



Flowerpot Rock has puzzled experts; but the Indians have a ghostly explanation for this freak of nature.

The "Great Stone Face" Of Georgian Bay

STANDING erect, rising up to its full, fifty-foot height on a lonely island where the water of Georgian Bay becomes the water of Lake Huron, is an ancient "taboo" rock of the early Indian and a spot near which even the modern Indian would prefer not to camp.

Flowerpot Island, three miles off Tobermory in Ontario, today is a National Park. Tidy cook-stoves and a picnic-shelter have been set up on the island by the Department of Lands and Forests, and a winking lighthouse warns ships away from the treacherous shoals. Two strange-looking "flowerpots" are points of interest to thousands of visitors who flood through the neck of the Bruce Peninsula each year. But, from the water, and unmistakably, you can see a great, forbidding stone face, an ancient Indian staring silently out to sea.

Many years ago, they say, before the Iroquois wars and massacres, and when the Algonquin Indians still stole silent-footed down the forest paths of Georgian Bay, the dusky daughter of an Algonquin chief was courted by a Huron brave, in spite of her father's disapproval. However, the princess and her Indian brave met secretly every sunset under the tall column of rock that rose at the water's edge and there, one night, the Chief, himself, trailed them.

With one blow, he scalped the young Huron. But, next day, the grieving princess was missing, and she, too, was found dead under the shadow of the "flowerpot." Only then, did the father realize what he had done, and his grief was so great when he found his daughter that his anguish left an impression on the fifty-foot tower of stone. There, to this day, you can see the imprint of his features

brooding out over the water of the bay.

However, the tragedy was not done. The Gitchi Manitou was angry with the Chief and his people, and sent a plague on the whole tribe, wiping them out completely. And, so they say, it was their bones that the first white men found in the caves of the island. Even today, also you can sometimes see the lonely Indian maid walking on the shore under the Flowerpot.

Modern scientists may scoff at such ghostly tales, but they still are not a hundred percent sure what actually causes a "flowerpot." This natural oddity rises on a slender pedestal like the base of a goblet. A man standing alongside it is dwarfed by a mass of stone that looks as if it were cut and fitted by a master mason.

Undoubtedly, the glaciers had a hand in the formation, and then the tools of water and wind did the finer work until the softer rocks were eaten away, the harder ones left balanced on top.

Originally, there were three flowerpots standing on Flowerpot Island. Today, there are only two, for one of them finally toppled and crashed on the rocky shore. But newspaper headlines grew excited, a few years ago, when a new flowerpot was discovered in a lonely cove of the mainland. This "Devil's Pulpit" rising among the shrubbery, is shunned equally by Indians who see something uncanny in this freak of nature, and by tourists who must pick their way through the woods and down a high cliff to see it! But even the non-superstitious white man sees something strange in the three known flowerpots, one of them with a great stone face, rising gauntly on the shores of Georgian Bay.—A. L. ♦



Above: The rough profile on the right side of Flowerpot Rock is supposed to be that of an Algonquin Chief.

Left: If you find the face hard to distinguish, here's a simplification of it.