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## Cross-country Hike 40 hearty souls' coast-to-coast feat

By: Bruce Reid

A cool morning breeze combed the treetops above historic Harper's Ferry W.Va., where the forces of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers meet. There was a message in the air spoken on the prevailing winds of the "HikaNation High."

Early last Saturday, about 40 foot-strong individuals who have strided from the Pacific shores across 13 states and 4,500 miles joined forces with some of the nation's foremost hiking and outdoor enthusiasts to voice the message of HikaNation 1980.

The HikaNation project was organized by the American Hiking Society and sanctioned by the Department of the Interior's Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service to promote the fever of hiking and related outdoor activities.

On April 12, 1980, nearly 10,000 hikers led by Nobel Prize Laureate Glenn T. Seaborg marched across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, the symbolic beginning of HikaNation. The hikers were the first to cross the bridge on foot since its opening in 1936. A core group of about 40 hardy souls made

the nationwide trek that took them to the west steps of the Capitol in Washington Today. Saturday, they gathered at the National Park Service's Mather Training Center in Harper's Ferry to hold morning ceremonies before beginning a four-day march down the C&O Canal towpath into Washington.

Present were James Kern, one of the founders of the American Hiking Society and the driving force behind HikaNation; Paul Pritchard, President of the American Hiking Society and executive director of the National Parks and Conservation Association; Tom Floyd chairman of the Arrival Committee and hike coordinator from West Virginia to the Atlantic Ocean, Dr. Seaborg, Nobel Prize winner for chemistry in 1951 and planner of the California segment of the walk; and Ed Garvey, Spokesman for the Appalachian Trail and author of "Appalachian Hiker," who led the group into Washington.

Bradley Nash, former mayor of Harper's Ferry, delivered a proclamation written by Mayor H. W. Brawley in which he designated May 9, 1981, HikaNation Day.

After the HikaNation troop walks down Pennsylvania avenue today, they will be met by congressmen, senators, and other dignitaries on the steps of the Capitol. They will propose the establishment of a coast-to-coast footpath.

Congressional support has come from Rep. Phil Burton, D.-Calif. He reintroduced Omnibus Trails Bill 8087 in the 96th Congress (HR-861). The bill would

give private landowners near trails protection against trespassing and property damage and relieve them from liability lawsuits. HR-861 would give volunteer trail clubs the responsibility of trail construction and maintenance. That would save taxpayers almost \$2,000 per mile of trail upkeep per year.

The HikaNation group collected data on trails and hikers' needs for the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service and map information for the United States Geological Survey.

The core group of transcontinental hikers have at one time or another represented 30 states and Canada and have come from all walks of life. They include 14-year-old Robert Burns, a high school student from Beneca, Calif., 19-year-old Jerri Hudson from Alamogordo N.M., the youngest female; 45-year-old Toni "Mom" Martinazzi, a librarian from Portland, Ore.; senior female hiker Marceline Guerrein, 58, a banker and mother of five daughters from Alexandria, Va.; and the senior hiker in the group, John Stout, a retired machinist for Boeing from Seattle, Wash. Five-and-a-half-month-old Jamie Pyles was pushed along in a cart by her parents for some of the distance.

Lawrence "Monty" Montgomery has followed the hikers in an Airstream trailer since they left San Francisco to supply them with incoming mail, food pickups, and necessary transportation. Mr. Montgomery is the HikaNation national coordinator, trailmaster and father-figure for the hikers. He is

64-year-old retired Air Force colonel and veteran of three wars, a native of Pay, Ill., and a father of two.

He thought that no more than six hikers would finish in Washington, but nearly seven times that number converged on the Capitol. He was “provided the catalyst to keep the hikers going...and kept the ship on an even keel.”

Supporters and enthusiasts joined the HikaNation group on their final leg down the C&O Canal towpath. They honored the late Justice William O. Douglas in a ceremony at the Monocacy River Aqueduct. Justice Douglas played a key role in preserving the towpath as a national hiking and biking trail.

David Marple, a Baltimore resident for the last five years, is Maryland’s HikaNation walker. The 26-year-old Mr. Marple is a graduate of Towson State University and was a personnel director at the Maryland National Bank’s main office before making the trip. The “Big Blue Marple,” as he was dubbed by his hikers for carrying a seven-pound guitar on his pack, used money he saved for a down payment on a house to help finance the trip, which has cost him \$3,500. Daily costs averaged \$7 per hiker.

His hiking experience prior to the trip had been weekend excursions. Throughout the walk he developed tendonitis in his knees and both Achilles tendons, and suffered a broken metatarsal in Kentucky. Doctors prescribed a metatarsal bar, and

Mr. Marple's walk went uninterrupted. His morale rarely faltered except in the wet, cold, 16-hour nights in Kentucky.

The HikaNation route took the core group and Mr. Marple up to 13,000 feet over the Continental Divide in southern Colorado, through 10 inches of snow on the summit of Mt. Rogers in Virginia, through a sweltering 115 degrees in Utah, and below-zero temperatures in Missouri.

The route designed by Mr. Montgomery and others was a corridor, one degree of latitude wide at the latitude of San Francisco. Their path was indirect to avoid major cities and adverse weather. They passed through two major cities, San Francisco and Sacramento, and 75 small towns or villages to obtain signatures for a presidential-mayoral scroll.

Mr. Marple averaged 12 to 20 miles a day, as did the other hikers. He traveled alone or with one or two other hikers by day. His longest day, a night trek, took him 32 miles over the Henry Mountains in Utah between sunset and sunrise. The hikers camped more or less as a group by night. Their weekly schedule included six hiking days and a seventh day of rest.

The average weight of a hiker's backpack was 54.2 pounds with a week's supply of food. Mr. Marple's pack was up to 90 pounds when he made his 11-day trip over the Continental Divide.

HikaNation hikers had a steady diet of freeze dried food to keep their packs light. Besides that

they carried on their backs each hiker was allotted one cubic foot of space in the Airstream for extra clothes and food. The trailer also carried a 300-gallon water tank.

Mr. Marple described the HikaNation group as a “combination between a small town and a circus.” The hikers governed themselves through a steering committee which considered suggestions and complaints on topics ranging from how many miles to hike in a day to methods for celebrating holidays. A rotating Committee of HikaNation members ruled on behavior, setting up a sequence that involved a warning, probation and expulsion. The undying spirit of friendship is clearly visible among the HikaNation group. Mr. Marple plans to keep up a correspondence with his fellow hikers. “People who hike across the nation together are friends for life,” he said.

Mr. Marple said the HikaNation group was well-accepted nationwide. The reaction was one of curiosity, wonder and amazement. The reaction was one of curiosity, wonder and amazement. He said the trip has restored his faith in America.

Trailmaster Montgomery traveled ahead of the hikers to alert the authorities, obtain permission to cross private land and warn café and restaurant owners the 50 hungry hikers were on their way.

HikaNation officially ended when the hikers reached Washington, but some of the hikers will

continue on to the Atlantic at Cape Henlopen, Del. There they will dip their boots in the surf as they did on the Pacific Shores.

Capt. Scott C. Marple, father of David Marple, had arranged to have the hikers ferried across the Chesapeake Bay on two buoy tenders with the approval of the Department of Natural Resources. The tenders will pick up the hikers May 19 at the Annapolis city dock and ferry them across to the Department of Natural Resources' Terminal at Matapeake. Permission to cross the bay on the Chesapeake Bay Bridge was unobtainable. The coast-to-coast HikaNation odyssey will be official when the group reaches the Atlantic May 27.

During morning ceremonies in Harper's Ferry on Saturday, hikers autographed one another's blue and white "I hiked America" banners and gathered for a group picture. At 11 a.m. a parade of the cross-country hikers and followers led by a police escort marched down the streets of the historic town to the Potomac River. In single file they crossed a railroad bridge over the Potomac to reach the C&O Canal. The bridge is located at what is called "The Point." Three states, Virginia, Maryland, and West Virginia, and two rivers, the Potomac and the Shenandoah, converge there. In the Civil War, the Confederacy considered The Point to be their key to Washington. It too is HikaNation's key to Washington and the future of hiking nationwide.

Mr. Reid, of Baltimore, hiked the entire 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail, last year to raise money for the Kennedy Institute.

## HikaNation Journal 1

April 9, 1980 – May 9, 1980

Portland, Oregon to San Francisco, California

April 9, 1980 Wednesday

3:15 pm. Here I am sitting on the train – God – It’s Moving! We just passed the girls waving at the window. Vicci, Loyce and Larry, Chelle and Marty came to the station to see me off. We are crossing the Willamette River as the blue and white “Port of Portland” Paddle Wheeler is approaching. The sun has come out and its been a typical April showery day.

How do I feel? Exuberant! I feel like I just pulled off a “heist,” I’ve gotten away! I’m off to see the Wizard! The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. My life is so good I can’t believe it! The wonderful friends! Marty DeBoe the ESL teacher at Grant High, where we both were employed, let me stay with her from Saturday afternoon until today (Wednesday).

Marty wouldn’t let me pay her any rent. She said, “Some day I’ll need a place to stay!” Marty is my life



line. She is sending my supply box at regular intervals. Besides food other things would be needed. Once a week 5 estrogen tablets and 7 vitamins B&C; every two weeks I needed hand cream and shampoo – we got sample sizes at Newberry's; once a month I will need a new little notebook.

Once a month she will pack up 4 boxes. We got 8 boxes from Cloud Cap Chalet in Portland and they are saving more for us which she will pick up later. She puts in each box 5 estrogen tablets, 7 vitamins, 7 teabags, 7 hot chocolate envelopes, 7 packs of granola or "fomilia cereal, 1 bag of trail mix & dried fruit, 7 packs of soup, a bag of PVC (looks like dog food but it's a soybean protein product that you soak for 15 minutes and cook for a while), 2 cups of falafel mix, either shampoo or hand cream, a ? cup of instant coffee, 3 1qt packets of Wylie's drink mix, a packet of my homemade moose jerky – 7 pieces, some powdered milk, and whatever else she thinks I might need.

What I need to do in San Francisco

1. Get water purification tablets
2. Find out why my stove won't light
3. Get a sewing kit
4. Visit Aunt Rena
5. Visit cousins Bill and Bud
5. Call the Y before 6 pm tonight to confirm my room there

Thursday  
4/10/80

Its now 2:30 a.m. and I'm sitting on a chartered bus - seems as though a freight train has derailed about fifteen miles up ahead. We are unloading from the train onto buses where they will take us to Dunsmuir. We are waiting for another train. Took a walk to a cafe for pie and coffee. Back on the bus. It took us across the street to the new train - We will be off in a few minutes. I held a baby for a lady after I just got on the train. The harassed looking young mother had another young child and boxes and bags on the ground beside the train. They switched baggage and brought the stuff from our train on buses. It is supposed to be transferred now. God, I hope they have my pack on this train. I feel certain they do and I'm glad I have plenty of time before the hike starts. Also, I am worried that Bill or Bud, my cousins, have taken off work to meet my train and will have to wait. I need to take my contacts off and rest a while.

There were many hikers in San Francisco who are joining us but the following folks at the Y planned to hike all the way and they came by at 4:30 and signed my journal:

Janet Parsons Mt. Prospect, Ill. (Chicago) 19  
Paul Gillikin Chesterton, Indiana 19  
Joe Shute Anesbury, Mass. 51  
Barry C. Rhodes Eureka, MT 36

Dave Backus Manasquan, N.J. 28  
Mike Hoskins Chicago Il  
Lew Robertson Rockingham, North Carolina 24  
Peter McIntyre Calgary, Alberta, Canada 28

Colin did not sign journal Los Angeles, CA

Thursday  
4/10/80

... I called my cousin, Bud Georgette, at 6 and he picked me up at 7. We went to Fisherman's Grotto #1 on Fisherman's Wharf. He bought my dinner - a gorgeous avocado and crab salad. We had a good visit and he had us date and sign our ticket stub. He said we should return in a year. Bud was interested in the hike. I got back to the Y at 9:30. Some of the hikers were playing rummy in the lounge and a new fellow, "Colin" was there - he is from L.A. I left and told them to call me if I wasn't down for the meeting at 9 am.

Friday

4/11/80

Several of us met at 9 a.m. and went sightseeing. We rode the cable cars, bus and hiked - a glorious day and we got sun tanned. We went to an army surplus store and bought a few supplies. I bought a pair of men's wool pants to make winter hiking pants out of. I plan to cut off the legs and put elastic around the bottoms.

Its now 5:45 p.m. and I'm worrying about how to get rid of extra stuff. I will mail it to Marty.

Had dinner with other cousins, Bill and Rosie Georgette. I spent the night at Bud's apartment after he had taken me to visit his mother who is my Aunt Rena. She is happy at the lovely rest home where she lives..

Saturday  
4/12/80

Got up nervous at the Y. Got ready and met the others in the lobby. We walked down to catch the bus to the Polo grounds. Had to walk a ways from the bus. Lots of fal-de-ral and ceremony for us. Finally after the celebration we began marching down to the sea. I put my pack down and ran into the Pacific Ocean. Got all wet! Put pack back on and joined the parade. I ate a hot dog at a stand along

the way. Very hot. My feet hurt. I thought we'd never get to the ramp of the bridge. Ached all over! Agony. We were supposed to sleep on the asphalt under the bridge ramp. I rebelled. Barry Rhodes said he would walk with me to a phone to call Buddy to see if he would come get me and let me sleep at his place. No answer. I finally got a hold of Bill. He said Rosie wasn't home yet and that he had no way to come to get me. I was at a restaurant on Market Street and had told Barry to go on back and that I was sure I could get with my cousins. Well! The restaurant closed at 8 pm. It was 8. I decided to try to get a bus and if not call a cab to take me to the bridge because my feet hurt so bad!

I walked about two blocks and saw ahead a group of kids who looked about high school age. I couldn't believe my eyes! They were Grant High students from Portland with Janet Howland, the choral music teacher. We were all delighted to see each other. I knew that they were going to be in San Francisco that weekend because Janet had told me that they wouldn't be singing on Saturday so they would try to see me. Anyhow I asked if they were staying near and was there any room for me. Janet said sure. Jay S., the male music teacher, was back at the Pickwick Hotel not ? block away. I parted and as I came up to the hotel there was Jay - He saw me first and called "Hi, Toni!" I asked him if I could sleep in his room, that I would only shower and leave early in the

morning. He said sure. He was going out for the evening and he let me in. He left, I showered and called the desk and asked them to call me at 5 a.m. I went to bed and to sleep by 8:30. Woke to the phone at 5, got dressed - Jay was awake, told him thanks and bye and left. Caught a bus that got me back to the bridge ramp. People were assembled already. I grabbed my pack and got in line just in time to be one of the first to cross the Oakland Bay Bridge! Great feeling - Great day. Walked alone most of the morning. Walked with Joe Shute in afternoon. We followed some people after lunch who we thought were our group. Went 3 miles out of our way so we must have hiked 20 miles! Through Berkley which was really nice, past the campus, hill after hill, so tired ached all over, thought oh, my God, am I going to be able to make it?

Perked up in the afternoon. Realized how much better off I was than those who got only 2 hours sleep under the bridge. Buddy was at Tildon Park. Took me to dinner & we ate with Bill and Rosie at an Italian Restaurant. Slept at Bud's Apartment, went to see Aunt Rena in the morning and then rejoined the group.

Sunday  
4/13/80

Went from Briones to Tildon today.

Set my tent up in field. Got off by myself. I have never seen the skies so clear and stormy. Cow pasture. Buddy had come shortly after we had reached here. Brought fresh milk and fruit. Everyone likes him. He didn't stay long and said he would see me again before Sacramento. He said he would like to follow the hike to the Nevada border whenever he could.

Blisters, blisters, moleskin, pain, and blisters.

Monday  
4/14/80

Camped at Briones

Bud came out. I had this place confused with Tildon. Cow pasture. My first night to stay with the group. Very cold. I had to wait a long time for Monty because he carried my pack today. He is being great and letting us get used to carrying a little bit at a time.

My bivysack tent is too small! Went home with Bud after having dinner with Bill and Rosie. Watched TV till 11 trying to see if we were on. I called home and they told me the article was in the Oregonian with a good picture.

Tuesday  
4/15/80

Went past a school. Kids came out and gave us ice cream slices. Talked to a black teacher named Pauline. She was so curious. Kids were wonderful. They lifted my pack and asked questions.

Saw lots of horses today. My feet hurt! Stayed at Walnut Creek Open Space.

Wednesday  
4/16/80

Mt. Diablo,

Never saw such a beautiful sight! Dry and hot all night. No dew! So tired! I played the melodica I had brought along. It sounded sort of like an accordion. You blow on it and then play the keyboard. Other folks played it, too. So tired I couldn't enjoy much.

A raccoon got in a pack during the night. Some of our packs are still in the van part of the time until we feel tough enough to carry them all day.

Adopted Janet Parsons.

Thursday  
4/17/80



Mt. Diablo to Contra Loma Reg. Park. Saw 1st rattler. Picked up a dead gopher snake. Held live baby gopher snake. Sent extra stuff to Marty from Clayton, Ca.

Adopted Dave Backus into our little "family". We will call him "Bro".

Terribly bad day! 1st day with full pack. Teared up. Am I going to be able to do this?

Lots of singing on the trail. A wonderful group of people.

Skies clear! Stars incredible at Tildon Parks. I took a long walk in the dark by my self – Glorioso! 1st tent in camp. Cold, cold, cold! Ray Johnston got heat prostration and is in bad shape in the hospital in Walnut Creek. Won't let anyone call home. He is 57. A run away?

Friday

4/18/80

Thursday Antioch, California. Rest day. Ranger took us to Antioch. Went to a do-nut shop and pigged out. Beauty shop gave me a free shampoo! Went to first laundromat. Went to paper Antioch Daily Ledger and told them about HikaNation and what a friendly town they had. They will send a photographer to the wiener roast birthday party for Glen Seaborg tonight.

I was appointed by Jim Kern to the nominating committee; and the birthday committee with Janet.

Later:

The wiener roast was fun we also had apples, tomatoes, oranges, and bananas. The photographer didn't show up. But around our camp fire later on Joan Dean, a naturalist for the Forest Service, was telling us about the mines that were in the area 100 years ago. She said the miners knew that the work was temporary because they didn't put foundation under their houses. When the mine was stripped they numbered the boards on their houses, tore them apart and loaded them up and took the lumber with them to the next job. The area was then left in much the same state as it was found when coal was found.

I slept out of the tent under the stars. It was not cold at all. Slept well but first looked at the sky through binoculars. Stars were thicker than I believed possible. There are so many!

Poison oak itching all night long - spot on left wrist getting pustules.

Saturday

4/19/80

Wrist dripping and oozing. I've decided to go with Monty to a doctor to get a shot of cortisone.

Clinic is closed because it's Saturday. Went to emergency room at local hospital. Doctor gave me a bit of static because he said he didn't usually give shots for poison oak. I told him I could feel it coming all over so he agreed - ouch -I just got the shot. He is giving a prescription for cream also.

Sunday  
4/20/80

Walked yesterday afternoon. Hospital bill was over \$72! Poison oak horrible during the night.

Joe Shute had some cortisone tablets he gave me and Monty got my cortisone salve prescription filled.

Very windy today. Rained a little. We stepped off 16 miles in less than 6 hours. Hot showers. \$1 to camp here. Put wine in my water bottle and shared it with about 20 people.

KO Ket Resort - Sunday

Clarksburg Fishing access on Merits Island - Monday

Discovery Park Sacramento - Tuesday /Wed

C. M. Goethe - Wednesday

Negro Bar Park - Thursday (near Folsom)

Rest Day - Friday

Green Valley Road Reserve Fire Station - Saturday

Placerville City Park - Sunday 4/27/80

Monday  
4/21/80

Walked fast today – another 16 miles. Stopped in cute little towns. Had pie and coffee – eating a tremendous amount!

Rained quite a bit and the wind blew. About 4 we got to the boat access at Merits Island. We went to get water and find a bathroom. Someone said to get water at the bar across the street. We walked across the street and saw what looked like an abandoned second hand store. Much to our surprise we heard the sweet, happy sounds of “shit-kicking” music! Zounds, energy began to fill our veins. We actually ran to see from whence came the merriment. The “abandoned” shack was actually a tavern. Such hospitality! We dropped our packs and pigged out on chili and beer. The owners were wonderful. They moved out the pool tables and put the jukebox in the pool room. We danced and drank beer until 9. The pub owners donated 2 cases of beer and much chili. A great time was had by all! We tented beside the Sacramento River.

Tuesday  
4/22/80  
Edna’s Birthday

Another 16 miles. It rained a lot today. My blisters were really hurting. At noon I changed to my Dr. Scholl's soft shoes and felt better. We came a long way via railroad tracks. I called Bud this afternoon at the shop and his boss told me that Dad and Evelyn had arrived and that Bud was taking them out to lunch. I was interviewed by Channel 10 TV this afternoon. I told them about Dad not wanting to bet me that I wouldn't make it all the way. We are now in Old Sacramento waiting for the Mayor. We are on the corner of Front and J Streets.

A lady called out of a car window and gave me a lovely wool hat. Saw kumquats growing. Also figs, oranges, and lemons.

Wednesday  
4/23/80

Dad showed up. He was down in Discovery Park as we came off the overpass. He was happy to see me.

He and Evie stayed in another camp ground. In the morning Dad and she came back and we talked a bit. Got our picture taken by HRCI People. Dad said as we walked through the park on the beginning of the days walk, "We might not see one another again." He was choked up and so was I. I said, "Daddy, don't say that!" He wished me well and told me he thought I'd make it. He said, "If my knees weren't so bad [he

has arthritis] I think I could make it!" I'm glad I took him around last night to meet everyone. I needed space when he left. I was really hurting inside.

Last night Joe did folks laundry and Dad and Eve fixed drinks for Shelly and me. Dad really liked Shelly. Edna came around asking, "Where is Toni's tent?" When she found it she said, "Where is your cup? I have some sherry for you." Was it good! She is warming up. She had been pretty standoffish until lately.

Salad! Two, 5 gallon buckets donated by a weekend hiker who is also saving clippings for us. His name is Larry Carpenter. Visitors soon get the idea that we crave fresh fruits and veggies.

Thursday  
4/24/80

Woke up early this morning to give David Marple his birthday breakfast. He was doubly surprised because his birthday wasn't until tomorrow. Laugh.

Wore Dr. Scholl's shoes today because of blisters. At noon Dave Backus wrapped my sore ankle in an ace bandage. Good foot got sore on top because of where lacings fit. Ouch.

Going to a place called Negro Bar today. It is not a Bar bar. No one seems to know why it is called

that. Two kids in a pickup truck gave us the wrong directions. Went about 3 miles out of the way!

In Orangeville a lady stopped to talk to us outside of the grocery store where we were eating barbequed chicken and milk. I told her I needed embroidery hoops so she said she would get some and bring them to us in the morning. Fellows in a car lot called out to us to ask what was happening. Talked quite a while. They were really nice.

I discovered today that Aspirin really works for pain. My ankle was hurting terribly and I took three before we left camp. In less than 2 hours I felt a warm rush from my knee down and suddenly the pain was gone! I'll use it from now on!

I crashed at 6:30 and went right to sleep and missed the group campfire.

Friday  
4/25/80

Woke up at 8 a.m.! What a treat. Beth, the lady who said she would bring embroidery hoops was here about 9. Hoops were just right. She also brought me a small testament in which she had written a blessing. She took Susan, Joe and me on a tour. We saw Johnny Cash's famous Folsom Prison, where we got out to look at the craft shop. I thought I might get choked up but I didn't. Those poor bastards! We went into Folsom and Beth left us at

the doctor's office. Four of us were treated for blisters, bruises, poison oak, etc.. The doctor gave us some free samples and didn't charge a cent! What lovely people!

Today I embroidered flowers and a backpacker on Edna's pack. She was pleased. Then I did a larger bouquet of flowers on David Marple's pack. I'm not going to do any more backpacks because I don't like Edna's.

First problem with mosquitoes yesterday and today. Washed my hair in cold water. Strange but I'm getting used to it. Beautiful weather yesterday and today.

Saturday  
4/26/80

Rescue church yard tonight. We slept close in a tiny tent city. Hot clear day. Long day. Walked past Folsom Prison and up a long grade. Saw many nice houses. Stopped at Lillian Dixon's Pony Express House. Lovely evening. Shared a bottle of wine. Gave back and foot rubs. Dave Marple got his birthday foot rub from me and Shelly gave him a back rub at the same time. I was very tired and went to bed early. Later someone brought in a guitar and there was beautiful singing. If I wasn't so tired I would have loved to join them. In the morning we



took a collection to give the Baptist Church in Rescue for use of their restrooms.

Sunday  
4/27/80

I awoke to the sounds of people singing Happy Birthday. I opened the tent flap and there were my friends bringing me breakfast and gifts and flowers. Got a bottle of Italian wine from Bruce Olson. A coupon book filled with sweet gifts from each member of the "family".

A lovely walk today about 10 miles – an easy day – a lot of elevation gain. Looks a lot like Scappoose, Oregon.

Stopped and talked to a young man whose home looked like paradise. Tiny farm – duck, chickens, cows, a lovely green lawn and garden. The man was pleased that we stopped and complimented him.

At noon break as I walked up to where the main group was sitting they sang Happy Birthday to me again. I took out my wine and gave it all away, a swallow to each.

In Placerville a real estate lady gave us the use of the bathroom and water. A bar gave us a free beer. We found a Laundromat and I stripped and put on my Gortex parka and washed all my clothes. I went into the bathroom at the laundromat and washed my hair

and took a sink bath. How Great to feel clean! Joined the main group and walked into Placerville City Park. Tents were a solid mass. A nice park - swings, slides. We set up camp and went out to Denny's for dinner. Got a free birthday sundae and I took it around and gave everyone a bite. Had a wonderful, wonderful birthday. Called sister Jo- she told me that Dad and Eve just got home and that he won \$2,000 in Reno. Went out to coffee and spent a long time talking to Joe about our roles in the group. Wonderful day ended by group singing.

Monday  
4/28/80

Light shower during the night. Many went out to breakfast at Denny's because we feel we won't have many more chances.

An easy 10 miles with some climbing today. I will carry full pack for 1st day. I had been leaving a lot of stuff in the van. Monty won't take extra stuff anymore.

Called Marty DeBoe this morning and she said there should be a package of food here in Placerville today. The post office isn't open yet.

Placerville is a beautiful, historic old town. I'd like to come back here someday.

5 p.m.: We are now at Mt. Danaker Forest Ranger Station in Camino. On the way here we stopped to

talk to some people who came out to ask us where we were going. They invited us in for coffee and the lady got carrot cake out of her freezer for us. They seemed really interested. The man was in the yard working on his pickup. He had cleaned the battery terminals with soda and then put white (clear) Karo Syrup on them to keep them from corroding. I had heard of using grease or Vaseline but never Karo Syrup. He said it lasts a long time. His name was Bud and his wife was Pat. He reminded me of Larry Lee, my brother-in-law!

Before we left Placerville this morning I had gone to the post office and my package was there from Marty. She told me she had mailed it Monday so it took four days.

We stopped at a place called "Helen's Kitchen," for coffee and sweet rolls. The people here were so interested in our adventure that they wouldn't let us pay. They asked us where we were spending the night and when we told them somewhere in Camino 10 miles away they asked us what kinds of food people were craving. I said, "Fresh fruit and vegetables mostly." They said they'd try to find us and perhaps bring some chili too.

In Camino I stopped to ask some men loading a railroad car what kind of lumber was in the piles. It was very white. They said white ponderosa pine. I had never seen lumber so light before. The men knew of our adventures and asked a lot of questions. They said, "Do you dance?" We said, "Sure." They

said come to the Author's Club tonight and there will be dancing and beer.

We went to check out the Author's Club after Jeannie Harmon had first bought me a piece of pie with cinnamon sauce and ice cream for my birthday. At the Author's Club they gave me a free glass of wine when Joe Shute told them it was my birthday yesterday. People here, too, seemed genuinely interested. No dance here though because one side of the place is closed for remodeling where they had had the dancing.

We went on a mile walk to the Ranger Station. Gadzooks! Hot showers ,a dorm with bunks, washer and dryer, TV, and lounge. I am feeling closed in on and didn't want to sleep close to the others so stayed over on a side hill. I had not been around people for this long in years and I'm feeling "Caught." I want to be alone. Am I weird? Am I me or part of the group?

A problem is arising that may cause a bigger one. P.D. borrowed money from some of the group and told them they would be repaid when his mom sent his money. This morning he got \$150 and says he isn't going to pay it back until he gets to the middle of "no where." He says they have been treating him badly. I told him that I didn't think he was being honorable and that he should repay his debts. The kids who loaned the money are really angry. I shared what I knew with Barry. Several of us had helped P.D. when he made it known his money

hadn't come. I gave him \$2 when he told me he was broke. He is the only black in the group. He is from University City, MO. I'm very proud of him. He is very small and it must have taken an extra amount of courage to join this group. I hope he does the honorable thing. Today I heard he hitched ahead. I'm sure he knows there will be a confrontation.

Mt. Donaker Ranger Station:

Got some time to myself this evening. The girls from the restaurant in Placerville found us. They brought fruit, vegetables, and trail mix which we all shared. We told them where we would be on Thursday and they said they would join us for a day.

P.D. came through! He dropped three \$1 bills in my lap when I was reading and said "Happy Birthday." I told him thanks and that two bucks were my gift and kissed him. The other group later told me everything was ok, that he had paid them. Later P.D. showed me a biology text book that he had got that day. He told me he had spent the day riding around with a ranger.

After I was bedded down Phil Atkins came by looking for me. He sounded upset and wanted to talk. He was feeling rejected by a girl he had met a few days before and wanted to talk about it.

The whole camp had problems tonight.

Tuesday  
4/29/80

## Mt. Danaker to Pacific House

Woke up at 7 am with Cindy Bain announcing a meeting in an hour and asking for 100% turnout. We got a new set of rules.

Anyone caught with illegal drugs or alcohol would get a 1 week suspension from the group.

Any knife pulling would mean complete expulsion. Ditto thievery.

Hiked back to Camino to Fay's Coffee Shop for breakfast about two miles out of way but it was worth it. The rest went ahead about two miles to the Sportsman. Met at Safeway at 1.

Wednesday

4/30/80

## Pacific House to KY Bus

Began the day cold. Ice on tents. Old outside toilets dirty. Last night we danced to old jukebox that had lots of 50's music - I showed off and danced the twist. People said "very well done"! I was proud. We had a meeting at 8 outside that was very tense. Many people resented that arbitrary rules set down by Steering Committee, but mainly by Don. Long meeting. Today we crossed a bridge that had been condemned. We had to cross one at a time. A long day. 19 miles and it was tough! First day to

see snow in the Sierra Foothills – 5400 feet altitude.  
\*[Put photo here of me pointing to the mountains]

We ended up at a tiny clean restaurant called Silver Fork. We needed keys to get into the johns. We were bone tired. Ate a huge cheeseburger, fries and a shake and then shared a chocolate sundae! It got dark as we ate. We walked the last mile to Kyburz in the dark. It began to rain. We set up tents and went to the bar across the street. I asked the bartender to dance.

I left and went to bed around 11 pm. Lots of folks stayed there until it closed.

Thursday  
5/1/80

Kyburz to Strawberry

Woke up at Kyburz and someone hollered out that the Silver Fork restaurant had breakfast. Some of us hitched a ride with a ranger lady but the restaurant was closed. She took us back. The hike to Strawberry will be a 10 mile hike and should be beautiful. Some men from the San Francisco Chronicle were there. I talked to them. What a beautiful day! This was my first day almost totally alone! Heaven! I basked in the solitude and deliberately avoided others. Caught up with the main group at lunch and met with Marci, Tex, Walking Bob for nominating committee meeting. In

the afternoon I hiked alone, sang loudly. Helped many people ford the American River. Ranger Mike Reeves and I stayed and helped others. The river was dangerous and exceptionally high. Lots of people were afraid but I was excited and reassured others. Shelly Newell was especially fearful and it took me a long time to coax her across.

Richard took a picture of me crossing and will get me a copy. The water must have been 35 to 37 feet deep, they say.

The ranger, Mike Reeves, told me that he was from Modoc County, California and that in the winter Alkaline lakes form natural ice skating rinks sometimes fifteen miles long and two feet deep. I must write to Ken Bauer and tell him. Someday I will go there to skate.

I saved some moss that a short timer, Ballby from Lake Tahoe, had brought April but had left on the bark. I wrapped it in my washcloth and brought it to her.

I lengthened my "off" day by taking a side trip. When I found the Strawberry sign I took a side road and hiked about 5 extra miles. I got back to camp at 6:15 to find chaos! People were worried that I was lost. I felt sad because my day had been so glorious and I caused concern. Ate pizza at the bar. I showered and went to bed at 8:30.

Friday



5/2/80

### Rest Day at Strawberry

Woke up at 8:30. Twelve hours in the sack! Rest day today. Dr. Seaborg has an interest in this lovely resort. There are houses here for rent at \$7 per day but they won't be available till May 20. Too bad!

We had a meeting of the nominating committee at 9:30. All went well. We were quite organized and at the general meeting we performed well.

I called Dad. No answer! Sorted out laundry, washed my hair, and it is now 2:30 pm. I'm in the van drinking wine and writing this. The weather couldn't have been better. We have had only one really stormy day. That was from Clarksburg to Old Sacramento.

To describe this place. The lodge is spread out. Anyone could walk in and take a shower. Hot water! It gives me ideas for the future. I could go backpacking on my own and get clean once in a while. Everywhere you look is mountains and trees. Clear blue, blue sky. Craggy, rocky peaks with snow sprinkled among the trees as if by a giant sifter of powdered sugar. It's warm but not hot. Some of us are playing volleyball outside. I walked barefoot through the dust from our lovely camp by the rushing mountain river. I want Vicci near. She is so dear to me. I don't think she knows. I want to say to her, "See, big sister isn't a square." I want her to

love the part of my life that has given me so much joy and solace. [stream of consciousness here of pain and pleasures & anguish] The outside cold, hot, dust, muscle, hurt, pain, breeze, snow, sweat, sun, clouds, rock, bugs. Solitude, strength, dirt. My children. Will I ever know them? Max and climbing South Sister and Broken Top. Kauaii, planes, prisons, diapers, orgasm, hurt, books, money, garbage, Butler & Bob.

Joe Shute reminds me of Bob Leber. Tall, lanky and fun loving. Sun and breeze on bare skin. I am proud. Daddy. Michael the bear, Michael & tears, Max the comforter, Max the peacemaker, Donna the vivacious, Donna the capable, Rhonda the pensive, Rhonda the joy, all the pain and joy. I love them all so much. Will they ever know? Blood spurting over Dr. Jim Whitely as they were cut out of me. Will they ever know? No - It is not possible for them to all know. Bob wanted me to water ski about six weeks after Donna had been born via Caesarean Section and I still had a sore incision. But Bob wanted me, too, when no one else did. So I will be what Bob wants, but I can't. I can't be and do what he wants me to. I am me. I have a right to be here. I have a right to be. Leave me alone world. I know that I am loved. That is a great thing. I know that people want me around. That is a great feeling. I know that among hundreds I am treasured. That is a great thing. I am not treasured and loved by my children

to my greatest sorrow. Oh how I miss them. Suicide – It seems so far away and yet it has loomed so near in my life. Mama. I think she knows me now. I loved her but she didn't know much about love because she didn't get much herself.

I have been in the lounge where the fireplace is for quite a while. Only a bit of this was written in the van. I'm going to have one more glass of wine and then go and strip (well not completely) in the sun beside my adopted daughter, Janet Parsons.

Saturday  
5/3/80

Great party in the bar at the lodge. I helped get the kids aspirin and in the right camp about 1am. Got a late start this morning. The guitarist last night was Dennis Smith. He played magnificently. Six string, twelve string, flute and classical piano. He played almost non-stop from 5:45 until 1 a.m. Beer was flowing freely and someone bought everyone double shots of tequila. I gave mine away.

Mike McReynolds, the California co-ordinator, said that two months after June 1981 when we had finished this hike he would personally take us through 500 miles of Canadian Rockies. I shook his hand to let him know it was agreeable. He said he would take all the family. Does that mean 50 odd people or just our little adopted family structure? I

must ask him. He and I danced the polka once. Len Bjork from Palo Alto, California gave me a stamped postcard, and asked me to mail to him about the 20th of May to tell him where we are and how it is going. Bill Kemsley from Backpacker Magazine is with us this weekend also. I have been walking with Joe Shute and he forgot his walking stick after we had taken off for Little Norway. I'm sitting in my pack waiting for him to come back from retrieving it.

We are walking 8 or 9 miles by road today because the snow route is supposed to be pretty difficult and the snow wet. I have sent my gaiters home. Back on our rest day in Antioch I scraped and bruised my left leg. It still is purple. I also still have an arm itching some from the poison oak. Off again towards Little Norway.

Clear blue sky, fluffy white clouds, cool mountain breeze. Stopped at an art gallery that featured early American oils, watercolors, Indian crafts, such as silver and turquoise jewelry, basketry, clothing, plus modern day painters works in oil, watercolor and sculptures. Wonderful bronze sculpture.

A leisurely hike. Stopped in Pow Wow and ate and ate and ate. The hikers who had taken the snow trail were here also. Some thought the trail had been easy and others thought it difficult. We walked on to Little Norway elevation 7,300. Set up the tents and

went into the bar where we are now writing and sitting around.

It has begun to pour outside. We ate dinner here, visited a lot and then had a seminar on tendonitis given by Bill Kemsley. Carl Guerrein had been sucking up the vino and got a bit obnoxious.

Sunday

5/4/80

Ate breakfast at the restaurant. Wonderful food but really slow. The owners are Hungarian and certainly charming people. We got a late start and took plenty of time to get to Sorenson's Resort. This is in the middle of nowhere just past Luther Pass. It was a long day - around 18-19 miles. Went through a four foot drift of snow. Len Bjork, who joined us at Folsom, left today to return to his home in Palo Alto. He only hiked a week. I walked with him in the afternoon and he is a very interesting fellow. He may return toward the end of May and bring his daughter. I walked with John Stout today. I asked him what he thought of the open male-female tenting together. He said it was great, that he had done it himself. He was married for 20 some years and had a bad divorce that left him bitter. He met a lady and went with her for about seven years. He said he stayed with her a lot and took her camping and backpacking. When he was 55 years old, he had to move from his boarding house because it was being

sold. He said to his lady, "Why don't we just get married? I'm over here so much anyhow!" She said ok. He was working as a machinist for Boeing in Seattle at the time. He told the lady that they would get married the next time Boeing went on strike. Time passed and no strike so they got married on a Thursday. She asked him where he wanted to go on a honeymoon and he said camping. They decided on a place that had some old cabins on it. He said, "I'm a big spender so I went to Goodwill and bought 6 pounds of candles for about 25 cents."

They walked along the stream banks and picked up old bottles and jars to have a fancy candlelit boudoir. After dinner on the first night they didn't do the dishes, just went to bed. All during the night they could hear mice licking the dishes on the table. The next day they took plaster and chinked the holes in the walls so the mice couldn't enter. John told me also about his daughter who had a Guatemalan boyfriend who she lived with for years. She helped him through college. After he earned his degree they loaded their stuff in a truck and took off through Mexico for Guatemala. When they got there the Guatemalan Government gave her thirty days to either marry him or return to the U.S. John thought the whole thing was really funny. He is now 68 years old. He misses his wife, Helen. He says mornings are his worst time. He says the world is so full of negative things that when he wakes up he forces

himself to fill his mind with positive things – to look for the positive things in life. He does some stretching exercises each day. A great guy.

Day 24  
Monday  
5/5/80

Was really tired when we got to Sorenson's, they had some darling unfinished cabins. I got to stay in one with an old fashioned bathtub. What a treat! Stayed behind on Monday to do laundry, write, make phone calls, etc.

Easy hike to Ace Herford Ranch past Woodfords. About 8 miles, 1,500 foot elevation loss.

Talked a long time with Helen Hultin, Sorenson's Resort Hope Valley California, 96139. She is a beautiful woman approaching 49. I honestly thought her tall brown son was her husband! She has a voluptuous/sensual? mouth and shiny, loose curly, shoulder length black hair. Has a very happy face and I think this is why she looks so beautiful! She is part Portuguese.

This is our last day in California. It has passed so quickly! Today I called Working Women Magazine in New York City. They told me to send a query to the article editor and that we may get a bit of coverage.

2:34 Started out for Ace Herford Ranch. Took 4 hours it was supposed to be 8 miles but I think its really about 12 to camp. We tented in a cow pasture. Had to move the dried cow dung to make a flat space. No toilets, we squatted between sage brush. Got water from the river. River is west fork of the Carson River, it is high and cold. Ranchers had baked a cake and brought it out to us. They brought a table and said they had thought about beer but didn't think backpackers drank! Laugh Laugh Laugh. About 15 of us gathered around our stoves and we made hot Tang and cuddled in a pile of people. The wind was blowing and it was a bit cold.

Tuesday  
5/6/80

Woke up to a lovely day. Got started about 9. It is now 10:45 and we have just crossed the Nevada border. Cindy Bain took a picture of Jeannie Harmon and me standing in Nevada looking back at California. [Put photo here](#) The Sierra's are in the background looking forever as if the Giant Sifter had been at work with the sprinkling of sugar. Birds chirping everywhere.

I feel great - a small blister on my right heel but it is not hurting. Last night April and Mike Halm went to Lake Tahoe. They lost a little money, had fun and got back to camp about 11 pm.



Jim Beam is our leader for a while in Nevada. I'm ready to take off again so I'm going to put my boots on and take off.

Stopped for a short lunch break. There were reporters from the Tahoe papers here. They took some pictures, then I hiked a mile or so to our campground. They charged us \$1.00 to pitch a tent. Cold showers. An Indian took us a mile or so away to a little store in the back of his pickup. We bought beer and groceries. It was quite hot walking this morning. Flat land full of sage brush - irrigated in spots. Our camp is on the Washoe Indian Reservation campground about three miles from Gardenerville. Again, we are camped beside the West Fork of the Carson River.

Tomorrow is supposed to be a 20 mile day. Lots of bitching because of the distance. We had been told that Nevada would be at a slower pace. It looks a lot like Kaneeta here. No fancy buildings, but the surrounding hills full of sage brush. I am tired of being with the same people all the time. Some of my friends don't seem to understand my need to get away from them.

When we got to this camp there were cameras everywhere you looked. I guess its because we have just entered the state. It gets old. Had a short ceremony by the river when Seaborg handed the walking staff to Jim Beam. Some people don't want the Fal-de-rol and won't get their pictures taken. Today a strange and sudden dust storm hit when we

were on a dusty dirt road. It lasted a very short time but I was afraid of my eyes. I only put in my left contact today because my right eye is sore. The dust hit and hurt! I stood still with my straw hat over my face and I could not stand still for the force of the wind. It only lasted a minute or so but still felt strange. It has been intermittently windy and very hot today.

I haven't felt good today. I don't know why. This is the first day I can remember feeling bitchy. Maybe I feel disoriented because of my eye. Maybe it is estrogen deficiency - I have been a brat all day. Cried when Janet wanted to know what was the matter.

## Seminar on Snakes and Insects

Scorpions in this area are not lethal unless you have an allergy to bee stings. They are painful the same as bee stings but not lethal.

Tarantulas are not poisonous. They do have long fangs - up to ? of an inch long - not venomous. They are very docile creatures. They are not dangerous.

Red ants from here through most of Utah - Quite painful but not lethal.

Snakes are our real danger. They can only operate in a very small temperature variance. When ground temperature is over 100o snakes can't live.

They will not be active or out. They will stay in shade under rocks, logs and holes in ground. When temperature is under 40o snakes are also hiding out. Early morning and last couple of hours before dark and the times we must watch out for.

Snakes around here are not lethal. They may make one sick but not dead. Panic is the thing to watch for. Keep calm – the venom travels fastest when one is panicked. Sit down and relax.

Next treatment: Don't cut open the wound. There is more harm of infection from the cut than from venom. Sucking from a cut is too slow. Put a constricting band above the bite 3 or 4 inches. You can feel the pressure and don't stop blood flow. Only slow down venous return flow to heart. This slows down the venom from reaching the heart so fast. Don't use a tourniquet! Must be able to feel pulse!

A bite will be painful fairly soon – after about 6 hours you will feel nauseous. Another 6 to 12 hours will be delirium, next day feel sick like a bad hangover then you will be ok again. After 2 to 4 hours of sitting still if you don't have a reaction you can probably begin to hike again. Think of an Ace bandage a little bit over-tight as a constricting bandage. A wider band is easier to control than a shoe-string. A signal for help is three blasts, a pause, and three more blasts repeated after a pause until someone answers. Keep your pack with you. Don't expend any unnecessary energy.

If you hear a rattle – freeze. Identify where it is. A snake can strike about a third to half its length if it is coiled. It can't strike from an open position. But they can turn and bite you.

The only thing that is lethal that we will have to contend with is heat. Because of this we will leave at 8 a.m. tomorrow. Barry Rhodes will be pathfinder across Nevada. Take a 10 minute break every hour. Walk at a 2 m.p.h. pace to conserve water. Remove boots at each break and let socks dry out. Change socks often. We have come 275 miles. We are all experienced backpackers now.

Next day: Tomorrow will be fifteen miles of pavement walking that is level. Thursday we will also leave at 8 a.m. and only go five miles to Topaz Lake. We will have an extra rest day and layover Friday at same place. There will be stores, restaurants, casinos, etc., and swimming for the hardy.

Don't make fires.

Pig out on water in the evenings morning and.

Carry at least 1 qt of water.

Carry 3 days food at all times.

We will have a 3 day notice when Monty isn't going to be with us.

Festivals – We have been invited to the Jim Bridger Days in Tonopah. Group is supposed to think about how we are going to handle this and future invitations.

Wednesday  
5/7/80

The 20 mile walk from Washoe Indian Reservation Campground went much easier than I would have expected. My hips and calves ached a bit and I took aspirin at lunchtime.

While we were stopped for noon break a semi-truck came by and the driver hung out the window and yelled, "Come on! Get up!" We all cracked up. A couple with a little girl stopped their pickup and asked us, "What's this all about? Where are you going?" They were amazed. An old beat up car stopped and a guy got out and took pictures. When we called out and asked who he was he replied that he was from the local paper.

There was much glee when we realized that we were walking easy three miles per hour! Proud of our strength!

Topaz Lake is unbelievably beautiful! From the lodge one has a panoramic vista of the lake. The day is lovely - sky is blue with fluffy white clouds - hot with a soft breeze. The smooth lake is surrounded by hills covered with sage brush. A few houses can be seen here and there along the shore. There are several FOR SALE signs that announce the zoning as C-3 Gaming Commercial.

Thursday

5/8/80

### Bonus Rest Day – Topaz Lake Nevada

We have a tent city on the lawn (plush and green). We have been able to wash (hot water!) in the casino restroom. Washed out panties and hung them outside in the sun.

A well written article about us was published in today's issue of the Nevada State Journal. I've sent a copy to Vicci and my kids and will get a copy to Grant High School.

Mt. St. Helens is acting up again for the first time in two weeks.

Our family is tremendous. Practically every time one of us passes another a hand goes out – a back is scratched, a head is patted, a shoulder is hugged. Friendly hugging is the order of the day. Someone bounces Jaimie as she gurgles happily. Someone says, "Sit down and take off your shoes, I'll rub your feet." Someone says, "Damn, your tan is so pretty," or "You are so sweet," or "How ya feeling today, Ma?"

The only real dissention concerns the kids who hitch hike instead of sticking together when the going gets rough. There are about five or six who are making the others angry. They go ahead of us, get drunk, party around, and then show up on rest day as if they are still a part of us. We have always advocated that people may join or leave at any time and yet here we are ostracizing those who do just

that! I think it is because they purport to be through-hikers that we are angered. Through-hikers are those who walk all the way unless they are truly lame. They may take or hitch rides on off (rest days) or after the days' mileage is completed. I don't know how it will be resolved. Last night I overheard some of the hitchers saying, "I think I'll make a sign that says 'HikaNation hiker wants to see the Grand Canyon'." It really irritated me. Am I a snob?

Today is Hawaiian Rex Halfpenny's birthday. I am supposed to get flowers to make a lei. A lady drove up to the lodge with a huge bouquet of lilacs, she told me they grew around here.

I just asked Gayle Rainbow to give me her bib pants so I can embroider them. I'll be busy these two rest days! I need to decorate Rex's pack too.

Afternoon: The gardener at Topaz Lodge advised me to be careful of rattlesnakes as I browsed for flowers on the nearby hillsides. Found orange and red California Poppy, Indian Paintbrush & Sage; then cut a few sprigs of greenery from the pyramidalis by the building. Monty gave me a few pieces of fine wire that he uses to attach tags to packs. I grabbed scissors and dental floss and soon with the help of "Nashville" Shellie we had a beautiful lei for Rex Halfpenny.

I got everyone gathered around and we sang Happy Birthday in the casino and presented him with it. All the ladies kissed his cheek and the men shook

his hand. He said it was the best birthday he had ever had. I think he is 29. Rex said the lei looked authentic. I think he was charitable – the flowers wilted fast but he wore it all day. We also gave him a bouquet of California Poppies in a water canteen. Mary Oswald, his companion, said it spilled during the night in their tent!

Later in the afternoon we gathered clover in Monty's white dishpan and placed a pineapple, orange, apple, banana, crackers, jalapeno jelly, pickled pigs feet, malt balls, gorp/trail mix, strawberry jam, tomato, Chinese lettuce (cabbage?) etc, gifts from everyone – tossed in as we ran around asking for donations. Someone threw in a pink fat campers candle and we poked a hole in the pineapple, lit the candle and gathered around his tent where he was sleeping. We started singing Happy Birthday again and he came out grinning, astonished! We all ate his goodies, a bite of this and a bite of that. During the day I did the bib on Gayle's pants with flowers and a G. She liked 'em!

Friday  
5/9/80

Our official rest day! Sat around and put a flowered lei on Rex's pack. Washed clothes, borrowed a wool shirt to wear and washed almost everything. Then, just as I began to hang them out it started to rain!



The workman said I could hang my stuff in a partially finished building out back and Gomer Pyle got on a ladder and hung my stuff over the pipes on the ceiling.

Last night Randy Blymeier suggested we take up a collection to buy Monty dinner. He probably doesn't have as much fun as the rest of us so we got about \$10. There is a seafood special dinner tonight at the lodge for \$7.95 so we have enough left over to get him a drink.

5/6/80

Dear Vicci,

This morning we will reach the Nevada border. Yesterday I placed two long distance calls to New York City to Working Woman Magazine and Ms. Magazine. I charged them to your phone, take the amounts from our account. Okay? 212-725-2666  
212-750-0020

### Nevada Expenses

5/6 Tuesday \$1.00 camp fee \$7.00 food, cigs, & beer

5/7 Wednesday \$0.80 beer \$5.00 dinner

5/8 Thursday \$11.74 breakfast for 3 \$2.00 slots  
\$3.50 dinner \$2.00 drinks

5/9 Friday \$3.50 breakfast

Mailing addresses and estimated date of arrivals:

Toni Martinazzi c/o General Delivery "Hold for  
Hikanation Hiker"

5/3 Little Norway California 95721

5/9 Hawthorne Nevada 89415

5/15 Tonopah Nevada 89049

5/20 Hiko Nevada 89017

5/26 Panaca Nevada 89042

Utah

6/6 Enterprise 84725

Cedar City 84720

Hatch 84735

Tropic 84776

7/4 Escalante 84726

Boulder 84716

Hankesville 84734

Blanding 84511

8/4 Monticello 84535

I received letters from the following during this  
journal:

Rhonda 1, Max 1, Donna 1, Mike 2, Marty DeBoe 1,  
Sister Jo 1, Sister Vicci 11, Pat Cassidy 1, Sister Loyce  
1, Janet Chamberlain ( my former secretary at Grant  
High 1, Dad and Evelyn 2.

Index of names in this journal # 1 \* means one of under 40 who went 3,000 + miles.

\*Backus, Dave

\*Bain, Cindy

Balby [a short timer from Lake Tahoe]

Bauer, Ken (non-hiker)

Beam, Jim

Bjork, Len

\*Blymeier, Randy

Brawley, H.W. (Mayor) (preface article)

\*Burns, Rob (preface article)

Burton, Phil (non-hiker)

DeBoe, Marty (non-hiker)

Douglas, William O. (preface article)

Floyd, Tom (preface article)

Garvey, Ed (preface article)

Georgette, Bill & Rosie (non-hiker)

Georgette, Bud (non-hiker)

\*Gillikin, Paul

\*Guerrein, Marcie

Guerrein, Carl

Halfpenny, Rex

Halm, Mike  
\*Harmon, Jeannie  
Hultin, Helen (Non-hiker)  
Hoskins, Mike  
Howland, Janet (non-hiker)  
Hudson, Jerri "Rip" (preface article)  
Johnston, Ray  
Kemsley, Bill (preface article)

Kern, Jim (preface article)  
Leber, Bob (non-hiker)  
Leber, Donna (non-hiker)  
Leber, Max (non-hiker)  
Leber, Michael  
Leber, Rhonda  
Lee, Loyce and Larry (non-hikers)  
\*McIntyre, Peter "Canadian Pete"  
McReynolds, Mike  
\*Martinazzi, Toni (preface article)  
Martinazzi, Vicci (non-hiker)  
\*Marple, Dave (preface article)  
Marple, Capt. Scott C. (preface article)  
Mingus, Tim "Tex"  
\*Montgomery, Monty (Lawrence) (preface article)  
Nash, Bradley (preface article)  
\*Newell, Shelly

Oswald, Mary  
\*Parsons, Janet  
Pritchard, Paul (preface article)

Pyle, Dennis "Gomer"  
Pyle, Jamie (baby) (preface article)  
Rainbow, Gayle  
Reeves, Mike (non-hiker)

Rhondes, Barry C.  
Robertson, Lew  
\*Rowe, "Walking Bob"  
Seaborg, Dr Glenn T. (preface article)  
\*Shute, Joe  
Smith, Chelle (non-hiker)  
\*Stout, John (preface article)

\_\_\_ April from Ireland  
\_\_\_ P.D.      \_

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