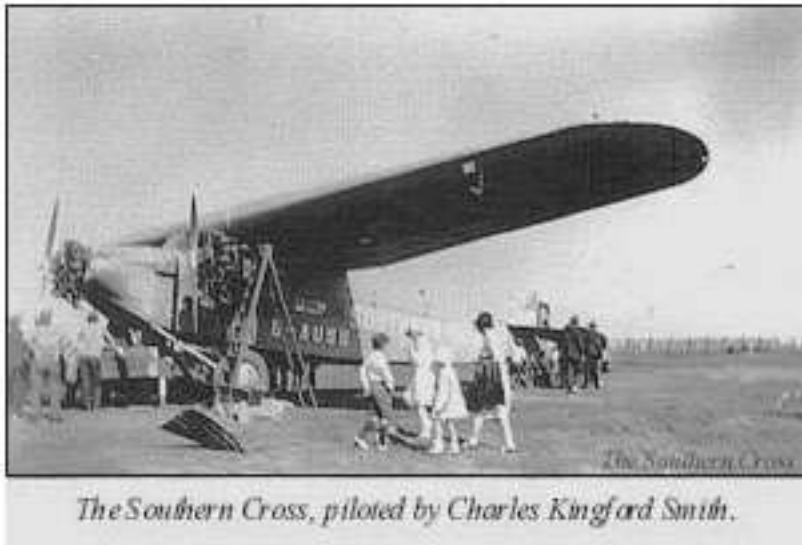


The Barking Sands



Three miles West of *Mana*, lay the Barking Sands, an area that played an important role in the life of the people of *Mana*. Even as a very young boy, in May 1928, I had come to Barking Sands with my parents, my uncle

Antone Martin, and hundreds of others, to see the famous Charles Kingsford Smith begin his flight to Australia. The 1927 Fokker tri-motor airplane was named *The Southern Cross*. Many other planes were there that day, most of them were military aircraft which had flown from Honolulu to witness this historic event. These were the first airplanes; I had ever seen. Twenty years later, in 1947, I would begin my career with Hawaiian Airlines at this very same place, Barking Sands.

We watched, entranced, as his fuel-heavy airplane lifted a few feet off the ground, struggled to clear the low sand dunes along the shoreline, and disappeared behind them on its thirty-four hour and twenty-four minute flight to Suva, Fiji. That flight of 3,180 miles was the longest over water flight in the history of aviation.

Also, at Barking Sands, in a large trench dug by the Kekaha Sugar Company, our garbage was dumped. Each day a Filipino named Gimo, on a two wheel dump cart pulled by a mule, traveled between the rows of houses collecting garbage. Gimo was old and so was his mule, and the cart was heavy and unwieldy. Although *Mana* was a small town, garbage collection was a full-time chore for the gentle old man with the wrinkled face and his equally gentle mule. Oftentimes, he would let us ride with him to the dump. It was a special treat for us, and as the old mule plodded along, we threw pebbles in a vain effort to make him go faster.

Here, too, at Barking Sands, on a slight rise under a stand of *keawe* trees, was the Japanese cemetery. We had attended the burial of our class mate, George Kanekuni, had smelled the pungent odor of incense and witnessed the solemn ritual of the Buddhist burial ceremony. On other visits to the cemetery, we saw the gifts of food that relatives and friends had left on the graves. It was a strange custom to us, and we wondered what would happen if we took some of the offerings for ourselves, perhaps an orange or tangerine? This cemetery on the knoll was another link between Barking Sands and *Mana*.

All of that grassy pasture, criss-crossed with the tires ruts of fisherman, and extending from the *Kinikini* ditch to the large sand dunes three miles away, we called the Barking Sands. Along that entire coastline, were smaller sand dunes covered with *Pohuehue* (Beach Morning Glory), its pink and purplish blue flowers on vines that extended more than twenty feet, scattered clumps of *keawe* trees and *nau`paka*. Together they seem to guard between the power of the sea on one side and the tranquil pasture on the other. Across it, on the *Mauka* side (towards the mountains), a wide belt of *keawe* trees, *lantana* and a drainage canal separated the pasture from the sugar cane fields that stretched to *Mana* and beyond. As young children, we had gone into this forest of *keawe*, many times, to pick the yellow *keawe* beans that covered the ground. The plantation used it as feed for their horses and mules and paid 10-cents for each sack we collected. It was here also that horses and mules, too old for work in the sugar cane fields, were set free to live out their lives.

As young men in the late 1930s, we hunted the flocks of Golden Plover that made their winter home on that vast grassy pasture. In a Station Wagon, with our shot guns protruding from every window, we raced towards the feeding flocks of several hundred birds and as they rose in flight, we fired into the mass of flapping wings and shrill cries, *pee-dee-weet, pee-dee-weet*. Many of us called the Plover by its cry, "Pee-dee-weet". We collected our kill, and pursued the flock to their next landing; the scenario was repeated again and again. Was it legal? I don't know. I now believe that it was not legal to shoot these birds. These wild exciting hunts were another link between the Barking Sands and *Mana*.



The Barking Sand dunes of my childhood do not resemble those that are now covered with *keawe* trees. The dunes of the 1930s, were bare of any vegetation, except for the *Pohuehue* with its leathery leaves shaped like the wings of a butterfly. The large sand dune, with its mantel of green, extended almost to the edge of the *Na Pali* cliffs. We often enjoyed our picnic lunches in a large pavilion that stood at the bottom of the sand dune.

During fishing contests, it was the place where catches were weighed and prizes awarded. As youngsters, we cut *pohuehue* vines, stripped off their leaves and tied several lengths together to make a long rope. Before leaving we tied one end to the bumper of our car, then watched the long vine jump and skirt, twist and turn as it churned up a cloud of dust that followed our car home. This was another link to *Mana*.



Barking Sands as it looked in the 1930's



World War II



World War II brought Mana to its absolute glory. The Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, forced changes to everything and everyone. *Mana* did not hear the sounds of battle, that Sunday morning, nor did it smell the acrid smoke that covered Pearl Harbor like a blanket and rose in towering black columns to

mark the carnage below. Still *Mana* felt the impact as though it had been there. Japanese planes, with their deadly load of bombs and torpedoes, had passed close to *Mana* on their way to Oahu. The sound of their engines, far out at sea, was probably heard by early risers that morning, but no one suspected what was to happen, and the sounds were shrugged off.

I was a Junior at Waimea High School, and the Student Body Vice President when the Japanese attacked. That Sunday morning, began as any other, until the beat of approaching horse hooves brought us to our back porch. Bill Waterhouse raced into our yard and announced that Pearl Harbor was being attacked as he spoke. *“Frank, I want you to take your shot gun and another man to guard the drinking water well at Kawaloa Valley. Don’t allow anyone to approach, and shoot if you must”*. Turning astride his horse, he spoke to me. *“Get your gun and come with me. We are riding to Polihale to check on a large fire that was sighted on the beach early this morning”*

Mother had turned on the radio, and as I hurriedly dressed, I heard the excited voice of Weberly Edwards repeated over and over again:

“This is not a drill, this is not a drill. Pearl Harbor is under attack. It is not a drill, this is the real McCoy”.

A few minutes later, with my .22 cal. rifle securely tied to my saddle, we were riding hard, taking the shortest cane field roads to *Polihale*. The horses were tired and lathered when we arrived there, but we urged them over the sand dunes and onto the beach. We continued to the very end, where the sands end and the rocky shore of the *Na Pali Coast* begins. Fortunately (for the Imperial Japanese Army) Bill



Waterhouse and I did not see anything suspicious. Riding back home, I was a little disappointed that we had not found anything (ah, the foolishness of youth).

High school students from *Mana* were not able to attend Waimea High School. Instead we reported to the Mana School Cafeteria, where Melvin Tsuchiya, who had been football coach at Waimea High School addressed us. He urged those who could, to volunteer their services to any activity which promoted the civil defense of our country. Most prominent at the time, was a volunteer group, called the “Keawe Corps”. Their mission was to clear the beaches of all underbrush, and provide a clear field of fire for machine gun emplacements.

The Hawaii Army National Guard, Company A, 299th Infantry Regiment, was immediately mobilized and stationed at Barking Sands. Ditches were dug across the pasture and derelict vehicles placed to prevent enemy aircraft from landing. Access to Barking Sands was closed for security reasons, and for several months, my cousin Edward Corral and I worked as civilian volunteers in the Company’s mess hall. We reported to Mess Sergeant Tony Silva, and were assigned to scrubbing pots and pans, peeling potatoes, slicing bread and delivering hot meals to the

troops on the field. A number of machine gun emplacements had been strategically placed along the shoreline.

In the early days following the Pearl Harbor attack, many of the younger soldiers were scared and trigger happy. "Halt, who goes there?" **BANG! BANG!** Another old mule or horse, is sent to that big green pasture in the sky. Being in the Keawe Corps was safer, but Edward and I enjoyed being "in the Army".

Soon that vast expanse of grassy pasture, where we had once hunted the Golden Plover and where I had learned to drive, succumbed to the blades of bulldozers, earth movers and graders. The high ground was cut and the low ground filled, then layer upon layer of crushed rock from, a quarry in the foothills near Camp 3, replaced the sand and grass. What God had created in eons, was being changed by men on a mission, and I, among them.

After the National Guard left Barking Sands, I was hired by the USED. (United States Engineers Department) and assigned as a helper to John Perriera, a tractor operator from Grove Farm Sugar Company, on hire to the U.S.E.D. As his helper I rode on a large wagon with bomb bay type doors. The wagon was towed to the high ground where it was filled with sand, then towed to the low ground where I released the lever to open the bay doors and deposit the load of sand on what was to be the new runway.

Thousands of young GI's from every part of the United States converged on the surrounding areas of *Kekaha, Mana* and *Polihale*. Anti aircraft and machine gun emplacements were scattered in cane fields, in marshes, and under *keawe* trees. One of the large guns, salvaged from the USS Arizona, was placed on the ridge overlooking Camp 3 and an armored unit of light tanks bivouacked under *keawe* trees below it. Barking Sands became a large and important facility to the Army Air Corps. During the Battle of Midway, several B-17 bombers, damaged in battle, returned to make emergency landings at Barking Sands.

These were days of glory for *Mana*. Never before and never since, did

so much happen in our small village. Hundreds, no, thousands of new faces, from every part of the United States visited *Mana*, walked its dirt streets, played in its park and were welcomed guests in its homes. Ah Ning's bar thrived, as most would visit it before returning to their posts at the end of the day.



KAUAI VOLUNTEERS - Laureano Corral with Company flag, my father at his left. Both sergeants in the KV.

But her days of glory were numbered, and though *Mana* bulged with new faces, many of the old faces were gone or going. Our neighbors, Henry and Marie Tavares and their daughter Gladys left to live on Oahu, only weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor. My aunt Micaela and her daughters, afraid of a possible invasion, had left on the first available ship to California, in early 1942. In September of that year, my uncle Laureano and Edward, my cousin and best friend, left to join their family in San Leandro, California, and *Mana* became smaller place.



I was not at *Mana* to see many of these changes, and I would never return to live there again. Early in 1944, I enlisted in the army, and was inducted on May 27, 1944. During

my thirteen weeks of Basic Training, at the 13th Replacement Depot in Wahiawa, Oahu, I was summoned to the Company Commander's Office

one day, and told that my mother had died. It was June 26, 1944, just sixteen days after her 43rd birthday, and almost a month, to the day, since I had left home. She had been hanging the laundry to dry in our back yard, when the intruder approached, unseen, and with a piece of *keawe* fire wood, struck a savage blow to her head.



Shortly after mother's death, my father, Lawrence, Manuel and Janet, left the big house in *Mana*, drove down its long driveway one last time and moved to *Kekaha*. When I received by discharge on March 2, 1947, it was to *Kekaha* that I returned, and *Mana*, my beloved *Mana*, where I had lived since I was four, became a part of my past and a little bit smaller.



The Conclusion

Then it all ended. Slowly at first, as a Company, or Battalion, or Squadron shipped out. One after another they left. When the war ended, there was no one left, no one except a small contingent of care takers at Barking Sands Air Base. The boys, which *Mana* had sent to war, had fought with valor in every part of the world and earned the distinction of being the most decorated unit of World War II. Now, they were returning as men, who had faced death and seen the world around them. They wanted more in their lives, much more than *Mana* could give them, they returned to settle in other towns and other places. High School graduates went off to universities in Honolulu and the mainland, some returned home, but none of them stayed, and *Mana* became smaller without them.

Mechanization had replaced manpower in planting, fertilizing and harvesting fields, and *sabidong*, a poisonous herbicide, to kill weeds, had replaced the *kalai* gangs. With the workforce becoming smaller, trucks were used, more extensively, to transport workers to the fields, Maintenance and upkeep of the small plantation camps at *Pokii*, *Waiawa*, *Kanaulewa*, *Camp 3*, *Saki Mana* and *Polihale*, had become too expensive to continue, and one by one each was closed.

By 1953, *Mana* had becoming a community of elderly. Young families continued to leave, some to *Kekaha*, others elsewhere and the enrollment at Mana Elementary School dropped to 40 pupils. The school was subsequently closed and KSCo began transporting students to the Kekaha Elementary School.

In 1980, the Amfac/Kekaha Housing Program offered home ownership to its employees. Many of the remaining residents of *Mana* took advantage of the offer, and moved to *Kekaha*. Then, on June 30, 1989, one hundred and thirty three years after its beginning, the *Mana* Camp was officially closed, and the last families, Alipio Butac and Eloy Pascual, moved to *Kekaha*. *Mana*, which began “*once upon a time, long long ago*”, was no more.



PAU HANA

The End of a Work Day ---
--- The end of a place called MANA.