

THE ROAD: MY 200 MILE WALK AROUND MAUI

by
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I just turned 18. It is the summer of 1962 and in June I graduated from Darien (Connecticut) High School. However, I skipped graduation to take the first available flight back to Hāna, Maui, where I spent the previous summer, and where I had wanted to finish high school before my parents vetoed the idea. I am now living in an abandoned two-room schoolhouse in Kīpahulu, 12 miles outside of Hāna. And I am obligated to register with the draft (located in Wailuku). But, most importantly, I want to test my endurance and have an adventure.

Two weeks ago, I tried to hike around Maui going in a counter clockwise direction. I left Kīpahulu and made it to Hāna. I spent too much time talking story with Blue and others. Too late in the afternoon, I continued on to Upper Nāhiku where I slept on the steps of the Catholic Church. And I froze, getting very little sleep that night. I was unprepared having only a light jacket and no sleeping bag. At sunrise, I decided that “discretion was the better part of valor.” I went back to Hāna (with my tail between my legs) catching a ride with the first car that offered. I saw Blue, told him what happened, then caught another ride back to Kīpahulu. Defeat! Only temporary, I hope.

Saturday, July 21, I go to Harry and Nita Hasegawa’s wedding and luau – I have a great time and drink a lot of beer. At the end, I catch a ride back to Kīpahulu intending to try again the next morning.

Sunday, July 22, 1962, Day One

I wake up a little before sunrise Sunday morning. This time of year sunrise is about 6 AM. I roll up my sleeping bag (for warmth at night this time) and tuck a few of cans of sardines and a big bag of Chinese almond cookies inside the roll. I fill my one-quart canteen with water, pick up my Chevron map of the islands, and begin.

My strategy is different. This time my plan is to go clockwise to avoid the talk story distraction. When I reach the main Road, I turn left – only about six miles to go until I will reach Kaupō. I know the way. Last year, Johnny Woodbridge and I drove a jeep around the island. This time I am on my own and no jeep. I have only the sneakers I am wearing.

As I begin to walk I pass Big Bridge – Hāna folks call it by other names like Rabbit Bridge, but in Kīpahulu it is our swimming hole and where I bathe. A little further and I pass William Rost’s home – no one seemed up. I continue to walk.

A little further I make that magical turn where you can see Lelekea Bay down below and the arid desert of Maui’s South coast ahead. But turning back is the lush beauty of Kīpahulu. Just a bend in The Road but two climatic extremes – what a place! To the left is the expansive blue of the Pacific and to my right is the imposing brown bulk of Maui reaching up to the clouds surrounding Haleakalā. I pause to remember this spot.

And then I continue, now leaving the paved Road behind me to walk the dusty dirt Road down to Lelekea. As I near, I hear the click clack of stones hitting each other, pushed and pulled by the waves crashing on the shore. The Road flattens out just a few feet above sea level as I traverse two culverts before starting up the dusty Road on the far side of the Bay. Walking takes time for the feet to move but it leaves plenty of time for the mind to roam, to think, to imagine, to take in the beauty, and to store memories for the far future when I will be old and gray.

At the top, The Road bends right toward Kaupō and I leave Lelekea behind. About this time the first car (of many) comes from behind. The Hawaiian driver stops and asks if I want a ride. I explain I am trying to walk around the island but I thank him for the offer and ask if he will sign my map. He smiles as he prints his name. He then drives on and I am again alone with my thoughts and The Road. [see front of Map below]

Soon I reach Nick Soon's Kaupō Store and get a soda. I rest on the front lanai and munch a few cookies from my sleeping bag. I continue on through Kaupō town that really seems to only consist of a handful of houses strung out along, and set back from, The Road. I see the Protestant Church down below by the ocean. The Road is very dry and dusty. Occasionally I see windmills and sometimes cattle troughs.

My mind starts to do calculations. *I thought it would be about 30 miles to 'Ulupalakua – my destination for my first day. I walk about 3 miles per hour; that should be only 10 hours of walking per day. With sunrise at 6 AM and sunset around 7:15 PM, there is a little over 13 hours of daylight each day. Plenty of hours to cover 30 miles. Since I left at 6 AM today, I might arrive about 4 PM not counting rest stops. Am I on the right pace? Let's see, it is about 6 miles from Kīpahulu to Kaupō so I should be there around 8 AM – but it is about 8:30. I must either be slower than 3 mph or I spent more time at Lelekea and Kaupō Store. That's okay – I should still have plenty of time.* The miles (or at least several hundreds of feet) go by as I make these mental calculations.

I have another sip from my canteen. I've got to make the one quart last for 25 more miles. More cars pass. Almost every car driven by a Hawaiian seems to stop to offer me a ride – plenty of signatures for my map. And their cars and pickup trucks are old and beat up. Later model cars are driven by Japanese or other local Asians. About half of them stop – the others don't even slow down. This is a pain in the butt because the car tires kick up a lot of dust for me to breathe for the next 30 yards. Funny, almost no haole drivers stop. They drive the newest models and the windows are rolled up in air-conditioned comfort. More dust in my face.

Every hour or so I rest. Sip a little water – *oops, getting a little low. Do I dare fill it up from the water in a cattle trough? Let's not think about it for now. Wait until I get real low.* Keawe and cactus are all around. The wide blue Pacific is always on my left. Haleakalā still rises on my right. It is always hot and dusty.

I start to talk to myself and to the island of Maui. *I'm going to do this. I can just keep going and walk all the way around. I'll even walk around the head and not cut across the isthmus.*

More cars pass in both directions. Based on time, I figure I am about halfway to 'Ulupalakua. And I'm really low on water. The next car that stopped has a full Hawaiian family. While I decline the ride offer, I ask if they have any extra water to spare. “A'ole pilikia, heah, we fill canteen.” “Mahalo! Can you please sign my map?” I wave good bye as they leave. Now I know I have enough water to reach 'Ulupalakua.

By mid-afternoon my legs are getting tired but not unbearable so. And not sore. I am hot and dusty but I must be almost there. I ask cars that stop how much further it is. The answer is always “just a little way.” People in cars have no sense of distance. They always underestimate the distance and an extra three miles is only 10 minutes for them but it means an hour of walking for me and now it is mostly uphill.

Now the sun is starting to get low. I pass La Perouse Bay way down below. According to my map I really should be getting close. Finally The Road seems to slightly turn right and the vegetation around me is changing – less desert and some taller plants. The Road surface seems less dusty and better maintained. I pass a house. *I must be almost there.* I pass another house. It is about 5:30 – not bad, not too far off schedule.

Ahead I see three men standing by a pickup truck off The Road. They are wearing cowboy hats. And drinking white wine from a glass gallon jug with a Gallo label. I say, “Aloha.” They answer and I stop to talk story.

They work for 'Ulupalakua Ranch. I ask if they know Jackie, or Uncle Herman, or Randy Smith, or Tevi and Sonny, or John Park. [These are the Kīpahulu cowboys I have known for two summers; Kīpahulu Ranch is owned by the owners of 'Ulupalakua Ranch.] Sure, they know them all. We start talking and I tell them what I'm doing. I ask if there is a school nearby. They tell me how to get there and say it will be fine for me to sleep on the front lanai.

One cowboy passes me the Gallo jug. I've never had wine before but I lift it up and drink out of the neck – just like they were doing. Kind of burns going down so I swallow like it is beer (*BIG MISTAKE*).

I pull out my cookies and share them around. Another cowboy gives me a paper bag full of plums to keep. An hour later it starts to get dark. I am wasted from the wine and we say “aloha.”

I weavily stumble on to the school. I drink some water from a water pipe and fill up my canteen. I unroll my sleeping bag and climb in. *I finished my first day of my six-day quest. Great joy! Spinning head – oops, I'm going to be sick.* I throw up all the wine on the ground beside the porch. I drink some water to get the foul taste out of my mouth. I get back into the sleeping bag and quickly fall asleep.

Monday, July 23, Day Two

I wake up about dawn with a splitting headache and a very queasy stomach – did I really drink all that Gallo? *Not quite like beer after all.* A ripe sweet purple plum starts to clear the headache. The sweet juice makes my hand sticky. The soft flesh tastes so good. I throw the pit into the tall grass and have another – and then a third one. I turn the faucet on the nearby water pipe and rinse my hands and face. I drink some water hoping it and the plums will stay down. I'm starting to wake up – it's a beautiful sunny day. I top off my canteen; I'll need it again today.

Legs are not too sore as I roll up the sleeping bag and repack the remaining half bag of almond cookies and sardine cans. I carry the plums in the brown paper sack – it would make too much of a mess if they were to be in the sleeping bag roll.

I look around making sure the lanai is clean, check my map, and start off for the second leg of my journey.

Soon I find the Mākena Trail that leads from 'Ulupalakua down to Mākena Bay on the West Coast of East Maui. Last year our jeep went down the dusty dirt Road easily – now I hike it and it is dustier and goes first right then left, gently switching back and forth as I lose altitude. Cactus and keawe are my friends again. I pass a few scrawny head of cattle. No cars on this stretch. I'm on my own with my thoughts as I trudge downhill. The magnificence of Haleakalā is directly behind me; the broad blue Pacific ahead with the reddish, barren “target island” of Kaho‘olawe moored offshore. When one walks there is lots of time to look up and be in awe of the browns and greens of the earth, the blues of sea and sky, and the whites of the few clouds. At other times, as fatigue sets in, I can just kind of move along like an automaton one foot in front of the other and barely notice the things around me.

It is turning into another hot day but I don't have to ration my water too much – I know there will be some available at least when I reach Kīhei.

My knees are holding out okay even as I walk the downhill miles of the trail. *Seems like I should get there soon.* The land starts to level out as I near the coast. Not much sound around me except for the occasional breeze through the dried keawe. The cattle are silent, too, preserving their energy on this hot day. I reach into my bag and have another plum as I walk and walk.

Finally I reach the coastal area and meet up with the slightly better but still unpaved Road. I turn right. Another milestone achieved. I earned a short rest and a check of the map.

Yes, I will be going almost due north as The Road runs near the coastline. I can hear the ocean again. The Road is hard packed dirt but with much less dust; the vegetation is a little thicker but still dry. *Far less rain must drop annually than in Hāna.* Windmills become frequent; a couple every mile or so. Still no cars and it is about 9 AM and I am sweating.

It is nice to get a different stride walking on the flat rather than downhill. [The golf courses and hotels of the future have yet to be built on this barren water starved coastline.]

More miles pass and I see small beaches dotting the coast. A few cars are parked alongside and local families are picnicking. It's about 10:30 as I select an especially nice beach to stop at for a brief rest. I eat another couple of plums. But the bag is starting to get wet – mostly from my sweaty hands rather than the juice.

I see a family off to my left and go over to them. I offer them the rest of my plums – at least a half bag – since soon I would not be able to carry them without the bag giving way. The family gratefully accepts and I turn to go. They call me back and offer me a red Maui hot dog just cooked over their hibachi fire. I take it and it tastes great. I love these Maui hot dogs – thin but spicy and flavorful; the skin snapping as I bite into it. We chat for about 15 minutes and they sign my map. Like others, they are surprised someone would want to walk all the way around the island. I think it is a great adventure and I am not in the least tempted to cut it short. They had never heard of anyone doing this before – at least since the time of the King’s runners. I need to get going if I am to make my 30 plus miles for the day

My hands are freer (no bag of plums) as I head back to The Road and on to Kīhei. Soon The Road widens and is paved rather than packed dirt. Still very dry – the sun is almost straight overhead. The sleeping bag roll I carry around my neck keeps me from getting sunburn there and my cap keeps my nose from burning. The skin on my arms is the only part of me directly exposed to the sun and my arms have been tanned for a long time.

A few cars pass (more going south than north) and sometimes one stops – more names for the map.

About 12:00 noon I am passing through Kīhei right on the coastline. I pay 5¢ for a Snickers candy bar in one of the small shops. I drink from a water fountain and refill my canteen. The candy is chewy and chocolatey as I eat while I walk. I lick the last of the melted chocolate off the wrapper. I find a trash can – I hate the fact that tourists and locals just throw things like this along the Road and I don’t want to contribute to the litter.

As I leave Kīhei behind me, my next milestone is Mā‘alaea. I am going to have to make a choice at that point – I either continue clockwise and head to Lahaina and then around Maui’s “head” or I cut across the isthmus between Haleakalā and the West Maui mountains and go directly to Wailuku and the draft board. Actually it isn’t much of a choice. *Skipping Lahaina would be quitting; failing for a second time. No way! I told people I would walk the whole island.* For an 18-year-old with youthful ego, I have to do it.

But these thoughts do occupy time as I near Mā‘alaea. Mā‘alaea is a quaint port tucked into the “neck” of Maui, right below the “chin”. There are a few small boat docks with some fishing gear on a few; but no stores so I continue on. The Road bends left, still closely following the coastline. Next major stop will be Lahaina but it is about 3 PM and so I know I can’t make it today. “But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep” so I keep walking.

Around 6 PM, I pass through the “Pali Tunnel”; I think it is the only road tunnel on Maui. The Road then goes down to the shore and a narrow beach awaits. I open a can of sardines for nourishment, eat a few cookies, and drink a few swallows from my canteen.

Then I look for a flat sandy area that looks to be safely above the high tide mark. I layout the sleeping bag, crawl inside, and quickly fall asleep while looking up at the stars and the quarter moon.

Tuesday, July 24, Day Three

I awake with the sun, roll up my bag, have a few cookies, and check my map. I ought to be through Lahaina a little before 11, get past Kā‘anapali in early afternoon, then find a place to sleep past the northernmost part of West Maui (the “back of the head”). My legs and feet are a little achy but that’s to be expected after covering 60 plus miles or so – I am walking well more than the distance of a marathon each day, granted I am walking it and not running it. Still, there is no doubt I can continue. Today’s journey of 30 plus miles begins with my first step. I stretch, put my rolled up sleeping bag on my neck, walk up to The Road, turn left, and take that step.

The day again is beautiful; clear sky, warm now but it should get hotter later on. I really have been lucky with the weather. The turquoise Pacific is always on my left but now the older West Maui mountains are on my right. When I was doing East Maui it was the high gradual rise of the younger Haleakalā. Now I see the

more erosion-wrinkled features of West Maui. The old King's road (a trail used by the Ali'i's runners) is somewhere above me but I stick to The Road. I continue my conversation with the ancient slopes. "I can succeed; I will finish this journey, nothing can stop me." The conversation fills the loneliness of walking mile after mile. It helps to build my resolve and there is no one to laugh at me talking with the inanimate background.

The Road rises and falls gradually and is fairly straight excepting the tendency to pull to the right as I round the circumference of the giant head.

Eventually The Road even stops rising and falling and just flattens out. The ridges withdraw and I begin to see cane fields.

As I near Lahaina, there is the paved Honoa Pi'ilani Highway I have been trodding since Mā'alaea. But now there is an older beach road that goes makai and will skirt the ocean. I take the "*Road less traveled*" remembering my high school American lit poems of Robert Frost.

There are lots of dusty houses with well-kept yards growing closer and closer together. *Is it my imagination or were these roads made of dirt last year? They must have been paved – maybe they just had a lot of dust to give me that impression.*

I love Lahaina – nice town with a long history as a whaling port and former capital. I wander around looking at the Pioneer Inn, the ships swaying on their moorings, the squawking sounds of mynah birds in the broad banyan tree. *What was it like living here in the whaling days of the 1820s when Lahaina was the capital of the Hawaiian Kingdom and seamen and castaways staggered down the early streets looking for beautiful, dusky, sexy native teenage girls?* I buy a teri-steak sandwich and a soda for \$1.01. The sweet teriyaki flavoring is one of my favorites – I had never had anything like it growing up in Connecticut and now I have these new exotic tastes.

I rest a while in Lahaina but as 12:30 rolls around I continue my trek. I want to be well out of town by nightfall. I am not too worried about my safety but for a haole boy all alone, I figure being away from town is the best strategy.

As I go past Kā'anapali, I see how much more built up it is this year compared with last year. Lots of hotel development. I like this idea of keeping all the tourists together and out of the way of local folks. Waikīkī is the same principle except lots of local folk like to visit (and some live in) Waikīkī as well.

Soon The Road narrows again. The van coming up from behind slows and stops. I had seen it before on my first day. It is Jazz Belknap who is a writer for the Maui News. He is the only person who gets to sign my map twice. He asks how it is going and I answer, "Great – 'a'ole pilikia [no trouble]" (to show off my Hawaiian language). He goes on and I continue my solitary but not lonesome or lonely journey.

The sun nears the horizon and I start to look for a place to sleep for the night. Finally as the sun goes down I settle on a spot just off The Road where the vegetation is low. It is Mōkōlea on a cliff above the Pacific. I unroll my sleeping bag and go right to sleep – exhausted. I wake up an hour later and discover I am sleeping on a small anthill. With no light except the moon and stars, I decide *the heck with it*. I roll over and go back to sleep.

Wednesday, July 25, Day Four

I wake up with the sun and mentally go through my plans for the day. *I hope to get to Wailuku before noon to register with the draft before the workers take off for lunch. Then get as far as I can get outside of Kahului by nightfall, again for safety.*

I crawl out of my bag, shake out any stray ants, roll it up and eat a few cookies. Legs and feet are still not sore as I stretch a bit. Not too many ant bites. I look over the cliff at the Pacific 100 yards below. Soon I take the first steps on today's dirt Road.

I must be about halfway finished the entire journey by now. The Road twists back and forth and I am losing altitude. Next The Road goes up again. It is solitary – no cars for a few hours.

I pass Camp Maluhia but see no activity. The Road has gone down and up again. The ocean is fairly calm. I reach paved Road and know I am getting close to civilization. It's very peaceful and I had plenty of time to think. *Should I go to Case Institute of Technology in the fall or put it off for a year and stay in Hāna? I guess I really should go to college this fall. I know I will return to Maui sometime after that. This really is my home and I am exploring it in more detail.*

I pass Waihe'e. A car stops and they sign my map – it is getting full and sweaty so I decide to stop collecting signatures; I have almost 80.

When I reach the junction at Waiehu, I take the right fork to Wailuku rather than the left fork along Beach Road to Kahului. Forty minutes (two miles) later I am in Wailuku.

I find the government building for Selective Service and go inside. I ask for the forms to fill out. It is July 25 – more than a month since my 18th birthday – and I was supposed to have signed up within 30 days. I explain that I was living in Kīpahulu and had no car or way to get to Wailuku. The woman asks why I had not just signed up in Hāna. “WHAT?!!” “Yes, Josephine Medeiros had the papers.” “WHAT?!! You mean I didn't have to walk all the way to Wailuku?” I felt the fool – but not for long. *Without the draft as an impetus I might not have made the journey – and it has been great. I've learned about myself; I have a lot of endurance even if I am not fast or strong. My mind and spirit can get my body to submit to my will.*

Another decision needs to be made. *What do I put on the draft form as my home? I feel Maui is my home but my parents are in Darien. I don't think many people get drafted in Connecticut at least I hadn't heard of any in 1962. So I list Darien – besides, when I leave for college I won't have any way to get mail from Hāna (I have been getting it “care of General Delivery” this summer). But I feel funny – I know Hawaii in general and Hāna District in particular will be my long term home but I have no way to formalize it except in my heart.*

As I leave the office, I take Ka'ahumanu Avenue to Kahului. Walking down from High Street I see all the older buildings; Wailuku seems to be older and less vibrant. Its heyday must have been in the 1920s and 30s. I see the Hawaiian Airlines office and buy a one-way ticket from Hāna to Honolulu for \$16.50. I make the reservation for August 25 – *I guess I'm committed to going to college this fall.* [Later in the summer I will change the reservation to September 3 so I get another week and a half in Hāna and get to attend Steven Sinenci's wedding.]

I stop in a fabric store and spend \$4.55 to buy some bright yellow Hawaiian patterned cloth as a gift for my Mom. Next I stop at the Dairy Queen at the edge of town for some lunch.

Back on The Road, I walk under the overpass marking the end of Wailuku and see the wide well paved Road leading to Kahului and beyond. The sun is high and is hot but it is only a couple of miles to Kahului.

I continue through Kahului, looking at the various waterbirds in Kanahā Pond as I leave Kahului. Next milestone is Sprecklesville in another couple of miles. This is a run down, almost abandoned, sugar village consisting of just a few homes and buildings.

Ahead is Pā'ia, another run down place but bigger than Sprecklesville. In a car, this would be the last place to get gas before Hāna. Luckily my feet don't need gas.

I pass the Japanese temple on my right as I leave Pā'ia – seems very peaceful here. A little further is Kū'au store – I buy a candy and a soda. Not counting the cloth and ticket, I spent \$1.05 today.

Less than a mile along is Ho'okipa Beach Park. The sun is getting very low and a slight chill is in the air so I stop for the night. It begins to drizzle a little so I decide to sleep inside the beach picnic pavilion rather than on the beach per se.

But there is a Japanese family on one side of the pavilion. I start to set up on the far side. They are a little surprised to see anyone else there; much less a lone haole who is a little sweaty and dust covered. As I

start to wash off under the beach shower, they ask about me and I tell them the story of my journey. They laugh a lot when I tell the part of how I actually could have registered in Hāna.

They have thinly cut red fish – looks like aku but it could be ahi. They offer me some of what they call “sashimi”. I have never had raw fish cut this way but at Hāna luaus I have often had “poke” [raw fish cut into irregular small cubes sometimes with some fish skin attached and with seaweed and cut onion mixed in] and it is always good. So I used the wooden chopsticks, picked up a slice of fish, put it in my mouth, and ate it. It was good. But the family is stunned. They say, “You barbarian!” I ask what’s wrong and they reply that I had not dipped the fish into the brown liquid mixture of shoyu [Kikkoman soy sauce] and wasabe [very sharp green paste made from a variety of horseradish]. So I reach for a second piece of fish, put it into the wasabe mix and eat that – *WOW, is it hot!* My sinuses start to clear out but it tastes very good. I thank them and have another few pieces with wasabe. The family is pleased that I would do it their way – *as if I had much choice*. I told them about Hāna’s poke but I think they already knew about it.

After they left around 8 PM it was already dark. I got into my sleeping bag and began thinking – *how Hawaii has very different cultures; the Hawaiians I have known in Hāna and the Japanese and other families of Asian descent in the rest of Hawaii. How sharing food from a different culture will make you welcome in that culture; I had started to learn that lesson the year before in luaus in Hāna when I first ate kalua pig, poi, poke, salted raw black crab (shell and all), chopped raw pig liver, haupia, and kololo, and on and on. Eating their food welcomed me into the Hawaiians of Hāna. Today I was accepted by a Japanese family. Delicious lessons. I think in some ways I am becoming more local and taking the best of the various cultures and making it part of myself.*

Thursday, July 26, Day Five

The sound of the ocean waves pounding the shore wakes me a little before sunrise. There is a little dampness on my sleeping bag; possibly from rain but more likely from sea spray blown in by the morning on shore wind. The air even tastes salty as I have a few almond cookies for breakfast.

I am on The Road again. My map shows that it is only about 15 miles to Ke‘anae as the crow flies. But it will be much closer to 25 or 30 miles as the man walks because of all the twists and turns of The Road. Over the next mile I decide *Ke‘anae is a good goal to set for today’s journey. It would be quite a bit further if I wanted to reach Nāhiku. Besides if I get to Ke‘anae, it is about 18 miles to Hāna and 12 miles past Hāna to Kīpahulu. That would be 30 miles for the sixth day; the last. And I think that is what I have been averaging. Okay, that’s my goal for today: Ke‘anae.*

I probably walk a mile or so while I do these calculations in my head. I note that The Road is gaining altitude and moving inland. I can no longer hear the ocean but I can usually still see it along the horizon to my left.

An hour or so later I take a small detour. Across from the cemetery, I take a road right toward Ha‘ikū. A mile in I find a small store and buy a root beer, some chocolate covered malted milk candy in a box, and six small boxes of raisins; all for 15¢. This plus my cookies and remaining can of sardines will have to last me until I reach Hāna tomorrow.

Leaving the store I go back to The Road [Hāna Highway], turn right and am on my way. I haven’t been hungry on the trip even though I have just been sort of snacking as I go. There were also the plums in ‘Ulupalakua, hot dogs before Kīhei, a lunch meal in Lahaina and again in Wailuku, and the sashimi from last night. Whenever I do get hungry, a cookie and some water from the canteen seem enough. I only weigh about 120 pounds any way – kind of skinny.

The Road winds back and forth a lot, sometimes rising, sometimes falling. I think a few years from now they may shorten The Road by building bridges across the valleys rather than follow the contours of the valleys themselves. But for now it is back and forth, in and out, first to the right, then to the left.

The sign on the right says, “Narrow winding road ahead.” *What have I been doing for the last five miles?* But I know it really is narrower and more winding as I go toward Hāna.

Lots of cars stop to offer me a ride. Even some haole tourists stop. But I explain I am on a quest. I no longer collect signatures as there is no more room on the map. The Road seems especially long today since there are fewer houses and other signposts of making progress. I have left the sugar fields and grassy pastures behind and am now walking through jungle on both sides of The Road.

About 11ish I get to a bridge and see a pond below. I am all alone so I go down a short path to the pond, fill up my canteen, take off all my clothes and go in for a quick swim and bath. It is cold but it feels good to get all the dust and salt off of me. I put my clothes back on, get back to The Road and continue on refreshed.

More hours, more miles. Just keep going, one foot in front of the other. I start to think that *tomorrow I will reach Hāna and see Blue and other friends*. The walking is not hard but I just have to keep at it. A police car is headed to Hāna. They stop to see what I’m doing. They are Hāna policemen (Charlie and Souza) so they know me. I tell them what I’ve done and they seem impressed. They offer me a ride in but I’m still not ready to give up. So they drive on.

In the afternoon I reach Kaumahina State Park for a rest and to use the toilet. This has always seemed to be the halfway point between Kahului and Hāna when driving the jeep last summer. *Halfway in terms of time; not distance. But the average speed is slower between Hāna and Kaumahina than between Kaumahina and Kahului because The Road is in worse condition, it is narrower and, believe it or not, even more windy. Since the time is the same but the speed is slower, the distance between Hāna and Kaumahina must be shorter. That is now good news, I have less than halfway to go to reach Hāna.* As a walker, my speed is pretty constant at 3 mph (maybe slightly slower uphill) but I don’t have to slow down along the turns in The Road. In fact, the turns are a break. Unless I hear a car coming (and I can hear them a hundred yards away), I short cut back and forth across the turns in The Road trying to keep my actual path on as straight a line as I can regardless of the turns in The Road. The exception is if I have to go uphill on The Road to straighten my line; I don’t like to go uphill if I can avoid it (usually I can’t). *Not too many cars pass; perhaps five an hour or one every 12 minutes on average.* I love these mental calculations. They keep me sane when I have no one to talk with except myself and Maui.

I leave Kaumahina now on a steeply downhill section. Off to the left I see Ke‘anae clawing its way out into the Pacific. There is sea spray around the edges and coconut trees reach for the sky; really short as the crow flies but I know it is many more miles to walk. There are also great views of Honomanū Bay as I head downhill. Magnificent the way the waves seem to straighten out so they roll in parallel to the beach.

Going downhill is easy on my leg muscles but a little jarring on the knee joints. Eventually as I near sea level, The Road flattens out. Then there is a long straight stretch. I reach a bridge on the most mauka part and The Road makes a sharp left and goes uphill again. Now my knees are fine but my leg muscles do the work. Just keep going, *I must be almost to Ke‘anae.*

When I think I am almost there, The Road bends right and goes downhill again. This time it seems even steeper but that may just be my imagination. I also remember that last year this section was dirt but this year it is paved. The County workers must have finished paving it.

Finally I get to almost the top and The Road flattens out. The first structure I come to is the Board of Water Supply building. Great! – it has a lanai. I’ll sleep here since it is getting dark. I unroll my bag and eat a few cookies. A little later the sky is fully dark, only a sliver of the moon is showing but the stars are bright. I’m tired and quickly go to sleep with a light wind blowing across my face.

Friday, July 27, Day Six (the last day, I hope)

I wake up as the sky brightens before sunrise. I enjoy the hike but am looking forward to being back in Kīpahulu by evening. I eat some sweet almond cookies with a red dot of color in the center (only a few left),

9-442315

Sun morn - Fri eve



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

SCALE: ONE INCH EQUALS APPROX. 6 MILES

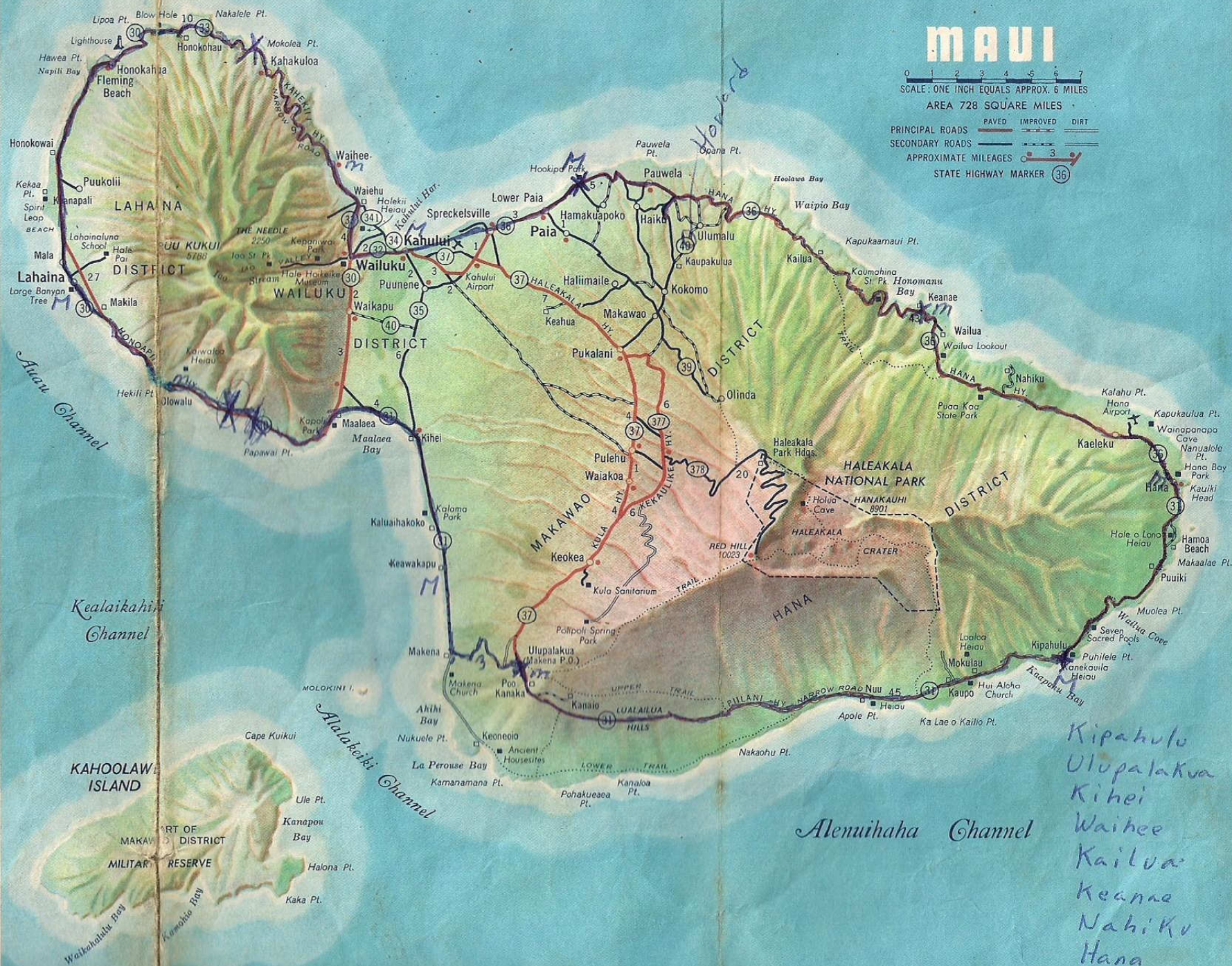
AREA 728 SQUARE MILE

PRINCIPAL ROADS PAVED IMPROVED DIRT

SECONDARY ROADS

APPROXIMATE MILEAGES

STATE HIGHWAY MARKER (36)



drink from the water fountain and re-fill my canteen. I roll up my bag and set off. The Road goes steeply down to the right then a very sharp hairpin turn to the left. Eighty yards later is the turnoff to Ke‘anae Peninsula but I choose to skip it. Instead I follow the main Road across the bridge shortly before The Road sharply turns to the right again.

Just after I cross the bridge, there is an older house on the left. Two young Hawaiian women (in their early twenties) are on the lanai. They call to me and ask what I’m doing. As I start to explain they invite me into the parlor for coffee. The girls are really cute so I readily agree. They hand me an overlarge mug with thick sides and no handle filled with black coffee. Normally I am not a coffee drinker but what horny haole boy would give up the chance to spend time with these girls. I stir in two spoonfuls of sugar and start to sip on it.

They tell me that they have lived in Ke‘anae all their lives. They are both taller than my 5’6” and have regal lovely brown faces, beautiful chocolate brown eyes, and long, straight shiny black hair. Paul Gauguin could find no more perfect models. But, alas, one was married with her husband in the service and the other had a boyfriend. Still I love the company. All too soon, I finish the coffee and very reluctantly say, “I’ve got to get going if I am to get to Kīpahulu by nightfall.” We say “aloha” and I am off.

With a freshened step I follow The Road up twisting to the left again, then right and I am overlooking Ke‘anae Peninsula—beautiful and powerful. The neat kalo lo‘i [taro patches] spread out below and I can see a few people moving about tending the kalo. I would love to get a giant almond cookie from Ching’s store on the mauka side of The Road but they are not yet open and I cannot wait.

I continue on, looking both left and right to see as much as possible of Ke‘anae. As I pass the turnoff to Wailua Nui, The Road climbs steeply to the right. A half mile further on the right is a lookout where I can see up into Wailua valley and the foothills leading to the Ko‘olau Gap of Haleakalā. *It is so primitive and powerful. The geological force that created this island seems so real and alive. I can almost picture the lava flows of hundreds of thousands of years ago as they came down to fill the valley and form Ke‘anae and Wailua. Soon after the rough lava would start to be covered by plant life until it was totally filled by the jungle green.*

I leave this inspirational lookout and start back up The Road. Another pause in fifty yards as I look over the cliff on the left to Wailua’s kalo paddies laid out far below, reaching out to the blue Pacific.

The Road continues upward going into and out of more valleys than I can count. *The flowing streams illustrate the eventual power of erosion to carve these deep valleys. And every once in a while I see the flumes and irrigation channels built by East Maui Irrigation to steal the waters of Hāna District in order to quench the thirst of the sugar cane thirty miles behind me.*

Eventually I reach Pua‘aka‘a State Park with its toilet and picturesque waterfall and pond. It is too touristy for me, though, so I just keep walking. I know I have a long way to go today and I have already tarried too long (but it was worth it to have the company of those two young wahines).

From Pua‘aka‘a, I know it is mostly a gently sloping downhill until Hāna. But it is also a very windy back and forth with only a few uphill spots. I pass the turnoff to Lower Nāhiku but stay on Hāna Highway. Great! I have made it to Nāhiku so it is probably about three hours to Hāna. I start to notice small red ripe thimbleberries (similar to small raspberries) along the roadside. I stop to nibble on them. They are good so I gather another handful to eat as I keep walking.

In another mile I spot some ripe guavas and liliko‘i (called passion fruit presumably be marketable to tourists) just off The Road. I pick a few of each and eat them as I walk. The pink firm guava pulp and seeds are a bit sour. Inside the hard, yellow, liliko‘i rind are greenish yellow seeds with a very wet flesh holding them together reminding me of clusters of fish eggs. But the seeds are sweetish and tart at the same time.

“Ouch! Oh, crap!” I say out loud. I just twisted my right ankle when it slipped off the right side of The Road and all of my weight went straight down on it. I sit right down and take off my sneaker and sock to see if anything is broken or bleeding. Luckily it seems okay as I rub it and move it gently around to test for broken bones. *Nothing broken, I think, but it hurts like a son of a bitch.*

I put my sock and sneaker back on and gingerly put some weight on it. I think it will be okay but I look around until I find a stick I can use as a cane to keep some weight off. I can't quit here so close to my goal. I begin to limp along The Road. After ten minutes or so the pain starts to go away. Another five minutes and I throw away the cane. Now things are going better with only a little pain and a small limp. *Note to self: do not twist ankle again; watch where you are walking rather than concentrate on eating fruit.*

I pass the small Catholic Church in Upper Nāhiku. This is the same church I slept at on my first aborted attempt to hike Maui only three weeks earlier. The end seems to be in sight but it is about 9:30 so I must keep going.

I continue to pass the few scattered homes of Upper Nāhiku. But I don't see anyone and I need to make good time anyway. A car passes going toward Hāna and stops to offer me a lift. Despite my ankle, I think I can make it so I politely decline.

Two hours later I reach the side road to Hāna Airport and an hour later I am in Hāna town. I took the mauka Hāna Highway Road at the hospital as it was shorter and had fewer ups and downs than the makai road. It is Friday so I know Blue will be at the Hāna Theater. Hāna has movies on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays – each day having a different movie. In addition to being janitor for Helene Hall (a community center), he takes care of the Theater. So the day after a showing he is there sweeping up the red pistachio shells that cling like limpets to the concrete floor. He also has to mop up the spilled sticky yellow and red soda that thoughtless kids leave on the floor.

I see Blue and tell him that I made it this time. I just had to walk on to Kīpahulu to be home. We talked a while and I gave him a quick briefing on what had happened, where I stayed, etc. I waved “aloha” and went on to Hasegawa's General Store at the Kīpahulu end of town.

I first saw Mr. Hasegawa and told him I had made it. Before I left the first time, he gave me their phone number in case of an emergency. I wrote it on my map: 9-442315. Now I am telling everyone about the trip. The roughly 200-mile trip (when I get to Kīpahulu) will have taken six days of walking. Not counting presents and the airline ticket, I spent a total of \$3.17 – that's about 1½¢ per mile; fantastic mileage.

I do some grocery shopping at Hasegawa's and arrange for Mrs. Smith to pick it up for me on her way back home to Kīpahulu after her workday at the Hotel laundry ends. I check my watch in my pocket (I hate to wear things on my wrist) and find I had screwed up again. *It is about 3:50, that's about three hours and twenty minutes to sunset. But Kīpahulu is about 12 miles away. At my average speed of 3 mph, it will take me four hours even without rest stops. And the new moon is in two days so I can't even count on much moonlight for help.*

But if I can get up to 4 mph (15-minute miles instead of 20-minute miles), it will take about three hours. Can I do it after already covering about 190 miles and having a sore ankle to boot? I've got to try! I say goodbye at Hasegawa's and start out. My strategy is to sort of do a slow jog on the flat parts and downhill stretches and to walk as fast as I can on the uphill parts; and no rest stops or talk story. But I have to be sure not to get out of breath because that would stop me cold.

I start out with a slow jog, still carrying my sleeping bag around my neck as I pass the Japanese Buddhist temple [Hongwāngi] on my left by “Old Camp”. Soon it is a walk all the way up Ka Iwi O Pele (the bones of Pele) hill. I hope it won't be the bones of Ward on the hill. Reaching the top, I start to jog again. Coming down on the far side I go back to walking so I don't re-injure the ankle. Then it is flattish out past the Hāmoa turnoff and all the way to Pu'uiki and I jog on and off. Then it is out toward Koali. “Make man Hill” is definitely a “walk only” as I try to drink from my canteen without breaking my teeth on it as I continue to walk. I also try to keep my breathing under control so I can keep up the pace.

After Koali, The Road rises a bit and then it is downhill to Wailua Falls. I am walking fast but not running because The Road surface is so bad and I can't chance twisting my ankle again. Up the far side of the valley is a pure walk and not very fast at that. The sun is already behind Haleakalā but the sky is still pretty bright. I am about halfway there; maybe six miles to go; but only an hour and a half of daylight.

The Road winds back and forth, up and down. I am tired but dare not stop. I pass beautiful stream after stream but cannot rest and enjoy it.

The sun has set and the sky is beginning to darken as I pass the “Virgin By The Roadside” (a figurine of Mary resting in a small cave).

I’m almost there; maybe a half-mile to the Seven Pools [later and properly called ‘Ohe‘o Gulch] and another mile into Kīpahulu itself. I keep going not even thinking about my ankle. At the bridge over Seven Pools, I know I have made it. It will be night in five minutes but the stars are beginning to shine and there is almost no moon. Actually I notice that there is a sliver of moon. I later learn this moon phase is called “wa‘a o lani” or canoe of heaven. How appropriate to have the canoe accompany me on the last mile of my journey.

My pace slows back to 3 mph. I know this stretch of The Road so well I could do it with my eyes closed. And I have great night vision anyway. In cloudless Kīpahulu the stars provide enough illumination to guide me home. I go up The Road after the bridge, then left up and down and up to the coconut grove and the abandoned shack on the left.

Then down and up again with Tevi Kahaleuahi’s yellow wooden house on the left. I’ll stop in tomorrow to talk story but for now I just want to get to the schoolhouse, my home. It is just a few hundred yards more.

I pass St. Paul’s Catholic Church on my right then the Ranch buildings. Uncle Herman Nelson’s kerosene lamps are burning in his house on the makai side of The Road. The paved Road turns to dirt here. I gaze to the right at the silhouette of the abandoned sugar mill smokestack against the star-filled sky.

Now I am walking very slowly – just enjoying the peace and solitude of Kīpahulu; it is still a very Hawaiian place.

I turn left at the jeep Road that leads to my schoolhouse. Sixty yards down, The Road splits. To the left is the way to the small Palapala Ho‘omau Protestant Church. Straight ahead is the path to the destroyed old Kīpahulu wharf. But to the right is the schoolyard.

And I am home.

POSTSCRIPT: While the distances in the above story are as I believed them to be at the time; in the interest of accuracy in 2005, I consulted some maps and other reference materials to get accurate numbers for distances.

Day 1: 27 miles

Day 2: 25 miles

Day 3: 30 miles

Day 4: 29 miles

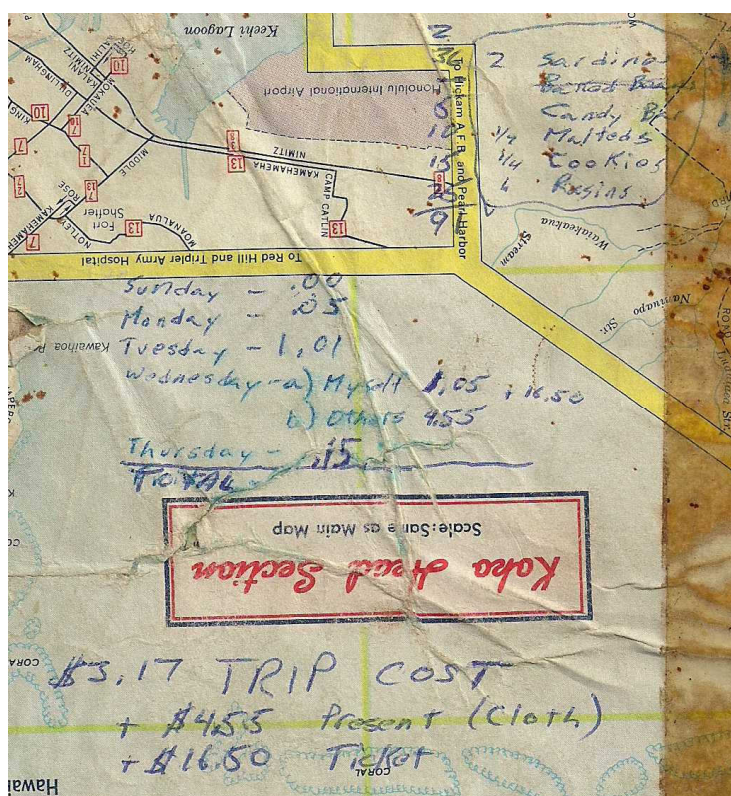
Day 5: 26 miles

Day 6: 29 miles

Total: 166 miles (not a full 200 miles)

On the next page is the back of the map with my spending and then copied into a table.

On the following page I have transcribed the names from the map as best as I could decipher them.



My 200 Mile Walk Spending
Taken from back of Map

Day	Spending	
2 cans sardines	\$0.36	
packed books to read	---	
candy bar	\$0.05	
1/4 box of malteds	\$0.10	
1/4 bag almond cookies	\$0.15	
6 small boxes raisins	\$0.25	
Provisions Total	\$0.91	
Sunday	\$0.00	
Monday	\$0.05	
Tuesday	\$1.01	
Wednesday	\$1.05	myself
	\$16.50	airplane ticket (to Honolulu)
	\$4.55	Gift (cloth - Hawaiian fabric)
Thursday	\$0.15	
Friday	\$0.00	
Spending on trip Total	\$2.26	
Total related to trip	\$3.17	
	\$16.50	Weds: airplane ticket (to Honolulu)
	\$4.55	Weds: Gift (cloth - Hawaiian fabric)
Grand Total	\$24.22	

NAMES ON MAP

as best they can be read by Ward Mardfin

Toni boy	Amarillo	Velma C.	Bissera
Raymond	Kuuina	Porky	Moriyama
Charles	Kuhaulua	Karen	Watanabe
James	Hapakuka	Margaret	Wylie
Rachel	Howard	G. N. Toshi	Enomotu
E.	Castillo	Regelio	Encarnation
Gwendolyn	Castillo	Bert	Kekalawa
O.	Ahuna	Dennis	Sevilla
Joseph K.	Poauahi Jr.	Henry	Fao Sum
John	Ventura	Alfred	Keao
Mike	Endo	Kimo	Kahahame
S.	Sueda	Arthur	Leo Kim
M.	Rebuta	Wayne	Nishijima
Marian	Tanaka	Merledein	Rickard
Ralph	Kaia	Walter	??
Alvin	Nakamura	Sadao	Morikawa
Rodney	Kirk	Edmund	Pali
Robert J.	Murakami	John	Palaua
Elder Lawrence E.	Christensen	J.	Matsumoto
Sister Adessa L.	Christensen	H.	Yamamoto
Irene	Murakami	G.	Suelang
Edward	Pehao	Doreen	Suelang
Duane	Ting	Nani	Suelang
Vernon	Rosa	Carthurina	Suelang
H.	Sylva	L.	Chun
D.	Pundy	H.	Malone
Geo.	Pundy Jr.	vivian	Ichiki
Louis	Hapakuka	Mitsuko	Fujioka
Manta	Isobe	"Jazz"	Belknap
Wm	Malie Sr.	Pascual	Sailon Jr.
Robert	Downey	Harold	Samhano
Anna	Catacuigan	Randy	Cabanilla
Willie	Malie Jr.	Gerry	Recamaron
Thomas	Souza	Harold J. V. K.	Kepipi
K.	Ariela	Elder Ralph	Edwards
Thomas B.	Obak	Elder Kenneth	Ashcroft
Stanley	Johnston	C.	Matsui
Crosby	Sanuha	Stephen E.	Kellogg
		Chas.	Benjamin
		M.	Pascua
		Andrew	Badoyedo