

Point, to find other smaller ones. In nearby Little Missinaibi there are three such sites; and Manitowik Lake, where another site has been drowned out, is only a short hop to the south-east. However, flying over the country from Chapleau, I could see very few lakes where sites were even possible; and in fact over the past three years no further reports have come in.

The Little Missinaibi sites were reported by W. T. (Bill) Hueston, then District Forester at Chapleau, who took a strong interest in them. My diary refers to the scale map he sent me "on which all three sites were exactly pinpointed, so there was no

trouble but the wind, which made Site #76 particularly wet to work on."

Site #74 was not too exciting. It is interesting, though, to compare the clumsy human figure on it with the tiny Maymaygwayshi type on #75 underneath an enigmatic abstract combination.

The triangle of hinterland enclosed between White River, Sault Ste Marie, and Sudbury is strangely empty of pictograph sites, or even rumours of such. My wife and I searched vainly for a petroglyph site south of High Falls near the Vermillia River on a confusing series of rock ridges just south of that river. Bill Hrinovitch, who went with us, had seen it twice, while hunting in the fall.

Farther east, in the very heart of the eastern hinterland are the Ninth Lake and **Scotia** Lake sites, which are illustrated on the opposite page.

Ninth Lake, on the East Spanish River is a short air-hop east of Biscotasing, for several years the home of Archie Belaney, the fantastic character who as a small boy in England wanted to be an Indian when he grew up—and did, as "Grey Owl." One can still hear colourful stories about him at Bisco where he made his picturesque transition from white trapper to "Indian."

The current water level at Ninth Lake was so low that the tip of my steel tape, when I stood in the canoe stretching it up at arm's length barely reached the upper limit of the pictographs; and toeholds were too slim for climbing. So I could only measure and sketch the paintings, and had to take my photographs from an oblique angle. This is the site where, through



Little
Missinaibi
site

Comparison
of symbols



no one's fault in particular, I was stranded alone for thirty-six hours, with my canoe for a shelter, a tarp for a bedroll, a small tin of soup for meals, and—by luck—a small bottle of instant coffee!

This site, and one on the Upper French River that we have yet to discuss, were both beautifully pinpointed for me by Al Supple, woods inspector for K.V.P., a well-known pulp and paper firm.

The Scotia Lake site was reported as early as the fall of '57, but it was three years later before Peter and I, with Chuck Thompson at the controls, flew in to Camp Friday, on Lake Onaping, where we met our correspondent, Stig Stromsholm. In-

terviewing an Indian woman who was working for him, I asked her if she knew anything about the Maymaygwayshi. "That's an animal that comes out of the rock where the pictures are," she told me.

The Ninth Lake site offers us a neat little group of symbols: the sort of formalized drawings—including the thunderbird motif—that lead one to suspect that they might have been derived from quill work on moccasins or baskets. It is interesting to compare the upper right symbol with a rather similar one on Painted Narrows, and I have invented, to sharpen the similarity, a possible transition form. Yet one must be suspicious of such theoretical ingenuities.





Ferris Lake pictographs

The Scotia Lake site is saved from a certain monotony of rudimentary forms—perhaps human—by the rayed head. In Schoolcraft's inventory we find a "warrior bold as the sun" that is not dissimilar (p. 89).

It was early in the summer of '59 that Irene, Peter, Christopher, and I pitched our tent on the desolate shore of Upper Grassy Lake, deep in the Gogama forest. Here a disastrous fire had left only a few gaunt, weather-bleached pine sticks standing above a tangle of deadfall and second growth. A strong wind whipped up the fine sand that once had been covered with forest humus, till there was sand on our bedrolls and even between our teeth. Across the lake lay an Indian's cabin, with the morning's wash flapping in the wind against a background of scrub.

Peter and I put the canoe into the water and found one little site; mostly tally marks and finger-draggings, but there was one little Maymaygwayshi. We had hoped, driving in, to

borrow a Lands and Forests boat and kicker at Ronda, but the only available one had just broken down. So we decided to paddle in to Ferris Lake, variously described as seven, nine, and eleven miles away. It turned out to be fifteen, following the maddeningly tortuous curves of a sluggish stream, or crossing swampy lakes where shifting grass islands made the map useless.

"At last," announces my diary, "Ferris Lake, and down its length to find the site. A most peculiar one: little blocks of slaty schist with figures and symbols—a horse(?) and a dinosaur (!) and a human figure or two. Fortunately I could work from a ledge and recording went fast."

It was a weary crew that waved to the aging Ojibwa couple outside the lone cabin on Upper Grassy as we paddled past their place in the gathering darkness. Early the next morning, when I went down to the lake to wash, there was Thomas Nephew, our neighbour, wearing the