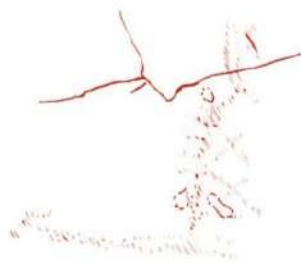


7, Face XXVIIIa

would always have exerted a borderland influence here.

Beyond its geographical situation the Mazinaw setting itself must have exerted a powerful spell on any human group to whom it was familiar. The awe and disquietude associated with far less impressive sites in the north and west is clearly indicated by the lingering mythological associations. How much more would the Mazinaw setting have stimulated such responses!

For Christopher, Irene, and me it was a sobering experience merely to paddle along the base of this cliff, sensing the depth of the water beneath and the height of the rock above, where occasionally jutting crags eighty or ninety feet overhead seemed ready to plunge down on us—and undoubtedly *would* fall some day. One afternoon we were more

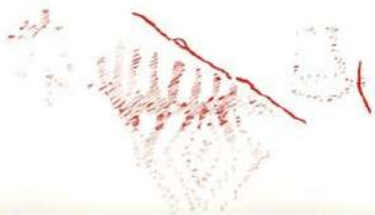


Little Mazinaw Lake, Face III

than a little startled to see the water nearby begin an inexplicable whirling motion, accelerating till it lifted suddenly into a miniature waterspout, then vanishing as quickly as it had appeared. A trick of the air currents, no doubt, with thermals playing around the cliff on a hot summer day; but uncanny for all that.

Site #38 is only a mile south of the main Mazinaw site, with only three small faces, one of which is illustrated here. There surely were others in neighbouring lakes; but it is a century or more since lumbering operations began, and it is altogether likely that dams have drowned out the others. I have had only one report of another site, seen thirty years ago on Red Horse Lake in the Gananoque district. The report seems doubtful, however, for local people have no knowledge of this.

The Search Continued



Site #37,
Face XXIV

THE FIRST EDITION of this book was scarcely out when I began to wonder whether we might not have been hasty in publishing it, for reports of hitherto unknown sites kept trickling in. Meanwhile there was plenty of searching to do in the prairie provinces: for paintings in the foothills of Alberta and on sandstone outcroppings in the western coulees; for a whole cluster of petroglyph sites on the Milk River near the Montana border; for occasional glyphstones (small, carved boulders) scattered across the western prairie hill-tops; and for rock paintings in the Shield woodlands of northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Coming and going through Ontario, however, I chose my itinerary so as to pick up as many of the newly-reported sites in this province as possible. Finally, in 1965, the Quetico Foundation and Royal Ontario Museum supported a major effort to "clean up" the sites in the Ontario Shield woodlands. Now I have an adequate sampling of sites from the whole of the wooded Shield country as far northwest as the Hanging Ice River (south of Great Slave Lake), and southeastward through three provinces to the St. Lawrence River at Brockville, Ontario. Only Quebec and Newfoundland remain to be searched.

Year after year in Ontario, from the very beginning, the tally of newly-reported sites tended to total as high as the accumulation of recorded ones. It is impossible to name all the sources for these reports, but some must be mentioned. At the Lakehead Keith Denis has been an indefatigable detective from the first, and latterly Kenneth Dawson, now Professor of

Anthropology at Lakehead University, has been passing on site locations. Nor may I pass over Jack Snider, *Times-Journal* columnist, whose beat is the whole of northwestern Ontario. But the greatest lift of all was an amazingly thorough and well-organized report from the District Office of the Department of Lands and Forests in Kenora by way of the Fish and Wild Life Division. Conservation Officer S. C. O. Linklater personally interviewed nearly every trapper in his district and took down verbatim descriptions of each site they knew of, including not only the pin-pointed locations but the number and type of paintings. I was astonished to find that he had listed fifty-seven sites in Kenora Forest District, nearly half of which I had never heard. For the first time, and in the heart of the pictograph country, I had a list of sites and locations I could have acquired in no other way. These were invaluable as a basis for estimating the distribution and density of sites throughout the Shield region.

Up until 1965 I had had only one chance to explore the northern periphery of the Shield in Ontario, and that had been plagued by bad flying weather. But a second chance opened up through the good offices of Lands and Forests and biologist Rod Standfield's wide-ranging beaver survey and polar bear count, which enabled me to reach three of the northernmost sites, as well as to interview Cree and Ojibwa residents as far north as Hudson Bay and as far east as James Bay.

To no one am I more indebted than to the old people—Cree, Ojibwa, and

Algonkin—whose straight talk and courtesy have given me many new insights into aboriginal modes of thinking, and into the ways in which these have been related to the rock paintings that they knew of. A number of these have since died, and it is more and more rarely now that I meet a man or woman whose memory reaches back beyond the turn of the century. Only a few of them passed on to the younger people what they could collect of old ways and beliefs. The old lore and practices are being submerged by the new, even as the flooding by lumber dams and hydro projects is drowning their forbears' paintings.

In the following pages I offer an account of the pictographs found in Ontario since the first edition of this book was published; pursuing for consistency's sake the same somewhat circuitous sequence of regions that was used under the section entitled "The Sites."

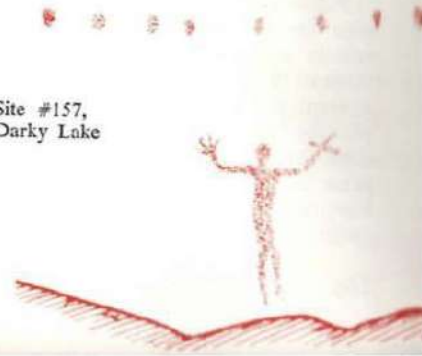
The Quetico-Superior Country

Through the observant eyes and proffered reports of Quetico Park portage crews, young canoe-trippers from Camp Owakonze, and scouts from the Moose Lake headquarters in Minnesota, the total of sites now located in Quetico Provincial Park has been doubled. Three more have been recorded on Darcy, Kawnipi, and Kahshahpiwi Lakes. Six have been confirmed and pin-pointed, on Mackenzie, Doré, Ted, McAlpine, Cypress, and Shade lakes, and there are reports of others on Sturgeon, Cub, and Tuck lakes. Just beyond the

Park boundaries there are small sites on Iron Lake and Jordan Lake.

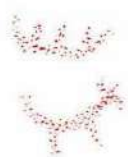
My first visit to Darcy Lake illustrates how elusive a site may be. As my son Keewatin and I paddled down the east shore of Darcy, and even after we found the first site, we scanned the opposite shore with binoculars to make sure we had missed nothing. So I was slightly doubtful in 1965 when I flew in from Nym Lake, even though I held a map on which a second site had been reliably pin-pointed. Nor did it help, as the pilot circled for a landing, that I could see no rock where a rock should have been. It was not until we had come down, pulled off the canoe, and I had paddled—with almost complete scepticism—towards the marked place, that I caught a hint of dark rock through the trees, then rounded a point to stare at a 30-foot cliff, visible only from this angle. One human figure, a few handprints, and tally marks were all that were there, but a large mass of rock that might have borne other paintings had fallen away from below the human figure, and awaits the attention of an underwater archaeologist.

Site #157,
Darcy Lake





Kahshahpiwi Lake



Kawnipt Lake



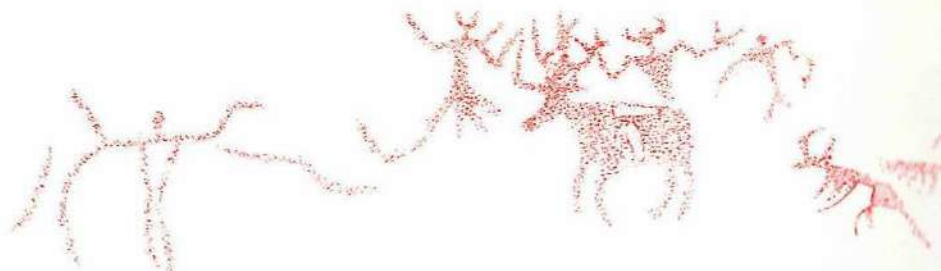
Beatty Portage

That same summer my visit to a reported location on Kahshahpiwi Lake was somewhat thinly rewarded with the turtle and *sauiomorph* shown here. The italicized word is the one I use to designate variations of the lizard-like abstractions found among the rock paintings from one end of the Shield woodlands to the other; the spots to either side of the head are not typical. Two years later an air search for a strayed canoe-tripper enabled me to be flown in to Kawnipi Lake where a small ambiguous animal and a canoe revealed themselves so faintly that I had to use Saran Wrap to trace them.

Regrettably there are still eight or nine sites in and near the Park that remain unrecorded. Yet only two or three of these, judging by the reports, amount to more than a single decipherable painting, and the seventeen sites that have been recorded comprise the most complete sampling I have obtained anywhere in the Shield country.

Border Lands West

It was only my early ineptness at interviewing, I realize now, that prevented me from learning the location of a site at the west end of Lac la Croix, near Beatty Portage on the Minnesota side of the lake, when I first visited Neguagon Reserve. For I cannot doubt that Charlie Ottertail knew where it was. This extraordinary old man, ill then, died a year later, taking with him most of what he knew about his people. My report of the site came from Professor T. D. Brock of Indiana University, along with colour slides that made its importance clear. The main group combines



Beatty Portage, Site #156

three horned, semi-human figures in a mystifying relationship with a heavily antlered animal. I should qualify the word "horned" with the admission that I have jumped to unwarranted conclusions in assuming that the forked heads of two of these figures represent horns. Indeed, there seems to be a widespread "forked-head style," which I hesitate to designate as such before a serious study of style features and distributions has been made. The animals to the right of this group are too badly weathered to be identifiable, and most other material at this site is vestigial, excepting the intriguing form that one might take for a diving merman.

I had arranged an airlift in '66 to Sand Point Lake in Minnesota, not far south of Namakan Lake, but this had to be cancelled at the last minute. Reports of a site there suggest that it would be well worth a visit. I was luckier with a site north of Bear Pass on Rainy Lake, on Crowrock Inlet, now conveniently accessible by water

from the new Atikokan-Fort Frances highway. Many of the original paintings have been weathered beyond intelligibility against a background of dark, schistose rock. Extensive smearing or patination—it is difficult to know which—and the vague hints of frequent overpainting suggest that this was a long-used site. Lime deposits at the west end provide ideal contrast for the only clearly discernible group, whose "hubless wheel," associated tracks, and deer will immediately remind the reader of the Cuttle Lake paintings on page 72. The latter are only half a day's paddle northwest of Crowrock.



sprinkled numerous colonies



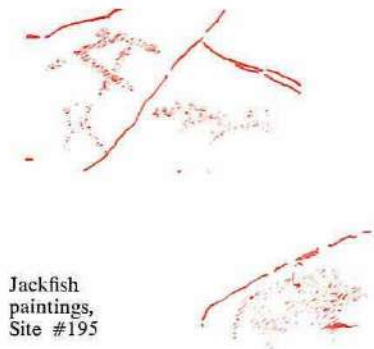
Northwest of Fort Frances and also accessible by road and outboard is a granite formation on Burditt (or Clearwater) Lake where the paintings are so severely weathered and over-painting has so clearly occurred that I am sure some of the paintings are of quite early origin. The unique feature is the quasi-human form reproduced here. I would guess that the upper projections from the head, made by dragging the paint outwards with four fingers, were intended to represent supernatural power emanating from a shaman's mind. The lower circular projections may possibly be ears; but on no other Shield painting have I found human ears represented.

The water route out of Burditt brings one through a wild rice lake and on to Footprint Lake, out of which a short, easy portage passes over into Jackfish Lake. Where this portage climbs over a hump of bed-rock I found the answer to a question that had plagued me for eight years, ending a hope I had had, but demonstrating what tricks the mind can play with its own memories and observations. In 1957, a Fort Frances informant told me about the tracks of a man and a dog in the living rock, and others said they had heard of these. But no one could locate the place. I did not take the report too seriously until two years later when Peter and I found petroglyphs carved in a reef in Sunset Channel on Lake of the Woods. The commercial fisherman who pin-pointed the site said he had seen "moose tracks" there. ("Painted on the rock," his wife said, but he contradicted her.) That same sum-



Burditt Lake,
Site #196

mer, talking to the people on Northwest Bay Reserve, I was told of a man's and a moose's tracks on the portage out of Footprint Lake. What an idiot I had been! Man and moose, or man and dog, this was surely a



Jackfish
paintings,
Site #195



petroglyph site! Arriving there at last I soon found the "footprints." Alas, there was only one of each, and both were obviously caused by the weathering out of pockets of softer rock, requiring in either case a high degree of wishful thinking to be interpreted as anything else.

But wishes die hard. A case in point is a Minnesota correspondent who sent me his photographs of a single giant human footprint in solid Precambrian rock, along with the complaint that his photographs were totally unsatisfactory for reasons he could not understand. A glance sufficed to make it clear that the "footprint" was the result of natural erosion. But how does one convince a person against his will that what the physical eye beholds may differ radically from what the mind's eye projects? Indeed, in comparing photographs of the cave paintings in southwestern Europe with the seemingly meticulous copies by dedicated scientists one is uneasily aware of many subtle projections which stray from a strictly objective rendering. But the camera has its strict limitations too, and in my opinion there is no adequate substitute for a study of the original painting, *in situ*.

South of Footprint, a mere stone's throw from the Ojibwa settlement at Northwest Bay, is a rock so smeared with pigment that I was tempted to designate it as a site. This, and a paint-smeared rock on Eagle Lake, are the only instances of smearing unaccompanied by at least a handprint or two. At Northwest Bay I was told that the paint had "always been there."



Petroglyphs,
Lake of the Woods

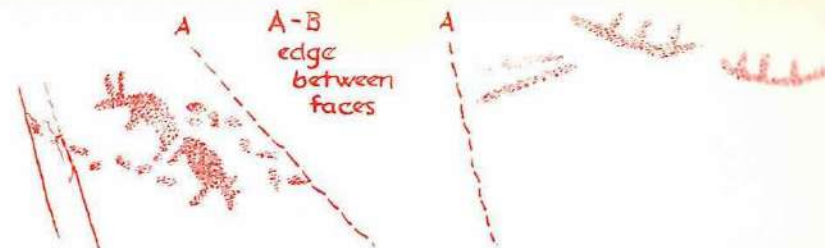
otograph by Peter Dewdney

Lake of the Woods

To the thirteen sites previously recorded in or near the Lake of the Woods another five have been added; three on the lake itself, and two on Silver Lake, a short drive north of Kenora. Thanks to Mickey Linklater I was also able to add four more petroglyph sites, making a cluster of six such occurrences in the northwest part of the lake, all on horizontal shelves of chlorite schist. A sample glyph is shown here. The contrast was provided by rubbing chalk over the surrounding surface rather than following the questionable practice of filling in the grooves.

Highway 71, on its way from Fort Frances to Kenora, touches a long, crooked arm of Sabaskong Bay at Nestor Falls, on the shores of which two small but interesting sites occur. In the one case only the finger draggings out of a smeared area qualify it as a pictograph site; but they are associated with a low, shallow cave where a large lens of rock softer than the prevailing dark, schistose one has been weathered out. Less than two miles north of this a smooth-faced hump of granite rises steeply from the shore. A small break in the formation forms a protected setting for paintings on either side of an angular rock. On the left are two likely bears—regardless of the long ears on the one—and their tracks, and to the right are canoes and tally marks. Bears and bear tracks appear frequently on the Miday scrolls, but never in this kind of configuration. I would judge that both groups were by the same hand.

There remain unrecorded a number of small sites to the east of Nestor Falls, notably in Crow Portage Bay, and on Stephen, Pinus, Barry, and Kakagi lakes.



Westward from here, Chris and I found one faint painting of a snake on the north shore of Obabikon Lake within the Aulneau Peninsula of Lake of the Woods. Thence, we flew westward over the north end of the Great Traverse, briefly viewing historic Massacre Island where some two and a half centuries earlier La Vérendrye's nephew and men were wiped out by Siouan raiders. At Northwest Angle I hoped to get more specific information about a site reported in the area, but no one there then knew of it and a brief air search of the nearby swamp and muskeg revealed no hint of a water-facing rock outcrop.

A day later Chris and I drove out to Silver Lake where we launched the canoe to explore the large island off the north shore. Although I had had several reports of a site there, all had been so vague that I expected very little. In a sense I was right, for the only clear figure was the one repro-

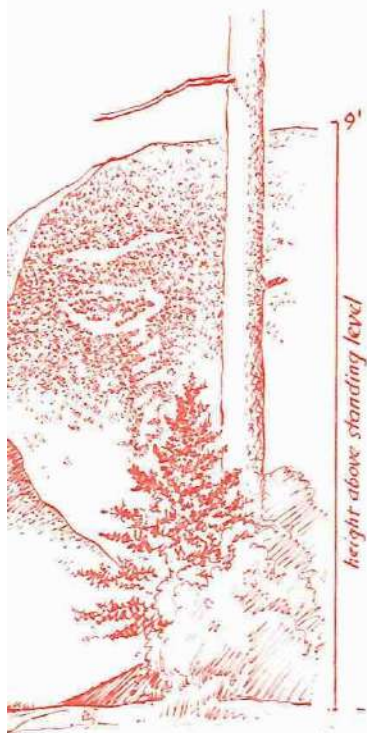
duced here, a very abstract animal. But it turned out that there were actually two sites, with handprints, tally marks, and extensive smearing, some of them obscured by extensive growths of Caloplaca—more fashionably known nowadays as Xanthoria—the brilliant and ubiquitous orange-hued lichen, which seems to prefer rocks of sedimentary derivation.

Besides the site off Northwest Angle Bay that we couldn't locate, there remain half a dozen unrecorded Lake of the Woods sites, including two or three in the water maze known as Whitefish Bay. There remains, too, the intriguing mystery of the site offerings (p. 154). Latterly I have heard that "prayer sticks" are hung from trees back in the bush as well as below rock paintings, and that their function is to revive the "power" of a shaman, but I have yet to find anyone who can speak with authority on the subject.

Silver Lake,
Site #224



Nighthawk Rapids,
Severn River—lichen glyphs



Bieck gave the river a long and thorough inspection—although we knew this was one of the few places where aircraft did land—before he brought us down. Then he manoeuvred the Beaver with consummate skill against the conflicting thrusts of a brisk wind and a strong current while I hung out on the wing strut sketching and photographing the faint paintings that I could just discern at 30 feet from the rock. What is reproduced here is accurate as far as it goes, but there may have been other paintings too faint to show at that distance. At Cross Lake in adjacent Manitoba I heard of another site on the Sachigo, but my informant was almost blind and could not pin-point it on the map for me.

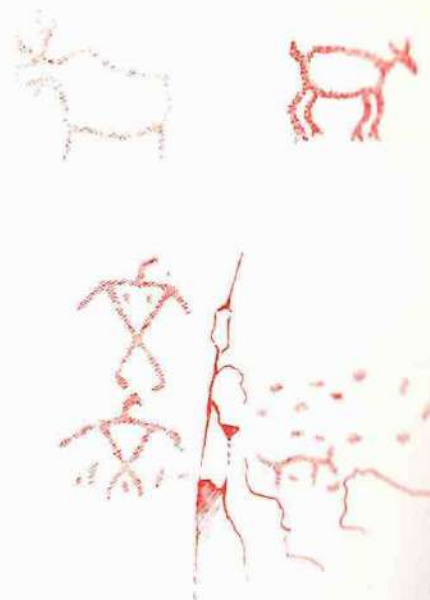
On another transect I was dropped off at Bearskin Lake, west of Big Trout, to check the report of a site that I had failed to find on my only other excursion so far north. An Ojibwa fisherman took me in his kicker down a small stream to Nighthawk Rapids on the Severn River where the rough indication of a nighthawk had been scraped from the rock tripe that covered the upper part of a ten-ton boulder just above the rapids. The local story goes that the nighthawk tried to imitate the noise of the rapids, which so offended the Manitou of the place that he converted the bird's head into this boulder.

All along the northern fringe of the Shield woodland—as far west as Lake Athabaska—I have heard of “writings” or “carvings” which failed to materialize on investigation. These can be explained as lichen glyphs, the memory and rumours of which have

lingered long after the scraped areas had grown in. It was clear that the Nighthawk site had been re-scraped at intervals, but secretly, for I got the usual opinion that it had always been there. I doubt if this will continue long. Early in this century an Anglican Cree catechist from York Factory by the name of William Dick travelled from one band to another as far east as James Bay, converting the great majority to Christianity with astounding and apparently permanent success so that there is actually less knowledge of aboriginal beliefs and practices in these remote areas than there is beside the railway tracks in the south. Only some vague notions of the Maymaygayshi, and the unquenchable, bawdy Weysakaychuk stories persist.

Farther south, yet in a region where both rocks and people are still spread thin, it was a surprise to find a major group of paintings on the Donnelly River, just south of North Caribou Lake, with a smaller site less than a mile away. On both sites the paintings appear at the foot of modest rock walls, on faces that have been kept clear of lichen by wave wash and periodic flooding. At the top of the page are a faint moose, a hornless deer (note the feet, split to show the hooves), two thunderbirds, and sundry indecipherables. Much of what is illustrated below is badly weathered, but

a variation of the female symbol is discernible, and among the faint figures in the main group one can make out a headless man, one and perhaps two thunderbirds, and a quasi-human figure. A special interest attaches to the animal enclosed in an oval, which I guess to have been intended for a bear either in hibernation or in a snare. Above the crack is a vague thunderbird and some vestigial material that is even more vague in the original. The second site on the Donnelly consists mainly of badly weathered tally marks, and is not illustrated here.



Northwestern Hinterland

To find the northwesternmost rock paintings known in the province we must fly nearly four hundred miles due north of Kenora to a small rock outcrop well beyond the discernible edge of the Shield. This rock briefly borders the muddy and treacherous Sachigo River, which experienced bush pilots prefer to avoid. I got there in the fall of '65 on a Beaver transect with Rod Standfield, the aircraft too heavily laden with extra gas drums to be able to carry a canoe. Pilot Al



East of these sites, near the west end of Wunnumin Lake, there seems to be a small site which I have not yet been able to pin-point; and there is a reliable report of one on the Asheweig River a mere thirty air miles south of Big Trout.

Swinging west to Big Sandy Lake we come to the one area of the western Shield woodlands where my sampling may prove to have been inadequate, although one vague location to the northwest and a pin-pointed one just south of that large lake are all that I have in my files. South of Sandy we reach Deer Lake and the northern edge of a concentration of sites that straddles the Ontario-Manitoba boundary between the trapping community of Little Grand Rapids and the mining one of Red Lake, in Ontario.

The Ojibwa in this region have kept their old practices and beliefs to an unusual degree. For example, in 1946, a Little Grand Rapids trapper bought a trapping charm, which he claims is still effective, from a shaman in Red Lake for \$385. No doubt it is, for the ritual required in the use of this little leather bag and its undisclosed contents ensures among other things that its owner will visit every trap and snare on his line with un-

failing and frequent regularity. And he is reputed to be the best trapper working out of Little Grand Rapids.

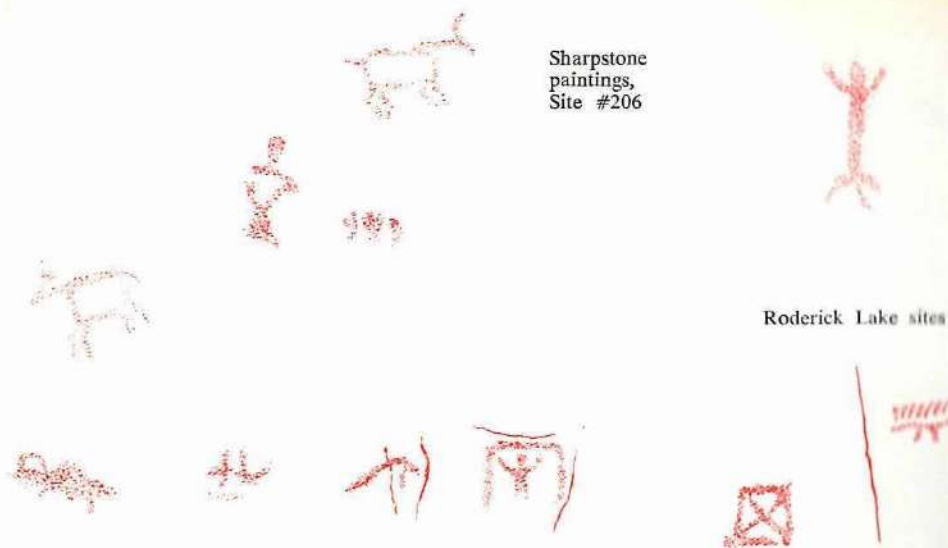
North of Deer Lake is the Cochran River site already described on page 59. On the lake itself, is a group of paintings recorded by Professor Kidd in McIntosh Bay. Here, the rendering of an animal among a number of weathered abstractions is locally identified as a rabbit, its state of preservation suggesting a more recent origin than the others. If the reader is dubious about the importance of this inoffensive little animal he will be reassured to learn that the bite of a rabbit is widely believed to confer a long life on the lucky recipient. There are other paintings a mere air-hop south on Hanging Lake, quite as badly weathered as their reproduction here shows.

This brings us, still moving south, into the drainage basin of the Berens River along which, on the Manitoba side, I recorded three groups of paintings in 1966. Another remains unrecorded, but on the Ontario side there are still at least eight unvisited sites, six of them reliably pin-pointed at Child's Falls, on Stout, Shibumeni, Pikanjikum, and Hornblendite lakes, and near Poplar Hill. The name of another lake, Mamakwash, is ob-



McIntosh Bay

Hanging Lake



Sharpstone paintings, Site #206

Roderick Lake sites

viously a variant spelling of Maymaygwayshi, but when I flew over it in 1965 there were few indications of rock outcrops so the site reported there is likely to be a very small one.

On the east of the water complex called Sharpstone and Stout lakes there are at least seven sites, three of which I have recorded. One of these has already been discussed in this book, and another is illustrated here, including a tiny but unmistakable bear, and an hour-glass style of figure—a type that is rarely found so far north.

Two southern tributaries of the Berens River are the Dogskin and the Keeper, the latter named from a family widely known for its shamanistic skills. In the Keeper system are Roderick and Herod Lakes. Paintings from just west of Herod Lake are shown here. Four small figures are

scattered along eleven feet of rock only a few inches above the 1964 water level, and in the high water of 1966 I should never have found them. Note the framed human figure, the enclosing line perhaps representing the *waubik*, or place, where the Maymaygwayshi lives. Most informants in this area assert that the mysterious rock dweller is no taller than a child and has no nose.

When Jake Siegel and I were paddling back to the Beaver after recording the single otter-like figure which was all we had found on the reported site on Roderick Lake, we met an Ojibwa and family who were netting trout. I had barely told him what I was doing than he was leading us to the two modest little abstractions, reproduced here, situated close to the water in a little narrows less than two miles away.



Two years later, back with Jake again, we landed near the mouth of a sluggish stream flowing into Frances Lake on the Dogskin River only a few miles from the Manitoba boundary. We had been encountering a succession of unexciting petrographs so we should have been prepared for the surprise. On a glacially polished granite face 10 feet above the water, deeply patinated by long exposure and heavily limed by calcite-bearing seepage, was the find of the summer. The four human figures here, I am sure, though I cannot yet prove it, are among the oldest I have recorded anywhere. Unfortunately we have as yet few clues as to how old is "old." The glacially smoothed surface of the rock at the Frances Lake site tells us that it has endured since the last ice retreat virtually unchanged except for a thin coating of deposited lime. This was precipitated on the rock not only before and after the paintings were made, but apparently before they had time to bond to the rock for the seepage seems to have converted some of the anhydrous red oxide into the hydrous yellow one, staining the surrounding area with a strong yellow ochre tint. The setting has always been well protected from the weather and the lime-bearing seepage as well as the absence of other moisture has inhibited lichen growth. Yet lichens have managed to establish themselves and have begun to encroach on the paintings. Finally, the style and content suggest an early origin for the paintings. Only one other site, a mere twenty-five miles north, just inside Manitoba and east of Fishing Lake, shows similar features. As here, the

Frances Lake, Site #208,
sole face



human figures, although clearly the work of another hand, have tail-like appendages. Both groups show bows and arrows.

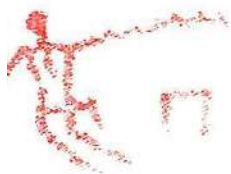
In the Milk River glyphs, male genitals are frequently included in human figures, but in the Shield paintings they are rare. If these "tails" were intended for phallic renderings we have a clear exception to the general practice, which could be the survival of an earlier style that has disappeared from the more exposed sites. I believe that the representation of bows and arrows adds to the case for an early origin. We may surmise, from the few sites where guns are painted, that the shaman's preference was for the more prestigious weapon. Even in the stage when early firearms were inferior to the rapidly re-strung bow, the noise and flame they pro-

duced gave them a supernatural aspect; and news of this awesome weapon travelled far inland long before its actual appearance. I contend that the bows and arrows here were painted before the contact period, and the settings of these two sites emphatically support the contention.

Unique, and most intriguing is the figure at the upper left. Jake and I both felt that this fantastic apparition should have a second wing, but could find no trace of colour where it should have been. The treatment of this creature's feet is extremely curious. The curves of the toes seem to have run away with the artist, as if they had exerted an hypnotic influence to the point where his interest had been transferred from the intended form to the fascination of developing a fantastic one.



Face IIb



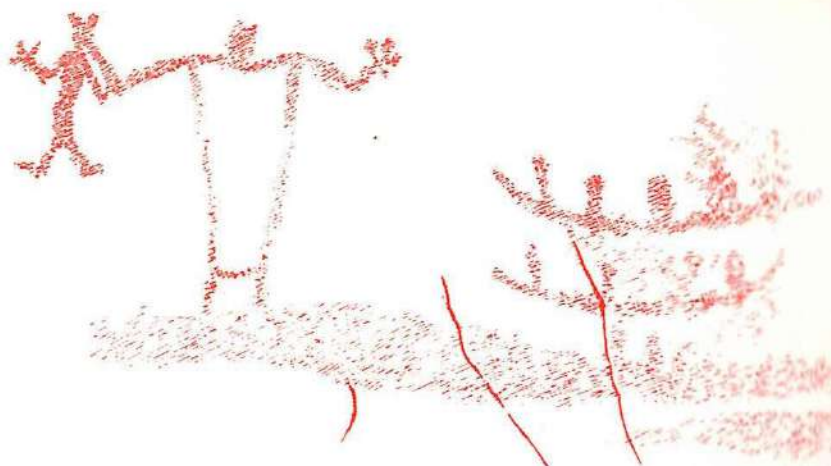
Face Ia



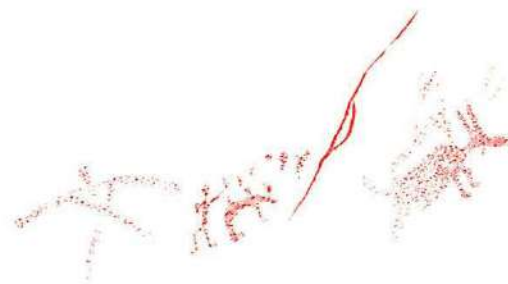
Face III

To continue our sweep southward along the Manitoba boundary we come to the Bloodvein River system. Within an area comparable to that of Quetico Provincial Park there is a matching density of sites, with seven known locations on the Manitoba side and nine in Ontario. Hansen Lake (east of Rostoul), Bigshell, and Beamish lakes all add their water to the upper Bloodvein, while Larus and Artery lakes are enlargements of the mainstream. The dramatic site just east of Artery has already been described on page 60. About thirty-five miles upstream just west of Larus Lake is a group of paintings in a similar setting. Both sites have a northerly exposure. This would normally ensure a heavy growth of lichens because of the lack of sunlight that would speed the drying of the surface after a wind-driven rain. On both these sites, however, the granite has been so smoothed by glacial action that the algae and fungus spores, whose union makes the plant possible, find little encouragement to lodge on any rock faces that are also protected by overhangs. The upper portion of the second face of the Larus-Bloodvein site, consisting of vestigial handprints and abstractions, is not shown here, and much that is illustrated is familiar enough from other sites that the reader will require no comment. My rendering of the human figure at the base of Face III reflects my uncertainty as to whether the apparent head-dress, and detail attached to the body actually belong to the original. What is both striking and clear, though the colour is faint, is the large figure holding up the

Various faces of the
Larus-Bloodvein Site #154



Face IIa



Face IV



smaller one: a sort of giant-and-pygmy motif. Nothing more readily invites the viewer's personal projections: Is it a father proudly displaying his new-born son? Or a Weyndigow about to devour his human victim?

Regarding handprints, I might note that I know of only one occurrence farther west, on a site near Snow Lake, northeast of The Pas, Manitoba. Southward they abound to the Shield's edge, but to the east they extend only a site or two past Lake

Nipigon.

The second set of Larus-Bloodvein paintings is even more obscured than the reproductions on this page suggest. The alert viewer will pick out five human figures, if he includes the one in a thunderbird style and the tiny little human beside a vaguely animal form. The animal with the heavy shoulder hump and the long ears—against a background of vestigial paintings—I take for a moose, mainly because a bell is faintly visible.

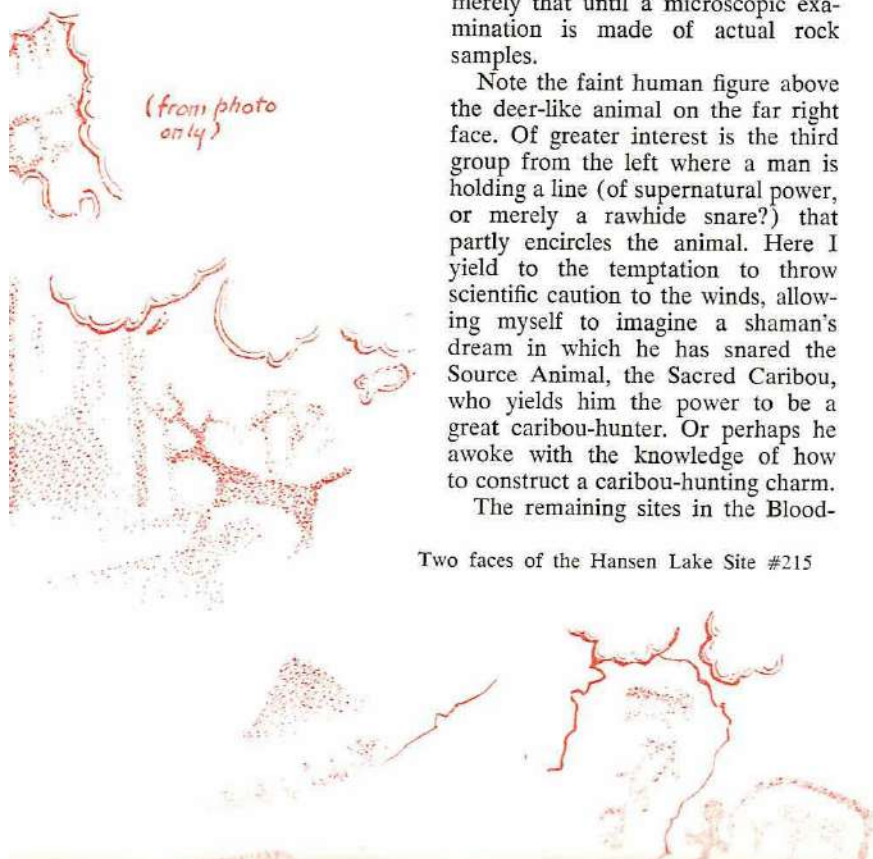
Of the other Bloodvein sites, the one on Hansen Lake is the most interesting. The setting, reproduced in colour on page 131, illustrates how some granite formations will break so neatly as to give the setting an artificial aspect. The patination of one face is so strong that it can easily be spotted from the air. Geologists are naturally reluctant, without seeing the rock itself, to make any pronouncements about the reasons for this ruddy patination except to say that sun and rain acting on microscopic particles of iron in the rock could oxidize them

into the anhydrous red compound. For me the colour associates with long exposure, the more so because on the sandstone cliffs of the Milk River in Alberta there is a clear correlation between age and patination. The question arises whether the aboriginal artist was attracted to the ruddier faces because of colour already there, or whether the colour might possibly be due to a long succession of paintings, made over the centuries, whose form had weathered out, but whose residual colour had accumulated to achieve this general ruddiness. All such speculations must remain merely that until a microscopic examination is made of actual rock samples.

Note the faint human figure above the deer-like animal on the far right face. Of greater interest is the third group from the left where a man is holding a line (of supernatural power, or merely a rawhide snare?) that partly encircles the animal. Here I yield to the temptation to throw scientific caution to the winds, allowing myself to imagine a shaman's dream in which he has snared the Source Animal, the Sacred Caribou, who yields him the power to be a great caribou-hunter. Or perhaps he awoke with the knowledge of how to construct a caribou-hunting charm.

The remaining sites in the Blood-

Two faces of the Hansen Lake Site #215



vein country east of Manitoba are all slight, calling for few comments. The moose shown here is the sole painting on Musclove Lake. Larger than the usual style, it is nevertheless small compared with two others in Manitoba, one of which, near the mouth of the Bloodvein, is nearly half life-size. At Beamish there is only one small snakish form, and at Bigshell only a single little animal, drawn as if it were falling from beneath the deep overhang. I do not know what to make of the vague "half-wheel" reproduced here from a site on the north arm of Artery Lake; but I was startled to find a small black sauiromorph nearby, the only black painting I know of in the Shield that is clearly aboriginal.

On a small, unnamed lake just to the west of Barclay—another enlargement of the Bloodvein—is a single figure with a phallic appendage. A vicious-looking electrical storm was threatening as Jake took me down to the water, too imminent to give us time to unstrap the canoe. Fortunately the painting was large and clear enough for me to sketch and photograph from the wing strut as Jake taxied past. As we swung around for the fourth run the sky went black. I scrambled into the plane, Jake opened the throttle, and I made my last-second corrections through the window as we roared past on the take-off. We raced the storm all the way back to the Red Lake base, where we were still roping the Beaver to her moor-

North arm of Artery Lake



ings as the first fierce gusts lashed the waves into white-caps and a grey wall of rain closed in.

South of the upper Bloodvein complex of lakes and streams is the region drained by the Winnipeg River and its main branch, the English. In the course of hydro development two sites, on Umfreville and Oneman lakes, have been flooded, but another, on the English north of Maynard Lake, is still above water. Eight other small sites in this general area remain on my list of unrecorded ones: on Roger, Fletcher, Huston, Flintstone, Haggart, Jadel, and Rex lakes, and on the Muskeg River. By 1961, however, I had got a reasonable sampling from the region with one elusive exception.



Three years earlier I had received an enthusiastic report to the effect that there were more than a hundred paintings "near the portage" at the south end of Sydney Lake. On the strength of this, although I hadn't interviewed the original informant, I flew in from Kenora with a young photographer from Atikokan, Klaus Pruffer, prepared for a four-day sojourn that would allow ample time for a thorough job on even so large a site. We pitched our camp and set out for the site. By the fourth day we had scanned every rock outcrop in the lake and south of it within a twenty mile radius of our base, exploring a full eighty miles of shorelines, to find exactly nothing! Our only dividend was the few hours I took off on the fourth morning to study lichen occurrences on a magnificent series of granite cliffs to learn how these related to weather exposure, drip, seepage, sunlight, and so on.

I never found this mythical site, the report of which might have been based on two other sites reported later on nearby Pine Needle Lake. The latter report was so clear and seemingly reliable that I had no hesitation in marking the locations on the map I handed to Jake as we set out one afternoon on my last trip of the season out of his base. Our first view of the lake reinforced my confidence, for a whole succession of high rocks lined the north shore where the sites were marked. The formation fell away to the west, but reappeared briefly on the north shore of the "couchiching," Ojibwa for "a little lake at the end of a big lake." We dropped down at the east end and began taxiing past the

cliffs, scanning them one by one for the first sign of colour that would be our signal for taking off the canoe. At the end of the run we had seen exactly nothing. We taxied back, fruitlessly, although wind conditions were such that we could approach the rocks at near wing-tip distance.

There was only one possible conclusion—another wild goose chase! Reluctantly we took off, and it didn't help my mood as we circled for altitude to see the broad expanse of Sydney Lake gleaming on the horizon. My eyes returned to the Pine Needle cliffs, scanning and scanning as if I could see from a thousand feet what had not shown up at thirty. I glanced, too, at the small outcrop on the shore of the couchiching, thinking I really should have had a look at it, and then decided I had had enough disappointments for one day. I nudged Jake, however, and pointed it out to him. "Want to take a look?" he asked. I shook my head decisively. "Let's go home." He banked the plane to head for Red Lake, while I stared down at the little rock on the couchiching. Then I touched Jake's arm again. "Let's go down!"

He made one of his beautifully precise landings to bring us alongside a convenient dead spruce that projected out into the water making a convenient dock right beside the rock. I had only to open the door to see colour on the nearest face. From the float I could see the paintings. Lots of them! Later Jake claimed that I behaved like a maniac, but even on his habitually impassive countenance there broke out the broadest and happiest smile I had ever seen on it.

Nor had I ever seen so individual a site. Almost every painting was unlike any I had recorded elsewhere. Most unique of all was the strange, insect-like form in the centre. But the decorated ovals, the vertical patterns above, and the hand-forms extended into "gauntlets" were all equally unusual. Then I noticed some peculiar markings, too consistently parallel to be separate tally marks, and requiring for their execution some sort of comb-like tool. In one instance this could only have been rotated to achieve the curved, parallel lines that were there. Four years later and a two-day canoe trip farther west I was to find in Manitoba a cluster of markings that I am convinced were made by the identical tool.

Were these mere doodles? This is no idle question. For doodling in its purest form is automatic writing: the hand draws at the behest of the unconscious while the conscious mind is blank or focussed on other matters. It may be, indeed, that many of the Shield paintings were made in a trance-like state, so that the shaman who made them might later view the forms with wonder and awe, believing that a supernatural hand had produced them.

The only other painting here that calls for a comment is the quasi-human figure with the trifurcated crown. It is rarely that any detail is added to a human head other than horns or the forked effect that may be a variant power symbol. I should add that I returned to Pine Needle the following summer, where Jake left me to scan every inch of the rock on the main lake from my canoe. The

sole result was the single faint little figure, broken off at the base, that is shown here.

East of Red Lake and north of Lac Seul I found two sites not previously recorded. The one on Picture Paint Lake displays only a few smearings and vestigial abstractions. The other, on Bluffy Lake, includes a turtle, a partly disfigured deer, and



Pine
Needle
Lake,
Face II
Site #153

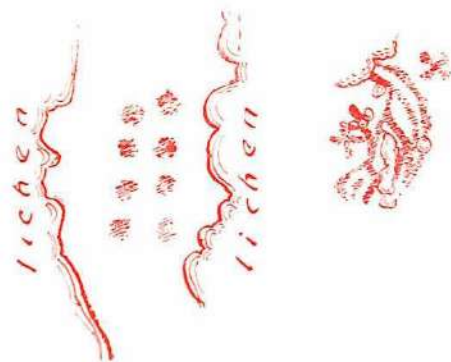
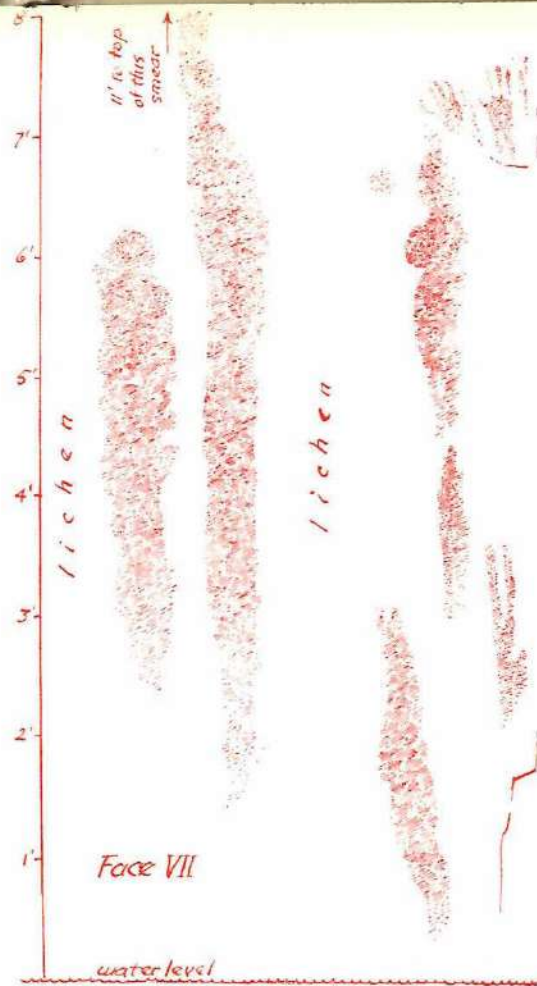
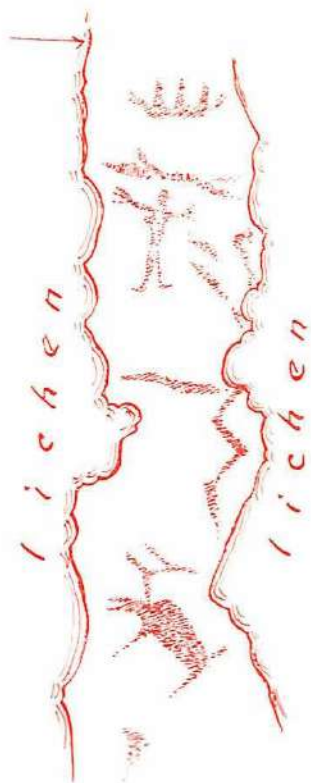
Main face of
major Pine
Needle Site #149

The canoe route out of the north-east end of Dryberry brings the traveller over a short portage into the Wabigoon-English drainage by way of Teggau and Eagle lakes. I have yet to visit a small site south of Teggau, the existence of which I was unaware when I recorded the two sites on that lake. The settings for both are magnificent; sheer granite cliffs rear a hundred feet above the water, alternately streaked with contrasting passages of orange-hued Xanthoria lichen, the jet black seepage-fed varieties, and the vivid white of precipitated lime, all vertically patterned by gravity. Here and there on the occasional brief corridor of bare rock, the aborigines' paintings appear. The paintings shown to the lower right were made from an easily accessible ledge 10 feet above the water. The only one that calls for comment is the domino-like arrangement of eight spots, perhaps intended to indicate as many days.

The second Teggau site contains no discernible drawings, and only a few handprints and finger draggings. But the extent and effect of the smeared passages are impressive. On other sites a slight case may be made for the notion that smearing practices meant nothing more than a desire on the part of the artist to rub the paint off his hands. Here, however, the smearing extends over such large areas that far more red ochre than was normally available to any individual would have been needed even to cover the smaller faces, and in one instance the smearing extends 14 feet above the water to a height where it would need to have been

applied with a paint-soaked hide or bundle of sphagnum lashed to the end of a pole. Possibly a large group contributed their paint supplies for a ritual by the cliffside, the nature of which we can only guess.

Lesser smearings are found as far to the northwest as Tramping Lake in Manitoba, but I can recall having found none east of Lake Nipigon. Here, at Teggau Lake, seems to have been the centre of the whole region in which smearing occurs. Whether it originated and spread from this locale, or merely reached its climax here is not known.



Not far east of Teggau, two sites have been reported on Delano Lake, just south of Eagle Lake. On Osbourne Bay one site has been noted, and to the east there are unrecorded occurrences on Ingolf and Doré lakes. Canyon Lake, northwest of Eagle, has yielded no reports in spite of its name, but on nearby Shrub Lake there is a single painting of a "very bright" moose; and where the Canyon River empties into the Wabigoon west of Clay Lake there is a site I have heard of from three separate sources. Northward again, my friend Jack Snider reports a fourth site at Route Lake, unsuspected when we visited the place in 1960.

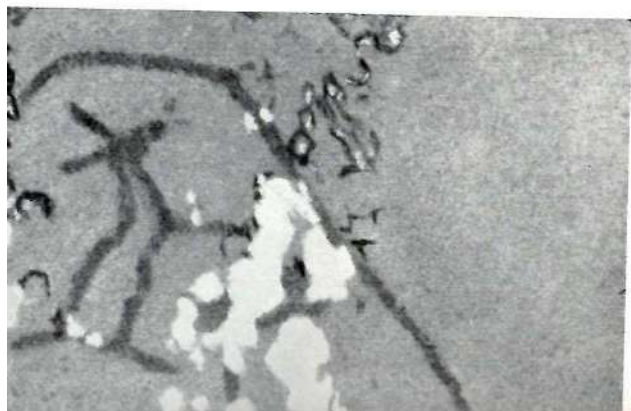
On Highway 17 east of Eagle Lake is the town of Dryden, redolent when the wind is wrong with the fumes of kraft paper in the making. A short drive north is Kaiashkomin (Gull-wing) Lake, at the northeast end of which is an interesting little collection of paintings. Shown here are a weird abstracted animal form and a deer-like animal, which for some reason, perhaps connected with the encircling line, is tilted backward from a normal position. At the opposite end of the lake a second site had been reported, and though I found no paintings there I did find a niche where tobacco offerings are still being deposited, the most recent a cellophane-wrapped cigar!



Face I,
#194



Face II,
#194

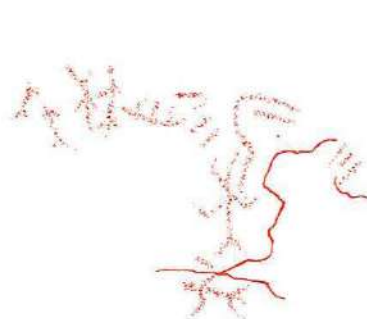


Face III,

Face III



Basket Lake,
Site #222



Face I

Paintings at
Abamatagwia Lake

We circled around the hinterland area between Eagle and Rainy lakes that centres on Lower Manitou, where there are paintings that have already been described (p. 74). Two other sites have turned up only a brief air-hop to the west, one on suggestively-named Picture Narrows Lake, the other on adjoining Penassi. East of Manitou, between Vickers and Dogfly, is a single painting of a canoe, and from Vickers itself a group of half a dozen figures has been reported. Other sites farther east, on Smirch and Kinnyu lakes, have not yet been pin-pointed.

North of Highway 17 the sites thicken. To the west are Mameigwess and Indian lakes, sites already familiar to the reader. Only a little farther west I found paintings—shown here—on Abamatagwia and Basket lakes. Notable on Basket Lake (more properly "Fishtrap," I was told locally) is the peculiar moose-like creature, its tail and stack extended to meet so that they form a box which also serves for the animal's body. The two rather peculiar forms on an adjoining face mystified me until I saw McInnes' sketch, in which the two were joined in a single serpentine form.

Near the narrows on Abamatagwia a great tilted block of granite thrusts into the water, making an awkward but quite possible place to stand as long as the rock is dry. In my case there was a surfeit of tent caterpillars that threatened to grease the slope if stepped on, and I had to brush them off ahead of me as I worked my way up to the paintings. In spite of the protective over-hang five species of lichen encroach on the main face, obscuring a few of the paintings, which vary from sauromorphs to distinctly human figures.

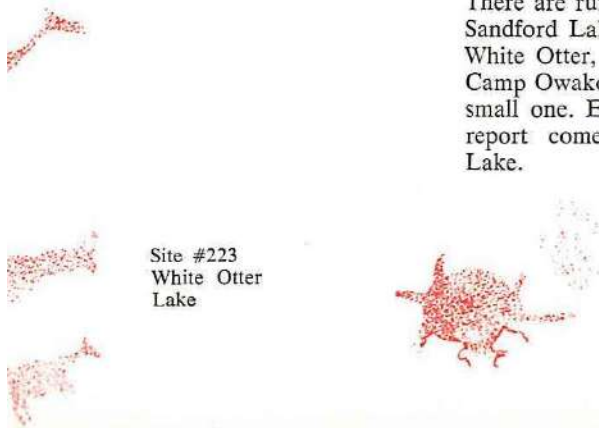
Until the Turbo-Beaver came into service Ignace was the Lands and Forests' air base for servicing the greater part of the hinterland we are concerned with here. Ignace's veteran Chief Ranger is Fred Nicholls, whose experience goes back to the days of the Ontario Forestry Branch, when rangers paddled to their fires by canoe, and fought them with a pack-pump. Fred recalls, too, the days when the local Ojibwa still practised tent-shaking. Here, single-handed, Conservation Officer Von Rosen has

tracked down six pictograph locations in his district. Four of these six lie within an area of less than a thousand square miles north and east of Ignace, within which four others have been reported by D. P. Rogers of the Ontario Department of Mines.

This brings us to White Otter Lake directly south of Ignace, on whose shores stands the amazing log edifice built by the Old Country swain whose girl told him she wouldn't marry him until he built her a castle. The "castle" is there, but the girl never came. On the east side of Ann Bay imposing cliffs handsomely streaked with lichens and lime stand just north of a beautiful sand beach. Through a comedy of errors, including the loan by its absent-minded owner of an out-board motor with an empty fuel tank, Chris and I found ourselves paddling over to the site in a motorless power boat. Grateful enough for its roominess once we got it there we began recording the paintings. We were rewarded with a strongly painted turtle and a peculiar group of animal forms, two of which portrayed only the heads and necks of unidentified creatures. There are rumours of another site on Sandford Lake nearby, and north of White Otter, near Patricia Lake, the Camp Owakonze boys have located a small one. Eastward again a further report comes from Upper Scotch Lake.

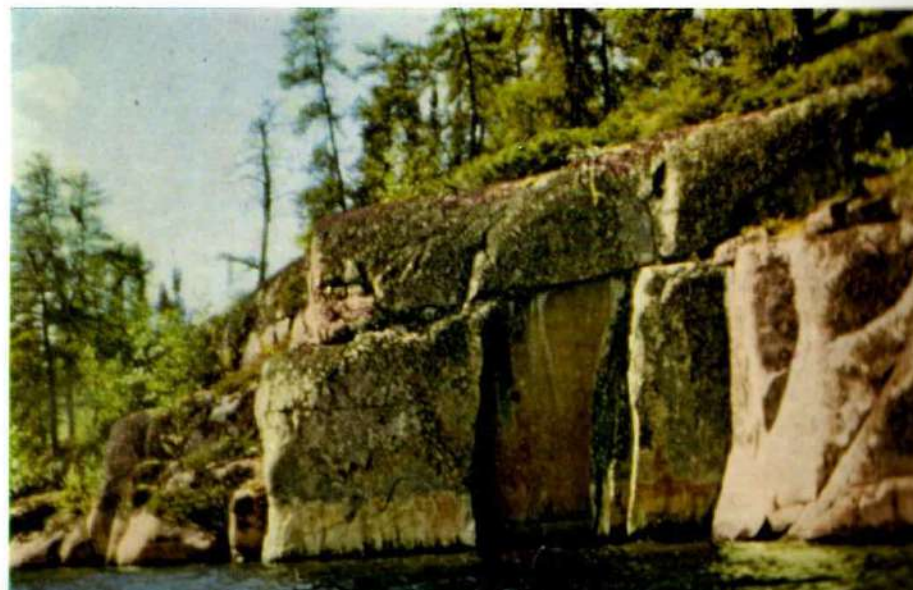
130

Site #223
White Otter
Lake



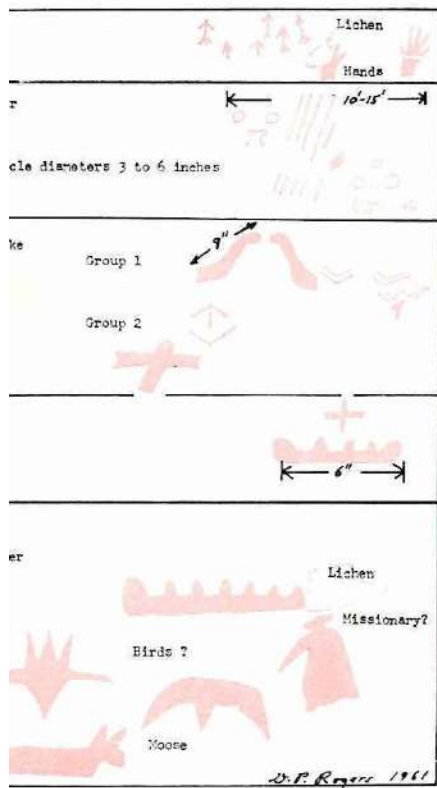
Frances Lake paintings, Site #208

Hansen Lake setting, Site #215





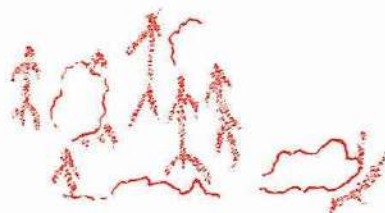
m McInnes' notes



Without Rogers' drawings, which are reproduced here, our sampling of this area would be inadequate. Understandably he has not attempted to show nuances of strength or faintness in the pigment, but he has recorded the major lichen encroachments. The English River site he illustrates is on the upper river near its sources, just north of Selwyn Lake. The Shikag sites lie north of this again, the Moberley Lake one to the east. Moberley empties into the Brightsands River, along which yet another site has recently been reported. Farther north the river flows into Harmon Lake. Here is the only site in the area I have so far recorded, flying in from Port Arthur with Jack Snider in 1963.

Von Rosen's sites on Barrel and Ken lakes should be well worth visiting. On the former he found a handprint, two human figures (one horned), a wolf-like animal, and an obscure one that could be either bison or moose. The Ken Lake setting is a sheer 150-foot cliff along the base of which are painted arrows, handprints, tally marks, one large animal, and either a sun or a very abstract turtle.

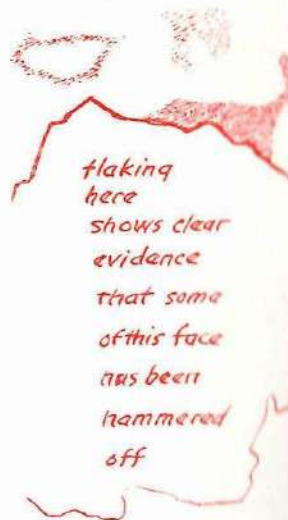
132



Harmon Lake, Site #151



Site #152,
Kitchiwatchi
Lake



At Harmon, as at Abamatagwia, we have an assortment of sauromorphs, but these more closely resemble human forms. The rock here varies from a coarse pegmatite to a micaeous gneiss, and many of the original paintings are badly weathered.

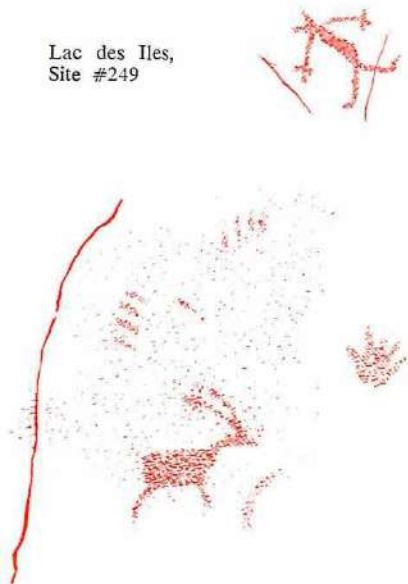
Northward again, and east of Sioux Lookout, although I have an adequate sampling, there may remain as many as a dozen unrecorded sites, including four so far reported: on Sturgeon Lake opposite Hudson's Bay Point, on Barnard Lake, and more vaguely located on Savant and Brennan lakes. This disposes of all the west-central hinterland except for the easternmost portion approaching Lake Nipigon, and here again there are sites still to be recorded. On the Harmon Lake trip we stopped off at Gull Bay Indian Reserve to check with local trappers. When everyone

had had his say, adding nothing to what I had already learned there three years earlier, an old man who had remained modestly in the background came up, borrowed my pen and made a neat mark on the shore of Kitchiwatchi Lake. We landed there on our way back to be rewarded by the neat little painting of a May-maygwayshi, with typical split head, which is illustrated here. The flaking that has removed most of the weird animal near it, I regret to say was clearly hammered off by a thoughtless souvenir hunter.

Sites on Obonga and Ottertooth lakes still elude us. In the summer of '66 Keith Denis organized a weekend expedition to investigate them, only to be turned back by a cloud-burst that dropped three inches of rain in as many hours to wash out the Armstrong road for nearly a week. It

133

Lac des Iles,
Site #249



was Keith who finally located a man who could pin-point a site on Lac des Iles, over which I had flown once without spotting a single likely-looking rock. It turned out, when I finally recorded the site, that the rock was as effectively hidden as the second site at Darky Lake. Faint handprints and a deer-like animal were on the main face; but the figure on the left, again in the split head style, was in itself an ample recompense for the long search. Farther west, on a long irregular lake called Mooseland, is another possible site.

Between Lac des Iles and the Lake-head is Dog Lake, a source of the Kaministikwia River. On the portage from Little Dog there is a ground effigy of a dog scooped out of the soil

to a depth of a foot and a half, and roughly outlined by a six-inch high ridge of excavated earth. This, studied and recorded by Kenneth Dawson in 1962, has no counterpart I know of in the Shield country, but offers an interesting comparison with a number of effigies outlined in stone boulders in the Whiteshell district of southeast Manitoba, recorded by Richard Sutton of the Manitoba Museum. Recently Dawson has been doing an exciting dig on an island on Whitefish Lake, roughly thirty miles southwest of Fort William, to establish that the area had supported a much larger prehistoric population than had formerly been supposed.

At the east end of Whitefish Lake is a 200-foot escarpment extending halfway around a small plateau where local rumours had placed a group of petroglyphs. My hope ran high when I located a barber who claimed to have seen numerous carvings of deer and other animals while hunting on the plateau some thirty years previously. But after three attempts to find them I was ready to concede defeat. Then Jack Snider wrote to say he had located some carvings by a bush road south of the plateau, and that summer, guided by Irene Dawson, Peter and I recorded them. They were in no way similar to the barber's description, and a crudely scratched Union Jack, among other details, indicated a very recent origin.

The paintings on Pictured Lake, not far from Whitefish, have already been described (p. 75). In '66, having never been satisfied with my photographs, I persuaded Jack Snider

to come along with his camera, without an inkling of the shock I was in for. The magnificent canoe (reproduced on the title page) was just as I remembered it. But on the other face I stared in consternation at a dozen paintings *I had never seen before!*

I have only two excuses: my inexperience then, and the nature of this rock face, a curving, smoothly sculptured granite surface that sunlight threw into such strong relief that the faint paintings on a dark background simply vanished. But they became quite clear as the sun disappeared under heavy clouds and before the rain came I was able to make a careful sketch of the most distinct and interesting one, which is reproduced here.

The Nipigon Country

As early as 1958 I had found, in Harlan Smith's brief *Album of Prehistoric Canadian Art*, reproductions of drawings made by McInnes of paintings on a Cliff Lake in Kenora District. The only Cliff Lake I knew of was just off the Red Lake road, and my bafflement when I compared paintings I found there with McInnes' has already been described. It was not until I went through the geologist's field notes in Ottawa (through the courtesy of the Geological Survey of Canada) that I found the simple answer. There was another Cliff Lake, on the Mud River, north of Lake Nipigon, and this was his reference. In 1965, Chris and I drove up to Armstrong, and got a lift in to Cliff Lake on a tower-servicing flight that

allowed us three hours between drop-off and pick-up. Since McInnes had recorded only half a dozen paintings this seemed to be a reasonable time allowance.

But even as we circled for a landing I sensed that I had miscalculated. Here was a mere sliver of water eight miles long flanked on either side by one sheer cliff after another. The highest and most extensive one invited us to land beside it. Minutes later in the silence that followed the disappearing roar of the pilot's take-off we were paddling towards a dark wall of rock that loomed high on the east shore.

Almost at once I recognized one of the two animals in McInnes' drawings. But thereafter we paddled past



Bison(?), Cliff Lake

Pictured Lake
(see page 75)



ite #119

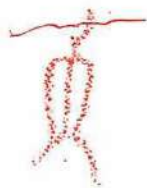
Photograph by Peter Dewdney

rock after rock that had either been smeared or had accumulated the colour of vanished forms for centuries. The latter impression was reinforced by the occasional suggestion of the edge of such a form, sometimes against a patch of red, sometimes, and equally hard to see, against the dark basaltic rock. We fell to work feverishly at tracing and photographing the more discernible ones. In an hour we had run out of tracing paper. An hour later we had used up most of our film, but saved

our last exposures in case the promise of another site on the west side was fulfilled. It was. And just as we heard the first distant hum of our approaching aircraft we were looking over a third site we had found on re-crossing to the east side. And so, as Cliff Lake sank into the misty horizon behind us, I found myself repeating a famous phrase "I will return!"

The following year, with Ken and Irene Dawson's son Dane as an assistant, I did return. It had puzzled me to have found only one of McInnes'

Face IIb, #264



Face Ia, #264



Site #262

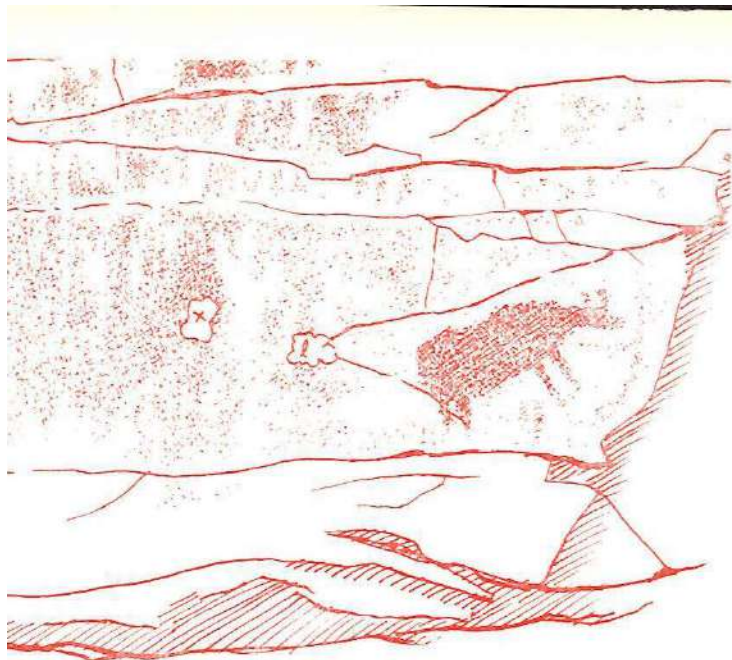
drawings on the previous visit, but the answer was clear when we landed at the foot of a big cliff—one of the few outcrops of granite on the lake. Here were McInnes' feathered human figure, thunderbird, and canoes. But apparently he had ignored, as he had left out similarly enigmatic material on other sites, the peculiar abstractions illustrated here. Nowhere had I seen such contrasting styles within a small group, their separate origins emphasized by the distinct variations of pigment. The dreamlike "legs-that-walk-by-themselves" and associated symbols in a bright orange ochre emphatically differed from the "lone Indian" in a dull ochre so impure that it could only be described as a dirty brown; and whereas the former was painted with coarse, finger-width lines, the latter showed detail, as in the fingers of one hand, so fine that at first they escaped my notice. The "double-cross" painted over the canoe also differed in colour, and the canoe was painted in a fourth hue of the ochre basic to all. This overlapping and the obscuring lime deposit over the human figure both offered evidence of considerable age, although here there was none of the patination (or smearing) so typical of the main site farther down the lake. Yet weathering had taken its toll, too, on other paintings nearby, particularly the figure barely recognizable as human with its unusual centre line. The three "horse-shoes" by contrast seemed strong and presumably recent.

Dane and I had come prepared to stay overnight, but unprepared for the procession of thunderstorms that passed overhead until the first grey of

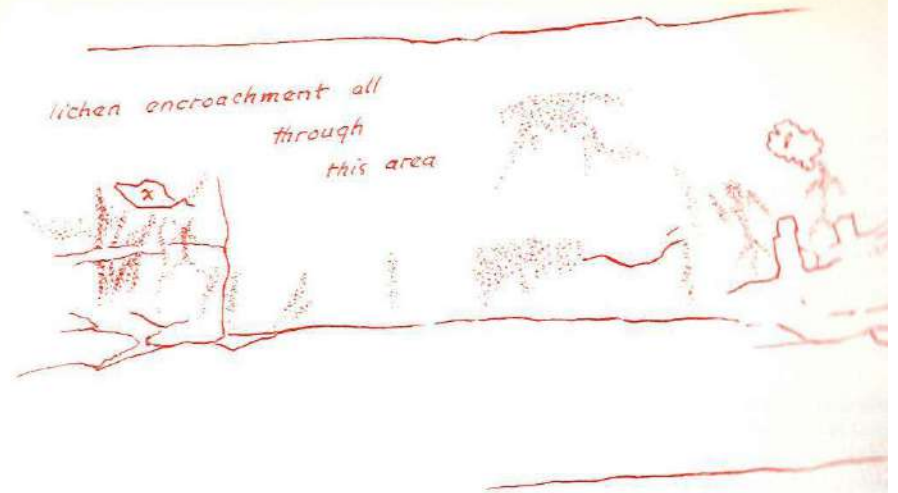
dawn, with lightning so continuous that we could almost have worked by it. We rose early and got back to the rock, not knowing how many more paintings we would encounter before our pick-up in the afternoon. As it turned out we found two more sites that day, to bring the total up to six in a concentration of petroglyphs that is only exceeded by the Hickson-Maribelli sites north of the Churchill River in Saskatchewan, and by the Bon Echo sites on Lake Mazinaw in southeast Ontario.

By far the largest number of paintings was along the thousand feet of rock wall which, we learned, Chris and I had not thoroughly covered the year before. There were three main groups, designated III, IV, and VIII,





Face III.
Site #219



lichen encroachment all
through
this area

Site

the first and last on a dark trap-like rock which made the fainter details so difficult to distinguish even with the naked eye that tracings were impossible, sketching tedious and confusing, and even the colour photographs—as I was to learn when I had them developed—inadequate. Both III and VIII were smoothed by glaciation,

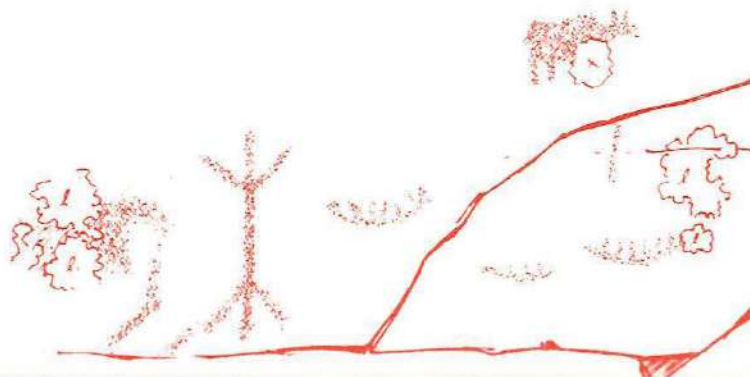
but the former face seemed to have been grooved *vertically* by glacial action, which I still regard as impossible. With so little contrast we came back to work on it after the sun came out, only to find (as a few days later at Pictured Lake) that it threw the glacial grooving into relief and made the paintings almost invisible. Only

McInnes' animal stands out on Face III; the vertical pattern that shows in the reproduction is due to streaking from lime deposits.

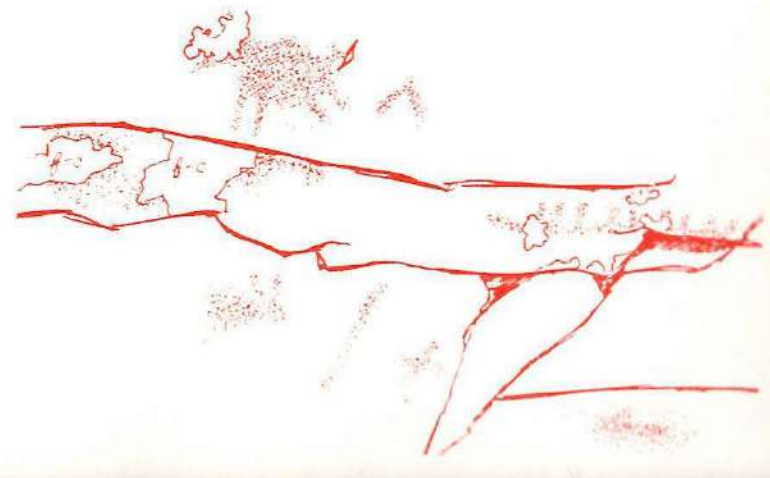
The left portion of Face IV illustrated here is on granitic rock, with some paintings so badly weathered that I have not attempted to include

them. Face VIII was the most frustrating one on the lake to record, and of the confusion to the left I can only say that I erred on the side of clarity! None of the figures that *can* be distinguished vary from the regional style: there are abstracted human figures, the usual canoes, and some

site #219,
Face IV



Site #219,
Face IV



vague abstractions of which two or three might originally have represented animals. The animal reproduced from Face VIII is much fainter in the original. If, as I think, the long tail and great hump indicate a bison, a locale that is a week's canoe journey to the nearest grass country is an extraordinary place to find one.

Little more than the lichen-obscured sauromorph and vague animal shown on this page appear on the other east shore site. On the opposite side of the lake the second site, counting from the south end, is also small, displaying only the figure illustrated and a few vague abstractions. The third site offers little more. The one strong painting begins with a fairly definite head, but trails off into a vagueness that fails even to achieve

the distinction of being called an enigma! And the one small but pleasing design above it to the left is partly obscured by lichen. The fourth site is more extensive, with four groups of paintings, on the last of which are the charming little drawings of an animal—likely, at this latitude, a woodland caribou—and a man. The man is very like two figures I found in Saskatchewan, both of which had a similar projection from the head that I took for a pipe. Here the alternative might be a bird's bill, though I regard this as unlikely. All else on this site is abstract and vestigial, except for the tally marks, canoe, and stick figure reproduced from Face I.

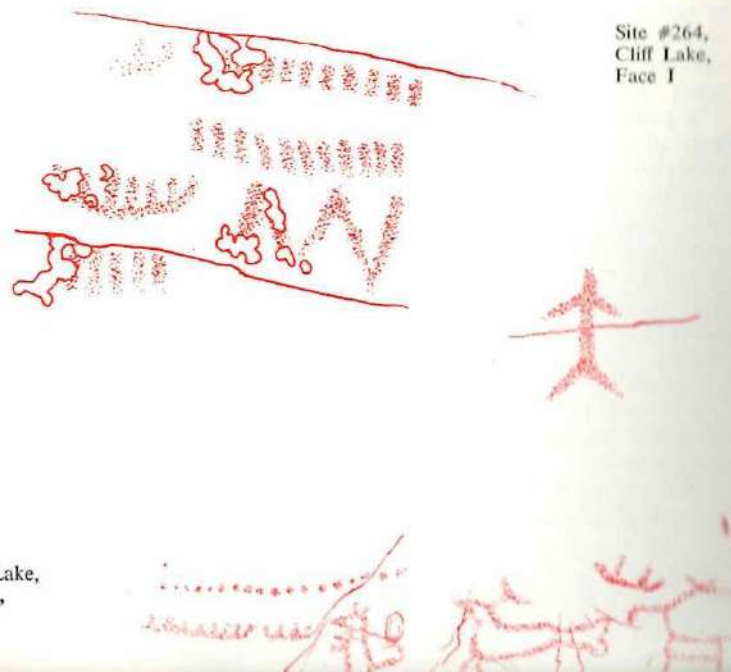
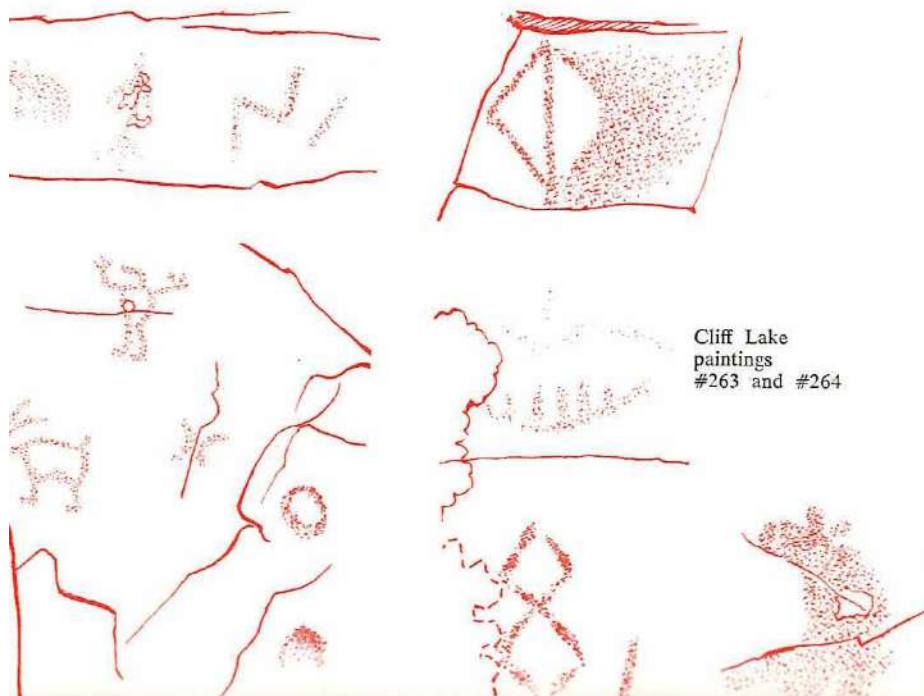
Indeed, the overriding impression of the Cliff Lake setting is one of an age-hallowed place, where paintings

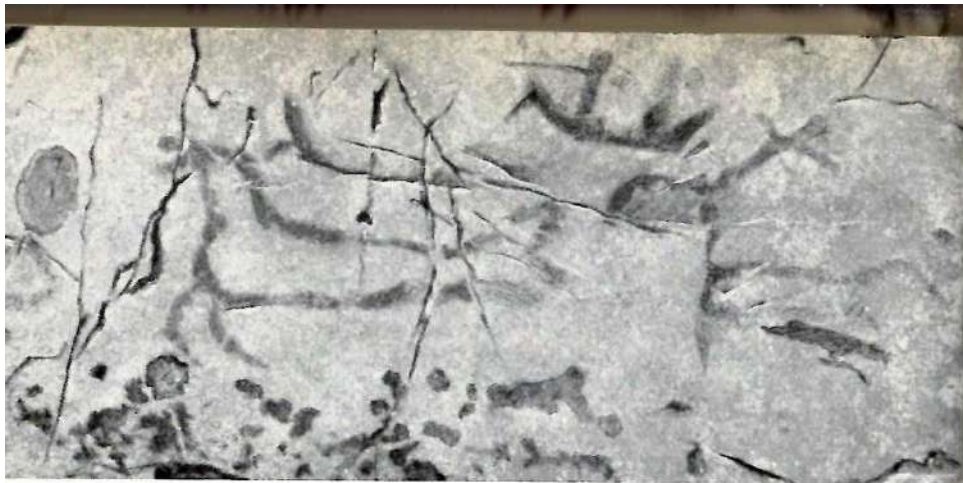
were made at intervals over long periods of time. More than half of them are indecipherable and many more nearly so. But we cannot blame this on the possibility of a more easily weathered rock, for the glaciated sections have remained almost intact since the Ice Age. Perhaps the paint does not bond so well on basic rocks as compared with the acidic granite. Otherwise most of the paintings must be very old.

The previous summer Chris and I had gone on a wild goose chase to a small lake east of Inspiration Lake, a short flight from Armstrong, where the rock rose 80 feet above another 100 of rockfall. But as I flew over Inspiration on the way back from Cliff Lake I saw a number of impressive sheer faces that led me to wonder

whether my informant's "east of Inspiration" shouldn't have read "on the east side of Inspiration." On the other side of Lake Nipigon I suspect that another site or two will come to light, although I made two unrewarding boat trips into Humboldt Bay, and flew over Ombabika Bay, where the rumours of rock paintings seem to have had their source.

Just east of the south end of Lake Nipigon it took me two attempts to find a site on Barbara Lake. With John Chambers, a fellow artist from London, I turned off Highway 11 into a maze of lumber roads out of which we emerged on the shore of the wrong lake. Finally finding Barbara, we explored some fifteen miles of shoreline quite fruitlessly. Two years later, having finally found someone who could





Site #193, Face IV in part

pin-point the site, I flew in from Geraldton and recorded it, only to discover that John and I had missed it by less than a quarter of a mile.

It was a natural miss. Like the Cache Bay site the Barbara Lake one is tucked away in a small blind bay whose entrance is so well screened that one could paddle past it a dozen times without noticing the channel. The paintings are scattered along the base of a coarse granite formation, partly smoothed by glacial action and kept free of lichens by periodic flooding. All are small, some tiny, as in the case of the hand, obviously not a print. The viewer can readily pick out four canoes and recognize two other likely ones under a row of tally marks. The central animal in the right-hand group is clearly a composite—half fish and half quadruped. This and the squirrel-like figure are both unique.

But my chief interest centred on the pair of animals facing each other,

the one on the left apparently intended to be a reversal of the one on the right. The latter so strongly reminded me of the lion passant on the British coat of arms that it called to mind having read somewhere—I have yet to rediscover the reference—of a solution to the dilemma that arose when a totemless Anglo-Saxon married an Ojibwa woman. If the father had no totem the children would have none to inherit and how then would they know whom *not* to marry? For to marry someone of your own totem, even though there was no blood relationship whatever, was a sort of incest. But there was an easy solution: the British lion! I am inclined to believe the story if only because the word "lion" is the almost invariable translation advanced by Ojibwa interpreters for Mishipishiw. But although I have met a Loon, two Sturgeons and several Bears, I have yet to encounter an Ojibwa Lion!

Northeast Superior Shore

Ever since finding Schoolcraft's Agawa paintings on the Lake Superior shore I have been trying to locate his south shore site with such negative results that I am inclined to think they were painted on a softer rock from which they weathered into oblivion. At the beginning of my search for the north shore site I had focussed on "Les Petits Ecrits," a little cove near Schreiber marked on maps to this day. Then Keith Denis dug up a number of historical references to pictures along the northeast shore, including those of Agassiz, Bigsby, and Delafield. The last-named described one site as "the picture gallery of Lake Superior," but made it clear that the pictures were made by scraping the coarse dark leafy

lichen known as rock tripe from a ruddy-hued rock. Nevertheless, after finding a major group of rock paintings at Agawa, I was sure that there would be more, and a vague report from a commercial fisherman at Mamainse, who thought he had seen some paintings up near Michipicoten, was all the encouragement I needed.

As soon as Highway 17 was completed between Montreal River and Marathon I was on it, stopping off wherever it touched a lake settlement to inquire of old-timers about the presence of the paintings I sought. But whether it was Batchewana, Michipicoten Harbour, Heron Bay, or Schreiber the story was the same: "Sure I heard there were some, but that was a long time ago." One set of rumours centred around the rough shore just north of Agawa, and names

Barbara Lake, Face II



like Gargantua, Devil's Warehouse, and the like encouraged me to hope that this was a good place to look. Access was not easy. Few local people ventured along the shore except tourist operators and commercial fishermen who had decked-in power boats, and the number of fishermen was dwindling with the depredations made by the lamprey on their annual catch. Even fishing and hunting for sport lured only a few along a shore where fog and high winds offered alternate hazards; havens were few and far between.

In the summer of '61 I took two weeks off from work on the first edition of this book to holiday with my wife and Chris at Agawa Beach. Keith Denis and his family were camped there, as well as Carl Atwood—entomologist, and a member of Quebec's Scientific Advisory Committee—with his wife and a daughter. Word came that Bill Collins, a veteran fisherman and guide at Mamainse, knew of paintings in Mica Bay, and on a late afternoon he guided us to the spot: a small but rugged granite headland. Sure enough there were paintings, on a rock face 20 feet above the water. Like the Killarney paintings they seemed to have been painted in an oil medium, laid on so thick that brush marks were still

visible in a few places. More curiously the colour was mostly yellow ochre, with white pigment mixed into some brush strokes and black into others. Crude and acculturated, they could neither be accepted as authentically aboriginal nor dismissed as coming from a frivolous hand. It was rather as if they had been the work of a canoe-man of mixed origins from a passing fur brigade, forced to lay over till a storm blew itself out, who had painted it as a simple gesture to half-remembered deities for luck on his current voyage.

Carl and Keith had already lined up a trip in Bill Collins' 32-foot gasoline launch to explore the mysteries of the Devil's Frying Pan and other intriguing features of the shore north of Agawa. With a large wheelhouse, cabins fore and amidships, and a small deck aft there was lots of room; so all the males from the three camps went along including me and Chris, leaving the womenfolk to socialize in our absence. Towing a row-boat, we set out on a smooth, sunny day, passed Mica Bay and Montreal Island and Agawa without incident, and headed north for the Devil's Warehouse and Frying Pan. The latter was a wicked-looking reef, seething dramatically even in that mild swell, but the "warehouse" turned out to be

a shallow, wide-mouthed cave, its sole feature a pile of rock fragments that had obviously fallen from the ceiling. We explored some nearby cliffs, but the rock was an altered sediment of a highly friable sort overgrown everywhere with lichens. By early evening we had passed Gargantua and entered Indian Harbour where we dropped anchor for the night. Exploring the shore in the row-boat after supper we found lots of rock faces, but no paintings.

Returning southward, we called in for a look at Gargantua Harbour, once a favourite rendezvous for cruising yachtsmen and their families, with a huge rotting dock that had trembled on occasion under the dancing feet of dozens of couples from a score of yachts in the snug little harbour. Now the yachts are rare and such celebrations are seen no more. We walked across the point to a headland where the rising wind blew fresh in our faces from across the chilly waters of the world's greatest fresh water sea; and found a place where generations of waterborne travellers had left their initials or the name of their boat painted or pecked in the rock. There were promising rock faces along the shore with ledges where an aboriginal artist might stand and paint. I wandered off to look at them. Groping through some heavy bush cover for access down to such a ledge I suddenly found myself stepping on nothing and a split second later dangling by one hand from an instinctively grasped spruce bough. Then the branch broke and I found myself on the ledge—a mere two

inches under my dangling foot! But neither then nor later that morning did I find any paintings.

The trip back to Mamainse was a nightmare. Racing along with great waves full abeam, the spray whipped from the white-caps as they formed, one moment in a trough looking up at a looming wave crest, then rising, rising at a sickening list to its peak, where we had a brief glimpse of a wild sea and spume shooting high on the rocks a mere half-mile to leeward, before dropping away on our other beam-end into the following trough! Over and over again. That was tolerable, but there was real suspense when the engine stopped and Bill disappeared into the bowels of the boat while we drifted out of control, the ugly shore a little closer each time we glimpsed it from a wave crest. Then Bill came up grinning. The gasoline filter had gummed up, he had cleaned it out, and a minute later we were on our way. He repeated the performance as we paused later in the lee of Montreal Island opposite Agawa beach, where—we were to learn—our wives were even then contemplating widowhood as they stood on the shore and watched the huge breakers thundering in. For a final touch, we sought the entrance between the wicked reefs that guarded the entrance to Mamainse Harbour. Bill headed full speed towards a white cauldron of foam in what seemed a deliberate attempt at suicide, then swung sharply to port through a narrow turbulent channel and into calm water.

Year after year thereafter, I made my enquiries along the newly built



Mica Bay
paintings



highway with no result, until it became clear that we could only answer the question by a first-hand search. It was George MacGillivray, publisher of the Fort William *Times-Journal*, and descendant of the great Nor-Wester of the same name, who made the donation that sparked a Lakehead Historical Society expedition along the northeast Superior shore. Ken Dawson, Keith Denis, and I, with Jack Snider as photographer and scribe, headed east out of Port Arthur on a Friday evening in the Society's truck for a long drive into the night, on which we narrowly missed running down the lagging twin of a calf moose that had crossed the beam of our headlights. Arriving finally at the mouth of the Pic River we found our diesel launch and spread our bedrolls on the hard benches in the cabin to await the dawn. With its first light pilot Bob McCuaig and crew of one turned up, and we were on our way.

Les Ecrits, Lake Superior



Our object: to find and record rock paintings and to locate the site of Delafield's "picture gallery," to interview old-time residents about early times, and to do some archaeological reconnaissance and sampling at likely points along the shore. No four men began a trip more optimistically; few deserved so little luck.

It was difficult—so perfect was the weather as we traversed the loneliest stretch of the old fur route between Montreal and the northwest—to see the shore for what it was: a bleak, inhospitable coastline, subject to unpredictable shifts of wind that offered the alternatives of fog or high seas, miles and miles of which—with the great lake reaching out westward toward infinity—invited neither hunter, fisherman, nor home-seeker to linger long. Nor, in my belief, has it ever attracted even a small indigenous population. And yet, what men for what reason made the pits in the coarse pebble and boulder beaches along that shore, named, after the first that were studied by Emerson and his crew, the Puckasaw pits? We found a few that had not been known before down near Otterhead (named after a rock that looks like an otter), but could make no sense out of them. Even as ritual nests for aboriginal dream fasts they were bunched together too often and varied too much in their proportions.

Wherever we stopped Dawson dug, Denis queried any inhabitant he could locate, and Dewdney scanned the rocks. But none of us found the rewards we had hoped for. At Puckasaw we gloomily stared at the grave

of a twentieth-century man who had come to stay, and at the ghosts among the young trees of the little lumber city that had been a hustling community of fifteen hundred souls when I was no longer a boy. We docked for the night at a summer cottager's camp (one of only two we saw on the whole trip) in Otter Bay; went as much farther south as our time allowed, then turned back. I still had some hope. We had by-passed Oiseau Bay on the way down, as well as the promisingly named Picture Rock Harbour. But Oiseau Bay contained nothing, and my usual optimism was nearly gone as we neared the mouth of White River, a favourite stop-over for the voyageurs, well sheltered from the wind by the ramparts of granite behind which the river emptied.

As we approached we re-read Major Delafield's words of 1843: "This place is composed of granite cliffs presenting perpendicular faces to the lake. Upon these walls are figured images of deer, moose, canoes, Indians with bows, all pretty well delineated, some by Indians and some by voyageurs. The base of the rock is red feldspar, so that when the rust and lichens which now cover them are rubbed off by stone or iron, a bright red surface is produced which forms the images. This is a common stopping place for canoes bound either up or down the lake, when high winds prevent their progress, and this is no doubt the cause of its having become the picture gallery of Lake Superior."

I was not long in getting ashore and climbing the ascending blocks to

search their faces for whatever lingering trace of lichen glyphs there might be—though I knew this was unlikely—and for the paintings I hoped might also have been made. There were no paintings and no glyphs. What puzzled all of us was that there was so little rock tripe that there were few places where such designs could be scraped today. There could be no doubt about the location, even though Delafield had confusedly called it "the Petit des Ecris." The extensive galleries of rock, their fracture planes an undeniable red, distinguished the place from any other along that shore, and we all agreed that this was the site of Les Ecris.

There was one last hope of finding some paintings—in Picture Rock Harbour, or as some maps called it, Picture Cove. We took our kicker into the bay and headed toward a most promising rock at the northeast end. As I viewed the great overhang from closer and closer I was sure that my luck had turned.

But it hadn't.

Darkness was falling as the expedition dropped me off at Pays Platt for a rendezvous with Bert McGooley. First thing in the morning, with Bert at the wheel of a fast Lands and Forests outboard, we were off for the little cove called Les Petits Ecris. It was another perfect day, but it was rough enough when we emerged from the shelter of a series of offshore islands that we were happy to round an ugly headland into the small haven, land on the pebble beach, and head for the nearby rocks.

The famous glacial geologist, Louis

Agassiz, had stopped here more than a century ago, and had described "various animals, canoes full of men, &c., together with various fabulous monsters, such as snakes with wings, and the like, cut out of the lichens." He had also noted that "these pictures were of various dates, as was shown by the various degrees of distinctness, as the rock was either laid quite bare, or the black lichens had more or less completely recovered possession of it."

Petits made sense, for the rock formation here, identical with that at Les Ecris, was in less than a tenth of the scale. On the rocks I found barely enough surviving lichen to scrape out an experimental thunderbird. From the water this showed up as a faint, dull colour—scarcely Delafield's "bright, red surface." And why so little lichen now, where there was once so heavy a growth? Lichenologists tell me that changes in the atmosphere can affect lichen growth; and it may be that the occasional presence of sulphide fumes from the paper mills at Terrace Bay and Marathon have discouraged lichen growth at both sites.



Les Petits Ecris,
Lake Superior

In 1966, on my way west, I stopped as usual to take another look at the Agawa paintings. It was late evening when I passed the scenic lookout point on Highway 17, a couple of miles past the Agawa camping grounds, and turned left on the gravel road to the picnic grounds and parking lot from which a pathway leads down to the site of the paintings. That night, sleeping in my Volkswagen bus, I was awakened again and again by thunder and the heavy drumming of rain on my roof. After a hasty breakfast I followed the trail down to the site. The great lake was calm, but the access ledge—so frequently under the lash of its waves—was wet on this occasion from the night's rain, and water was still dripping from the rain-soaked overburden at the top of the cliff. It was my first chance here to observe how a heavy rainfall affected the rock faces where the paintings were. All of them had escaped direct rainfall and dripping, but with seepage it was a different story; Face I was soaked, while the other rock faces were bone dry. The explanation was simple. The whole cliff leaned out over the water at a sufficient angle that dripping from above fell clear, and one could see that only a driving rain would wet the whole surface. The seepage, however, which dripped clear from a wide overhang 20 feet above the other paintings, continued its downward course uninterrupted to wet the whole of Face I. A slight lime content in this moisture had discouraged lichen growth, but had added a slight film to the paintings; and the frequent wet-

ness had accelerated weathering here to the point that, had I been unaware of the cause, I would never have suspected the four canoes painted here to have been of the same age as the other Myeengun paintings.

I was disturbed to discover that work on the catwalk begun the year before to reduce the hazards of viewing the petroglyphs had been suspended. Not only that, but the last flight of wooden stairs had disappeared. Obviously the winter ice had been at work. Later that morning I learned from the Park staff how formidable the problem of providing public access to the place had proved. Over the last few years the lake has remained open all winter, and winter gales pile the ice up to a height of 30 feet. Small wonder that the steel supports, set deep in the solid granite, have been twisted and bent, and the lower stairs torn away. Lands and Forests' officials are studying the problem, but it may be that future viewers who prefer not to venture out on the rock ledge from which the paintings were made will have to be satisfied with a boat trip around the point from Sinclair Cove where the Department of Transport has recently completed a public dock. Even then, whenever the wind is westerly, they will not be able to get closer than 20 feet to the rocks, so will miss the smaller and fainter paintings.

I am no longer as sure as I was about identifying all of the Schoolcraft reproductions of Myeengun's paintings. In fact, I am now quite certain that the faint abstraction to the right of the horse, even if Ching-

wauk was right in reproducing it as a turtle, was *not* painted by Myeengun or any of his men. It differs too radically in style and technique and is weathered almost to disappearance in an area that gets the same protection as those around it.

Incidentally, in scanning Ojibwa birchbark scrolls of the Midaywiwin for material that might relate to the rock paintings, I have run across occasional representations of Mishipizhiw. On two of these the "Big Lynx" is clearly recognizable as a panther. In every other instance the horns of supernatural power are present, while other features vary. Of five paintings by Norval Morrisseau four have horns *plus* a dragon-like tail, and one has the stubby tail of a lynx. The larger of the two renderings of the water deity at Agawa is the only one I know of that shows the cheek whiskers of the lynx.



From drawing
by Norval Morrisseau

Northeastern Hinterland

Northwest of Michipicoten the Hudson Bay Lowlands come within fifty miles of the Lake Superior shore, and the width of the Shield region between Long Lac and Lake Missinaibi narrows to an average of eighty miles. Consequently, the watersheds of all the great northern rivers that drain into James Bay—the Attiwapiskat, Albany, and various branches of the Moose, after a longer or shorter tortuous passage through the Shield—enter the flat Hudson Bay plain, rockless except where they cut through bedding planes of limestone. A drunken informant at Matachewan told me that there were paintings near the confluence of the Abitibi River and the Moose, and I have heard rumours of a site on the Winisk River. Unfortunately, the old men who travelled these rivers early in the century are dying off one by one. But I am still hopeful that I will hear of a modest site or two on a low limestone face in the Hudson Bay lowlands.

There is one exception to this general flatness that I was able to reach while flying with Rod Standfield on the eastern phase of his polar bear count. On the same day that I saw twelve of the great-pawed beasts from 500 feet—overhead—we turned south along the James Bay coast from Cape Henrietta Maria, then inland to a remarkable plateau called Sutton Ridge. Here nestle two small lakes, with great ramparts lining the narrows between, in places rising sheer from the water. But the rock was very rough, and when we landed for a brief chat with the Cree proprietor of what is probably the most isolated fly-in camp in Ontario, at Hawley Lake, we were assured that he had never seen or heard of rock paintings in the area.

To come back to the narrow "isthmus" of the Shield formation northeast of Lake Superior, only two sites have turned up between Long Lac and Lake Missinaibi, neither yet recorded. One on Manitowik is not

likely to be seen again, having been flooded out some thirty years ago by a lumber dam. The other has been pin-pointed on Mackay Lake, a short hop east of Long Lac.

Fifty miles north of the Missinaibi sites is Brunswick Lake. A flight from Kapuskasing in '65 yielded nothing but some bright red iron stains in the southeast corner of the lake. But the only report I have is self-contradictory, possibly out of the kind of confusion that I have run into before, when an informant identified an unnamed lake with the nearest named one.

Sixty miles east of Missinaibi is Horwood Lake where two sites were

found by the widely ranging MacFie several years ago. In the warm months both are under 20 feet of water; only in the early spring, when the stop-logs have been taken out of the dam, does the lake return to its former level. So in April of '63 I found myself flying in from Gogama on a ski-shod Beaver for the novel experience of recording a site from the ice. None of the paintings is strong, but I doubt if their faintness is due to the annual flooding, for others I have seen, subject to seasonal flooding over much longer periods, vary widely in strength. As the drawings here illustrate, nearly all the forms are abstract excepting the possible thunderbird.



Horwood Lake
in winter
(note summer level
shown by ice above)



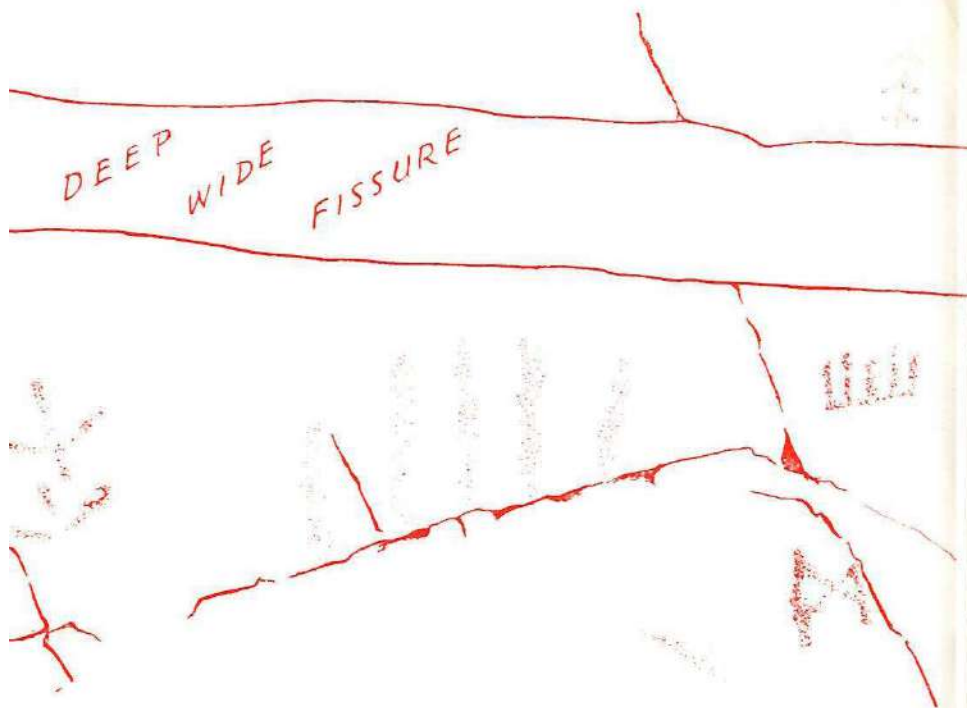
Face IV



Horwood Lake, Hardiman Bay, Site #150



Face III



an Lake, Site #244

The northeasternmost site recorded so far in Ontario is close to the upper bend of the Montreal River that flows (to distinguish it from several other rivers so named in Canada) into Lake Timiskaming. Access is by water and one portage from the village of Matachewan, an hour's drive west of Swastika. If the two figures shown here are bird tracks, they are the sole example I know of in the Shield. The faint vertical abstraction with chevrons may represent a tree.

Much farther north, beyond Cochrane and on the northern edge of the Shield, a likely petroglyph site continues to elude me, although I was sent a sketch of the figures—mostly abstract—and another of the route to the site. Unfortunately the original source goes back thirty years and the area is riddled with lumber roads; nor could I find anyone who knew of a rock outcrop on the river anywhere near the place marked on the sketch.

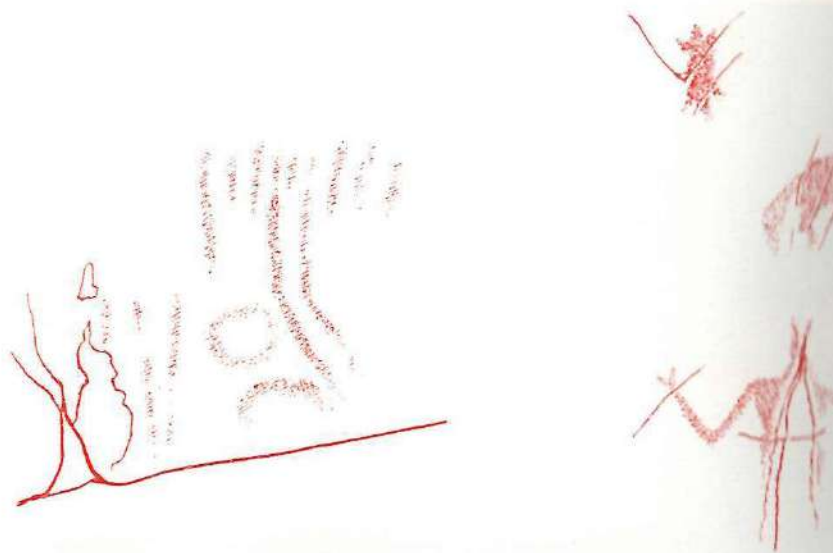
Gogama remains a promising centre for pictograph-hunting, with three sets of paintings reliably reported in the vicinity; one on Devil's (or Wizard) Lake, one on Rush Lake, and a third on Beaver Lake. In the Timagami area Dr. Tom Lovegrove has traced and photographed two small sites he discovered on the lake itself. One features a snake-like form, the other consists of crosses and tally marks. Neither, apparently, was known to the George Turner who took me to the two other even slighter sites on the same lake. On nearby Obabika Lake is another site not yet recorded.

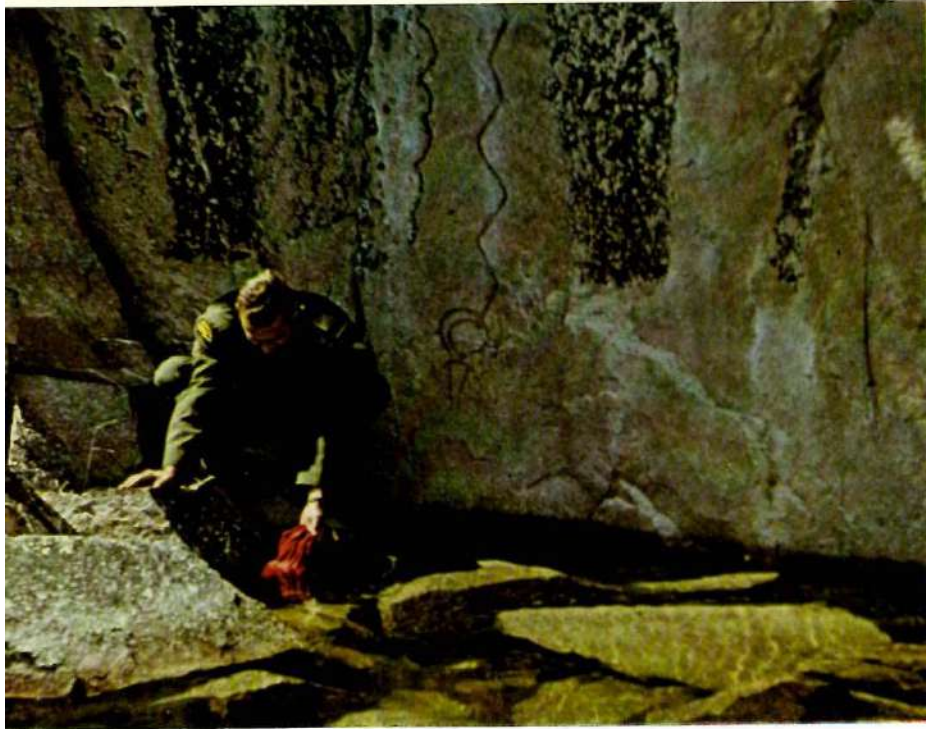
It is puzzling that repeated visits to

Sudbury failed to turn up paintings at nearby Matagamasi Lake, although I had picked up reports there of far less accessible ones as early as '59. It was George Stock, historian for Falconbridge Mines, who not only informed me of it but arranged to take me there. The illustrations omit the more vestigial paintings. My own interest centred on the human figure almost obliterated by seepage from a crack down the middle which has nourished a fine-grained black lichen. Obviously seepage must have begun *after* the painting had been made. Note, too, the wolf-like animal, painted with a naturalism that is rare in the Shield pictographs.

Face II, Site #150 (see page 150)

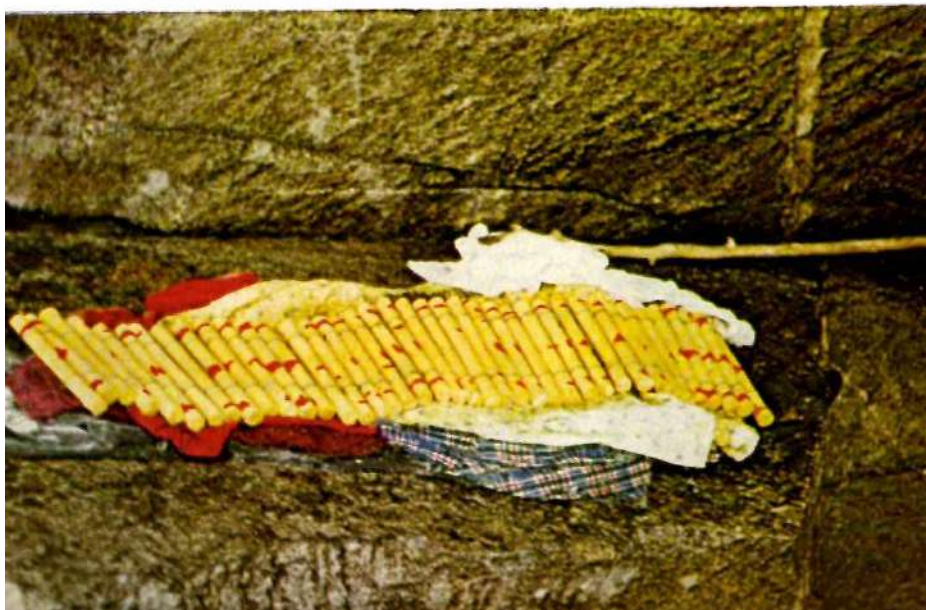
Matagamasi Lake,
Site #218, Face II





Former District Forester G. Coyne
examining flooded offerings,
Site #93

*Photograph by Dean Conger,
National Geographic Society,
Whitefish Bay, Lake of the Woods*



"Prayer sticks" on clothing,
found at Site #105,
south of Devil's Bay, Lake of the Woods

Voyageur Highway: East

The fact that no new sites have turned up along the old voyageur route between the mouth of the French River and the Ottawa River has plagued me for five years. I have finally traced the report of a huge snake on the Georgian Bay shore west of the French River to a group of pictographs at the mouth of the Serpent River. Informants on the Reserve at Spragge told me that a long time ago a group of huge snakes had been seen on a rock near the river mouth "with their heads all pointing down," and that pictures of them had been made on the rock after the event. But these have disappeared, which strongly suggests that they were scraped out from the lichen.

Thanks again to George Stock I have a description of pictographs on the French River from the diary of John Macdonnel, published in 1793. "Some leagues below Derreaud's Rapids [which he places "two leagues" below Recollet Falls] is the figure of a man standing over an animal that lays under him, with a sun on one side and the moon on the other side of him each surrounded by a large circle—a little farther on, is at least sixteen figures of different animals standing promiscuously together on the face of a steep Rock. Amongst them may be seen fish, flesh, and Tortoise, all of them painted with some kind of Red Paint. These figures are made by scratching the Rock weed [moss] off the Rocks with the Point of a knife or some other instrument, Two leagues from Lake

Huron there is the figure of an ox which gives its name to a fine long view of the river called Lad du Boeuf."

Note the contradiction here; in the one sentence "Red Paint," and in the next "made by scratching." Though I have questioned Lands and Forests personnel and sportsmen who know the river, none of them has seen any such figures; and I think we must assume that Macdonnel was confusing lichen glyphs at this site with paintings he may have seen elsewhere. The same mystery applies to pictures mentioned by William Hawkins in his report of a canal survey he made of the Petawawa River in 1837, "engraved" on a rock wall 200 yards long and 150 feet high. They too, have disappeared, and I am reasonably sure that all three were lichen glyphs that have long ago grown in.

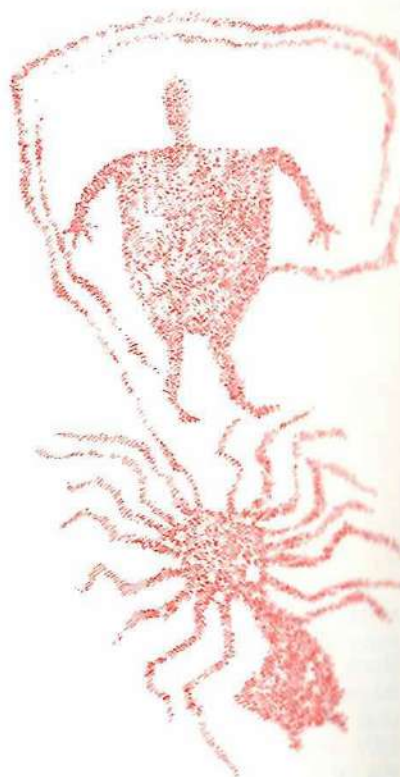
Southeast Ontario

In Southern Ontario a line drawn from Honey Harbour in Georgian Bay to Kingston at the outlet of Lake Ontario, here and there touching the northern shores of the Kawartha Lakes, roughly indicates the southern edge of the Canadian Shield in the province. Only where it cuts across the St. Lawrence to form the Thousand Islands does it leave Ontario for a brief excursion into the State of New York. South of this line the rocks are all of sedimentary types—limestones and shales—exposed only along lake shores and river banks.

The great exception to this rule is the Niagara escarpment. Capped by a durable dolomitic limestone this formation snakes its way from below Niagara Falls through Hamilton to Collingwood. Similar formations follow the shoreline of the Bruce Peninsula to Tobermory and reappear as Manitoulin Island. On a family excursion in '59 we checked the report of pictographs in Mindemoya Cave on Manitoulin, but found no trace of carvings or paintings. Another report, of a site near Hamilton, has been in the Museum files for years and only recently have I got wind of an informant now knowing its whereabouts. A cliff of similar rocks is on the west shore of Fayette Peninsula in northern Michigan, and here I recorded two sites. The fascinating sample illustrated here, as well as the others I recorded, has a phallic emphasis that suggests the crossing of a cultural boundary. In fact, I was told by a local farmer that figures painted on a third site farther down the shore had been so blatantly male that the management of a girls' camp nearby had had them defaced!

In the whole of Ontario, however, the only aboriginal rock paintings so far found on limestone occur on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River inside the city limits of Brockville, and of these only a canoe, partially obscured by iron stains, is recognizable. Local myth has it that an Iroquois party with English (!) prisoners decided to lighten the canoe of them. In the process the canoe was swamped and all or most of its occupants drowned. Each year thereafter, well

Painting near cave
at Site #81,
Burnt Bluff, Michigan



Site #191,
Brockville



into the 1800's, the survivors or their relatives returned to the place to renew the paintings. The Fulford family who owned the property, I was told, had "restored and enlarged" the paintings to the upper left. Now indecipherable, they give the appearance of having been coated with some substance which has since played host to disfiguring growths of algae or fungi.

It seems unlikely that any of the

Iroquoian people, whose corn-raising practices determined their occupancy of relatively rockless country, put any pictographs on rock. And, though limestone is far less durable than granite, the fact that I have found paintings on limestone in the Rockies, and just south of the Shield edge in Saskatchewan and Manitoba suggests that if there had been any number of them in Southern Ontario at least a few should have survived.

orough petroglyph
ounding rock
een chalked
otography)



Sole painting
in Brockville Narrows,
Site #192

To return to the Shield region of southeastern Ontario I know of only one site that is not yet recorded—on Rock Lake near the southern edge of Algonquin Park—and this consists only of a vague animal and a few tally marks. There is a petroglyph site on Sparrow Lake in the Muskoka District, and that is all. Mention has been made on earlier pages of the Mazinaw paintings and the glyphs near Nephton, north of Stony Lake. The only newly-recorded site is a mere wisp of a painting, shown here, to which I was guided by Herbert Sheridan of Brockville. It is situated at Brockville Narrows, just inside the Shield formation of the Thousand Islands, on a granite wall.

The unnatural blank in the Muskoka - Haliburton - Algonquin Park area, where there are plenty of suit-

able settings for rock paintings, I have accounted for by the extensive lumbering operations in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth, when numerous lumber dams were built to float the logs out of the larger rivers. The new water levels have proved too useful to abandon so that when the original dams rot out they are usually replaced by more permanent structures. Only where the old levels are restored is it likely that any further rock paintings will be found.

This completes the roster of rock paintings in the Canadian Shield woodlands of Ontario as recorded to the end of 1966. The reader will now be ready to view them from the broader perspective of an anthropologist, and I pass my pen over to the initiator of our quest, Kenneth E. Kidd.

Anthropological Background

KENNETH E. KIDD