

The tale begins in Maine back in the glory days of the 1890's. The great hunting and fishing camps were flourishing, Names like Thoreau, Whitman and Leonard had brought the north woods to the attention of the world. The swells from NYC and Boston had made the north country their own personal hunting and fishing grounds. The Bangor and Aroostock Railway had opened up the great north country bringing in a flood of well healed sportsman.

It was not uncommon for local trappers and woodsman to earn a few extra dollars by working as guides for the big camps. One of these characters was, in his day, somewhat of a legend, he was called Griz by the locals. Not because of any personnel knowledge of the creature, more that he was said to resemble one, especially if one was down wind. He would travel down from the back country in the spring stay through the late summer and disappear into the wilderness about the time of the first frost. His arrival each spring was met with a list of self described sportsman eager to sign on for a canoe trip into the lake region and deep woods.

It was late May and the spring hatches were in full swing, the camps were booked full, Griz had a client for a 6 day trip into one of the lakes. Not a talkative type, his conversation was often limited to one sentence and assorted profanity. They left before sunrise on the first day.