



Lifeline

Newsletter of Hui Wa'a Kaukahi

Fall 2000 Issue 00 - 2



Rusty Lillico proudly displays the catch he made during the North Maui Coast trip in June 2000.

P. S. He threw it back.

photo by Andy

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- **Kites and Sails Rule the Windbag Regatta 2000 — page 12**
Who won the Kevin Ching Windbag Regatta in July 2000? Read his report.
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HANA TO KUAU COVE

Article and photos by Kevin K. L. Ching, DDS

“I guess you all made it okay! Nobody died, right?” asked Paul, the outfitter from *Adventures in Paradise*. We looked like we did when we left about a week ago after Paul and Debbie had dropped us off in Wainapanapa during a torrential downpour. We may have looked the same but we did not feel the same, glowing in an aura of maika’i.

The rain was just beginning to fall at Keanae while we were enroute to Hana. It started to really come down by the time we reached Wainapanapa and we were totally saturated as we unloaded gear and kayaks from the truck. After setting up our tents, Paul asked if there was anybody interested in paddling from Koki Beach to Wainapanapa. Looking at the cove, we could see a large set of waves crashing on the coarse black sand, sending flecks of white clouds upon the dark shore. Then another squall came in and the horizon was totally grey. That sealed the decision for me -- no way! Not for Maghna, Rusty, Doug, Andy, Jody, and Gary, though. They were apparently having serious paddling withdrawals and decided to go out in the storm. Off they went, leaving the rest of us to arrange the campsite, zipping up tent windows hastily left opened by the “Storm Riders” as they rushed off to their appointments with oblivion.

Wainapanapa Cave

When the “Storm Riders” returned to rainy Wainapanapa, the excitement of the wild ride was not enough; they needed one more rush before the sun went down, in the form of a little spelunking. The cave at Wainapanapa is full of legends and most people have gone only into the first chamber. My interest peaked, however, as I listened to Andy, Jody, and Gary get softer and softer as they went deeper and deeper into the wet cave. It was also getting darker and darker as dusk was about to begin. All of a sudden, the trio emerged at the top of the hill, looking like they had one heck of a climb through the mountain. When Andy and Jody offered to take Ellen, Dani, and me through the same trip, I had second thoughts. After all, it was a lot darker now and the water looked bone-chilling cold, all of which were confirmed when I jumped in. We proceeded to the back of the cave and went under the rock ledge (Figure 1). The rocky platform where legend says the Queen hid from the Alii was clearly visible.

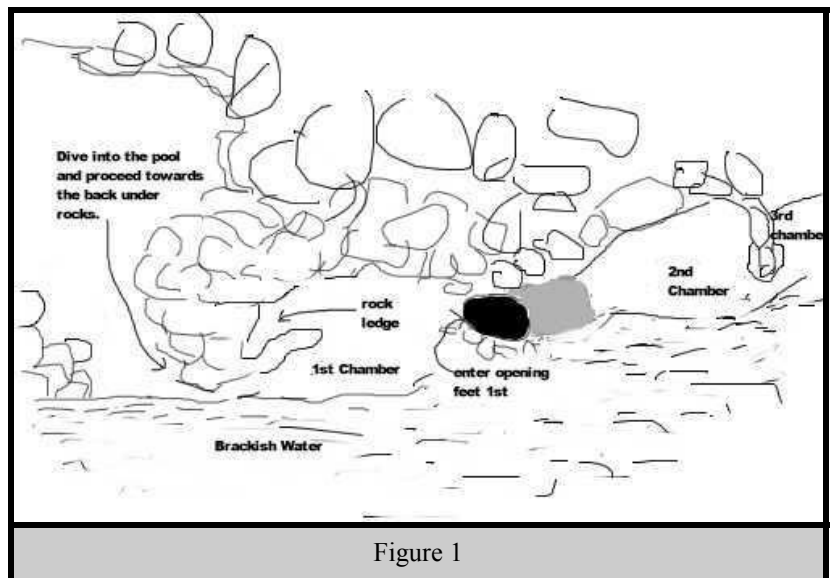


Figure 1

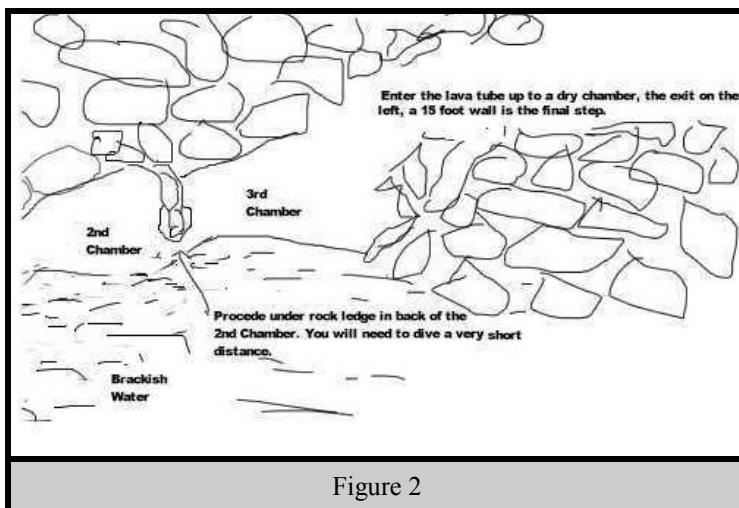


Figure 2

We then entered a puka at the back of this first chamber, feet first. A slide to the second chamber led to another cold shock in a surprisingly deep pool. We swam to the back of this chamber and proceeded through a small submerged opening (Figure 2) and swam a short distance under a rock ledge. The third chamber was deep and, at the very end, there was a lava tube going up at a 45-degree angle. We climbed up the rocky ascent to the last dry chamber. The opening of the cave was on the left at the top of a 15-foot wall that required some rock climbing. If you attempt this venture, go with someone who has done the climb before and take waterproof lights. It gets [continued on page 4]

very dark in there!

The Launch at Wainapanapa

The waves were pounding on the shore with the same intensity as the day before. Kayaks were pointed towards the ocean in anticipation of the rough take-off. One by one, the paddlers took off though the surf. As we waited for the group outside of the cove, 8-foot swells lifted the front of our kayaks. We were soon on our way to the next campsite at Ulaino. We stayed close to the lava formations that dot the Hana coastline,

not wanting to stray far from land. Turning one of the corners, there was a nice lee that appeared to have a campsite with a freshly trimmed lawn. Could this be Ulaino? Andy went to scout and I got a call from Maghna over the radio that the campsite was clearly visible around the next point. Signaling to Andy that we were going to the next cove, I paddled on. Here was Ulaino, the fishing village and site of the largest heiau on Maui. The other campsite was someone's private property.



Bob had already landed in the mouth of a stream and said he was going to stay there. To the left was Doug with his kayak high on a boulder beach. Of the two spots, the river mouth looked like there were larger swells in the shore break, so I chose to paddle to where Doug had landed.

Our campsite had a shed that proved to be a nice area to cook in. But it was in such terrible condition that it is hard to imagine that it will be there the next time we return. Most of the Hui chose the shed over the river mouth.

We soon made our way to where Maghna, Bob, and Gary were spending the night in the path of what seemed like an endless line of tourists

visiting the Helele'ike'oha Falls, better known as the "Blue Pool." "Blue Pool" is a beautiful pool with a small waterfall surrounded by exotic flowering plants of red, yellow, and blue. Ape' and Awa'awapuhi added a more tropical appearance to the flora. The whole area appeared carefully manicured, causing Dani to say it looked like something out of Disneyland.

The Wailua Iki Adventure

The next morning, Gary wanted to be on the water by 8:00 a.m. so we quickly packed our kayaks and were underway. The paddle to Nahiku was slow as we examined all of the caves we could. The ocean was very busy, crashing onto the cliffs. One cave was hidden in a cove that looked rough but, once we approached [continued on page 5]



the entrance, it became clear that the deep and large cave was navigable.

The rough Opuhano Point revealed the large and calm Honolulu Bay at Nahiku, a broad and calm body of water. Gary had landed in the bay earlier and wanted everyone to swim to shore to see a big pool close to shore. The next



campsite was supposed to be Waiohue Bay but 4-foot breaks 25 yards off-shore killed that idea. Maghna and I were more concerned about the next campsite so we paddled on. Along the way was a large pod of dolphins and Maghna could not resist jumping in to swim with them. I went ahead to look for Wailua Iki. Papiha Point was bumpy and it looked like the next

campsite was way off. Paddling past Makoloaka Island, I viewed the lee of the Point and it looked calm! I radioed to Maghna that the landing was easy and soon everyone joined me. Most of the group camped on the riverbed while Francis, Wayne, Ellen, Doug, and I camped

on the steep rocky area on the left, affectionately described by Maghna as the “grungy” side. Rain began to fall at 6:00 p.m. and stopped about 8:00 p.m. The next morning, several of us returned to Waiohue Bay to hike and do waterfall climbing. The waves were still breaking outside of the bay and careening over rolling boulders. Although we were intimidated to the limit, we made it out safely. Later, we packed our kayaks and were off on the next paddle to Makaiwa Bay.



Wailua Iki Falls

Makaiwa Bay, the Next Campsite

Paddling to Makaiwa, it became apparent just how dry Maui has been these past months. Many of the waterfalls were completely dry. Large cylinders with dry plunge pools were a common sight. Noticeably absent at all of our campsites were running streams. Even with the heavy rains that we had, the streams were actually lower in the morning than the night before.



Waiohue Falls

The coordinates to Makaiwa were recorded in Wayne’s GPS which was a good thing because we needed the updates as we paddled in the rough waters. The water was exceptionally rough around Oopoulua Point and Wayne indicated that this was where Makaiwa was supposed to be. The deep bay looked different and Gary wanted to paddle a little past to make sure the next cove was not our campsite. As we paddled in, Rusty radioed for a description of that shore since the mouth of Makaiwa was rough. I radioed back “CALM!” much to the delight of all the people with radios.

The clouds were gathering and it looked like we would have to set up our campsite in rain and, sure enough, the drops began to fall. It rained all night and, by morning, we were ready to move to the next campsite which, on paper, was supposed to be Pilale. The leaders wanted to go past that to an unknown bay that Doug had seen during a photo shoot. It had a lighthouse and two big rocks on both sides of the bay with crashing waves but the shore looked calm at the time. We launched and soon entered the “washing machine” mouth of Makaiwa with no idea of where we would end up for the night. [continued on page 6]

Aha! It's Kuiaha

Paddling past the cliffs of this section was reminiscent of the area of Molokai before Mo'omomi -- low cliffs, dry and weathered with boulder beaches. We reached Pilale where we pulled our boats onto a steep boulder beach and had lunch. Pilale has an extensive heiau with decent campsites in the grassy area behind the boulders and a very dry streambed, but the decision was to continue on to the unknown bay 6 miles down the coast.

The winds were now to our backs, and Francis and Wayne were flying their kites while Doug and I took the lead, not really knowing where our final destination would be. When we got to a very prominent point, I suggested that we wait for Doug to catch up since it looked like Pauwela Point except there was no lighthouse. Sure enough, it was the point that Doug remembered and we pulled in past the large guardian rocks at the mouth of the bay. The rocks are known as Wehiwehi, the guardian stones that the inhabitants of the bay and the gulch would study from their village on the slopes of

Haleakala to get an idea of the ocean conditions. We landed and saw nicely trimmed grass. We were finally going to sleep on grass in an area where we

would be able to dry our tents. To the right of our campsite was a natural spring in the cliff and some of the paddlers filled their water bottles. Immediately to the side of our tents was a really toxic-looking pond filled with pea-soup colored water. With our tents pitched and dinner served, there was a jubilant sense that rippled through the campsite. The maika'i feeling was temporarily interrupted by a cow's moo, at first faintly and then a second more distinct bellow. Not paying much attention to the calls of stray cows, I looked up on the hill and saw 5 Black Angus steers watching us. Soon there were 5 more, then 10 more, and then 10 more, and they were all heading towards our campsite to get to the water. We were apparently camping in the herd's sleeping area! Down the hill came cows, bulls, and their keiki, some the size of a compact SUV, splashing in the toxic pond and drinking the water. Some of the herd went up to the spring to drink but most of the cattle preferred the stagnant pond for their bathing and drinking needs. The herd was soon becoming large enough that they were encroaching close to Andy's tent because they were running out of space in the pond. All of a sudden, just as gently as they came, the lead bull took the herd back up the hill. Andy had a large present from one of the animals that was standing by his tent.



"Trust me, Doug. This is the route we have to take" says Gary.



Cave at Makaiwa

That night I discovered the name of the bay, Kuiaha.

Mama's, Here We Come

The next morning, nobody had to tell us to get going as we all packed our kayaks and headed to Mama's Fish House in Kuau. The wind was light in the morning, coming directly from behind, and I decided to fly my kite. It turned out to be a good decision because, by the time we reached Hookipa, the wind was whipping and I was really moving. Turning into Mama's was tricky because now the waves were picking up and there was a

[continued on page 7]

small channel between the breaks which varied in size. But if you kept an eye out for the prominent blue roof of Mama's, you couldn't get lost.

After washing down our kayaks, our attention turned to eating! We were hungry and ready to consume food in mass quantities. Some of us ate at Mama's Fish House (where the fare was raved about) and the more budget-conscious took a walk down the highway to Kuau Market. When we arrived at the tiny shop, Aunty took one look at us with our unshaven faces and asked, "You guys from Hana? 'cause your Councilman stay right here!" pointing to a man serving plate lunches. Apparently, he came to pay a visit to Aunty and ended up lending a hand. "How much for the plate lunch?" I asked curiously. Aunty told us \$4.75 and we could ask for all three entrees (shoyu chicken, fried fish, and hamburger steak), potato salad, and all the scoops of rice we could eat. The shoyu chicken was really ono, and the quantity was bambucha size. That night we all slept well.

The next morning Debbie and Paul came rambling down the back road to pick us up. As we headed to the airport, I reflected about the paddle. It was a trip that had elements of adventure that we do not experience on a typical neighbor island trip. The conditions of the campsites or if we could even land at our take-outs were uncertain. Some of the sea caves that were readily navigable in the past were awash in white water and the land was extremely dry despite the torrential rains that appeared at Wainapanapa, Wailua Iki, and Makaiwa, making our water supplies very limited. Large houses in the middle of nowhere occasionally broke the breathtaking scenery; one house looked like it was a turret from an English castle. It was a paddle of unexpected and bountiful adventures. One thing was certain, though; the week sure went by fast!



WHAT IT TAKES TO PLAN AN OUTER ISLAND TRIP

(Labor Day Weekend on Moloka'i)

Article and photos by Jean Ehrhorn

Outer island trips don't just happen. Planning the logistics, arranging the travel, and packing up are just as important ingredients to having a trip go well as is the actual kayaking involved.

Five Hui Wa'a Kaukahi members met, planned, and executed what others might see as a "spur of the moment" trip to paddle the Southwest Shore of Moloka'i over Labor Day.

Chuck and I, Tim, Annette, and Jeff planned such a trip with inflatable kayaks (two doubles and one single AIRE Tiger II Sea Kayaks) and spent Thursday to Tuesday, August 31 to September 5, on Moloka'i.

Paddle/Camping Plan

We planned a three-day paddle, two-night camping trip. We would paddle from the pier at Kaunakakai to somewhere around Kolo Wharf for the first night's camping. The next day we would paddle around Halealono Harbor, around La'au Point to Kaunalu Bay for the second night of camping. And on the third and final paddling day, we would go five more miles into the wind along the infamous 3-mile long Papohaku Beach to the Kaluakoi Hotel and Condos.

With that plan in mind, here's how it was executed.

First Things to Check Out

1. Can we get reservations on one of Hawaiian Air's two jet flights per day to Moloka'i? Because the inflatables are at maximum weight (70 lbs) per bag, smaller planes are reluctant to handle them.
2. Once there, can we find a place to stay and get car rentals? Again, because Moloka'i is such a small place and family reunions and weddings take up all of the spaces, available condos and available car rentals are in short supply, especially when reserving at the last minute.
3. How will we work the logistics of getting everyone and their gear to the pier and, at the other end, getting everyone and their gear back to the hotel and then to the airport?

Logistics

1. Chuck, Jeff and I got flights to Kaunakakai on Thursday night...risking return reservations on first class (the only ones available) and hoping to downgrade at the last minute (we did). Annette was able to secure a fly/drive package getting her and Tim into Kaunakakai early Friday morning.
2. Tim and Chuck arranged for us to stay in friend Gary's Kaluakoi condo.
3. Chuck and I rented cars for Thursday and Monday.

The inflatables and camping gear take up a great deal of space and would not all fit into the rental car. Two trips with gear were required. On Friday, Chuck, Jeff, and I dropped our gear off at the harbor, and I went back to the airport to pick up Tim and Annette and their gear. I then returned the rental car to the airport and took a taxi van back to the pier. Taxis also have to be scheduled in advance.

Meanwhile, pumping up boats and packing gear were underway at the pier. We launched in calm winds at about 10:00 a.m. on Friday morning.

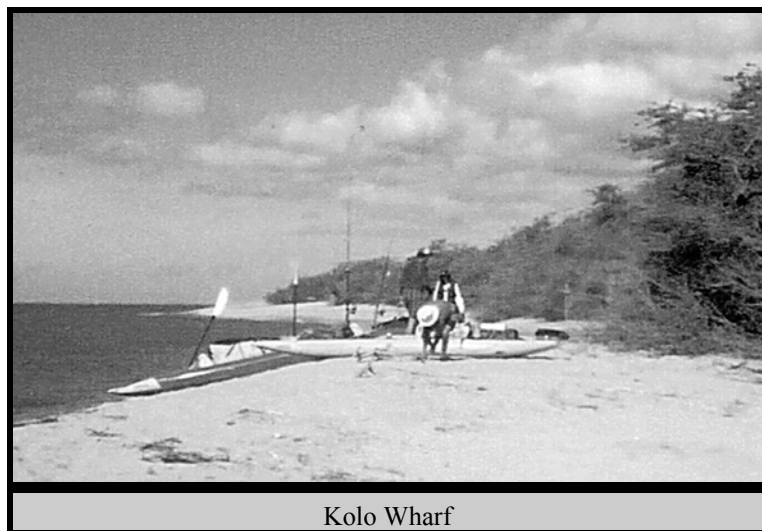
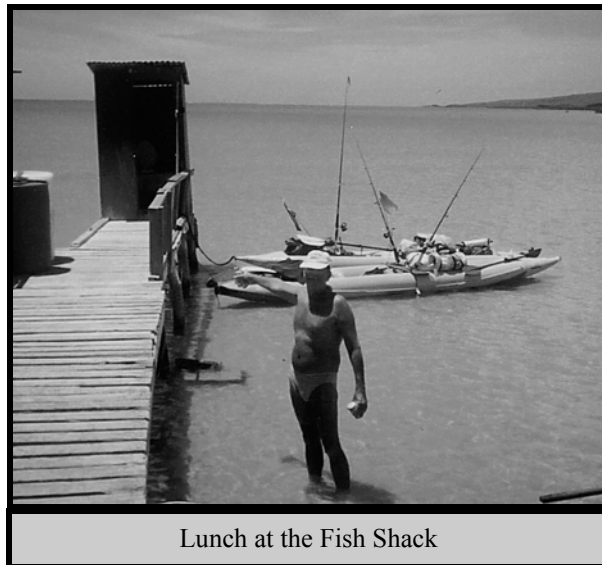
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Highlights of the Trip

Day One: Kaunakakai Pier to near Kolo Wharf – 12 miles.

- We launched just after low tide. Chuck and I stayed inside the reef, paddling easily through areas just barely deep enough for our boat. We saw an incredible number of very large honu (turtles). Watercrafts aren't common inside the reef because it is so shallow so the honu and we were often mutually surprised to come upon each other.
- Jeff, Tim and Annette wove inside and outside the reef, hooking up to some big ones that got away.
- Five fish were hooked up, a couple of them were brought into the boat but none were kept. Chuck caught a big Papio and had another strike, Tim caught two fish, one an Aha that he released, and Jeff caught one that decided his boat was not the place it wanted to be. Many lures were lost.
- Because we were paddling in inflatables, we decided against paddling through the mangrove swamps to the Kaluaapuhi Fish Pond.
- We stopped instead for lunch at a fish shack built out on the reef in the 1970's.

We camped near Kolo Wharf where Moloka'i Ranch has a beach recreation activity site and "tentalos" dot the cliffside. Near, yet far, from civilization.



Day Two – Kolo Wharf, around Haleolono Harbor, around Laau Point, past Puako to Kaunalu Bay – 10 miles.

- The long outside reef where we paddled inside the day before closes into shore just before Haleolono Harbor so we had to paddle through some dicey 3- to 5-foot shoreline surf to get around the harbor.
- After that, the brisk East wind and 4- to 5-foot swells were behind us for the next 4 miles to the point.
- We checked out Kapukuwahine Beach where club paddlers had camped during a 1993 trip but

the shore break was pretty stiff. Since inflatables are less maneuverable than hard shell kayaks launching into shore break, we decided not to camp there. So we pressed on.

- Again, some strikes that promised BIG fish, but no luck in landing them.
- With the wind behind us, we made it to the point, briefly regrouped, and headed [continued on page 10]

around, intending to rest in a small bay around the Point.

- As we stopped to catch our breath and grab a bite to eat, the wind picked up from 15 knots to 25 knots in our face! The famous West Moloka'i winds were upon us.
- We fought valiantly past Kaupo to Kaunalu Bay and a welcome isolated beach with a friendly one-foot shore break.
- Camping here was a treat. We enjoyed the sunset and then the glow of Honolulu lights in the distance.



Kaunalu Bay

Day Three: Kaunalu Bay to Kaluakoi Hotel – 5 miles.

- Tim, Chuck, and I had done this paddle before and knew that the wind we experienced on Saturday would increase as we paddled the five miles to the hotel. So we launched by 8:30 Sunday morning, hoping to make the miles before the wind gained its maximum strength.
- Sure enough, we were into 25 to 30 knot winds just rounding the point from our campsite. We stayed close to the shoreline, ducking into small coves where possible to gain a breather.
- And then it was the biggie, the paddle along the big wide sandy three-mile long Papohaku Beach, with headwinds of at least 25 knots in our face. Tim said he thought it wasn't as bad as the 1993 trip but it was bad! We were never in danger, but we were in pain!
- Jeff hooked up, lost momentum, drifted backwards, lost the fish, and then caught up with us once again.
- Arriving at the Kaluakoi condos, the highlight was helping Jeff celebrate completion of the circumnavigation of his FIFTH island. He now has Oahu, Maui, Kauai, Lanai, and Moloka'i under his belt!

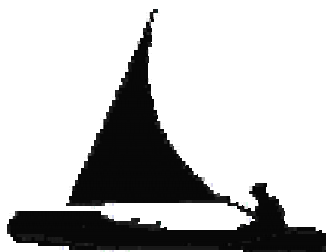
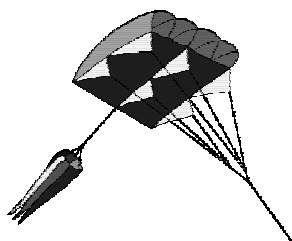
Paddling Lessons

- Pay attention to the tide calendar when planning a trip. Our first day out might have been harder if the tide had been any lower when we launched.
- Pay attention to surf reports. We knew we might have South swells and planned our itinerary accordingly.
- Pay attention to the wind reports and listen to those who've done the trip before.
- Launching early in the morning on windy days is the best way as the wind will increase towards the middle of the day and not die down until late afternoon.
- When paddling into the wind, stick close to shore. Even if it looks like the waves might be calmer further out, your perspective from the boat is limited and you might end up being pushed further out to sea by the wind. *[continued on page 11]*

End of Trip Logistics

- After slogging through the last part of the paddle, the work wasn't over.
- After lunch and liquid refreshments, we had to schlep the boats and gear to the condo, about a quarter-mile away.
- Annette saved the day by convincing a golf course attendant to loan us a cart. Within a space of an hour and a half, that golf cart made at least four trips with deflated boats and gear up to the condo.
- Tim and Annette caught a van to the airport on Sunday afternoon to pick up their car and food for dinner. The next morning, Tim drove Chuck, Jeff, and me to the airport to pick up yet another car. We separately explored Moloka'i that day. On Tuesday morning three of us flew out and then the other two flew in the afternoon.

Truly, as can be seen, an outer island trip takes more than paddling skills. It also takes planning and MONEY. We estimate this paddle cost us at least \$250 per person.



KITES AND SAILS RULE THE WINDBAG REGATTA

By Kevin K.L. Ching, DDS

The Windbaggers were anxious to start, but at 9:15 a.m. there were only Steve Harris, Alan Calhoun, Lois Miyashiro, and myself. There was a lot of "wind" at the meeting on Tuesday night -- "Could we use two kites?"; "Is paddling allowed while racing?"; and the answer was YES! But now where were those Windbaggers? The conditions were nearly ideal, with the winds 12 to 25 mph and steady. The tide was rising to over one foot and Steve had to make a sail boat regatta at 10:00 a.m. "I really have to go!" so he put up his unique Polynesian Crab Claw Sail and immediately took off, taking a course outside the reef.

The rest of the sailors were waiting to car pool as John Enomoto and his family joined us. Soon John's partner drove up, new member Joe Koehl, aka "Joe Cool." They were going to use a Cabo double kayak and one of the new windboarding kites that Joe makes on Maui. We decided to car pool soon after and drove to Kahala Beach (Waialae Beach Park). When we arrived, we were greeted by Steve who had just landed, a short 51 minutes from when he had started. That became the time to beat for the rest of the sailors.

By the time we returned, Gary Budlong and friend Mike Epstein, Norm and Bobbie Offstein, and Wayne and Ellen Dorschu had arrived to join Andy Collins, Lois, and Alan. Now THIS was turning into a real regatta! This time, the Offsteins' umbrella sail would be challenged by six kites and two V-sails. Since everybody were to time themselves, the honor system prevailed, and Norm and Bobbie took off first in a double Malibu. Gary and Mike were only paddling (not competing) and were already off in the distance as well. Watching them get

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smaller and smaller, I took off with Alan right behind. Soon everyone was in the water. The wind was exceptionally steady and we immediately passed Gary and Mike. Later, as I passed Norm and Bobbie in their Malibu II with the inimitable umbrella sail, Norm started to pick up his paddling cadence but was unable to keep up. By Kawaikui, I was beginning to feel comfortable with my lead over Norm and Bobbie, and at the pace I was going, I knew I was going to beat Steve's time. All of a sudden, I saw a kite over my left shoulder and it was loop-de-looping! Team Cabo appeared with "Joe Cool" doing kite stunts as John paddled hard, directing the Cabo through the impact zone like a jet ski on steroids. Soon, Team Cabo was only a speck on the distant reef.

The wind was picking up and we all accelerated towards the finish line, with Team Cabo already landed and their kayak high on the beach. I landed at Kahala, practically sailing onto the beach, followed shortly by Norm and Bobbie, who declared themselves the third place finishers, irregardless of the times given by the other Windbaggers. Then, in keeping with the Windbag spirit, Norm declared, "Considering the total cost of our rig relative to the other competitors, I'm pretty proud of our finish!" But before he could finish, the others were on their way in, first Andy, then Alan, Ellen, Wayne, and Lois. Andy had initially flown a 1.5 sq meter parafoil, until he "hulied" (flipped) and then went back to a .75 sq meter kite.

With the new champions already rested, I declared John Enomoto and "Joe Cool" the new Windbags of the Year.

Official times and finishes:

1. Team Cabo (John Enomoto and Joe Koehl) -- 25 minutes
2. Kevin K. L. Ching -- 42 minutes
3. Andy Collins -- 48 minutes
4. Alan Calhoun -- 50 minutes
5. Steve Harris -- 51 minutes
6. Norm and Bobbie Offstein -- 53 minutes
7. Ellen Dorschu -- 60 minutes
8. Wayne Dorschu -- 65 minutes
9. Lois Miyashiro -- 75 minutes

For the sake of comparison, Gary and Mike, both of whom did not sail, arrived in about 50 minutes.

The Club Officers and Board Members are planning to put together a member phone directory for distribution to active members only.



Please check your mailing label on this newsletter to ensure that we have the correct information.

Contact Tim Sawyer, Joe Hu, or Lois Miyashiro by Christmas 2000 if there are any errors or if you prefer not to have your address and/or phone number and/or e-mail address included.

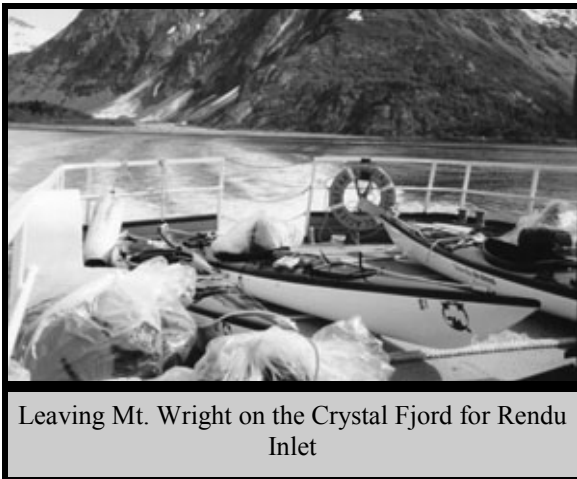
PADDLING WITH ICEBERGS IN GLACIER BAY

Article and photos by Joseph Hu

Part I

It was light outside of the bunkhouse at 4 a.m. at Glacier Bay Lodge. Darkness was almost nonexistent at this latitude in early June. I had treated Mary Ellen, the person I was kayaking with, to a delicious late dinner of fresh halibut at the lodge the night before after a hectic day of arriving in Gustavus by ferry; shuttling to the required orientation at the back country ranger's station; choosing bear canisters, kayaks, gear, and food for our 4-day trip; fitting all of these into our long and narrow kayaks; paddling our kayaks to our drop-off boat; and asking as many questions as possible of our outfitters and rangers on suggested routes, tides, weather, and campsites. No wonder I was up at 4 a.m. wondering if all contingencies of the trip had been covered.

5:30 a.m. arrived and it was time to get up, out the door after a quick shower, and a last check to be sure that all of the gear I had brought up from the docks were with me. A 5-minute walk later, I was at the ranger station loading a wheelbarrow with the bear canisters, camping, and kayaking gear we had left in its gear shed. Even in the park, all food and scented items needed to be in bear canisters and indoors to avoid bear encounters. The other kayakers taking the shuttle began to arrive and mountains of gear were deposited at the dock and loaded onto the *Spirit of Adventure*, the boat that would take us 50 miles north into the middle of Glacier Bay.



At 7:30 a.m. we were off. Generating a wide wake, the *Spirit of Adventure* made its way past the Beardslee Islands towards the East Arm of the bay and to Mount Wright, the first drop-off. A deckhand on board whose nickname was "Guido" to his friends, prepared coffee and passed out tide charts, maps, guidebooks, and advice to the kayakers. There was an ongoing policy followed by the rangers and the outfitters to not recommend any campsite so that no one particular area would have too much of a human impact. This policy, however, left uncertainty as to what locations would be suitable for camping at all. Guido, however, had camped and paddled in many of the places we were considering and was able to describe the campsites in detail for our benefit.

10 a.m. arrived and the first two kayakers were dropped off at Mount Wright. It was Nicole's first time kayaking and Tom normally did whitewater kayaking. They were giving away food and pairing down their gear the day before but it would still be a challenge for them to fit all of their remaining gear into their two-person kayak for their planned 7-day trip.

At 11 a.m., we were at our drop-off and the ladder was rolled down for us onto a smooth rock beach close to Rendu Inlet on the West Arm as the *Spirit of Adventure* went into the shallows. A few minutes later, the *Spirit* was gone and we were 50 miles from civilization. We took out our gear from the large plastic bags provided to us by the boat, and began to repack and ease our dry bags into our kayaks. After extensive internet inquiries as to the different kayaks available, I had settled on a single-man Easy Rider Eskimo 17-foot fiberglass kayak for each person. The length would give us speed and our chances of surviving a capsize in cold water would be multiplied by the number of kayakers that we had. The one concern was its stability. The Eskimo had a width of 24 inches, two inches narrower than the Scupper Pros we normally paddle. Once packed, however, the kayak became a very stable and fast platform. I was glad that I carried the majority of the gear for Mary Ellen and me, including the tent, ground cloth, tarp, poles, half of the food and fuel, signaling gear, towlines, our water bag, and extra radio and batteries. I was also able to secure Aqua Bound paddles from another outfitter that were superior to the Carlisle Paddles supplied by our kayak outfitters.

We decided to leave at about 1 p.m. before the tide slackened to get a jump on our long paddle for the day. After taking a GPS reading of our starting point, we paddled about 2 [continued on page 14]

miles north up the West Arm, then 1.25 miles across to several bird islands. All mileage, stops, and times were recorded on my GPS. The water was generally calm with a slight headwind as Russell Island was a few miles north of us and protected us from the brunt of the wind coming from the north. We rested out of the wind in the lee of the bird islands, drinking water and taking photos of the birds and seals that inhabited the islands. A “lee” is a protected part of a coastline out of the wind and in calm waters. We then proceeded another 1.5 miles to the lee of Russell Island which is approximately 3.5 miles long and 2 miles wide at points. We paddled in typical kayak style where we would paddle at our own pace to the next lee or turning point and then wait for the other paddlers to catch up. Mary Ellen was more experienced in cold water kayaking than I was, having done kayaking trips in Vancouver and in the Pacific Northwest. My GPS indicated that I was paddling at 4 miles per hour and when I stopped, Mary Ellen would catch up. I estimated that she was paddling at about 3 miles per hour although she was stopping to take pictures and view the wildlife more often than me. We would slow to 2 and 3 miles per hour against headwind as we would find out later.

While resting in the lee of Russell Island, I checked my chart and recommended that we continue to paddle north in the lee of Russell Island and then use the wind blowing from the north to paddle southwest across Hopkins Inlet which was our intended campsite. Mary Ellen did not agree. She wanted to paddle the shortest distance on the map which was over to the west side of Russell Island, paddle north to the closest point to Hopkins Inlet, and cross at that point. I attempted to explain to her that paddling against the wind which was predicted from our morning weather report to be 20 knots, would be difficult and not the smart way to go. She was adamant. I could not leave her behind so I agreed to follow her course and paddle against the wind. I discovered later that the leeward/southwest route to Hopkins Inlet was about 1.5 miles or a 20- to 30-minute longer paddle in our fiberglass kayaks than the route we actually took. We started out again at 3:30 p.m.

We stopped in a lee on the southern tip of Russell Island to brace ourselves for the upwind paddle. I saw several campsites along the Russell Island coast which were mentioned by our kayak outfitters and by Guido and gave Mary Ellen an option of camping on Russell Island for the evening and making the crossing in the morning. It was about 4 in the afternoon by then. She wanted to continue upwind and across the channel.



John Hopkins Inlet

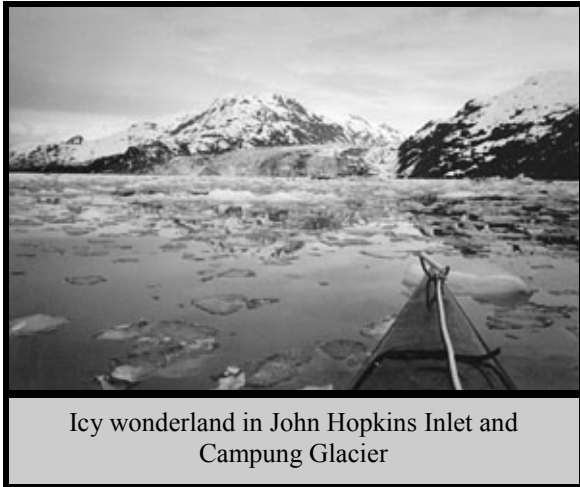
After a water break we proceeded around the southern tip of Russell Island. The wind immediately hit us as we began to paddle north up the west side of the island. We paddled for about 45 minutes in the wind when I reached the closest crossing point from Russell Island to Hopkins Inlet. I waited for Mary Ellen to catch up. There was no lee at this point and I had to keep paddling to prevent my kayak from losing ground as I waited. I was surprised to hear her calling on the radio and announcing that she was crossing the channel south of my position and planned to take a diagonal line to the Inlet. I recommended she not do it as she would be in the channel longer than was necessary. However, since she had already begun the crossing, I proceeded to cross as well hoping to meet her at mid-channel. It was just before 5 p.m.

As I crossed the channel I noticed that the wind was not only coming from the north across my bow but also in front of me from Hopkins Inlet. Apparently the Inlet created a funnel effect and I was in another headwind situation. The wind was also strong enough to cause wind-generated waves to come in my direction from the Inlet. Although sunset would be at 11 p.m., the weather was already starting to get cooler. Hopkins Inlet was filled with ice and icebergs, and Lagoon Glacier and Hopkins Glacier were flowing from the side and the back of the Inlet. My neoprene gloves were getting wet and I was getting chilled as I paddled towards the Inlet.

Midway into the channel, I spotted a calm spot of water ahead and radioed my find back to Mary Ellen. She questioned whether it was really calm ahead as we both were battling wind and waves since we left Russell Island. I repeated my message and paddled on assuming that Mary Ellen was fine and was in radio [continued on page 15]

contact. I did not call her again until I had completed the crossing so that we both could continue to paddle against the wind and not lose any ground stopping to use the radios.

As I paddled, I encountered the first of many icebergs. We had been warned about icebergs toppling onto unwary boaters so I gave the icebergs a wide berth. As I paddled around the icebergs, the warnings were correct because some of them rolled over by themselves as I passed at a safe distance.



I finally reached the lee of the cliffs at the entrance of Hopkins Inlet and the seas, although cold, had small swells and the wind had slackened. It was just before 6 p.m. I was then able to turn my kayak back towards Russell Island without fear of being broadside to the waves and looked for Mary Ellen. She was nowhere to be seen. I radioed her to inform her that I was in the lee. There was no answer and the only sound I heard was a slight wind and the lapping of the ocean on nearby icebergs. I called again and still no answer. It was time to begin a search.

I began to paddle back around the icebergs and back into the wind and waves which were now to my back towards the point where Mary Ellen had left the shallows of Russell Island. Depending on when I found her and in what condition, we would decide whether to return to Russell Island or continue on to the

lee I had just left. It was turning out to be a very long day.

A while later, I saw a small black object moving slowly among the icebergs. It got larger and I could make out white paddles moving. Mary Ellen had made it across the channel after all. As she pulled up to me, she complained that she had lost sight of me and when she got tired, she had tried calling me on the radio to tell me that she was exhausted. The wind and waves were almost too much for her. Although the radios we were using have a 2-mile range, I did not receive any of her calls after the mid-point check. Mary Ellen should have called me before she lost sight of me. The visibility range is a few hundred yards or less when there are waves to contend with. We should have commenced the crossing together and stayed within hailing distance since radios should be used only as back-ups and not be primarily depended upon for communication.

Mary Ellen was still able to paddle and we were just outside of Hopkins Inlet so I turned back and we began to paddle into the inlet looking for a campsite in a desolate, cold, and snowcapped wilderness.

Part II

As we neared the entrance of Hopkins Inlet, the cliffs on the northern edge towered over our kayaks. There were supposed to be campsites on this side but all I could see was cliffs as I maneuvered past icebergs clogging the entrance to the inlet. I could see small trees atop the cliffs and they appeared quite level above the cliffs. Were the campsites atop of these cliffs and would we have to climb them to pitch our tents? Mary Ellen had questioned me earlier, too, as to where the campsites were because all she could see were cliffs. I continued to paddle into the inlet.

As I rounded another bend in the cliffs, I finally saw the inlet open up. There was a large valley reaching down to the water and there were several level campsites along the way. The upper parts of the valley were snow-covered but the campsites were clear! Mary Ellen had fallen behind again but at least she was in the calm waters of the inlet. In front of a promising level sandy campsite, I guided my kayak parallel to the rock beach, pulled my spray skirt off, and carefully stood up in calf deep water. After lifting the front part of my kayak onto dry land, I began to walk up to the almost ideal level site.

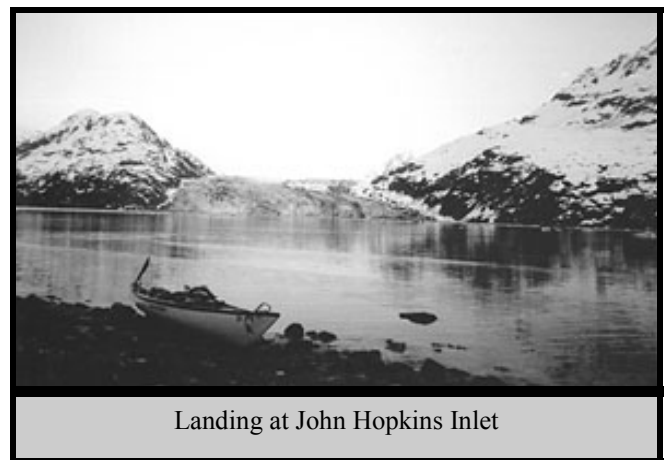
The wind was leveling the sand at the site and I could see my own boot prints in the sand when I noticed another type of track. Bear tracks! They were about the size of my *[continued on page 16]*

footprints. I immediately stopped and quickly looked around. There was only the wind again. I then saw multiple bear tracks going in different directions. They appeared fresh as the wind was slowly beginning to cover the tracks with sand. Not a good sign! I radioed Mary Ellen and told her that we needed to find another site as there were bear tracks. She did not want to go any further and told me that there probably would be bear tracks wherever we landed.

Mary Ellen eventually landed and looked at the bear tracks. Undaunted, she pointed to a brushy knoll several hundred feet further up and wanted our tent pitched there. She stated that this would be out of the bear path along the beach. I agreed as it was now 7:00 p.m. and went back down to the kayaks and began to unload the tent, poles, pegs, and ground cloth. As I hauled the gear up, Mary Ellen suddenly reported that she had seen more bear tracks and they were larger than the ones at the beach and that she did not want to camp there. So the kayak was repacked once more and we headed for the next valley. Mary Ellen suggested a cliff camping spot which I vetoed and I eventually found a beach with a rocky knoll to pitch our tent. The dark brown patches examined by Mary Ellen on the knoll turned out to be moss, not bear scat, and we had a campsite for the night.

Finally, we got a chance to look at our surroundings. A little over a mile across the inlet was Lamplugh Glacier known to be one of the most actively calving glacier in the National Park. It was fronted by icebergs and ice flows covering over half of the bay. To the left were icebergs coming into the inlet and blocking the entrance. To the right were more ice and icebergs leading into the restricted part of Hopkins Inlet which was reserved for seal rookeries. The Fair Weather mountains were above us, disappearing from view as fog swept over the mountain tops.

Cooking a hundred yards away from our tent in the tidal zone to avoid evening bear visits, we quietly ate and admired all of the view around us as it began to drizzle. We were definitely alone in the inlet and could see no other person or manmade structures at all. We heard the grumbling sound of the glacier in front of us but could see no calving. After dinner, we stowed our bear canisters and the rest of the gear we would not need for the night high in the rocks as suggested by Mary Ellen. We carried our kayaks about 50 feet above the water. Even though there appeared to be no need to secure the kayaks further, I tied the bowlines of each kayak to nearby boulders which was a practice I learned to do whenever I kayak-camped. We then turned in for the night with the rain still drizzling down but the tent remaining dry within. It had been a long day and sleep came easy.



Landing at John Hopkins Inlet

I felt like I was dreaming when I heard bumping sounds in the distance. It was a rhythmic bumping sound. The kayaks! I sat upright and began to open my tent and peered out. It was about 3:30 a.m. The scene was surreal. It had started to get light again and I could see most of the beach submerged in water. There was a narrow band of rocks before the brush began going up towards the mountain. I spotted our kayaks floating just below our knoll. The tide would pull the kayaks out to sea but they were being pulled back by the fastened bowlines and were bumping the boulders nearby. The tide had risen more than the 50 feet we carried the kayaks up to. There was no telling if the bowlines would eventually work loose and then the kayaks would be lost. I donned my rain gear, climbed down the knoll, and pulled the kayaks halfway out of the water. The kayaks were filled with water because we had turned them upside down the night before. I pumped both kayaks dry and then tried to lift them to safer ground but the boulders were high and the fiberglass kayaks could not be dragged along the boulders. I then woke up Mary Ellen who helped me carry the kayaks to safe ground among the higher boulders. We were very close to being stranded in the inlet because we had seen no one during our entire stay. We could only hope that our emergency VHF radio would have been able to reach a passing boat miles out in the channel. Luckily Mary Ellen's site for the rest of our gear was high and dry in the rocks.

We began to recover from our first day's paddle the following day and began to enjoy our [continued on page 17]

surroundings. With no bears seen, we decided to stay in our campsite for a second day. We paddled further into Hopkins Inlet where we found ice and icebergs blocking the rest of the inlet. We saw Hopkins Glacier in the back of the inlet, the cause of the outpouring of ice and icebergs into the inlet. I paddled into the middle of the inlet towards Lamplugh Glacier until the ice and icebergs blocked my way. Mary Ellen paddled close to seals in the bay for several close-up camera shots.

We turned in early that night anticipating the recrossing of the channel to Russell Island the next day. We had no early morning surprises and got on the water in the morning to take advantage of the lowering tide. We picked our way among the icebergs that almost blocked the entrance to the inlet and bumped only small floating ice in our path. Learning from our earlier crossing, we stayed close together and were fresh when we commenced our crossing. A fog was rolling in from the north so I kept my VHF radio on Channel 16 in case a cruise ship appeared out of the fog. Staying close together would make us a smaller target for any passing ship.

The crossing was made quickly and successfully and we landed on Russell Island for a break before continuing on. It began to rain but it was not as cold as the day before because the wind had died. The beach was filled with mussel and some limpets but were probably inedible due to the red tides. We continued to cross to the Bird Islands, experiencing large swells as a cruise ship passed several miles from us with amplified music blaring. At the Bird Islands, I was greeted by a pod of seals that quickly dived out of sight as I appeared. We continued past our pickup spot as indicated on my GPS. Luckily we did mark this spot as there were a number of coves along the coast that looked similar to the true pickup spot.

We rounded the point and began to paddle into Rendu Inlet. We began to see the famed waterfalls falling hundreds of feet into the inlet from snow-clogged hanging valleys and mountain tops. There were a number of campsites along the way but we wanted to find a site very high from the water without the possibility of bear encounters. After I explored much of Rendu Inlet, I went back to meet Mary Ellen and we landed on a white marbled pebble beach and, after a short survey, quickly agreed to a flat spot against the forest. We were learning. This site was large enough for me to set up my tarp in case the rain started again. I was able to tie the two ends of the tarp to trees and tie off each pole to a guideline and peg buried in the pebbled beach without much problem. It proved to be a dry shelter when the rain started again and I was able to take off my wet gear and enjoy a lunch in dry and warm clothes on my thermarest chair.

We leisurely broke camp the next day and paddled back to our pickup spot with newly found confidence. The weather had begun to clear and the sun was beginning to shine in Queen's Inlet nearby and in the bay. After landing at the pickup point, we watched several boats making their way north up the bay. One of the boats finally began to head in our direction and we recognized it as the *Spirit of Adventure* and our way back to civilization. It had been a long journey into the wilderness and I welcomed my return.

Notes

1. The bear warnings at Glacier Bay were well-founded. We met a number of kayakers on the boat who had been in various parts of the bay but were unseen by us since they were in different inlets or in the East Arm. Each group reported brown bear encounters. Some had to change their plans because a brown bear was directly in their path. One kayaker reported seeing a female brown bear with her cubs just outside of Hopkins Inlet, a short distance from
2. where we had first landed in Hopkins Inlet. This bear stood up on her hind legs and began to growl when approached by the kayakers even though the kayakers were in the water below the cliff. The *Spirit of Adventure* passed by a live black bear before reaching the last pickup point. The pickup point was changed because of the number of bears in an earlier spot.
2. Nicole and Tom were picked up the day after they were dropped off because their gear was inundated by the rising tide that night. They were reported to have kayaked in the Beardslee Islands instead.
3. The names in this story have been changed or nicknames were used to insure people's privacy.

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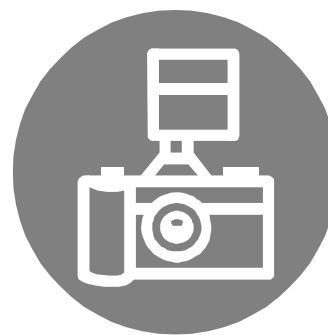
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1. Agrees that, prior to participating, he/she will inspect the facilities and equipment to be used, and if he/she believes anything is unsafe, he/she will immediately advise the coach/supervisor of such condition(s) and refuse to participate;
2. Acknowledges 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;
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Coming Soon



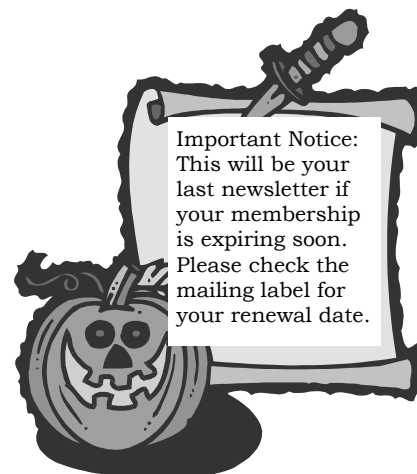
Photograph Tabloid — Winter Issue 2000

Start looking through those pictures you took this year of kayaking adventures (fish catches, camping, scenery, fellow paddlers, etc.) and send them to us so we can include them in our end-of-the-year Lifeline issue. Add a short caption and your name. Send them to Lois Miyashiro, Joe Hu, or Andy Collins via e-mail, the mail, or arrange for pick-up or drop-off. Deadline is November 20, 2000. Look inside this issue for contact numbers.



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