

DEATH OF YO~~Y~~YONEN, Chief of the ~~Sokults~~ *Wana Puma*

In the 22-December 1917, was buried Chief Yo-yonen, at Priest Rapids on the Columbia River. He was the son of the late Chief Smoholla, of the Priest Rapids Indians, usually known as the Sokults, somewhat renowned in the history of that part of the Columbia.

Chief Yo-yonen in company with two ^{hunters} of his band and two or three women, ~~went~~ ^{Ellensburg} were camping in the mountains towards the Columbia, and about seven days before the date of his burial, all three men left ~~of~~ their camp on foot for a hunt, and were advised by the women to ride horses; but they replied that they would not go far and would go afoot. They were dressed lightly, wearing perhaps sweaters over their shirts only, and they wore the customary moccasins. They went further into the mountains than intended, having found signs of deer, and late in the evening succeeded in killing ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{one.} They ~~had~~ ^{It had been raining for some time, and turning outside} changed it up and started for camp. It soon grew dark and ~~was~~ turned colder with a cutting wind. The darkness ~~grew~~ became impenetrable blackness and travel was slow and painful. They cut sticks, or staffs with which they felt their way over the broken ground. At one time they came out on a bluff and found ~~that~~ with the aid of their sticks that they were on the verge of a high precipice. They were acquainted with the country and ~~knew~~ their location, having missed the trail only a short ways. Circling the bluff, they went down the canyon a distance, then left it, crossing other canyons, holding their course to camp. The sodden ground and sharp stones soon ruined their moccasins and they were traveling with little or no protection to the soles of their feet. Moccasins as made by the Columbia River Indians soon go to pieces in excessive wet weather. Chief Yo-yonen complained of being tired and wanting to smoke. They sat down and struck their last match in lighting their smokes. All efforts at building a fire had been futile, no wood sufficiently dry for kindling, and indeed their matches were nearly all ruined by the pouring rain.

After smoking and a brief rest, the hunters proceeded on their way, but could make but slow progress. The chief began to lag and complained that he could go but little further. Urged by his companions he continued walking for a time, and finally said: "I am all in. You go on and leave me." His companions then got under either arm and helped him for some time, their progress growing slower and slower. The chief was shivering with cold and exhaustion, and the older of his two helpers began to show signs of physical weakness. At length the chief could be kept on his feet no longer and again made the appeal: "Go on and leave me. Get to camp soon as you can and tell the women to find a horse and come for me quick as they can."

So the two hunters having no other alternative, left the exhausted Chief, cold and shivering in the driving rain and increasing cold. They hurried as much as possible but it was not long until the older man had to be helped along by ~~the~~ ^{his} younger companion. He grew weaker as time draged, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was brought into camp by his more rugged friend.

The women hastened to find the horses, taking pitch faggots, and not until some time had been wasted in futile search did the girl stumble onto one of them. Taking ^{lighted} pitch sticks, they young man hastened with the women back over the trail in search of the Chief. Arriving where he had been left, no trace of him could be found. Finally after considerable search, they came upon him, lying near the creek, and on the trail to camp. They had passed him. He had evidently roused himself to a final effort and succeeded in making some headway and then fell from utter exhaustion. They built a fire alongside him and sought to discover some spark of life, but he was dead, beyond all hope.

~~They took him to camp and the next day started~~

The hunting party carried the body on a pack horse out of the mountains, and was met by a relief part, members of the Schappy family, with a hack and brought the remains to Priest Rapids where they were buried.