

Preface

I am encouraged, relieved and grateful to both Barbara Brown and Rick Turley for their integrity and honesty in finally, at long last, relieving both the Fancher-Baker party and the Southern Paiute of culpability for the Mountain Meadows Massacre from an official LDS perspective. The future for resolve, to move forward on a number of levels between these parties, is hopeful.

However, this is indeed very recent. Considering the Southern Paiute, I can confirm that at this time, they experience no sense of this progress. There has been no public announcement, no ceremony, no apology, and no compensation for the lies held against them for over a century and a half, ongoing lies that deeply affected their lives, a conjured layer of scorn and contempt added onto their already harsh struggle to just survive.

The intention in offering the following story is to illuminate and honor a recent moment, February of 2005, when blame for the Southern Paiute remained fixed. I organized a conference at the Green Valley Spa for about thirty of their elders to discuss their entire experience, from their stories of what happened, to how the coverup lies affected their lives to the present day, and what they should do about it.

I wrote this for an anthology about the massacre that never came together, so it's gathered dust. I apologize that it isn't completely polished and for the informal nature of the reference notations. However, this story is about them, and their quotes are either from conversations or from the conference sessions.

I am distributing this story separately here because I don't want Mountain Meadows to dominate tonight's presentation. But I feel it's very important for us, especially in Utah, to understand and acknowledge Southern Paiute experiences before moving forward. Obviously, we could easily take up our hour together talking just about this.

To them, the "Mormon Meadows Massacre," as many of them call it, was a story put on them, not something they did, and not a massacre where they themselves were killed. By offering this the following account, I hope to highlight their views of Mountain Meadows while focusing in tonight's presentation on these remarkable people and their culture. Thanks for your interest.

Logan Hebner, 4/14/24

A Southern Paiute Reckoning: The Green Valley Conference

February 3-5, 2005

Author's Note

How can it be that, after almost 150 years, we continue to blame the Southern Paiute, yet have no comprehensive account from them? This begs so many questions it's hard to know where to start. How it fell to me, a local White, neither historian nor anthropologist, to finally record their account asks some questions too. But here, I've

written about their Green Valley Conference of 2005, the first time they gathered to consider both their story and the lies held against them all these years. So, instead of “facts” from their perspective, or getting entangled with the cover-up story and how such an improbable lie has managed to endure all these years, or examining their 150-year silence, this chapter explores how they feel about it. I’ve included some context on the unique strangeness between the LDS Church and Indians, whom many Mormons believe are a lost, cursed tribe of Israel. For brevity, I’ve shortened the proper “Southern Paiute” to just “Paiute.”

Logan Hebner 1/22/07

“Are you listening to me? There’s a lot of things that got to be told. There’s things that shoulda been said that nobody said. Indians believed everything the Whites said then. They don’t believe nothing now.” Will Rogers, Shivwits Band

“My Grandfather was involved in all this Mountain Meadows. He saw everything. Saw the White people dressed as Indians. There was two Indians that saw what was happening with the White people dressed as Indians. They knew right then and there they’d be blamed. They then went from band to band to tell what they saw. They blamed all that on the Indian People. Now, nobody’d listen to an Indian anyway. The Whites, they won that story.” Eleanor Tom, Cedar Band

“We revel in the Mystery,
Forgive our laundered history.”
Lyrics for “Sweet Zion Blues,” Benson Whittle, 2003

Winter sun, low on the horizon, streams through the stained-glass wall, bathing our adobe conference hall in warm colors. We’re meeting in the lovely mission-style chapel at the renowned Green Valley Spa in St. George, Utah. Owners Carole and Alan Coombs, in a stunning act of generosity, completely donated their posh facility. White robed spa guests, purring from massages and meditations, occasionally wander into our distinctly different gathering. There were problems; some of the tiny old Paiute women needed stepladders to climb into the custom feather beds. One got stuck in a deep jacuzzi.

Clarence Beans’ convocation prayer, like most Paiute prayers, includes thanks for water, even for “the moisture in the air.” Clarence is a burly, whiskered man, but gentle in that Paiute way. He doesn’t do handshakes, so you and Clarence, with his easy smile,

just hold hands for a while. Like many Indians, he has a startling ability to drop instantly and completely into prayer. The thirty or so elders present join him in this prayerful space, changing the way the room feels, as if the barometric pressure suddenly dropped. He blesses us all and asks for courage to tell these hard stories. He's earnest, heartfelt and humble, and offers the real stuff of beseeching and gratitude. He ends it "in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen." The Paiute men from Utah pray Mormon style, arms folded tight across their chests, eyes pressed closed or intently looking down. When Will Bagley gives his speech Sunday morning, he'll note that probably everyone in the room, except for me and a few others, were baptized Mormon. I've heard Mormons use this same phrase, thanking the Lord "for the moisture in the air." Both LDS historians and Paiute elders trace the concept back several generations, its origin lost to their strange, braided history.

Lora Tom, the young and relentlessly positive Chairwoman of the Paiute Indian Tribe of Utah (PITU) asks us to go around the room introducing ourselves, which of course is solely for the benefit of us Whites. The elders of course know each other. Most of the Paiute are from the five PITU bands; Koosharem, Kanosh, Indian Peaks, Cedar Band and Shivwits, with some from the Kaibab Tribe on the Arizona Strip and the Moapa Tribe in Nevada. These were the Paiutes with the most Mormon contact, and subsequently closest to this story. Also, most are women, as are many of the tribal and band Chairs, a story in itself. Throughout the conference Lora will pace around inside this circle, doing what Paiute leaders have always done; try to reach a consensus.

We consciously invited a minimal crew of Whites, and we've all gravitated together on one side. Anthropologist Ron Holt, author of the fine contemporary Paiute study Beneath These Red Cliffs, nicely breaks the ice by introducing himself as the Paiute did; "from the Weber State University Tribe." Ron was among the first Whites to specifically collect and publish Paiute accounts of Mountain Meadows, from Will Rogers and Clifford Jake, presented in Forrest Cuch's groundbreaking anthology A History of Utah's American Indians. Will Bagley, simply the foremost expert on the Massacre, and John Alley, publisher for Utah State University, editor and author of several publications about the Paiute, round out the White delegation. Filmmaker Keith Jeffreys is also here documenting the event.

The conference began last night with a social. Glendorra Homer hosts monthly storytelling at Kaibab, and she asked Vivienne Jake to start us off. Vivienne told of *Aipachahohvaats*, a water spring guardian who, after untold ages of living and working with the Paiute and their spirit helpers, finally calls it quits because the Whites are trashing everything. He journeys down into the earth with others of his kind, who have also fled, and becomes rejuvenated when he encounters “the water and other living things.” It’s striking that *Aipachahohvaats* (meaning “wrinkled boy,” accounting for his gnomish size and aged face) and the Paiute spirit helpers are not considered unusual or exotic by the Paiute in the story. In the telling, he has different relationships with different spirits, and has plenty of problems and limitations of his own. To finish the evening, Eleanor Tom, Lora’s mother, brought down the house with her story, sashaying around in an imaginary gown, speaking in Paiute to the only handful of people left on earth who understand it.

After the social, I flew an idea by the ever-kinetic Will Bagley. At first you think Will isn’t listening, as he’s a blur even at his laptop. It looks like he’s playing Grand Theft Auto, but he’s burning you a CD of the extensive research he’s collected on whatever you’re talking about, which he hands to you at conversation’s end.

I argued that the Mormon-Paiute culture clash represented the extreme of the Civilization-crushes-Natives scenario, a sort of perfect storm of human collisions. The Mormons, already embodying a Western Civilization aflame with Manifest Destiny, burned with three additional fevers, which all spiked on the killing field. First, they were ecstatic from being God’s Chosen, anticipating, if not encouraging, the imminent millennial Rapture over which they would preside. Second, the truly horrid persecutions they suffered during their brutal journey across America, setting aside for the moment the question of what precipitated them, played deeply into their Old Testament martyrdom strains, seen in their now famous temple oath to “avenge the Blood of the Prophets.” Third, most problematic, and most directly related to the ongoing fog around Mountain Meadows, they fevered with their own Mormon Reformation of 1856, driven by “Brigham’s Sledgehammer” Jedidiah Grant, an intensive in-house cleansing they have yet to grapple with. Stories continue to ghost around Utah of grisly throat-slitting Blood

Atonements, a fundamentalist, atavistic gem from the Old Testament sanctifying ritual murder, resulting in my favorite, all-time denial by Apostle Bruce R. McConkie:

“These claims are false and were known by their originators to be false. There is not one historical instance of so-called blood atonement in this dispensation, nor has there ever been one event or occurrence whatever, of any nature, from which the slightest inference arises that any such practice either existed or was taught.”ⁱ

In addition, and to the point, Mormons bring a unique and simply odd binding twist for the Paiute. Mountain Meadows pre-eminent scholar Juanita Brooks explains:

“Mormon interest in the Indians dates back to the publication of the Book of Mormon in 1830. Purporting to explain the origin of the American Indians, this Mormon scripture says that their ancestors came from Palestine some six hundred years before Christ, and that they built up a remarkable civilization on this continent. Because of disobedience, a part of the people were cursed with dark skins, and were known as "Lamanites", these were later to be called Indians. The Lamanites kept up a series of wars against their civilized brethren until at last the land was laid waste and only the roving bands of Indians were left. Since these Indians were "of the blood of Israel," a promise was held out that they might yet become a "white and delightsome people." That promise, often repeated, became a sort of axiom with the Mormons, though they seem to have been in doubt as to the way the transformation was to come about, unless that by the adoption of civilized manners each succeeding generation would become lighter... To bring about this happy condition, the missionaries were sent out.”ⁱⁱ

This adds an additional, disturbing dimension to the Paiute’s utter loss. Enduring their own slow-motion massacre, they find that the only lifeline thrown to them is hooked and baited with “Lamanite,” a form of cultural genocide, re-defining their past and limiting their future, handing them a new role in the Mormon drama as a people “cursed with a sore cursing,” their future narrowed to “White and delightsome.”

“Altogether these Indians are more nearly in their primitive condition than any others on the continent...their wants are few, and though the land is inhospitable, they have an abundance, and are content and happy” John Wesley Powell.ⁱⁱⁱ

As for the Paiute, one can start with the image of aboriginal desert nomads, wanting nothing more than some rabbit skins, bow and arrow, a few thousand square miles, a few thousand years and to be left alone. This will attract criticism about definitions of “nomad” and “aboriginal,” but it’s a better point of departure than the mounted and armed Plains Indian.

As I finished making my case to Will about all this, I capped it with a gross generalization: that the amped-up, tightly organized Mormons, all-transmitters, flattened the all-receivers, dispersed Paiute, who evolved a deep receptivity after millennia in these deserts, survival by listening.

Will's response surprised me:

“That's all true, but I would argue that those Mormons and those Paiutes had more in common with each other back then than those Mormons and today's Mormons, and those Paiute and today's Paiute. Back then, together they shared an electric world full of spirits, of visions and dreams, of hands-on healings, ceremony and prophecy.”

As I came to know the Paiute, I pressed them about this strange resonance. How could they buy into being “a dark, and loathsome, and a filthy people, full of idleness and all manner of abominations,” or a lost tribe of Israel, an idea, not surprisingly, flatly contradicted by genetic fact, along with an ongoing and utter lack of any supporting archeological evidence. One answer was that the Lamanites are also a chosen people who will, in some unspecified future, “regain their just inheritance.” Others refer to an “Indian Ten Commandments,” which they claim predates Whites and parallels the Old Testament version. But perhaps the most dominant idea lies with the eclecticism and openness of Paiute spirituality:

“In old days Paiute medicine men were able to travel in their dreams, over mountains, to heal, that concept of vision. It's what Jack Wilson, Wovoka, who was raised Mormon, did with the Ghost Dance. There are stories about how Indians knew of the Golden Tablets and helped Joseph Smith. Our belief is that everyone has that same capacity; everyone can utilize that gift.

“The bottom line to me is being able to be visionary. That's probably the biggest connecting point between Indian people and the Mormon religion, visioning. This can all be unifying or dividing. The idea is to take the best from both. There's good and evil in every situation. I've been with Hopi when things got bad. Navajo too. My own people cut each other down all the time. Taking the best of both, of any situation, is something that can be very, very powerful.” Gary Tom, Kaibab Tribe

Whites generally don't understand that Indians can do a Peyote Ceremony all night then go to church the next day, then finish it off with a sweat lodge. If a round of drinking presented itself, the Peyote Road's ban on alcohol would be a more serious deterrent than a Sunday morning LDS service. However, in Utah, many all-night Paiute Cry Ceremonies segue into Mormon burials.

There's an openness that allows them, as Gary Tom says, to take the best from all situations. When I'd dig harder about "Lamanite," many Paiute simply dismiss it, saying "I don't believe that part," not caring that, from the White side, with our rigid beliefs, that isn't really an option. However, this spiritual eclecticism also resonates somewhat with Mormonism, which itself can be seen as an eclectic syncretism.

However, on a deeper level, what's really being played out right here, at times through these spiritual connections, are ongoing repercussions from the utter loss experienced by the Paiute, followed by their utter dependency on the Mormons for survival. It's easy enough to see how, regardless of intentions, the idea of "white and delightsome" functions as an ingenious tool of domination. The Cedar Band, which found itself surviving on the fringes of Cedar City, home of the PITU offices, suffered less than other bands from the Utah Paiute's official "Termination" from Federal aid in 1954, because they were never a federally recognized band to begin with. They existed completely by the good graces of the Mormons, on a few acres lent to them by the LDS Church. Of course there were many such graces, from Mormons like William Palmer, a diligent Paiute archivist and advocate.

The dance between them is ongoing and stunningly complex. At best, and all too rarely, they share that primal spirituality of visioning and dreaming. At worst they continue to play out the equally ancient dynamic of victor and vanquished. Festering deep in this intricate relationship are the Paiute silences about Mountain Meadows, concerning both their own account and the lies held against them by LDS Church members. Their silence is also part of a deep, regional shame shared with the Mormons as well. I've heard many local Mormons tell me that they didn't even hear of The Massacre until it was briefly mentioned in high school. These are pathological silences, shrouded in extreme loss and this strange, religious embrace. These are the silences we have now gathered to address.

* * * *

Someone suggests that we open with a condensed account of the slaughter, but I respond that we don't want to interject any White-based accounts until we thoroughly explore all the stories strictly from the Paiute perspective. Sunday morning, Will Bagley will give such an account; until then we'll network strictly within the Paiute story.

As is traditional with many Paiute gatherings, we simply go around the room in a circle. It's appropriate that Darlene Harrington happens to speak first, as she has a direct family line, from her grandfather, Chipate, anglicized to Charlie Pete, on the predominant Paiute story. She's a slender, striking woman, with the classic high, ledged cheekbones and a thick braid of white hair down to her waist:

“(Chipate) was up in the Pine Valley Mountains. Standing up there with another guy. He said there were White People dressed as Indians. He told me, he felt that it was time, that I was old enough to understand, what he was telling me about the killing. The White people were dressed like Indians, set the wagons on fire, that they buried those wagons at the Mountain Meadows Massacre. They got together and decided to leave the Shivwits reservation because they didn't want to get blamed for what the White people did. Ones dressed as Indians. So he moved them over to Nevada, over by Barkley. We knew this, but we stayed pretty tight lipped about it.”

Darlene developed a direct, level gaze from years of bartending in the rough-edged mining and railroad town of Caliente, Nevada, where, coincidentally, Phillip Klingonsmith also hid after the massacre. But today, she holds her niece's hand while talking, as she's nervous, never having publicly spoken about The Massacre. This was true of many Paiute when I first started asking about “the Mormon Meadows Massacre,” as some thought it was called. They would begin speaking with hushed tones and darting eyes, throwing looks over their shoulders.

Paiutes continue to get chewed up in this story today, particularly ones who find spiritual resonance with Mormonism. One Paiute courageously helped bring this story forth; “You can't believe the heat on this thing,” he told me. He promised to speak on record about the resistance he experienced, but since refused to do so. Another eloquently spoke out, chastising the Church for, among other things, going out to such a sacred site with a backhoe when they “should have used hand trowels and a toothbrush.” This Paiute then spent some time with high-ranking LDS officials and had second thoughts. Subsequently, they sent a chill down my spine when they accused me of making money

off their Mountain Meadows story, then saying "...and thank god the LDS Church has always been there, always willing to listen."

Darlene's eighty-two year old uncle, Willie Pete, put additional details on this principal Paiute story in a private interview. The history of this site, beginning with the fact that the bones were left out to bleach for nearly two years along the Old Spanish Trail, a major thoroughfare, until buried by the U.S. Army, through years of studied neglect to today, where somehow a historic site of this caliber remains unexamined, is yet another Massacre silence, another story that wants telling.

There are several variations about the Shivwits witnesses. Will Rogers remembered hearing that the Mormons wore wild turkey feathers. Eleanor Tom heard that the Mormons washed off their Indian disguise at a spring near New Harmony. Almost all the stories confirm that one left to warn surrounding bands because they knew they were being set up.

Several accounts note that, in addition to hunting, they were scouting for pine nuts. The detail that pinion forests only bear nuts each five to seven years plays large in Paiute culture. This most basic (and delicious) staple of the Paiute diet can't be relied on to bear seed, so it doesn't work for a particular band to "own" specific pinion-junipers. That they needed access to each other's traditional land bases helped weave their culture together. In September, the Paiute were busy preparing for winter, and gathering pine nuts was the foundation to survival. That the Paiute were likely dispersed into the mountains at this time also speaks against the amassing of a Paiute army.

All the elders I interviewed had fond memories of this essential harvest, sending scouts to find ripe groves, everyone caravanning together into the mountains to gather and roast a winter's worth of nuts, then singing, dancing and gambling through night to celebrate. Indian Agent Garland Hurt mentions this in his account of the Massacre, gathered from his base with the Pahvant (Kanosh) up north, that a "Utah Indian" informant had been gone, hunting pine nuts. It is difficult to imagine, even with Brigham Young promising them the emigrant's cattle, that many Paiute weren't out in the mountains during this annual harvest at the time of the massacre.

As we continue around the circle, several elders raise other historical injustices:

“The Circleville town got scared there and they massacred them there. They fed them like this and they massacred them, the children, everybody.” Ralph Pikyavit, Kanosh Band

“When we would head up to the Baker area, my mother-in-law’s people would tell stories. She said: 'They cry around over there because they were massacred there.' She would tell my husband ‘If it wasn’t for my relative that took off... to hide, you wouldn’t be here today. I wouldn’t be born.’ Truth to tell what they did, the soldiers, coming in killing everybody.

“People used to say too that’s where the White People, the soldiers, dragged the women by their hair, dragged them down the road. This is the place where the White People killed the Indians. The Indians had revenge back, so they killed them too.” Eleanor Tom, Cedar Band

It’s important to understand that, for the Paiute, Mountain Meadows isn’t that important per se. It wasn’t their massacre. They weren’t that involved, and they weren’t the ones being killed. For a large part, it is a lie told on them. They don’t have stories about things that never happened.

Lora and I discussed opening up the conference to these other unresolved histories, usually massacres of Paiute by Mormons. I felt selfish limiting this unique gathering of elders to Mountain Meadows, as they have other pressing issues that demand attention. But Lora decided that Mountain Meadows was marquee, that with the upcoming 150th anniversary the time was right, and if this got properly dealt with, then other such histories could finally fall into place.

Lora has the leader’s touch of working slowly and deliberately with large and powerful issues. She came to leadership through their health services, working daily with elders on their contemporary Trail of Tears, from health to diabetes to amputations, from dialysis to death. She went door to door, examining elders’ feet for blackness, making sure pills were being taken, pleading with people to change their diets:

“I’ve seen many people die from diabetes in the time I’ve been here. To see the limbs, the amputations, blindness; it’s reality. I try to push that responsibility back on the people. That’s their disease. That’s not Lora’s disease or the Community Health Resources (CHR) disease. That’s where working for the CHR and now being Chairwoman of the tribe are so similar. Giving that respect, going the extra mile, but giving back that responsibility. I don’t have a healing power. What I have is positive energy.”

Recently, two Paiute women chose death over dialysis, deciding to forgo treatment and just move on. One literally staggered out of Dixie Dialysis trailing tubes and doctors. “Whatever’s next is welcome,” she told me. Both died within weeks.

I’ve come to know Lora well enough to ask hard questions, about alcoholism, suicides, lack of male leaders, about “Lamanites,” loss of language, about their very survival. She indulges me with her thoughts, doesn’t flinch from these dark edges, but pulls the conversation back to the logistics of the project at hand. She brings this triage attitude to leadership, focused on doing the next thing, pulling the tribe forward.

Of these other unresolved histories, the Circleville Massacre continues to share an orbit with Mountain Meadows. After seeing our “Southern Paiutes: a Portrait” exhibit in Salt Lake City, a White woman writing about her great grandfather contacted me about the Paiute stories. She was almost ready to publish his biography, a central figure in the massacre, when she first heard about this massacre. When she called the Circleville town historian, they had never heard of it.

Another devastating lie, which still ripples through the Paiute, was “Termination” by the federal government in 1954. Spearheaded by Utah Senator Arthur Watkins, he believed the prevailing wisdom, that it was best for the Indians to melt into the ethnic pot and lose their tribal identities. But he had a political problem; he had to deliver a Utah tribe. The paradox was that the only tribes who could survive being cut off from federal support, with enough resources to stand on their own, were too powerful to terminate. The BIA generated an A and B list of tribes for Termination who fit this category of self-support. The Paiute weren’t on either list. However, they were weak enough, and Watkins simply lied to them about the benefits of Termination. With virtually no resources, and fighting within an alien legal system, the tribe won Re-Instatement in 1980:

“We have feathers that we’ve handed down from generation to generation. Feathers are a sacred thing. You can dream it; you can dream the feather. You can communicate just like you and I through your dream, through the feather. When you bless people, afterward Shinaalv appears in a dream or somehow he’s talking to you through those feathers. Re-Instatement for the Tribe, that was one of them dreams.

“Me and my dad wrote a letter saying we didn’t want Termination but they booted us anyway. The Kanosh were making pretty good money on our farm, about 9000 acres. When Termination came everything just blew up. Couldn’t borrow money because we didn’t have nothing. We were supposed to get this and supposed to get that. We were

supposed to be equal to our White neighbors. That didn't work out. We never did get anything out of it. We lost the Kanosh reservation in the tax deal. I think that was part of the idea of Termination, to take all our lands. I sat down with Watkins. He said it'll be good for you, be just like the White man. I told him I ain't no White man, never will be. I'll be mad until the day I die." McKay Pikyavit, Kanosh Band

"Watkins was concerning about how Termination make you free to do everything, promised everything; gonna be freeee Indians, build a hotel, restaurant, anything you want. Four band leaders there. Three of us, Tony Tillahash, Wes Levi and me together listening. Tony talked, said; 'How come you talking on this treaty? We not gonna have anything then.' I told him; 'Mr. Senator did you ever visit Indian homes? You talkin' there, did you ever visit the Paiute Nation? Do you know how we live? I tell you. We go through your trash and junk and make a shack. Maybe a board, maybe a tub for an open fireplace, cook things out there.' He look at me real funny. He tells me; 'Hey, sit down and shut up.' He did, right there." Clifford Jake, Indian Peaks

So the lies told on them about Mountain Meadows are simply part of their overall experience, neither unusual or that important weighed against the continuing question of their very survival, or against massacres where they themselves were killed off.

* * * *

"They say one of the things not to speak about, and I feel we're all friends and relatives here, is bringing up religion. Well I was raised in a Mormon Placement home, raised in religion... That's what I was taught, was to be a Mormon. It makes me wonder now. I stayed with the religion until I was 18 years old and I got away from it. I turned really opposite, complete opposite, and never went back, because I was around Indian people who said; 'how could you allow those people to tell you some of those stories?' Because they told me, as a child, that if I believed the religion, I will turn White and Delightful. You're talking to a five or six-year old, to turn White, if I believe your way. Well that stuck with me.

"When I went to school, they didn't talk about things like this. They didn't tell us our history. So when I had grown men stand up there and cry and tears come to their eyes telling me stories about who we are as Indian people I just turned completely the other way. As I became older I sought and come to believe the Indian ways. I believe it sincerely because of who we are. We are gifted, and this land is ours and I truly believe that." Eunice Ohte, Moapa Tribe

"Placement" was a program where Indian children were raised in Mormon homes, usually in northern Utah, away from other Indians. At its peak in the mid 1970's, there were about 7000 Indian children living in Mormon homes.

“I was in the Placement Program through LDS Social Services. You’d live in a White home and go to school in a bigger city. My parents thought it would be good for my education. Most of the kids I knew my age in Richfield had already been taken away from their families, alcoholism and stuff, and were placed in foster homes throughout the state. Our family was the only one there that had a whole family, kids, a mom and dad.

“This was during Termination. We were forced to assimilate into White society and weren’t ready. A lot of them, because of the low self-esteem, started drinking. If they got really hard up they’d get paint thinner, anything to get high. For the families broken apart like that, maybe Placement was the best thing for them.” Patrick Charles, Koosharem Band

Almost all the elders raise the issue of their children and grandchildren encountering the lies foisted on them about Mountain Meadows and other stories:

“Not a lot Paiute history is being talked to our kids. We have a lot of Indian history involving the Mormons, and Mormons did a lot of covering up when it came to Indians. Where I live out in Kaibab there was a massacre of Indians. About 1863, a Mormon came over there... He stayed there for three or four years until he was killed by raiding Navajos. The Paiutes were also blamed.

“There’s a plaque on the side of the fort today that says James Whitmore and Robert McIntyre were killed in 1866 by raiding Navajo Indians and Paiutes. I gave tours there and I always cringed when I had to tell that story. Because my grandma and other elders here said: ‘We didn’t kill those White guys.’ Every day I’d have to correct it for the tourists. I went to the superintendent of the park, to the tribal council, saying that plaque has to be changed. Our children shouldn’t have to grow up listening to that story.

“Same way with Mountain Meadows. Our children shouldn’t hear that their ancestors are blamed for this. Mormons always cover things up like that. They don’t want to look like bad people.” Glendora Homer, Kaibab Tribe

Eleanor Tom told me a story about her son’s elementary school class in Cedar City, Utah’s epicenter for the Massacre. They were doing dioramas, and a Mormon boy down the aisle re-created the Massacre, with paper flames lifting off the wagons and the Fancher/Baker train getting hacked up by little plastic Indians. Her son was hurt and confused. When they got home, Eleanor told him her grandfather’s story. Eleanor herself remembers Mormons muttering “wagon burners” under their breath when she walked through downtown Cedar City as a girl. When I asked Eleanor why she hadn’t brought it up with her Mormon women friends, with whom she went to church, she replied; “They would have bit my head off.”

“When I was in high school, one of my friends, he was a White guy, said that his grandfather was involved and he didn’t feel right about it. He was a good friend. I never heard about it until then.” Betty Cuch, Cedar Band

When Will Bagley did a convocation talk at Southern Utah University in Cedar City, he was shocked to find out later that about a third attending had never heard of the Massacre. I addressed a sociology class there and about a quarter of them had never heard of it. Imagine a high school student thirty miles away from the Little Big Horn never having heard of Custer's Last Stand.

* * * *

“I was told by Isaac Hunkup about the Massacre. And he told me that the Whites asked the Indians to help them kill off the wagon train that was coming through. And the way he told me was the Whites talked to some of the Indians and told them that these wagon trains were coming down into our area to steal our land. He convinced some of the Indians to fight with them to kill these people off. I don't know if alcohol was involved or what. He says he didn't know exactly how many people, I mean Indians, were with them, maybe five or six, something like this he says. When he seen this, he was fifteen or sixteen years old when he seen that wagon train killed off and that. Not all of them were killed, though. There was some kids that they didn't kill.

“That was a long time ago. I was just a young guy when he told me that. I'd lay on the mattress on the ground in his shack. Didn't have no wooden floors, just the ground. I think of that all the time. I think those were the best times I spent, with that old man, in that shack. He was just like a Granpa to me. He told me a lot of things. He says Indians, if you led a good life, the Spirit would talk to you, tell you things, warn you of things. So he'd look at me sideways and say, well, that could happen to you.

“Then they told me about a massacre up on Utah Lake, that's how far our land went, right through that lake. All the land south was Paiute land. This rancher along Utah Lake there lost some cattle, they blamed it on the Paiute, took about a hundred out onto the frozen lake and killed them. Later they found wagon tracks along the way of the dead cattle. It was their own people, White men. Indians had no wagons.” Arthur Richards, Cedar Band

Arthur, an ex-boxer with unflinching honesty, has the hardest story, that some Paiutes killed at the Massacre. Arthur stands tall and sleek, and is partial to black leather jackets and black cowboy boots. He plants himself wherever he stands, feet shoulder width, arms folded across his chest, ready. He wears his polyester ballcap Colorado City polygamist style, just barely set on his head so you're always waiting for it to blow off but it never does.

As a kid he fought almost every day, either local Mormon boys or Utes when he lived up north, and his arms still show that muscular definition. He carries the Paiute habit of pointing towards whatever he's talking about, whether it's in the kitchen or

China. While reading a piece I wrote about him, he silently pointed towards each thing as he encountered it in the story. Here's what Arthur heard about the Circleville Massacre:

"It made me so mad. I just couldn't understand it. I think about what they did up there to Circleville and Utah Lake, what they did to the Paiutes, and I wonder why they don't think about what they did, the Mormons?... They want to be perfect.

"At Circleville, the bishop there invited a bunch of Indians into the church for some dinner. They killed them all, lots of them, cut their heads off, loaded all those bodies up to Salt Lake. There was Indian guy in this area who was light skinned and could pass as a White. So one of the White guys up there dressed him up, took him up there. He reached into the wagon and pulled out the head of a child and a woman. Maybe a couple days after that, the White took him up so they could prove it. They went up and saw the skulls in Salt Lake City, up by the Temple."

Isaac Hunkup lived well over a hundred, and was said to have frozen in the back of a pickup truck while his friends partied at the infamous Buckskin bar in Fredonia, Arizona. Arthur says Isaac was still mad about trading the whole of Parowan Valley to the Mormons for half a pig, as he didn't understand the deal. Isaac taught Arthur the ceremonial nature of giving and telling stories, that you had to tell it exactly as he heard it, without additions or omissions, regardless of how hard it was:

"My Great Great Grandmother was left by Iron Mountain, just standing there along the side of the trail. That's how the Indians were in those days, just left 'em, left the girls, kept the boys. A girl wasn't that important or something."

Like many of the elders here at the conference, Arthur has had an ongoing spiritual relationship with the LDS Church. About this seeming contradiction, he replied:

"I don't know! It's just a feeling that I had. One time I went down to the Temple and I said I was going to go through there. I went through the Temple with my wife, had all my kids sealed to me. It was quite a thrill. I'm still a Mormon, but I've retired.

"There was quite a few Whites in town here that really helped, a lot of the church people. They helped when we really needed it, and there was nobody else who would. Then there was a lot that didn't have their hearts in it, but they'd do their mission. I don't think it did them any good. If you're gonna do something you gotta put your heart in it. You do it with love, and that's what really counts. If you don't, I don't see where you're gonna get any blessing at all."

Arthur isn't alone among Paiute with this story of their involvement on the killing fields of Mountain Meadows, just the only one still living. It also comes to us from two other completely different lineages, with these same numbers, less than ten on the field. However, a number of Paiute elders here at the conference haven't heard these

stories. It's news, challenging their own beliefs, that they were there and had a hand in the killing.

One should understand that, as with many oral traditions, different stories have different lineages, and are held for generations solely to that particular lineage. You “give” stories in a ritual way, and if you were not given a story from someone who owns it, you can’t use it. It is neither unusual, nor contradictory, that different Paiutes hold different stories. A story about brothers watching from the Pine Valley Mountains doesn’t mean that Isaac’s story about Paiutes involved in the massacre isn’t true, and vice-versa. As Ron Holt points out Sunday morning:

“You can take great pride in the coherence of your story. Despite the passage of time, these stories have maintained a remarkably integrity.”

* * * *

Saturday afternoon; my turn to talk. Here I’ll make the transition from working just within the Paiute story to introducing information from White accounts, where I’ll distinguish between Mormon and Non-Mormon. But the heavy lifting here will be to confirm, with other research I’ve done, Arthur’s story from Isaac Hunkup; that Paiute were involved in the killing.

I began the conference Friday afternoon by quoting the now famous Dimock Huntington diary entry from just a week after the massacre, where he threatens the reluctant Ute leader Arapine with God, telling him:

“he might go as far as he could get but the Lord would fetch him out & he must doo the work that God & the prophets had said they must. Josephs Blood had got to be Avenged & they had got to help to do it.”^{iv}

I hoped to make them comfortable sharing any stories about their involvement. However, I’ve privately interviewed almost everyone here, and I don’t expect any new information.

I have at hand the smoking pistol at the foundation of this conference, and my subsequent work with the LDS Church, that the church proper perpetuated cover-up lies on the Paiute. For now, one needs only read this from Juanita Brooks:

“Brigham Young was accessory after the fact, in that he knew what had happened, and how and why it happened. Evidence of this is abundant and unmistakable, and from the most impeccable Mormon sources.”^v

The classic LDS cover-up survives today, now; this from LDS Historian Leonard Arrington in 1977:

“If the Mormon would not help them get revenge on the “Mericans,” they (the Mormons) could pay with their own men for the Indian losses. John D. Lee, their special friend, was in a difficult situation. And the Indians, who numbered about 300—far more than all the men in the Mormon settlements—vowed to wipe out the Mormons if they (the Mormons) did not help them get revenge on the emigrants.”^{vi}

But here, today, in my brief time with these elders, I focus on their story, not on laying blame. That will come later.

Researching the archives at Southern Utah University in Cedar City, I found a 1968 interview with Jimmy Pete, a Cedar Band leader. He gave details of the massacre, and says that his father, the Chief Taugu, was there and involved in the killings. Jimmy says Taugu told him that these same numbers of Paiute, five to eight, were there, in the cryptic “third position.”

However, two of Jimmy’s descendants are here in this room, and they’ve been avoiding me throughout the conference. I sent them cds and transcriptions months ago, asking to meet so we could process it before this conference. They told me they lost the stuff, so I sent another round. I tried again to meet last night before the social, and this morning at breakfast, but they showed up late. They look entirely different, with one about twice the size of the other, but sit together and move in tandem as if choreographed, scratching chins, adjusting glasses, squinting at papers.

Since we haven’t had this closure, I decide not to drop names. I take a deep breath and just lay it out. I echo Arthur, that they were being told that the Fanchers were going to take their lands, kill them off. I repeat the Huntington quote, that the Mormons insisted that God himself would force them to the fray if they shied away. I tell them there’s no shame in having been involved under those conditions. I tell them this story makes sense, rings true, and is a proud story, that Paiute chiefs went out to protect their people and their lands. I hold a moment and ask if there’s anything anyone wants to say. But there’s

really no response. Some are hearing this for the first time and are mulling it over. But nobody challenges it.

The story of two Shivwits brothers watching the Mormons dress as Indians is as close to a Paiute orthodoxy as exists. One Paiute, also a descendant of Jimmy Pete, later got in my face to denounce that they were involved, and another, knowing I was within earshot, asserted their belief that they just weren't there. But most respond like Lora, Vivienne and Arthur when I showed them my research; okay, there it is and let's just get to the truth.

At this point I hold for another beat, saying that we're about to transition into the White accounts. Again, no response. I hold this silence, as I've braced to really talk about this issue, that Paiutes killed at the Massacre. Paiutes are brilliant with silences. While interviewing these elders, we'd go up to ten minutes just being with each other, letting intense discussions settle out. I've had five-minute silences on long distance phone calls. This has been personally challenging, as I generally view any millisecond break in conversation as an invitation to talk. Perhaps their silence is something that stained into them from millennia in these canyons and deserts, as somehow it feels like the stillness of these places. I try to plumb the silence before me now. Are they angry, bored, considering it? Several moments pass. Nothing. It doesn't feel like anything is waiting to be said. I move on.

As a way of crossing over into the White accounts, I point out that one of the more startling aspects is that there are virtually zero name crossovers, with only one nebulous possibility. Not only that, but the Paiute haven't even heard of the most prominent names to come from the Whites, both Mormon and Non-Mormon: Joe Harrison, Toshob, the murderer George, Non-capin, Moqueetus, Chickeroo, Quonarah, Youngquick/Youngwuds, Agrapoots, Touche, Enos, Big Bill, even Chief Jackson, his "injured brother," and the omnipresent Tutsegavits. Nothing. On the other hand, Taugu was renown, and we even have a photo of him, standing with John Wesley Powell.

I'm pretty sure I won't get resonance on the White stuff here, and I don't. Poisonings of the Pahvant in Kanosh, the ENTIRE alleged lynchpin for Paiute involvement; nothing. Initial attacks on the Fancher Bakers; nothing. The assault on the Dukes-Turner train in Beaver just days behind the Fancher-Bakers; nothing. Moapa

stories about their alleged stripping of the Dukes-Tanner Train immediately after the Massacre, again with reports of blonde haired, blue eyed Indians? Nothing. Obviously, a thorough review of all this is for another chapter. But one walks away with the sense that, if not for the stark facts of the Massacre itself, one could listen to both sides and not be aware they were speaking to the same event.

* * * *

“(You) could prove a series of damages right from the very beginning, starting with the schoolbooks and kids. I think the damage here is in the millions. I don’t think they should just go out for an apology, I think they should make them pay. Talk in terms of real serious damages from the result of the lies.” Alan Coombs, owner and conference host, Green Valley Spa

To this, Chairwoman Lora Tom emphatically responds:

“The reason we came to this gathering was not to ask for anything. Apologies? Scholarships? Money? No. That’s not why. I don’t want to point fingers. It was the White People. It was the Mormons. It’s not my place to say that. It’s not the reason we are here today. Scholarships are a great idea. I love that. It is for the elders to decide. I got a nudge from several elders when we went to Circleville, another account of women and children, Paiute mind you, getting murdered.”

This exchange between Alan and Lora on our final morning is interesting because, for Alan, it’s the inverse of one they had that produced this conference. He was originally concerned that he was extending his hospitality for what would devolve into organized Mormon bashing, a highly skilled bloodsport among non-Mormon Utahns, with Mountain Meadows almost a compulsory warm-up.

We first met together to discuss this conference around a winter bonfire at my home, in a pinion and juniper forest on a mesa overlooking Zion Canyon. Negotiations had collapsed; we were just going to rent rooms at a local Motel 6 in Cedar City when Alan privately asked me about the gathering’s purpose. I was about to get on my soapbox when Lora happened by, so I deferred to her. Warming ourselves together by the fire, she spoke with a startling clarity, a lack of judgement and anger, saying that they were gathering in a positive way, to honor their elders and finally collect their account for themselves, not to blame anyone at this time. Vivienne’s mother Lucille, with her ever

present smile, once told me about the deaths of her children, seven out of nine. It was an excruciating litany, told with a full, pained heart and calm, unblinking eyes, each death reflecting the despair of a people baffled by the world changed around them forever. Lucille offered a glimpse into something Paiute, something from surviving for millennia in brutal deserts, a deep acceptance, a core understanding that it is, of course, useless to judge the world. Lora had this same tone, and it caught both Alan and me by surprise. Everything fell into place after that, with Alan and Carole offering the Green Valley Spa for the whole weekend.

Saturday night, the Paiute threw a feast for the Coombs' as thanks for their incredible hospitality, honoring them with a huge Pendleton blanket, dancing, storytelling and flute playing. Dorena Martineau, daughter of author LaVan and who helped organize this gathering, performed a Hoop Dance, a proud dance, striking and holding intricate poses with the hoops, and a fantastic finale of extending eight hoops like eagle wings. Her sister Jetta, in a finely beaded buckskin dress, and toddler son, decked out in full pow-wow regalia, created a sublime moment as she played flute and he danced in perfect sync. It was a great evening, and Alan's first time hanging out with Paiutes. It only took an hour lecture by Will Bagley this morning for Alan to become so indignant as to suggest suing.

Will was supposed to give a history of the cover-up told on the Paiute, but instead gives a riveting personal account of his encounters with this "awful tale of blood."

Will characterizes the Massacre as taking place "amidst religious reformation and political terror," and notes that the alleged Paiute attack was "something that had never happened before and never happened again; a full frontal assault on a well armed wagon train." He observes that "the initial fuselage killed a lot of people, marksmanship worthy of Texas Rangers," pointing out that the Paiute at that time simply didn't have that expertise with firearms.

"When the Mormons first got here, Zadock Judd said that the Paiutes 'let us have a little bit of their water, they were willing to share their water with us.' Within two years you have Mormon pioneers saying 'we gave the Paiutes a little bit of our water.'" Will Bagley

Will concludes that the LDS authorities “put together a story that was preposterous. Not only was it not true, it was ridiculous. It ignored the realities of what was going on in southern Utah.” He finally tells the Paiute; “your history has more integrity than ours: we can fake documents, hide facts.”

Will’s talk is the only time that other Whites are allowed to participate, so in addition to Alan and Carole, we are joined by the LDS patriarch Ed Firmage. Former White House staffer for Hubert Humphrey, advisor to the Dalai Lama on creating a Tibetan Parliament in Exile constitution, a crux player in Utah’s rejection of the MX missile system, a former University of Utah law professor, from a family so blooded into the LDS Church that they used to own the very peepstone used by Joseph Smith to channel the Book of Mormon; this just begins to describe Ed Firmage. Ed is what I miss about today’s Mormonism. He embodies the vast eclecticism and visionary zeal that sits at its heart. At age eighty-three, everything is still aflame for Ed, and he blitz-raps in dreams and visions, elegantly weaving in history, law, philosophy, Tibetan Buddhism, smatterings of New Age, throwing in conversations with trees, all the while slaloming through the Byzantine maze of Mormon theology. I usually lose Ed mid-rave somewhere, hung up on something remarkable or poetic he said twenty seconds earlier and now too far behind to catch up. However, out the other side of these raptures, Ed consistently arrives with spot-on observations and that rare link for humans in general, the moral imperative and willpower to actually do something about it. Ed was staying at the Green Valley Spa when Carole told him about this conference. He pressed her for an invitation, characterizing this moment in Mountain Meadows history:

“The answer for yesterday’s questions are here today, and will reveal themselves tomorrow. The Blood is speaking. The bones are ready to walk.”

Ed speaks up after Will’s talk. First, he personally apologizes for the lies told by his religion on the Paiute. He adds that the LDS Church’s present efforts towards complete archival disclosure are fatally flawed:

“Archival records are a trap, as they’ve created the archives. They’ve been gutted in a way that would make Nixon look like a Boy Scout. Remember the 11th commandment: protect your butt.”

After this conference, Ed will spend Easter at Mountain Meadows, staying up almost until dawn, doing penance. He'll dream of a vast, horrible river of blood, of slavery and suffering, flowing around the world and right through Mountain Meadows. Soon after, Ed will force a meeting with LDS President Gordon Hinckley, scheduled for twenty minutes but that goes almost four hours, includes the entire First Presidency of Presidents Tom Monson and Jim Faust, all concerning their cover-up against the Paiute. President Hinckley's sincere interest inspired Ed to prevail upon me to write President Hinckley, urging him to seek resolve with the Paiute. Within days I heard back from Richard Turley, the Editor in Chief for their upcoming book on the Massacre. This began a series of extraordinary meetings which are still evolving as of this writing.

Phil Swain, Chairman of the Moapa Tribe in Nevada, gets big laughs with this idea:

"I was going to take the other approach. They've been writing all these lies about us. Why don't we accept the fact that we were warriors? Walk around with our heads up high and say our ancestors almost annihilated you guys. I think it's a good word, when you say we were "wagon burners." If the White men tell us we were, let's accept it, but we'll know deep inside that we weren't. But I could take pride in that. Then they'd have to prove that we weren't.... Let's face it: when they want to use us, they use us."

"We're a comical people," Arthur once told me, after telling a story about Mustache Frank dressing up like a cowboy and strutting around the reservation bellowing "This here's Cowboy Country." Phil also outs Barbara Chavez for secretly sending out for Egg McMuffins, as our healthy fare wasn't greasy enough. Mildred Pikyavit got the conference's biggest laugh, suggesting that when we visit the Massacre site, they should all dress up like White people.

Talk finally turns to what should be done. It is here, after hearing from Will and several Paiute elders, that Alan, raised Mormon, originally concerned about a negatively charged gathering, suggests that the Paiute sue for massive damages.

* * * *

We're eating our final lunch at a local restaurant, and the Paiute are in high spirits, not just because of the successful conference, but because they're finally indulging in pot roast, fries and other wonderfully greasy foods. The only grumbling all

weekend was about the healthy spa food. The White delegation leaves to applause, as not only did Ron, John, Will and Keith add greatly to the gathering, but they participated on their own dime. We acted as a Greek chorus, jumping in with critical historic information, speaking in unison that it was time for their voice, and that we would make sure it would be heard.

I sit with Jimmy Pete's relatives, who are no longer dodging me. They ask how I got involved in all this. I tell them with a straight face that I'm part Cherokee, and that I'm really interested in my spiritual Indian heritage. For some odd reason, whenever Whites hit on Indians, they claim to be part Cherokee. I look about as Indian as Karl Rove. They nod politely and go silent. I let that go a few seconds until I tell them I'm just kidding. That gets them snorting, which finally eases the tension.

We're going around the room again, with everyone speaking, and one of Taugu's descendants stands up. They reveal of course that they had listened to the interview as soon as I sent it to them months ago:

"Well, you know when I first saw my grandfather's name on it, I said 'oh my word, he was involved in it. He was there.' And it made me feel kinda bad and sad. I was kinda embarrassed. I read a little bit more, and I sat for a while, a couple weeks. Then I called the kids in. I told them about it. You know, granpa's name is in there. They said really, and I said yeah. They were surprised too when I told them. It made us come and cry.

"But I went ahead and read some more... I had a wonderful time, I learned a lot. I called my daughter and said; This place here, it's just beautiful. Everything is just pretty here, the rooms, how well we were treated. I'd like to find out more about this history. I'm going to."

We finally discuss who should write their story. Vivienne stands for me, and other elders speak in succession on my behalf. Juanita Kinlichinie wants to know what will happen with the profits. A few years ago she would have accused that I was yet another White guy screwing them. But they've watched me for six or so years now as I've interviewed their elders, hung around the edges of ceremonies and organized conferences like this. Now Juanita just wants to talk about it. I say that we'll split it somehow, that this writing and research is a lot of work, but these are their stories, so I'd split whatever profits there may be with the tribe. This seems to satisfy everybody. That's what will happen with any profits from any future writings.

One of the elders simply asks if I'm rich, how I can spend all this time doing interviews, research, organizing this event. I reply no, that I got a patchwork of grants, that I used to own a bar and that's the very real way I got to know some of the Paiute men, late at night, in conflict, that my wife teaches in the local high school. However, when I came to understand that their Mountain Meadows story hadn't been told and they were still blamed, I got angry and got involved. I tell them that my battered old Isuzu Trooper sits broken down in the spa parking lot, among the Mercedes and Lexus. The elders brighten and exchange looks. Old, broken-down vehicles they understand. As they file out the door, they stuff money in my pockets. I try to refuse, but they gently press it back. These old folks, living on almost nothing, in trailers on various postage stamp rezes, "put out the blanket" for me and made up \$165 to replace my alternator. Saturday night Lora presented me with a Pendleton blanket as well, thanking me for my work. But this is the official blessing ceremony for the book, and one of the greatest honors I have ever received.

Vivienne Jake will have the last word here, as she often does at meetings, and the speech below got the loudest applause of the weekend. Vivienne isn't Mormon, and sees no benefit, spiritual or otherwise, to her people born into it. She says that Paiutes who turn Mormon got "Lamanated," and jokes that she needs to watch out at dialysis so they don't put Mormon stuff in her blood.

Many Paiute outside of Utah are similarly mystified by how deeply Mormonism has worked into their brethren. In many ways it's a teapot tempest, this small area in southwest Utah, this Massacre suspended still in local silences. It's really only in the LDS domain proper where anyone still really believes that some sort of one-time Paiute army amassed out of nowhere to threaten the local Mormon settlements, to slaughter these innocents, to kill the women and children, so really, it's only here in Utah that it needs to be resolved.

Outside of Utah, most everyone understands, to whatever minor degree the Paiute were involved, that in the end, Mountain Meadows lies squarely with the Mormons, instigated, manifested, as yet unconfessed, and therefore unresolved. However, the Paiute agreed at this conference that now is the time, and so their story will be told. Just before

this speech, Vivienne proposes a title for the Paiute account of this slaughter, silence and clash of cultures: Collision in the Desert:

“But today, we are trying to seek the truth. Someone else was saying about how the Mormons always want to look good. To that, I would ask why? Why do they want to look good? Why is it such a big thing with them? Here the Mountain Meadows Massacre occurred so many years before our time. They still want to look good. What is happening in the world today is not very honorable. And the war, what is happening in Iraq, in Afghanistan. Again I ask why? Why is it so important to destroy life and try to look good?”

We’re just hitting the surface of how deep this runs. We continue to ignore the reality of the deep, deep feelings. I’m disturbed by the silence of my people; (it) leads others to think they are guilty. My people are simple, live close to the earth. You kill an animal, it’s that same kind of blood. So it’s about how you consider life.

To continue to ignore reality is something we have to come to terms with. Same with the Mormon people. If you are Mormon, you have to go deeper. Can you live with this lie? You’re still covering up. An apology from the Mormon people isn’t enough. The Mormon people have to understand it goes deeper than that. Stop lying.”

ⁱ Bruce McConkie “Mormon Doctrine: A Compendium of the Gospel” P. 92 1958

ⁱⁱ Juanita Brooks Utah Historical Quarterly vol. XII, 1944 Nos. 1-2 “Indian Relations on the Mormon Frontier”

ⁱⁱⁱ J.W.Powell, cite 1st quote p. 21 Original Diary Manuscript, 1873

^{iv} Dimick Huntington’s Journal, quoted from Will Bagley’s “Blood of the Prophets” p. 170

^v Juanita Brooks “The Mountain Meadows Massacre” p.219 Original printing 1950 Stanford University Press

^{vi} Leonard Arrington, Special Report to the First Presidency 1977 See Arrington, *Adventures of a Church Historian*, p. 155