

Tribal Member Shot, Killed By Police

SHOOTING continued from front page

at the Governance Center then, and he poured himself into that campaign helping the family raise thousands of dollars. He was recovered at that time and helping out anywhere he could.

George's nephew, Tribal member Sol George, talked of Marty's "soft-spoken voice" and "compassion" as he "faced many difficulties."

"We feel powerless at times," he said, "but we can fight to live and be happy."

"He made it a point to drop in and see if there was anything he could do to help," said Sol George.

The Eagle Beak drummers played and sang.

Tribal member Becky Youso sang *Amazing Grace*.

Tribal member Jan Michael Reibach played flute, but before he played, he told about Marty at the sweat lodge, how he prayed only for his family. "You know it's ok to pray for yourself," Reibach told him. "We don't have enough time in there," said Marty. "One of the most gentle, beautiful men I have ever met," said Reibach.

"I'm really going to miss him," said Tribal member Sam George. "He's one of the best cousins I have."

"He'd give you food off his plate," said one voice.

"Go to the forever in peace," said another.

After digging horseshoe pits over at Tribal Elder Steve Bobb's place for a family reunion during Pow-wow, "he was in full body sweat," said Bobb. "He was trying to quit smoking, so he was a little tense but he never once complained."

"He always said, 'I love you guys,' as he walked off."

"Marty was born 150 years too late," said Merrill, who was George's supervisor.

"I see Marty in full headdress, breast plate, a proud warrior."

"He would have been one of our proudest warriors. He'd of been a leader and we'd have known it."

It was a community that loved him and still struggled. Some, like Steve Bobb, said privately that he didn't have any experience with the pull of addiction and didn't really understand what Marty had been going through.

More publicly, Tribal Elder Butch LaBonte, said at the funeral that he was sorry he hadn't left George a more positive role model. He remembered

from his youth, running around drinking with George's dad, Tribal Elder Tony George. In particular, he remembered one time when the pair had eluded local police on some of the same roads that George traveled with the same intent on his last day.

THROUGH INDIAN EYES

It's too bad that George liked meth. It shaped too much of his life. He fought it at times and succumbed to it at others. He stayed away from his family when he was using, said his mom, Claudia George. He didn't like us to see him like that, she said.

A few times, it was noticed, when George was using, he'd focus on religion, asking people as he did in the last minutes of his life, if they were religious. And accompanying the turn toward religion, he also shaved his head into a Mohawk, as he had in his last days, possibly an attempt to find in himself the Indian

warrior, as maybe years before as a child, he took on the role of Superman or Spiderman, a superhero that could not only save others, but maybe also himself.

And the tales of his strength, at least when he was using, are gigantic. He had that Mohawk when he wielded a cross bow in a Willamina parking lot five years ago, without arrows (though nobody in law enforcement mentions that fact), he ultimately stood pat, his arms flexed like Superman, as the police pelted him with bean bag shots, any one of which would have decked another man. And the rumor was when he was TASERed during his recent escape from the law, that he pulled the TASER darts out of him and ran, darts with electrical charges that put other men down on the ground, flopping like electrified chickens.

He could run and hide and salvage from the neighborhood around him what he needed to stay free, to feed his habit from time to time, and to keep in touch with friends and family all the while.

The pictures painted of George by local reporters Katie Willson and Paul Daquilante talk about "felony probation violations," "a series of convictions," a man "potentially armed and dangerous," but many Tribal members see them all essentially tied to meth use and his resistance to being ar-

rested. Whatever the reasons for police actions, it was George who was TASERed and bean-bagged, struck with batons and pepper sprayed by police, not the other way. His thefts went to feed his habit. And in many if not most cases, his thefts were from friends and relatives. Many were loans, freely given, but not repaid.

His intentions, to those who knew him, were different than his actions. Even in the last minutes of his life, he asked a stranger about getting the car he had borrowed washed and even painted. By then, of course, it had been reported stolen, but not by an owner who wished him ill. She had called George's mom here in Grand Ronde before reporting her car stolen, and asked whether she should.

On the door of the Tribal gymnasium, where Marty's funeral was held, there is a sign: "This is a cigarette-, alcohol- and drug-free event. If you are under the influence, please leave now."

Friends and family, a gym-full of people from the Tribe and the community, wheeled Marty George out in a silver coffin.

THE SCENE OF NO CRIME

The first press release out of the Yamhill County District Attorney's office said that Tribal member Marty George was backing into Oregon State Trooper Randy Ogle when he was shot. It was Halloween afternoon around 3:15 p.m.

According to the District Attorney (DA), George was shot sideways through the back and shoulder three times, and had what DA Brad Berry called "a glancing blow" to the head, behind the left ear. Twelve other shots were fired, three at the tires of the late model Chevy Blazer with innocent eyewitnesses standing more or less behind the target.

Eyewitness Patti Montgomery, a caregiver at the main house at the Togstad Ranch where the killing took place, said that George

was driving away from the police, when he was shot.

He'd been on the run nearly all day with police physically chasing him since about 1 p.m. when he was spotted on Highway 18-B, the back road between Willamina and Sheridan.

Yamhill County Sheriff's Deputy



Police Defender — District Attorney Brad Berry explains the scene with a diagram provided by the Yamhill County Major Crime Response Team. The diagram and the investigation results were presented to the public on Friday, November 11 in the Yamhill County Courthouse.

Derrin Broome turned to follow George, and when George ran a stop sign, Broome called in the chase.

During the chase, George ran cars off the road, including two police cars, eluded Broome's cruiser that spun out of control, evaded a spike strip and then, at the end of Smithville Road, a dead end, George headed off the last of the gravel road to go around and through a tree farm. Police reports said he had two wheels off the ground at times, traveling at up to 90 miles per hour. The District Attorney would later announce that George was operating on "a toxic level" of methamphetamines. By "toxic," DA Berry said, he meant a level sufficient to make George "unpredictable."

The City of Sheridan's Public Works Director, Lonnie Hinchcliff, initially suggested to the police that George's backwoods route might end up at the Togstad ranch. Hinchcliff and two police officers, Yamhill County Sheriff's Deputy Richard Geist and Oregon State Trooper Randy Ogle, made their way up the mile-long driveway of the Togstad Ranch, where moments before, George had emerged from his foray in the trees.

When the shooting occurred, Hinchcliff was hiding in the area behind a tractor.

According to witness Patti Montgomery and the DA's report, George was speaking to a renter at the ranch, Natalie Lodmell, before the police arrived.

Like many details, the description of what happened next from eyewitness Patti Montgomery, who takes care of the Elder Togstad during the day, differed from the description provided by the District Attorney at a press conference exonerating the police officers on Veterans' Day.

Montgomery said that George backed up from the middle of the Y that describes the driveway splitting off for the Togstad house and for the rental house lived in by Lodmell and her mother.

Montgomery, meanwhile, had had a phone call from John Togstad, whose father Montgomery cares for, because he



Eyewitness — Patti Montgomery, caretaker at the Togstad Ranch, points out the ditch where Tribal member Marty George's vehicle eventually came to rest.