

Aplea

I'm Michael, your professor. I'm actually a real person, who loves to talk to his students outside of class. If you want to know the best way to contact me to talk go here:

<https://laulima.hawaii.edu/access/content/user/hallston/website/contact.htm>

About me

We all have a story right? Sometimes in an online environment we forget the person on the other screen is a human being too. I'm telling a bit of my story to show you that, just like many of you, I'm a person with a full-time job who's trying to juggle the responsibilities of work, family, and life. Please remember that if you send me something at the last minute and want an immediate reply. But, if you ever find your self struggling in this class, remember: ***while I grade everyone by the same standards, I never ever look down on a student who has performed poorly in school due to the demands of "outside life." I assume you are great person, until you prove otherwise. I've had total jerks earn high A's and wonderful people earn F's. The grade you earn in my course is totally unrelated to your worth as a person in my eyes.***

What to call me

I prefer to be called "Michael." I'm gonna call you by your first name and fair is fair in my world. Besides, I've found that true respect is earned – it does not come from a title. So do not feel you are being disrespectful if you call me by my first name. Now I was raised to use someone's title until they tell me otherwise, so I understand when people feel uncomfortable using my first name – but hey I just told you otherwise!

If you insist on being formal, (which is *not* my preference) then please call me “Dr. Hallstone” or “Professor Hallstone.” As you will see below my ski patrol family calls me Woody (and other nicknames I’d rather not repeat).

I will respond to almost anything but “Mr.” So, Michael is preferred, but if you insist on being formal **please do not call me “Mr. Hallstone.”** You would be surprised how many people still call me “Mr. Hallstone!” Here’s a lame joke: Mr. Hallstone is my father and he won’t be with us this semester!!!

My Professional Life (Boring)

I am a tenured Associate Professor of Justice Administration (Public Administration “Department”) and have been full-time at UHWO since Fall 2001. I taught a few courses at UHWO as a graduate student and loved the campus and students. UHWO is my dream job!

I received a BA in psychology from University of California Santa Cruz, and an MA and PhD in Sociology from UH Manoa. I was fortunate to teach many of my own courses in graduate school (God Bless Dr. Nancy Lewis, Associate Dean of Social Sciences). My first full time professor job was at Arizona State University’s School of Justice Studies in 2000-2001. I write about drug use and drug policy (think War on Drugs). My most recent research project is about drunk driving in Hawaii. It is available in *pdf format on the State of Hawaii’s “Crime Statistics Branch” website: <http://hawaii.gov/ag/cpja/main/rs/>. Search for “Driving Under the Influence in the City & County of Honolulu.”

My personal life (This the point of a bio right?)

On the personal side I am married to a Hilo girl – hence known as “the prettiest and smartest woman in the world.” The prettiest and smartest girl in the world’s name is Aili and she works as a pharmacist in Leeward Oahu. I know I don’t look like it, but I’m a full time “working mom” with primary child care responsibilities for two beautiful girls. They are teenagers so I get my revenge by

posting these “little kid” pictures.



Kyra Aiko Makamae Hallstone and Taya Mika Mapuanaokekaipolu Hallstone





Being Silly





By the way this cat is a UHWO "graduate" as we rescued him from our Pearl City Campus!

And grumpy



Uncle Buck and the Midgets in North Beach



2018: Some random place in Italy -- WINK



Where I Came Up

I was born in 1967 (do the math) in Oakland, CA, which is why I love the Raiders. But really I grew up in Fresno, CA. It's the armpit of Central California quite frankly. It is a very large, poor, segregated, ugly, violent, crime, gang and drug-ridden city in the middle of the one of the most productive agricultural regions in the world.

Basically most of the fruit (in the summer) and rice you eat in Hawaii are grown in the large Central Valley of California. I don't know the connection to agriculture, but the Central Valley is also the "crime capital" and "unemployment capital" of California – perhaps that explains why I chose to study crime. And

why I tried to escape at an early age. It's both rich and very poor and very segregated from a social economic standpoint; check out a few stats:

<https://unequalfrombirth.com/>

I'm in terms of DNA I'm mostly Norwegian, a quarter Portuguese, and a wee bit Swedish. I did once spend 2 weeks on the tiny volcanic island in the middle of the Atlantic where my Portuguese family came from -- [Corvo](#) the "Niihau of the Azores." Back in the early 1980's there were literally no cars (but two tractors and a few motorbikes), we had to take a boat as the airport was not yet constructed, and I'm grateful my Great Grandparents left. Apparently, that makes me one quarter "[Macronesian](#)" (not to be confused with Micronesian). **My pure Portage grandmother "Nana" -- (aged 96 in this 2010 photo)**



But in terms of my "mental ethnicity" I am a mix of the many cultures of Central California – in fact I joke with my friends that I'm "culturally confused." Fresno is extremely multicultural – **when I grew up there were something like 100+ different languages spoken in the homes of the children in the Fresno**

Unified School District – and now there are even more! So I went to school and grew up around Chicanos, African-Americans, Vietnamese, Laotians, Cambodians, Hmongs, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Greeks, Iranians, Italians, Armenians, Sicilians, Slavs, and the list goes on and on. I think that helps explain why I feel so comfortable in Hawai'i. I've been relating to "different" cultures my whole life. So to be honest, I don't know how to put a name on my "ethnicity." My friends and I joke that, "We're Central California Samurai --- *vato!*" I've lost much of it since moving to Hawaii, but I can speak some Spanish and sometimes get the opportunity to practice with bilingual Latino students (hint, hint).

Ski patrolling changed my life

In order to escape the drudgery of my home town I turned to athletics and the mountains. By my senior year of high school I tried out for ski patrol because I liked to ski [but did not get to go often because it was expensive]. "Tried out" is the proper word too, as you do not simply "join" a ski patrol. It's about a nine-month process involving a 100-hour first aid course, and several written and practical tests in first aid, skiing, sled handling, and hill safety. Given the rigor, some folks don't make it all the way through. Fortunately, I earned the right to wear a cross on my back.

I patrolled as a volunteer (traded my labor for free skiing) and as professional ski patroller (to earn money for college) for ten years until moving to Hawaii at age 28. In fact, looking back, it was probably my most formative experience growing into adulthood. I know that becoming a ski patroller helped me gain the confidence to eventually earn my college degrees.

“Chet” -- The Best Ski Patroller I've Ever Known



I think I may be more proud of becoming a ski patroller than earning a PhD, but I'm kind of weird like that. Let me explain. If I make a mistake as a professor, I don't kill them or injure them. There is something about making a commitment to provide first aid to any skier or rider, regardless of the massive trauma they may have inflicted on themselves – and get them to the bottom of the hill in a heavy sled *on any slope in any snow condition* – that is an awe-inspiring responsibility.

Think about that for a second.

Ski patrollers are first responders in an extreme mountain environment. They promise to assist anyone -- despite of the severity of their injury-- then get them treated, loaded into a sled, and finally fight the laws of gravity, geography, and

meteorology to connect them with the Emergency Medical System as quickly and safely as possible. Unlike most emergency medical responders, ski patrollers can't quickly load a badly injured person into an ambulance and go. They must go down the mountain in a big heavy sled and the more serious the injury the more difficult the sled ride.

My biggest nightmare was a person slamming into a tree at about 40-50 mph on a steep slope in marginal snow conditions. Needless to say, that promise to help an injured skier regardless of slope, snow, or weather humbled me then and now.

Perhaps the enormity of that promise is why our patrol required all rookie professional ski patrollers get on bended knee to "become crossed" and enter into the Fraternity of the Holy Cross.

Chet --The Best Ski Patroller I've Ever Known getting Crossed (circa 1985)



By the way the guy doing all of the Crossings is The Most Learned Ski Patroller I've Ever Known; we call him many things, but Professor of Crankology is one I can repeat here. I like to refer to him as the Third-Best Ski Patroller I've Ever Known, not because it's true, but because of all the embarrassing nicknames he imposed upon me when I was a rookie (and because he skis like an airplane). Actually he was an important influence, remains a good friend, loves SUP surfing, and

gave me some great advice about the value of a college education (when I was a young college student!) that I pass on to many students – ask me about that advice.

Woody (yes that's me at age 19)



Velvet (aka The Rodent) and Chester (aka Windy)



We call him Velvet because he is the smoothest skier you've ever seen. I can't tell you why we call her Chester, but it involves a radio.

Of course it was also a lot of fun. We occasionally got to throw bombs, got paid to ski (less often and for far less money than you would imagine), consistently teased and harassed each other, and gave our comrades as many nicknames as we could think of (preferably ones they did not like). I have about 5, but my worst nickname was Barbie, **which you should refrain using in my presence**. It's a long story, but I got it (for being a good friend to Velvet I might add) from BoNards, who illustrates the glamour of professional ski patrolling in the photo below.

Nards patrolling the Bowl circa 1985-1986



Despite this photo, I looked up to Nards who is The Second Best Ski Patroller I've Ever Known. But he gave me the Barbie nickname and "Revenge is a meal best eaten cold." Honestly he is still one of my very best friends on the planet.

So first I got addicted to skiing.

My First Love
(Isn't she beautiful? She hasn't aged a bit.)



The five ski patrollers on the right are my Tribe



My Besties 2018: R to L: StormTrooper, Chet, Nards, Chester, and Casper [dunno the other two knuckleheads]

When I went to college in Santa Cruz I made the biggest mistake of my life – I got addicted to surfing.

(Outside) Cowell's in Santa Cruz



When I came to Hawai'i in 1994 to surf (err.. I mean to attend graduate school), my dad asked me, "Do you want to pay for a hotel while you look for a place or do you want me to call Butch and Pua." I chose the cheaper option and stayed with my dad's old friend who moved to Oahu in the 1970's and married a full-blooded Hawaiian woman with ties to the West Side. She was a lifeguard at Makaha Beach. As Haole-boy surfer who was magically dropped into this family

with deep ties to Makaha Surfing Beach, I was given a tremendous opportunity – *and I knew it.* To make a long story short, I'm a respectful family-oriented person, we bonded, and that family more or less "hanai adopted" me. Although I did not learn that word until coming here, the concept of being "family" with out blood relationship was and is very familiar to me and the way I was raised—so I fit right in. If not for the Aloha of the Detroye-Mokuau family I would not be working and living here or married to my wife -- period.

Uncle Butch teaching about kalo at Ka'ala Farm



Taya is named after Auntie Pua



Pua Mokuau "A Friend to All"

Since I've been in Hawai'i, I have spent a whole lot of time on the Waianae Coast, and *Mahalo to God* my wife and I now live and raise kids in Makaha Valley. I can see the surf going off at Makaha (right now!). But I get to spend a bizzillion hours at this computer, cursing the surfing gods as I watch bombs detonating off the Point – while I'm "chained" to this computer. Not that I have the courage to go out in real Makaha Point Surf or anything. But right now it's going off and I'm here working – yin and yang. But I'm grateful for the view.

Makaha Valley during the Christmas 2010 rains



Actually, I've gotten more into mountain biking lately as it is a better aerobic workout and easier to balance with my work and family duties. I hope my girls will want to learn to surf one day though. That's a little bit about me.

Aloha Plenny,

Michael