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Faiaoahe's Voyage to Hawaii Part I — by Scott Scott



Photo: Faiaoahe in Mazatlan

It took a long time and effort for Leslie and me to get this point, but there we were, standing on the dock in Mazatlan, saying our good bys and alohas, teasing the Bollin's about running up their stern next year again and having 15 people handle our lines for us, as I

backed Faiaoahe down, did a big circle to wave to all and headed out the entrance over the 7 foot channel and out past the breakwall into the surf and the setting sun.

We got a wild hair a few years ago, that we should do something adventurous with the rest of our life, instead of sitting around getting old and stale, like a leftover can of "blue" beer. We both had spent all our lives in, on or near the water and I had a Prindle 16 back in the early '80's that I just got energized on. Eventually, we came to the happy medium of keel boat sailing, used all the resources available, like Na Hoa Holomoku, and made a goal to get sailing off somewhere within a couple of years. Unaware that we would do it so soon, but instead letting that wave and swell born obsession take hold of us, we began spending all our time on the water and forgot about everything that wasn't "important".

See Faiaoahe page 7

Exciting Times for Na Hoa Holomoku — A Commentary

Summer is just around the corner and our club is in full swing. . Leslie and Scott have sailed across the pond. (We all want to hear more about their trip.) Now Ssottie has his cruising vessel Faiaoahe in Reeds bay and is looking for crew to continue cruising around the Islands. Bob Huber intends to sail from the mainland to Hawaii later this summer. Several club members joined with me on Melekai's interisland voyage. Lavonne bought Petrel and hopes to sail with club members on sail days. Several of our members are restoring their sailboats. (More on that) Jon Olson has built and sea-trialed his powerboat. Another catamaran has been donated to the club. Quiz: How many boats in our flotilla? Sailing 101 always attracts new faces and is a staple of good times for our club. Na Hoa Holomoku continues to provide sailing opportunities for schools and organizations; in June we host the Kamehameha school sailing program. Summer is also the time for our sailing regattas. One of our club members is even sailing in the 2009 Transpac! Exciting times don't you agree?



Photo: In Search of the endless summer. Melekai on the mooring at Lahaina..

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- Skipper in the Spotlight: Captain Kiko
- Faiaoahe's Voyage Part II
- Her Point of Sail: Jeanine Cohen
- Sailing 101 offered for Kamahemeha School
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Sailing 101

With a light breeze, the return of Leslie and Scott, students from the Makani Kai sailing club joining us for an impromptu regatta, and lots of new faces, sailing 101 was a day to remember!





Skipper in the Spotlight — Lavonne Stewart



This interview took place while Skipper Lavonne was sailing Petrel in Hilo Bay.

Na Hoa Holomoku - Lavonne, how did you get started in sailing?

Lavonne - I don't have an answer for that, but I wanted to be on the water. I don't have a story that makes sense.

(Lavonne in on the tiller of Petrel).

Look what we are doing is beyond my wildest dreams.

Na Hoa Holomoku - Your first boat was a Hawaiian sailing canoe.

Lavonne - I bought the canoe before I even came to Hawaii.

Na Hoa Holomoku - Really? How did you do that?

Lavonne - I had planned to move here in 2008, but by July of 2008 my plans fell through, so I bought the canoe through Kiko to make sure I'd come, to make sure that I would get here. The picture of the sailing canoe on the internet, she was so beautiful. Gorgeous.

Na Hoa Holomoku - You bought her without actually seeing her?

Lavonne - Except for the picture on the internet.

Na Hoa Holomoku - And now you sail Petrel.

Lavonne - Like Mauricio says, "The boats they just come to me."

Na Hoa Holomoku - You said that this is only the third time you've sailed on Petrel. Never solo?

Lavonne - My knees are going to shake the first time I sail her alone.

Na Hoa Holomoku - What is clear to me is how much you enjoy sailing.

Lavonne - Oh Yeah!!! (Radiant smile) I can't even say. Someone said to me you must have been a sailor in your previous life. (Then her attention turns to Petrel) Look how she loves to heel. I look out on the Bay, I see the sails full and I say wow! There is nothing prettier.

See Skipper page 7

Her Point of Sail — by Jeannie Merkel

" Man is joined in oneness with the Grand Life of the Universe"

—Seicho Taniguchi, 1995

When you are alone on the tiller with the vastness of the night sky above and the swells of the sea gently rocking your vessel, cradle-like, you can't help entering this awareness. The experience is a reminder to "BE HERE NOW".

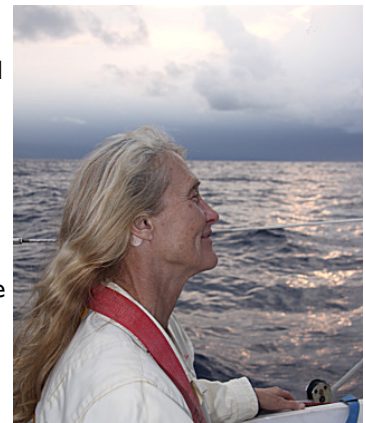
For a woman who grew up on the prairie of central Illinois, the story of sailing from the Big Island to Maui is one I never imagined I would tell. The first time I saw the Pacific Ocean was when I was 39 years old. For those of you who are curious, that was 20 years ago.

I was introduced to sailing only nine months ago by my brand new boyfriend,

Robert. Our hopes were that I would eventually be able to sail beyond Hilo Bay's breakwall without becoming sick! We talked about the trip to Maui and continued to make plans. I began thinking about items and what nonperishable foods to bring and began making a list. Robert continued to teach me about our little boat and sailing. My son Jake, his girlfriend Erin, and I took sailing 101. My son joined the club and within one month purchased his own Hobie Cat. As it happens, I may have introduced my son to what will take him far away from me someday. But he will be doing something he loves and that is how many hope to live.

At the end of May, I crossed the Ale-nuihaha Channel with my sweetheart and my daughter's boyfriend, Gully. Because I had been seasick occasionally during the past few months, I was anxious about a long sailing trip; my physician suggested a

See Her Point page 7



"For a woman who grew up on the prairie of central Illinois, the story of sailing from the Big Island to Maui is one I never imagined I would tell."



Sea Trials for a Simple Nav System

The simple nav system of a netbook computer with Maptech Navigator Lite and a plugin GPS receiver were tested during Melekai's interisland voyage. The system has its pros and cons.

Some Cons:

1. The screen is hard to see in bright light.
2. When bouncing around at sea the touchpad was hard to use.
3. Battery life was short without using the plugin adapter. With the GPS on, the battery lasts only an hour, maybe a little longer.

Some Pros:

1. The GPS unit worked *inside* the cabin and made fast contact with the satellites.
2. The 'locate vessel' button always brought up the right chart, with Melekai in the exact center of the screen .
3. I always knew where I was.

The system proved its worth when I got to Maui. Motoring into Hana, Maui at midnight was virtually impossible without using the Nav system in the cockpit. The night was overcast and we had no charts other than the one from the Nav system for locating the bearing into the harbor. I sailed well outside



Photo: A Simple Navigation System

"Motoring into Hana, Maui at midnight was impossible without using the Nav system in the cockpit."

the harbor until I was on the bearing line then I turned and motored in. I'm sold on it.

Should I Learn to Use a Sextant?

If I ask myself the question, "Should I learn to use a sextant?", I might at first answer yes or no based simply on my expectation of ever needing to use one. After all, this is the GPS age so why go through all the bother of learning to use a sextant when I can easily find out where I am using any number of the readily available, inexpensive and extremely accurate GPS units on the market? But on further

thinking about the question I have decided that I will learn to use a sextant and here are some of the reasons why.

In order to cruise beyond the sight of land I need to be able to navigate. Although I am comfortable using GPS navigation, I do not trust any electrical device enough to do my navigation for me and for me that is enough of a reason to learn to use a sextant.

Another maybe more fundamental reason is my desire to understand celestial navigation. To understand navigation from the positions of the sun and the moon, the planets and constellations deeply interests me. After all a sextant is simply a tool for celestial navigation. My curiosity about star compasses and traditional navigation techniques connects me with the legacies of those mariners that came before me. In this sense, learning the sextant is a part of learning navigation.

Don't think that my interests in way-finding and using a sextant diminish my willingness to use chartplotters, satellite phones, radar and whatever bells and whistles are available. They don't. But consider this quote from David Buch's book *Emergency Navigation*, "The more convenient the electronic options become,

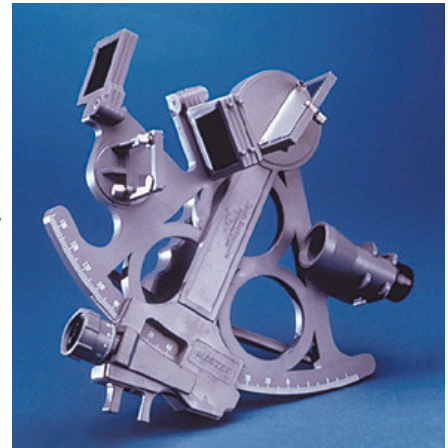


Photo : Mark Davis 25 Plastic Sextant

"I do not trust any electrical device enough to do my navigation for me and for me that is enough of a reason to learn to use a sextant."

the less time is spent learning the fundamental navigation...when the basics are not there, the mariner has nothing to fall back upon."

So I have a new hobby. If anyone is interested in learning celestial navigation, or having a class in celestial navigation, just let me know.





Baywatch



Photo: The Sailing Vessel Willow

This month Faiaoahe was not the only sailing vessel to arrive in Hilo. The sailing vessel Willow made port after a journey from Fiji to Samoa to Christmas Island and finally to Hilo. Willow is a 34 foot junk rigged schooner designed by Jay Benford and built by Greg and Bonnie Krivonack who have sailed her since 2004 when the left Washington State and headed south to Mexico. They have a nice website that tells about building Willow and their travels at <http://svwillow.net/>. Greg says that they plan to make Hilo their home port.

Na Hoa Holomoku club members Lia and Rich found a 25 foot McGregor in Kona and sailed it up the Alenuihaha channel and into Hilo where they have put it on the mooring next to Melekai. In June they are sailing to Maui and points



Photo: Rich and Lea on their McGregor



Racing: The 2009 Transpac

One of the majors in the world of yacht racing is the Trans Pacific Yacht Race or Transpac, a race from Long Beach, California to Honolulu, Hawaii, a distance of 2,225 nm. The race begins on June 28th this year, and you can follow the race online (as we did with the Vendi Globe) by going to the 2009 Transpac website at:

www.transpacrace.com

The Transpac is one of the oldest American yacht races and was born from the dream of the Hawaiian monarch, King Kalakaua. He desired to have an annual race from San Francisco to Honolulu. The first Transpac was delayed by the 1906 earthquake that devastated San Francisco.

The Transpac is now legend in racing history and is one of the greatest of ocean races. We should be pleased to learn that one of our club members Kathleen McGrew is sailing as a crew member in this years Transpac.

The 51 sailboats range in size from a 34 foot Hobie to the 78-foot square topsail schooner Lynx. (The same vessel that Leslie sailed on last year!)



Photo: Super The Maxi Yacht Alfa Romeo

sailors, they have their sights firmly set on breaking the current Transpac monohull record of 6 days 19 hours 4 minutes and 11 seconds set in 2005 by Hasso Plattner's Morning Glory. The Alfa Romeo will compete in a new "Unlimited" Division. Crichton explains, "Given the right winds, I firmly believe the race record is achievable, something we could only dream about in 1979."

"The Transpac is one of the oldest American yacht races and was born from the dream of the Hawaiian monarch, King Kalakaua"

After reading about this years race and visiting the Transpac website I am curious to know if the Alfa Romeo sets a new Transpac record. And of course how Kathleen does.

One of the more compelling stories of the 2009 Transpac is that it features the "fastest yacht in the world" the 100-foot Reichel Pugh designed maxi yacht "Alfa Romeo". Skippered by Neville Crichton and an all star cast of uber-





Melekai's Voyage to Oahu — by Robert Garry

For the second year in a row, members of Na Hoa Holomoku have joined with me in an interisland sailing adventure on my sloop Melekai. On Saturday May 16th, the winds were light and favorable and Jeannie Merkel, Gulley Brown and I left the mooring and began our sailing journey by heading north along the Hamakua coastline. Our plan was to cross the Alenuihaha channel and sail to Lahaina by way of a night anchored at Makena beach and the next morning a short visit for snorkeling at Molokini. Although we did not know it then, this was not what was to happen.

After a calm night at sea I sit on Melekia's bow enjoying a sun-filled morning. Jeannie is finding the puffs of wind at the helm. To port are the misty rock-faces of the valleys, Waipio and Waimanu, a light breeze carries the notes of classical guitar up from the cabin – very peaceful. The winds are from the South and we are in the wind shadow as we ghost along to Upolu point. When we finally got to the Alenuihaha channel the winds died completely. Imagine the Alenuihaha with no waves or wind! So we motored out into the channel with hopes of finding some wind. We did, but it was from the Southwest and building. When it hit 15 to 20 knots I decided to

sail to Hana instead of beating our way to La Perouse Bay.

We got to the Kukui Head light at midnight. The winds had switched to the Northwest and were building. After talking it over with Gulley I decided to motor in to Hana Harbor. This was only possible with Gulley on the bow and with my GPS nav system in the cockpit. With the Nav system I was able to hit the channel bearing and motor through the dark night and into the harbor. The winds died away and we set anchors bow and stern in a very still harbor.

The next morning the harbor was filled with rainbows! We rented a car and did some sight seeing. Gulley needed to return to the big island so we dropped him off in Kahalui. During our stay in Hana, the locals said that they could hardly recall a time when the harbor was so calm.

After a good night's sleep we headed down the coast towards Kahalui. The winds dropped and were on our nose, so we motor sailed until night. We spent the night ghosting along outside of Kahalui under the most incredible canopy of stars, meteors and airplane lights. On her watch Jeannie sailed by a star, while I sailed to the Nakalelei Point light. When



Photo: The rainbows of Hana

the sun rose we saw the beautiful cliffs of Northwest Maui and of East Molokai.

We sat in the Pailolo channel without a bit of breeze. Again we fired up Honey, as I now called our Honda 8, and we motored into Honolua Bay, anchored, and even though I was dead tired I went surfing! Honolua Bay is a marine sanctuary and the snorkeling is great, but so is the surfing.

See Melekai's Voyage page 7



Photo: The anchorage at Honolua Bay

Wants ads

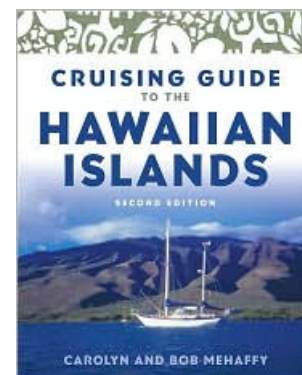
Wanted: Mauricio needs a diesel engine for his double-ended cruiser. He's been looking all over for one that is not too expensive and is the right size for about a 32 foot boat.

For Sale: In his search he has come across Ron Clark in Kona who has a boatyard full of stuff that boat builders might be interested in. Ron's number is 989-5500.

He also explained how much help Ben Alonzo of Keaau Services was in helping move his boat from Hamakua to Volcano. Ben's number is 966-9373. Mauricio suggests you give Ron a call if boat parts are needed and in case you need to move a boat using a crane and flatbed then give Ben a call.

Crew Wanted: I have a 32 ft Erikson in San Diego and want to sail it here. Like someone experienced to sail it or accompany me for the trip. I have limited experience. Would probably happen sometime in August. Thanks. Bob Huber robert.r.huber@hawaiiantel.net

Recommended reading:





Faiaoahe Continued

That evening, the water was quite rough coming out of the marina as a gale had been blowing down the California and Baja coast all week and was dying out. We were actually hoping to get a push from this weather front out farther toward the trade winds but after the second day out and rounding Cabo Falso at the tip of Baja about 100 miles off, we were met by a terrific current that was so powerful it pushed us down to the 20th parallel. It was here that we were faced with a bit of contrary from normal weather and decided to fire up the ever faithful Yanmar. It ran for 2 rattling, throbbing, thundering, upwind, upcurrent days, until the blessed wind slowly, slowly started filling in again, lightly but from the NE when we were expecting Northerly. All was going smoothly if slowly until April 1 when I climbed the companionway into the cockpit, looked over the stern and saw the self-steering rudder trailing along behind us. I am thinking that it is only seven days out and that is going to be a lot of hand steering if we don't do something about this when the worst possible disaster struck. A wave threw the coffee grinder across the galley and smashed it on the nav station! All the way to Hawaii without coffee. The gods must be extremely twisted.

Melekai's Voyage Continued

Onward we went to Lahaina. With a beam reach the whole way, our best winds yet. Jeannie had to return the Big Island and so I was alone. I had to repair a tear in the mainsail, so I took the sail to Freedom Canvas and Sail where Marta sewed up the tear.

Now I had to get to Oahu for my son's swim meet. So I hoisted sail and headed to Lono harbor on Molokai. Still the winds were against me and I hove to outside of Kanakakai Harbor, watching the barges pass by me all night. In the amazing Pastel colors of the early dawn sky and sea, I motored into Lono harbor and began the soap opera of solo anchoring. "Hey you're too close" yelled the fellow in the big catamaran. So I tried again. Bill

Her Point of Sail

Continued

a Scopolamine patch, worn behind the ear for motion sickness.

With the prescribed patch behind my ear for motion sickness and adventure in my heart we left Hilo at midday and headed north in light winds. Mele Ke Kai was finally carrying us further than I had ever sailed--past Papa'ikou! The Scopolamine patches kept me well for the entire journey.

The eastern coast of the Big Island is beautiful and majestic from the sea. We sailed on quite slowly into the night towards Upolu Point. The sky grew darker and the stars grew brighter. The water was as smooth as a piece of dark gray satin and became darker until finally in the wake of our precious little boat I saw them! In the boat's wake were little twinkling points of light. I couldn't believe my eyes. Organisms were transforming the wake into living starlight. The beauty is impossible to describe. It is the kind of beauty that will make you cry when you remember it with your mind's eye. From that moment I knew that sailing would expand my life experiences and open doors to a new visual world. This was my first night on the ocean!

on the 22 ft Bristol the called out, "Hey you're too close!" So I tried again, and actually wasn't going to move again until after I got some sleep. But no sooner did my head hit the pillow than a howling wind came up. I was nervous for my anchor so I sat on the bow on anchor watch with at least one eye open.

Bill joined me for dinner that night. I wanted to celebrate my first solo crossing of a channel and Bill joined me for the celebration. He had just sailed his 22 ft boat up from Australia. I had a wonderful evening listening to sea stories of Bill's last ten years at sea.

At dawn the next day I raised my anchor and sailed out of Lono bay. The winds were light until I got into the

Skipper Continued

Lavonne - Is it the motion of the boat, is it the color, is it the wind or is it the smell of the sea?

(Petrel is heeled over) Look, she has a sweet spot where she loves to be.

I have to admit that sometimes I come out at night and spend the night on my boat. I don't have the courage yet to sail by myself, but now that I know I can use the outboard, I think I am about ready to sail solo. It was just to sail off of the mooring, with all the other boats around, that made me nervous.

Na Hoa Holomoku - (We tack and Lavonne holds her head high in the wind) You have a very satisfied look about you.

Lavonne - This feeling... Ah! This feeling right here is heaven on earth.



Photo: I hope he knows the Rules!!!

Kaiwi channel and then they came from the East. Trades at last! I made it past the Diamond Head buoy and over to the Ala Wai harbor just as the beer bottle racers came charging out of the harbor for Friday evening races. I thought that they might run me down. They just laughed as they flew by. I made a beautiful landing at the fuel dock where some cruisers helped me to tie into an empty slip Tahiti style. When the Friday night fireworks went off, they said it all.



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The Voyager
Kawika Thomas
2009 Oil on Canvas

Scuttlebutt—A message from Leslie Scott



Photo: The motorsailer Kwai

Come and visit Leslie at:
<http://www.svkwai.com/index.html>

On the website you will find photos of Leslie, and the vessel Kwai, read about her trip to the Cook Islands and more.

Aloha all,

This is hello and good bye. Thank you all for your good thoughts for the Scott's. I would have loved to stay for your pot luck and face all of you, but I must set sail again I guess the sea fever got to me and was asked to cook on a boat going south to the cook islands, so I will have to save our story for another time. I will tell you that a 40' swell 9 days of gale, one white squal for 12 hours and 38 days at sea is much better then one day on land. I am thankful that I get to live my dream. Hope to see you all soon one day out there.

Aloha Leslie