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Read the Garden Island

A High School Hike With Adventures

Under the personal conduct of J. M. Lydgate, with Principal McClusky in charge, the Kauai High School enjoyed a very unique and interesting outing and hike on Friday Oct. 31.

In two big trucks, some 65 of them, 16 or 17 of whom were girls, left the Lihue Store about 8:30 for the upper Waimea falls, which they reached without mishap in the course of an hour and a half, in spite of considerable slidding, and some uncertainty as to whether they would make it or not.

Following along the brim of the ditch they made the bed of the stream above the falls, and found that the water was pretty high, so that there was no chance of getting across dry, but as it was raining anyway that didn't make much difference. Wading in boldly up to their waists in water, and struggling manfully with the rushing current, the more adventurous spirits were soon across. In order to get the others across, especially the girls, who were much smaller and apt to be swept away by the current, the larger boys were stationed in a line, and the girls were passed from one to another, while Mr. McClusky bravely "backed" Miss Wilson, the science teacher, across, feeling his way very carefully over the slippery rocks, and with assistance of a boy on either side to steady him. Some fell in boldly, and everybody, with the exception of Miss Wilson, got wet, but they all enjoyed the experience immensely.

There was then the pull on the other side to scale, a nearly precipitous rock wall, but fortunately covered with a matted growth of hau and puhala by which, with many boosts and hauls, and much frantic struggling they all got to the top. From either side of the river, on the high wall of the gorge they got a fine view of the falls which are ranged in a series beautifully fringed with a setting of variegated greens that adds much to the charm of the place. These upper falls, —Koholulele, Hawaiian name,—are worthy of being better known, and they are easy to reach by auto.

Here they were in the open, grass land country of the Waimea home-steads, across which they hiked nimbly along to Pun Pilo, which some of them ascended for the sake of the magnificent panorama view, which spread about in all directions, while the roaring stream with its winding thread of foaming, white water, set in a panel frame of variegated green, lay below them and at their very feet. From here another hike of a mile and a half or so, brought them to the old Hawaiian kauhale or village site of Kuamoo which was the rendezvous for lunch.

Meantime the two trucks were to come round by the makai road, by way of Hanamaulu, the Waimea bridge, Kapaa, the Waipouli home-steads, and across the belt of new home-steads to this rendezvous. And the trucks had the lunch, which with pots and pans, was too heavy to carry on a hike. Also a party of ladies under the conduct of Mrs. Lydgate including Mrs. Moler, Mrs. Waterhouse, of Koloa and Miss Webster, one of the teachers, were to come the same way with more lunch.

But they didn't come, and everybody was as hungry as the proverbial meat axe, stimulated thereto by the long hike; and the fire was all ready; and the site cleared. Finally there was a halooing of feminine voices, and shortly Mrs. Lydgate's party emerged out of the trees mauka. They had been delayed by having to get chains at Kapaa, but had then made it without difficulty. Had they seen anything of the trucks? No not a sign,—they must be behind somewhere.

They had a comfortable lunch for themselves but nothing for a mob like that, it would be only an aggravation.

Meanwhile the pangs of hunger were gnawing in deeper and deeper, though everyone took it good naturedly and no one complained;—but any one who has been young himself knows how hungry you can get two or three hours after lunch time. By way of diversion, and that they might forget their troubles, Mr. Lydgate organized an excursion to the Pollahu Heiau half a mile or so below.

This is one of the largest and most interesting heiaus on the island, as well as one of the best preserved but, because of its inaccessibility, has been seldom visited. It is an irregular parallelogram about 250 by 300 ft. paved largely throughout with flat and waterworn stones from the river, some 300 ft. below. There are indications of the various compartments of a large heiau, the kings house, the houses of the various priests, etc. and most interesting of all they found what was probably the luppau, or cellar-like hole where the bones of the human sacrifice were disposed of,—a square stone-up depression, about the size of an ordinary table. Careful study and the clearing away of the

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brush would probably reveal other interesting features. The historical society should take the matter in hand, and invite Mr. Stokes of the Bishop Museum to come down and make a study of it.

This heiau, it seems, was a patriotic one, which none of the common people were allowed to enter, and even the king and chiefs were welcome only on great occasions, and by special invitation.

Mostly it was reserved as a sort of private club for the gods themselves, and tradition tells how they had most uproarious times there in the old days, with nightly feasting and singing and beating of drums and noisy hulas, and the boisterous applause of the assembled gods, which disturbed the peace of the whole country far and near, so that no one could sleep,—they could only listen and lick their chops, and wish that they were there too.

There were weeks of such festivities on the occasion of the dedication of this heiau, and invitations were issued to the whole pantheon of gods, far and near, throughout the broad Pacific and some strangers from far away islands, accepted the invitation and came, among them Ka-maa-lau and his sister. They struck Kauai on the afternoon of the day before, which was pretty good reckoning seeing how far they had come. It is always better to be early rather than late at a feast whether for gods or men.

So in accordance with good form, human and divine, they awaited till the set hour the next morning. They camped in sight of the heiau on the top of the high ridge to the south. Unfortunately they overslept and it was broad daylight when they woke up, and the people were all astir in the valley below. This was fatal to their plans, for if the common people saw them it was all up with them. However, there was nothing for it, but to make a bold rush for the heiau just across. They did so, but the early birds among the people below caught sight of them and yelled at them in derision, which rattled them worse than ever. They veered and side-slipped and stumbled and fell, with a mighty rush into the valley below, Kamaalau landed in the taro patches where he stands to this day, up to his knees in mud, a great perpendicular rock 40 or 50 ft. high. The sister got a little farther, and fell into the river, with a mighty plunge that embedded her in the bottom, where she lies with her head just under the surface and easily to

be found when the river is low. So even the gods have mishaps. But theirs were long ago, and only a memory, but ours were right now, and a painful fact.

We trudged back to headquarters but still no sign, and, no word of the trucks. By this time it was three o'clock or so, and it was beginning to be serious. A council of war was held and it was decided that in the uncertainty the only thing to do was to "beat it" down the trail to the Waimea bridge, and meanwhile Mrs. Lydgate and her party would go round by Kapaa, and turn back the trucks when they met them, and we would all round up together at the Coconut Grove. We gathered everybody in and called the roll to make sure no one was missing, and started. But we hadn't gone a hundred yards before a breathless messenger arrived, with the word that one truck was laid up at Kapaa, and the other was stuck at the end of a narrow bridge, about a mile back, and nothing could get by. Yes, it had the provisions.

A responsible party was detailed to review the situation on the ground and forward the provisions by the Lydgate automobile. And as soon as this arrived the crowd fell to with the avidity of hungry wolves—baker's bread and Hamurger steak, broiled to a fine finish on a big sheet-iron skillet. Nothing finer was ever known. Miss Wilson, manager, Mr. McCluskey, chief cook.

Meanwhile the committee returned from the truck with the confident assurance that it was there to stay, for for days, maybe—that no machine could get by without disaster, and that the only thing to do was to "beat it" down the trail to the road makai, where we could get into telephon communication with conveyances for home—and this, of course would have to include Mrs. Lydgate's party, even though they weren't dressed for hiking—and the sooner the better as it was growing dark and raining.

So down the trail they all swarmed, stumbling and slipping and sliding, but in the best of spirits, it was such an adventure! Another stream crossing awaited them when they got to the bottom of the ridge, the Opai-kaa, and it was broad and deep, though comparatively smooth. Mr. McCluskey and Mr. Lydgate undertook to be burden-bearers for the ladies, and the former made it all right, but the latter filled on a 195 pound burden—reeled and went over backward into deep water from which they scrambled out with difficulty without any more serious result than a thorough wetting.

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