

A Day to Remember

“Hurry up Xipil, we’ll miss the Storyteller!”

“I’m coming,” a girl’s shrill voice carried from the cabin’s interior. A few moments later a girl with dark brown hair and gold speckled brown eyes ran towards the figure waiting outside with a small blanket.

“Here, Manauia!”

Manauia looked down at his seven year old cousin and smiled.

“Good. Come, he’s about to start.” He took her blanket and small hand in his and walked at a brisk pace towards the main lodge of the Washakie Community four miles south of Portage, Utah. Xipil was nearly running in an effort to keep up with her older, taller cousin. Manauia looked down and saw her struggling. He slowed his pace, but only slightly. A person could tell if they looked at him how excited he was to hear the Storyteller, as he was known by.

“Manu?”

“Yes?”

“What kinds of stories does the Storyteller recite? Are they scary?”

Manauia shook his head. “Most of them are not, but some can be. After fourteen winters, though, not much bothers me.”

“But what if it’s your first time?” Manauia slowed down more as they walked into the building.

“I wouldn’t worry about it, Xipi, you’ll like him. I’ve been going for seven winters, like you’re doing now, and I still enjoy coming to hear him.”

Though they were inside the large, wooden cabin that served as a lodge, and a fire was blazing, the room was still quite cold. They and the other children kept their winter coats on until the room heated up. Once he had taken his seat, Manauia looked around to see who all had arrived. It was a slim crowd, and he knew them all. Many of his peers had committed to living and studying with the Church of the Latter Day Saints, who lived in his traditional homeland. As a result, Manauia counted only fifteen children in attendance. *I’m one of the oldest ones here*, he realized. He looked down at Xipil, who he felt fidgeting with her blanket next to him.

“Xipil.”

She looked at him expectantly.

“Whatever you do, while he’s talking, don’t interrupt. It’s disrespectful, and oftentimes he’ll answer your question later on. If not, you can ask me when he’s done.” Xipil nodded.

“The other thing,” Manauia continued, “is that if you or anyone else falls asleep, he’ll stop telling the story and we won’t be able to finish it until the next day.”

“Why is that?”

Before Manauia could answer, the Storyteller cleared his throat and all eyes turned to him.

Da-boo-zee Timbimboo, the Storyteller, sat in front of the fire circle in the main lodge and looked out at his small audience. Small, quite literally, because they were all children. *Except for those two*, the Storyteller observed. He looked over to his far right. *That one looks to be about fifteen or sixteen.* Then he looked to the left, just off the center. *Ah. That one with the girl is slightly younger. They must be off of school for religious and historical training. Don't know how they pulled that one off.* The younger one caught his eye again as he watched the boy explain something that seemed to be of great interest to her. Da-boo-zee smiled sadly to himself. *That would have been my sister and I, had she lived.* He put those thoughts aside and cleared his throat.

“Behne, children!” His deep voice resonated throughout the structure.

“Behne, Storyteller!” they called back in return.

“Today, the Great Spirit has smiled upon us. He has given you an opportunity to learn about your ancestors, and he has given me another opportunity to tell you of their lives. I know many of you have wondered how it came to be that we are in this place, and I know your parents have told you a small portion of the story I am going to tell you today. Today, however, is the day you will hear it told in its fullest.”

A younger Da-boo-zee sat in front of the tribe's large, outdoor fire with his brother, Soquitch, on a cold, winter night in 1863, and took in the action around him. The women sang ancient songs and danced to the beat of the drummer's drum. Amidst the dancers, Da-boo-zee spotted his older brother's girlfriend, Anasi. She smiled when she passed Soquitch before flying off around the others.

“Well, Soquitch,” Da-boo-zee turned his head towards his brother, who was not in the least interested in what he was about to say. “Are you going to ask her to marry you? The Warm Dance is just as good a time as any.”

Soquitch sighed and looked over at Da-boo-zee.

“It's not that easy, Da-boo-zee. You know I still have to prove myself to her father before I can consider broaching *that* subject. And it will be another moon, at least, before I am allowed to do that.”

Da-boo-zee nodded. “Whatever you say, *Tamich.*” Right then, the dancing stopped, and everyone gathered around the fire to keep warm and admire the starry sky. The moment was perfect, except for murmuring voices coming from behind Da-boo-zee. He looked behind him and saw his father talking with a stranger. The stranger was wearing a long sleeved shirt with pants and suspenders, a large coat, and something strange on his head. It appeared to be as wide as a cradleboard's width, but deep enough to fit comfortably on his head. *Maybe he's one of those new cattle ranchers with the funny hats*, Da-boo-zee thought.

“Soquitch.”

“What?”

Da-boo-zee gestured behind him. “Who's that man that Father is talking to?”

Soquitch took a good look at him. "I have no idea," he shrugged.

Da-boo-zee sighed as he stood up. "You're no help," he muttered. That stranger had him curious. *Not many strangers come to the Warm Dance, especially on the last night.* His curiosity was beginning to get the better of him as he quietly crept behind a bush to hear what his father and the other man were discussing.

"I know nothing of what you speak," Da-boo-zee's father told the man. "None of our braves have stolen cattle or horses." Da-boo-zee silently gasped from his hiding place.

"Well some Injuns did, Chief, and that's all that matters to the Colonel. You know Colonel Connor won't take kindly to what them boys did."

It must be the group that left this afternoon, Da-boo-zee realized. *I thought something was off with them.*

"I know," Da-boo-zee's father replied, remaining calm. "But our small band only wants peace."

An owl hooted in the forest behind Da-boo-zee, but he did not turn around to see where in the woods the sound had come from. Any unnecessary movement would let his father and this stranger know they were not alone. However, Da-boo-zee could not resist a little movement, so he turned his head back slightly.

"Well," the stranger let the word dangle in the air for a moment. Da-boo-zee abruptly brought his head back around without much of a sound, except for a small twig snap when his head hit the bush he was hiding behind. "I don't know what else to tell you, except to keep your wits about you and be awfully sure none of your group does anything to get Colonel Connor's attention in a bad way."

Chief Sagwitch nodded his agreement. "Thank you for coming to us, Tony Dane."

Oh, the store owner, Da-boo-zee realized.

Dane bobbed his head as he climbed onto his horse.

"Take care, Chief."

"And you."

Tony Dane turned his horse away and rode back towards town. Chief Sagwitch watched him leave with keen alertness.

"You can come out now, Da-boo-zee," his father told him without turning around. Da-boo-zee noisily stood up and walked out into the small clearing.

"How did you know I was there?"

"Do you think a chief has no hearing or vision?" Da-boo-zee sighed and looked at the ground. "You still have much to learn." Chief Sagwitch gazed at his son with a twinkle in his eye. Then it turned sober.

"It is not a horrible thing to be curious, Da-boo-zee. However, if you're not careful, that inquisitive mind of yours may get you killed." He looked out past the woods and into the five building, one-street town. He let out a pent-up breath.

"I fear for our people's future, Son. I've taught you and your brothers the value of welcoming people different than you and treating everyone as an equal to yourself, but that may

not be enough to save us. Men like Colonel Connor would like nothing better than for us to disappear off the face of Mother Earth. But there is much he could learn from us, if he were willing...

"There are few like Tony Dane in this world," Sagwitch finished and looked back at his son. "Few that would take the time to learn about us and our ways. Granted, we have not had much interaction with the settlers ourselves, but I still believe there is much both peoples could learn from each other and benefit from."

"But I fear the time of peace for our peoples may be coming to an end."

Three weeks after the Warm Dance Festival, spring was showing slow signs of coming as Da-boo-zee and his grandmother made repairs on the teepee and strengthened the tie-down straps.

"Do you know who of our tribe left with Tind-up this morning, Hutsiq?" Da-boo-zee asked his grandmother.

"I'm not sure, Boo-zee," she answered with her pet name for him. "But I know a few did. Although I can't say that I blame them, what with all the killings and thieveries some of the other tribes have gotten into with some of the settlers. And the dream Tindup had must have cemented some things for them."

"But we weren't part of the animal rustling."

"Right. Those were three troublemakers from another group. But the fights a few of our men and boys got into were not good."

"Yeah," Da-boo-zee agreed. "I just wish none of ours had died."

"All violent deaths are bad, Zoo-bee, no matter who the victim is."

Da-boo-zee nodded and they silently carried on with their work. A few minutes later Da-boo-zee's mother poked her head out of the teepee and into the late afternoon sun.

"Supper is almost ready," she smiled. "So come on in!"

Da-boo-zee and Hutsiq quickly finished up with what they were doing and walked inside. Da-boo-zee's mother, Yolyamanitzin, was roasting ground potatoes over the fire while Soquitch, his father, and his little brother, Be-shup, played a quiet game. Da-boo-zee's infant sister, Sequoya, lay by the fire in her blanket, snug and happy.

"Did you and Hutsiq finish up the tent?" Sagwitch asked his second son.

"Yes, Ape', the hole is stitched up and the sides are firmly tied down."

"Good. From the looks of things, it's going to be a cold few days."

Da-boo-zee nodded and looked back at his mother. "Are the potatoes done yet, Bia'?"

"Almost," she smiled at her hungry son. She turned the potatoes over on the fire one last time before pulling out the dried berries and salmon.

Da-boo-zee walked over to where his little sister was lying and carefully picked her up. Even though she was six moons old, she was still quite tiny, to him anyway.

“How big do you think Sequoya will be?” Da-boo-zee asked his mother. “She’s still really small.” He put her down by the fire.

“She’ll be as big as the Great Spirit sees fit,” Hutsiq told him. “You were also quite small, Zoo-bee, and you turned out fine.”

“I don’t know,” Soquitch snuck up behind Da-boo-zee and picked him up and away from the fire. “You’re still small, even for fifteen winters.”

“Just because you’re five winters older than me doesn’t mean you can pick me up, Soquitch!” Da-boo-zee squirmed. “Put me down!” Sagwitch gave Soquitch a look, and he put his brother down. “You’re just as squirrely as a babe, too,” he chuckled.

“Ok, boys, come eat!” Yolyamanitzin exclaimed.

Soquitch and Da-boo-zee immediately parted ways and sat by the fire as the family gathered to eat.

“Da-boo-zee, can you take care of your sister?” Hutsiq was lap-deep in mending, and his parents had gone walking.

“Yes, Hutsiq,” Da-boo-zee eagerly replied. He got up from the fire and crawled over to where Sequoya lay. She was attempting to roll around while lying on her back and fussing.

“Please don’t have a dirty diaper, please don’t have a dirty diaper,” he pleadingly whispered. He carefully picked her up and sniffed her rear. “Thank goodness,” he said quietly. Da-boo-zee stood up with her and paced the length of their teepee. He jiggled her up and down in his arms, saying,

“There you go, it’s all right, Bia’ will be back soon.”

He walked back and forth once more before she stopped crying and looked up at him. He smiled down at her and studied her eyes. They were a darker shade of brown, but they had gold specks sprinkled in as well.

“Hutsiq, have you seen anyone with golden specks in their eyes before?”

“A few times, but that’s rare. Her eyes are a treasure, indeed.”

Da-boo-zee nodded and gazed back down at his sister.

“Did you hear that? Your eyes are of rare beauty!” He sat by the fire once more and held her against his left arm. She looked out to see what everyone was doing. Da-boo-zee laughed. “You don’t like being left out of anything, do ya! When you get a little older, I’ll take you around camp and show you how to ride and fish, and where the best places to swim are. You’ll be out and about soon, don’t you worry.” Da-boo-zee lifted his head towards the door and looked over at it. He gave a sigh of contentment. This was where he was meant to be.

“But that all soon came to an end, children,” the older Da-boo-zee recounted. Xipil looked up anxiously at Manauia, but he motioned at her to keep quiet. He kept his eyes on the Storyteller.

“The next morning, my father awakened us just before dawn as the sound of horses and marching approached the camp. We, and the rest of our tribe, crawled out of our teepees to see what was happening. Colonel Connor and his army had arrived, and they stood on the other side of Bear River. They were not interested in peace, you understand, and my father wanted that which could not be sought.” There was no bitterness in Da-boo-zee’s voice, only sadness and regret.

“My father told us, ‘Do not get your weapons! Do not shoot at them! We must show them we are peaceful!’ He wanted to meet with Colonel Connor to discuss a peaceful alliance and to give up the troublemakers from the tribe, but he did not get that chance.” Da-boo-zee’s eyes clouded over as he remembered that fateful day. He took a deep breath and continued.

“All at once, they began firing at us. Most already had shields or baskets used as shields, but they didn’t stand a chance against the white men’s guns. The warriors had dropped into the snow or foxholes to be ready to defend themselves, and that’s when the soldiers were ordered to charge across the river and kill us.

“Before the fight, I had been nervous, excited even, to participate in my first battle as a brave, but all I wanted then was to make it out alive. I ran towards nothing, as bullets flew around me, but I found a grass shelter with so many in it it looked like it was moving. My grandmother was one of many people hidden there, and she knew that the soldiers could come at any time and burn down their hiding place.

‘Come out and lie down on the ground and pretend to be dead,’ Hutsiq whispered to me. ‘Keep your eyes closed at all times. Maybe in this way our lives will be saved.’ So I did. She and I lay on the cold, hard ground with our eyes closed and waited and prayed for death to pass us over. And in a way, it did.

“A few hours later, an older soldier was walking through what was left of our camp ‘putting people out of their misery,’ when he came to Hutsiq and me. Well, knowing me, I had to see what he was doing, so I opened my eyes and saw him looking right at me. We just stared at each other for a few moments before he lifted his rifle and pointed it at me. There was nothing my grandmother could do to save me. Once he lifted it, then twice, and then a third time.

“There was something about this soldier that always stuck out to me; maybe it was the fact that you could tell he still had a mind of his own, that he was not afraid of anyone taking what semblance of humanity was left. Because, that day, after attempting three times to kill me, he simply lowered his gun and walked away from me and my grandmother.” As Da-boo-zee looked out over his small crowd, which had expanded to adults as well, he could see the surprise and bewilderment in their eyes and in their body language. He gave them a sympathetic smile.

“Yes, he let me live, even when he most likely knew that his choice to let me live would backfire on him. I’m not sure what stayed his hand, but I’m grateful he did.” Da-boo-zee’s eyes drifted down to his lap, where his hands lay clasped together. Manauia looked at his hands, and he noticed for the first time old grieving scars, light-colored slashes, on the Storyteller’s forearms. *They’ve been here this whole time*, he realized. The Storyteller continued speaking, but his voice became markedly quieter.

“Several hours after I almost lost my life, Hutsiq and I sat up once all the shooting had ceased. It was eerily quiet. We looked around, and we saw our peaceful village cut to the ground, burned, and in a thousand bloody pieces.

‘That could have been you, Da-boo-zee!’ Hutsiq turned to me. ‘You have to control your curiosity! If you don’t--’ She could not finish. She started crying, as did I. My father came up behind us and put a hand on her shoulder, and laid the side of his other hand on mine. His hand had been shot. Everyone who was still alive gathered where we stood in the center of our village.

‘Whoever is still alive, see what is left amongst the camp and gather what food among us is left and let’s go to the forest,’ my father told us. Everyone numbly walked away to do as he said. There were so few of us, I hoped most had made it to the woods, but I found that was not the case. At the very least, I hoped my mother, sister, and brothers had made it.”

Da-boo-zee’s audience leaned forward slightly in anticipation for what he would say next. Even Xipil halted her fidgeting for the time being.

“That afternoon, we retreated to the forest and built a large fire so that we could keep warm, and whoever was hiding in the woods would know it was safe to come join us. The medicine man patched up my father’s hand, and he helped in other ways he could. But there was not much he could do. There was very little food around, but everyone managed to eat a little something. After my father was bandaged up, he stood and gathered everyone’s attention. For a moment he stood there, trying to gather the words he needed to encourage us, but they were difficult to find. Finally, with tears, he said,

‘This is a grave day for our people, as you have well seen. The place that held joy and gladness for us has become a field of barbarism. We are living in the midst of two competing worlds, and I fear ours is the world that will be overtaken. Some of you do not know, but my dear Yolyamanitzin is dead. And my daughter I have placed in the mercy of the Great Spirit by placing her in a tree in hopes that someone will find her and care for her as their own.’ At this, my little brother Be-shup sat in shock, holding the bowl of food he had kept with him since morning. He hardly spoke after that day.”

Xipil, with tears streaming down her face, looked up at Manauia who was barely keeping his tears in check. His fists were clenched in his lap, and they had become tighter as the Storyteller continued. Manauia glanced down at her and felt the anger slip away slightly. He pulled her into his lap and held her firmly.

After a few moments of silence, the Storyteller still had not finished his story. Everyone could see he was lost in his own thoughts, and they waited patiently for him to continue. Xipil waited as long as she could, but she finally blurted out,

“What happened to the others, Storyteller?”

All eyes turned to them. Manauia suppressed a sigh, and both looked up at the Storyteller. Instead of reprimanding her, his lips curved slightly upward.

“You’re not in trouble, Young One. It is good to ask questions, to reach out for knowledge where it can be gained. But use your gift wisely,” he smiled. Da-boo-zee cleared his throat and continued.

“While we sat around the campfire that night, we told each other how we escaped. My older brother, Soquitch, and Anasi, jumped on his horse and rode toward the woods. Only she was shot off and killed before they made it to safety. My brother, once establishing that she was dead, took off to a safe distance and watched the horror unfold. Another woman, Anzee-chee, jumped into the river with her baby on her back and swam to safety under the willows. She survived, but the baby did not. My cousin, Ray Diamond, swam across the Bear River and made it to the woods as well. These, among others, can recount the story vividly to this day.

“Here is my point in telling you all this: I want you to know that in the midst of pain and horror of this magnitude, you can still rise above your circumstances. It’s not easy, and it wasn’t easy for any of us, including me. Especially at first. But we were able to do it. My story, the story of our tribe, is a story that needs to be told, so that we never lose heart, and we never forget where we came from. Thank you.”

Everyone stood and came to give their thanks. Xipil and Manauia were two of the last to thank him.

“Thank you for coming, Storyteller,” Manauia told Da-boo-zee. “I know telling that story doesn’t get any easier.”

“You’re welcome,” Da-boo-zee nodded. “I’m glad to see boys like you are still interested in our history.”

“Very much so,” Manauia grinned and nodded.

Da-boo-zee gave him a firm pat on the shoulder and turned to Xipil. “And who are you, my curious listener?”

“I’m Xipil! I’m seven years old!”

“She’s my cousin,” Manauia explained.

“I see,” Da-boo-zee acknowledged. “My, you’re practically grown up!”

Xipil grinned and looked up at him with wide eyes. Da-boo-zee grinned, then took a closer look at her face.

“You’ve got golden specks in your eyes, just like my baby sister once had,” he told Xipil.

She nodded. “My mother has them too. Her name is Wendy, but she’s not white. She’s Shoshone like us. Her parents found her by an abandoned campsite, and she married my Ape’ and moved here!”

Da-boo-zee looked at Manauia with a hint of hope in his eyes.

Manauia gave him an encouraging shrug. “Xipi’s right. Could Wendy be your sister? Would you like to talk to her?”

Da-boo-zee looked down at Xipil again. “Go get your mother, please, if she isn’t too busy.”

Xipil grinned, and she took off running.

Life and Times of Late Nineteenth Century Shoshone

The Shoshone were one of the most well-known and familiar of the Indian tribes in the American West. During the mid-nineteenth century, in the midst of Mormon settlement in the 1840s, there was not one main group of Shoshone Indians, but seven. According to Historian Brigham D. Madsen, “The Eastern Shoshoni, numbering about 2,000 under their famous Chief Washakie, occupied the region from the Wind River Mountains to Fort Bridger and astride the Oregon Trail... the Goshute Shoshoni... about 900 in number, lived in the valleys and mountains west and southwest of Great Salt Lake... perhaps 8,000 strong, the Western Shoshoni occupied what is today northern and western Nevada.”¹ The other four tribes were under the banner of Northern Shoshone. Madsen wrote:

...the Fort Hall Shoshoni of about 1,000 people, lived together with a band of about 800 Northern Paiute known in history as the Bannock at the confluence of the Portneuf and Snake rivers... the Lemhi, numbering some 1,800 people, ranged from the Beaverhead country in southwestern Montana westward to the Salmon River area... In western Idaho, along the Boise and Bruneau rivers, a third section of about 600 Shoshoni followed a life centered around salmon as their basic food. Finally, the fourth and final division of 1,500 people, the Northwestern Shoshoni, resided in the valleys of northern Utah—especially Weber Valley and Cache Valley—and along the eastern and northern shores of Great Salt Lake.²

The Shoshone possessed traditions of respect and honor for both man and animal, and, for the most part, they extended peace-making efforts to white settlers. They were a highly adaptable, advanced people that had much to offer in terms of agricultural practices, history, and culture. Throughout the history of the United States, their remarkable qualities and knowledge have benefited many. They endured unspeakable tragedy and hardship during the years of white expansion and settlement. Thankfully, the modern Shoshone have been able to remember,

¹ Brigham D. Madsen, "Shoshone Indians", *History To Go*, Last modified 2018, <https://historytogo.utah.gov/uhg-first-peoples-shoshone-indians/>.

² Brigham D. Madsen, "Shoshone Indians", *History To Go*, Last modified 2018, <https://historytogo.utah.gov/uhg-first-peoples-shoshone-indians/>.

cherish, and preserve their rich culture for future generations through storytelling, a revival of their language, the survival of traditional art forms such as drumming, and the oversight of elders.

The Shoshone, like many Native American nations, had lived in the West since before the arrival of European settlers. Specifically, the Northwestern Shoshone's language, according to the University of Utah, "...is part of the Numic speaking peoples of the Uto-Aztecan language family. The Northwestern Shoshone dialect, Shoshonish Genus, or Central Numic, began to form in about 500 A.D., when small family groups moved into northern Utah and southern Idaho."³ Their language naturally evolved over the centuries, and amazingly it was recorded in the nineteenth century by Dimick Huntington. It was collected by the Church of the Latter Day Saints in an effort to communicate with the Shoshone in 1853.⁴ The Shoshone Nation as a whole regularly traveled through parts of Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, and Utah up until the late nineteenth century.⁵ There were also some that settled later in Montana.⁶ Like other Plains Indians, they were nomads who traveled from place to place according to the times of the year. To many experts, they "were among the most ecologically efficient and well-adapted Indians of the American West."⁷ Once horses were introduced, the Shoshone expanded their territory and incorporated them into their lifestyle.⁸ Their nomadic lifestyle was reflected in their belief that

³ "Early Peoples: The Northwestern Band Of Shoshone", Utahindians.Org, Last modified 2008, <https://utahindians.org/archives/shoshone/earlyPeoples.html>.

⁴ Dimick Huntington, "A Few Words In The Shoshone Or Snak Dialect" Text, Salt Lake City, 1853, 497.4 F432 1853?, J. Willard Marriott Digital Library: The University of Utah.

⁵ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000): 25. doi:10.2307/j.ctt46nwms.5.

⁶ Brigham D. Madsen, "Shoshone Indians", *History To Go*, Last modified 2018, <https://historytogo.utah.gov/uhg-first-peoples-shoshone-indians/>.

⁷ "Shoshone Indian", Utahindians.Org, Last modified 2008, <https://utahindians.org/archives/shoshone.html>.

⁸ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000): 26.

the seasons walked in and out of the year. The Shoshone's religious beliefs centered around the earth and their fragile place in it, for Mother Earth provided everything they needed.⁹

Until Meriwether Lewis and William Clark's expedition across the American West during Thomas Jefferson's presidency, the Shoshone had had little or no direct contact with European settlers. This changed when Sacagawea became Lewis and Clark's guide, and ultimately, she introduced the group to her tribe, the Lemhi Shoshone. In a somewhat inaccurate report by Lewis, he described the Shoshone as, "... diminutive in stature, thick ankles, crooked legs, thick flat feet and in short but illy formed, at least much more so in general than any nation of Indians I ever saw." In reference to their disposition, "Notwithstanding their extreme poverty they are not only cheerful but even gay, fond of gaudy dress and amusements; like most other Indians they are great egotists and frequently boast of heroic acts which they never performed."¹⁰ Lewis continued to describe their manner of dress, the women's treatment in the tribe, their economy, and the status of warriors in a typical, Lemhi Shoshone society.¹¹ Though his reports were not exactly up to par with ethnographers today, they still gave historians insight into what pre-contact Native Americans were like during the nineteenth century.

Up until the 1860s, the Northwestern Shoshone's way of life remained as it had for over a millennium, even though their first exposure to whites was through fur traders as early as 1810.¹² They made their annual migrations, they gathered food, hunted and fished, and lived at relative peace with their neighbors.¹³ Sadly, that all changed in the winter of 1863. By January a small

⁹ "Shoshone Indian", UtahIndians.Org, Last modified 2008, <https://utahindians.org/archives/shoshone.html>.

¹⁰ Stephen E. Ambrose, "Lemhi Shoshones", Lewis-Clark.Org, Last modified 2021, <http://www.lewis-clark.org/channel/199>. Journal excerpts from *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, edited by Gary E. Moulton, 13 vols. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1983-2001).

¹¹ Ambrose, "Lemhi Shoshones," *The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*.

¹² The Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation, "History, Culture, and Traditions of the Northwestern Shoshone," in *Coyote Steals Fire: A Shoshone Tale*, (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2005): 3. doi:10.2307/j.ctt1d8h9x5.3.

¹³ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000), 29.

band of Shoshone trouble-makers had stolen some horses and cattle from a settlement near Bear River, Idaho, and various fatal arguments had broken out between some Shoshone and white men. Colonel Patrick Connor and his army marched to the Shoshone settlement intent on wiping out the Shoshone band.¹⁴ This band, led by Chief Sagwitch, was not responsible for the recent trouble between their peoples, but that made no difference to Connor. On January 29, 1863, Colonel Connor and his men ruthlessly killed over 300 Shoshone, including women and children.¹⁵ This event, later called the Bear River Massacre, decimated the local Shoshone population. For the sake of the tribe, Chief Sagwitch encouraged his people to convert to Mormonism, and to abandon their nomadic lifestyle.¹⁶ They formed a community at Corrine, Utah, in 1875, which had been an ancestral Shoshone winter home.¹⁷ Ultimately, they were forced to leave Corrine as well due to army threats of reservation placement, and they had to leave their crops behind.¹⁸ They were eventually granted permission to establish a community near the Bear River, at Plymouth, Utah, in the early 1880s, which they called Washakie. It was a thriving and vibrant settlement, complete with its own school up until 1960. Even though they had endured unimaginable suffering and misplacements, the Northwestern Shoshone finally had a place to call their own.¹⁹ Even that was lost after the LDS Church sold the Washakie land and burned mostly empty homes and structures. Thereafter, the Shoshone tribe members lived

¹⁴ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000), 33-35.

¹⁵ The Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation, "History, Culture, and Traditions of the Northwestern Shoshone," in *Coyote Steals Fire: A Shoshone Tale*, (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2005): 3. doi:10.2307/j.ctt1d8h9x5.3.

¹⁶ The Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation, "History, Culture, and Traditions of the Northwestern Shoshone," in *Coyote Steals Fire: A Shoshone Tale*, (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2005): 3. doi:10.2307/j.ctt1d8h9x5.3.

¹⁷ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000), 45.

¹⁸ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000), 50.

¹⁹ The Northwestern Band of the Shoshone Nation, "History, Culture, and Traditions of the Northwestern Shoshone," in *Coyote Steals Fire: A Shoshone Tale*, (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2005): 4. doi:10.2307/j.ctt1d8h9x5.3.

among their white neighbors and fellow LDS Church members. They have since initiated stalwart efforts to save their tribe's traditions and language, led by their distinguished elders.²⁰

The Shoshone tribe, specifically that of the Northwestern Shoshone, experienced tremendous hardship by the hands of white settlers. The leader of the Northwestern Shoshone, Chief Sagwitch, wanted their people and white settlers to live together in peace, and to have the opportunity to learn from each other.²¹ His wish was granted, but not in a way that benefited his people. In the aftermath of the Bear River Massacre, learning how to live as white settlers was a matter of survival for Chief Sagwitch's people. The Shoshone, who had lived for thousands of years as a free, nomadic people, eventually had to relinquish most of their ways, just as other Native American tribes did. However, they were able to retain many parts of their culture, and Chief Sagwitch's band was able to avoid living on a reservation. Years later, the Northwestern Shoshone were granted retribution for the acts committed against them by the Church of the Latter Day Saints, but the Shoshone would never forget the Bear River Massacre. Indeed it is something no American should forget. As modern Americans celebrate famous Native American heroes and heroines like Sacagawea, there is hope that there will always be an opportunity for Native American descendents to carry on the richness of their unique heritage.

²⁰ Nancy Green, *We Shall Remain The Northwestern Shoshone*, video KUED: PBS Utah, 2009.

²¹ Mae Parry, "The Northwestern Shoshone," in *History Of Utah's American Indians*, edited by Cuch Forrest S., by Begay David, et. al. (Boulder: University Press of Colorado, 2000), 36; 40.

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