

VOYAGEUR TRAIL NEWS

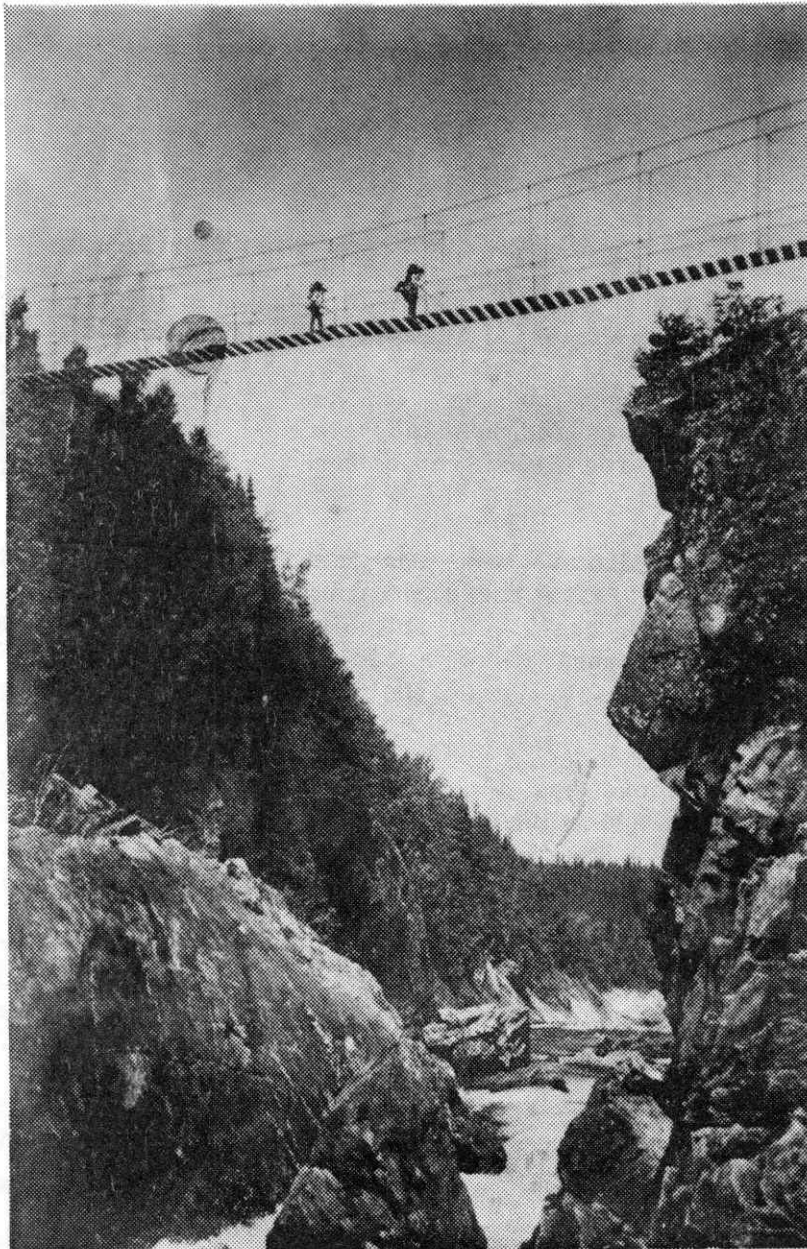
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BOX 66, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO P6A 5L2

NO: 28

EDITOR: STEVE TAYLOR

AUTUMN 1984



HIKERS OVER THE WHITE RIVER IN PUKASKWA NATIONAL PARK

BACKPACKING THE COASTAL TRAIL IN PUKASKWA NATIONAL PARK

With an area of 1880 square km and a shoreline 95 km long, Pukaskwa is the largest remaining wilderness along the shores of the Great Lakes. Parks Canada goes on with its description: "'On the north shore of Lake Superior...a wild rocky rugged place whose grandeur and mystery drew men to commune with the spirits of the sea. A remote and unyielding wilderness where man is and forever will be only a visitor'. This is...an ancient land wrinkled and worn through endless eons. Its terrain is rough and riddled with tiny lakes in rock-rimmed basins and clothed in shallow soils. The Superior coastline is the most notable feature of Pukaskwa, with its protected bays, massive exposed headlands, islands and islets, shoals, sand beaches, boulder beaches and coves...The land makes travel difficult...It is hiking country. Foot travel has been the traditional means of getting about and hiking will be a major activity in Pukaskwa National Park."

In keeping with that goal, a coastal hiking trail has been constructed in the park. Presently, it winds on and off the coast for almost 60 km of its 95 km length. The last and most distant segment will not be built for some time in the future. When completed, it will be on the route of the Voyageur Trail, which will follow the entire Canadian shoreline of Lake Superior.

On an earlier expedition into Pukaskwa in August 1979, we saw only a small part of the park, but on that trip, there was no access to nor development at Hattie cove like there is now. Another group from our outings club (Tad Smith, Henry and Chuck Welch, and leaders Sue Welsh and I) were completely on our own. Even though our trip went only as far as the White River, we had to canoe ourselves and our packs across the Pic River just to get to the trailhead. The thrill of discovery was intense as we explored the beaches and headlands around Hattie Cove, which was still wild, and later crossed the White River gorge for the first time on the suspension bridge.

Today, the area around Hattie Cove has been tamed. A bridge across the Pic River and a road allow you to arrive there in minutes, whereas only a few years ago, it took hours by canoe and foot trail. A drive in campground with modern restrooms replaces our primitive beach campsite and an interpretive centre stands on the spot where we had begun our first exploration of the cove. This time, we used Hattie Cove merely as our jumping off point.

Our group on this second and much more ambitious trip consisted of the two Pukaskwa "veterans" Tad Smith and I and three eager first timers, Paul Jackson, Eric Motcheck, and Shawn Morehouse. These kids, all between 13 and 16 years of age, were all members of the Great Lakes Camp and Trail Association, an outing club for kids.

We hired a fishing boat to take us from Hattie Cove all the way down the coast to the end of the trail at the North Swallow River. This lake trip took about 3 1/2 hours. Once there, our plan was to backpack the entire trail, a distance of almost 60 km, from trail's end in the south back to the beginning at Hattie Cove. Our route and campsites are shown on the map. Beginning at the North Swallow River, we proceeded in a northerly direction on a trip that took five days. It's not easy to describe a trip like this with words alone. One photo has been included; the cover photo showing Tad Smith and Chuck Welch backpacking across the suspension bridge over the White River gorge on our 1979 trip.

It was mostly cloudy when we arrived at the trailhead near the North Swallow River. As we watched the boat disappear up the lake, our feelings of being alone in this vast wilderness had just begun. We had a little difficulty finding the trail at

first. Then came the mosquitoes, which were a nuisance here, but really didn't bother us anywhere else on the trail. Our perception of how isolated and far away we were from the rest of mankind was intensified by rain, which began lightly enough not to impede us, but soon turned into a drenching thunderstorm. The expressions on the kid's faces didn't need to be put into words as we huddled beneath the tent fly and got wet anyway. The situation was both comical and pathetic.

No sooner had we gotten underway again when we lost the trail at the edge of a marsh. It took some looking, but we picked it up after more than a little exasperation. We finally made our way to the campsite at Hideaway Lake after walking or searching for the trail for most of the afternoon. Half a day's journey yielded a meager 4 km of hard won distance. Was the rest of the trail to be like this? We set up camp and built a fire to dry out by. The next morning, the clouds parted and dawn brought the sun, and the Hideaway Lake area was revealed in all its glory.

As we ascended, beautiful scenic vistas widened out before us until we could overlook the coast in both directions with Hideaway Lake to the south and Simons Harbour far to the north. The trail became more distinct at Simons Harbour and was easily followed for most of the remaining distance back to Hatti e cove. The sun would stay with us for the next two days. Luckily as it turned out, much of the trail's spectacular scenery occurred at this time. Simons Harbour has a rugged rocky shoreline which proved so interesting at its northern end that we stopped there for a lunch break. Paul, Mike, and Shawn were lured out through the cold water by a rock islet where they had their picnic.

As we made our way up the coast, we soon came upon a cozy little harbour without a name at the outlet of the White Spruce River. It would be remembered as one of the nicest places we visited. The bay was sandy and shallow and the water was warm. We spent a couple of hours there just relaxing. We waded out to a small island in the bay through crystal clear water and were treated to yet another fine view out toward the mouth of the harbour.

As we approached the White Gravel River, it became obvious where the river got its name. Most of the shoreline consists of bright white pebbles and cobbles, a real experience to walk on with a heavy pack as the rounded rocks roll underfoot. We made camp close to the mouth of the river at a place where the rocks gave way to sand. We found the water so clear when we went swimming that we could see a long way underwater in either direction as we floated in the river.

This day was backpacking at its best. It included good weather, great views, interesting places to explore, pleasant places to relax, varied terrain, a comfortable distance to travel (10 km), a nice campsite, a great lake, and fine people to enjoy it all with.

The next day we crossed mountainous country all morning. The trail stayed inland the whole way and water was not to be had anywhere except from our canteens so we had to ration our supplies. This section gave us a taste of Pukaskwa's rugged uplands and a test of us rugged backpackers. There was quite a bit of going up and down, and it was work. Even though we were high up in the hills, there were only a few views from mountain balds.

Finally, about midday, we came down to the shore at Fisherman's cove. The cool refreshing waters of Lake Superior were a welcome relief. The cove was another beautiful spot which we would later claim as one of our favourites. Again, for a couple of hours, we rested, ate our lunch, swam, and enjoyed the scenery. Fisherman's Cove and the harbour at White Spruce River impressed us as being naturally attractive

for canoe camping. Someday, when we return to travel Pukaskwa's coast by water rather than by land, we'll camp at both places.

Larry Lemanski
(to be continued next issue)

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S NOTE

Nineteen Eighty Four has brought anything but a Holocaust to the foundation of our association. Total membership has risen slightly over the past year. Notably, membership in the Michipicoten Club has increased considerably. Congratulations and keep up the good work! It is hoped that this trend will continue in 1985. You can help by being an active member and/or by spreading the good word around. Bring a friend to a hike.

Copies of the 1984 membership list are now available. You will receive a copy when you renew for 1985. I have a few copies of our constitution. Should you wish one, just note it on the membership renewal form.

Steve Dominy

NEEDED

POSITIONS

The Saulteaux club is currently trying to fill three volunteer positions that have come open as the result of active members leaving the area. These are;

- 1) Publicity Coordinator-Involves notifying media of upcoming events.
- 2) Social Coordinator-Organizing social events such as the annual dinner meeting and one or two other post-hike or post-work party get-togethers.
- 3) Telephone Committee Coordinator-When needed, this committee will notify members of major club events.

These positions individually do not require much work, and usually, there are other people willing to help out, but they help take the load off of the president and they are essential to a smoothly running club. It should be noted that one person previously held two positions.

Hiking Pukaskwa in 1984

Another backpacking trip has reached a successful conclusion. This effort was made feasible by joining forces with the Bruce Trail Club. On Aug. 15, Tom Allinson and I accompanied 6 Bruce Trailers on a tug boat ride-of-your-life down the Superior coast of Pukaskwa National Park. A third VTA member, Dorothy Buskard (who just happened to be camping in the park) came along for the boat ride. Tom and I were both grateful to be let off at Simon's Harbour after 3 full hours on the choppy waters (no, being from the east coast does not mean you are born with sea legs). The diligent southerners continued on to the North Swallow River, never to be seen again by us (as of 5 days later).

What were we doing 52 km from the trailhead? We were spending our hard earned week's holiday exploring the rugged shoreline and interior of Canada's newest national park. The Coastal Hiking Trail has been completed as far as the North Swallow, a distance of some 58 km. Tom and I were to spend the next five days hiking the 52 km back from Simon's Harbour.

We had lunch and I managed to drag Tom away from the bountiful blueberries in time for us to reach the White Spruce River, a few km north. Our campsite was a lovely sand beach and cushiony forest floor. Hiking in this area was strenuous, but the uphill climbs were always rewarded by the awe-inspiring view and the abundant blueberries.

About lunchtime the following day we reached the White Gravel River and were greeted by sounds of civilization. Two fellows had canoed down the coast with all the accouterments of luxury living, including a ghetto blaster and plenty of beer. Tom and I were not at all prepared for this scene with another 45 km of hiking ahead of us, so we quickly pushed on after short acknowledgements. We had to ford the river here as the bridge had been washed out. We turned only a pale blue from the exercise. About 3:30 p.m. we reached a lovely beach nestled between two high cliffs at Fisherman's Cove. Tom suggested camping there, but I thought that the cove over the next hill might offer better shelter. I don't think Tom has forgiven me yet for that night spent being battered by the wind on a concave bed of lichens.

Our third day of hiking took us through Oiseau Bay, where we traversed two km of wide sand beach. Here we had our second encounter with other humans, chatting briefly with a kayaker and a hiker. That evening we reached Fish Harbour under threat of rain (which didn't amount to more than a sprinkle). We knew we were nearing civilization now, as we shared our campsite with four canoeists. Actually, we welcomed the opportunity to exchange wilderness tales. One fellow and his son took me around to see the cave in Cave Harbour, which is visible only from the water.

On the fourth day, Tom and I suffered through another few km of Superior coastline, braved the suspension bridge over the Willow River, and camped at a secluded, bouldery beach. After dinner, I tested my rock climbing abilities along the shore while Tom finished reading the latest edition of Backpacker. I joined him for tea and to watch the sun drown in the Lake.

We journeyed the remaining 14 km on the 5th day. This section of trail took us through a magnificent fault valley before crossing the White River suspension bridge. Tom and I had both hiked this section before, and I certainly had no qualms about seeing it again. I did discern some muffled groans from Tom as we struggled up another hill. Tom informed me that he had previously dubbed this one 'Cardiac Arrest', and that the next one was named 'Heartbreak Ridge'. Fortunately, neither of us suffered heart problems, and Tom even consented that the hills didn't seem as steep today as they did when he first encountered them. I was about to explain to him the process of erosion, when...suddenly there appeared in the distance the Visitor's Centre, a welcome site for two weary, but jovial hikers. There, we enjoyed showers before heading for the Voyageur Restaurant (where else would two Voyageur Trailers eat?) for apple pie and ice cream and other non-dehydrated delectables.

As Tom and I were dozing off on our sand covered tent pad that night, I heard Tom shout 'Steve, give me a rock - the sand here is too flat!' I guess I don't have to tell you that Tom is a seasoned veteran to the wilds of Pukaskwa and I have been sold on them too.

Steve Dominy

Bushwhacking in Lake Superior Park

If you study a topographical map of the area west of Rabbit Blanket Lake Campground in Lake Superior Provincial Park, you will notice that the coastline from Bushy

Bay south to Cape Chillon protrudes into the Lake in a great semi-circle. If you take a closer look at the map, you will notice that inland, there is a fault valley running north-south from Bushy Bay to the Red Rock River. In May of 1984, four of us thought that it might be nice to bushwack from the Peat Mountain trailhead at Foam Lake to the trailhead at Indian Harbour and then to Highway 17 by trail and road. The game plan was to head toward Bushy Bay and then to cut south along the fault valley until we picked up the Red Rock River. We would then follow the river to Lake Superior and make our way south along the shore to Indian Harbour.

On day one, we met the morning plane from Toronto and picked up the fourth member of our group. We then drove to Rabbit Blanket Lake, stopping for lunch at Agawa and dropping a car at the Gargantua Road. At Rabbit Blanket, we loaded up and headed out along the Peat Mountain Trail. This trail terminates at Foam Lake, our last trail for four days. We bushwacked to the end of Foam Lake and made camp beside a stream that flows out of the lake. We spent a peaceful night and were entertained, from time to time, by the call of an owl.

Day two saw us off and 'running' at about 9:00 a.m. The day was cool and we actually had a few snow flurries. After about an hour of hiking, we got a glimpse of Lake Superior in the distance. It was not our intent however to push on to the lake at this point, in fact, it was several days later before we reached the shore.

Our direction of travel was to be mainly south and west, but we digressed a little from time to time in order to keep to some old logging roads. These "roads" were overgrown and in poor shape but travelling them was easier than hacking through the jungle. After an hour or two, we were forced to leave them in order to maintain our desired direction. We picked up another stream in the afternoon and followed it until it tumbled over a cliff that I estimate was 16 to 20 meters high. As it was now about six p.m., we decided to make camp a few hundred feet upstream from the cliff edge.

Day three saw us on the trail about 9:30 a.m. On the first two days, we had hit a couple of lakes dead centre which meant an arduous detour around them. Day three was no exception when we hit Gravel Lake at the top end and had to make our way around it. We finally made the Red Rock River about mid afternoon and started downstream. The river along this section widens and there are many deep dark pools and small waterfalls. I began to regret not having fishing equipment but I must admit that the hike was demanding enough so that one had enough to do just "surviving". One didn't need a hobby. Further downstream, the river enters a small lake from the west and empties out of it to the south.

We made camp just after six p.m. It's surprising how comfortable one can be sleeping in the "jungle". You don't really need a campground. I carry a folding saw. It only weighs a pound and is useful when one must clear out the odd sapling. Tents were set up and supper was started.

We usually bring our own breakfasts and lunches and go together on supper. The big meal of the day usually consists of soup (Knorr or Maggi), a package of freeze dried food for every two people (sweet and sour is yummy), and instant pudding. Soup seems to hit the spot even in hot weather. It's usually salty and one needs this and the extra fluid.

By day four, we were heading for Lake Superior. It was now Wednesday and after being buried since Sunday in "jungle", we were anxious to get to the big water. If anyone were to have hurt themselves while we were inland, it would have been really serious. Somehow, I suppose, someone would have to take them to the shore of a lake where they could be picked up by plane.

We made Superior in time for lunch and then proceeded along an open gravel beach. Oh joy! The beach ended after about an hour and we ran into cliffs. That put us inland again. We put in a hard afternoon and finally reached another beach around seven p.m.

The next morning we were awakened by heavy rain which thoughtfully let up in a few minutes while we breakfasted and struck camp. Once we were on our way, it began to rain once more. The rocks became wet and slippery and were treacherous underfoot. We pussyfooted our way along and luckily, no one went down.

We headed inland in the vicinity of Ryans Point because of cliffs and cut a corner off. We finally picked up a moose trail that brought us back to the lake below the point. I had been up this far on an earlier hike and was now in familiar territory. We slugged our way through some dense bush along the shore and reached Agnes's beach (named in honour of a lady that had accompanied us on a previous hike but not marked as such on maps). We cut inland here and picked up the trail head at Indian Harbour around five p.m. The Ministry of Natural Resources has set up a small campground here and there are a couple of other small sites within a few minutes walk up the trail. We set up our tents, had supper, and were gathered around our small fire when the silence was broken by loons on the lake. There was some sort of courtship ritual going on and it was quite impressive.

Day six was fun. We were on trail once more. We had a leisurely lunch at Warp Bay and arrived at Gargantua Harbour early in the afternoon. We explored the area for a time and then set up camp on the beach. It turned out hot and we were able to air and dry our gear.

Normally, one can drive to within a thirty minute walk of the Gargantua Campground, but the bridge over the Baldhead River was out so day seven involved a nine mile trek out to Highway 17 along the road. About halfway out, we met a group from Sudbury that were going in to hike a new section of the trail from Gargantua southward.

In retrospect, we had a ball. Bushwhacking is not everyone's cup of tea, of course, but if you don't push and are content to sort of "slither" along, it can be rewarding. The fact that you are on your own is challenging and the prospect of seeing new country adds zest to the trip. A word of caution: It is one thing to stand by Lake Superior and be able to pick out the different ranges of hills in the distance. It is a different story when you are hip deep in deadfall and there are hills all around that look the same. Some bush experience is required.

Tom Allinson

Holiday Weekend Hiking in Superior Provincial Park

The Canada Day weekend proved to be a memorable one for nine of our members. The brave souls ventured along a remote section of Superior shoreline in Lake Superior Provincial Park, taking three days and nights to explore the mysteries of the north shore of the largest fresh water body in the world. The diversity of the group was evident not only in age, but also in backpacking experience. Several members were novice packrats, and were given a taste of some difficult hiking. The hiking tended to take second place to the lunch and rest stops en route, thereby squashing any groans before they could be uttered.

The group included members Tom Allinson, Dieter and Erika Ropke, Virve Squire, Dorothy Buskard, Brian Williams, Nancy Chong, Ellen McCarthy and I. The trip began on Friday evening when we drove from Sault Ste. Marie to the parking area of the Orphan Lake Trail, arriving just after 7:00 p.m. From there, we hiked about an hour of the moderately difficult return loop of the trail to reach the mouth of the Baldhead River on the shore of the Lake. Tom Allinson had suggested we take the return loop in order to reach the shore before dark. We had time to set up our tents and explore the beach area for half an hour before we bid farewell to the sun as it fell behind the trees. A fire was built and a conversation ensued as we all became relaxed in one another's company. Tom made his way to his tent first, and the rest of us soon followed suit.

Saturday began with Nancy making bannock and cooking it on sticks over the fire. The filling supplement to our breakfast gave us an excuse for moving slowly along the northbound trail. The day's hiking began with a cool wade across the Baldhead River (a bridge has now been constructed, I am told). We then began weaving our way along the shore and through the bush, being rewarded for our efforts by many spectacular scenes. Sections of the coast were quite challenging, requiring that we hop from boulder to boulder or climb over steep, short precipices. The sands of Beatty Cove provided a restful lunching place, and we vowed to camp there on the return trek. In the mid-afternoon we reached Buckshot Creek, a designated campsite, and after much deliberation decided that we would wade the creek and pitch our seven tents in the site designed for about three. It was a very cozy arrangement, but by this time we were all best of friends. Some courageous souls ventured into the lake on the sloping, slippery rocks. When they had been sufficiently cooled off (about 15 seconds), they were surprised to find that the Lake would not release them without an intense struggle up the rocks. Others imitated beached animals and improved their tans at the same time. Dinner and another campfire rounded out this evening.

The next morning, we divided forces, some of us exploring the shore near camp, the others forging ever northward along the coast. The trail followed lovely beaches, and often veered through the woods to avoid the jutting, wind-scoured rock. We later broke camp and retreated to our pre-determined haven of Beatty Cove, rejoining the others here. A dip in the cool Lake proved to be just what the doctor ordered for some of us. All minor aches and pains seem to vanish once body meets water (or maybe we were just too numb to feel them). A fish cleaning table provided a civilized touch to our more primitive eating arrangements. After feasting on our various culinary delights, a fire was lit and pots of Red Zinger tea soon appeared.

The Monday sunrise roused us from our comfortable beds of sand. After some nourishment, the group split once again. The previous afternoon, three folks explored the shore near Beatty Cove and discovered a 'Pukaskwa Pit' and a 'quartz highway'. Those of us with enough energy spent Monday morning visiting these intriguing sites, had lunch at Beatty Cove and regretfully returned to the Baldhead River. The wade across the river was a welcome relief from the heat. The group re-formed here for the climb back to the cars.

The trip was an unconditional success. A few bruises and blisters were noted, but those were minor discomforts in comparison to the good company, terrific weather and marvellous scenery we encountered. Our parting words were 'Where will we backpack next year?'

Steve Dominy





UPCOMING EVENTS

OCT 13 Saulteaux Club led hike. Red Rock area. Anyone is welcome to attend. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at Steadmans parking lot-by Second Line. Bring lunch.

NOV 3 Voyageur Trail Association Annual Meeting. See note under "This and That".

Note All hikes are led by unpaid volunteers. You are responsible for your own safety. Be aware that the trail crosses shield country and hikes often involve ascending and descending hills. Weather conditions can vary considerably from one area to another, especially in the spring and fall. Be prepared for precipitation on all hikes.



"Go to Blazes" Day-Casque Isles Section Style

Saturday, May 12 was "Go to Blazes" day. Thirty six people participated, including members of the Terrace Bay Boy Scouts and out of town visitors from Thunder Bay and Nipigon. The volunteers worked all day, clearing the trail from Terrace Bay to Rosspport. Their efforts were rewarded later by an informal social and supper in Schreiber thanks to generous donations from Costa's Foods, Schreiber Food Market and Paul Cebrario's Hardware.

One of the Boy Scouts was impressed by the trail and felt that more people should be made aware of its existence. He wrote the following essay on the day's activities:

"THE VOYAGEUR TRAIL

The Voyageur Trail is a part of our heritage. The Voyageur Trail starts at Terrace Bay and finishes at Rosspport. There are many beautiful places and breath taking sights. Long ago Indians and coureur de bois travelled on part of this trail. If you go hiking on this trail you should bring your camera because there is a lot of wildlife and beautiful sights.

On Saturday May 12th I helped the local Voyageur Trail Club, the Casque Isles section, groom their trail. It was a beautiful day and we ate our picnic lunch outside an abandoned cabin in front of an isolated harbour on Lake Superior.

I look forward to hiking the rest of the Casque Isles Trail. Too bad more local people aren't taking advantage of our beautiful trail."

Jeff MacDonald, 1st Terrace Bay Scout Group

Way to go Casque Isles Section! Maybe next year the Saulteaux Section and other sections can duplicate your participation.



THIS AND THAT

ANNUAL MEETING

This year's annual meeting is on Saturday Nov. 3rd in Blind River. Meet at 10 AM at Woodward's Hardware Store parking lot (left one block on Woodward Street) for a hike to begin proceedings. Bring your own lunch. The annual meeting will be at 3

p.m. in the court house. The main event will be a slide show. Members are invited to bring their best slides. So we can get through as many people's slides as possible, please limit your presentation to 20 slides or 10 minutes.

Those who wish may stay for supper (at your expense) and/or the board meeting afterwards. Members from the Sault or passing through should contact Pat Capper at 253-4470 so that car pools can be arranged. Overnight accomodation for those requiring it on the way is available in Sault Ste Marie.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

At the last board meeting, it was decided to increase the dues to \$7.00 per family and \$3.00 for students. We have never, in ten years, increased our dues. This year, we are faced with ever increasing mailing costs and plans are underway to erect a commemorative plaque at Gros Cap to mark the trail's tenth anniversary in September, 1985.

TRAIL REROUTING

The land at 38.9 km east of Hwy 17 and the 6th line Root River Bridge has just changed hands, and the new owners are building on it. The Scenic lookout overlooks their backyard, and unfortunately has been all too popular with the beer drinking crowd. Therefore, the trail is being rerouted to follow the 6th line from the Root River bridge to the A.C.R. crossing. The old route is marked with red circles indicating that entry is prohibited.

BUG REPELLANT REVIEW

After hearing about how good Avon Skin So Soft was as a fly repellent, our president decided to try it, despite the comments of one of our experienced hikers who stopped using it because he ended up smelling like he'd just come out of a Bordello. His experience was that it was not as long lasting as Muskol but it didn't sting his eyes as much. An added benefit was that it worked wonders on a pair of pruners that had kept on jamming.

THE TRAIL

Stevies Dominy and Taylor recently hiked from Hwy 17 to GrosCap on a Saturday and managed to have little trouble finding the trail, although the guide book came in useful from time to time. They report that there are several trees down on the trail in some areas. According to various correspondents, the trail from Hwy 17 to Mabel Lake is in good shape as is the section from Echo Lake to Tower Lake. We would appreciate any comments on other sections of the trail.

V.T.A. PINS

These ½ inch diameter pins are now available for \$3.00 from the membership secretary. They are blue and gold coloured with the Thunderbird design. There are no words on them as it was felt that this would detract from the design and be too small to be easily read. I've found mine to be an excellent conversation piece.



VOYAGEUR TRAIL ASSOCIATION
 Box 66, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, P6A 5L2.

THE TRAIL USERS CODE

- Hike only along marked routes. -Do not climb fences, use the stiles.
- Carry out all garbage (if you can carry it in, you can carry it out).
- Light cooking fires at official campsites only - drench fires after use (better still, carry lightweight hiker's stove).
- Leave flowers and plants for others to enjoy.
- Never strip bark from trees. -Protect and do not disturb wildlife.
- Keep dogs on the leash on or near farmland.
- Walk around the edges of fields, not across them.
- Leave only your thanks and take nothing but photographs.

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The membership year of the Association runs from January 1st to December 31st. Dues paid after September 1st will be applied to the next membership year.

Fee includes membership in one Voyageur Trail Club. To join additional V.T. Clubs, add an extra \$2.00 (\$1.00 for student) for each Club.

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MEMBERSHIP FORM

NEW [] or RENEWAL [] (Please check.)

Sections (please check)

- Association-at-large
- Saulteaux V.T.C.
- Echo Ridges V.T.C.
- Desbarats V.T.C.
- Thessalon V.T.C.
- Iron Bridge
- Penewobikong V.T.C.
- Elliot Lake
- Spanish
- Massey
- Rainbow V.T.C.
- Little Current
- Sheguiandah
- South Baymouth
- Sudbury V.T.C.

- Thunder Bay V.T.C.
- Nipigon
- Casque-Isles V.T.C.
- Marathon
- Pukaskwa Park
- Michipicoten V.T.C.
- Lake Superior Park
- Batchawana
- Goulais

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTAL CODE _____ PHONE () _____

DECLARATION

I have read and will abide by the TRAIL USERS' CODE

Date _____

FEES

| | | | | |
|---|-------|----------|---|-------|
| Individual | ----- | @ \$7.00 | = | ----- |
| Family | ----- | @ \$7.00 | = | ----- |
| Student | ----- | @ \$3.00 | = | ----- |
| Crest | ----- | @ \$3.00 | = | ----- |
| Lapel Pin | ----- | @ \$1.00 | = | ----- |
| Guidebook, Members | ----- | @ \$5.00 | = | ----- |
| Guidebook, Non-Members | ----- | @ \$8.00 | = | ----- |
| Donation (qualifies for income tax deduction) | ----- | | = | ----- |
| Total Amount Enclosed | | | | = |

\$5.00
\$8.00

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

SIGN UP A FRIEND