



VOYAGEUR TRAIL NEWS

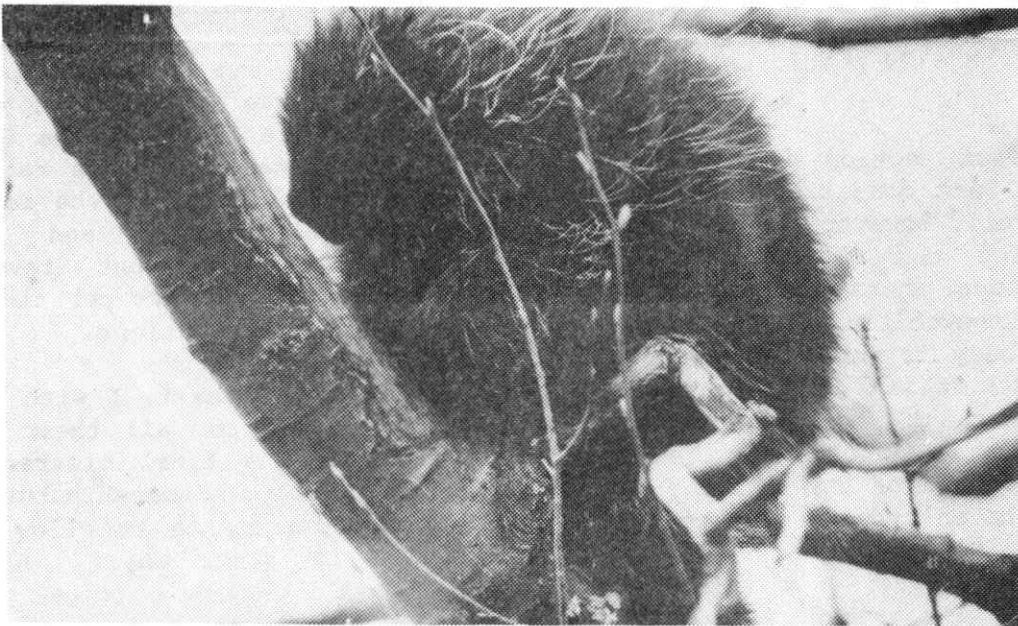
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HIKING CAN HAVE ITS PRICKLY ASPECTS !
THESSALON SECTION

As of the Annual Meeting on Saturday September 21, the Voyageur Trail Executive is as follows;

President	-Peter Stinnissen
Vice President	-Tom Baxter
Second Vice President	-Vacant
Secretary	-Rita Bertoli in an interim capacity
Treasurer	-Dieter Ropke
Membership Secretary	-Steve Dominy
Trailmaster	-Paul Syme
Landowner Recorder	-Ian Hamilton
Editor	-Steve Taylor

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - 1985

This year has been very successful at both the Sauleaux (Sault Ste. Marie) club and the Michipicoten (Wawa) club. Both clubs have had lots of activity with excellent participation. The Sauleaux club had an unprecedented 21 backpackers out on the July holiday weekend trip on the Pictured Rocks trail, and it has not been unusual to have 20 people out on the day hikes.

The Sauleaux section of the trail is now in excellent condition as is the Michipicoten Trail, however the same cannot be said for the Echo Ridges and Thessalon sections where there are few members. The Penewobikong (Blind River) club has been busy trying to connect up with the new Elliot Lake group's trail. I shouldn't neglect to mention the Desbarats section which has been maintained by the efforts of the Ropkes. Unfortunately, I haven't had recent contact with the Casque Isles group.

There is still a problem with developing a trail northwards out of Sault Ste. Marie. Discussions have been conducted with Cross Country Algoma on the use of their ski trail, however a ski market study is being conducted and there is thought of widening their trail to five meters which would affect aesthetics for a hiking trail.

There is a problem with enough manpower to maintain the trail through the

Garden River Reserve and in the Thessalon area. Steve Dominy is working on a proposal for a government grant to help us with this task.

A national trail organization has been formed with Paul Syme as one of the directors. The National Trail would include most of the Voyageur Trail.

A new brochure was produced thanks to Tom Baxter's efforts. Brian Williams' computer talents were put to good use in computerizing the membership and landowner lists with the help of his father Harold who did the typing. Our membership is at present 198 with several more months to go. This compares with 206 for all of last year. These numbers are mailing list numbers so actual members including families is about double.

Unfortunately, the association has lost or is about to lose some of its most dedicated members. Donna Kidd, the Sauleaux vice president, moved south but is still involved with Hike Ontario. Brian Williams, the Sauleaux president, is about to move south also, and Norm Lediett, the president of the Penewobikong club for many years is retiring as president. We will likely be losing our membership secretary and current Sauleaux acting president Steve Dominy this coming May. We are certainly going to miss their contributions.

Last but not least, I wish to thank the many members for all their efforts. This includes the trail clearer to the supporter who pays membership but has too many other commitments to allow them to contribute in other ways. A special mention should be made on this, our tenth anniversary, to Paul Syme whose leadership made the present trail and organization a reality. There were many setbacks in the early years, but his persistence has paid off, although we are still many years away from making his dream of continuous trail from South Baymouth to Thunder Bay a reality.

One of the challenges facing the new president Peter Stinnissen is to find ways to rejuvenate the small clubs and

expand the present trails. I wish him the best and trust he will have the good support from the members that I have had during the past two years.

THE HIKING TRIP

This article was contributed by our youngest writer to date, and it concerns the April 28 Hike in the Saulteaux section. The author, nine year old Rachel Squire, is a student at Alex Muir Public School. Tom Allinson discusses the same hike in the following article.

Once, on a sunny morning, my Dad's friend Lyle came over. I was glad to meet him. He ate breakfast over at our house. After breakfast we went on a hike. We met at Stedman's. Lots of other people were there too. We had to put cars at two different places. Then we squished into a couple of cars and drove to the start of the hike at Creek Road. A sign there said NO GARBAGE, but we saw lots of garbage, even five bottle caps. We started on the hike and headed towards a lookout. When we got there, there was a big cliff so Mom told Laura (my sister) and I not to go near the edge. Laura, mommy, daddy, and I sat on a big rock while Lyle took pictures of us. It was a pretty picture with the steel plant in the background. Then, we left the lookout and hiked to a river. The river was skinny enough for the grownups to get across, but too wide for the kids. Some of the grownups put one foot on each side of the river and lifted the children across. Then we climbed a steep hill to another lookout. It was a nice one. Then we went back into the bush. We hiked a lot and I even did some cartwheels and a front walkover.

Then we were at another lookout where we had lunch. We had cheese, salami, trail mix, and juice. It was good. I ate just with my family and Lyle. Lyle ate with us because he forgot to make a lunch.

We continued on the hike. We walked a long way when we came to some snow which was about NINE FEET DEEP. We all

got soaked. I was wet from my toes to my knees. We came to another river and I was scared to cross it because it looked like it had rapids in it. Patrick cut a log to make a bridge so we could cross it. After crossing, we had to climb up a hill. Laura fell here. She was all muddy so we had to change her shirt. She wore my pink sweatshirt. Then we walked a little and I fell. I had no other shirt to change into so I wore my dirty shirt. We hiked until we came to another river. It was a big one. At first, we didn't see any place to cross it, but then Patrick found a bridge. Finally, we could get across. First, some of the grownups crossed it, then Mom helped Laura and I get across.

Then, we climbed up a hill and started the last part of the hike. We came out of the bush at Maki Road. While we were walking down the road, a dog came over to us. Mom wanted to take a picture of him but he ran away too fast. We walked a little bit down the road and then we had to cross a farmers field to get back to the bush. Mom took a picture of a rusty tractor in an old barn.

We walked through the bush and then the hike ended at Korah camp. It was a nice hike.

Rachel Squire

SPRING HIKING SAULTEAUX STYLE

The Saulteaux section of the Voyageur Trail Association had its first scheduled hike in 1985 on Sunday April 28. Fifteen adults and two children met at Stedman's parking lot at 10:00 A.M. under a sunny sky. Cars were pooled and eventually spotted at both ends and in the middle of the section to be hiked (from Old Creek Road to Goulais Ave. - 11.5 km).

The trail was a bit wet with snow under foot in the shaded sections but it was great to be out seeing the first spring flowers. A couple of the creeks were still 'in flood' and presented a bit

of a challenge in getting across. The Bennett Creek crossing was particularly interesting. The 'ford' was narrow, but fairly swift and deep. It appeared for a moment that Steve Taylor was going to do his impersonation of a salmon swimming upstream to spawn, but luckily he made a last second recovery.

Patrick Capper spent a lot of time ahead of the pack, building 'bridges' and generally easing the creek crossing for all concerned. A great big ATTA BOY goes to Pat for his efforts.

To sum up, I would say that the hike was enjoyed by all, although the writer received some comments to the effect that the pace was a bit slow.

Tom Allinson

HIKING THE HIGH PEAKS REGION

Spectacular vistas and waterfalls, clear streams, cool, starry nights and sunny, sunny days were among the merits of hiking in the High Peaks Region of Adirondack State Park, New York on the Canadian Thanksgiving Weekend, 1984. I was accompanied by my brother Les from Ottawa and two friends, Rod from Vankleek Hill and Wendy from Montreal.

Adirondack State Park is situated in the northern part of New York, about a three hour drive from New York City and a similar distance from Ottawa and Montreal. For our group, the trip began in Cornwall, a convenient meeting point. At 9:00 A.M., we crossed the St. Lawrence River and wended our way along the country highways to Lake Placid. Here we agreed to stop and ogle at the vast array of outdoor equipment on display at the Eastern Mountain Sports outlet. After a few small purchases our stomachs were craving a good meal. Perhaps it can sense when it is about to be force-fed a diet of gorp, rice and other exotic foods.

It was 2:00 before we arrived at The Garden, a parking area near the village

of Keene Valley. Suddenly we were amidst a jungle of cars bearing license plates of a dozen different colours. Parking was available along the road only, and both sides were lined in two continuous ribbons for two kilometres beyond the parking lot! After a 20 minute search, we discovered a gap between a car and a maple tree wide enough for a vehicle to squeeze through. Rocks and logs were moved until a two car lot had been created, thus solving the crisis.

It was now 2:30 P.M. and we still had four miles of trail and 1600 vertical feet ahead of us. We chatted briefly with some fellows who had just spent three nights at 4000 feet above mean sea level. The informants had warned of very cold temperatures and throngs of hikers. However, we had come for an enjoyable weekend of camping, and nothing could daunt us.

It wasn't long before the multitudes made themselves known to our group. Many were day hikers who had climbed one of the nearby peaks and were returning to their cars. We passed John's Brook Lodge at about 5:00. Our intentions had been to set up a 'base camp' there, but the multitudes of tents forced us onward through the encroaching dusk.

Our salvation soon appeared in the form of a descending hiker who gave us some inside information on an off-trail campsite a mile further along. We discovered the secluded site after clambering over the icy boulders of the brook below Bushnell Falls. In the twilight, we established camp and gathered firewood. After a hot dinner and a glass of wine we concurred that we wouldn't want to be anywhere else. Shortly thereafter, Les was shivering in front of the fire, wearing all his extra clothes! It must have been a blood type problem, as I felt fine with half the clothes. Fortunately, Rod had packed an extra down jacket, as well as the wine, smoked oysters, and cream crackers. It suddenly became apparent why he was bent over double coming up the trail.