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THE RAINMAKER OF QUINAULT

On the Quinault shores, lies a rock that the old women of the Quinault tribe call Humtoschia. It bears also the name of "The Rain Rock." And the redskins of this tribe tell the story of the rock and Aa-huh-ah, the Rainmaker. The rock is cold and gray, without luster even when the sun shines. It lies directly between Point Grenville and the Pacific Ocean. Its color by day is a drab-gray, for it rains at this spot more than any other place on the Quinault shores. Its noise is persistent; a grey droning over-ridden by intermittent crashes of the monster waves that beat against the cold walls of the rock.

This is the story: Now there lived in the Quinault village, in a little hut, a wandering red man, named Aa-huh-ah, which in the Quinault tongue means "Nothing." His position in Indian life was "Nothing."

No one knew exactly where Aa-huh-ah hailed from, and no one cared very much. But now for six winters he had lived at the Quinault village. Always he had a look of expectation of dread things. Terrible were the lessons which life taught him. Yet, for all his starved face and the transfixed air, there was a lurking beauty about him, a something that called you in the beauty of his slender hands and in the splendid mournfulness that grew in his eyes and lips.

Now it was the custom of the Indian of long ago to seek their Tamanaweis in the Olympics, or along the jagged cliffs of the Pacific shores. They returned generally after thirty days, with the different forms of Tamanaweis, which made them either great warriors, hunters, fishermen, prophets or medicine men.

Because of the ridicule heaped upon poor Aa-huh-ah, he sought this Tamanaweis secretly. One day, after he had long been without food, a great shadow fell upon him. Phantom words of love were whispered to him, and because no one in his life had ever said a kind word to him, the love words went straight to his heart and cried themselves into his very blood. The world had become a happy place in which to live for Aa-huh-ah.

The next day he went again to seek the Tamanaweis and again the great shadow fell on him and the spirit of love broke her blossoms all about the poor youth.

Again he went home happy. But the next day when he went to seek Tamanaweis there was no response. Then the new moon appeared and still there was no response. But there was a burning desire in him to see and hear once again the words of love. The Indian became silent and moody. He began again another long fast in the Olympics. One night as he wandered alone, very heart-sore and weary, an old man suddenly appeared before him, bronzed and statuesque.

"Who are you?" asked Aa-huh-ah.

"I am Chimellela," answered the old man. "I know whom you seek, for I have lived your life, and I know that you have sorrowed much, I never appear before men until their eyes have been washed with tears; and according as a man has suffered and sorrowed, I speak."

"Come now, I know whom you seek. Chebus Chepay, goddess of the Olympics, is waiting for you."

And the poor youth was led to the throne of the goddess by Chimellela.

Then great shadows fell about Aa-huh-ah and out of the velvet dusk came Chebus Chepay. She took his face between her hands and caressed him Indian fashion. And immediately Aa-huh-ah became a changed man. Something was born within him and he knew now that he was stronger spiritually than other men. Then the shadows rolled away, and he stood alone.

Then came the journey back to his people. When he neared the village, the Quinault medicine men by their Tamanaweis knew that a change had come over the young Indian who was called Aa-huh-ah, so a great feast was prepared for his coming. When the feast was over, came the time for the Tamanaweis man to show his supernatural powers, which is the custom of every new-born Tamanaweis-man of the Quinault tribe.

Mighty were the shoulders of Aa-huh-ah as he rose high on the rock and for an instant stood silhouetted against the clear blue sky. Mighty was his voice as he roared his chant out to the elements, and on the instant the earth and the air seemed rent from the sea to the sky. The very heavens seemed to have opened wide its portals and deluged the earth with violent rain. It rained and rained for many days and nights, until

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