

JULIANNA DOHERTY FUND HIKE 2005

THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

FROM FONTANA DAM, NC TO MAX PATCH ROAD, NC

88.6 MILES IN SEVEN DAYS

This year our hike on the Appalachian Trail brought us to the Great Smoky Mountains located on the North Carolina and Tennessee State borders. In the seven days and eighty-eight miles it took us to traverse this beautiful National Park our worst fears were realized as we faced a hurricane, a few wild animals and a fallen tree which forced us to hitch a ride north and hike south for 46.5 miles. Even though we embarrassed ourselves by finishing short of our mileage goal by 20 miles, we can hold our heads high considering our fundraising efforts that raised \$31,657 from 112 donor/sponsors. In addition to the hike sponsors, a portion of the donations raised this year were in memory of a wonderful woman, Helene Hennigan, who passed away in 2005. The various recipients of our fundraising are on Page 2.

As I reflect on our third year's hike, I realize that I have once again learned (maybe re-learned) a valuable lesson about life and myself. We came to this hike overconfident in our strengths (mostly based on our success from last year) and consequently not prepared to face the adversity we were to encounter. Many of us go through life overconfident, pursuing and hoping for an easy path. Finally, when the easy path ends and the hard road begins (and it will), you are not prepared to deal with the challenge. This was our 2005 odyssey.

The struggle of the hike cannot compare to the struggle of life, but to me it represents the perpetual challenges we face and must overcome to flourish in our everyday existence. This year we collectively were not prepared to face the struggle. I have come to realize the more challenges we give ourselves each day the more we will be prepared to face the big challenges when they come.

We want to thank you for your support. Once again you have helped us by honoring Julianna with your kindness and loving generosity.

Although our hike was tumultuous, the four hikers were nobly here for a common purpose. Together, we have turned the pain of Julianna's sudden loss into sustained and loving gain. This year we laughed, cried, struggled and puked, but together we endured despite our flaws and differences.

Last year we hiked exceptionally well, exceeded our goals and gelled as a hiking team. We learned much from our first years hike and we expected to improve as we ventured into our third hiking adventure. Unfortunately, Barfy, Giggles, Streek and Jules reverted to our first years form as we encountered a few obstacles including a bear, lots of rain and wind, a fallen tree and most importantly ourselves.



In 2005, the money we raised benefited children who are struggling in life - physically, emotionally or financially. I am pleased to report we will distribute \$32,000 in total this year. Once again our largest beneficiary is the Center for Grieving Children. Our successful fundraising also allowed us to contribute to several additional organizations we were introduced to this year. **The Julianna Doherty Fund** donated to the organizations below.

[CENTER FOR GRIEVING CHILDREN](#)

For the third year in a row, we are helping to fund the Center for Grieving Children, Teen's and Families, located on the grounds of St. Christopher's Hospital in North Philadelphia. The money we donated this year will once again help fund their most active program, the after school program. The funds will primarily be used to purchase art supplies and pay grief counselors. Most of the cities public schools continue to send kids to this organization even though no public money is provided. This organization needs financial support as they continuously operate in the red. The center provides support for children or young adults who have experienced a loss of a loved one. This Center's program allows children to express themselves to others who have felt similar loss. Sharing the pain with those who understand the pain is a good way to start the healing process.

[THE BREATHING ROOM FOUNDATION](#)

This Foundation is an organization, which supports individuals and their families who are suffering from cancer. The Breathing Room provides breathing room to families who are dealing with the daily struggle of cancer, whether it is providing a meal for the holidays, cutting someone's lawn, baby sitting or providing financial assistance to pay utilities. In the last year, my co-workers and I have participated in Thanksgiving, Christmas/Hanukah and Easter Holiday programs. I do know first hand the heartfelt benefit this organization provides to families in need of support.

[WOMENS CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE](#)

The WCA, located in North Philadelphia has helped Philadelphia inner city families and children since 1919. We have donated to the Family Services Division of the WCA, which will use this money to support programs and events for Foster Children. Many of these kids have never left their local neighborhoods. Our funding will provide these children an opportunity to participate in fun and culturally stimulating activities in the region, which they could not afford otherwise. In addition to a few museum trips and a field trip to Baltimore, we hope to take the kids to a Phillies game, The Circus and The Lion King Show at the Academy of Music in 2005.

[ST. MARY'S RESPITE](#)

This retreat, located in West Philadelphia, offers support to small children ages 1 to 5 who are either infected by HIV or have someone in their immediate family who has contracted HIV. This respite provides young children with a happy and nurturing environment for one day a week. The goal of the Respite is two fold. First, they provide a child a fun day to look forward to, and second, they give the child's care giver a break either to get medical treatment or just to enjoy some down time. The specter of HIV is quite stressful on children and parent alike.

[ST BARTHOLOMEW OUTREACH PROGRAM](#)

Last year I was introduced to Sister Pat Denny, who has an outreach program at this Northern Philadelphia Church. After meeting with her, I consider her a missionary in the City of Philadelphia. With Sister Pat's guidance, we have once again paid Catholic School tuition for a family, whose father is legally blind and whose two oldest daughters 2nd and 3rd grade (They have 5 children) have severe vision problems as well. Public school is not a viable option for this family. This family continues to be in financial crises and unable to pay Catholic School tuition. Through the fund we are able to pay tuition for this family for the next school year for three of their school age children. They are an appreciative and loving family and we are thankful to help them. The kid's are doing well as we receive regular updates on their progress.

[SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH](#)

This year a portion of our proceeds were raised in memory of Helene Hennigan, who passed away in October, 2005. Helene's son Tom is a friend of mine and he wanted to use the proceeds raised to help immigrant families assimilate into American society, which was a passion of his mother. Helene had been a French Professor at Cabrini College for many years and was a big believer in the American Dream for everyone. We decided to donate to Sisters of St. Joseph (SSJ) Founded in 1847, and has served Philadelphia for over 150 years. Our money will support a program offered to new immigrants, who live in Philadelphia. This program supports English as a Second Language (ESL) classes and provides instruction in reading, writing, math, and GED preparation.

THE HIKE

Our starting point this year was last year's ending point – Fontana Dam, North Carolina. We flew into Knoxville, Tennessee and were picked up by Gene Lainey, a retiree who lived in Fontana Dam and spoke with a thick Tennessee Twang. Gene was a feisty man, who ten minutes after my introduction to him, wanted to start a fight with another man at airport terminal who questioned his lingering in a no parking zone as he waited to pick us up. We also learned he had a natural and justifiable dislike of the US Government, which took his families land (at \$.50 on the dollar) in Fontana Village in 1940 to create the Fontana Dam which was to be used to power an Alcoa aluminum plant to build airplanes for WWII. Gene was an older gentleman who gave us a genuine feel for the local people. Unfortunately, due to his advancing age he could not hold his hands steady. He had a constant twitch, which made him a poor driver and an even worse photographer. Below is our first official Hike photo taken by Gene.

An early harbinger of this years hike began on the ride to Fontana when one of my hiking partners started to get quite nauseous on the extremely windy road from Knoxville to Fontana Dam. Immediately thereafter, team dissent started to rear its ugly head in earnest as both Barfy and Giggles questioned our driver whether we could use tents in the Smokies. He said, "Sure why not?" Both men looked at me with some disbelief and were quite upset that we had to venture into the wilderness unprotected. These two hardy souls were so petrified to go without a tent they asked anyone who would listen whether we could bring a tent – trying to confirm their belief that it was my desire to torture them. They even went so far as to try to purchase a new tent at the small country store in town. I think they truly believed I was trying to make them suffer as much as possible and for the first two days they rode me hard. I thought to myself, wait until the rain comes then our friendship will be surely

tested. Truth be told: There is a regulation restricting tents at shelter sites in Smoky Mountain National Park, but this restriction is not enforced.

We arrived at Fontana Village late on August 26, 2005. We inventoried our food and unloaded excess. The easiest choice was Barfy's three pound peanut butter jar. We listened to the weather forecast and grew concerned of Hurricane Katrina's path. We knew a storm path along the Appalachian Trail could present real problems for our hike. In 2004, we were fortunate as two hurricanes passed this portion of the trail immediately before and after the hike. However, what concerned me more was when Barfy pulled me aside and said " I swear to the almighty I will train for next years hike". Oh boy. At this moment I was reminded of Barfy's revelation a few months earlier when he was talking to a worker at an Outdoor Hiking store. He told me that he had learned that you can prevent blisters by wearing a liner sock underneath your regular sock while hiking. I told him "no kidding and that after fourteen days and two years of hiking you never saw Streek, Giggles or me putting on or taking off this liner". His simple comment was "I'm not a detail guy".

The hike is rugged and uncomfortable, but it takes time to build up toughness. This was obvious on this night before the hike. We had a difficult time leaving our prima donna ways behind. As we prepared our packs the boys were coming in and out of the room and leaving the door open and I yelled at them for letting the bugs in. They looked at me with incredulity and said lighten up you wimp, you are going to be living with bugs all of the next week and a few won't hurt you now. Speaking of wimps (in addition to the tent search) on this last night, both Barfy and Giggles insisted on filling their water canteens with bottled spring water because the tap water had a funny taste. Daniel Boone they are not.



Here is our team photo at Fontana Village with Gene the driver taken by a steady handed bystander.

On August 27, 2005 at 9:15 am, we embarked on our hike, starting the day at 1,800 ft elevation at the Little Tennessee River and by days end elevating to 4,800 ft with seven major incline/declines in between. This section of the Appalachian's is part of The Great Smoky Mountain range with an apex at Clingman's Dome, the highest point on the Appalachian Trail and the second highest point east of the Mississippi. Consequently, we had more than 34 miles of incline until we hit the dome at 6,643 ft. elevation.

It was an exciting feeling crossing the Fontana Dam, which towers 480 feet tall and is about 1/2 mile in length. It holds water back for more than thirty miles. Our joyous feelings of finally hiking the Great Smokies quickly turned as we began our ascent to Clingman's Dome. As we passed Shuckstack Mountain and Doe Knob my legs began to feel like lead and my hip was throbbing in pain. It's great to turn 40 as I now have arthritis in my knee and hips and they were hurting.

My pain was shared by all as this early struggle quickly reminded us of the challenge ahead. Our first break took place on a rocky alcove in the bright Appalachian sunlight. We sat for ten minutes when Giggles got all excited (which he easily does) and blurted "*Holy —, look at that!*" We all moved quite quickly and turned around to see two rattle snakes mating on the rock 10 feet behind us. Streek boldly grabbed the camera and attempted to get closer for a picture when the darn things started to rattle. We high tailed it out of there but nonetheless were pleased to encounter our first rattler from a distance. We learned our first lesson.

Lesson # 1 – Be wary at breaks – Snakes are everywhere and they like rocks and sunlight as much as humans do.



The excitement of the snake carried us another mile or so before the pain re-emerged. We were all irritable as the ascent seemed to last forever. It was only the first day and everyone was miserable, especially Barfy who I am convinced trained by eating Ding Dongs and drinking Yoo Hoo. This first day was excruciating for all of us and our lack of mental and physical preparation was immediately a factor.

On the ascent I needed to pace myself by counting my steps 1 to 100 like Rain Man and stopping repeatedly. We finally made our destination at Russell Field Shelter at 5:30 totally spent and with word from others at the shelter that Hurricane Katrina was coming our way. Two of the hikers at the shelter were a couple from Minneapolis – Vicky and Dave who would be our hiking partners for the next few days. We slept miserably in the musty shelter. We were all tired and we were kept awake by scampering mice. Giggles and Streek donned their protective mice proof sleeping bags, which were quite handy as mice were plentiful. I learned from my reading that mice are prolific reproducers and can produce 96 offspring in one year. I think the whole family was in our shelter.

The second day began with our familiar ascent. Approximately, two hours into our hike we heard yelling ahead of us. "*Get away! Get away from our bag!*" It was Vicky and Dave, who departed ahead of us, apparently yelling at a bear. As we found out later, the bear attacked their hiking bags when they went down to a stream to fill their water bottles.

Lesson # 2 – Never leave your hiking bag unattended.

The funny thing about this ordeal was that when Vicky and Dave were screaming, we were yelling to confirm they were alright. After they said that the bear had fled we started yelling, *"Is it coming our way? Is it coming our way?!"* We later laughed at our brave response. When we finally arrived to see Vicky and Dave they were quite shaken, but they were tough. In fact, Vicky was real tough and I kept telling the guys I would gladly trade any of them for her in a minute. The mama bear, which fled, had left behind a cub, which was eating berries from a tree adjacent to the trail. We waited for a good fifteen minutes for the bear to move, but it didn't budge. In the first ten minutes of our 'bear siege', the bear was in a small tree and its enormous head was only visible above the tree. The bear appeared twelve feet tall and we did not have the nerve to walk past this grizzly. As we waited patiently the bear stepped down from the tree and its real size was realized. We eventually tiptoed past the bear with Dave and Vicky staying very close to us for protection as they did much of the rest of the day.

The steady incline began to wear us all down and by 1:00 pm, Barfy was sick. As he reached the crest of another hill he barfed in front of me and Giggles. We were speechless. I normally would have pulled the camera out, but the site of him was too pathetic. He later chastised me for not taking the picture and properly chronicling the event. Barfy was sick from dehydration and exhaustion. However, after an hours break he pulled himself together and went on.

Lesson # 3 - Never give up.

Barfy espouses life's most important lesson and is deeply admired by his co-hikers for his resiliency. By 4:00 pm it was pouring and windy as Katrina's outer bands came closer. We continued to push ourselves to our maximum limits, especially Barfy, and we finished the day at 7:20 pm at Siler Bald Shelter. Barfy went right to sleep.

The next day was rainy and windy once again. I awoke more sore than I have ever remembered. This morning I asked each of the hikers to do me one favor? They consented not knowing what it was. Great - I said *"Come hell or high water we will make it to Hot Springs, NC, our original destination."* Everyone was speechless but Barfy, who very matter-of-factly said, "No problem - I'll drive you." I told them Vicky would not have said that. In my mind at that moment I was thinking the Vicky for Barfy trade was a no brainer. The troops were demoralized and everyone was angling to get off the trail before the guts of the storm hit. We had 5 more miles of

incline before we reached Clingman's Dome and no one was excited for this prospect considering the weather and physical pain we were experiencing. Complicating things for me was the availability at the dome, which is a tourist spot, to hitch a ride off the trail. Everyone knew it and they let me know that they knew it. At this moment I was hearing none of this of course and wanted to march on through Hurricanes, bears, walls, whatever... Stubborn stupidity is my strength.

At this juncture I began to lecture (actually yell) at all of them for at least five minutes. My eloquent speech went something like this. *"We are here to hike not to run to some hotel like candy ass wimps and if you are not in shape to hike or you don't want to suck it up you shouldn't be here"*. I have good friends and they know my pain so they let me vent. In reality it was sensible to depart, but I could not accept our leaving the trail. After the silence, Streak and I went ahead as Giggles and Barfy (who had an empty tank) fell behind. We arrived at Clingman's Dome as Katrina's wind intensified. Even in the wind, Giggles looks cool and confident like a seasoned male model on a Paris Runway.



Giggles and Barfy arrived about an hour later pissed that they made a wrong turn at a fork in the trail and more pissed that we did not wait for them. It was my turn to be yelled at by Giggles.

Lesson # 4 - Never leave your friends, especially when there is a fork in the road and they may need you.

We were in great discomfort mentally and physically but the air was cleared. When Barfy and Giggles arrived at the dome they were out of water. A family was there gawking at the four disheveled hikers like we were part of some nature freak show. Thirsty Barfy asked this Chinese family from Princeton, NJ for something to drink. They had nothing but a half full bottle of tea. Barfy said, "I'll take it" and consumed the whole thing in one chug and promptly gave the family a big bear hug. As always Barfy is a sight to behold and now that I reflect on it... he is an entertaining freak show.



We regrouped at Clingman's Dome, which was frigid, and debated the merits of leaving the trail or staying like men. Dave and Vicky arrived shortly after and joined in our debate. They opted to depart (Vicky wanted to stay) and hitched a ride to Gatlinburg. At this moment, with the vision of falling trees, hurricane force winds and whining hikers, we decided we would march on to Newfound Gap some 8 miles away and get off the trail. Everyone was happy but me. Dave and Vicky, who hitched a ride into Gatlinburg, offered to send a cab to this location in a few hours.

The group, now reinvigorated, marched forward down the other side of Clingman's Dome through a dense and beautiful evergreen forest on a highly slippery trail. After a few hours we made it to a clearing and were confident this was our destination. However, it was not, this was Indian Gap 1.7 miles short. We were dejected and out of water, but we were given a reprieve as a couple, Dave and Sherry from Florida pulled up to this desolate location in their car. They looked at us with pity and asked if we wanted some water. We gladly accepted.

Lesson # 5 - People are inherently good and will generously help others when they know there is need.

We arrived at Newfound Gap at 5:20 pm with our ride waiting. We were in Honky Tonk Gatlinburg by 6:00 pm in the midst of every cheesy store and motel imaginable. As we passed the Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum, I was hoping this was a bad dream. It was not but my friends

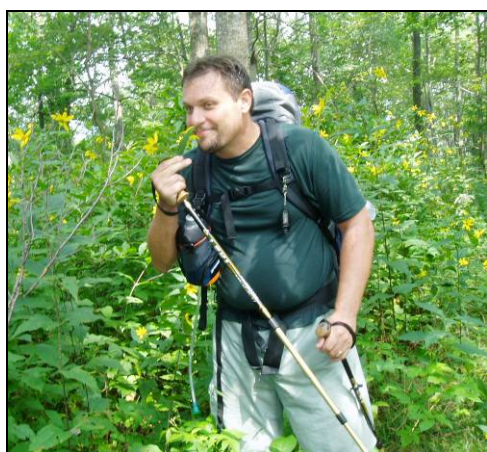
were happy to be back in civilization even if it was in neon.

Gatlinburg is a picturesque setting very close to the Smokies and surrounded by magnificent mountains, which is harder to appreciate with the extensive and gaudy development everywhere.



The following day the storm had passed us by. I threatened to go back first thing in the morning but the Park Ranger did not recommend due to many falling trees. We had lost power for several hours but that was the extent of damage I saw. We passed the day going to church, eating, and playing double's ping-pong. All the hikers tried to console me in this delay. The most poignant came from Streek, who acknowledged my disappointment but said it was the right decision to get off the trail. That was comforting, yet a little empty as he asked, "Are you ok now? 'Cause I'm going back to the hot

tub.” He also indicated he was happy to go on, but half-tongue-in-cheek said, “Giggles and Barfy needed the break”. He also told me the story of his mom’s reaction when he first mentioned the idea of a hike for Julianna. His Mom, with sincere concern for her little baby boy, suggested that we should just do a bake sale like normal people to raise money. That made me laugh. Our Gatlinburg detour was beneficial for all of us, especially Barfy, who excelled in this forum. He earned MVP honors going away for the Gatlinburg part of the hike.



Barfy knows how to stop and smell the flowers.

Another Obstacle.

After our rest everyone was eager to move out. I was most eager as we re-entered Smoky Mountain National Park. At the park entrance a ranger stopped the car and informed us the Park was closed because a tree had fallen in the road during Katrina and they didn’t know when it would be removed. I was quite mad. At that moment we made the decision to drive to our ending point and hike from north to south and end back at Newfound Gap. I am committed to hiking every inch of the Appalachian Trail; it

just won’t all be in the same direction. I can live with that. Of course the revised end was not Hot Springs but Max Patch Road about 20 miles short of goal. I have a tougher time living with that.

We arrived at Max Patch Road at 9:30 am and immediately got back in the swing of hiking. This morning was clear and crisp, which was a welcome change from prior days of wind and rain. The terrain was spectacular, with beautiful White Pines surrounding the trail and thousands of pine needles under our feet. The filtered sunlight and soft cushioning of the needles made this our best hiking conditions ever. We appreciated being back in the wilderness and traveled at an incredible pace passing beautiful places such as Ground Hog Creek, Snowbird Mountain and Hawks Roost. Streek twisted his knee near Brown Gap, representing the only negative thing about this day. In all, however, it was a great day of hiking that ended near the Pigeon River. At the river, which Paralleled I-40, there was a shack, which sold Cheeseburgers about 1.5 miles off the trail. Only one person would consider the extra credit walk to eat something not healthy... Barfy, the same guy who wouldn’t walk an extra three steps on the trail to relieve himself. I accompanied him on this side trip to prevent him from going AWOL. Off we went to MOMA’s Kuntry Kitchen to get a greasy cheeseburger. After this break, we re-entered Smoky Mountain National Park from the northern end and still had 1.8 miles of incline until our night’s shelter. This stretch run did not go smoothly with the enormous hamburgers in our tummies. We did arrive at our shelter shortly after 6:00 pm traveling 16.1 miles of awesome trail this day. I have to admit the days rest did allow us to enjoy the trail much more than we would have been able to without it.

Lesson # 6 – Allow yourself to enjoy the things you have and savor each moment that God has given us.

This shelter sat at the top of a scenic forested valley and was quite comfortable. We slept well in the cooler night air. We awoke the next morning and Streek’s knee had swelled. He commented, “I will



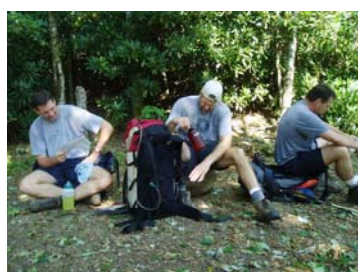
go on, but I am pretty sure the other hikers would probably quit if it were them". We were off by 8:25 AM and our pleasant hiking experienced continued. We walked on the crest of a mountain range that was no more than 10 feet wide and dropped on either side several hundred feet. It was a cool yet unnerving experience. I thought of Julianna often on this trip and today was no exception. She was there with me today holding her daddy tight and resting her head on my shoulder and neck. We continue our hike in serenity. Although I have concerns that Streek is in much pain and our water pump is breaking down, I am as close to peace as I can be. We travel 14.8 miles today and end at 5:50 pm.



This is our last night on the trail and everyone is excited to leave these mountains. Our added bonus this year is that our friend Joe Innes will meet us at our

destination for pick up. Our shelter at Tri-Corner Gap does not have a bear cage like the rest of our shelters and this makes everyone a little uneasy. The temperature is in the 30's and we all snuggle into bed to escape the cold and so we can depart early the next morning. At this moment Giggles asks the rest of us if we had our hiking poles out for protection. In unison we say "no". Giggles suggest we get them as he has one adjacent to his bag. Barfy retorts, "I'd rather be eaten by a bear than get out of my bag right now" At this moment we unanimously appoint Giggles minister of defense and laugh. As justice would have it, Barfy complained the next morning that he thought of bears all night which prevented him from getting to sleep.

Our last morning was cold and poignant. We spent extra time this morning praying for Julianna and all our loved ones who are not with us. Also, we prayed for the many victims of Hurricane Katrina who were presently struggling in New Orleans. We had 15.6 miles to complete



today and made an early start at 7:39 am. Our first major obstacle was Mt. Chapman, which elevated almost 1000 feet in just over a mile. We dedicated this run to Mrs. Innes, who passed away a month earlier after a long loving life. The remainder of the hike was beautiful as our hike was relatively flat on mountain top crests. The scenery was truly breathtaking with the most spectacular views at Charles Bunion, a rocky patch that hangs over what seems like the entire Smoky Mountain range.

Our last mile to Newfound Gap was just as grueling the last time we pursued this goal (Newfound Gap) coming from the other direction. We finally arrived back at Newfound Gap at 3:35 pm. Joe met us about an hour later with cold drinks and a big friendly smile. We were all happy to be done, even me.

This year's trip was awesome. We struggled, we fought, we laughed and in the end we overcame. We committed ourselves to go one direction on this hike and in life.... always forward and most importantly never giving up.

We raised more than \$31,500 this year from all of you who appreciate our effort and our purpose. Thank you for your ongoing support, it means the world that you continue to give for Julianna, our precious child.

I am convinced that obstacles are always put in your path and that there is no such thing as an easy road (That is probably why I like this hike). On this trip I also learned many valuable lessons about hiking and about life; lessons only learned when you face adversity and overcome it with your head held high. By the time we finish this year's hike we had traveled more than 88 miles and raised a substantial amount of money. Although we were well short of our mileage goal, we did our very best and I am proud of our effort.

Dealing with adversity is a topic I know well. I have learned much over the last 4 years, but forgotten much as well and this year's hike brought back into focus many of the thoughts I have wrestled with in this time. These include:

Have you given all of your love to your wife, children, mother, father, brother, sister, and friends?

Have you given everything you can (your talents and abilities) to help others who are less fortunate than you?

Am I at peace with God?

What do I regret about who I am today and what can I do to change those things I do not like about myself?

The answers to these questions are not easy, but if you respond to them with love in your heart, you will live a deeper, happier and more spiritual life and if crisis comes, you will be more prepared to overcome...

Lastly, I want to honor Mary Lou Barton, who loved her son Murphy (Barfy) and all her ten children more than any mother could. She had been a constant inspiration to my faith and strength since Julianna passed away. Mrs. Barton's passage to heaven occurred on March 18, 2006. We will miss you.

Below is our trip overview in terms of mileage and time.

APPALACHIAN TRAIL MILEAGE - 2005

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>START TIME</u>	<u>STARTING POINT</u>	<u>ENDING POINT</u>	<u>END TIME</u>	<u>HIKE TIME</u>	<u>MILES</u>	<u>MPHH</u>	<u>ACTUAL CUM. TOTAL</u>
8/27/05	SATURDAY	9:15	FONTANA DAM(NC 28)	RUSSELL FIELD SHELTER	17:30	8:15	14.9	1.81	161.7
8/28/05	SUNDAY	8:50	RUSSELL FIELD SHELTER	SILER BALD SHELTER	19:20	10:30	14.7	1.40	14.9
8/29/05	MONDAY	9:27	SILER BALD SHELTER	NEW FOUND GAP	17:10	7:43	12.5	1.61	29.6
8/30/05	TUESDAY	8:30	HURRICANE OFF	KATRINA	0:00	0:00	0		42.1
8/31/05	WEDNESDAY	9:30	MAX PATCH ROAD	DAVENPORT GAP SHELTER	18:00	8:30	16.1	1.89	42.1
9/1/05	THURSDAY	8:25	DAVENPORT GAP	TRI-CORNER SHELTER	17:50	9:25	14.8	1.60	58.2
9/2/05	FRIDAY	8:30	TRI-CORNER SHELTER	NEW FOUND GAP	15:40	7:10	15.6	2.18	73
TOTAL TRAIL MILES									88.6
2005 AVERAGE MPHH									250.3
2004 AVERAGE MPHH									1.72
2003 AVERAGE MPHH									1.68
									LOW



