



This Year the Birds Fly North: An Historical Short Story of Medicine Man Oytes and the Forced Removal of the Northern Paiute to Yakima

Dean Dier, English and Clark Honors College*

ABSTRACT

Through a multi-character narrative approach, this paper tells of several specific struggles for cultural retention, leadership, and survival along the Northern Paiute's "trail of tears" from the Malheur reservation to the Yakima reservation in 1879, following the end of the Bannock War. This narrative style and the use of multiple, individual histories all speaking to the same swath of time in 1879, challenges the current way history is often read and acknowledged. Voice is given to oral stories, life is given to family histories, and the reader feels the tangible humanity of day-to-day existence during a shared trauma in society. I mainly utilize primary source materials including oral histories, memoirs, letters, newspaper articles, and interviews about Paiute language and culture with tribal elder and Oytes descendant Myra Johnson Orange. I also incorporate multiple secondary sources, including the work of visiting scholar James Gardener, and multiple articles written about the Bannock War, Sarah Winnemucca, the medicine man Oytes, Northern Paiute spirituality, and the march to Yakima. This paper contributes to the recorded history of the Northern Paiute, especially regarding Oytes, who is rarely portrayed as the powerful spiritual leader his descendants know him to be. This paper also contributes an alternative historical experience, giving equal weight to oral histories, personal recorded histories, and scholarly works.

PROLOGUE

When Indian Agent Rinehart of the Malheur reservation forced the Paiute to walk to Yakima in winter with little food or clothing, it was one of the final attempts made by the government to eliminate the Paiute from existence. Thankfully, this attempt was unsuccessful. Though some elders and children were lost to the cold, many tribal members survived the harsh walk and prison camp experience that awaited them in Yakima, returning to Oregon within a few years of this event.

My research paper, written as historical fiction, presents Oytes as he is remembered through memory by his family and many Paiute tribal members: passionate, powerful yet humble in his healing powers, and with a personal, spiritual connection to the earth and the elements. I have been incredibly fortunate to work with the wonderful great granddaughter of Oytes, Myra Johnson Orange, and I hope this paper can serve as a written story that adds another voice to what is currently written about Oytes in scholarship. This work is not meant to be a definitive

*Dean Dier is a senior English major and non-traditional student who has a passion for storytelling, poetry, and art.

description or explanation of the events and lives of people in the Paiute tribe during this period, but is meant to elicit an alternative, emotional reaction alongside other historical documentation.

To allow Oytes's actions to stand out, I needed to present a contrasting character to oppose him. I found that contrast in Sarah Winnemucca, a Paiute woman who often worked as a translator between the Paiutes and whites, and is considered by many Northern Paiutes as a traitor to her people, but is considered a hero in the eyes of many other people in Nevada. Her family was deeply afraid of Oytes and his powers, yet it is Sarah Winnemucca's viewpoint on Oytes that was recorded, published, and carried in print to today. In the narration I tell, Sarah Winnemucca speaks only in English, and speaks briefly of the Indian Agents of Malheur and of her distrust of Oytes. In addition to Sarah Winnemucca, I have included the story of a fictional Paiute family, in order to show the emotional, personal loss the trip to Yakima brought. Each section of this paper is written in a different voice, moving between Sarah Winnemucca, Oytes as both a young man and adult, and members of the fictional Paiute family. The trip from Malheur to Yakima was not the only atrocity committed against the Northern Paiute – far from it. Indeed, where this story leaves off, a separate tragedy could be written about the horrible time suffered at the hands of the Yakima natives and their own Indian Agent, but that is a tale for another time, a whisper for another night.

The few sounds lingering in the wind are the rumbles of wooden wagon wheels, the occasional clink and rattle of metal chains, and the occasional cry of an infant. This is the time of year without harvest, without growth. This is the time for story sharing, for education from elders, for explanations of creation and lessons learned, for tales of conquest and days of abundance, for whispers told around fire and under blanket, for time shared with family.

PAIUTE FAMILY: Late January 1879

Too many days away from home, and too few days to come

This is not a normal sort of cold tomo morning.¹ It's not the sort of morning, like previous tomo seasons, where the first breath I take after stepping outside causes my lungs to want to wrap in my soft, warm kwasibi blanket and stay inside.² No. This is a persistent sort of chill, one that never fully leaves. I have felt the warmth of my body slowly turn inward over the last few weeks – first the heat from my skin faded and I grew numb, then the bones in my once powerful arms and formerly tree trunk-like kowpa grew numb, then my waist and shoulders, then my wo – still held high with a thick braid trailing down my back, and now the final place of warmth, my nungaba, my chest, flickers with warmth like the last ember of a fire.

That inner warmth dwindles with each step I take. My moccasin-wrapped kuku strike the ground as ice strikes ice, and a feeling of reversed lightning splinters from my heel up my calf, and illuminates each step with bright, hot flashes of a pain that I have never felt before. Each movement of each kuku takes all of my strength, but if I stop for too long I lose sight of my wife and son, ahead of me on the wagon.³ Seeing them alive keeps me marching. I fear that soon the lightning in my kuku will strike higher, reach farther, freezing over that ember inside me, that last part of my beating piwe. I will kneel in the cold nehabi, the snow, as I saw my dear brother, my

Wanga'a do three nights ago. I will kneel and ask the Creator to return me to the ground and take what is left of my ember to warm my family⁴ – please, please warm them! This cold is unbearable, and this is not a normal sort of cold.

Before this particular day breaks across the basin, before the sun can kiss the sage, a young boy healer named Oytes hears the lightning strike, sees the pains of the dying man in the future,⁵ and hears the death march of his people years from now as the braying of birds of today. Time and space have a way of distorting the events of the future to the prophets of the past.

YOUNG OYTES: November 1850

A morning wherein the ground feels harder, the wind feels colder

As the sun rose this morning, I opened my pooe from a dream and was struck for a moment by the sound of the honking nageta. There were hundreds of them, crying loudly, making the normally blue, poohe sky a dark, ominous black, toohoo color. I could not stop staring at them, crowding the sky and deafening my ears during that short moment between asleep and awake. The nageta were flying the wrong way for the upcoming season, the tomo – they were all flying north, as though the world had been turned around on me as I slept.

That vision was troubling enough, but now I find this wounded, writhing nageta in front of me on my walk. She's dying in my arms, crying in pain. I could wring her neck and take her back to my father, my Na, but something tells me not to kill it. I should heal it, the way I heal Moo'a's swollen feet, and the way I've seen Moo'a heal others. I can feel the pain rushing through this bird, like fast river rapids. It's pulsing from her broken bones into my fingertips as I touch each bone, each joint. Let the death leave you, let it fall from your body like shed feathers, let my young, grassblade-like mi, my soft and tender hands heal you, like the gnarled root-mi of my grandmother, my Moo'a, heals others. Let my left mi press into your wounded nungaba to weave your veins back together, move your ribs into place, and allow your breath to be steady.⁶

As the young Oytes moves his hands over the goose, she becomes well and whole again, sitting up in his arms, stretching her mended wings, then flying north in the same direction as the birds in the terrifying vision he had earlier that day. He shudders slightly at the memory of the vision, and knells upon the earth, placing his hands upon it and thinking about what the vision meant. It is not the first vision he has had in his short life, and it was becoming known around his band that he had his grandmother's gift of healing, and now perhaps the gift of prophetic sight. Before returning to his family from his morning walk, young Oytes asks what is meant of this vision, what is meant of this wounded goose? He looks up to the sky as he asks and the first flake of snow lands upon his forehead.

ADULT OYTES: 1874-1875

Isn't this Big Father just so generous, giving us a reservation to live on?

You think you know how much land, *exactly*, and how much sugar and coffee, *exactly*, and how much education and civilization *exactly*, an Indian needs, Agent Linville? Have you figured out, with your little, metal stick and lined book the exact number of grains of rice to provide an Indian each week? We know what we need, we know where to live, and we know what we need to know. Let the tatta sun melt you – leave me and my men to our lives and our land.⁷ And you, Agent Parrish? You say I need your permission to trade? *Permission?* Some of my people may think of you as “father,” Parrish, or think of your leaders as “big father,” but does that make our people your little children? Are we to do as you say, trusting our lives to your false parenting? No. We are not hairless babes in need of a teat to suckle. I do not need your permission to trade as I have traded my entire life, as we have traded for as many lives as we can collectively remember. I will not farm this patch of land you tell me to farm, and I will not seek your permission to trade. I will take the food the mother of us all gives, and I will trade with anyone whenever we have reason and supplies enough to support it. My people who want to join together laboring for you can go ahead and become you, become white. I remain black. I am proud of who we are, who we were before you came here, and I do not need to dig ditches for a blanket and a dollar.⁸

Oytes holds back the white cloud surrounding his ancestral lands, but the white cloud moves ever closer with gold pans, mines, cattle ranches, houses, newspapers, and roads. Fog can be shifted, moved, eased away with the right words, the right motions, the right intentions. What is this that surrounds us but another approaching fog?

SARAH: Late 1876

Unrest before upheaval

On a pinewood nightstand, Sarah, daughter of Chief Winnemucca, places a small trunk, opening the lid with flick of the metal latch. She is wearing a tasteful, modest flannel dress, but has her summer dress as well as a woolen coat resting upon the mattress atop her metal-framed bed.

“Ridiculous,” she mutters, a little louder than if she were just speaking to herself, “as if the only man in the entire country able to be our Indian Agent is Rinehart. Oh, if only our father Parrish could have stayed! Big Father in Washington, what are you doing with us?”

She pauses for dramatic effect, hoping slightly and fearing greatly that someone on the other side of the thin wall is listening, then thinks better of her outburst and straightens her dress front and hair in the mirror above her low dresser. She then begins opening drawers to remove various goodies collected from her time in this cozy room. A pair of nearly-new stockings, a gift from the sweet lily mother, wife of Agent Parrish,⁹ is now being balled up and catapulted across the ten foot by ten foot room, landing perfectly into the trunk, which is so small it could really be considered to be more of a hatbox. Sarah half-smiles at her successful toss and next grabs a small sachet of

dried flower petals, saved from her time in spent in California at St. Mary's as a young woman. The petals must have lost their scent by now, but she can still smell them: orange and lemon blossoms, and the crumpled remains of eucalyptus leaves. When she was homesick at St. Mary's, she used to snap the eucalyptus leaves in half, then snap them in half again, then into smaller and smaller pieces to release the intoxicating scent of their acrid oil, which almost reminded Sarah of the scent of pine sap when it oozes from chopped firewood. With a quick flick of her wrist, the sachet sails across the room and lands in the truck.¹⁰

She inadvertently whistles a bar from a choir song she used to hear in California, then catches herself, grimaces, and blurts out, "Fire *me* as interpreter? Ridiculous." She slams the middle dresser drawer closed with her thigh and opens the top, right drawer gingerly, "Even Egan hates you, Rinehart! *Egan!* I've never seen Egan hate someone so much before! He even likes that scary black magic-slinger, Oytes!"¹¹

The next few items are placed gently into the trunk instead of lobbed: a bible with faded, yellowing pages, a hymnal book with the words written both in English and in Spanish, a small stack of handkerchiefs, various bits of underclothing, a small comb, and a single broken beadwork necklace - the only one her ex-husband had neglected to steal from her.¹² These precious items fill the small box entirely, so Sarah rolls her summer dress inside a blanket, and then ties the blanket to the top of the trunk with a length of thin rope. She dresses herself in the woolen coat, makes one final sweep of the room with her eyes, then picks up the box and turns to face the door of her former room.

"Well then," she says aloud as she turns the handle, "to Camp Harney, to put an end to this madness!"¹³

The consequences of our actions are not often felt immediately, not often opened in front of us, bleeding. They do not often have a beating heart and a speaking voice. We often just continue marching forward in life. Keep marching forward, keep marching forward, keep marching forward...

PAIUTE FAMILY: Late December 1878

Preparations are made, but what are we preparing for?

"Pea! Pea, mommy, Pea!" I try to get my Pea to turn to me, to see that I am in need of her, but she is sad and withdrawn as she gathers food from our winter storage, placing dried tuhudya meat, berries, and ground kuyi into one of her large baskets, "Pea! I saw him! I saw the Puhana, the Medicine Man, Oytes!"

"Oh did you?" Pea breaks from her trance a bit and turns to face me, "Ask him, ask the Medicine Man to save us from this journey. Not all of us sided with the Bannock, and not all of us should suffer."¹⁴

"But Peeeeea....Peeeeea, he was like a bird inna tree, way at the top, and I saw him looking ahead and speaking into the hekwa," I point to the tall pine that stands to the north of our winter

home, “I saw him but he did not see me. And I saw him looking, and speaking, and moving his arms, but then I saw him *jumping!*”

“Mm,” says my Pea, as she removes my little Pune’e, my baby sister, wrapped in her first cradleboard, from her back, placing her against the wall. I’ve been out of my cradle board for a long time, but sometimes I play with mine – count the stripes on the top, hide my treasures inside, and hide myself behind it, then pop out to scare my Pune’e. My Pea hoists the basket of food and our thick family blanket, made of kammu kwasibi, rabbit furs, on her back and carries them out of our winter home. “Stay here with your Pune’e, I am going to place our items on the wagon,” she says, and tosses me two of the dried berries.

“Pune’e, I saw the Medicine Man on the treetop!” She smiles at me, drooling down the laces of her cradleboard, “He was speaking, and the trees were swaying, and then he suddenly STOPPED. Just like that. He stopped speaking and the tree stopped waving, and you know what he did?” A long ribbon of drool hangs from her chin, and I pause to eat the dried berries, “he LEAPT from the top of the tree, and landed on the ground, and he wasn’t hurt at all!¹⁵ He landed softly, on his feet, and the pagena swirled around him, like it was trying to crawl on top of him! What do you think of *that?*” She smiles at me, her big, strong Pabe’e, and chuckles in the baby language that I used to speak but have since forgotten.

He used to know her infant language, but now he knows the word for his ball, his father, his wikiup, the hill, and the river. He has a word for the color of the hills when they are dry in summer, and a word for the soft, secure feeling within a rabbit skin blanket, but he does not yet have the word for the loss of a father or a little sister.

OYTES: 1877

It is not a food “shortage” when the food exists but is denied us

The first time I saw my Moo’a heal, I was still a young child. I watched her place the wrinkled root-like mi extending from the ends of her branch-like arms on my father, my Na, who looked wet and lifeless on the ground. My distraught mother, my Pea, was preparing herbs for a strong tea for her husband, and Moo’a moved closer with her mi stretched out toward him. But as Moo’a placed her hands on Na’s long kowpa, his strong arms, his stomach, and throbbing wo, he began to move a little, showing signs of life. He then sat up and asked Pea for a drink of water. Most children as young as I was would not have known what was going on, much less remember these details as an adult, but this was a rare event that remains as clear in my mind as the sparse meal I just ate.

Moo’a was always wonderful to me, encouraging me as I placed both mi on her own swollen ankles and kuku at night, my short child-fingers drawing out her pain. When she would smile at me after I did this, there was always an extra sparkle in her deep pooe, as dark as the toohoo obsidian when it shines in the sun. When she smiled this way, there was always an extra curve in her grin causing all of her wrinkles to bend and smile as well. She knew that I had her healing touch, but she allowed me to discover what I could do on my own. I had to learn what disease and

pain felt like, to know how my own skin could call to the pain and sooth it out of others. Healing my Moo'a's pain was like a second nature to me by the time I was old enough to join the kammu hunt, and that was the year I found the dying nageta and healed it. And that night after I healed that nageta, Moo'a took me aside and shared with me some stories which were only for me.

I am now the most trusted Medicine Man, Puhanaana, in our tribe, but how can I heal the hurt being caused by these agents? First were told that all of the land we lived on before was not ours to own, but this section of land was now ours to farm. Agent Parrish expected us to earn dollars, and accept clothing, blankets, and food from Washington. Now Agent Rinehart tells us that this section of land we have been farming is *not* ours, but is his, is Washington's land. The seeds we force into our mother to produce crops and the crops we pull from her later are Washington's crops. Our people have been forced to work for money and receive standard goods for free, under Parrish, but now under Rinehart we work without money and are paid instead with the items that were freely given before? I stand by Chief Egan in this, for how are we supposed to live, with our ways of living replaced, then the replacement replaced with nothing? You starve us then threaten to starve us more when someone takes from you, out of desperation, the food they have rightfully worked for. Do you wish us to work until we collapse into the ground we till? I can heal my people with my touch, but I cannot heal them through hunger and exhaustion.¹⁶

When Oytes places his hand over a starving woman, he feels his own hunger meet her hunger at the thin place where skin meets skin. The hungers clash together, like stone on stone, and ripple back to the stomachs that sent them. The medicine for this hunger is action.

SARAH: 1878

Where observations become words and words become bullets

Silently walking back to General Howard's camp from the Bannock camp, Sarah Winnemucca pauses to look up, noting the brightness of the Great Bear in the sky.¹⁷ She must make a choice during this walk, a choice to relay the information she had found to the army, or to deny that she found anything.

"It isn't like Egan and Oytes are in the right here, you know," she states, speaking perhaps to the twinkling bear. "Father is right. We need to side with General Howard for our own safety."¹⁸

The only sounds she can hear are the soft snaps of spring shoots as her padded feet land upon their heads. It is still too early in the year for buzzing insects, and still too early in the morning to hear any birds.

"Father is right. This is right." She punctuates, shortly, "This is *right*."

As dawn breaks over the plateau and Sarah enters the General's tent to share the position and future plans of the combined Paiute-Bannock forces against the army, her thoughts stray to her aging father, her sweet sisters and brothers, and the love she has for her family.

Bullets spray the Paiute with cracks and pings, like tree branches breaking in a hailstorm. Gripping her sister Mattie's hand, Sarah holds her breath behind a large boulder, unable to think, unable to speak, unable to know who has been hit. One voice is distinct amongst the cries and cracking: the voice of Oytes. Clinging to the edge of the rock, she peers through the strange mist he has called down – some of the bullets have melted in mid-flight as the zip towards him, and the Gatling gun is jamming, clogged by the melted tip from the fog.¹⁹

PAUITE FAMILY: Early January 1879

The narrow space between two flags

With thick nehabi to our waists, and breath hovering in the cold air, we are being forced to line up, single-file, before start our journey to Yakima. The wagons were placed on the trail the day before yesterday, and all of the Pea, the mothers, were called forth to gather their supplies for their families. Our horses are strapped into the wagons, for they will not be holding all of our men. No. Metal shackles line the road behind the wagons, one pair for every walking man. We are waiting now, as a group. Waiting to begin.

A man in an army uniform is stepping out into the trail, and that traitor Sarah Winnemucca is by his side, translating again.

“We...we are to take these wagons...and...we are to...to cross the Blue Mountains now...we are exiled to Yakima...for our participation with the Bannock...in the Bannock conflict of last summer. I am coming with you, my people; I will be riding my own horse, Meride,²⁰ so fear not! But...but first...we...oh, oh God...oh...!”

This white army man, shackle keys clinking at his belt, has taken a thin, sharpened flagpole and used it to skewer the closest baby into the ground,²¹ the way I have seen the Wasco prepare salmon to dry. He plants another flag a few feet from the baby-flag, and is pointing to them as he is yelling at traitor Sarah Winnemucca. She has tears flowing from her poee, and I am frankly surprised that she has human feelings.

“He...oh God...he says we must walk between these two...oh...these two flags. He...he says that this is a warning, a sign that we are to be...to be Good Indians as we march...that bad things will happen to Bad Indians, like this has happened to this...this little one.”

No, Sarah. This is not “a sign.” I know what a sign is, what a prophecy this, and this is just cruelty, not a sign. We will walk between these flags, and we will march, and I will be the first one to do so.

Oytes steps forward, steps toward the wailing mother of the slain baby and touches her shoulder. A warmth rushes to her heart, her piwe, and she clutches her young son and husband, one in each hand, and nods to the Medicine Man. He slowly nods back, and walks toward the two flags. Knelling before the baby, he see her crimson pii still pulsing, her rapid, shallow breath, and he feels her pain. “Little Pune’e, be still. Return to the ground and wait for us to return to you, sweet one, dear one.” He places his left hand upon her small body and releases her from

life. Then he stands, brushes the snow, the nehabi, from his knees, and walks between the flags towards his shackles.

PAUITE FAMILY: Mid-January 1879

The elements in one hand, the health of the people in the other

“Pea! Pea!” I call to my mother, my Pea, “Wake up! Wake up! I cannot see Na on the trail! I cannot see Na! Pea, Pea! Where is Na?”

Her head, her wo, has lately looked three times as heavy as it normally looks, and her thick, beautiful tsopuhu, always kept neat and shiny, has been matted and lopped where it meets her forehead. She turns to me, large circles under red-rimmed pooe, and stretches out her arms for a hug. I, of course, scoot toward her on the wooden wagon, and we embrace as tightly as we can, as though we are going to squeeze together into one person. I can feel her ribs poking me, and her chest, her nungaba heaving as she sobs.

“Why isn’t Na on the road?” I venture, meekly.

“He...” She holds my face in her hands, tears running down in pulses, “He is in the ground, planted like a seed. He is with your little Pune’e, remember her sweet laughter? They are together, making the ground ready for our roots, and ready for our nuts.” She smiles at me, and uses one shaking hand to wipe the water from her face, “They are making the grasses grow for the tuhudya to eat! They are making the ground soft for the kammu to burrow in. Do you understand, strong Pabe’e?”

I do understand, and I do not understand at the same time, but I nod my head and do not cry, because I know this will make Pea happier, to see me strong, like my Na.

“Pea,” I say, in my strongest man-voice, “Pea we must stop the caravan. We must give Na the ritual under rocks that we gave grandmother,²² Hootse’e. Pea, we must stop!”

She strokes my messy tsopuhu, “Strong man, we cannot give Na the ritual of burial. We cannot give it to Pune’e, either. We cannot stop. We must keep going forward right now. Do you understand?”

Again, I nod.

“Pea,” I ask her, sweetly this time, like I would have asked her a year ago, when I was a young child, “Pea, would you like some dried berries?”

She looks at me, concerned, “Pabe’e, we have been out of berries for a week. We have very little food.”

“I know, Pea, but we can pretend. We can pretend Na and Pune’e are here on the wagon, and we are all in our winter home, having berries and telling the story of Na’s first tuhudya kill, or of the time when Pune’e was born, during the lightning and thunder that shook the world, or of

Coyote, we could tell of his...” Pea cut me off with another tight embrace, this time without sobbing, but with silence. Looking up as we hug, I notice that all around us is a powerful storm, with hekwa and nehabi swirling around, wailing loudly as we cross this mountain, but none of it touches our skin. Somehow the storm cannot reach us, as though our entire trail of people and wagons, horses and shackled men, are protected by a clear bubble.

“Pea! Look! How...” She unlocks our arms and looks up, gasping.

“It’s Oytes, it’s the Puhanana!”²³

We both gawk at the swirling white flakes, suspended above our heads, wanting to touch us but unable to get any closer. Behind us on the trail, the walking men see it too, and they cheer feebly and are given motivation to stand upright, to walk faster. I get up to rummage around the basket for a celebratory morsel of food for Pea and me, and my leather ball, my tisung’uyapi matapo’u, the best one any of the other children had ever seen, my perfect matapo’u, crafted by my Na, it rolls out from behind the basket and bounces off the wagon, rolling down the trail, past the shackled men, and past the barrier of protection created by the Medicine Man. It is gone forever, and the tears I had felt for Na and for my little Pune’e come now, they come in rivers, because I had been trying to be strong for so long now...

Oytes, at the front of the trail on a horse, with hands in cold iron chains, holds the storm at bay with a secret story, secret words, words said to him long ago by the nageta he had healed, words the nageta had sent to him from the future, from the past, perhaps from his grandmother, or her grandmother, from all times and all ancestors, who seem to swirl together like flakes of snow in the air of a mountain.

OYTES: Near February 1879

As one journey closes, another opens wide

As the sun rose this morning I saw another vision, one that reminded me of one I saw long ago as a boy, before I knew what they were and how to read them. The vision was of hundreds of strong tuhudya, thundering head-on toward me on the trail. As they ran the splintered off, one would take a sharp left and split into two equally sized tuhudya, then another would sprint to the right and split into two more, then each of the split tuhudya would split again, then again, then again, until thousands were all running, kicking up dust and causing the whole of the earth to notice them. Unlike the nageta I saw as a boy, these tuhudya did not scare me, they made me cheer! Run! Be free! Thunder over the ground! I thought the vision was over, until I saw the brown fog rolling in.

As the brown fog approached I saw that it was not fog but hundreds of kammu, their fur rolling together like rapids, and every place their paws touched on the ground, a root flower sprang forth in a brilliant illumination of white blooms. Like the tuhudya, the kammu would run right, left, leaping and rolling over each other, spitting into two, then four, then eight, then sixteen each, until thousands of kammu washed around me as I cheered for them! The rustle of their fur was

joyous! I thought this was quite a long vision, so it must be finished, but then my old fear, the nageta, came flocking overhead.

Unlike the last nageta vision, this flock of nageta had the sunrise instead of the darkness attached to their feet and wings. They soared over me and my breath left me momentary – I swooned backwards on my horse and was stunned by the beauty before me. These nageta did not multiply like the kammu or tuhudya, but flapped a breeze into my face to bring me back to the world, to bring me to the present. All of the animals had been moving south, toward our home lands, and they had all been filled with purpose and vigor, life and motion.

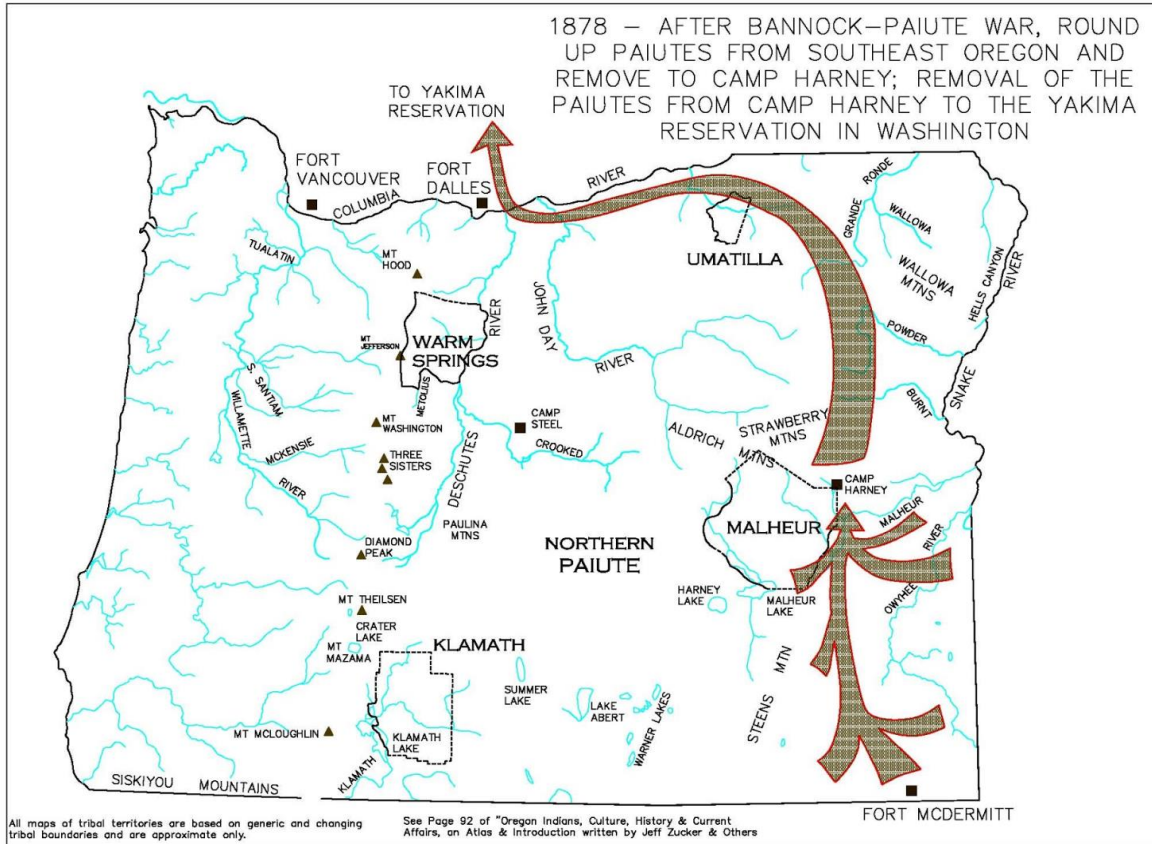
That vision was inspiring, and now I can see the first tender little shoots that are reaching up, poking out of the nehabi, as my own shoot-like finger reach up to the elements. I can laugh a bit even though my arms feel as though they will break or fall off of me from exhaustion, and these metal chains feel so heavy. I feel the pain of my people, and I have been calling to it to come to me, to sprint ahead of the wagons and find me, but my healing does not work without touch. The pain remains in my people, but at least I kept the storm at bay, at least we are going to make it.

And what is this on the side of the road? An injured nageta, like the one before, when I was a boy? Come, nageta, let me heal your pain. Let my left mi press into your wounded nungaba to weave your veins back together, move your ribs into place, and allow your breath to be steady...

As Oytes heals the nageta, she pauses a moment, looking at him expectedly. Oytes leans forward to her little goose-ear and whispers to her a secret word, a secret story about holding back a snowstorm above the Paiute people as they marched across the mountain. The nageta nods, stretches her wings, and launches into the air to fly south, to fly back home.

APPENDIX

Figure 1: Map of the Route the Northern Paiute Took to Yakima



Map from Zucker, Jeff, Kay Hummel, and Bob Hogfoss. *Oregon Indians: Culture, History, and Current Affairs: an Atlas and Introduction*. Madison: Western Imprints, the Press of the Oregon Historical Society, 1983.

GLOSSARY: Provided by Paiute Tribal Elder Myra Johnson Orange

Numu word	English equivalent
Ham'a	Older sister
Hekwa	Wind
Hootse'e	Paternal grandmother
Kammu	Rabbits

Numu word	English equivalent
Kowpa	Leg
Kuku	Foot
Kuyi	Edible roots
Kwasibi	Skins/furs
Matapo'u	Ball
Mi	Hand
Moo'a	Maternal Grandmother
Na	Father
Nageta	Geese
Nanagapitaa'a	Chief
Nehabi	Snow
Nungaba	Chest
Pabe'e	Older brother
Pagena	Fog/mist
Pea	Mother
Pii	Blood
Piwe	Heart
Pooe	Eyes
Poohe	Blue
Puhanana	Medicine Man
Puhu	Ducks
Pune'e	Younger Sister

Numu word	English equivalent
Tatsa	Summer
Tawano	Spring
Tisung'uyapi	Leather
Toha	White
Tomo	Drier (winter)
Toohoo	Black
Tsopuhu	Hair
Tuhudya	Deer
Tu'nu	Top (toy)
Wanga'a	Younger brother
Wo	Head
Yabano	Fall

ENDNOTES

1. All Paiute words are from Myra Johnson Orange, email conversation regarding word translation, December 12, 2014. Instead of listing each word with an individual footnote, please see the list Paiute terms in the Glossary.
2. C. Melvin Aikens and Marilyn Couture. "The Great Basin," in *The First Oregonians*, ed. Laura Berg (Portland: Oregon Council for the Humanities, 2007), 280.
3. *Ibid.*, 48.
4. "Our people have that connection. They knew that our people, when they get put back into the ground, they become part of that ground. And out of the ground comes all of our medicine, all of our roots, all of our berries – all of the things we need for our livelihood." Wilson Wewa quoted in "We Are Created from this Land: Washat Leaders Reflect on Place-Based Spiritual Beliefs," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 115, no. 3 (2014): 309. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5403/oregonhistq.115.3.0298>.
5. Oytes would have had his powers from youth, passed through the family line. Myra Johnson Orange, conference call with the author, November 25, 2014.

6. Myra Johnson Orange, conference call with the author, November 25, 2014.
7. Letter from March 7, 1874, written by U.S. Indian Agent H. Linville: "I desire to state in explanation to the Cou. Commisioner that the Indian Oytz, referred to in the accompanying letter, has been constantly trying to drive all Indians away from this part of the reservation: telling them that this is his particular range, and that they have no right whatever here. Oytz was very profuse with promises when I first came here....since then he has tried to induce other to join him to [?] me to issue to them in such quantities as they see fit. Sugar. Coffee. Rice. Tea....he is the curse of Winnemucca."

U.S. Office of Indian Affairs. Malheur Agency Records, Correspondences 1876-1880. Box 53, Folder 1.
8. Sally Zanjani. Sarah Winnemucca. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001): 129-133.
9. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. *Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*. 1883. http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library/life_among_the_piutes/
10. George F. Brimlow. "The Life of Sarah Winnemucca: The Formative Years," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 53, no. 2 (1952): 112. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20612063>.
11. Sally Zanjani. Sarah Winnemucca. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001): 138.
12. Canfield, Gae Whitney. *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983): 110.
13. Sally Zanjani. Sarah Winnemucca. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001): 140.
14. James A. Gardner. *Oregon Apocalypse: The Hidden History of the Northern Paiutes*. Publication Forthcoming 2015, Oregon State University Press: 559.
15. Myra Johnson Orange, field research trip recorded discussion, October 17, 2014.
16. Sally Zanjani. Sarah Winnemucca. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001): 142.
17. George F. Brimlow. "The Life of Sarah Winnemucca: The Formative Years," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 53, no. 2 (1952): 111. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20612063>.
18. James A. Gardner. *Oregon Apocalypse: The Hidden History of the Northern Paiutes*. Publication Forthcoming 2015, Oregon State University Press: 559-562.
19. Myra Johnson Orange, field research trip recorded discussion, October 17, 2014.
20. James A. Gardner. *Oregon Apocalypse: The Hidden History of the Northern Paiutes*. Publication Forthcoming 2015, Oregon State University Press: 568.
21. *Shoshone Paiute History*. Produced by Lewis-Clark State College Information Technology Media Services. Shoshone-Paiute Tribes, 2003. <http://www.shopaitribes.org/culture/>
22. Cynthia D. Stowell. *Faces of a Reservation: A Portrait of the Warm Springs Indian Reservation*. (Oregon Historical Society Press, 1989): 119.
23. Myra Johnson Orange, field research trip recorded discussion, October 17, 2014.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to express my deepest thanks to professors Jennifer O’Neal and Kevin Hatfield, for both their tireless dedication to decolonizing research and the Northern Paiute History Project, and for their continuous support through this research experience. I would also like to thank James Gardner, for his time and his willingness to share what he has learned (and continues to learn) through his exhaustive research and work with the members of the Northern Paiute tribe. Lastly, and most importantly, I would like to acknowledge our Burns and Warm Springs Paiute tribal partners, and specifically thank Myra Johnson Orange, the living great granddaughter of Oytes, for sharing some of her family’s oral histories with me. Participating in this decolonizing research history project has been a great honor, and I am thankful for the experience.

REFERENCES

- Aguilar, George. *When the River Ran Wild!* Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2005.
- Beach, Margery Ann. “The Waptashi Prophet and the Feather Religion: Derivative of the Washani,” *American Indian Quarterly* 9, no. 3 (1985), 325-333.
<http://www.jstor.org/stable/1183833>.
- Berg, Laura. *The First Oregonians*. Portland, Or: Oregon Council for the Humanities, 2007.
- Brimlow, George F. “The Life of Sarah Winnemucca: The Formative Years,” *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 53, no. 2 (1952), 103-134. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20612063>.
- Buck Jr., Rex and Wilson Wewa. “We Are Created from this Land: *Washt* Leaders Reflect on Place-Based Spiritual Beliefs,” *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 115, no. 3 (2014), 298-323.
<http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5403/oregonhistq.115.3.0298>.
- Canfield, Gae Whitney. *Sarah Winnemucca of the Northern Paiutes*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1983.
- Fixico, Donald L. *The American Indian Mind in a Linear World: American Indian Studies and Traditional Knowledge*. New York: Routledge, 2003.
- Gardner, James A. *Oregon Apocalypse: The Hidden History of the Northern Paiutes*. Publication Forthcoming 2015, Oregon State University Press.
- Garrouette, Eva Marie. *Real Indians: Identity and the Survival of Native America*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003.
- Hodgen, Greg and Larry Purchase. *The Rocks are Ringing: Bannock-Paiute Indian War Oregon 1878*. Greg Hodgen and Larry Purchase, 2002, 6th Printing.

- Hopkins, Sarah Winnemucca. *Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims*. 1883. http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library/life_among_the_piutes/
- Lape, Noreen Groover. "I Would Rather Be with My People, but Not to Live With Them as They Live: Cultural Liminality and Double Consciousness in Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins's 'Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims,'" *American Indian Quarterly* 22, no. 3 (1998), 259. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/1184813>.
- Limerick, Patricia Nelson. *The legacy of conquest: the unbroken past of the American West*. New York: Norton, 1987.
- Morgan, Thomas. *MY STORY: of the Last Indian War in the Northwest*. Forest Grove: The News-Times Publishing Co., 1954.
- Myra Johnson Orange, conference call with the author, November 25, 2014.
- Myra Johnson Orange, email conversation regarding word translation, December 12, 2014.
- Myra Johnson Orange, field research trip recorded discussion, October 17, 2014.
- Shoshone Paiute History*. Produced by Lewis-Clark State College Information Technology Media Services. Shoshone-Paiute Tribes, 2003. <http://www.shopaitribes.org/culture/>
- Stowell, Cynthia D. *Faces of a Reservation: A Portrait of the Warm Springs Indian Reservation*. Portland, OR: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1989.
- The Daily Astorian*. "The Indian Situation." February 16, 1879.
- The Eugene City Guard*. "The Indian Situation." September 21, 1878.
- The Grant County News*. "Indian Pow-Wow." November 22, 1879.
- U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. *Records of Inspection of the Field Jurisdiction of the Office of Indian Affairs, 1873-1900*. M1070, Yakima roll 58.
- U.S. Office of Indian Affairs. *Malheur Agency Records, Correspondences 1876-1880*. Box 53.
- Zanjani, Sally. *Sarah Winnemucca*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2001.
- Zucker, Jeff, Kay Hummel, and Bob Hogfoss. *Oregon Indians: Culture, History, and Current Affairs: an Atlas and Introduction*. Portland: Western Imprints, the Press of the Oregon Historical Society, 1983.