



Lifeline

Newsletter *of Hui*

Issue 00 - 2

Fall

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*Ex-officio voting Board members

Message from the President:

Hello Kayakers!

Paddles, both club- and individually-organized, abound. Kayakers should be able to find someone paddling at least once a week if not more often. How do you find out about it? Start with the club schedule printed in our newsletters, then participate and get to know fellow paddlers. You may be able to find out about other outings that club members are doing. See if your skill and compatibility levels are in synch with them or invite other kayakers to paddles which you would enjoy doing. Rumor has it that Maghna Zettle sometimes organizes Saturday paddles for those who are unable to come out on Sundays. Andy Collins also puts together a Saturday paddle or two or more.

Congratulations!! to the 19 hardy souls who completed the 'Weed Out the Wimps' paddle on February 27, 2000, while battling Small Craft Advisory conditions. (Note: The official club paddle was cancelled.) Highlights include: surfing into Three-Beer Beach (Lois disappeared in a wall of water and miraculously reappeared at the end of the paddle at Maunalua Bay); watching a cargo net float up from the deep and turn into a tiger shark next to a fellow kayaker (ask Gary Budlong for details); why two paddles are ALWAYS better than one, especially off Hanauma Bay in breaking ocean swells (ask that's-why-I-carry-a-spare-paddle Jeff); and belated Happy Birthday, Bob Walls, and thanks for the post-paddle champagne and pupus.

As we do more paddles, both as a club and as individuals, it is important to follow some.....

[continued on page 3]

KAYAKING GROUP SAFETY GUIDELINES

1. **Know your group members.** The trip leader should have the waiver filled in and signed by all participants even if the club paddle is later cancelled due to small craft advisories. The leader should note the cancellation time on the waiver if this happens.
2. **Know your limits and those of your group.** Each person should be familiar with the paddling conditions and the skill level required for a paddle. Do not go if it is beyond your skill level. Leaders have the authority to turn away paddlers whom they feel would have difficulty handling the existing weather and sea conditions.
3. **Buddy up.** Each paddler should be with a buddy; if there is an odd number, three or more paddlers should be within hailing distance of each other. Hailing distance should be close especially in windy conditions. Each paddler should regularly check if he or she can hail and hear his/her buddy(ies) and, if not, slow down or catch up to your buddy(ies).
4. **Divide the group into ten or fewer paddlers per subgroup.** It is almost impossible to keep track of each individual in a larger group.
5. **Designate lead and sweep paddlers for each subgroup.**
6. **Have VHF radios available for each lead and sweep.** Assign a VHF radio to each lead and sweep or have these people stay within hailing distance of paddlers who have radios. Even the most experienced paddler may need assistance at one time or another.
7. **File a Float Plan.** The leader should have a Float Plan and leave it with a responsible person.
Basic Coast Guard stuff:
 - a. Who's going;
 - b. When you plan to return;
 - c. Where you're going; and
 - d. Other pertinent information.

Paddlers who have experienced drifting out to sea; been alongside a water-filled log-rolling kayak; lost a paddle; lost the group; paddled in 10- to 12-foot or higher waves; called for Coast Guard and/or Fire Department air and sea search assistance; got fish hooks stuck in their hands or other parts of the body; capsized and got tangled in lines; had leaking hatches, broken rudders or paddles or boat; became terribly seasick; paddled unfamiliar seas at dusk; or know someone who did; can understand why the above safeguards are important.

Of course, these adventures can make kayaking exciting. And you can tell your tales to others when you return safely to land using your dependable skills and dependable equipment.

Safe Kayaking,

Joe Hu

President

SPECIAL MESSAGES BULLETIN BOARD

To the Hui Waa Kaukahiki Steering Board and Members:

Thank you all for the "Certificate of Appreciation" and the photograph with all of your wonderful personal messages! It means a lot to be recognized for my years of service as Club President.

As I have said many times, I could not have done it without several of you who have stood by me with support and friendship.

We have watched our Club grow and change through the years while striving to maintain its original intention and purpose — to have fun experiencing the pure "joy of kayaking!"

I look forward to seeing all of you in fair winds and calm seas!

With much Aloha,
Maghna Zettle

P. S. Best of luck to our new President, Joseph Hu!



Maghna and Joe

Greetings from the East Coast:

We really appreciate you all keeping in touch. Let us know if we can ever help with anything, especially if you find your way East.

We are back in the cyberspace cockpit refining our web site which we hope will bring a lot of kayak clubs together. Complete kayak tables are up. Soon they will link to photos of the boats. Forums are up also. Please check into it and give us some feedback when you have time. We are keeping Kevin and Joe's story up while the search engines kick in over the next month or so. Also, if you've read Tom's book and benefited from it, it would really help if you'd submit a review to Amazon. com.

It has stopped snowing "moose and squirrel" around here....now just misty and rainy. Can't wait to get out on the water again. We've been taking Eskimo rolling lessons just for the experience and hope to practice it in our sit-on-tops this season. Keep us up to date with your adventures. We love hearing about it all and e-mail pictures are no problem.



Here's a photo.

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The Long Ray of the Sun: A Winter Tale on the Southern Coast of Kauai

by Enjalei

The wind was up a bit, but the whitecaps outside didn't look too bad as we gazed into a soft mid-morning sun on Thanksgiving Day. Light was bouncing off the white breakers tumbling over the reef that stretched out all along the coast before us. The afternoon before, a strong easterly blew straight onto shore as 5 kayakers shuttled boats and gear in several trips from Lihue to the put-in at a Kapa'a condo. And the easterly continued to blow steady into the night, as Nalu cooked up a steak, potato, and salad dinner that we relished, amidst gear strewn around several rooms and as sounds of the ocean began to empty the mind of daily life.

The easterly was to be expected in winter, but it did cause many ponderings and discussions during the night on the best way to paddle the first and most challenging leg of the 47-mile journey that would take us to Kikiaola Harbor. Should we head south and pick our way through the reef, or should we double back north a mile to the more safe bet of the channel? The way this northeast-facing coastline arched out and back along the 13 miles we had to paddle to Nawiliwili Harbor, the way the current — no matter how mild looking — would constantly strive to beat us toward land, the measure of the swells, the wind the aerals and maps were brought out, put away, and brought out again with the great delight of consideration that only a mere kayaker anticipating the lone sea can enjoy.



photo of Joshu at Kapa'a condo by Artemis

It was only after boats were loaded the next morning and favorite lures — from pink skirts to blue and silver yozuris — were secured on fishing poles, that the merry band of 5 agreed to the channel route. Now in his territory once more, Fejj quickly caught up from launching last to muscling through the channel with childhood abandon, then heading out, out, out, determined to find the right angle where the wind and the seas would loft his boat effortlessly toward the Nawiliwili lighthouse. Artemis, who with Fejj (and Cahuteck) had paddled this leg before in wild and windy seas, much preferred the more interesting and scenic route closer to shore. So we split into 3 and 2 — each paddler armed with a radio. We enjoyed the luxury of knowing everyone's whereabouts even when great distances of amassing seas prevented any chance of flags even being spotted.

No theory of waves or winds could master the seas that day. The buildings along shore from where we first put in slowly turned to the grassy highlands above Wailua Bay, and then trees on the shoreline barely moved by, stroke after stroke. Paddling outside, Fejj and I saw the lighthouse far ahead grow closer ever so slowly as the sun sank into the sky ahead. For 5-1/2 hours, we dug paddles into the surging waves, the kayak bows inevitably drawn landward. Any resting swept the boats quickly in, and then back out again we'd slog. The group inside zagged out from their coastal route to get around the point. In an excited moment paddling alone, Artemis reeled in a nice aha which he gave back to the fish gods off Ahukini Point. The 3 eventually met the 8- to 12-footers that broke into massive spitting whitewater some 100 yards offshore, between Kamilo and Ninini Points. Joshu got caught in one, "a bunch of water in the boat" we later learned, and Nalu, riding the only kayak without a rudder, turned *[continued on page 6]*



photo of aha by Artemis

[The Long Ray — continued from page 5]

back into the wind and waves to steady the slosh so Joshu could climb back in. But, at last, we all rounded Ninini Point and the surge of waves rushed us into Nawiliwili Bay. Fejj and I met up with the 3 waiting inside, and up the Nawiliwili River we paddled, a decent wind at our backs, and arrived at the idyllic backyard of Joshu's friend, Noboru. As we pulled into his private bay, Noboru and his wife and kids greeted us with cold refreshments.



photo of Tim and Jane with waiter at JJ's Broiler by Joshu

a smiling bartendress, an attentive waiter and his nice girlfriend, all saw to it that we got a table in a choice spot, were fully lathed with drink, wonderfully fed, and even driven home. We dropped into the tents so fast that even the night's silence was barely noticed.

A cool wind greeted our awakening the next morning. We bid mahalos and farewell to our kind host, Noboru, and kin, ducked under branches from our secluded spot, and slid into and down the river, onto the bay, then climbed up the foothill waves that had washed us into the harbor. Soon we found ourselves outside of Kawai Point and in perfect kite weather. Or was that weather for imperfect kites? All kilters, take heed: if it doesn't stay up, maybe redo the knots on the same side of where it's pulling wrong. It's counter-intuitive so if it doesn't make sense, talk to Nalu and Artemis, 'cause they got plenny experience! "Kitemares," Artemis muttered over the radio, even though he had gone some distance with it flying high, close to the Kipu Kai shoreline to check out the caves and cliffs, before the kite spiraled down. As for Joshu, he knew his kite was tangled from the start and accepted my invitation to hook up to me. We sailed down the coast behind my soaring kite while a trusty rubber bike tire stretched and dangled between stern and bow with every swell and breaking wave. Joshu would often end up surfing on a swell alongside me, but his skillful bracing kept our speed up and pointed in the right direction. Eventually all kites were up and running toward the Sheraton Poipu (hey, no camping spots on the point, what's with that!), and we caught up with trouble-free high-flying Fejj. Soon enough, Joshu unhooked from me and headed in while I roped in the kite, the low bright sun glazing into

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Ambition had left our limbs but not our stomachs. All these miles later, it was still Thanksgiving and we had devised plans for a sumptuous feast ocean-side at a favorite restaurant down the road a piece from Noboru's. Amidst a setting sun against the green cliffs looming above the piece of river nearby, we set up tents in the grassy backyard. Dusk began to fall, and the — ahhhh — hot showers in Noboru's basement were a blessing. Soon, in our camping best, we trod down the dirt road a mile towards JJ's Broiler. From the moment we passed through the door, we were treated like, well, a merry band of hungry-looking paddlers ready for a treat. A kind chef,



photo of Joshu on friend's backyard by Artemis

[The Long Ray — continued from page 6]

my eyes as it dropped toward the edge of the sea. Paddling in, it became clear from radio talk that everyone had landed except for Fejj and me, and we couldn't even see each other but were taking directions by radio from Joshu. We had gone too far and had to come back through a bit of reef — suffice to say, radios and kites may lead you towards shore but they can't make you land!

Since we had no choice but to stay at the Sheraton because of the requirements of our chosen itinerary, we



photo taken at Sheraton Poipu by kind beach dweller

took full advantage: free Mai-Tai hour complete with sunset, dinner at the famous Brennecke's, morning jacuzzi and water slides, then a "chef trek" to the nearby store so that Nalu could properly design and prepare fresh meals for the next two nights' camping dinners. Joshu even had time to entertain some tourists with a kite-flying session on the beach.

We were so eager to escape the indulgence of the resort life that we finally launched from Poipu at about 2:00 Saturday afternoon. Too late launching! our Kauai coast advisors Cahuteck and Jenai would admonish us, we knew. But we had also been advised that we had several landing/camping spot options within 5 miles down the coast, not too difficult to paddle or figure out — talk about good information in dangerous hands!! So with the sun already descending on the horizon, we paddled down the coast, staying mostly close to shore to enjoy the Poipu blowhole – Spouting Horn – and to keep an eye out for our uncertain landing spot. Then an excited voice over the radio -- Artemis had caught another fish, an uku, this a keeper for the night's meal and packed away safely in his cooler. Some kayakers put up kites to catch the rising trades but too soon we were passing Nomilu Fishpond, our landmark to start looking for Lokoawa Bay and to make a choice to land. Fejj and Artemis were in front and behind, checking out landings, trying to gauge camping sites — their radio messages not very confident about either one.



photo of Artemis with uku by Joshu

We finally decided on a boulder beach in a small cove with hardly any lee — it was breaking big on the right, closed out with 4+-foot waves exploding onto shallow boulders, and white water seemed to boil all the way across to the left. But Nalu paddled slowly in on the left, bracing out of sets, and made it look easy, perfect. We all followed, landing without incident, and the long ray of the sun shone low now, soft and bright upon our faces in the late afternoon. *[continued on page 8]*

[The Long Ray — continued from page 7]

The camping seemed unspectacular until, climbing across boulders to the right and up onto a ledge, we discovered a small grassy meadow that was flat and cozy for camping. Fejj went down to clean Artemis' fish, and the rest of us set about putting up tents and the kitchen tarp.

All too soon it was obvious that we were at the funnel end of a verdant valley, where dark clouds looming back suddenly tumbled down and pummeled us with cold, huge raindrops that went right through the skin. This spot quickly earned the moniker "Squall Meadows." We all rushed to get rainflies on, dripping cold; once we managed that, we had a break in the rain to finish setting up the kitchen tarp, dark now settling in....flashlights, bungees, Nalu's great telescoping poles, and people all doing a dance in and around each other, now rain really began to pour down....OK, we think we've got it....no, OK, correct this corner, correct that side, OK, good!! Fejj came up from the beach with the uku filets....we scrambled into tents and dry clothes....got kitchen gear together under the tarp....and the rain soon broke into a pounding rhythm, with 5 kayakers happily taking refuge under shelter.

That night we had a wonderful, Nalu-inspired meal -- into bowls of miso soup were ladled steamed rice and garlic-sauteed uku filets, and every spoonful was rich and good and bore through the cold that had seeped in. When the rain subsided periodically, the ocean's breaking waves sounded up to us on the ledge above its crest, pulling us toward a relaxing dozing and sleep.

We awoke to winds meandering through the meadow and the waves serendipitously lapping at our deserted shoreline. All activity the next morning had to be timed to the squalls coming down from the mountain -- we kept the kitchen tarp up until the last possible moment, humping gear in the sun breaks, taking shelter during the downpours. We launched in good spirits, heading toward another uncertain point in the distance -- this time, towards a spot past Port Allen about 12 miles down the coast.

Since we were well past the southern point of Kauai and in the island's lee of the trades, we expected calm winds and seas. But outside a half mile or so, the trades were up a bit at our backs, and the 3-foot swells made this a tempting kite run. Fejj's was up first, then Nalu and Artemis hit immediate success this time. My kite now joined the ranks of the tangled so Joshu and I paddled the friendly seas sans wind assistance. The coastline flattened out with red clay plains easing down to the coast and Waimea Canyon stretching up toward the sky behind. We passed Port Allen and Hanapepe Bay, and began a slow angle in with an eye towards a camping spot. Small boulder beaches, very small, dot that coastline and all needed closer inspection as paddlers checked them out one by one. Artemis stopped to visit a knoll with signs of an older Hawaii and even found ancient bottles at the site.

We finally found a wide cove abutting sugar cane fields, probably in the Olokele district, and, over some boulders to the right, we discovered a protected flat white rocky spit, complete with a couple of good trees for a tarp. It was pretty, too, fronted by boulders that waves lunged over into tide pools. This was unlandable so from the cove we humped gear, landing by early afternoon and with plenty of time to set up camp and a decent kitchen for Chef Nalu.

Paddlers relaxed to the colors of the setting sun, orange and pink swirls in a clear sky, and dusk fell on hushed talk and laughter. Nalu was already at his post, under the tarp beside the flat cooking rock he had chosen and lugged with great care....and dinner activity was *[continued on page 9]*



photo of Nalu by Joshu

[The Long Ray — continued from page 8]

on! Between sips of favorite imbibements, we all variously pitched in while Artemis the Sous Chef was always at the ready and then, in the light of lanterns, we feasted -- a whole chicken cooked in broth, noodles, and freshly made sushi rolls that Nalu handed out one by one. The stars lit up happy bellies and content faces, and we slowly crawled into tents for our last night of wave sounds to tumble through our dreams.

On Monday morning, our fifth day out, humping gear seemed endless. Finally we launched towards our



photo taken at Sunset Cove by friendly cove dweller

final destination of Kikiaola Harbor, a quick hop of about 5 miles. Seas were flat, winds calm, yet “two-spoons” tricky fingers Nalu was able to loft his kite — although at least one other paddler did try! — and off he sailed ahead. The coastal road came into view, houses and settlements grew in numbers, and Artemis spotted the buoys marking the harbor channel — destination sighted. Paddles dipped into the water slowly and reluctantly, and gradually we reached the fringing reef outside the harbor. I had one excellent ride on a strong swell that sent me flying into the harbor’s mouth, and one by one we pulled up onto the boat ramp. After readying boats and gear for our ride back to Young Brothers and the airport, we broke out champagne to celebrate 3 paddlers completing the circumnavigation of Kauai. As we stood sipping and grinning, a lifeguard, probably from Kauai County, set out on his fancy long-distance jet ski to head to the Na Pali Coast to rescue a couple of kayakers who were struggling in huge swells and waves.

Finally, the truck we were waiting for pulled up, and 5 boats and gear were never loaded so fast. We arrived at Young Brothers with little time to spare before closing and we got Joshu off to the airport for a church-filled engagement back home. The remaining 4 paddlers couldn’t resist one more visit to JJ’s Broiler for a celebratory meal — steak sandwiches and beers all around! Even our Thanksgiving waiter was there, smiling and greeting us. A hearty late afternoon breeze broke off Nawiliwili Bay as we headed toward the airport, and the long ray of the sun disappeared into a rainy mist along the Southern coast of Kauai.

LED BY WHALES INTO THE NEW CENTURY

by Jean Ehrhorn

"They don't see them at all....they don't realize they're there!" exclaimed Maghna Zettle as she paddled with Alan Calhoun, Jeff Aurrechoechea, and Jane Skanderup from Lahaina, Maui, towards the Lanai coastline.

Whales were following us and we didn't even know it....Chuck and I in our big inflatable Sea Tiger II (Aire) double kayak were oblivious to the fact that at least 2 curious whales were checking us out to see what kind of strange yellow creature with 4 fins was floating on the peaceful, almost still water.

Oblivious, that is, until WHOOSH behind us....Chuck was startled almost out of his seat and I thought we



photos of whale surfacing and whale's tail by Jean

were about to be upended by playful whales. They were 25–30 feet away along our right side, surfacing to check us out....but not roiling the surface of the water at all. Finally, my adrenalin slowed enough to try to take some pictures....but they were moving TOWARDS US and suddenly we felt extremely small and more than a little vulnerable.

We started to paddle away and they followed us! Then we decided the best thing to do was to stop paddling and see where the whales were going. Noting that we weren't really something fun to play with after all, Mama and baby whale casually turned and swam in the other direction, with a parting tail salute. We then continued on our 12-mile paddle to our camping spot on an isolated beach of Lanai at a small bay way beyond the end of a road.

Our odyssey across the channel on New Year's Eve began when a group of us decided we didn't want to be on the Island of Oahu at midnight December 31. Knowing that hotels would be at a premium, if they were even available, we decided to go somewhere remote and do some fishing. Thus, emerged the plan to paddle from Lahaina, Maui, across to the island of Lanai, fish for 2 nights, and then take the ferry back to Maui.

Six of us flew to Maui on December 30. We picked up our boats at Young Brothers with the help of Alan's brother, Tom, and Tom's wife, Elaine. They also had a

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photo taken before departure from Maui by obliging resident

[Led By Whales—continued from page 12]

contact with a canoe hula in Lahaina so we stayed there on the beach near the Lahaina Harbor. The sunset that evening was spectacular and boded well for a pleasant paddle the next day.

We launched by 9:40 a.m. on the day of New Year's Eve....and spent 5 hours crossing the 9-mile channel and then paddling along the Lanai coast for another 3 miles to our destination. The water couldn't have been calmer; in places it was like glass. The air was cool but the winds were non-existent. We took our time crossing, hoping to see whales, which finally appeared about a mile off the shore of Lanai near Lopa. Six fishing lines were out....and Chuck landed an aku. Sashimi for New Year's!

Landing through the small surf over the reef was relatively uneventful, though at a lower tide, boat bottoms



photo of awed paddlers—Chuck, Jean, Jane, and Alan—crossing channel to Lanai by Maghna

would have been scraped. We were greeted by our own Y2K bug....a nasty little relative of the pineapple bug which was desperately searching for water from any source. We speculated that they had hatched after the heavy rains before Christmas and hadn't yet died off on that normally, dry arid side of East Lanai. Fortunately, they didn't seem interested in coming into the tents and subsided as the sun waned. Curiously, only the women were bitten....which predictably inspired some sexist remarks.

We made camp in clearings under "delicate" kiawe branches, ate a gourmet "Chef Alan" special meal, and prepared for our own New Year's Eve celebration. As darkness settled around us, the lights of fireworks flickered on our Maui vista....from Kihei and Wailea on the right, all the way down to Kapalua on the left. The Lahaina and Kaanapali areas were aglow from 10:00 p.m. on. From our vantage point, we could enjoy the fireworks but couldn't hear the noise and didn't smell the smoke. At midnight we toasted our good fortune, the Year 2000, and, of course, the sashimi.

And we danced with sparklers like no one was watching!

New Year's Day arrived with the sun rising through the haze of firework smoke and hovering like a gorgeous giant orange pink ball over Haleakala.

Our itinerary for the day was open....one alternative was to pack up and paddle another 10 miles to a new campsite on a rock beach.

After a grand and glorious New Year's brunch



photo of cooking crew—Alan, Maghna, and Jeff— by Jean

[Led By Whales — continued from page 13]

prepared by “Chef Alan,” complete with omelets and mimosas, there was little initiative to pack up and paddle! Instead, the day was spent shore fishing, shell gathering, a little hiking, some paddling, hammock sleeping and talking.

On Sunday morning, January 2, we broke camp and paddled 5 miles around the corner to Manele Harbor. The shoreline here begins its rise to cliffs, with superb diving and snorkeling spots all along the way.

We loaded kayaks and all of our gear onto the Lahaina-Lanai Ferry at the harbor and enjoyed the ease of the one-hour crossing back to Lahaina. This time the whales were out in big numbers, putting on a show for us as we roared across the channel.

Again, Alan’s brother met us with the truck, boats were duly loaded, and we went off to “camp” our last night at the Maui Marriott. (“Re-entry” is always difficult and must be eased into with care.) On Monday, January 3, we loaded boats back onto the Young Brothers barge and the kayak millennium paddlers flew home.



photo of Alan by Jean



photo taken on Lanai-Lahaina ferry by fellow passenger

MOLOKAI PADDLE - TAKE 2

by Andy Collins - January 20, 2000

Molokai – it's so windy that the flying fish drown. Offshore, I can't tell the difference between breaching Humpback splashes and wind-blown chop. The channel between the Wavecrest Condominium and Lanai looks like a really cheap ticket to Oahu.....maybe.

I head out to the shed beneath the pool where the kayaks are kept. I am determined to get on the water even if it means certain death.

A tall palm is doing yoga beside me, sweeping the lawn with its leaves. I tell myself that I am walking but the ground is moving beneath me like one of those airport escalators. People wave to me from their condos; I keep seeing the same unit. Suddenly my hat is ripped from my head and nearly garrotes me with the chin strap. The people in the window are laughing as I wrestle for my life trying to bring my hat back to my head. One slip is all it would take. I clutch the hat to my breast like an all-star fullback; the sheer wall of wind eddies in beady eyes, gnashing teeth, bulging torsos.

Once again I try to push forward, jets of saliva trailing from the corners of my mouth. Before I even get to the pool, I give up, exhausted, and let go. Without perfect timing, I would have missed the wall to our unit. For a moment I am suspended there in mid-air, my feet flailing in the wind. I pull myself up and onto the patio safely.

Thank God for VCR's.

ANDY'S ADVENTURES

Maui Whale Expedition

by Andy Collins – February 8, 2000

Last weekend, Christel and I went to West Maui to check out the Humpback scene. We went on 2 cruises with the Pacific Whale Foundation [www.pacificwhale.org] on Saturday and were planning to return to Oahu on the same day but a sleeping Humpback had other plans for us.

On our way back to shore from the 2:15 p.m. cruise, we came across a sleeping female Humpback, a calf, and an escort. The captain of our boat cut the engines when we were within 100 yards of the sleeping animal. Federal regulations state that you may not approach within 100 yards of a Humpback unless the animal approaches you first. If this happens, you must turn off all propulsion and let the animal leave the area before getting underway again. Obviously exhausted, the sleeping animal did not stir for 20 minutes, even with continuous prodding from the calf. After we had drifted beyond the zone, engines were started up again and we headed into port. The delay caused Christel and me to miss our plane.



On Sunday, we rented Scupper Pro's from Rainbow Watersports Hawaii (578 Front St, Lahaina, 661-1978) really cheap (\$35 for 2 boats) and paddled into the Au'au Channel. I think we paddled about a third of the way to Lanai, but it was hard to tell with the vog. Conditions were perfect and, although no Humpies came very close to us, we did see several breaching and generally pouncing on each other. Every now and again we would be paddling and hear a deep explosion as another whale

[continued on page 17]

¶ Whale of a Tale!

by Kevin K.L. Ching DDS — February 2000

One of the most thrilling experiences is the viewing of wildlife from your kayak. When the wildlife is 50 feet long and breaching, the thrill reaches a fever pitch. It started as partial reverse “Weed Out the Wimps” paddle. As Doug and I inched around Portlock, the ocean started getting active. The clapotis was manageable and helped to increase my alertness. The water changed color from azure to deep blue became smoother after we left the point. A wave crashing on the deeply cut cliffs told the story of how the once massive cinder cone was whittled away by an unrelenting blue force.

We finally reached Hanauma Bay, and the south side of the Bay was active with spectacular splashes 20 to 30 feet high. We rested in the relative protection of the partially submerged cinder cone for a few minutes. Before long, we paddled on north to Sandy Beach. I asked Doug if he was interested in doing a double “Wimps” paddle by heading on towards Makapuu before returning to Hawaii Kai. He wasn’t too excited by the idea so we stopped just north of Hanauma and turned back south. A boat was visible about 2 miles southeast of Koko Head and I kept watching it for a while. The reason the boat was parked there soon became evident when a pair of “blows” were clearly visible. I called out to Doug and he saw the plumes as well. As we stopped to watch the show, I needled Doug for not buying the waterproof binoculars he was talking about last month. All of sudden I heard a loud “Poofffff!” A humpback was blowing just 30 yards east of us! I was totally speechless; I was never that close to a whale before. Then

there was a second blow just behind us. When I spun my kayak around to see, all that was left was the plume, a dorsal fin and a tail. Frozen in awe, we watched as the pair of humpbacks made their way towards Makapuu. My thoughts drifted to how the Hawaiians must have felt as they paddled past the immense Kohola.

When we could barely see the whales in the distance, we continued back to Hawaii Kai. A little fatigued by the paddle, I wasn’t quite enthusiastic about the veritable washing machine we were about to face on the way back. The

reflected waves seemed surfable as they raced back to sea. In the distance was Portlock point and, in between, a lot of white water. As we approached Portlock, Doug related a story about the last “Weed Out the Wimps” paddle during which Alan claimed he had seen a whale breach just before he turned into Hawaii Kai. Doug noticed that no one else had seen the breach and told Alan that it didn’t count. We were having a good laugh about it, when all of a sudden “Whummmmp! Sssshhhh!” a humpback breached 60

yards away. It was an awesome display as the whale jumped a second time and then a third time, each with a deep, resonating splash. I glanced behind and saw a small fishing boat taking an erratic course, actually sweeping inside of us, close to the cliff at Portlock point. I reasoned that the boat was trying to avoid the breaching whales, but they were 60 yards away. Suddenly the answer became apparent as the deep blue water 20 yards away suddenly became azure and 2 streaks of white lines came closer to the surface. The lines were air bubbles flowing over the huge fins of a [continued on page 17]



photo of humpback tail by Kevin

[Andy's Adventures — continued from page 15]

crashed onto the surface. We would turn to catch the plume of white water.

It was really magnificent being out on the water with those marvelous and graceful animals. The boat cruises with the Pacific Whale Foundation were excellent and educational. I especially recommend the 9:15 a.m. cruise. We saw many whales doing all sorts of goofy things. Even on the plane ride back, with the waters so calm, I saw 20 or so Humpbacks from my window and I even saw a large pod of 5 or 6 whales just off Portlock.

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Humpback. Suddenly, “Pooofffff!” — up came a huge plume, then a dorsal fin and a tail. Fear and awe hit me simultaneously as I kept praying that the humpback wasn’t thinking about breaching. Then just as gently as she arrived, she disappeared deep into the blue water. Looking around, I noticed an audience watching from the cliff at Portlock. I’m sure someone there wasn’t happy that we were so close to the whales.

We turned into Maunalua Bay and returned to our take-out spot with enough memories to last a lifetime.

Epilogue:

It is illegal to approach within 100 yards of whales in Hawaii. It is also illegal to disrupt an activity or prior activity by any act or omission. If you see whale activity while kayaking, stop paddling and enjoy the show. Don’t paddle out to them because this may interfere with some very vital activities such as nursing. Paddling towards whales may cause them to change their behavior and may result in your arrest, or worse, if you get between a mother and its calf. Let’s all cooperate so that future generations can also enjoy these beautiful animals.

CLASSIFIED and PERSONAL ADS

WANTED: Stories about your personal kayaking experiences (official or non-official Club paddles). Share your adventures with fellow members. Don’t need to be a professional writer to submit. Contact Lois at 289-3237 or www.kemiyas@gte.net

WANTED: Photographs taken while on kayaking adventures. Include short narrative and name of photographer. No experience necessary. Contact Lois at 289-3237 or www.kemiyas@gte.net

WANTED: Used two-person kayak for beginner paddlers soon to join Club. Rudder optional. Contact Dani Kroll at www.danik@kapiolani.org

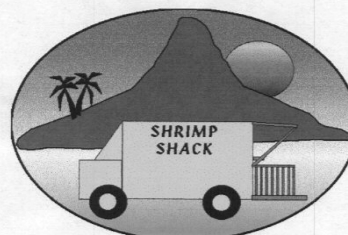
WANTED: Volunteers to monitor Fin Swim Race at Ala Moana Beach Park on 4/22/00. Contact Suilan Ellsworth at 988-7390 for details.

WANTED: Volunteers to monitor Flat Island Swim on 5/21/00. Meet at Kailua Boat Ramp at 7:00 a.m. Contact Rusty Lillico at 254-4153 or www.lillico@hawaii.rr.com if interested.

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In consideration of being allowed to participate in any way in the American Canoe Association, Inc. and Hui Wa'a Kaukahi, a nonprofit corporation, athletics/sports program and related events and activities, the undersigned:

1. Agrees that, prior to participating, he/she will inspect the facilities and equipment to be used, and if he/she believes anything is unsafe, he/she will immediately advise the coach/supervisor of such condition(s) and refuse to participate;
2. Acknowledges and fully understands that each participant will be engaging in activities that involve risk of serious injury including permanent disability and death, and severe social and economic losses which might result not only from his/her own actions, inactions, or negligence but the actions, inactions, or negligence of others, the rules of play, or the condition of the premises or of any equipment used. Further, that there may be other risks not known to us or not reasonably foreseeable at this time;
3. Assumes all foregoing risks and accepts personal responsibility for the damages following such injury, permanent disability, or death;
4. Releases, waives, discharges, and covenants not to sue the American Canoe Association, Inc. or Hui Wa'a Kaukahi, a nonprofit corporation, its affiliated clubs, their respective administrators, directors, agents, coaches, and other employees of the organizations, other participants, sponsoring agencies, sponsors, advertisers, and if applicable, owners and lessors of premises used to conduct the events, all of which are hereinafter referred to as "releases", from any and all liability to each of the undersigned, his or her heirs and next of kin for any and all claims, demands, losses, or damages on account of injury, including death or damage to property, caused or alleged to be caused in whole or in part by the negligence of the releases or otherwise.

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10 for details**

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