



THE WALK THAT INSPIRED THE STATE OF FLORIDA

Progress Reports from the historic walk of
Gov. Lawton Chiles from Century to Key Largo



LAWTON CHILES
FOUNDATION

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

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Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #1: Century to Jay -8 miles

Well, we started off yesterday morning at 8:30 at Century, Florida. Century is a town that is primarily a sawmill town, and it's on the Florida - Alabama line.

The first fellow that I saw I had to lure down off a power pole. He kept trying to get a word in and I kept talking to him about my running for the United States Senate and finally he got an opportunity to break in and tell me he was from Alabama. I just told him I sure hoped he had some Florida friends to pass the word on to.

We talked with a number of people in Century and had breakfast there. At first they wanted to talk only about the 800-mile plus walk before me, but then everybody started telling me about the Jay hill which lay ahead of me on the way to Jay.

I don't believe it was more than three or four miles but it looked like eight miles when I started up. The word was that if I could make it up the Jay hill, the trip would be coasting the rest of the way to the Keys. I thought I had made it up and stopped to rest. About that time Officer Wood, a highway patrolman who used to be stationed in Lakeland, came by and stopped to see what I was doing there. He broke it to me that I was only halfway up the hill. It was kind of a blow cause I hadn't realized that when the road curved ahead, I'd have another half of the hill to traverse.

They're breaking ground for their crops up here and the wind is blowing good and hard so everything is red sand and red dust. By the time I walked into Jay I looked like a red man. I met John Pittman at the electric co-op here and I think he felt so sorry for me — my hair looking so bad and I had so much dust on my face — he decided to take me home to dinner. I went to his house and we had collard greens and fried chicken and dressing and rice and apple popovers for dessert. I can tell you one thing: I haven't had an appetite like that in a long time. I had all that dinner and then finished up with another piece of chicken for dessert.

I reached Jay about noon and after I had lunch it looked like it was starting to rain, so I went to the livestock auction. That worked out real well because there were some 200 farmers there. By the time I got there, the bottom had fallen out — a real cloudburst. It would have been impossible to walk the streets of Jay and visit with the people.

There was a break in the auction and I was able to get on the microphone and give them a little talk about my campaign, to tell them why I was walking and talking through the state of Florida. And I had a good opportunity not only to talk but to do some listening. I found out a lot about the problems of the row farmer.

The people are trying to raise wheat and soy beans up here and one then was telling me that of a loaf of bread, the farmer himself gets about two and a half cents; and with their costs for fertilizer, help and tractors and everything going up continually, they're really caught in a squeeze. They're particularly hurt by the high interest rates, having to borrow a lot of money every year to make their crops. They're very disturbed with the government buying wheat and corn in other parts of the country and holding it till they're ready to put theirs on the market. Then the government starts to sell their holdings and that breaks the market. It keeps them from being able to make a profit. They don't want to see government controls and yet they feel that is the way they're heading unless they can get together in some kind of co-op and do more to see that the farmer gets a decent price for his goods and that all the profits aren't taken up by the middleman and the people handling the end product.

They had a lot of good looking livestock — hogs and cattle. Prices for them seemed to be pretty good. The row farmer is the one who's really having a tough time of it. It's great to have my feet on the ground and to be with good Florida people, to learn from them and to tell them of my ideas. This day has certainly confirmed my belief that there is a crying need to bring more of our government back closer to home and to the people it is intended to serve.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #2: Jay to Munson - 18 Miles

We left this morning from Jay about 8 o'clock. I knew we had a long day today to try to go to Munson. The first people that I saw on the road — a car stopped and out jumped J. Kirby Smith from Bagdad. I had met him at the Milton Kiwanis Club earlier and had also seen him at Milton at a dinner Dick Stone had. He heard at the Gopher Club at Pensacola this morning that I was out on the road so he came out to see me and brought the Chairman of County Commission of Santa Rosa, W. O. Kelly, with him and Clifford Wilson, also one of the commissioners from Santa Rosa County. So we had a nice visit out on the road. Then they took leave and I started on down the road.

The first place that we came to on the road this morning was a place called Crossroads. That's the local name for it. I think it's where the road goes south to Milton and north goes up to Alabama. I met a couple of mechanics there. Had an interesting visit with them. One of them told me — a hard-working young man — that this year he was paying \$3,000 in income taxes, Daniel Sims was his name, and he had the feeling that the money he was paying, that much of it was being used to give people. He didn't mind helping anybody who couldn't help themselves, but he thought a lot of people were getting his money that weren't working and didn't want to work. He felt there were people that had made more money than he that wouldn't be paying as much taxes on a pro rata share of taxes as he was paying, that there were too many people that just didn't want to work today. He was also real concerned about the general permissiveness of our society. He said he was concerned about a bus driver who had almost lost his job because he had tried to stop the kids from throwing screws with a sling-shot. This general permissiveness of our society certainly concerned him. Both of these fellows felt that they had never gotten a chance to see anybody that went to Washington before and they both said they were going to help me and they wanted me to remember them when I got up there.

Then I went on down the road and came to Jay prison. This is actually one of the Dept. of Transportation road camps. This is where 30-something prisoners lost their lives when the fire swept through that building in about a minute. In the Senate we tried to outlaw the use of temporary barracks and also dealt with claim bills in connection with this fire. It was very real, seeing what had happened there as a result of the fire in Jay prison. I had a chance to talk with some people there today — a couple of them were there when the fire occurred.

Again today 3 or 4 people stopped and offered to give me a ride. I had one fellow — Dewell Adams was his name and he heard that I was out on the road — he went to a store and bought a coke and brought it out to me. He stopped and said he knew I wouldn't take a ride but he wanted me to have a coke.

Then I had one of the fellows stop from Independent Life Insurance. He told me that he had seen Rosemary Emmett, who said in Century she was going to sell me a walking policy. So I'm still looking for Rosemary; she's supposed to be getting me an application form. She's got a policy that's going to cost me 50 cents a week, but it's going to insure me as I walk so I think she'll be bringing an application out as I walk here.

Then as I walked up towards Pittman's Grocery which is getting close to the tail-end of my walk for today, two young ladies, Brenda Ellis and Alicia Simmons — these young ladies were 14 years old — had seen on television last night that I was walking and they told one of the daddies, Mr. Simmons, that they'd like to come out and walk with me a while. So he brought them out to the road and they walked down the road with me a while. Mr. Simmons was in the car along with their sister who was sick and we had a nice visit. I walked into the Pittman's Grocery store and I got to meet Hank Locklin's mother. Hank Locklin is a country music star and has a home in Milton. His mother lives with him at the home. We had a visit about Hank, who is now in Scotland. His mother is keeping his home while he's gone. Then I visited in Pittman's store and talked with people there. Munson is a couple more miles down the road. I'm going to make Munson before the end of the evening. I'm a good bit sore today. When I stopped for lunch or a little break, I notice that my legs get kinda stove up like the old race horse and it takes a while before I get loosened up again. At one stretch yesterday I timed myself; and I was walking as much as 4 miles an hour. Today I was timing it and this morning I think I was making 3 miles an hour. I stopped for lunch and doctored by feet since I have two blisters on both feet, and after lunch I was walking at a rate down to 2 miles an hour. It's going to take more hours right now until I get into a little better shape in the legs and get these blisters taken care of.

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 Progress Report #3: Munson to Baker: 13 miles

We made camp after dark last night because I was a little bit slow getting into Munson and had to walk a little by moonlight. The camper had already gone ahead and they'd located the camp and we camped out by a pool in the Blackwater Forest. I couldn't see it very good that night and we stayed in the camper. We got up this morning about 6 o'clock and found that we were by a beautiful pool. They dammed up the stream there and have a beautiful swimming place. It's among some real big pine trees and there were big docks going out. It was nice weather so we decided to take a dip this morning about 6 o'clock. It was awfully brisk when we got into the water. We had the camp completely to ourselves so we had sort of a swim in the altogether. That really loosened up my legs a little bit this morning. The sunrise was beautiful at that time.

Then I got out on the road this morning about 7 o'clock. One of my first calls was to the state forest nursery at Munson. They raise thirty million pine seedlings there a year and they sell them at a very low cost, \$6 a thousand I think to people who'll plant trees. They also raise cypress and cedar trees.

The nursery has overhead sprinklers and a cold storage room and a belt — they're very automated. They work about 40 women when they're packing the pine seedlings, and they can keep them 4 or 5 weeks by just sprinkling them down and shipping them.

Then I got out on the road and I noticed that we have a pretty good headwind today. You usually think about headwinds when you're flying in an airplane, but I was facing a headwind walking on the ground today. I found that the wind was so brisk that it cut 10 steps a minute off my pace. I usually was stepping off at about 120 steps a minute; it cut my pace down to 110. That doesn't seem like too much but the way I was figuring, it was going to add about an hour to my day, so I was a little disgusted with the headwind.

The soil was still damp enough that the dust hadn't started blowing yet, and I was real thankful for that.

I was walking today in some service boots that I haven't worn since I was in Korea. I started thinking back and remembering that it was during the "cease-fire" and we had a Colonel that wanted to keep the troops occupied so that they wouldn't get bored so he had us go on forced marches. I used to lead the column on a 20 mile forced march wearing these boots. At that time I was a first lieutenant and could step out ahead of the column and slip back to the back and pick up stragglers and see how they were getting along and dog-trot back up to the head of the column and march at a clip that would make 20 miles in a day. I was kinda wondering what was wrong with these boots today 'cause I wasn't making quite that kind of time. Maybe it's the 18 years in between and not the boots. Lt. Chiles was still at the head of the column today, but he was having a lot of trouble with Sen. Chiles who was a straggler. Sen. Chiles kept looking for a corpsman, and I think he was looking for a stretcher to ride on.

I met two very fine ladies on the road today, Miss Lilian Killam from Bagdad and Mrs. Abbie Carr from Crestview. They said they'd been reading about me in the paper and were delighted to see me. They stopped and we chatted for a long time. They laughed and said I'd made their day 'cause they were hoping they'd get to see me on the road. I really had a great visit with them.

One of the most pleasant surprises I had today was when I met Mr. Nixon on the road. Mr. Nixon stopped and introduced himself to me and I told him I was running for the U.S. Senate and Mr. Nixon pledged his support. It turned out that this was Mr. Perry Nixon, Route 2, Baker, and not Mr. Richard Nixon, but I was delighted to meet Mr. Nixon and get his support.

Baker certainly is a welcome sight!

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #4: Baker to Crestview - 10 miles

49 Down, 151 to go to Tallahassee!

Yesterday, my third day of walking and talking in the Panhandle, was the tough one. Every stop twinged sore muscles; I think even my bones ached. But today was a new day. When I started off this morning, the spring was back in my legs, and I found I was walking a good bit faster between visits with people. I left Baker this morning around 8 o'clock with only nine miles to Crestview and a goal of getting there by noon. It was raining a little bit this morning — one good shower got me wringing wet and I had to change clothes. After a four-mile stroll, I came off State Road 4 and onto U.S. 90 at Milligan and headed toward Crestview, the largest town on my route to date. It had been on the radio quite a bit around here — and in the newspapers — that I was due in Crestview today. It was interesting, and exciting, that at almost every crossroad — or where there was a dirt side road — there were people waiting in cars and pickup trucks. These people had heard that I was coming and that I wanted to talk with people and listen to them, and they all had something they wanted to tell me. About Interstate 10, for example. They have the feeling out here that they're being shortchanged on I-10 and I agree with them. Originally, the designated interstates were to be built before any extensions would be considered. Well, most of them have been built except I-95 where we have some missing links. Yet, I-10 has not been completed. Many people feel, and I think there's legitimate reason for it, that there's been some finagling in the funds and that this money is being held for extensions or perhaps other interstates, and the original commitment to build the designated interstates has not gone forward.

This road is needed. Not just for up here, but this road would be the gateway into South Florida from the entire midwest. There's been way too much foot-dragging, and I told these people I would do everything I possibly could to see that I-10 is completed as it should have been a long time ago. Another favorite topic of discussion today was conservation. Up here you find more ardent fishermen and hunters than most anywhere. Many people live in this area because the fishing and hunting has been so good. A number of them are air force or army employees or were servicemen who've chosen to retire here for the outdoor sports. Now, they're really concerned with the pollution problem and what's happening to much of the hunting land up here — that this beautiful country is going to go by the wayside unless something is done to protect it.

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The bays and rivers — and some of the streams and lakes — are tremendously polluted. I explained to many people my feeling that we can't continue to deal with this problem piece-meal but must attack it with a major task force assignment. I told of my desire to see a NASA-type team with management skills, technological know-how, venturesome spirit and sufficient funds set up to find new and improved methods for dealing with this critical problem. Again today, everyone has been most kind to me. Many came out beside the road apparently because they'd heard I was coming by, wanted to see me and wanted a chance to shake hands. They certainly encouraged me in my race. A lot of people had heard that I had blisters on my feet and that I was sore, so I naturally got a number of home remedies about what to do to toughen my feet. One fellow said soak them in clorox, another gave me a special foot powder to use. We talked about different kinds of boots and how to wear my socks and I got all kinds of remedies. I have been looking in Crestview for some boots; I had a pair that were light and I really liked, but they turned out to be the wrong size.

I got a pleasant surprise when I ran into a Mr. Lance Richbourg waiting on the road for me. He tells me his family has been settlers around Crestview for over a hundred years. He was the school superintendent for a number of years before he retired and now raises cattle. Mr. Richbourg is the father of Nancy Dewey of Lakeland, a good friend, and it was a delightful visit. He told me of his long-time friendship with Senator Holland. They went to the University of Florida together and were fraternity brothers in the same fraternity I was a member of at the university some years later. I mentioned how close Senator Holland had been over the years with my family, and we agreed the Senator has been a fine public servant for Florida. When I got into Crestview, I was surprised to find that a group of businessmen there had arranged a luncheon for me. There were about 25 people — community and county officials and leading businessmen — and I had a chance to talk to them about my Senate campaign. They responded enthusiastically. And I was pleased with Sen. Wig Barrow's public expression of support for me. Mr. James Lee, who is a former road board member for this area through a couple of governors, was very kind to me and had me to dinner at his home. It gave me a chance to prop my tired feet up and watch Jacksonville University be victorious over St. Bonaventure in the national basketball championship tournament. This walking-talking effort may be the hardest way to campaign, but I'm convinced it

is the best way for me to get to know the people and their problems and for them to get to know me. When I complete this walk, I will have gut-knowledge about this state that no other candidate for any office can possibly have.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida Progress Report #5: Crestview to Mossy Head -14 miles

63 down, 137 to go to Tallahassee!

Newspapers, radio stations and television stations have so thoroughly spread the word through the Panhandle about what I am doing that each day seems to bring another pleasant surprise. Today was no exception. After spending the night in Crestview, I moved out toward Mossy Head about 7:30 this morning. It's 15 miles away, but every day I'm getting into better shape. Between visits with people along the road, I step off a brisk pace.

Today, for the first time, I had company all the way. Cecil Anchors, Clerk of the Circuit Court in Okaloosa County, decided he'd walk along with me to keep me company. There have been some lonesome moments and I greatly appreciated his interest and company. He's an old quail hunter and has a pace that's really something. His hunter's pace is a little longer than mine, so I played keepup most of the way. Certainly welcomed chances to stop and visit with people by the road and catch my breath. But we made real fine time!

Then came the big surprise of the day! Along about noontime we walked up on a picnic beside the road. Cecil's wife and four other couples from Crestview had erected a shelter and had spread a picnic lunch of fried chicken, potato salad, baked beans, french fries, angel food cake and refreshing iced tea. We had a real feast, but it sure was rough carrying all I ate on down the road. Still, we made it to Mossy Head about 2 o'clock.

Traffic sure moves faster on U.S. 90 than it did on State Hwy. 4. A lot is through traffic on U.S. 90 and it zooms by fast. I can vouch for the fact that a lot of cattle and hogs are shipped through here. I don't know how many of these vans went by, but every time one did, it would blow my hat off and I could always tell by the smell that it contained livestock and had come from a good distance.

The walking continues to put me in contact with people I enjoy meeting and talking to. One young man who has just finished his work for graduation from the University of West Florida stopped and said he'd heard I was on the road so he was looking for me. He went by, stopped, then turned around and came back to talk with me. His name was Charles Barefield and he lives at DeFuniak Springs. Charles said he had heard what I was doing and he just wanted to tell me that everybody at the University was talking about it. He wished me every success and said he was going to try and see me when I got to DeFuniak. That will be next Monday.

I also walked into a school teacher, Bill Griffin, who lives further down the road. He is a rank 5 teacher, but he's going to Troy State now to get his degree. Started back to college at age 30 and his wife is also going to college even though they have four children, all young. They're deeply interested in education. They're also interested in what I'm doing and made a special effort to find me so we could have a talk. It's this kind of contact that makes my effort here worthwhile.

The weather was overcast and drizzly today — two of the three times it rained pretty hard. I got wet and changed shirts a couple of times. But getting to know people like these still makes the day seem bright. Besides, I was thinking to myself that the time is going to come along about July or August when I'm going to wish I had a cool and kinda wet day like today.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #6: Mossy Head to DeFuniak Springs - 14 miles

77 down, 123 to go to Tallahassee!

The kindness and generosity of the people in this part of Florida has completely overwhelmed me. I went to church yesterday in DeFuniak Springs at the First Presbyterian Church. When the service was over, I think just about everyone there came over and spoke to me. It was one of the most friendly groups of people I have ever seen.

Then, this morning, we parked our camper in downtown DeFuniak, and Mrs. R.D. Claussen, who runs a restaurant, came up and said she'd been following my walk since it first started and she would like very much to have me be her guest for lunch.

Gosh, what a wonderful lunch it was — fried chicken, turnip greens, blackeyed peas, rice and gravy and cornbread and chocolate cake. People keep asking me if I'm losing any weight, but with all the food everybody is giving me, there's no way in the world that I can lose weight, even with all this walking and talking.

Sen. Wilbur Boyd from Manatee County, with whom I have served some 12 years in the legislature, came up last night and is going to stay with me through Tuesday night. I'm delighted to have his company and have him walk along with me and have the opportunity to meet some of these fine people.

Walking along as I am, you really get a chance to look at the shoulders of the roads and highways. I'm really distressed by the amount of trash and debris that people have thrown out of cars. The aluminum can looks like it's going to be with us forever; there are more cans littering up the highway than you'd believe.

And some of the roadside parks that I have gone by have been great sites, beautiful places, but about all of them have been hit by vandalism. The lights have been broken off, the barbecue grills have been taken, faucets have been wrenched off. Isn't it terrible that we have a few people who spoil what so many would like to use?

I intend to take a strong look at our state laws to research what the penalties are. Apparently they aren't severe enough. It's awfully hard to catch this kind of people, but I'm sure going to work to see that the penalties are made more severe — for littering as well as vandalism.

The more I walk along U.S. 90 and see the tremendous amount of through traffic and truck traffic, the more I realize that it's essential to all of Florida that Interstate 10 be completed and that it be completed as soon as possible. It's ridiculous that I-10 has been allowed to drag on as long as it has. Obviously, someone has been dragging their feet and some of the money that should be used for I-10 has been placed elsewhere. I'm certainly going to check this out when I get to Tallahassee to see what I can do about speeding up this project.

A group of people I've met on the walk are going to put on a fish fry for me tomorrow at Ponce De Leon, some 10 miles out of DeFuniak Springs. I'm very pleased and look forward to visiting with the people there. Frankly, I'm learning more each day and believe I'll be better informed about the people and problems of Florida going into this legislative session than ever before.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #7: DeFuniak Springs to Ponce de Leon - 11 miles

88 down, 112 to go to Tallahassee! One thing I found out up here is that you sure can depend on what people tell you. I was in a conversation about dogs with a couple of fellows from DeFuniak Springs. I related to them some of the incidents which happened when my wife, Rhea and I were knocking on doors in 1956 in my first campaign for State Representative. We campaigned for weeks without any bad trouble from dogs even though we saw a number of them. Then, one day, a little dog bit Rhea and within the next week four more dogs either bit her or tried to. Obviously, she became afraid, they sensed it and started attacking her. So we swapped stories. One fellow said that if a dog came after you and if you pointed your finger at him, many times he wouldn't attack you. Which prompted the other fellow to suggest this just might be a good way to lose a finger. Then this man said someone had told him that if a dog really charged at you, you should pull your pants pockets out and then kinda bow over and make a loud noise. This would present a picture so different from a man that it would thoroughly confuse the dog. So, we all laughed about this and I went on walking and talking. Well, this morning as I was walking out of DeFuniak, a dog — looked like he had a lot of hound in him and maybe some mastiff or pit bull — started for me, barked some, then went back. I quit paying attention to him and kept walking. But I heard or sensed something and looked around. Here he came, really bearing town on me. His head was all in a ruff and he was charging. I started to point my finger at him when I realized that that wasn't going to stop him. I somehow thought about what the man had said and I turned my pockets out, bowed over and bellowed. Well, that mutt just veered off and went yelping away. I just had to sit down — though I was still a little scared — and laugh about the picture I must have made to that dog (and any nearby voters). Thank goodness I had seen that fellow the day before.

The legs are getting stronger, and the new boots are getting pretty well broken in. I stepped off 12 miles in a little over three hours, arriving in Ponce de Leon around noon. I was met by Mayor Martin of Ponce de Leon just out of town. With him was one of the councilmen, Mr. Johnson, their wives and Mr. Bill Ralson. After the men walked me into town, they told me that Mr. Ralson is a Republican, and we had a lot of fun out of that. Senator Wilbur Boyd was walking with me, so we took Mr. Ralson's hat off, walked around him and examined him. We told him we'd heard there were some Republicans up here but that we hadn't seen one and were glad to get a good, close look. Some people from Crestview had come over and we had a real fine time with a noontime fish fry at a little wayside park at Ponce de Leon. There was a good group of people and it was another memorable experience proving how much better it is to be down-to-earth with people than up in the air. The springs here at Ponce de Leon are the oldest known springs in the state of Florida. They were incorporated in the Congressional Record back in the 1920's. They're not operating now, but some of the citizens here have been working hard to put together land for a state park and the springs would be an integral part. Senator Boyd and I looked over the proposed park site and the springs. The springs and 50-plus acres that go along with them can be bought very reasonably, and the whole park would consist of about 1,600 acres. The land would be split by Interstate 10, but there would be an exit that would go right into the park. Imagine how many people making a trip to Florida, maybe for the first time, would stop at a state-sponsored, historic park such as this. It would be a tremendous attraction and would be preserving some natural beauty in the public domain. I'm certainly inclined to support this project wholeheartedly.

Senator Wilbur Boyd of Manatee County Walks and Talks, Becomes a Believer

"When Lawton first started on this walk, I was, I must admit, a little leery, a little dubious of this undertaking. First of all, the great physical effort concerned me. Second, Lawton's got a tremendous background in government — he serves now as chairman of the ways and means committee of the Senate; he's had 12 distinguished years in state government and I look at him as one of the outstanding members of the Florida legislature; and I was concerned that people might think Lawton Chiles is maybe a little bit off his rocker or something. But I decided last Sunday morning to drive to North Florida and meet Lawton and see for myself how things were going. Now, I have to admit that my feelings of fear were not well founded. The couple of days I have been with him have been very exciting. I only wish many more people all over Florida could see the reactions of the people here as Lawton walks through and visits with them. I spent all day yesterday in DeFuniak Springs with him, and the thing that just amazed me and excited me was the look in people's eyes which said they really just wanted to talk with Senator Lawton Chiles. They had heard and read about him coming; they knew why he had undertaken this grueling task. The thing that I sensed most in these people was that they feel like they are part of his, they agree with Lawton's mission and they think what he is doing is great. I, of course, have changed my thinking completely after watching him now for two days."

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #8: Ponce de Leon to Bonifay -17 miles

105 down, 95 to go to Tallahassee!

Spring gobbler season sort of disrupted the early part of today's schedule. I had planned to walk into Bonifay for an early morning radio program, but Ed Hammond of Ponce de Leon said he'd heard a couple of turkeys the day before and offered to take me hunting. So, it was up at 4:20 in the morning. We didn't hear any gobblers, unfortunately, and it put me on the road a little late so I didn't get into Bonifay until noon.

Then, too, it took me longer than usual to go that distance because more and more people are looking for me along the road and stopping to talk.

One man wanted to talk about the busing situation. I told him that I had explained my thinking on the subject last January 12, before the governor or anyone else spoke out on the issue. I told him I felt the purpose of the educational system is to educate children, not to achieve a mathematical formula for mixing of races, and that I was concerned that compulsory busing would hurt the school system.

I pointed out it was wrong over the years that black children were bused to maintain segregation and it is wrong now to bus black and white children against their will and disrupt the entire school system. We need to get back to the school system being to teach children rather than an instrument of social change. I told this man that as a member of the U.S. Senate, I would support freedom of choice even if it took a constitutional amendment. People are still very much concerned about my feet. They stop me along the way and ask me how my blisters are doing. Well, they're certainly better. My new boots are working better even though they are hot and heavy and get damp inside. I have to stop and change now and then. I bought some new shoes in Bonifay, not as high-topped and I hope cooler, but it means some new blisters breaking them in.

I was really hoofing it between Ponce de Leon and Westville yesterday to get to some people who wanted to meet me in Westville and I was trying to get there before dark. Well, a man stopped me, and he was a shoe salesman. He'd heard I was having problems with my feet and came out with his catalog to show me these special shoes with padding between the soles and bottom of the shoe where it meets the foot. I was in a hurry so pretty quick I decided to buy some, but he had a spiel he wanted to give. He wouldn't let me interrupt and got wound up for about 30 minutes. They were mail order and when I asked if I needed to give him any money now, he said, "No, I'll find you," and added, "In fact, what I'd like to have is a letter from the walking Senator about how good my shoes are." I told him I'd be happy to give him the letter if the shoes worked out as well as he claimed they would. I may be a walking advertisement yet.

Walking into Bonifay today, I had a chance to go into the forestry department facility here. They have a four-county program going with which wasn't acquainted. In this RFD — rural fire department — program they take surplus army and air force trucks and make fire engines out of them for small communities, both incorporated and unincorporated. They put pumps and other firefighting equipment — most of it surplus — on the trucks. I saw one truck just completed and two in the process and was very impressed with this low-cost operation. It's an excellent program with the forestry department and communities working together.

Today was a special day. I walked past the halfway mark between Century and Tallahassee. It's a great feeling, and I only hope the next half brings as many interesting, worthwhile experiences and surprises.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #9: Bonifay to Chipley - 8 miles

113 down, 87 to go to Tallahassee!

I was delighted today, as I was walking down the road, to look up and see Sen. Dempsey Barron. He came riding up on a horse, leading another horse. He was really trying to tempt me, I think. He kept handing me the reins of that horse and telling me that I needed to get up on there and travel a little by horseback. I resisted, but he's still around and still persisting. Dempsey, I want you to tell them about that horse.

Sen. Dempsey Barron

"Well, we were having a conference down at my law office in Panama City today and it was voted by the members of my firm that we probably should establish a Pony Express to move Sen. Chiles along a little faster. So I brought the horses up and thought I'd tempt Lawton to join me in a ride, but as always he was a man of his word and continued to hoof it across Florida. If Lawton shows the same perseverance in his walk across Florida that he shows in the Florida Senate, I'm sure that he will make it all the way through Florida and eventually walk into Washington, and when he does, we will all be better off for his being there. One thing for sure, he'll know all about the primary road system of Florida, foot by foot."

Gosh, I certainly was pleasantly surprised today. As I was walking into Chipley, a car drove up and out of the car hopped Tom Bailey, the former superintendent of public instruction for the state of Florida. He said that he'd heard about my walk to Tallahassee and he'd driven over from Tallahassee to walk with me a while. This is his former home country over here. Tom was a school principal in this area at one time and has a lot of people around here that he thought I ought to meet. He came out and walked with me the rest of the way into Chipley. I was so delighted to see him. I later asked him if he would accept an honorary chairmanship for my campaign for the United States Senate and he said he certainly would. I am delighted. Tom, I want to tell you how much I appreciate your coming out and walking with me and agreeing to serve as honorary chairman for me.

Tom (Thomas D.) Bailey

LAWTON CHILES

"Thank you very much Lawton. I'm be very pleased to serve in this capacity if I can be of any service to you in your campaign for the Senate. I had the pleasure of working with you when I was a member of the cabinet and state superintendent of education and you were in the Senate. You were always very courteous and very understanding of our educational problems. I know of your service in the state legislature as senator, I know of your integrity as a man and I am very pleased to offer any service I can to assist you in winning not only this nomination but election to the U.S. Senate. I think you will be a great credit to the state of Florida."

Lawton Chiles Walks — and Talks — Through Florida
Progress Report #10: Chipley to Marianna - 18 miles

131 down, 69 to go to Tallahassee

We got away from Chipley about 7:30 this morning. It was a really beautiful morning — cool enough that you almost needed a sweater but warming later — and a truly beautiful day.

I guess I've become a pretty familiar figure out here. It's interesting that even the bus drivers recognize me now. Every bus that comes by, the driver always blows the horn and waves at me. I told Tandy, my daughter who's out of school for the holidays and is walking with me, about the buses and it became quite a game for her to watch for them and see if they would show recognition.

In addition to Tandy my oldest boy, Bud, and Chris Hanahan, also from Lakeland, are walking with me today. Each day it seems like I have more company than before and bigger welcomes as I walk from community to community.

Yesterday, a delegation from the Florida Library Association met me outside Chipley and walked in with me. Bet I'm the only state office-holder who has ever been lobbied while walking down U.S. 90. Well, we walked, they talked and I listened. They talked about a bill that has been prefiled for the session which would increase state contribution to library services. For example, the county we were in, Holmes County, would be increased from the \$3,000 it is now receiving to \$6,000. The library services program is a good one and in many counties, particularly small ones, is the difference in whether people have library services or not. They use bookmobiles very effectively. I listened closely to their plea that the program's funding be increased from \$250,000 to about \$500,000.

I think I can fully appreciate what this library program means to people. I haven't seen a library yet on my walk, but I was able to check a book out of the bookmobile — something to relax with at night when I prop my weary feet up for a little.

A couple of books I was interested in couldn't be found on the bookmobile, but today a man from library services dropped by with one of them. It was "The Peter Principle," which I understand is a takeoff on politicians which says that everyone eventually finds his level of incompetency. I'm looking forward to reading it.

There's a division headquarters for the old State Road Department, now the Department of Transportation, just outside Chipley on the way to Cottondale. I walked in there this morning and met a number of the employees and the chief planning engineer.

Now that I've walked the highway as much as I have, especially U.S. 90, I guess I'm sort of a self-appointed expert, particularly on road shoulders. So I gave them the benefit of my ideas on what to do about protecting the shoulders and the road base so that they don't wash out.

Also, I tried probing for information about the Interstate 10 problem, but it looks like I'll have to find out in Tallahassee why it's been delayed as long as it has.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #11: Marianna to Chattahoochee -23 miles

154 down, 46 to go to Tallahassee

Saturday night we doubled back from Marianna and went back over to Chipley to go to a wild game dinner. This is put on by the Sportsman Club at Chipley. The menu was possum and sweet potatoes, my first experience eating possum, but when I was with those good people from Chipley I sure tried some possum. In addition to that they had raccoon, rabbit, duck and turkey, deer and moose.

Congressman Bob Sikes made the address and they had people from all over Washington County and I really enjoyed it very much being there. Sam Mitchell, who's the school principal in Washington County and a former football coach that I served with in the first session of the legislature, was there and introduced Bob Sikes. He made an interesting comment. He was talking about hard times and he said he remembered well in the depression days how hard the times were and how hard it was to get something to eat. He said one time his dad carried him out and showed him a track where the animal had left his footprint and he said, "Son, on the other end of that track is your next meal. You'd better get going". I was thinking about that as I was walking along the road today and it occurred to me that when I get to the end of the road in the Keys, that's when I am going to get my next political job in the United States Senate.

I visited the Marianna School for Boys in Marianna and I really enjoyed that visit. The last time that I went to a correctional school for boys was in Okeechobee a little over a year ago and that time I came away tremendously depressed. The boys all had very vacant looks, a complete lack of hope, a frustration on their faces and even the staff people did not seem to have any enthusiasm for the program.

But all that is changed, I think, in our whole system and I know it has in Marianna. Lennox Williams, who's the director of the school, is doing an excellent job as is Ollie Keller, the director of the Division of Youth Services.

They have put in group sessions. They have the boys in cottages and in those cottages they have several groups. The boys get together with anything that's bothering them or any problems that they're having between each other. It gives them an identity, it really gives them something that they can attach to and it makes them realize, I think, that someone does care. They get to caring about each other in that group and helping each other.

I talked to a number of the boys that had been to Marianna 2 or 3 times before this group program went in. All of them felt that they had a better chance of helping themselves and being able to get back into society than they'd ever had before. Now there is an air of hope about these boys. They're all enthused about the program. So I came away from there with a feeling that Florida is really on the track in this correctional institution for our boys.

Yesterday, as I was walking, I looked down and found an arrowhead, and when I found that arrowhead, I knew that I had to be on the right track. After all, if the Indians have come along here, then I must be on the right track. I also found 2 horseshoes and then came to Victory Bridge just outside Chattahoochee. So I know we are getting closer to victory.

Even though it was raining this morning, 4 or 5 people stopped in their cars and wanted to talk. One fellow wanted to talk to me about the census report. He was upset about it. His wife had received the application that comes out prior to the census report. He felt that the government was doing a lot of prying — that the purpose of the census report should never be to ask him how many toilets he had in his house, what entrance he used to get into his house, how much he would sell his house for, what the payments were on his house. He felt like a lot of money is being squandered. I want to see one of these applications because I think he's got some pretty good points. It certainly shouldn't be doing anything to pry into your personal life.

Another fellow stopped me today and asked me about Judge Carswell's nomination. I'm getting this question a lot. I told him I feel that Judge Carswell will be confirmed. I noticed that 79 Tallahassee lawyers that have practiced before Judge Carswell sent a letter saying that they thought he could make a qualified U. S. Supreme Court Justice. These are the men who practiced before the judge and they should know what kind of a jurist he'd be.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #12: Chattahoochee to Mt. Pleasant - 10 miles

164 down, 36 to go to Tallahassee!

While in Chattahoochee, I spent several hours at the Florida State Hospital for mental patients. There's been some controversy in the newspapers lately regarding patient care here. I spot checked some of the files, some of the death certificates and the newspaper reports. In the files I checked there was no evidence of negligent treatment on the part of hospital.

While some of the people did have malnutrition as the secondary cause of death, in the case I checked the man had come into the hospital suffering from acute malnutrition and was a confirmed alcoholic, was in the hospital only six days before he died.

What I did find that concerned me, though, was that the patient to doctor ratio is way, way too high. There's nowhere near enough doctors in the hospital nor are there enough nurses, aides or attendants. Of the four state hospitals that handle mental patients, this one is in by far the worst condition in regard to the ratio of staff to patients. Yet, it's the largest hospital. There are over 5,000 patients. Something is definitely going to have to be done to increase personnel.

They also need equipment. Over half of the hospital is not air conditioned. The administration has been applying for air conditioning for some time, and I think the legislature must provide the capital outlay so that much of the hospital can be air conditioned.

The thing about the hospital that alarmed me more than anything else is that over 10 percent of the patients — 584 of them — have criminal charges pending against them, yet there are only 20 beds under security. So there are all kinds of patients in here charged with rape, murder, assault with intent to commit murder and other serious offenses without proper security measures.

This is very dangerous for the other patients and for the people in the surrounding community. The legislature is definitely going to have to address itself to this problem. These people are either going to have to be held in prison and the doctors brought to them, or we are going to have to make additional security provisions in the hospital. The present situation cannot be allowed to continue.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
Progress Report #13: Mt. Pleasant to Quincy - 10 miles

174 down, 26 to go to Tallahassee!

I passed thru Gretna last night, which was just on the other side of Mt. Pleasant, and then we spent the night in the camper pretty close to Quincy. Today is the first day that I can say summer has arrived in North Florida. It was hotter today than any day on the trip so far, and I really noticed it. I know I didn't do anything but lose weight today because it sure was hot.

I got an opportunity to visit city hall in Quincy and they were having a city commission meeting to canvass votes from the city election. None of the candidates were opposed so it was kind of a happy meeting. I did get a chance to meet the city commissioners and have a picture taken with them.

I talked with a number of business people here today and their concern is how to attract industry. Actually, this has been a concern all across West Florida. One man, a Mr. Davis, had what I think could be an excellent idea. He suggested enabling legislation which would let counties own a tract of land and use it for an industrial site. He said that one of the problems is when an industrial prospect does come by, he wants to be able to look at and make a decision on a piece of land, to know what it would sell for and know the facilities are there for the water, the power and the transportation or siding that he'll need. He said many times they're put in the position of saying "Well, I think Mr. So-and-So will sell this." But he says the prospect is just going to go on and make a decision somewhere else. I promised him that I would look into this. When I get to Tallahassee, I'm going to see if such legislation is feasible. I don't believe we should put the counties in the business of competing with private industry but in some of these counties it can't be done any other way. It would really be an aid to the county and to private industry. So many of these counties are losing their young people because there are no jobs available even though many of them would like very much to stay.

Quincy is in the shade tobacco belt. As I began to walk south from Gretna, I saw the first shade tobacco and tobacco farms. I talked with some farmers last night and learned something about shade tobacco. There are no quotas or allotments as there are on regular tobacco. The only allotment is that the tobacco company tells you how much of your tobacco they will buy. They make a contract with you and then from this contract they finance anywhere from 2/3 to 3/4 of the cost of planting shade tobacco. Now, shade tobacco costs more to make a crop than about anything you can raise — around \$3,000 an acre. So of course it's every risky business, but the returns can be high. One of their fears is too much water, and they're very concerned this year with all of the water that they have. Also, they're concerned because there was generally a cut by the tobacco companies, about 40% across the board, on their contracts. This has kind of depressed the area. I asked them if the new requirements in regard to television advertising of cigarettes and the warnings that have to be applied on the package have affected them, and they told me that it wouldn't affect them at all. Actually, there may be more shade tobacco needed because this is the outside leaf used in rolling the cigar. So they won't be affected by any cutback in cigarettes.

I ran into a young man today who attended Boys' State. As a matter of fact, across the parhandle I've run into a number of young men that were at Boys' State and some of them I counseled while working with Boys' State the last 12 years. It's good to see these young men. They're always very involved in their high school activities, or out of high school and involved in civic activities.

It's great to be in Quincy, looking downhill to Tallahassee!

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #14: Quincy to Tallahassee!!!

200 down! 650 to the Keys!

Tom Cumbie, a druggist here in Quincy, offered to take me turkey hunting this morning, so we got up about 5:30 to go out and see if we could hear a gobbler. There was a lot of wind which caused Tom to say he thought the trip was going to be in vain, but we hadn't been in the woods 15 minutes when we heard the gobbler gobble and within another 15 minutes I had bagged a 15-pounder.

It got me to shaking so bad that Tom wanted to know what made me so nervous. But it was a real experience hearing that fellow rattling the woods. Tom had rattled his yelper and a hen had come up close and that brought the gobbler. It was quite a sight to see him stalking through the woods, and the experience was a thrill for me.

Later, in downtown Quincy, I was telling Sheriff Bob Martin and County Judge H.Y. Reynolds about getting the gobbler. Well, they kind of pulled a little joke on me. They said that since I was from out of county, they just might arrest me and hold me for a few days so I wouldn't even make Tallahassee. I finally made amends by telling them I would leave the turkey there and come back to eat it. They bought that idea.

Word came that a lot of people were looking for me to come to Havana, so even though it wasn't on my schedule, I made a side trip over there. It's just outside Quincy. One fellow invited me to his house for catfish stew for lunch — it sounded good — but the day was slipping away and I had to get back over to U.S. 90.

A lot of rain and a cold front came through Thursday morning, but it had cleared pretty well by that afternoon. It was really nice for walking, fortunately. I had 11 or 12 miles to make to Midway, from which I would start out for Tallahassee on Friday.

A real nice guy stopped in his pickup truck this afternoon to talk to me. He told me right away that he is from Georgia and won't be able to vote for me; but he said he lived just across the state line, had been following the walk and wanted me to know he thought it was great. He said his wife works in Florida and they shop in the state. He assured me they have a lot of friends in Florida and he was going to talk to everybody he knew here about me. He asked for some of my folders so that he could help me out all he could. This is the kind of response I've found all across the panhandle, and it's really given me strength for this task I've undertaken.

Friday, April 3rd, my birthday! None of my people mentioned it and I sure didn't, it being my fortieth. But it was a beautiful day — clear and cool and a good day for walking and talking. We were sure pleased because we had some people coming up from home to walk into Tallahassee with me, and there'd been so many wet days.

Mike Wright, a reporter for the Tallahassee Democrat, met me at Midway bright and early to walk all the way with me. About a mile from where we started, we came to construction of a big overpass for Interstate 10 to go over 90. There were a lot of men working there so I promptly mounted a ladder and went up to see them. I remembered after I got up there that I've never been very partial to heights, plus the wind was right stiff. After talking to everybody, I began wondering about getting back on that ladder and getting down.

I was sorta looking around for some help when suddenly a newspaper photographer appeared. Well, I'd have to say that convinced me to get with it and get down posthaste. So I did. But I think I'll be a little more careful what I climb in the future.

Right after leaving the construction site, several TV men from the capital news corps met me to do some walking interviews. We had about six different sequences shot. One man told me he was shooting some film for a Mobile, Alabama, station. I was a little surprised until he told me the channel is watched through much of the panhandle and had covered the beginning of my walk at Century. He said the station particularly wanted film of my entry into Tallahassee.

Maybe it's the close quarters or something, but the crew with me seemed to get a little rebellious at the end of the Century to Tallahassee leg. Jim Boyd, a campaign worker who has been with me all the way, got to issuing a lot of directions all of a sudden. Guess he knew it was too late to make him get out of the camper and walk with me. Too, Jack Pollock and Wayne Meade, a couple of volunteer helpers from Manatee County who spent most of the last week with me, started showing considerable signs of independence. As a matter of fact, Wayne has been making noises all week about getting us straightened out and shaped up. Well, I decided there was nothing to do but take firm action, so right after we walked up to the capitol building, I suspended them all for 60 days. Naturally, I'll look for them back on the trail soon as the session is over.

As I approached Tallahassee, which is more urban and cosmopolitan than anywhere I'd been on my walk, I was wondering what the reaction would be there. The response had been great across the panhandle, but I must admit I was a little concerned about the people in Tallahassee. Well, I quickly found there was no cause for concern.

I went into the Volkswagen agency on the outskirts of the city. As I went through the showroom and into the garage, at least half the people recognized me and said things like, "You must be the walking senator," and "How are your feet?" and "How's the trip been?" and "How do you feel now?" Then, I got to the shopping center where the Varsity Theater is and went into the supermarket, beauty shop and other stores. Again, I was delighted to find people knew of the walk and asked me questions just as it had been before Tallahassee. It certainly was a wonderful feeling.

Then, about 1:30, a busload of supporters from Lakeland drove up. Gosh, it was great to see that door open and Rhea, my wife, and my mother and an aunt and a lot of good friends from Lakeland. Then we all walked the last three miles to the capitol together. Mother, who's about 70 but doesn't know it, was doing real well, even with those Tallahassee hills, but I wouldn't let her walk all the way. Asked by a newsman how she thought the campaign was going, she replied, "We're gaining ground every day." Also, when someone urged her to ride, she said, "I walked him when he was a baby. I can walk him now."

When we got to Gray Park next to the capitol building, there were more people, including reporters, waiting. Before I knew it, three or four cakes were produced and everybody was singing "Happy Birthday." I guess I really realized for the first time that it was number 40, but I felt so good that it certainly didn't bother me.

Now that the first phase of my walk through Florida is over, everybody wants to know what the schedule is from Tallahassee to the Keys. Well, I guess I'm kind of a single-minded person. About all I've had on my mind was to get to Tallahassee and to get there before the session. At the time I started walking I didn't know how many miles a day I could walk, there was weather to consider, etc. Now, I've made it and I want to use the experience I've had in planning for the future. But I haven't even looked at a map yet. I do know that I want to get on the east coast and the west coast, as well as Central Florida, so I'll probably criss-cross the state some. We will be planning further shortly.

Yes, I do feel great and have a confidence that I didn't have before I started this effort. The contact with people has really been valuable; I truly feel like I know much better now what people are thinking. I have learned so much from the walk that I can better represent them — in Tallahassee and in Washington.

For example, I have learned an awful lot about farm matters — soybeans, livestock, cotton, corn, peanuts and shade tobacco. I've learned more about parity prices and marketing aids and I know the effects of the high interest rates on farmers and businessmen. I understand the need for industry to locate in North Florida and I saw the housing need. And the growing concern about over-centralization of our government and the inability to reach public officials any more was made crystal clear.

I've certainly learned something about listening. I know now that no matter how much money you can spend on television and even if you reach a million people at once that way, you can only listen to one person at a time. So I'm more satisfied, happy and confident with what I'm doing, knowing that when I complete my walk from one end of Florida to the other, I'll better understand the state and the people and be better able to serve as U.S. Senator. I believe the people will know this, too.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #15: Tallahassee to Monticello - 27 miles

254 down, 963 to go to the Keys!

(Actual road mileage from Century to Tallahassee was 227 ... estimated mileage for zigzag route from Tallahassee to John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park at Key Largo is 790 miles)

Back on the road at last! For the last two weeks it seemed like the session was never going to get over, but it finally did. The last morning a breakfast was sponsored by a number of my friends to start me on my way down the road. They planned for about 100 people and ended up with over 200 attending. I'd have to say I was real delighted; we had a cross-section of Tallahassee folks and a number of people came by my office later to tell me that after looking over the breakfast attendance, anybody else was going to have an awful hard time trying to best me or even come close to me in Tallahassee.

The last day of the session was hectic as always. Even though I've been frustrated, wanting the session to end, when the handkerchief dropped and we sang Auld Lang Syne, it hit me a lot harder than ever before because with it came the realization that this could be the last day I would be in the Florida Senate. Of course, if Gov. Kirk vetoes the appropriations bill, I'll be back but just briefly, I'm sure. I've spent 12 years in the legislature, some of the most enjoyable times of my life, and made so many friends and it really got to me, seeing it end.

The nostalgia didn't last long, though. Twenty-two senators had volunteered to walk with me, and we went straight from the senate chamber down the stairs and out the front steps of the Capitol, down Monroe Street. A number of Tallahassee policemen had come to my breakfast and surprised me with an escort down Monroe.

Ken Plants, a Republican senator, had presented me with a surprise gift just before the session ended. It was a "slow moving vehicle" sign to wear on my back as I walked through the state.

We went out Monroe to U.S. 90 and turned toward Monticello. Before long my compatriots began straggling, then turned back to pack and head for home.

I walked by Leon High School and thought of the quiet, lonesome mornings I'd spent there over the past 60 days. When I got to Tallahassee for the session, I was determined to stay in good shape so it wouldn't be so painful when I started to walk again. I lived about a half mile from the high school track, so every morning I walked there and ran a mile and a half. This time, I was pretty happy to walk right by the track and keep on going.

There was a good story in the Tallahassee Democrat about the breakfast and that I was going to walk out of town about 5 o'clock down U.S. 90. Almost more than before, people were standing along the road waiting. They came out of their houses to see me. It was a great feeling.

We have a different camper now, a big red one with a loudspeaker on it. Harp Robson, who helped start me off on this journey at Century, came up from Lakeland to drive the camper and start me off right again. He was on the loud speaker, inviting people to come out and visit "the walking senator", and it really got results. I walked from 5 o'clock till about 10 p.m. in order to make the 15 miles I needed that day.

Pete Rich and his wife drove out to meet me. Pete has a beautiful, beautiful farm on 90. I was delighted to see them, and they had me stop at their peach stand where they gave me some of the most succulent peaches I've ever eaten.

By 10 o'clock, when we stopped to eat and spend the night, I knew that running hadn't fully done the trick cause my legs got a little stove up.

Saturday, June 7

Started off bright and early this morning for Monticello. Walking into Jefferson County, it struck me the name is certainly appropriate. This country is beautiful, very much like Virginia. Walking into Monticello made me think of Jefferson's home at Monticello that I had visited with my family some time ago.

Mayor Ike Anderson was on hand to meet me as I got to the Ford place along with Bill Scruggs. Bill is an old friend of Senator Holland. I had met him at a Senator Holland appreciation night in Panama City, and he'd told me that when I came to Monticello, he sure wanted to see me. He's putting me up at his house tonight and walked around town with me. Bill's up in his 70's but he sure walks well and I can tell he's done a lot of it in his time.

Wilton Sheppard and Mason Revels came out to meet me and Dexter Douglass had come over from Tallahassee. Dexter ran for Congress in this district and while he wasn't elected, he carried a tremendous vote in Jefferson County. I appreciated his coming over to talk to his friends about my candidacy. I also enjoyed seeing Marvin Bishop, who is with the power company here, and his wife.

I got into Monticello just before noon, in time to visit in the bank before it closed. Tom Clarke runs the bank and I had an enjoyable visit with him. His son, Buddy, is an attorney in my hometown of Lakeland.

My legs have performed pretty well today, but I've accumulated a few blisters — one real big one on my heel that I know is going to give me some trouble. Had another little problem, too. I had on boxer undershorts and they were kind of what you would call Indian underwear. They kept creeping up on me all day. I'd walk a couple of steps and tug them down, walk a couple of steps and tug them down. So I switched to jockey shorts and walked so fast and long that they chafed me pretty bad. Now, I'm sort of like the bra-less generation. I'm shorts-less because there just wasn't anything I could stand to wear today.

I visited the dog track this afternoon since they told me more people would be there than any place in the county. The track management was very kind and said if I wanted, they would put my name over the loudspeaker. I figure I have to get the name out all I can, so they announced that "the walking senator" had visited Monticello that day, had visited the track to inspect it and was on my way to the Keys. They wished me good luck. So I got good exposure although I think half of the people there were from Georgia.

I met an interesting fellow this morning named Frank Mosely. He is a black man who runs a little grocery store at Lloyds Crossroads. He told me he was born around there but had lived in New York a while and had a ship sunk under him in the Merchant Marines during the war. He said he's seen a lot of life and been a lot of places and he has come to the realization that you aren't going to get anything out of this life that you don't work for. A number of white people stopped to trade with him while I was there; he obviously had their respect and he gained mine also. I really feel our time and efforts should be spent seeing that everybody has an opportunity to get to the point that they can do for themselves. We simply can't do everything for everybody. We should provide basic education and opportunities. Frank Mosely told me his wife is the agency manager in Tallahassee for the Central Life Insurance Agency and has been with the company since 1934. It did my heart good to talk to this man, to see the kind of business he's doing there and to listen to his philosophy.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #16: Monticello to Live Oak - 62 miles

316 down, 901 to go to the Keys!

Putting on my walking shoes, I headed out of Monticello early this Sunday morning. Then, about 10:30 we went back to Monticello, where I went to the First Baptist Church with Bill Scruggs and then had lunch. Back on the road in the afternoon, I walked into Greenville to spend the night. During the afternoon Sam Black and his wife, from Mulberry, stopped by the road and visited for a while. It was mighty good to see some Polk County folks. They had just taken their daughter to school at FSU.

And who should come down the road again but James Lee and some other friends from Crestview. With Bill Dempsey and Nate Sharron from Tallahassee, they were returning from Jacksonville. I guess I see James Lee on 90 more than anybody. He seems to be a constant rider on 90 and he always stops when he comes by. If I ever need anyone to testify that I walked all the way, he would be the man. I'll always remember his kindness when I walked in Crestview, awfully tired and kind of low, and the great dinner his wife cooked for me.

This afternoon I came to a house where there were lots of cars in the yard and some people on the front porch. I waved and approached the house, and they all started laughing and saying "You must be the walking senator". I told them I was and found this was the Kinsey family — Jeff W. Kinsey, several of his sons, also his father who is 84 and came walking down the road using a cane. I enjoyed sitting on the front porch and visiting with the Kinsey Clan which had gathered for Sunday dinner.

We talked about Cambodia, about the war in Viet Nam. One of the grandsons had been to Viet Nam. We talked about government in general and again got from these people the strong impression that they are out of touch with government officials and have no real chance to express themselves about government. They said the visit with me was an experience they hadn't had in a long, long time.

One thing for sure, you never know who you are going to run into along the road. C.R. Cason of Jacksonville stopped to talk to me. He's with the Division of Corrections and I had met him when he was at Bartow. At the time they were experimenting with an early release program for prisoners which has turned out to be very successful. Under this program, six months before the prisoner is to be released he is allowed to take a job on the outside during the day and return to the institution at night.

One of our great problems has been that when a prisoner finished his term, he was given a \$10 bill, a prison-made suit, a bus ticket home and was thrown into the outside world from which he'd been cut off for years. No time for adjustment, no job. In a large percentage of cases the guy would wind up right back in prison.

The work program helps them adjust. It also proves an inducement to good conduct which will get them into the program, and at night they return and talk about their experiences and this encourages other prisoners to work to get into the program.

Mr. Cason was elated that a half-way house is being started in Jacksonville. This allows prison inmates a place of confinement away from the atmosphere of the prison. It will be tied into the work release program and should be great for rehabilitating prisoners. I think it's an important step forward.

We must do everything we can to make productive citizens of these people and keep them out of our prisons. We must work to protect society, protect the individual. This will also help control the costs to us taxpayers for keeping people in prison.

Had a few distractions today. First, there was a close call when a car passing another one almost clipped me and a boy walking with me. I was telling Mrs. Yarborough, who runs a store about midway between Greenville and Madison about how difficult it was walking in the grass after we decided to get further from the road. It had been raining, the grass was tall.

She told me that in the last few days four rattlesnakes had been seen right by her place and suggested that out in the grass wasn't too good a place to be walking. I told her I'd seen a few snake skins but no live snakes, and I'd kept telling myself that people must be throwing snake skins out of their car windows. Well, I'm afraid I hadn't convinced myself and after talking with Mrs. Yarbrough, I hunted snakes the rest of the way into Madison. The choices are kind of tough: getting hit by a car or bit by a snake!

Well, I heard that Farris Bryant had finally announced for the U.S. Senate. It really comes as a relief to get him in the race. I've had the strong feeling for a number of months that he was going to run, but he's been like a phantom because he was not announced. Some of his people have been saying that as soon as Farris gets in the race, Lawton Chiles is going to drop out.

Well, as long as he wasn't in, they could say this and it would alarm my supporters. I would get calls asking "Are you really going to run if Farris Bryant gets in?" and there was really no good answer to satisfy them until he became a candidate. Now that he is announced, I'm sure that people will know that my still walking and talking, still going as hard as I can, proves that Lawton Chiles is not going to get out. I'm running just like I was five months ago when I was convinced he was going to be a candidate.

I supported Farris Bryant actively for governor. I was his floor leader in the House of Representatives. Certainly, I'm disappointed he decided to run against me; if I had my druthers, I'd druther he hadn't. But if I were a quitter, I would have quit months ago. The confidence that I've gained from my walking-talking campaign is solid and I'm going all the way.

Farris Bryant is a fine man but he's of another era. I think that his era is now past and people are looking for something different. His was the era in which he fathered the Cross Florida Barge Canal without too much worry about the rape and destruction of the Oklawaha River and in which he was so proud of luring an Aerojet facility to Florida that he didn't worry about the fact that he put it adjacent to Everglades National Park. He didn't worry very much that some of the off-shore lands that we sold and the dredge-and-fill permits that were made during his time as governor were going to give us a great deal of consternation now. That was another era before we became concerned with conservation and with the quality of living. It was instead, quantity. Get industry at any price, but it's a different time now.

Someone said to me that Farris Bryant is strong but is going to have difficulty with certain groups of people. He said Bryant is going to have difficulty with the working people, relating to young people, with teachers, with conservation-minded people, with people from South Florida because they didn't build any roads down there during his administration. Other than that, the fellow said, Farris Bryant is going to be kind of strong. I just chuckled at that because he'd just named off a healthy portion of what makes up our voters today.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #17: Live Oak to Lake Butler - 50 miles

366 down, 651 to go to the Keys!

I met a fine gentleman, Mr. O.T. Watley, in Live Oak. He was cutting the grass of a business establishment and when I shook hands with him, I noticed his hands were gnarled. He told me that he had been hit with 7,500 volts of electricity and that it had literally blown up his hands and feet. The doctor told him he would never be able to work again and that he was 100 percent disabled. Mr. Watley decided he didn't want to spend the rest of his life lying around feeling sorry for himself, and now he has a lawn care service. What a wonderful example this man is and what a contrast he is with the people who refuse to even try to get a job but rather want someone to hand it all to them on a platter.

Then I moved on to the Occidental plant nearby. It's a phosphate operation, and I talked with many of the workers. I had an opportunity for them to ask me questions and one fellow asked what I could suggest to help the small farmers today. He pointed out that the farmer is getting \$1.10 to \$1.20 a bushel for wheat, exactly the price he was getting 10 to 15 years ago, yet the price of bread has gone sky-high during that time. I certainly had to agree with him that farmers have really had to improve efficiency and work doubly hard to stay alive with the price levels staying the same. The markup has been with the broker, the stores and others in the chain from grower to consumer. This, of course, is why the farmer is gradually disappearing and this is a critical problem. I told this worker about a bill we'd just passed which allows soybean producers to get together and work together to promote the use of soybeans and get better prices. To me this is a much better answer than government controls. I think the small farmer is an essential part of this country, and to save him we must give him help and encouragement in every way we can — AND freedom to do anything he can for himself.

Another question I've run into quite a bit lately is, "What are your views on Viet Nam?" Well, I point out that I had always considered myself a hawk before, but I have now reached the position that I believe we ought to pull out of Viet Nam as soon as possible. President Nixon has now said we are not seeking a military victory. If we are not going to seek to win, then I think we should get our troops out as soon as possible. The danger is that Viet Nam will drain us economically, is dividing the country and is costing the lives of our fine young men. We cannot afford any of this. The greatest strength we have is our economic strength, being able to prove we've got a better system than Russia or Communist China. We cannot continue to produce more and do more for people if we allow this war to drain us, and to push us into the trap that the Russians have set for us. I don't know how soon we can pull out. We must prepare the Vietnamese people; I hope that this is already well along. But we must be firmly committed to getting out, and I don't think we should get involved in any more land wars in Asia.

The remark I made about my undershorts the other day brought many reactions. Sen. Beaufort from Jacksonville and his daughter, Mike, took pity on me. They came to walk with me Saturday and they left me two pairs of silk shorts, one pair bright orange and one bright green. I want to thank them. I wore the green pair and they cured all my troubles. I got in on the tail end of a meeting at Madison High School the other night. The men there were making plans for the integration that their schools have to go through in September. I thought it was interesting because these men had gotten together and decided that, since they were under court order and there was nothing they could do, they were going to see that merging the black and white schools went as peacefully and as orderly as it possibly could. They had arranged to have the athletes from both schools have spring training together and the black coach had come over as the assistant coach in the white high school. They had brought a number of parents and students in from both schools, and all of them were really proud that they had decided to see that this thing worked smoothly.

As I went through Live Oak, I had a tour of the Boys Ranch with Jim Strayer, his wife Betty and their 5 year old son. Betty (Skipper) Strayer was a classmate of mine at Lakeland High School, and their son is a real pistol. It was after dark, but I could see what outstanding facilities they have there. They have several thousand acres with 2 1/2 miles of frontage on the Suwannee River itself. They have beautiful, cottage-type red brick homes with a couple living in with the boys. There is a gymnasium and stables, and some volunteers had flown in to build a ham radio station. There are over 100 boys here. These are dependent boys, not boys in trouble. They are either from broken homes or families where something has happened to the parents. They can really grow up here as boys. They have dogs to play with, they have family life, and many of the boys have gone on to the service or college. The ranch has been operating now for over ten years. It is sponsored by the Sheriff's Association, and they've done an outstanding job here for the boys.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #18: Lake Butler to Ocala - 76 miles

442 down, 575 to go to the Keys!

Going out of Lake Butler this morning, I was happy to see George Harmon of the Jacksonville Journal, who walked with me and talked with me. While he was with me, we ran into Sgt. Collins, head of the Florida Highway Patrol division around here. He had some thoughts about taxes he wanted to talk about; and I told him he sure wasn't the first person I'd seen who wanted to talk about that subject. He had worked out some equations which kind of indicated taxes should remain constant with services, that new people in a community would pay taxes that would pay for expanded services to meet their needs.

I pointed out that Florida is a growth state, and the rate of growth is not constant. We get new people all the time and have to build new schools, sewers, prisons, libraries, and other things and these have to be built out of current dollars. It's capital expenditures that are always making us have to look for new money. This is the problem at the local and state level particularly. I suggested that places like Florida with an accelerated growth rate could be helped if the national government would allow tax credit against income tax, thereby allowing us to keep part of the money at home and use it more effectively than they do in Washington.

Sgt. Collins also expressed a concern I've heard over and over since I left Century that we have too many bureaus and too many government programs. He said with government it is kind of like we're going to help the old lady across the street whether she wants to be helped or not.

He's an interesting fellow, showed me a cut on his right wrist he got putting a tear gas grenade through a window at the MacClenny hospital to flush the man who shotgunned and killed the head psychiatrist there.

I'm certainly learning a lot about North Florida farming. The first day I started this campaign, I walked from Century to Jay in the dust storm caused by them breaking the ground, readying the soil. A little further along they were waiting for rain so they could plant seeds. As I came across through Bonifay and DeFuniak and on to Quincy, they were transplanting the young tobacco plants under the shade. Then I stayed in Tallahassee for 60 days and as I came out into Madison and Monticello, still shade tobacco country, it has grown all the way up through the shade and is being harvested. Corn is coming in, and peas and squash and other fresh vegetables. It's great. For example, I stayed with Senator Bishop a night in Lake City and he had what they called leftovers — conch peas, corn bread, country fried ham, fresh roasted corn ears.

I was thinking back to the fine time I had in Lake City. The word was that it was Bryant country, but the reception I got there sure didn't convince me I was wasting my time. They put on a real good public affair for me, well attended and the people were enthusiastic. I spoke to the Kiwanis Club and the Lions and got a very favorable reaction. I came away with pledges of active support from some outstanding men and a strong feeling of confidence. Kinda keeps spring in your legs even in this summer weather.

As I walked from Starke to Waldo, I was met at the Alachua County line by a group of people from Gainesville, the county seat, and the University of Florida. There was Clyde Martin, banker who was formerly from Lakeland, Senator Bob Saunders, Bill Cross from the University and faculty advisor to Blue Key, John Dotson who is treasurer of the student body this year and other students and people from Gainesville.

Senator Saunders walked with me most of the day, and he's a pretty good walker. We made it almost to Waldo, then jumped back to Starke as guests at Rotary, and returned to walk into Waldo. We covered the downtown area, accompanied by Police Chief J.B. Huckeba and the ex-mayor, Mr. Prevatt.

Waldo took me back a few years. I had to think back to when I was a student at the University of Florida and I was campus chairman for Billy Mathews running for Congress. There were rallies being held all over the congressional district and he couldn't make them all, so I was allowed to substitute for him and spoke from the stump for the first time one night in Waldo.

Early the next morning, I headed toward Gainesville. It's interesting how these newspaper, radio and TV people like to test themselves by getting out on the road with me. Gregory Favre, editor of the Palm Beach Post, drove all the way from West Palm Beach to get on the road with me and see what's happening in my campaign. I'm all for that because I've found that it really gives them the fever.

Well, I got into Gainesville and really got put through the paces. I began to think maybe it was a contest to see who would give out first, me or Bob Saunders. We covered the Sperry plant, county courthouse, city hall, banks, drug stores, service stations and just about everything else where people moved. Then there were parties, breakfasts and two nearby watermelon festivals. I had the pleasure of speaking at a Jaycee-Jaycee wives dinner and was asked my views regarding a volunteer army. I told them I'm scared to death of a volunteer army. I know a lot of people would like to get rid of the draft, but having a volunteer army means having a professional army. And anybody who is worried about a military-industrial complex or military establishment would really need to be worried with a professional army. It would be the largest lobbying force we could have. It would be a tremendous political force, something we should not have. People who are drafted and serve 24 months are just looking forward to getting out, and we need this civilian-oriented element in our military. I'd rather stick with the draft and see that we get it working fairly than to develop a volunteer army.

Like Waldo, Gainesville brought back many memories. Seems like I spent about half of my life at the university there. Two of my children were born there and another while I was in the army in the middle of going to school. We lived in Flavel 3, temporary buildings they've been talking about tearing down since before I was there. Well, I went by and they are still there. And the yard's still full of children. I just hope the students are enjoying it as much as Rhea and I did.

Friday afternoon I walked out of Gainesville on Highway 441 and out onto Payne's Prairie. A fellow stopped, chatted and said, "Do you know it is 100 degrees out here? Aren't you mighty hot?" Well, I thought he was kidding, but it's amazing how much hotter it felt after he told me that. In fact I got so hot that when a thunder storm came up when I was almost to the other side I stayed out of the camper and without a raincoat so that the rain could cool me off. Crossing the prairie, I counted 42 dead snakes or snake skins so I guess I've proved I can stand the elements better than they can.

I had a great evening with L.K. and Marge Edwards at Irvine. They have a wonderful white-frame house that Senator Edwards was born in, and the land has been in the family for over 100 years. I had a home-cooked, home-grown meal — country ham, creamed corn, English peas, deviled eggs, home-made butter so rich it was actually orange in color, beef. This was topped off with a brimming dish of ice cream with chocolate and nuts and coconut and lemon cake that Marge had baked that day. Marge had had 22 people for lunch, then we dropped in on them for dinner and she still was able to throw together this little snack.

Had an entertaining and worthwhile visit with L.K. after dinner. The young men with me sat somewhat in awe, listening to "The Sage of Irvine," and he was in great form. He played a record about a former distinguished senator from Kentucky, Marcus Cassius Clay, who was a third cousin of Henry Clay. Cassius Clay was against slavery and was a Republican in Kentucky when it wasn't really a safe thing to be. He fought many fights and killed five or six men. Once, running for the U.S. Senate, he was told that if he went to a particular town, they would kill him. He walked into the town, ascended the platform and said something like this: "For those of you who believe in the law of God, I brought this," and he placed a Bible on the stand; "and for those of you who believe in the law of man, I brought this," and he placed the U.S. Constitution there; "and for those of you who don't believe in either one of those laws, I brought these," and he pulled out two Colt dragoons and his Bowie knife. He then spoke unmolested and left town with no problem at all. With Farris Bryant's hometown, Ocala, just ahead, I made some mental notes.

It turned out my apprehensiveness about Ocala was wasted. I walked past the city limits early Monday morning, was greeted by supporters and well-wishers and walked into a half-hour live radio talk show, followed by a really full day they had planned for me. I was delighted with my reception as I visited four shopping centers, made a speech to the Kiwanis club, went through the city hall complex and the county commission building, had a meeting and chicken dinner with a real good turnout of supporters, then spoke to the Young Democrats in the evening. I'm convinced Marion County is wide open and that Bryant, having left here for Jacksonville after being governor and paying few visits prior to becoming interested in the U.S. Senate race, may be surprised here.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #19: Ocala to Sanford - 49 miles

491 down, 526 to go the Keys

Leaving Ocala, I walked toward Silver Springs and a trip we've planned on the Ocklawaha River. Buck Ray, whose family owned Silver Springs for many years and who's still affiliated with the attraction, walked with me part of the way.

Some evenings, after I've finished my walking and talking schedule for the day, I've taken side trips to nearby communities. For instance, I got into Pasco County, visiting Zephyrhills, had a reception in Dade City and then spoke at the big retirement community in New Port Richey.

Another evening I visited Leesburg to be with a group of supporters and took a boat trip on Lake Harris. The people around there are greatly concerned about pollution of the chain of lakes — Lake Harris, Lake Eustis, Lake Griffin, Lake Dora. High concentration of nutrients is causing green algae and they've had several bad fish kills in Lake Griffin. Lake Harris is probably in the best shape but the pollution is even accumulating there. Sources of the pollution seem to be sewage disposal, fertilizer from groves, from peoples' yards and street drainage. It's been going on for years but now it's developing into a major problem. The cities are trying to help solve the problem but they're in a bind needing money for sewage treatment plant improvements. They need tertiary rather than secondary treatment plants to do the job.

All of this convinces me more and more that we desperately need a technological breakthrough in the area of dealing with pollution problems. We really should be attacking this the same way we attacked the project of going to the moon — an advanced team made up of people from universities, government and industry.

The morning after arriving at Silver Springs, we were up early for the boat trip. It felt pretty good, realizing that instead of pounding the pavement between and in cities all day, I would be sitting and riding on the water. I saw some mighty secluded areas during the day but I wasn't lonesome. With me were Ross Allen of Silver Springs, Oscar Rawls of the Corps of Engineers, and reporters from the Lakeland Ledger, Palm Beach Post-Times and Channel 2 TV. We went down the Silver River into the Ocklawaha and from there up to Eureka Dam; then on through the Rodman Reservoir and Dam, completing the trip at the St. Johns Locks. It seems like I've been reading tons of material about the Cross-Florida Barge Canal but this was my first opportunity to see it for myself.

When you go down the beautiful Silver River and Ocklawaha, the idea that anything should change is certainly upsetting and I think we have to be most careful that Silver River and Springs be protected from damage. I was surprised that the damage further up the river was not really as great as I had imagined it would be. Certain stretches of the river that don't have so much water impounded look like the natural state. I was amazed at the magnitude of the locks that have been completed. The project is about 31 percent completed now; some 65 million dollars have been expended. The question now, I think, is what they can do to minimize damage as they continue the project and how they can make sure they are doing everything possible to protect the ecology of the area.

I saw the tree crusher they call "the monster" which was developed under Corps of Engineers contract to clear out the logs where the Rodman Dam was built. This is a tremendous machine that rolls over the trees and supposedly crushes them into the mud to get rid of them. The contract was for \$4.5 million, and it's been a colossal failure. The crusher knocked down the trees and put them in the mud, but for the last year and a half they've been popping up like corks and the corps is now having to spend tremendous sums of money keeping a dredge out picking up the logs, piling them on the banks for burning. The corps people kind of indicated that as they continue their work further south, they're not planning to use the crusher anymore. They're going to use the conventional means of cutting the trees and burning them. I'm afraid this is another case like you see in government too often where somebody's grandiose idea just didn't pan out, and the taxpayer pays.

On the trip I met a young ecologist who is working for the Corps of Engineers, Dave Bowman. He graduated from the University of Florida with a degree in wild life and ecology and told me there were three or four others in his class graduating with the same degree. All but Dave had to go into military service. He had his behind him. He said his job offers were scarcer than bald eagles, and this disturbs me. When you think of how important ecology is to our very

existence, it's kind of surprising that there is such little demand for a young man with such expertise. I sure hope the trend is changing. I believe that everyone — certainly government agencies that are putting in projects where it's possible to destroy some of our natural resources — should have ecologists working with them to see that we keep nature's life balance as constant as we possibly can.

Next day I took a short boat trip down the St. Johns with John Mattingly and Clyde Larkford of DeLand and some other friends to Crows Bluff landing. From the landing I walked into DeLand, about seven miles away. After being on the water for a long day, it wasn't so bad being back on my feet. I spent the rest of the day visiting the courthouse, banks and the downtown area going through the hospital (just visiting) and a couple of shopping centers, walking and talking with the people of DeLand.

In the evening I took a quick trip to Inverness, where they had chicken barbecue, pork barbecue and a bunch of people. Bob Gilstrap and Colonel Buckley really put together a great event. I got to dish up the barbecue and meet everyone as they came through the line. There were well over 250 people from all over Citrus County.

It was good to see former Sen. Nick Corner, who is now a judge there, and mayors of all the towns. I made a little speech with a downpour threatening to break loose at any moment, but it waited until we were through to start raining. It was a pleasure spending the night with Johnny and Betty Eden. He's been working on a history of the Second Seminole War for a number of years and my visit was very interesting.

We've been telling tourists for many years that no trip through Florida is complete without walking on the sands of world famous Daytona Beach. Well, I'm not a tourist, but I want to make sure my trip is complete, too, so last Friday I made a little side visit to Daytona. It's pretty tough to try to walk and talk with people who are there to sun-bathe and swim, but we stirred quite a bit of interest with our camper and enjoyed a considerable amount of conversation. It suddenly occurred to me that this was as close to a vacation as I would get this summer.

On Saturday I walked in New Smyrna Beach, through the business district and on the beautiful, wide beach. Vic Vandergriff hosted a coffee reception for me and I enjoyed meeting a number of people from that end of Volusia County, including some of the city officials.

As I approach the half-way mark in my thousand mile walk through our state, I get more and more excited about the reaction I'm getting. I'm getting the kind of enthusiasm that usually leads to success at the polls and I'm getting the kind of knowledge that will help me do a better job after election.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #20: Sanford to Orlando - 22 miles

513 Down, 504 to go to the Keys!

Shortly after walking into Sanford Sunday I had the opportunity to attend the ground-breaking of the Good Samaritan Rest Home. This home for the aged is a biracial project, and the ceremony was outstanding. It certainly was a tribute to Mother Ruby Wilson, a black lady who has been an inspiration to the community of Sanford. She has been caring for other people since she was nine years old, and has been primarily responsible for building a church and a rest home. Then the state board of health told them they were going to have to close the rest home because of inadequate fire protection.

But Mother Wilson would not be discouraged and has started this building project involving a cost of over \$50,000. During the ceremony they sang a spiritual that kind of got home to me. It went something like this: "When I have done the best I can and then when some of my friends don't understand, stand by me, Lord". It struck me that this could be a politician's hymn, because I know I've been in that position and needed that help many times. The community really turned out for the ground-breaking, and I thought once again that I wished everyone could be with me to be inspired the way I am almost every day by the wonderful things happening in our state. It seems a shame that Mother Ruby Wilson's life should be hidden in Sanford rather than being an influence all over the state.

At a coffee given for me in Sanford Monday, I met and talked with a teacher named Dorothy Bethel. She teaches a remedial reading course that has been sponsored by the federal government for four or five years but now the funds have been cut off. She called this a communications course for the young people and it was taught at the tenth grade level. They found that many of the boys in this course, both black and white, had reading ability of about the fifth grade. They kept the classes small, about 12 in each, and gave individual attention. She said it was amazing to see the improvement in their communications and reading, how it completely changed their attitudes and personalities. She said they no longer wanted to drop out, but wanted to stay in school and learn, to participate in activities they previously would have no part of. They developed great pride. It really frustrated me to see an important program like this — one that helps people help themselves — curtailed while at the same time millions and millions of dollars are wasted by the federal government. This is one of the reasons I'm in this race.

Sunday afternoon, I went on a boat tour of Lake Monroe and up the St. Johns River to Blue Springs with Howard McNulty and Don Rathel. Again, there's a steadily developing pollution problem here. I saw the construction for a new barge port just in the mouth of the St. Johns from Lake Monroe. It was a tremendous project. Howard McNulty hosted a fish fry for me and invited about 250 couples. There was a huge crowd from all over Seminole County and even some from Orange County, including State Sen. Bill Gunter and State Rep. Bill Fulford. I was enjoying meeting and visiting with all these people. Then, I looked up and saw Jay and Nancy Peterson and George and Susie Carr from Lakeland. They came up for the fish fry and to bring wife Rhea to remind me I still have a home back in Lakeland.

Starting from Sanford at 7 a.m. Tuesday, I walked to Maitland by lunchtime. I looked up and saw a fellow walking toward me from about a quarter of a mile away and I could tell he had something in his hand. Well, it turned out to be Martin Peden and he's a Borden's milkman who lives in Orlando. He saw me walking and thought I might be hot and thirsty, so he stopped his truck, crossed over the highway and brought me a cold carton of milk. I enjoyed it almost as much as I did discussing with him different current events as we walked along back toward his truck. He said he'd been following my walking campaign through the press and TV but had never really expected to get to see me.

At the shopping center in Casselberry Councilman Bill Brier was waiting for me and kind of introduced me to his town. I had a pleasant visit there. At Fern Park I met Richard L. Evans who has just opened an exhibit on Lincoln. He asked me to come in and be his guest. It's a very good exhibit and has been open about 30 days. Mr. Evans collected mementos of President Lincoln as a hobby for some 10 years before deciding to open up the exhibit. It's very educational and I hope he does well. In the early stages of this walking-talking and listening campaign a lot of people commented (some predicted) that I'd get a real good reception in north and west Florida because people there are more grass-roots oriented in their politics but that in the central and southern part of the state I wouldn't get the same reaction. I'm really finding out that that's wrong. People are people everywhere. They like to talk politics, they like a politician who will listen to their ideas and concerns. They like the walk.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #21: Orlando to St. Petersburg - 118 miles

631 down, 386 to go to the Keys!

People all along my walk have expressed concern about the gross waste of taxpayers' money by the bureaucrats in Washington. I found a classic example of this. HEW's Office of Economic Opportunity made a \$58,000 grant to Seminole Community Action, Inc., in Seminole County to study the need for a food stamp program for the poverty-stricken.

The ironic thing, though, is the grant came after the legislature had adopted a statewide food stamp program and after Seminole County Commissioners had entered into a similar program with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Still, OEO made the grant, an absolute waste of tax money. If these agencies would quit ignoring local elected officials and would work with them, such as this could be greatly curtailed.

Our visit in Orlando was just great. Rob Lyons and his group did an outstanding job of planning and execution. Television, radio and newspaper people met me at the city limits and walked with me. They had a big pan of water and put dry ice in it to make it bubble and smoke. They had me sit down and stick my feet in it, assuring me there was a brick in there to protect my feet from the dry ice. But the first thing I hit was the ice. It stuck to my foot and I was really scrambling to get it off. It turned out OK.

My time in Orlando was organized to the minute. I toured various buildings, institutions and city hall, and visited some retirement homes. There were coffees, a cocktail party, a breakfast, and many other activities. The TV, radio and newspaper coverage was excellent and many people commented on the coverage in the Orlando area. Also, George Saunders accompanied me on a tour of Winter Park, along with Nan Geary. The people of Winter Park and Orlando seemed very receptive to our campaign.

After walking out of Orlando I stopped at Gatorland and visited with owner Owen Godwin. Though this is a very good tourist attraction with over 300,000 visitors a year, it is more than just a tourist attraction. Mr. Godwin has probably accomplished more with alligator breeding than anyone and says he's still working and learning about propagation. With our problems of declining gator population, what he's learning becomes more and more valuable.

I walked into Kissimmee Saturday morning and right on into the Silver Spurs Rodeo parade. For the most part it was just me and the horses walking in that parade. Unfortunately, there were a bunch of horses ahead of me and I would have to say it caused a bit of a problem for me. But it being July 4th and my first taste of getting home — Osceola County is in my senatorial district — no problem could keep it from being a great day. The crowd was tremendous and reacted warmly to my walking while the other officeholders and office seekers rode in cars. They talked to me and applauded enthusiastically and about had me floating over the problem the horses were leaving in the road ahead of me.

In the afternoon I went to the rodeo and stood inside the gate meeting people for so long that my face and nose sunburned even after all the days I've been on the road. Then I had a chance to watch some of the rodeo and it looked to me like the horses and bulls were winning most of the events. It was a real show and as I watched the cowboys performing it occurred to me that this represented a down-to-earth part of America that has strong meaning for many of us.

I've been reading where one of the Nixon administration officials stated that unemployment has climbed to 4.7 percent but that this shouldn't be considered alarming, that after all it had been higher one time during the Kennedy administration. This made me think of Frances Kershlis, a lady who's a skilled tool and die worker at the Martin Co. Her husband also works there. She told me of the large number of workers that have been laid off by Martin, highly skilled workers who haven't been able to find anything to do but simple labor like picking fruit.

It certainly gives a statistic new meaning when you personalize it this way. Mrs. Kershlis was very interesting. She was one of 10 children raised on relief and in a housing project, but through hard work with her husband she now enjoys her own home

and even a swimming pool. She expressed a lot of interest in social programs and said in her opinion we haven't assigned the proper priorities to these federal programs and that she feels a lot of money is being wasted.

From Kissimmee I headed for Polk County. It was a long, 18-mile day, but the group of supporters which met me at the county line removed any feeling of weariness. For some eight miles into Davenport, I had folks walking and talking with me. It was great to be back home but there was one anxious moment. A little dog slipped up behind me shortly after passing the county line and snapped at my heels, just missing me when I jumped. I thought wouldn't it be a heckuva note if I got bit by a dog in my own county after walking 550 miles through Florida undamaged?

Getting in home territory started me thinking about that 1958 door-to-door campaign again. Rhea was really afraid of the dogs so she carried dog biscuits in her pocketbook. I always kidded her about being afraid and told her that if a dog can't smell fear on you, he won't bother you. Well, came the day in Lake Wales when I got backed down by a German shepherd and a pointer and no matter how I turned, one of them was always at my back. Finally, I had to holler across the street to Rhea, "Dog biscuit!" Wifelike, she's never let me forget that.

And it was hot that campaign, too. But it was before Gatorade and I used a lot of salt tablets, and at the end of the day I could take off my shirt, throw it in the corner and it would stand up. Well, I'm getting another feeling I had in 1958. The time came when I knew from the way people were responding that our campaign was working. No one else really seemed to realize it, but Rhea and I would go home at night, look at each other and say, "It's there. We're going to win." I have that feeling now, just like in 1958.

Our first planned activities in Polk were in Haines City. Well, Red Phillips and the crew there did an outstanding job. They met me on the outskirts of town, Mayor Courtland Witcher was there to greet me. Some of the young people had a tub of water for me to soak my feet in. We walked into town for a coffee reception, then had a luncheon with 60 to 70 local businessmen. I walked and talked in the downtown area and that evening spoke to a rally at the football field.

Also in the afternoon I visited with the city commission and city manager of Lake Alfred. Early the next morning I made it to Winter Haven where Jack Rynerson had handled scheduling of the day's activities. It included walking and talking in shopping centers and the downtown area, speaking to a luncheon meeting of the realtors, visiting at the State Farm Mutual offices, newspaper, TV and radio interviews and a free public supper. In addition I attended a hearing at the chamber building held by the Department of Transportation concerning widening of a highway into Winter Haven to relieve traffic problems and also give a route from I-4 into the city.

The DOT people told about the detailed steps they would have to go through to get federal funds. In answer to my question they said the law passed by Congress to do with states getting matching federal funds was about two paragraphs long, after which the Bureau of Roads had written 29 pages of regulations which turns out to be the real law governing the hearing. Proof again that the agencies are writing more laws than Congress is by over-interpreting it and extending it far beyond the original intent.

Example: it is required that if any person is displaced by a highway, before construction can start on the road you must prove by affidavit that the person has been placed in another residence. It is not enough that you pay him for his property, but you must actually prove he is established in another residence. This can be kinda tough if he decided to leave the area. The DOT personnel said they are frustrated with this sort of thing, yet the pages of regulations increase almost daily. All of this just so we can have some of our tax money back.

After returning to Tallahassee for a one-day session, I left Winter Haven early for Auburndale and finally Lakeland in the late afternoon. Almost every car would blow at me, and I could get spoiled by this kind of recognition. Stopped off in Auburndale long enough to visit the mayor, city manager and tour Adams Packing Plant, Minute Maid, the downtown area and a shopping center.

Then, after lunch, I left for Lakeland, Lonnie Brown of the Lakeland Ledger who has been almost a constant companion since I hit the county line, walking with me. It was real hot in the early afternoon sun, and pretty soon up drove a fellow named Ray Justice, a young soldier from Lakeland, with a Coke for each of us. He said he was returning soon to army camp, then on to Viet Nam. I asked him what he thought about the war and he said he just wasn't sure whether we ought

to pull out or not, but he had his orders and he was certainly willing to go. Though I think we should get out of Viet Nam just as soon as possible, I appreciate his attitude and commend him for it. He said he'd been reading about my walking-talking campaign and came looking because he wanted a chance to talk with me.

Before we got into Lakeland a big thunder storm came up. The rain was cool and refreshing, but the thunder and lightning convinced me to get in the camper quick. You can dry off from the rain but that lightning has a lasting effect.

As we approached Lakeland, traffic on U.S. 92 picked up and more and more people were blowing their horns at me. Ten or fifteen more people joined the walk, and when we got to Sertoma Park on Lake Parker, several hundred people, including Mayor Marvin Henderson, met us and most of them continued the couple of miles with us to Lodwick Hangar for chicken perliev. Even with the heavy rain we had had and the weather still threatening, more than two thousand people were on hand at the hangar.

Ben Hill Griffin, who had met and walked with me some, made a good talk and I was presented some funny gifts for the rest of the walk. Ben Hill gave me some orange seeds to plant along the road, and I got a small umbrella, a portable toilet, a bathing suit for walking in the rain, some shoes, a pair of crutches with a horn on one, and a giant ball of twine to unwind as I go along so I would be able to find my way back home. When I stood up to speak, the crowd response was so great and so warm that it really got to me and I could hardly talk. I told them of my experiences walking through Florida, of what I had learned, of how people in other parts of the state shared their same concerns, and of how the reaction I was getting convinced me I was on the road to victory in the U.S. Senate race.

Morning brought an early start for Plant City. I had a chance to visit Plant City Steel and got a scare there that I won't soon forget. I jumped off of a beam and immediately a pain shot through my right foot. The foot got sore and I was afraid I had sprained the arch. I visited a doctor and it turned out to be just a bruised tendon and with a little extra caution I was able to keep walking. I could see myself having to use that pair of crutches that were given to me at Lodwick to complete the walk.

I was a little surprised that recognition of me and knowledge of my campaign seemed to continue as strong in Hillsborough County as it was in Polk County. While most everyone responds to the walk and talk campaign, working people are the ones who really get a kick out of it. They always like to talk about the weather, and how hot it has been and how much hotter it's going to get as if they don't believe I can keep it up. Well, a team of plow mules couldn't get me to stop.

I was met at the Hillsborough County line by Senator Louis de la Parte and Senator Ray Knopke and they walked on into Plant City with me. The active support of fellow senators has been very helpful in my campaign and I kinda have an idea the walking does them some good, too — physically and politically. On the outskirts of Plant City we were met by Channel 8 and Channel 13 television, radio station and newsmen and the publisher of the *Plant City Courier*. Through the efforts of Albert Miles and John Cone, we had a worthwhile schedule in Plant City.

Topping it off was a big dinner meeting with many community leaders and public officials. On Saturday I walked 18 miles to the outskirts of Tampa. My staff told me that if I walked all the way from Plant City to Tampa on Saturday that I could have all day Sunday off to rest. Sounded pretty good to me.

Going toward Tampa, I met an interesting lady, Mrs. E.L. Stoodum of Dover. She was in her front yard picking up beer cans, so I stopped and asked her if she had to do that often. Well, she almost cried. She said her husband tells her that their yard must be exactly one beer away from a stop down the road, and every morning she has to go out and pick them up. It's a shame that so many have little respect for other people's desires. Mrs. Stoodum obviously was proud of her home and worked hard to keep up the appearance of her yard, but she said it gets mighty discouraging.

As a car approached me from the rear I happened to glance over my shoulder and saw in it an elderly gentleman with white hair. Just as he got to me, he waved his hand and called out, "Bravo!" That sure tickled me because that was my first "Bravo" and it was his way of saying that what I'm doing has meaning for people. I just read where the bill calling for a "volunteer army" has been introduced in the Senate under joint sponsorship of doves and hawks — Church and McGovern as well as Barry Goldwater. Personally, I think the bill is misnamed because what it will wind up producing is a professional

army — a giant lobbying force — and we don't need that. I think we will be doing much better with a fair and reasonable draft where most young men will serve and get out, offering a balance with the career force.

I'm delighted to announce that Ben Hill Griffin has accepted the job as campaign finance chairman. I told Ben Hill that I don't expect him to have to raise the kind of money that the other candidates are spending in this race. I set out on my walk of over 1,000 miles so that I wouldn't have to spend a million dollars and be beholden to the kind of special interests that give it. He has agreed to help me organize my finance committee and it's difficult to express my appreciation fully because I know how tough it is for a man with demands on his time like Ben Hill has to take on more responsibility.

Senators Knopke and de la Parte joined me again bright and early Monday morning. We visited with employees at American Can Co. and then headed into Ybor City. With some supporters we walked from the Spanish Park Restaurant to the Columbia. As we walked along, a fellow named Bill Hyder stuck his head out of a door and said, "I think your walking campaign is great and I want to participate," and he handed me a check. I'd never seen him before but it was for \$100. It sure gave me a lift. A crowd was waiting at the Columbia, and they had Cuban coffee and hot Cuban bread with butter on it. I learned the way to do it is dunk the bread in the coffee. I'd never had it this way before but like I say, you're always learning something in this kind of campaign.

We moved on to Cuervos, a real coffee house, and had a long discussion with people there. Then Louis de la Parte's dad escorted me through downtown Ybor and now I know how Louis gets his vote. His dad has had a store there for years and everyone knows him and holds him in the highest esteem. He carried me through some cigar factories and again everyone knew him. He's the one who really gets the vote! Sure makes it easy on Louis.

I went through the Health Center, toured city hall with mayor Dick Greco, went through the University Club with Senator Truett Ott and on to Kiwanis Club for lunch. Visited with Roland Monteigo of La Gaceta. Everybody likes to read Roland's political column because his man "No Sabe" seems to always have a line on interesting political information. In the afternoon I visited the Model Cities office and this is one of the best federal programs I've seen.

The final decisions are made by local officials who understand local needs and this is what I've said over and over in my campaign that this country needs more of. I was very impressed with the personnel. Some are black and all seem highly qualified and dedicated. They're organizing block clubs in the neighborhoods to get people to have pride in their neighborhoods, to develop community spirit and to help them learn to communicate what they think their needs, interests and frustrations are. To me this is important to helping people in ghetto-type situations.

They tell me the two things that have great impact on people in these neighborhoods are jobs and scholarships. These are tangibles they can really understand as ways of helping them and their children. Many, many scholarships have been granted, not just to colleges but to trade schools, junior college, a vocational program, beauty school, barber school, etc. Whatever seems to best suit a person who wants to improve himself is what they're trying to provide.

Tampa's Model Cities program also puts information on computer to evaluate the police department, recreation department and other such local government agencies. They are working out a traffic plan whereby all traffic lights would be controlled by traffic flow itself feeding information into a master computer. Sounds like magic to me, but I'm sure this is the sort of thing we'll see more of in the future. Monday evening over 300 people attended a dinner for me in Tampa. They were responsive to what I had to tell them and many of them were enthusiastic to help in the campaign. Hillsborough is our country and we're going to tear those other guys up there.

After dinner we went to the fights and along with it was Sonny Frazier's song and dance act. Somebody asked me how I liked it, and I answered that big as he is, when he sings, I smile! I was introduced from the ring as "the walking senator," and sure enough, somebody suggested I get in the ring and show 'em my fancy footwork. I decided to save it for the road.

Tuesday was another busy day walking about town, visiting the University of South Florida, attending a breakfast in northwest Tampa where Dick Sale had a great group of people and visiting the newspaper offices.

The next morning, at 6:30 we headed out Bayshore Boulevard toward Gandy Bridge. I had an enjoyable chat with two young men, Ron Black and Bob Lastra, students at Tampa University who have chartered a pollution and environment

club. We discussed pollution problems, then got on the subject of the volunteer army which one of them was for as a great way to eliminate the draft. However, after I explained my idea of how this could result in a professional army, he said he'd never really thought of it that way before and seemed to change his mind. Bob commented that his brother is a career army man with 18 years in service and is very distressed about the professional army prospect. He feels it will lessen the stature of the career soldier, that people will look at them as hired Hessians.

At the Pinellas line I was met by a group of supporters, including county coordinators Glenn and Cindy Moon, and some newspaper and television reporters. As we walked into St. Petersburg, we passed Goodwill Industries and I enjoyed visiting with the handicapped people working there, seeing the fine job they are doing.

I had another walking challenger today in Mike Richardson of the *St. Pete Times*. He stayed with me all day, about 20 miles, and by the end of the day he looked like a pretty tired young man. It was an extremely busy time, visiting the mayor, the new state office building and the courthouse, and in this so-called Republican territory the response was outstanding. I can't tell the difference from Polk and Hillsborough counties. In fact I had more people come out from filling stations and stores and stand by the road to talk and cheer me on.

Folks are sure kind to us. Gordon Mather and his wife had us to their house for a nice, hot shower and tremendous dinner. They even had a cake baked with my name on it and a big, soft chair tagged with a sign, "This chair reserved for the next U.S. Senator, Lawton Chiles." While in Pinellas County, I also visited Pinellas Park, Clearwater, Tarpon Springs and the Largo-Seminole area. The Moons really put together a hardhitting schedule for me as we blanketed the county, and I congratulate and thank them. It's this kind of leadership that has given the campaign great impetus across Florida. I also congratulate them for their staying power on the road.



LAWTON CHILES

FOR U.S. SENATOR

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #22: St. Petersburg to Ft. Myers - 87 miles

718 down, 299 to go to the Keys!

After I left Pinellas County, where we had saturation exposure, I wondered how it would be in Manatee County. Well, we arrived in Bradenton by boat and met with about 150 people, and again had tremendous coverage. Wilbur Boyd, the senator there, had things well organized and has a great committee working for us there. Ed Price helped out too, and it was great to have him introduce me around.

We had a sit-down dinner for over 400 people at Pete Reynard's restaurant. I got an opportunity to speak there, and after seeing the response I got from the cross-section of people attending, I'm convinced that Manatee County is going to be in our corner.

Tuesday we went into Sarasota and were met at the Ringling Art museum by Mayor Jack Betz and a delegation from the city. We had a busy day touring downtown Sarasota and visited the newspaper offices there. That night we capped it off with a reception at Sam Dee's house where I had a chance to talk with 125 to 150 people.

Wednesday we went from Sarasota to Venice, around 18 miles. We ran into Buddy Cummings who used to work for my brother-in-law, Joe Ruthven, in Lakeland. He now has the O.K. Tire Store in Venice, and it was great to have him introduce us in his city. I also got a chance to see Dan Boone, an ATO brother from the University of Florida.

We then headed toward Port Charlotte and Punta Gorda with a side trip to Egglewood, where I spoke on the radio for the second time that day. I had had an opportunity to be on the radio in Venice that morning.

Punta Gorda and Port Charlotte have joined forces and are working together to improve their area. I had a chance to speak to a meeting of their joint Kiwanis Club. I talked to them about the big issue here, U.S. 41, a subject I really have firsthand knowledge of now. I always thought S.R. 90 in northwest Florida was the worst road that I had walked on, but now I'm not sure. Around Venice U.S. 41 is a nice 4-lane road where industry thrives but as it goes south, it narrows into a 2-lane road where the bottleneck of traffic is dangerous.

The politicians have been giving these people the run-around about the 4-laning of this road for years. I mentioned to the club that I thought one of the best ways of getting this problem solved would be to get all of the candidates for Governor and U.S. Senator to walk the route. Then they'll all be advocates for 4-laning U.S. 41. But flying over it won't make them understand the need.

I understand that Gov. Kirk has said that the 4-laning of U.S. 41 through Punta Gorda is some 6 years away. There was a recent public hearing on the issue of roads, and although Kirk was staying in a local motel at the time, he was too busy getting ready to leave town even to speak with reporters concerning the problem, much less attend the hearing.

The population here has gone from 12 to 36 thousand in the last 10 years, so you can get some idea of what is going on down here. One strong asset this area has is its retired citizens. They have brought their brain power into the area, and with their added purchasing power, you can really feel the new breath of growth and life in the area.

I had occasion to see a real 'Good Samaritan of the Road'. A load of bricks had fallen on the highways and Jim Chappell, a Manatee County deputy from Sarasota had parked his car with the blinker lights flashing so that oncoming cars would be warned. Then he had gone to a filling station for a big push broom. As I approached, he pushed the bricks to the side of the road so that cars would not hit them. He pointed out that these bricks could cause an accident, or could even be knocked by one car into another car (or a pedestrian). Many times you hear about people that pass right by a situation like this, but not Jim Chappell.

Webster Chapman of Osprey insisted on taking me to breakfast while I was in his town. He is retired and drives a big Cadillac car with New York license plates, and after we ate, he went up and down the road ahead of me, stopping at almost every house and business to alert the people that "the walking senator" was coming. He was a great help. I usually

don't get someone driving a Cadillac that goes as my advance man heralding everyone out to the road. A motel owner outside of Venice came to the side of the road and invited me to be a guest of the motel. This was a direct result of Chapman's introduction.

I ran into a lineman from General Telephone, Bill Vasbinder from Englewood. He was working up the pole, and when I told him I was running for U.S. Senate, he said he might vote for me if I would throw up a piece of equipment that he had dropped on the ground. I threw it up all right. I threw it so hard I almost knocked him off the pole. After that I wasn't sure if I had his vote, but he got me a little eager when he said he might vote for me if I threw the equipment up to him.

I met Mrs. Godown and her daughter, Jan, on the road, and they told me that they had been looking forward to seeing me. They had been following my progress and plotting it on a map since I had left Century, Florida. This made me feel good, of course, but the thing that really made me feel good was that they said each night before they went to bed, they said a prayer that I would be safe on the highway. Lots of people have asked me if I feel alone out on the highway and I say I don't. There is always something to think about and plan. But now I really know why I haven't felt alone; I have people like the Godowns looking after me like that.

I walked past one of Farris Bryant's billboards today and I thought the artist did a tremendous job on the likeness of Farris. He looked as young as he did in 1960 when he first ran for governor.

I understand that Fred Schultz has just started his commercials on television. Although I haven't had a chance to see one yet, it seems a little late to start. My commercial starts every morning about 7:00 and it goes on till about dark. People can see it any time they come by the section of the road that we are walking on, and I think we're getting excellent coverage.

I read some further comments on President Nixon's Welfare Reform Bill, and in a Senate hearing, it came out that a mother of three earning \$7,000 a year and paying taxes would actually be making less money than a mother of three who was not working at all and was collecting benefits under this Welfare Reform Bill. That's ridiculous! The public is not going to put up with a federal program that pays a person not to work!

I ran into Bob Wolff, a contractor from Ft. Myers who fabricates aluminum and builds screen porches and rooms and he really knows the meaning of inflation. He served in Viet Nam for 1 1/2 years. When he left, the price of a window was \$12, and when he returned 1 1/2 years later, the same window cost \$24. He says he pays a salary to three employees, has one partner, and tries to hold \$100 a week out of the business for himself, and he winds up having to borrow money every three months to pay his employee withholding tax. He believes government agencies are only interested in large business, because when he asked the Small Business Administration for assistance, they wanted to talk about million dollar loans and up — not what he needed at all.

We're concerned about our orange pickers but many of them make more money than this fellow who is trying to establish his own business and can't even take out \$100 a week. The only way he can cope with inflation is to work longer hours and take more jobs to make as much money as he used to make working reasonable hours. I asked him what he would do about inflation. He said first he would find out what's causing it, then pull out the cause by the roots like a poison plant, not merely chop away at the stalk.

He really made an impression on me. I think that is our problem. We're not dealing with inflation at the roots. We're just dealing with it at the top of the stalks, and it keeps growing faster than we can chop it out.

Tuesday we'll start the long trek from Ft. Myers to Palm Beach on SR 80. It's a long, hot stretch, about 140 miles, through such communities as La Belle, Clewiston and Belle Glade, and I think it will be a great time for looking at nature and reflecting on my walk and the things I have learned about our state and its people. I've invited a lot of people to come walk part of the way with me. The sun will be hot, but at the end of this stretch lies the east coast. I'm looking forward to walking down the famous Gold Coast through mighty Dade, and on to Key Largo — the end of the walk.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida

Progress Report #23: From Ft. Myers to West Palm Beach - 142 miles

860 down, 157 to go to the Keys!

A great delegation was waiting for us at the Lee County line. There was Hugh Starnes, my county campaign chairman, and the members of the campaign committee, and there was Kenneth Daniels, chairman of the county commission, Sheriff Snag Thompson and Fort Myers Mayor Oscar Corbin Jr. I've been on a lot of picnics in my life, but the one we had right there wasn't like any other I'd been on. We had Spanish bean soup and fresh boiled shrimp and you have to admit that's unusual picnic fare. I ate too much and we still had 11 to 12 miles to go into Fort Myers.

After all these weeks I got my worst sunburn that day and I felt like I was on fire by the time we got to town. That afternoon I went to Bonita Beach where the Young Democrats were having an anti-pollution rally. As soon as I arrived, they put me on the program and I emphasized my concept of how pollution, conservation and other problems of how man is to live in his own environment should be attacked as a whole rather than piecemeal.

I told them of my idea that NASA itself or a NASA-like team should be used to harness the best available talent from the country's government, universities and industry to make the technological breakthrough that is needed if man is to be able to live within his own environment in the years ahead. I pointed out again that if our scientists could find the ways to handle man's waste on a trip to the moon, then we certainly should be able to devise revolutionary means of effectively handling our garbage and wastes in the cities.

After my speech an interesting fellow named Newt Harrington, who lives in Pine Island, visited with me. He's vitally concerned about pollution and conservation and told me that in Pine Island they're working on a new sewer system which is the result of some of the space exploration. They plan to use radiation to kill the bacteria and rather than throw the water into the bays or rivers or lakes like we're presently doing, it will be recirculated on land and give us use of the water again. This sounds great to me because it would cut down pollution and would help conserve our water supply. This is the sort of thing we can accomplish in many problem areas with an all-out attack in the '70s through research, hard work and proper utilization of our tax funds.

I was delighted with my visit in Fort Myers. On Sunday night we had a covered dish supper with 60 or 70 people present and some of the finest food I've ever eaten. It was a good cross-section of people and representative of Fort Myers leadership. My supporters set a schedule that really put me through the paces. As a matter of fact, there were some pretty good walkers among them.

The people around Fort Myers were very friendly to the campaign and media coverage was quite good. I sometimes get the feeling that the news reporters get as much fun out of covering this kind of campaign as I get out of doing it.

Had a big country breakfast this morning at the home of Floyd Ellis, a cousin. It was made by Alan Ellis, another cousin. They gave me some Dismal Key Fish Chowder and told me it was named that way because it is usually prepared in a cabin located on Dismal Key, an island about halfway between Marco Island and Everglades City. The recipe has never been recorded but was passed down through word of mouth from several generations of the Ellis family. I tried to get the recipe out of them but I couldn't. It was really delicious.

This reminded me of a story I picked up while walking in Columbia County a few weeks ago. Years ago, the cracker families would gather on the banks of the Suwannee River for a good, ole-time get-together. Some of the men would take to the small wooden boats with dynamite with a half-inch fuse to obtain the fish for fish chowder, which in those days was called "wash pot chowder" because that was what it was prepared in. Well, it's said Columbia County had more one-armed men than any other county in the state.

As I walked along outside Fort Myers, I had a chance to meet a real old walker, James W. Wightman. He told me that he once walked behind six mules for about 17 miles a day harrowing wheat in Washington State. This was over 50 years ago. He said he once broke the state record by harrowing a quarter section in three days where the previous record was half a day more, and he said he was able to do this with four horses and two mules because he could harrow such a straight line.

Mr. Wightman thought what government needs today is just a little common sense and someone who has guts enough to say what is right and what is wrong. He looked 50 but is 72, and he is still running 65 cows on 75 acres and working mighty hard!

On a side trip to Arcadia some of the folks there started likening me to the legendary "Acre-foot" Johnson who carried the mail back in the 1800's between Fort Meade and Fort Myers — on foot. He's supposed to have been a giant of a man with about a size 20 foot and that's where he got his nickname. They tell tales about how he would get out of a buggy and walk off and leave it because he could move faster than the horse. Another tale had him sitting on his porch one afternoon and someone asked him to call a square dance in Arcadia that night. He said he'd love to but he'd have to have a pair of shoes, and he bolted off the porch, walked down to Fort Myers, got the shoes and was back in time to call the square dance. It's said he quit carrying the mail because he wanted to strap a chair on his back and carry a passenger along for company, but the post office wouldn't let him. I'm sure glad I'm not walking against him for the U.S. Senate.

We had a great time in La Belle. Parked the camper there well in advance of my getting there, and people were really looking for me. It was a lot of fun. While there, I found another situation which shows why government is often ineffective today. Dr. Elizabeth Baldwin of the public health clinic said the federal people just won't listen and it's hurting her operation there. They've required her to set up a night clinic for migrants to come in at night for medical treatment. But she says the migrants won't come in at night.

Still, she had to take half her staff off day shift to set the night shift and this has left her short-handed in the daytime when the migrants actually do come for services. The doctor says she can't get the federal people to listen. Somebody at the top seems to know it all though they've not been there to see what is really going on. The day I was there the clinic was full of workers, mostly Mexican-American and blacks. But I was happy to find they are giving birth control advice and dispensing contraceptives in order to help them control the size of their families.

Wednesday I got into Sebring and Avon Park for quick visits. Took in the courthouse in Sebring and the city hall and spent some time in the downtown area. That afternoon wife Rhea and little Rhea Gay came down with some fresh clothes and supplies and we had lunch together.

Thursday was the longest walk so far — 31 miles from La Belle to Clewiston. Along the way I stopped at Goodno where I met Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McGill. They run a little store and had been looking for me for a day and a half, with cold lineade fixed all the time. Both the lineade and my visit with them was refreshing.

Friday was a very full day in Ft. Pierce. Tom Driscoll is heading up my campaign there and he's representative of the kind of man I like best to get involved. He's very active in the community, runs First Federal there, and has never been involved in politics before. He's energetic and enthusiastic, and he's really doing a job. At a Dutch-treat luncheon I spoke to a good group of people from various walks of life. Then we stayed on the go, visiting the newspapers, television stations, key members of the community, and then we invaded most of the shopping centers in the late afternoon.

The migrant worker situation in Florida has certainly been in the news a lot lately, and I took advantage of the opportunity while in Belle Glade to try to learn everything I could about the problem. In Belle Glade there seems to be a tremendous housing shortage. There are two public housing projects that will handle about 3,200 people, and there is another one in Palmetto nearby. The government has just made some four million dollars in loans to housing projects, and they're completing a number of new units, but there will still be a shortage.

I talked with Harvey Poole, a black man in charge of one of the Belle Glade projects, with Dr. John Grady, mayor of Belle Glade and a medical practitioner, a representative of one of the sugar companies and a man with the State Health Department. The problem is tremendously complex and anyone who seeks to oversimplify it does a disservice to the situation and the people involved. I think everyone has spent too much time worrying about who is to blame for inadequacies and too little time finding solutions. For instance, Senator McGovern came to Florida, had a big expose with the publicity that goes along with it, but his recommendations are yet to come. He was down over a year ago.

Certain things are apparent. One is that there is a great need for vocational education in this area. There is some, but not enough. They need the opportunity to develop skills rather than continuing through life as common laborers.

Another thing is education regarding self care. The legislature doubled funds for county health units and this will help. Provisions are being made for food stamp programs, but in addition most of these people must learn about proper diets and how to prepare the foods for those diets.

Another thing is that many of the migrant workers appear satisfied with the way they are living. I talked to a number of the workers and they don't want to work regularly, don't want a residence to be responsible for, don't want to be tied down to any place. They are resistant to anyone who wants to change all this.

Another thing is that the growers are right when they say that the whole story is not being told by the TV people. The growers are not required to provide housing, but over the years many have. For example, much has been said about the place called Big House, which is owned by grower George Wedgeworth. It will house 120 people and is better than much of the private housing around there. The owner provides it rent free, and right now some 70 to 80 people are living there. Joe Collins, the black man who manages the house, said only about 12 or 15 of them are actually working for the grower. Wedgeworth pays for all the lights, water, and electricity and that alone costs over \$14,000 a year. Maintenance costs are high, too.

I have always felt that the answer to such problems as this is to work with the young, to provide the educational opportunities which will help them break the cycle. I couldn't help thinking back to my walk in Tampa when I observed the Model Cities Program in operation. The same thing would do wonders in this area of Florida. The people of Belle Glade are tremendously upset over the television documentary's representation that nothing has been done over the past 10 years. Yet, there have been improvements. Free public health units, even portable units that go out to provide medical treatment for the workers. Federal migrant education funds, paying up to \$35 a week to migrants going to school at night. Additional federal housing.

There's a great deal that needs to be done, more than the talking, the pat answers that too many politicians and others are giving. It needs a sincere, major cooperative effort between the federal and state governments and the patience to work for years to bring about a lasting solution.

Saturday was a heavy walking day, taking me to within a few miles of West Palm Beach and the Gold Coast. This is an experience I've been waiting for.

Lawton Chiles Walks—and Talks—Through Florida
 Progress Report #24: West Palm Beach to Key Largo - 157 miles

1,000 down, 000000 to go- we're there!

We got to the outskirts of Palm Beach on Sunday afternoon and after a short walk Monday morning, and we were met by John Moyle and some supporters at Publix just on the edge of Palm Beach. The long trek from Ft. Myers to the sea is now ended, and I realize that I will be knee-deep in people down the east coast walking through Palm Beach, Broward and Dade Counties.

We twice visited the RCA plant where they have approximately 2,000 employees on one shift. Most of them were doing bench work — skilled labor working on computer components. There are great employee-employer relations here, and we were allowed to go down the lines and talk to the people. They were working hard, but stopped to talk to us when we came up to them. Many of the employees were women. They make good money and have excellent working conditions.

I spoke to the Palm Beach Kiwanis Club one day. The next day I went to the West Palm Beach Kiwanis Club where they had another speaker; however, they have a provision which allows ten minutes for any political candidates that come to the meeting. Since I was the only one there that day, I got the full ten minutes. I think that's an excellent provision. Candidates will be coming through town; if they can't make an actual speaking date with a club, the members still have an opportunity to hear them.

Bill Walton, an ATO fraternity brother, put together a great barbecue in West Palm Beach. There were over 100 people there, and I really enjoyed being with them and speaking to them.

In Boca Raton I visited Florida Atlantic University. It was registration time so I got a chance to visit with a number of the students there. I met many of the faculty members at a reception later that day.

Boca Raton is really growing. There are a tremendous number of condominiums, apartments and housing developments being built in the area.

We went all the way from Boca Raton to Pompano Beach and spent a busy half day visiting with the people at the Pompano mall. This is a tremendous new shopping center and mall and has all of the major stores- Sears, Penneys, Riches, Burdines together with about 106 little stores. Lots of people to see.

I was met at the Broward County line by A.J. Ryan, a former fellow legislator, Emmet McTigue, who I knew at the University of Florida, and a group of supporters. They walked with me into Pompano Beach.

The people in Broward County are more frustrated and hostile than about any place I've been. I can remember about ten years ago when people were saying "why would anyone live in Dade County when they could just move across the line and live in Broward". Well, it looks like too many did move. The county has had a tremendous impact of people, and they are still coming; however the facilities in the area are not adequate. Subdividers came into Broward County and incorporated many little towns, thereby setting up their own zoning requirements and building codes. When the developer left, the people had to take over the city government and cope with the problems of inadequate sewage, schools and other problems.

I talked to one man who told me he spends an hour and a half a day on the road trying to get home. When he gets there and takes out his boat to relax, he can't even fish where he used to fish. He says he can buy less with his paycheck, and he's paying more taxes. "I don't know who the hell is supposed to be representing me in government, but whoever it is has sure not done anything for me." This seems to be the complaint of many other people in this area, too.

Going from Pompano Beach to Ft. Lauderdale, I became very much aware of the serious traffic conditions on U.S. 1. Cars were bumper to bumper. It rained some that day, and due to the added hazards of wet, slick pavement I saw six traffic accidents along that stretch of road. I think part of the problem is the missing link in I-95. All the traffic in this area is detoured over to U.S. 1. I wonder if this missing link is due to an agreement that was made when the turnpike was refinanced. Part of the refinancing deal, as I understood it, was that the road department would not 4-lane a parallel

road or it might be in competition with the turnpike, thus interfering with the turnpike bonds. This would directly affect I-95 as well as 27, both parallel routes.

Going into Lake Worth, we were met by a group of ladies from the Zonta Club. This is a women's civic organization that sponsors a walk every year to provide money for the junior college there. We exchanged walking tips and they invited me to join them during the latter part of September. They walked with me a while, and we were joined along the way by the Lake Worth Chamber president, Wally Ferguson, who runs a laundry and dry cleaning establishment in town.

We spent a busy day Monday in Ft. Lauderdale. In the morning we visited Florida Power and Light and a number of industrial plants in the area. That afternoon we walked toward Dania.

Tuesday we arrived in Hollywood. That afternoon I broke from the walk and went ahead for the first time into Miami where we appeared with other candidates in a program at the Tiger Bay Club. This is a very active organization in Miami. They had an interesting panel, and I thought everyone did well, but in the brief time, it was hard to feel that you were really able to show your stuff. I did note that Farris Bryant spent more time talking about his past and very little telling about what he expected to do in the Senate in the future.

We went from there to a taping at Channel 7 for an hour television program. We had a little more time for questions, and a better opportunity to express ourselves. I wish we had more shows of this type, where the voters have an opportunity to compare the differences in the candidates.

Early the next morning we went back to Broward County and walked into Dade County where we were met by a number of our Dade County supporters and members of the press. Sylvan Meyer, editor of the *Miami News*, came out and walked with me some five miles into North Miami Beach. Four of the papers, the *Miami News*, the *West Palm Beach Post*, the *Daytona Beach News-Journal* and the *Cowles papers* have agreed to pool their reporters to cover the Senate and Governor races. They are doing in-depth profiles of the candidates, and Sylvan Meyer is doing his profile on me, so he has spent considerable time with me finding out what makes me tick.

My Miami visit was really organized, and I was busy walking in all the different sections of the city. We visited in the North Dade and North Miami Beach areas, meeting people in the city halls and along the streets. That afternoon, I went to the Systems Club for a fund raising event, and that evening I was on the Larry King Show, an hour long talk show hosted by a very sharp guy, Larry King.

The following morning, we visited with aircraft employees during a shift change at the airport, then went to Hialeah, Miami Springs and Palm Springs Mile Shopping Center. We then jumped over to Miami Beach, where I made an appearance at the Vocational Teacher convention which was being held at the Fontainebleu Hotel, then back to the airport for a shift change at Pan American.

Senator Lee Weissenborn had set up a meeting with the board of directors of the association representing the condominium owners. The condominium owners made it clear that they may be retired, but they are not old. They're very active and interested, protecting their rights. After my discussion with them, they voted to endorse my candidacy. The board represents some 80 different condominiums that have at least 250 units, and this could be a tremendous help to us in Dade County.

We spent three hours that night on the Allen Courtney Show. The first hour was spent in an interview, and the last two hours were a telephone marathon. I enjoyed this show, and both the Allen Courtney and the Larry King shows have tremendous listening audiences. People mentioned my appearances on both during the rest of my visit in Dade County.

We've had excellent television coverage on all Dade County channels. They've come out and covered parts of the walk.

Friday morning we met some more airline personnel during shift changes, and went through the Justice Building where there are a couple thousand employees. That afternoon we went to Miami Beach and visited the Lincoln Mall, then went to the *Miami Beach Daily Sun*. An interesting fellow was waiting for me there. His name was Harry Reichenthal. He had cut out letters and prepared a sign which he had hung around his neck. It said, "Welcome to Miami Beach, Lawton Chiles, the

walking senator, the man that will represent the people and is campaigning without spending money." He had a wonderful accent which Myron Cohen would have admired, and he preceded me from the Sun office down Lincoln mall saying "He's coming, he's coming! The walking senator is coming! Come out and see the walking senator." He said that if he wasn't out campaigning for me, he would have nothing important to do at all. We need something meaningful for these retired people to do. They have much to contribute and they want to play a valuable part in society, so we must help them find a way to put their experience to work.

I walked in Liberty City on Saturday. There had been several severe riots there and a store had been burned. There was open hostility here. This is a black neighborhood, and it was obvious that the same zoning codes and road repairs were not used here that were applied to other portions of the city. I talked to one young man, 24 years old, who had two years of college working on a sociology degree. He has now dropped out of school and is doing nothing. He had been drinking beer all morning, and he poured out his frustrations to me. He wondered why we can't have human rights where people want to help each other rather than just civil rights, where someone was made to do something by the law. He said many politicians came there promising many things, but nothing was ever improved. When I left, the people seemed a little more friendly toward me, and thanked me for bothering to visit their neighborhood and listen to them.

That afternoon I walked in Little Cuba and the contrast was apparent. The Cubans have taken over an area and fixed it up. They have little coffee shops about every three or four stores, and they sit and discuss politics. They want to know definitely what our position is regarding Cuba and Castro's government. They realize now that we are not going to give them arms aid, but they want to know if we are going to recognize Castro and trade with his country. They are frustrated by not knowing, and I feel that they are entitled to answers to their questions. I have the strongest feeling that the clock is running on us in Latin America, and Latin America is more important than Europe to us. We've got to keep Latin America from becoming Communistic. I hope to become an expert on Latin American affairs for two reasons: 1) because I think Florida is the Gateway to there; and 2) because the United States Senate has no real expert on this vital problem.

Saturday night I went to the Dolphin game where I stood outside the gates and handed out literature. I was amazed at the recognition that I had there. During the half somebody recognized me and started talking about the walk. Before I knew it, I had people three rows up and three rows down talking to me, and took about 15 minutes to get back to my seat. People in Dade County really like the walk. The media coverage has really brought it to their attention. I think there's a hatful of votes here, all available. I am really going to work hard here and hope to do well.

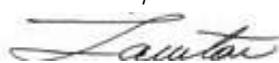
Well, it's over! There were times when I dreamed I was an old man and I was still walking, like maybe this was going to go on forever. But surprisingly, the several days since Miami went extra fast and when the finish line slipped up on me, I wasn't really ready. I certainly faced the end of the road with mixed emotions. But it was a fine feeling to have a number of friends and supporters with me for that last mile — newsmen, too (would you believe John McDermott, Miami Herald political writer, walking? It sure looked good on him, too). Key Largo (John Pennekamp State Park) was absolutely beautiful; it was a great place to wind up.

What has the walk accomplished? Unquestionably, it has given media exposure I could never have had otherwise. It helped me prove my concern about overspending in political campaigns. And I have to admit that I may never be as healthy physically again... unless I decide to go another 1,000 miles another day!

I'm delighted I've been able to meet and talk with over 40,000 people all over the state. I have first-hand knowledge of the problems of our state, better than anyone else in the race. Now, I'm looking forward to the rest of the campaign, and I'm counting on all the friends I've made to go to work these last few days before the election September 8th. Whewwwwwww... can it really be over?

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely,



Lawton Chiles