

Maunawili Falls Trail Attacked by Spam Runners Or, the Fred Hemmings Jurassic Park' Trail Run

By Gerry DeBenedetti

On July 6, "we few, we happy few, we band of brothers (and sisters); for he (she) today that sheds... blood with me shall be my brother (sister)...this day shall gentle his (her) condition."*

And bled they did, "moon-walk" they did, and get wet, and so forth. The "Spam runners" of the OCC have met and gotten very acquainted with portions of the Maunawili Trail, leaving their mark all over the place. They were sometimes on-on and sometimes off-off, and definitely wet-wet.

Meeting at the home of Fred Hemmings—in a smallish rain—they set off in two waves, the fastest and hardest running up Auloa Road to the start of the Maunawili Trail at the Pali hairpin. The slower and recuperating departed in the back of a truck, along with assorted dogs and the two hares, Fred Hemmings Jr. and Joe Teipel, to be dropped at the hairpin parking lot.

Fred and Joe, armed with red ribbons, started ahead in a largish rain to mark the side trail

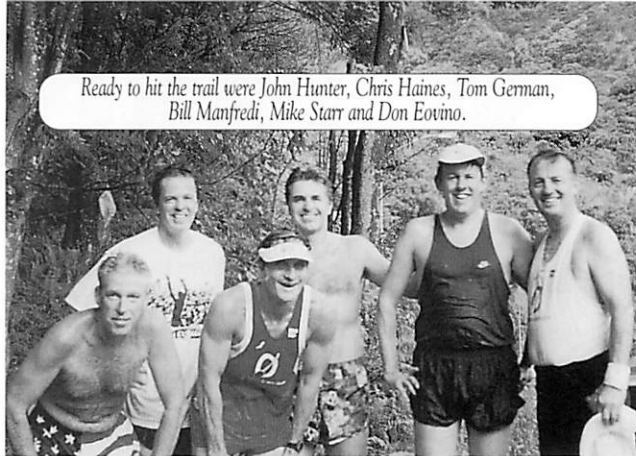
down to the stream. Dog and Heidi Crowe were right behind. Ruth Munro and Gerry DeBenedetti followed with their matching elastic knee bandages, slip sliding along.

Soon they were passed by the now caught up faster and harder Twain Newhart, Bill Manfredi, Tom German, Mike Stars from Tattersalls Club in Australia, John Hunter, and Chris Haines, losing only Don Eovino on the way, who had to take his hamstring back to Fred's house.

Twain decided to go to the end of the Maunawili Trail, all the way to Waimanalo, where he took Kalaniana'ole Highway back to Castle Junction and Fred's house—"only 15 miles." Probably no mud.

Fred waited at the side trail for Gerry and Ruth, as Tom and John took the wrong trail and ended up at Maunawili Stream, and the hills were alive with the sounds of "where are you?

Ready to hit the trail were John Hunter, Chris Haines, Tom German, Bill Manfredi, Mike Starr and Don Eovino.



Over here! Where? On the trail. Are you in the stream? Are you on my side or your side? What kind of a question is that?"

Eventually the wet folk and the ecstatic dogs all ended up at Fred's where the runners took hot outdoor showers, drank juice and ate muffins, and looked at Bill Manfredi's bleeding and scratched okole. By this time it had stopped raining. Doesn't it always?

We had such a good time, and Fred is already plotting for the "Spammers" in "Jurassic Park" next year. Watch the bulletin board in the Tunnel for upcoming events, and train for the marathon.

*with sincere apologies to Billy Shakespeare