



Lifeline

Newsletter of Hui Wa'a Kaukahiki

Fall/Winter 2003 ♦ Issue 03 - 3



Alan Calhoun displays his prize catch of a 15-pound mahimahi caught off South Point, Big Island, in August 2003.

photo by Rusty Lillico

Featured in this issue:

- ▶ **Results of the 2003 Steve Harris Windbag Regatta.**
- ▶ **Kevin Ching's adventures on Fanning Island.**
- ▶ **Details of the 2003 HWK Annual Christmas Party.**
- ▶ **More photos by club members.**

Officers and Steering Advisory Board Members

PRESIDENT

JOSEPH HU* 528-3600
advisor@aloha.net

VICE PRESIDENT

RUSTY LILICO* 254-4123
lilico@hawaii.rr.com

SECRETARY

DANI KROLL* 289-8110 (p)
kanaala@hotmail.com

TREASURER

LOIS MIYASHIRO* 551-0637 (c)
loikake@hawaii.rr.com

BOARD MEMBERS

JEFF AURRECOECHEA ... 368-3891 (c)
GARY BUDLONG 737-9514
gary@gobananas.com
ALAN CALHOUN 621-6146
kayak-fool@hawaii.rr.com
KEVIN CHING 947-4526
chingdds@aol.com
ANDY COLLINS 737-8437
andycollins@hawaii.rr.com
JODI DINGLE 737-9514
goban@verizon.net
CHARLES EHRHORN 395-6180
ehrhorn@lava.net
ANN McLAREN 945-9902
wpang@gte.net
LINDA MAE ONOMOTO 396-0553
lonomoto@aol.com
TIMOTHY SAWYER 230-8989
sawyert001@hawaii.rr.com
JANE SKANDERUP 239-7007
jskanderup@yahoo.com
PAUL TIBBETTS 734-5518
tibbetts@hawaii.rr.com

CHAIRWOMAN OF THE BOARD

JANE SKANDERUP

VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

CHARLES EHRHORN

COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

BY-LAWS

JOSEPH HU

EQUIPMENT

MELANIE WONG 839-9802
melaniemywong@aol.com

HWK KINE STUFF

ALAN CALHOUN

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

PAUL TIBBETTS

NEWSLETTER EDITORIAL TEAM

JEAN EHRHORN

LOIS MIYASHIRO

NOMINATIONS

CHARLES EHRHORN

PROGRAM

GARY BUDLONG

ANN McLAREN

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE TREASURER

PAUL TIBBETTS

TECHNICAL ADVISOR/WEBSITE MANAGER

RUSTY LILICO

© 2003 All contents copyrighted 2003 by Hui Wa'a Kaukahi, a nonprofit corporation. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the editor.

*Ex-officio voting Board members

President's Message:

Mele Kalikimaka and Hauoli Makahiki Hou! in the full spirit of our Club's Hawaiian name.

[Note: The literal definition of *Hui Wa'a Kaukahi* from Pukui's Hawaiian Dictionary reads "Single Canoe Club."]

I hope you will be able to join me and the other HWK Officers and Board members at our Annual Christmas Party to be held this year at the Elks Club on December 16, in lieu of our regularly scheduled monthly meeting. Gary and Peggy Budlong are again graciously sponsoring the event and we will have a great view of Waikiki while we party. Dennis Kees and his band will be providing the entertainment. Don't forget to bring a grab bag and the prize-winning kayak picture you photo'd this year.

We have a lot of paddles planned for next year so get ready for a full year of kayaking in 2004.

Safe paddling,

Joe Hu

President

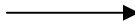
2003 Easter Camp

photos by Ellen Dorschu



.....and more kayaks

tent and
kayak
haven



unidentified mother and son.....
families and fun are what the Easter Camp is about...

Ko Olina to Pokai paddle

photos by Kevin Ching



Anne Ashford and passengers sitting in
the bay.....



.....and they all fell down.

Challenge of the Wind

by Kevin K.L. Ching, DDS

It was a perfect day for the technical sailor. The winds were moderate 10 to 20 mph and the tide was high. Strategy became the key rather than the use of brute strength, like last year's edition of the Windbag Regatta when we had to paddle hard the whole way in quirky winds. The kitters were there: Paul Tibbetts, Merritt Burke, Jodi Dingle, Dave Lonborg and son, Chuck Ehrhorn, Stan McRae, and Tom. They were all flying parafoils; however, Merritt had a frame kite that looked like a giant moth. Chalsa Loo, Steve Harris, Phil Dang, Ed Rhineland, and I had sails of various configurations. Chalsa and Steve had sails that featured a mainsail. Steve had a Jib as well and both were without amas or leeboards. Phil and Ed had their Scupper Pros fully rigged with sails and amas, and were impressive sights sitting on the shore at Maunalua Bay. I had two triangle sails rigged but, like Chalsa and Steve, no amas or leeboards. Representing the umbrella sail were Sam and Elly Cucinell; their Aire inflatable had leeboards.

HWK President, Joe Hu, had the honor of starting the race with everyone in the shallow waters off the boat ramp. Chalsa and Steve had jack rabbit starts and Joe declared Chalsa the fastest starter of the pack. Right behind her were Steve, Merritt, and me. The leading pack held tight until Paiko Lagoon, where Steve, Chalsa and Merritt decided to take an outside track to avoid the Paiko dead spot. I chose to sail inside the reef.

Outside the reef, the dogfight started with Merritt paddling hard, frame kite flying high, pulling ahead of Chalsa and Steve. The winds remained steady with the occasional gust rotating Merritt's kite vertically, reducing traction on his Tarpon. "That's why I had to paddle the whole way!" Merritt declared. Hooting and hollering, Steve turned on the adrenaline and gave hard chase to Merritt, paddling occasionally to catch up. Looking mauka, Merritt tracked my progress inside the reef. "I was actually ahead of you most of the way, but I had to make up the difference in the distance I was from shore compared to you," as he described his predicament to me. The question became when to come in through the surf to finish the race. The answer came at "Graveyards" at Wailupe, the famous surfing

break on the Kahala coast. "A huge wave was breaking outside, and I had to surf it in," said Merritt. I had not seen Merritt the whole way, thinking I was way ahead of the pack.

Steve's hooting had become softer and softer, giving me a false sense of security. Suddenly, at the Kahala Mandarin I looked makai and there was a giant Moth flying overhead. Looking back, I saw Merritt with his signature grin paddling hard. "Oh no! Not a repeat of last year!" I thought as the memory of coming in second to Steve in the race that year came to mind. I knew that I would never hear the end of it if I allowed Merritt to slip ahead so it was time to take some action! After a small prayer, a gust came. Pulling the foresail in to take advantage of the gust coming from the northeast, my Scupper Pro propelled to 8 mph and I saw Merritt fading back but still paddling hard. The gust continued all the way into the shore at Waialae and I land one minute ahead of Merritt.

Looking much like a salmon that finally made it to his spawning ground upstream, Merritt still had a big grin on his face. "I could have gone farther if I had to!" he said in the true spirit of the Windbag! Steve, last year's winner, came barreling in as he took a small keyhole channel in the reef to sail in between sets of waves. "I was really sailing coming into Waialae and I was catching up to both of you!" Steve informed us. Right behind him was Chalsa with her control line in her mouth as she deftly pulled up her rudder and paddled the short distance to shore.

The first fully rigged kayak came in when Phil sailed his tricked-out Scupper Pro in. "I didn't have to paddle the whole way!" he said excitedly. Then the parafoil kites started to come in with Paul, followed by Chuck and Stan. Paul was still flying the parafoil when he arrived at the finish line. There was a clump of line 30 feet in the air which looked like a new sailing technique. "It sort of got tangled as I was letting the line out," Paul explained. The tandem Lonborg father and son team came in with their kite a tangled mess in the kayak. Ed, with his experimental ama set up, finished next. This was the first time he took his new sail out, which was fashioned in the Polynesian crab claw style. Then Tom landed, followed by Sam and Elly with their parasol sail. Finally, Jodi pulled in.

[continued on next page]

Another Windbag Regatta was in the bag with an exciting finish. Chalsa asked me what I thought gave me the edge to win this year and I told her in a very un-Windbag manner, “It was luck!” I knew the real reason, though. Mahalo, ke akua!

by Kevin K.L. Ching, DDS

After leaving Hilo, the Norwegian Star headed due south to Tabuaeran, as Fanning Island is known to the native population. The trip takes a full day and night as the boat must travel over 1,000 miles to get to the atoll. Along the way you see what only the most serious sailors see in the middle of the great blue ocean. On this cruise the ocean was very rough with waves over 15 feet striking the hull of the boat. I kept thinking about being on a kayak when one of those turquoise mountains would collide with us, sending plumes 30 to 40 feet in the air, rocking the boat in all directions. Mesmerized by the show the ocean put on, it served as entertainment beyond anything that could be seen on television. Occasionally, I would see a seabird fly by and we were over 700 miles away from Hawaii and still had over 600 miles to go to Fanning Island!

about 2 hours, it meant I would have about 3 hours to paddle around, and that included inflating my Dolphin inflatable kayak. I dragged the kayak out of the closet and loaded it onto a luggage carrier. Heading to the tender on the lower deck with the kayak in tow, I drew a lot of curious looks. The first tender had already left and we started to load the second tender. The Norwegian Star is too large to enter the lagoon so it must stay offshore in “idle” mode as the bow thrusters are used to keep the boat steady. We were told the water was too deep to drop anchor. The tender ride through the small break on the east end of the atoll was surprisingly bumpy and none of us were wearing life jackets! Once in the lagoon, the sea calmed down considerably as the tenders landed at the English Harbor, a small dock that encloses a small beach where guests eat lunch, swim, or explore the atoll by foot or bicycle; that is, with most guests. I had different plans.



Wreck at English Harbor

Upon reaching English Harbor, the sound of ukulele and angelic voices singing in a strange language came through the tender's door. As I walked down the dock, the music became louder and louder. There on a corner of the dock were about 10 to 15 of the 1,800 islanders, mostly women and children, singing, strumming ukulele, and slapping pieces of wood. A line to board our tender back to the Norwegian Star had already formed, suggesting some cruise guests had had enough of the Tabueran experience in the short 20 minutes they were on the island. I immediately set up on the beach, pumped up my Dolphin, and was ready to go in 20 minutes. The prevailing wind was from the southwest so I paddled upwind as far as I could in 1 ½ hours. Along the way there acres of coconut trees that ring the atoll. Near the shore were hundreds of sticks that protruded out of the water looking very intimidating to my inflatable. There was no place for me to land since the sticks were everywhere; some of them were just below the water,

Lifeline • Issue 03-3 • Page 5

[Paddling Fanning Island – continued]

making them ideal for sinking my inflatable while my attention was occupied by the awesome scenery. Along the way I passed a paddler fishing with a hand line. He had a stone for a sinker and swung the line over his head like a lasso, flinging it 20 feet ahead, then winding it back on his left hand. I called out “Aloha!” but did not get a response. I thought that since Tabuaeran is in the Polynesian Triangle, they would have a similar word in their language. I later found out the population is Micronesian, not Polynesian, and they were brought to the island as workers. Fish were swimming all around and beneath my kayak but I couldn’t identify them. I’ve been told that the islanders eat Awa most often, eating Papio and other species on occasion. His canoe was of the one-man outrigger variety but he had what appeared to be mast housing and a sail that was piled up in the back of the canoe. I passed numerous haies made of coconut leaves that served as canoe shelters as well as dwellings for the population. This was one place where the



people still lived in “grass shacks.” The haies were in clusters spaced far apart as if they were mini villages. Finally, I saw a break in the sticks and paddled to shore. It couldn’t have come at a better time as I had spent one and a half hours paddling as far as I could and had that amount of time to paddle back to English Harbor in order to make the last tender. If I missed the tender, it would have meant another week in Tabuaeran before the next visit by the Norwegian Star. I pulled the inflatable up on the beach and looked around. On the sand were some really large dog paw marks but no dog in sight. The beach was a small white sand shore which was covered in debris, not trash but vegetation parts, mostly from the coconut trees. It was very quiet and there wasn’t a sound from any direction, just the wind swishing through the dense palm forest. Looking about the shore for some choice seashells, I didn’t venture far from my inflatable, not wanting some huge dog to investigate my kayak by taking a bite out of this curious yellow banana. I really didn’t have a whole lot of time to paddle back so, without finding any shells, I jumped back into my kayak. As I walked my boat out to deeper ocean,



the water felt like a bathtub. It must have been at least 89 degrees. Paddling hard down wind, I knew I was going to make it in time barring an inadvertent puncture from the ever-present sticks on the shore. I passed another canoe paddler in a similar canoe as the fisherman but he was not fishing; he was paddling full tilt upwind.

I actually got to English Harbor in enough time to fold up my inflatable, pack it on the luggage carrier, and go for a nice swim in the area that was provided by NCL. The serenade was still going on at the dock and I just let all my troubles melt away as I floated in the small cove. One question burned in my head while I was relaxing -- what were all those sticks in the water for? When I asked one of the NCL staff, he told me that the islanders were cultivating seaweed for export. Capitalism at work in remote Tabuaeran! I recommend that, if you are going on the cruise to Fanning Island, you, too, try to paddle and see a view of the island that few outsiders have seen. It was well worth the effort dragging my inflatable over but remember to keep an eye on your watch as you enjoy the awesome scenery.



Kevin and son, Sean

HUI WA'A KAUKAHI MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION AND WAIVER FORM

Please check one box:

☐

New member

☐

Renewal

[Please print legibly]

Name _____ Home Phone _____

Address _____ Work Phone _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ E-mail _____

Payment attached for [check one]:

*ACA/Hui active member:

☐

Individual @ \$31.00

☐

Family @ \$38.00

or Hui member only:

☐

Individual @ \$16.00

☐

Family @ \$18.00

*ACA/Hui active memberships are encouraged. It includes a Paddler Magazine, American Canoeist newsletter subscriptions, and comprehensive liability insurance for you and the Club.

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.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS READ THE ABOVE WAIVER AND RELEASE, UNDERSTANDS THAT HE/SHE HAS GIVEN UP SUBSTANTIAL RIGHTS BY SIGNING IT, AND SIGNS IT VOLUNTARILY.

Date _____ Signed _____

Make check payable to:
Hui Wa'a Kaukahi.

Mail to:
Hui Wa'a Kaukahi ♦ P. O. Box 11588 ♦ Honolulu, Hawaii 96828



Hui Wa'a Kauahā
P. O. Box 11588
Honolulu, HI 96828

Randy & Katrena Kennedy
96-170 Lilipuna Road
Kaneohe, HI 96744

Renew by Aug 2004