and Inclusion,’ opens Office of Culture and Inclusive Excellence

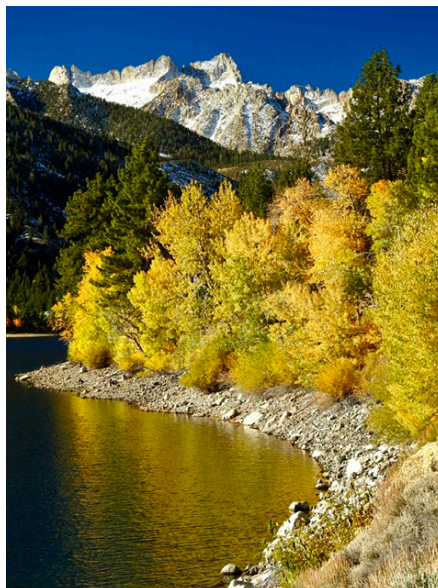
[UC] The University of California is changing its Equity, Diversity and Inclusion, or EDI, Department into a new entity: the Office of Culture and Inclusive Excellence, known as the OCIE. The spokesperson did not comment on whether the transition was related to federal pressures to dismantle EDI. Moreover, it is unclear how OCIE is substantively different from its previous iteration at this time, besides the name change.

[Read Moree](#)

- [\*\*Government Shutdown Is Straining Many Tribes’ Already Thin Reserve Funds | Amelia Schafer | ICT\*\*](#)
- [\*\*Trump nominates former New Mexico lawmaker to lead Bureau of Land Management\*\*](#)
- [\*\*Data scientists perform last rites for ‘dearly departed datasets’ in 2nd Trump administration\*\*](#)
- [\*\*IRS Direct File, offering free tax filing, won’t be available next year. Here’s what that means for you\*\*](#)

### **NATHPO Praises Vital Historic Preservation Bill**

[\*\*Native American tribes to meet with Trump administration over oil drilling\*\*](#)



Today, the National Association of Tribal Historic Preservation Officers (NATHPO) praised introduction of the Historic Preservation Enhancement Act by Representative Teresa Leger Fernández (D-NM). The sweeping legislation, which Rep. Leger Fernández first introduced in 2024, would, if enacted, represent a vital step towards the federal government fulfilling their Trust responsibilities to ensure Tribal Nations have the financial resources necessary to protect their

Last week's [hearing in the Senate Committee on Energy & Natural Resources](#) provided lawmakers with a clear demonstration of the need for increased funding for Tribal Historic Preservation Officers (THPOs) as they look for ways to improve the process of reviewing federally connected projects under Section 106 of the National Historic Preservation Act. In his written and oral testimony, THPO for the Pueblo of Acoma and NATHPO Board Member Steven Concho demonstrated how THPOs' lack of resources can lead to delays in the consultation process. Furthermore, as more Tribal Nations assert their sovereignty and establish a THPO, each THPO's share of the funding the program receives - which has remained unchanged over the last several years - is further reduced

The Historic Preservation Enhancement Act would take an historic step towards rectifying these two problems by permanently requiring \$300 million each year to be appropriated for the Historic Preservation Fund. Of that \$300 million, at least 20 percent of the funds would be required to be allocated for THPOs, which would nearly triple the current funding for the THPO program. The bill would also require the Department of the Interior to review the allocation of funding annually to ensure that funding for THPOs keeps pace as the number of

**"If Congress wants to get serious about streamlining historic reviews of projects, passing the Historic Preservation Enhancement Act would be a monumental first step,"** said Dr. Valerie Grussing, NATHPO's Executive Director for Legislative Affairs and Strategic Partnerships. **"THPOs, whose current funding is already inadequate, are tasked with reviewing an ever-increasing number of projects. Meanwhile, their resources decrease year after year, punished by the success of a program whose funding does not increase as more THPOs are established. Representative Leger Fernández has proposed a bold and**

**"Now, more than ever, it is our duty to preserve our history so that communities can see America's greatest treasures and hear our most moving stories,"** said Congresswoman Teresa Leger Fernández. **"My parents instilled in me the importance of understanding the pain our communities have endured and what we can celebrate. I introduced the Historic Preservation Enhancement Act so that we can preserve places of struggle and perseverance across America and celebrate shared historical milestones. This bill funds State and Tribal Historic Preservation Offices and other organizations dedicated to preserving these stories. Tribal Historic Preservation Offices (THPOs) are the heart of protecting the heritage and culturally important places of Native American communities. My bill would provide increased resources to THPOs which are currently under-funded despite the millennia of history they must protect."**

## THPO Supports the Historic Preservation Enhancement Act



ALPINE COUNTY PRESS RELEASE    FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE    November 4, 2025

### **Alpine County Proclaims November 2025 as Native American Heritage Month**

Board of Supervisors Honors the Washoe Tribe and the Enduring Legacy of Indigenous Peoples

Markleeville, CA — On November 4, 2025, the Alpine County Board of Supervisors unanimously adopted a resolution proclaiming November 2025 as Native American Heritage Month in Alpine County, honoring the resilience, cultural legacy, and ongoing contributions of Indigenous peoples — particularly the Washoe Tribe of Nevada and California, whose ancestral territory includes the lands now known as Alpine County.

The proclamation preceded a land acknowledgment by Woodfords Community Council Chairman Geoffrey Ellis recognizing the enduring spirituality and ecological connection of the Washoe People to the Sierra Nevada and Lake Tahoe Basin.



The Board's action reaffirms Alpine County's commitment to government-to-government collaboration with the Washoe Tribe and the Woodfords Community Council to protect sacred and ancestral lands, advance cultural preservation, and support tribal sovereignty.



“This recognition is deeply personal and profoundly meaningful,” said County Clerk Teola Tremayne (Western Shoshone).

“It symbolizes not only the history and survival of our people, but also a shared commitment to healing, respect, and partnership.

Honoring Native American Heritage

Figure 1 Board of Supervisors -Front L2R Sheriff Tom Minder (Washoe), County Clerk Teola Tremayne (W. Shoshone), Deputy County Clerk Michelle Minder (Washoe), Woodfords Community Council Chairman Geoffrey Ellis (Washoe)

The month of November reminds us that our stories, languages, and traditions remain vital to the heart of Alpine County.”

The resolution emphasizes the county’s dedication to promoting cultural understanding, restorative justice, and Indigenous representation in local decision-making. It serves as a reaffirmation of Alpine County’s ongoing partnership with the Washoe Tribe and its commitment to preserving the cultural and natural heritage that defines the region.

### **Viakoo Funds Scholarship at University of Nevada to Support Cyber Defense Focus ([sdmmag.com](https://sdmmag.com))**

Viakoo has established a \$10,000 scholarship at the University of Nevada, Reno, aimed at fostering cybersecurity talent. This initiative was announced during the university's Cybersecurity Conference, emphasizing the urgent need for innovation in combating cyber vulnerabilities. Viakoo Funds Scholarship at University of Nevada to Support Cyber Defense Focus ([sdmmag.com](https://sdmmag.com)) —

#### **More coverage of Ky**

<a href="#">Native Athlete Runs to Heal in New Film</a>
<a href="#">11/06/2025 02:19</a>
<a href="#">New film highlights Indigenous teenager in Nevada who runs to bring awareness to the history of Indian boarding schools.</a>

### **2nd Annual Gingerbread Build Off**

Wednesday, November 12, 2025 , 4:00pm-6:00pm

Location TMCC William N. Pennington Applied Technology Center 475 Edison Way Reno

#### [Directions](#)

More Info: [ainn@ainn.org](mailto:ainn@ainn.org) Ticket Options

#### Description

Hosted by AIANN/NEXT & TMCC. Join us for the TMCC Gingerbread House Competition, where architecture meets edible design!

Department of War Security for the Protection of Federal Personnel and Property in  
Illinois October 4, 2025

Enforcing the Death Penalty Laws in the District of Columbia to Deter and Punish the Most  
Heinous Crimes September 25, 2025

Countering Domestic Terrorism and Organized Political Violence September 25, 2025





*Back row:* Roger Sam, Harry Thomas, Cline Tom, Steven Walker, Colburn Ballard, Wallace Garcia, Ralph Parker. *Fourth row:* Edmond Thacker, William Porter, Jay Johnson, Herbert Williams, Sidney Andrews, Edith George, Ronald Barr, Edward McCloud, Dwayne Decroy, Perial Ellis, Bobby Delorme, Marlene Hardin, Barbara Osborne. *Third row:* Donald Ridley, Daisy Pete, Carol Archie, Mary L. Domingues, Beatrice Little, Leona Wiltse, Caroline Jagles, Estelle McKay, Clara J. Sailors, Francis Pacheco, Ronald James, Caroline George, Berdina Diek, Katherine Shaw, Leora Allen. *Second row:* Clarence Oliver, Alice Shoshone, Betty Robinson, Helen Vidovitch, Florence Sailors, Dolores Hardin, Agnes Abe, Mr. Earl T. Laird, Director, Amy Wasson, Jack Ridley, Lolita McKay, Margaret Pacheco, Irene Ramos, Andrea Smith. *First row:* Junior Calvin, Donald Melendez, Manuel Barros, Louis Arnold.

[Dayton's Mystic 12: A Nevada History Mystery presented by the Historic Reno Preservation Society @ Downtown Reno Library | Sunday \(11/9\) at 12:00pm](#) – This talk untangles a miscaptioned Dayton courthouse photo, the Mystic 12, and Nevada's first case of a white man imprisoned for murdering an American Indian. Jeff Kintop, longtime archives whisperer, connects dots with dry wit. Part of HRPS's Second Sunday series, registration required.

**Presidential Actions - Executive Orders & Memoranda (site is back,sort of)**  
[Modifying Reciprocal Tariff Rates Consistent with the Economic and Trade Arrangement Between the United States and the People's Republic of China](#) [November 4, 2025](#)

[Modifying Duties Addressing the Synthetic Opioid Supply Chain in the People's Republic of China](#) [November 4, 2025](#)

[Ensuring Continued Accountability in Federal Hiring](#) [October 15, 2025](#)

- [Trump taps DEI critic to lead workplace civil rights agency](#)
- [Trump hosts Central Asian leaders as US seeks to get around China on rare earth metals](#)



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### **Just an inspiring story:**

My son, Kevin—a man who measures his life in six-minute "billable hour" increments—flew in from Chicago and placed a glossy brochure on my kitchen table.

"Mom," he said, his voice laced with practiced empathy, "it's time to be practical."

The brochure was for a place called "Sunset Horizons." It featured silver-haired seniors playing shuffleboard, all of them smiling with a brightness that looked exhausting. This, he explained, was a "optimized living solution."

I am Margaret Callahan. I am seventy-four years old. And two years ago, my husband, "Big Jim" Callahan, the man who ran the best auto-body shop in Western Pennsylvania for forty-five years, sat down in his recliner to watch the Steelers game and never got up.

He left me with a paid-off mortgage, a reliable sedan, and a silence so vast it swallowed every other sound in the house.

My life became a beige, quiet loop. Coffee. The mailman. The 6 o'clock news. Repeat. The house, once filled with the smell of grease, sawdust, and Jim's booming laughter, just felt...

empty. I wasn't grieving anymore; I was fading. I was becoming a ghost in my own home.

Kevin meant well. He's a good boy. But his "practical" solution felt like a beautifully furnished coffin.

"I'm looking at the numbers, Mom," he'd say over the phone. "That house is too much. You need 'community.' You need 'managed care.'"

"Kevin, darling," I told him, "I've been 'managing' for seventy-four years. What I need is a purpose."

My "act of gross financial negligence," as Kevin later called it, happened on a Tuesday.

I was driving down a boarded-up Main Street, a graveyard of the American small town. The textile mill, the machine shop, and Jim's auto body... all gone. We were a town that used to make things, now we just ordered them in boxes from a giant warehouse three counties over.

And there, in the window of "Riverbend Books," the last real bookstore in town, was a sign. Not handwritten. A stark, printed "LIQUIDATION SALE. EVERYTHING MUST GO."

I parked.

The bell above the door chimed, but no one looked up. The place smelled of paper dust, old carpet, and sour coffee. Behind a counter piled high with red-stamped envelopes, a young man—maybe twenty-five—was staring at a laptop with the kind of primal exhaustion I recognized from my days of raising a toddler.

"Just browsing," I said.

He finally looked up. He had paint on his hoodie and dark circles under his eyes. "We close on the 30th, ma'am," he said, his voice flat. "Everything's 70 percent off."

"Why are you closing?" I asked.

He laughed, a short, bitter sound. "Why do you think? My aunt left me this place. She loved books. I love books. But love doesn't pay the heating bill, and it definitely doesn't pay the property taxes."

I looked at the envelopes on his counter. "You're holding your 'Notice of Default' upside down," I said.

He blinked. "I'm Leo."

"I'm Marge. I was the bookkeeper for Callahan's Auto Body for forty-five years. You're trying to pay the electric bill by selling lattes, aren't you?"

He blushed. "The espresso machine was... an idea." "A bad one," I said. "You're competing with the drive-thru. You're not selling coffee, Leo. You're selling books." I looked around the chaotic, beautiful shop. I looked up at the water-stained ceiling. "Is that an apartment up there?"

Leo nodded. "Storage. It's a mess. Roof leaks."

I took a deep breath. It smelled like my future.

"Here's the deal, Leo. I'm going to sell my house. I will use my husband's life insurance payout to become your partner. I will fix these books. I will run the register. I will learn how to use a caulk gun for that roof. In exchange, I live upstairs, rent-free. We give it six months."

Leo looked at me like I had just sprouted a second head. He was right to.

That night, I called my son.

"Mom, you WHAT?" The line crackled with his disbelief. "You liquidated your annuity? To buy a bookstore? Mom, that is a dying industry! That is your nest egg! I could honestly have you declared legally incompetent for this!"

"Then who would manage the payroll for your new business partner, dear?" I asked calmly. "I have to go. I'm pricing paint." I hung up.

The first three months were a special kind of hell. The roof did leak, right over my bed. My apartment was cold. I spent twelve hours a day organizing forty years of cluttered inventory and building an accounting system on a laptop I bought from a pawn shop.

Leo, it turned out, was a brilliant curator of books but had been trading rare first editions for store credit instead of cash.

"You cannot pay the gas company with poetry, Leo," I told him, gently.

But slowly, things started to change.

I open the shop at 9 a.m. now. I brew a pot of strong, black coffee—none of that cinnamon-vanilla-foam nonsense. I sweep the front step.

The old-timers started to drift back in. "Doc" Malone, the retired high school history teacher, comes in every morning. We sit at the front table. We talk about the local football team, why the new highway bypass is killing Main Street, and yes, sometimes we whisper about what we saw on the news.

In this shop, a man in a "United Steelworkers" jacket from the closed-down plant and a college girl with a "Climate Action Now" tote bag can stand side-by-side, browsing the mystery section. They may not talk, but they are peaceful. The books, it seems, are a ceasefire.

My son still didn't get it. "Mom, you're 74! You're working harder than I am! Don't you want to relax?"

"Honey," I told him, "I'm not working. I'm living."

The "social media" thing was Leo's idea. "Marge," he said one day, "you're always telling stories about these old books. Let me film you."

"I will do no such thing," I said. "I am not a 'Kardashian.'"

He filmed me anyway.

He caught me holding a battered 1950s copy of *The Grapes of Wrath*. "You see this one?" I said, tapping the worn cover. "People think it's just a sad book. It's not. It's an angry book. It's about people who had everything taken from them—their land, their homes, their dignity. But they refused to stop being people. They refused to be disposable."

Leo posted the 60-second video on that TikTok thing, and then on Facebook.

I woke up the next morning, and Leo was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs, holding his phone, his eyes wild. "Marge," he said, "you went viral."

The video had three million views.

We now have 200,000 followers. They call me "The Rust-Belt Reader." We get orders from all over the country. People don't just want the books; they want our books, the ones I talk about. They drive in from Ohio and New York.

Our store isn't just surviving. It's the only place on Main Street that's hiring. We hired two part-time employees last month.

Kevin, my son, called me last week. He sounded different.

"Mom," he said, "I just... I saw your video. The one about East of Eden." He paused. "It was really good. You know, my firm is looking to do some... non-profit work. For community literacy. If your... uh... company... ever needed any pro-bono legal advice..."

I smiled, looking out the window as Doc Malone waved good morning. "I'll think about it, dear. I have to go. We're hosting a resume-writing workshop for the folks who just got laid off from the auto-parts plant."

Do I miss my old house? No.

In that house, the silence was an ending.

Here, in this dusty, wonderful place, the silence is full of stories, just waiting to be opened.

The lesson isn't just that starting over doesn't have an age limit. The lesson is that purpose doesn't have an expiration date.

In a world that is so quick to tell us to "rest," to move aside, to become invisible... remember this:

We are not disposable just because our hair turns gray. We are not liabilities. **We are libraries.** Every wrinkle, every memory, every book we've ever read, is a story. You don't stop growing when you grow old. You just grow wiser.

Don't let anyone close your book before you're finished. Go out and start the next chapter.

[#fblifestyle](#)

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## After Alaska storm, Native people race to save history

Thousands of artifacts were swept away from an archaeological site.



KATIE BASILE • *The New York Times* Jimmy Jones holds a Yup'ik mask he found on a beach on Alaska's west coast last month after a typhoon in Quinhagak, Alaska.

By SACHI KITAJIMA MULKEY *The New York Times*

The morning after a storm slammed into western Alaska last month, Jimmy Jones was collecting driftwood on the beach near Quinhagak, a fishing village. When he reached to pick up a log, a face stared up at him from the sand beneath.

For a split second, he worried that he had found a human body. But looking closer, Jones, 27, realized it was a wooden mask with delicate traces of paint staining the surface.

The remnants of Typhoon Halong, which killed at least one person and displaced hundreds from flooded homes around the region, had also swept up and carried thousands of artifacts from an archaeological site 3 miles south called Nunalleq.

Some of the artifacts are 600 years old, left behind by the ancestors of the Yup'ik who live in Quinhagak today.

In addition to upending life for local residents, the storm ate into 60 feet of shoreline in a single night,



***"Pandaburr"***  
***Amanda LaRay Roa***  
***05/27/1988 - 11/02/2025***



***Visitation (Evening)***  
***Thursday, November 6, 2025***  
***Owyhee Residence***  
***212 Eagle Drive (New Colony)***  
***Battle Mtn, NV***

***Sunrise Ceremony Services***  
***Friday, November 7, 2025***  
***@ 6:30 a.m.***

***Funeral Services***  
***Friday, November 7, 2025***  
***@ 11:00 a.m.***  
***Civic Center***  
***625 S. Broad Street***  
***Battle Mtn, NV***

***Interment***  
***Battle Mountain Cemetery***

***Traditional Feed***  
***New Community Building***  
***01 Fandango Road (Old Colony)***

***Food donations are appreciated***

destroying the dig site. In the days that followed, Quinhagak residents rushed to recover the artifacts washing



ashore.

There are most likely hundreds of village sites along the coast of western Alaska, where the frozen ground can preserve objects for centuries. But excavation is rare. Like many Native communities, Quinhagak's elders initially felt that any disturbance of the site, which is considered sacred and contains human remains, would be a breach of cultural values.

The artifacts were "waiting for us to tell their story," said Warren Jones, Jimmy Jones' father and the chief executive of Qanirtuuq, the corporation that owns the tribe's land and represents its interests to the U.S. government.

"We have to do this for the future generation. They need to know where each and every one of us came from," he said, recounting how he had persuaded the community to support the dig. "If we don't, all these artifacts are going to be washed out."

Saving artifacts like these is all the more urgent as climate change bears down on the Arctic.

As the planet warms and sea levels rise, shorelines are slowly eroding, even without a burst of damage from a typhoon.

And the thaw of Arctic soils, known as permafrost, has caused the objects tucked inside it to begin decomposing. Archaeologists in Greenland have found remains of animal and human skeletons softening into a mush they call "butter bone."

The Nunalleq dig began in 2009, a few years after Warren Jones reached out to Richard Knecht, an archaeologist at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland, known for collaborating with Alaskan Indigenous communities.

The small town now boasts what is quite likely the largest collection of Yup'ik artifacts in the world. There are nearly 200,000 preserved in a cultural center that doubles as an archaeology lab and museum.

Knecht, who is retired from the university but continues to lead the work, has seen coastal erosion destroy Indigenous heritage sites before: In the early 2000s, rising sea levels claimed a dig near Kodiak, Alaska, that he had been studying for nearly 20 years.

Still, the damage to Nunalleq last month took his breath away.

The recovery effort was well underway when he arrived a few days after the storm. Dozens of residents had already started rescuing them by the boxful.

Some artifacts, like wooden bowls, masks, dolls and serving spoons, were in perfect condition.

There were fragments of others, like kayak paddles, arrow shafts and the soles of a child's sealskin boots.

The recovered objects are soaked with a preservative and carefully dried before being cataloged and stored in the town's museum, a simple room stacked to the brim with boxes and drawers.

Knecht estimates at least 1,000 artifacts have been rescued since the storm hit. There are likely 10,000 remaining on the beach, he said, buried by a recent snowfall and frozen in the sand. If the weather doesn't warm back up, the community will have to abandon recovery efforts until the spring.

Said Grace Hill, an elder in Quinhagak and president of the tribal corporation's board, "The greatest thing I want is to preserve all the things we have."