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# The Legend of Chinook

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Written for the Boys and Girls of  
British Columbia

By  
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**I**N the days of the long, long ago, before the birds brought the first seeds from which grew the giant cedars of Stanley Park, there were no islands along British Columbia's coast and save in the far north there were no mountain ranges.

The land sloped down to the sea and there were many hundreds of miles of sunny, sandy beaches. It was summer, in those days, all the year round in British Columbia.

One day, on the white, clean sands of the sea-shore sat a calm, kind-hearted mother, and tripping nimbly about, now paddling in the warm, shallow waters, now running as though playing tag with her shadow, was a dark-eyed lassie, dimpled and gentle, most beautiful of all children.

From above, the Sun looked down upon the pair. He seemed proud and his face was radiant and smiling. He caressed the woman and now and then he caught the maiden in his arms and kissed her on the cheeks and stroked her jet black tresses.

In those days, my children, British Columbia was the home of the Sun. The woman on the sea shore was his wife and they called her the South Wind. The child was their daughter, whom the Sun loved dearly, and for whom he always took home from his regular marches out over the Pacific gifts from strange and far away lands.

Sometimes the South Wind made great journeys with her mighty husband, and the little daughter sometimes went with her parents. This day the Sun would go alone and the South Wind and her happy, loving offspring were to stay to make the apple orchards of the British Columbia of those days bloom, and to warm the hearts of the rosebuds and to tan the cheeks of the babies.

Bidding a tender good-bye to his wife and daughter, the Sun mounted on high and started off over the blue sea on his long journey. Out on the horizon, before passing to the other

side of the world, he paused, as though to take one more look at his dear ones. The mother waved him a final farewell and the daughter threw kisses at her kind old dad as with light feet and lighter heart she continued her games on the sands.

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**N**AR beyond the mountains of the north there lived an evil one, whose name was the North Wind. He held power over an icy empire and he lived in a big castle and had working for him many wicked men, who would coax people into the northern fastnesses and into the castle of the North Wind, from whence none ever returned.

Sometimes the evil North Wind would come forth, dressed in mighty armor with a breast plate, the points of which were made from the shafts of the northern lights. One look from his cruel eyes would cause the flowers to wither and fade and he had but to blow his awful breath to maim and mark and sometimes kill his victims.

So good and kind was the Sun that his people loved him and so strong and powerful was he that the North Wind, his great enemy, feared him and kept away from the land of the Sun. The North Wind ruled by force

over his country; the Sun by kindness. The North Wind was loved by none and he was jealous of the Sun and his gentle, kind wife and loving daughter.

From a great hill the North Wind oftimes spied upon the family of the Sun. His envy finally knew no bounds. He could not fight against the Sun, as man to man, but in his evil mind a plot was formed and he swore that he would humble the Sun. He would take to his great, cold castle a wife—and that wife would be the Sun's own daughter!

For many days the North Wind watched. Finally he made up his mind that when the Sun would start out alone on his long journey over the Pacific, he would wait until his neighbor was well out of sight, then he would thunder down upon the happy home and carry out his evil plot.

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**E**VENING was falling upon the Pacific and the South Wind took her daughter by the hand and together they turned from their play ground by the sea. Suddenly a terrific sound smote upon their ears. The earth seemed to quake under foot and behind them the sea was lashed into a fury. The South Wind caught up

her daughter. Fear took hold of them. In a moment the cruel, ugly North Wind was upon them.

Madly the North Wind tried to strike down the mother. The daughter cried out as the South Wind tried in vain to fight off the wicked one. But this battle was short. Leaving the mother wounded on the sands, the North Wind grabbed into his arms the helpless girl and made off with her towards the wild, wicked north.

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**B**OUND homeward from a sea-faring trip who should meet the Sun that afternoon, just as he had passed beyond the sight of his dear ones, but the West Wind—the happy, smiling, strong West Wind who would rather fight than eat and who would rather fight for fair women than for any other cause. The Sun had always been a friend of the West Wind and plans were made on that ocean meeting that the West Wind should make a visit to the home of the Sun.

The cries of the daughter had reached the sharp ears of the good West Wind far out on the Pacific. He felt there was danger and full speed, he rushed to the coast. He spied the South Wind fallen as in a faint; he

saw the North Wind with his crying captive. Like a shot from a cannon he sped after the North Wind, overtook him, and bade him combat.

The murderous North Wind struck at the youth and tried to escape with his victim. The West Wind had courage. He blocked the way of the Northern robber and jumped upon him.

There took place then a great battle, a battle of giants. Up and down the shore it raged and so fierce was it that the earth trembled and shook and broke into pieces along the coast.

On the land and in the sea the battle continued. The smooth, even coast line was broken by the heels of the combatants and from the huge clods of earth which were dashed about, the islands of the present British Columbia coast were formed, and from the wrestling and rolling over and over of these giants in their awful fight the earth was dug up and furrowed and the mountain ranges of today are the result and the white peaks are links of the coat of mail lost by the North Wind in that fight.

On the morning of the first day the Sun came home and when he saw the bleeding form of the South Wind as she sat by the raging sea, and found

the land broken and scattered, he was much angered; when he found that his daughter had been stolen away, his heart was sad. And he took the South Wind by the hand and led her away to another land.

Ever since that time the South Wind has pined for her lost baby and she mourns for her every year. And so she comes to the land which is now British Columbia, where once upon a time she was so happy, and she weeps for her little, lost lassie. And her tears form the winter rains of this land which was once the home of the Sun.

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**A**FTER many days the battle of the North Wind and the West Wind was decided. It was a cruel fight; but a fight where the good defeated evil. Battered and bleeding, the North Wind was finally overcome and he slunk off to his barren wilds, and as he limped over the broken earth his wounds gushed forth blood. And for this blood men and women fight today, my children, for it has been transformed through the ages into gold and so the streams and hills of the Yukon and Alaska and British Columbia, in the land where that great fight was fought,

lure gold seekers from all parts of the earth.

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**B**LINDED and torn, the West Wind found the maiden whose mother was the South Wind and whose father was the Sun, and he raised her up gently and nursed her. And the West Wind builded her a great castle and gave her food and clothing and servants.

Travellers may see the place on their way through the Canadian Rockies and they call it Castle Mountain. There the West Wind placed her and there, the Indians say, she has her home today.

Out from her rugged castle walls the blind maiden walks in the evening time. Where her foot falls flowers spring up, and where she waves her slender hand gardens and orchards flourish, and she causes the birds to sing wherever she goes and the grasses to grow rich and green for the cattle. And when she steps out on the prairies in the cold winter, the snows disappear and the wheat grows strong and rugged and heavy headed.

She is the western princess of peace, good harvests and happiness. Her name is Chinook.

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