



Paul Azevedo

The Reactor

Thoughts While Walking

Well, folks, as I threatened last week, I did it. I walked the 20 miles in the Walkamerica March of Dimes walk starting at 8 a.m. on Sunday. As I write, Sunday night, I am very grateful for the deep heating rub so liberally applied by my wife Lydia.

It really is nothing unique to walk 20 miles. A generous and game bunch of good kids, some very young, did the same thing. A lot of them finished well ahead of me. If you include two pit stops, one at the Tribune office, one at home on the way back, it took me seven hours and eight minutes to finish the jaunt.

I averaged 2.8 miles per hour, not particularly impressive. The first five miles, though, I did at four miles an hour. Then the muscles in my back acted up, and I began wishing for a backrub.

It was worth it, though, to finish. If one of your children did the walk, congratulate him. It's an achievement he or she can be proud of.

And if you made a pledge, don't delay paying. Those kids earned it. As for me, I did get \$100 in pledges after all. The last 32 dollars came from Mayor Peter Loeb. I invited him to walk along as Mayor Peter Murray had done a couple of years ago, but he had a previous engagement.

His money will go toward a good cause. There were other generous donations, including June Brooks, and some Tribune staffers, and Linda Ipsen of the Diet Center. When the hills got steep I kept going so as to earn those pledges.

"I will persist until I succeed" is something I learned to emphasize in another connection recently. I repeated that to myself several times.

Random thoughts during the 32 kilometers.

Some beer drinkers are slob. The number of cans, bottles, cardboard beer cartons, etc. alongside the road is phenomenal. This town has been well trashed.

Along Fassler were California poppies and some other flowers (they were pink) I did not recognize.

The Coyote Brush is bright and green.

Police cars were much in evidence, especially at the start of the walk. At the beginning of the walk some of the kids ran exuberantly. Toward the end, they walked.

There is thriving poison oak bush at the corner of Ebken and Fassler.

Disappointingly, there is no men's room at the Shell station at the foot of Fassler.

I was reminded of the political signs along the way that voter registration closes on May 7, which is next Monday. I have the forms at the Tribune if you need to register.

There is a wonderful show of yellow daisies near the Moose Lodge. Several of us stopped to watch the golfers do their thing at the golf course.

A car on Palmetto with a bumper strip: "Kill a Biker, go to jail."

Fairmont West and the Daly City area around FDR School has many signs. SAVE F.D.R. SCHOOL. A problem that few Pacificans are even aware of, though Pacifica kids are involved.

Up into Fairmont, down the Hickey hill, south along Oceana, smell the horses in Rockaway, pit stop at home, then onto the last kilometers. The most delightful, because unexpected, discovery was a house in the 1500 block of Linda Mar Boulevard where there was water. A little girl was offering it, all on her own. Good for her.