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AN OLYMPIC MOUNTAIN LEGEND

A long time ago, on the Olympic range, there was a beautiful young girl whom the people called Chebus Chepay. The story I am telling you of her is what is known as the forbidden story.

There once lived on the shores of Puget Sound a fierce war-like tribe of Clallams and the more peaceful and beauty loving Chimacums. The Chimacums looked forward and prepared many things for their every-day comfort. The Clallams thought only of war and continually talked of fighting.

The Chimacums were never able to understand why the other tribes disliked them until one day a Chimacum youth and Clallam warrior who were both looking for the Tamanaweis (God) of their forefathers in the stillness of the forest. They passed through the gates of the spirit land and on into what the Indians called "The Soul's Experiences," and where the adventurer will find that which he seeks and will be made over and corrected to want only good things.

The poor Chimacum youth was surprised that he was let into the Tamanaweis Hall with the Clallam warrior, as he had always been disliked and many things and places had been denied him by other tribes. He was surprised also to find Chebus Chepay to be a woman.

The Chimacum youth suffered greatly in the forest before entering the spirit land and the Tamanaweis Hall. His cheeks were sunken from hunger, his eyes were dull, and his face was full of suffering. To see him would move a hard heart to pity him.

When he looked upon Chebus Chepay he exclaimed, "Mother of Songs," "Mother of Laughter," "Mother of Kindness and Love, your beauty is beyond all dreams," and he knelt before her.

The Clallam warrior walked before her in a proud, upright manner. His spirit was arrogant. His belt was heavy with scalps. He said, "I am Toltom. My father is a chief. My grandfathers were chiefs. I am the greatest chief of all the tribes. Look at the scalps of my victims. I can still hear their groans. It is music to my ears. I use hate and funmaking in as deadly a way as I use the arrow. To me and my tribe belong all your good qualities and I now want you to hand them over."

Chebus Chepay said, "Toltom, you are too fast and I have an honored guest that I must welcome tonight." She went to the poor Chimacum youth whose head was bowed from weakness and sorrow. She knew that he had suffered death without dying. She wanted to comfort him. She covered him with her love. She clothed him with her songs. She threw her laughter around him and sent him back to his people, with the charm of her love burning in his heart, to give joy to those who had ill-treated him and to forgive those tribes that had hated him and his people.

On the way back he could always see and feel her beautiful spirit. In this dense Olympic forest he met the warrior that had caused him so much suffering when he passed through. The warrior was dying and the Chimacum youth cured him of his wound by the charms given him by Chebus Chepay.

On the banks of the Elwah he met a woman that had made much fun of him and had made him very unhappy. She was hungry, sick, and in great want. He cured her and cared for all her wants.

There was something in his eyes that you see in the eyes of a good person that is dying. It was near the end of the trail that life gave its last hard knock. Hate, fierceness, and fight in Toltom's body came running through space at him but it did not hurt him. The spirit of Chebus Chepay whispered to him, "You are clothed with all good things, and you shall never die."—ARNOLD MCKAY.

A BUFFALO BERRIES TALE

One night by the camp fire, "Nopee," meaning old man, told the following legend:

One time a young man was walking down the Two Medicine river. He walked until he was very, very tired. He sat down and gazed into a smooth, deep, beautiful pool at the side of the whirling shallow stream. He saw in the water a large branch of buffalo berries. When he saw them his mouth watered, for he was as hungry as he was tired. He was, too, very fond of buffalo berries. He stood on the high bank and looked longingly at the berries. He stood and balanced himself to make a dive into the water for the berries. The river, the sun, and his

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