

Grandfather's Stories

Last week we had a very bad storm. It rained for an hour and the wind blew hard. At about 3 o'clock it began to lightning and there was a big noise, too. The first noise was far out on the ocean. The lightning and the noise occurred every fifteen minutes. At half-past 3 the thunder storm and lightning came to our village. The wind then blew as hard as could be. The church bell was rung by the wind. The rain went over buzzing as it went.

At our school house a couple of pieces of lumber were blown about 10 yards from where they were lying on the ground. Other things were blown about here and there.

Long ago our old grandfather told us a story about the thunder house at Hoh river mountains. The old people used to hunt elk on the mountains. They saw a strange thing. It was a dark hole in the mountain. Said they, "When a strange Indian came to the mountain the lightning made a big noise inside of the mountain." Said they, "The ice came out of the hole and it rolled down the mountain side. When the ice came down to a level rock it broke into hundreds of pieces, rattling as it broke. It was close to a waterfall where it fell. Over this it floated when it broke into pieces. This ice was colored with blue, yellow, green and red."

At Beaver Lake there are rocks just like a whale when it is cut into chunks of a square yard in size. Long ago there was a thunder bird on the prairie. A man was hunting elk; he saw the thunder bird resting, sitting on two trees. The trees are there yet. The thunder bird was carrying a whale to his home on the mountains, and he was resting on the prairie. The Indian man went

after it—the whale was on the ground. The thunder bird offered to give the man the first feather on his wing. But the man did not want it—he wanted the whale. The thunder bird again offered to give the man the first feather on his wing. That feather was good for whaling medicine. But the man did not want it. He still wanted the whale.

The man drove the bird away and went to cutting up the whale. He cut out a chunk a yard square on the surface. He then went home to the river where he lived. When he got home he told his family that he had found a whale on the prairie. He cooked the piece he had brought.

When cooked he gave it to an old woman and some dogs to eat, to see if it was good. The old woman said, "It's alright." He then went to James Island to call the people who lived there, and the people who lived on the river side. He called them to come up and have a piece of the whale which he had found. The people went up. When they were all there they went up to the prairie to cut up the whale. They cut it into pieces—two pieces for each man.

Just then a black cloud came above the hills. It lightened and the thunder bird made a big noise, and soon bricks of ice came down. The ice pieces were larger than a sledge. When they hit a man on the head, the head just smashed out. Some Indians ran to the trees and hid themselves. Soon they were all turned to rocks. They are still lying where the big hail hit them. You can see them today if you will visit Beaver Prairie.

My grandfather used to tell me lots of nice stories.—By Wm. Penn, aged 16 years, Quileute Day School, La Push, Wash.