Chief Mo-sheel was at the head of our party. He knew the white man, and he told the other Indians who he was.

The white man said, "Hello, Mo-sheel."

I understand but little English, but I know now that was what he said. He had seen Mo-sheel at the Willamette school.

Then Chief Mo-sheel shook hands with the stranger, and, while the women kept on the trail, all the other men shook hands with him.

The white man was large, not very fleshy, and had reddish beard. He was a strong looking man.

Chief Mo-sheel spoke to his people: "This is the man who hanged my uncles and cousins at Wallula." (7) Mo-sheel knew him, and was mad.

Then we traveled. Chief Mo-sheel, Captain Wah-pi-wah-psi-lah, a powerfully strong man, and So-qiect [or So-kiat], rode in front with the white man; one and one they rode on the trail. Nou-yar-nan [or Nou-yar-en], Stah-kin [or Sta-chen], and I Su-el-lil, fell in behind.

While going, Mo-sheel and Wah-pi-wah-psi-lah wanted to kill the white man, but Nou-yar-nan opposed. Mo-sheel insisted. He was angry because the white man had hanged his kin. He said, "I am going to kill him the same as he killed my poor people."

We who were behind did not know. We came on fast; it was cold and raining hard. We went on down the trail on Wahk-shum mountain [Simcoe mountain] across a little stream running down the mountain. Someone said, "We shall not make fire here. We will make it at the spring below, at Wahk-shum.

We went fast and stopped at the spring and made a fire—a big fire, lots of fire, for we were very wet and cold.

The white man unbridled his horse so he could eat, took a lunch rolled and tied to the back of his saddle, and came to the fire. He left his canteenis, [saddlebags] and six-shooter in its holster on the saddle. We were all standing about the fire, warming. The white man pulled of his overcoat; he had on an undercoat. He
stood with us, holding his hands to the flames, warming by the big fire.

The women had gone on down the trail; they did not stop. Chief Mo-sheel’s wife, Ceates, was with them. She was a good woman, and died not many years ago. [1905]

Then the white man took his lunch and divided it with the Indians.

Stah-kim stepped about twelve feet from the fire. Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah now said to his son-in-law, Stah-kim, “Mo-sheel wants to kill the white man.”

Stah-kim tried to keep him from it. He told Nou-yah-nan of the plot. Nou-yah-nan was an old man, and he said:

“No! We will get into trouble. Let him alone. All at headquarters, at Wal-lo-la [Wallula] know of this white man. Do not kill him; all will be trouble.”

Mo-sheel said, “You are not chief. I am chief. I will kill this man, as he killed my brothers. I thought to meet him sometime, and now I have met him this day. I will kill him.” (8)

The white man stood, holding his hands up to the fire. Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah stood by him, on the left. Chief Mo-sheel stood on his right.

“We better hurry,” somebody said.

I did not know what was up. I was eating hard-tack, which the white man had given to me.

Chief Mo-sheel again spoke to Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah, “We better hurry!”

Then Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah, the strong man, dropped quickly and caught the white man by the legs and jerked him to the ground. So-qiekt and Mo-sheel jumped on him, each catching an arm, Mo-sheel on the right. The white man cried out [in Chinook]:

“Do not kill me! I did not come to fight you!”

I did not then understand Chinook, but that is what I always understood that he said.