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Serving the Hilo Boating Community Since 2000

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Tsunami !!!



Photo: SV Biscayne Bay in Pago Pago Bay after the Tsunami

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The following excerpts describe the tsunami that hit Pago Pago harbor. They are taken from Skipper Wayne's Weblog *Living & Learning Aboard the Good Ship Learnativity*. (See <http://learnativity.typepad.com/>)

Tues. Sept. 29, 2009

I am up as usual about 6:30 and getting ready to go for my morning shower up on the deck when I became aware of a low frequency thrumming that I could both hear and feel. This continued

and my first thought was that there was a large freighter or other ship nearby and I was simply feeling the effects of its large propellers churning the water. Stepping up into the cockpit to look around there was nothing in sight and it was otherwise the start of another day in paradise with the verdant hills surround Pago Pago Harbor rising up steeply all around me and piercing the few clouds in an otherwise brilliant blue sky. The calm harbor waters stretched out as Learnativity tugged gently on her dock

lines securing us to the large concrete wharf where we have been docked in about 15' of water since arriving on Friday afternoon and joined about six other sailboats and cruisers from Australia, USA and Canada.

But what IS that vibration?? It is about 06:50 as I step off the boat onto the concrete dock to see if it was perhaps just on Learnativity or the water?

See Tsunami Page 6

Sailday, Sept. 20th, 2009 Photos



September 2009 Club Photos
Makani Kai: The UHH Sailing Club



Miscellaneous Photos



John Myles - Skipper in the Spotlight

From a conversation with Delia Myles

Na Hoa Holomoku - Delia, how did you meet John?

Delia - He was a dive boat captain, and he was diving with tourists for his living. That is how he knew all the dive spots.

I was learning how to dive and he was at the dive shop. He asked me, "What can I do for you?" I told him I wanted some dive gear and he said, "You cannot find the gear here, you are much too small."

Then he asked me, "Do you want to dive?" I said, "Not really, I just want something to do." John said, "I can teach you how to dive." "How much?" He smiled and said, "Just lunch." We became friends; that is how we became very close.

Na Hoa Holomoku - John had a captain's license?

Delia - He has a captain's license from New York and he kept it when he moved to Hawaii.

Na Hoa Holomoku - When did he start sailing?

Delia - He had a boat in New York, a monohull. I think in New York he was already sailing.

Na Hoa Holomoku - Did he have a

Photo: Makani Kai



sailboat when you met him?

Delia - He had a catamaran in Kona. When we met he told me, "I have a boat in the ocean." "One time he sailed it to South Point; he nearly floated away because the weather was not cooperating. And he had no motor. "I was almost out of water." After seven days the wind came up and he could sail and he made it! That man was so adventuresome.

Na Hoa Holomoku - When did you first go sailing?

Delia - We met in 2001. We went sailing right away. We started sailing to dive spots. He taught me to snorkel. We dove from the boat. Diving with him, chasing the turtles, enjoying the different colors of the reef, I even saw a baby octopus! It was such a different life than I ever imagined I would experience in my lifetime. When we were diving he was always watching me, never more than an arms length away, making sure everything was ok. We sailed to dive spots all along the Kona coast, Kealakekua bay by Cook's monument, Crystal cove, Hapuna cove, Kawaihae.

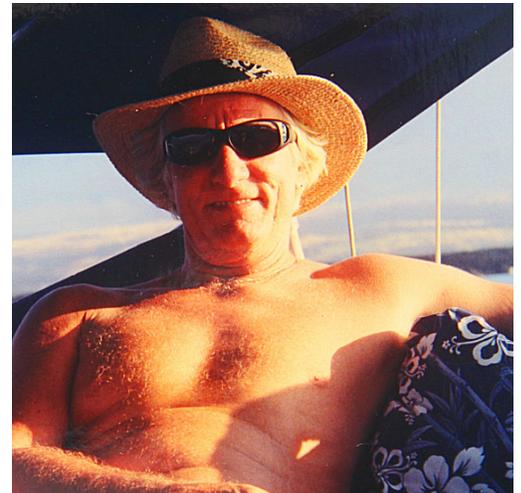


Photo: Skipper John Myles

I said, "You are so good, I thoroughly did not realize that you know what you are doing" He just smiled a big smile, "I am a sailor"

Na Hoa Holomoku - Did you learn to sail?

Delia - (Laughs) "Me? I helped him; I got the boat hook. He did everything, I just sit down and eat grapes."

Na Hoa Holomoku - When did he get Makani Kai?

Delia - His catamaran was run over by another boat and was quite damaged, then he got the Makani Kai. One day I caught him down in Makani Kai, so content. Now we would go on Makani Kai to places for diving. We even attempted to get a mooring by the airport to watch the manta rays. When we sailed there they were all around the boat, very close, almost loko dancing in the water.

Na Hoa Holomoku - Did you ever take a longer trip on Makani Kai?

Delia - Sailing from Kona to Reed's Bay. John said, Tomorrow is the right time to go." And he was right. He was a sailor, a very good sailor.

See Skipper page 8

DLNR Nonsense: \$300,000 dollars insurance for what?



Below is a copy of the notice sent to boaters from the DNLN:

**ATTENTION BOATERS—
EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 1, 2009,
ALL VESSELS MOORED IN DLNR
FACILITIES, INCLUDING HAR-
BORS AND OFFSHORE MOOR-
INGS, WILL BE REQUIRED TO
CARRY INSURANCE.**

Vessel owners will be required to show proof of insurance (a policy, policy declaration page or insurance card) when applying or reapplying for mooring permits. Acceptable coverage would include a minimum of \$300,000 in boat liability insurance (protection and indemnity) that names the State of Hawaii, Division of Boating and Ocean Recreation as “additional insured.”

Additional details on the insurance requirements are posted at: www.hawaii.gov/dlnr/dbor/lettertoboaters.htm.

FAILURE TO SECURE INSURANCE FOR VESSELS MAY RESULT IN DENIAL OF MOORING PERMITS AND EVICTION.

After listening to the opinions of members of Na Hoa Holomoku the consensus seems to be that a requirement for some kind of boat insurance is not unreasonable, however as stated the request is flawed and unreasonable. The most glaring flaw is to require all boats to carry \$300,000 of insurance regardless of size; a 14 foot West White Potter with only a kicker engine would need the same amount of insurance as a 190 foot tri-deck motor yacht. What is the reason for demanding insurance? Read about the economic toll that the state incurs for abandoned vessels. Is this the penalty for DLNR mismanagement?

DLNR to Raise Mooring Fees

The following are excerpts from the DLNR Recreational Renaissance “Plan B”
Back to Basics

Last year DLNR proposed a Recreational Renaissance: over five years the Department would issue bonds and build \$240 million in capital improvement facilities that are beyond repair in our State parks, small boat harbors, hiking trails, boat ramps, and piers. The bonds would be paid with new non-taxpayer revenue—mostly from urban leases and smaller amounts from tourist fees at parks and modest boating fees.

\$4 million for Ocean Recreational and Boating from increases to mooring fees, leases on harbor lands, and new and existing urban land leases/rent.

The Boating and Ocean Recreation Program is proposing to increase the mooring

rate in each harbor by \$3.47/foot over a five (5) year period. The revenue gained will help to balance the expenditures providing the statewide small boat harbors program revenue to cover the majority of their operational costs. This will allow DLNR to utilize more funds to support increased ocean recreation and harbor repair and maintenance.

Our State recreational places continue to fall into disrepair and are in shameful condition. Our State land- and ocean-based recreational facilities are in dire need of tender loving care.

How will these increases affect Na Hoa Holomoku?

The sentiment of local boat owners is that since over the past twenty years no State monies have been spent on improving the

moorings or facilities at Reed’s Bay why should we expect an increase in fees to improve conditions in the near future?

So, should we continue to pay for our moorings at an increasing rate while without any improvements to Reed’s Bay?

How will increases in fees affect our fleet? Without an easily accessible boat-ramp that will accommodate sailboats, we will most likely have to reduce our moored boats or have to pay the large increase on our already thin budget.

Next month DLNR is scheduling public hearings to answer further questions about the Recreational Renaissance and we will report the outcomes of these hearings.

Tsunami!!! Cont from page 1

No, it continued and was intensifying if anything.

A few of my fellow cruisers... have been awakened and are crawling sleepily out of their beds and joining me on the concrete wharf. The mood is typically easy and friendly as we say quietly say good morning, compare notes and discuss just what's going on. The thrumming continues through most of this and I'd estimate at least 3 minutes in total. We agree it must have been an earthquake and Gary, an Australian from Freemantle on his 52' Irwin "Biscayne Bay" with wife Lisa, son Jake and Canadian crewmember Chris, joins us and tells that he has just checked it out online and found reports filed under "[latest earthquake](#)" of an underwater eruption about 20 minutes ago 130 nm south of us

We continued to casually chat and discuss how unique the characteristics were. None of us had ever experienced an undersea eruption or other such disturbances on our boats and we just left it at that as we dispersed back to our boats for breakfast and one person casually joked that we should just watch for any big wave we see. No such wave ever materialized, it was much worse.

Just as I was about to step back onto my boat it started to drop. Huh? Before I could even comprehend what was happening it then started to rapidly lean sideways as the dock lines strain and screech, tightening more and more as they take on the full weight of my very heavy steel home. My instincts scream GET ON THE BOAT! I jump aboard and grab onto the rigging as she continues to lean more and more and more. THUD! Holy #^%& we are hard over on our side and WHAT the? the bottom of the bay is staring back at me as I dangle by one hand from the rigging. My mind is cycling through every possible explanation, trying to come to

terms with all the inputs and amongst the cacophony of sights and sounds as boats smash around me, deck lines snap, rigging strains. These sounds are overlaid and an ominous and enormous rushing and sucking sound as the water all around my boat suddenly drains away!

Interesting how we all react differently. Back aboard Biscayne Bay, Gary and family have been below making breakfast, when they notice the concrete dock rushing up past their porthole windows as if they were in an elevator shaft. Their boat is in much deeper water around the corner from where I Learnativity is docked, so they are going straight down, lines straining, fiberglass crunching and that ever present surreal sucking sound all around. Gary's reaction, understandably is to GET OUT! and so they all dash up into the cockpit and scramble up the vertical wall of concrete and rubber tires as Gary pushes and shoves each of them up onto the top of the concrete wharf.

The sucking sound stops. There is a moment of seeming silence that you'd think would be comforting but you'd be wrong. It's ominous. And then a new set of sounds begin. The volume with a ferocious velocity. Faster than it has left, all that water is now coming back! All the problems reverse. Learnativity rights itself and is now rocketing skyward. I grab my always-on-my-belt knife and dash down the port side from bow to stern slashing all the dock lines. Scramble back into the cockpit, start the engine, simultaneously shove both control levers ahead, putting the transmission into forward gear and the throttle lever on full. All six cylinders pick up speed as the revs cling, the turbine whines, the prop bites hard into the swirling water below and Learnativity starts to pull away from the wharf. What wharf? It's GONE!

The water rushing back into the bay doesn't stop at it's previous level, it continues to go up and up and up the sides

of the wharf. It floods over the top and keeps going. The speed and force of the current created by millions of gallons of water flooding into the harbor is unbelievable water and is doing its best to push Learnativity backwards into the dock and marina as I put my faith into the power of diesel fuel and take a minute to look back and see if I'm going forward or backwards.

I glance along where I know the edge of the dock to have been and watch as one other boat with a great young crew of five from California have jumped aboard even quicker than I and are motoring quickly away. No wait, on the other matching lamp post down the dock I spot one of their female crewmembers who got caught ashore now clinging to this lamp pole. Other sailboats, including Biscayne Bay have now ripped free of their tethers and I watch as they turn with the continuously rising current and crash into each other, taking the other boats in their path like falling dominos.

As my eyes continue to travel further down the dock, I watch in horror as one cruiser is on the dock trying to untie his lines and is swept off his feet by the torrent of water. His wife is aboard and manages to control the boat as it comes free but I can't see any sign of her husband in all the flotsam and jetsam churning in the water.

Worse than just the water though, almost everything imaginable has been picked up by this flood of water, torn lose from anything silly enough to try to hold them down and is now looking to smash into anything and everything in its erratic path.

For the rest of this amazing tale go to:

<http://learnativity.typepad.com/>

And read *Doing the Tsunami Tango*.

Her Point of Sail: Lynn Nakkim



Photo: Lynn on her return from a daysail

Before I was a sailor, I was a sailing columnist. I won a **Latitude 38** writing contest, and got hired by them to write a monthly cruising column that I called Hawaiian Eye. The essay that won the contest was a 500 word pitch for buying a bluewater yacht instead of continuing a sad life as an urban commuter. I pitched the prospect of tranquil blue lagoons in Raiatea or interisland passages in Fiji, or island hopping through history in the Aegean Sea instead of wasting away behind a desk and a steering wheel until one no longer had the power to lift a mainsail.

At the time, I had a few hours experience at the helm of a friends boat, and absolutely no knowledge of the principals of sailing, but with my son safely off to college I was thinking of crewing my way to Tahiti and beyond.

But twenty years later, I find I never did that trip, and though I still think it would be fun to cruise interisland in the South Seas, I'll take the cross ocean passage in a comfortable seat with time for a couple of Mai Tais, thank you, and stick closer to shore

while sailing. That I sail at all is a surprise, considering my second sail of my life was so eventful. Friends took me on a little 14 footer in San Francisco Bay on a stormy day and as we heeled way over in the gale my college roomie Annie said not to worry, that was just the natural position of the boat in high winds. We sailed out from Belvedere and we were cruising alongside Angel island when whoops---a stay snapped, and the boat tipped far enough to dump the skipper into the bay. Three of us managed to right the boat, and haul him back in, but the boat was crippled, the motor couldn't reach far enough into the water to "catch" and we had to land at someone's private pier in Tiburon and call the coast guard.

A decade later--having moved three times, I was back living in the SF Bay Area and friends with a 36 footer let me take the tiller sometimes on sunny daysails around the bay. A visit home to Hawaii turned into a more permanent move, partly because I was suddenly determined to catch a ride on a yacht to head down to Tahiti and the Marquesas, and I could tell from the bulletin boards that Ala Wai was a clearing house for connecting skippers and crew. Before renting an apartment,

I walked the flexible docks at Ala Wai Yacht harbor, in Honolulu, and tried to find a boat for rent to live on. But I learned that was against the harbor rules, only boat owners could live aboard. Next best thing? I took advantage of a reduced membership offer at Waikiki Yacht Club, and joined. Then I walked around the WYC docks and put a note on 4 different Cal -20's, offering to buy a half interest in the boat to avoid the 5 year waiting list for a slip--public or private--at Ala Wai. Shazam, I got a hit right away from a nice accountant who owned the nicest boat---a 20 year old early Cal 20 made with much thicker fiberglass than most. Paid \$2500 for my half interest and at the Cal 20 fleet meeting at WYC I got elected Race Captain "because it was my turn". though I had never raced in my life! I signed up for the kiddie sailing class at Kaneohe Yacht Club, three weeks of 5 hours a day, 5 days a week, mostly on 12 foot Widgins in blustery Kaneohe Bay. I was three times as old as the average student, but since Widgins have jibs and mains, I learned a lot. Heavy winds gave us lots of capsizing experience, even the dreaded "turtles". We had a written exam and a water balloon war on Graduation Day, and I returned to my Cal 20 ready to race. And race I did, which explains, I guess, why I never did head off to Tahiti or Samoa as crew on a big yacht, though I soon met several skippers looking for crew. Those years in Waikiki I got to crew on big yachts on Friday nights, in the weekly "Beer can" races. We greeted the winners and first finishers in the TransPac race from Zodiacs or small boats, and from WYC I was able to catch inter-island crew slots sailing upwind to Molokai and Maui. A couple years later I got to crew in the Maui to Oahu race on Geronius, which was really fun. And then there was the three day "Around Oahu" race, where we would race one leg to Kaneohe Yacht Club, then another

See Her point of sail Page 8



Her point of Sail from page 7

LOOOOOONG leg to Pokai Bay on the Waianae Coast, and then a run home to Waikiki. One year I crewed On Gerontius, another on a NZ cruiser.

I moved myself to Hawaii Island in 1987, and put my name on the list for a slip at Kawaihae, but before it came up three years later my partner needed to sell the Cal 20, so we did. And I didn't sail at all until (Hooray!) I found the fledgling Hilo Sailing Club and joined up, in 2002, and have been a frequent flyer Sunday sailor ever since.

Sailing is important to me, but I discovered back in 1987 that kayaks will get you into the nooks and crannies of the tropical coastline better than an expensive and fragile yacht. I think if I were to write another essay today, it would recommend packing an inflatable kayak on a trip to Raiatea or Kauai to really explore the island. It is a new point of view, a new point of Sail, I guess. It is the same principal I suppose of preferring the close-up photos in an old album, the ones where you can really see the detail. And I have been known to jerry rig a sail on my kayak with a jacket and two paddles to make the Hookena to Honomalo run go faster.

Let me know when you are looking for crew to explore Pohnpe or Sardinia though, I might find a horse-sitter for the ranch and head out with you. Sailing adventure is still appealing.

Skipper from page 4

Delia - We stayed over night on the boat at our mooring off shore from the King Kamehameha Hotel. The lights of Kona were all around on top of the hills and mountain you can see them. We woke up at sunrise with so many dolphins around us. Oh, I had such a beautiful life with him. I was not an ocean person. The day was beautiful and the ocean was so calm. We put up the sails. There were so many turtles close by. John said, "The turtles are your aumakua, they always appear when you are on the boat."

By the airport is the manta ray place. We were sailing about 5-6 Kts. He would ask me, "Honey, how fast are we going?" I would guess, "About 5 Kts." He would say, "You are getting pretty good." We put on the autopilot and sat down together enjoying the sailing. We had our food on the boat; bread and cheese, lunch meats and a lot of fruits and coffee. We had no anxiety about anything. We felt completely connected to the environment as if the world was embracing us all the time."

By the airport the manta rays were all over around the boat. Very close, almost like dancing in the water.

As we sailed past Kawaihae I was getting worried. "Honey isn't this the place called the channel? It can turn very rough!" He was just his usual self; he just smiled and said, "We are ok." As we turned the boat into the Alenuihaha channel, surely

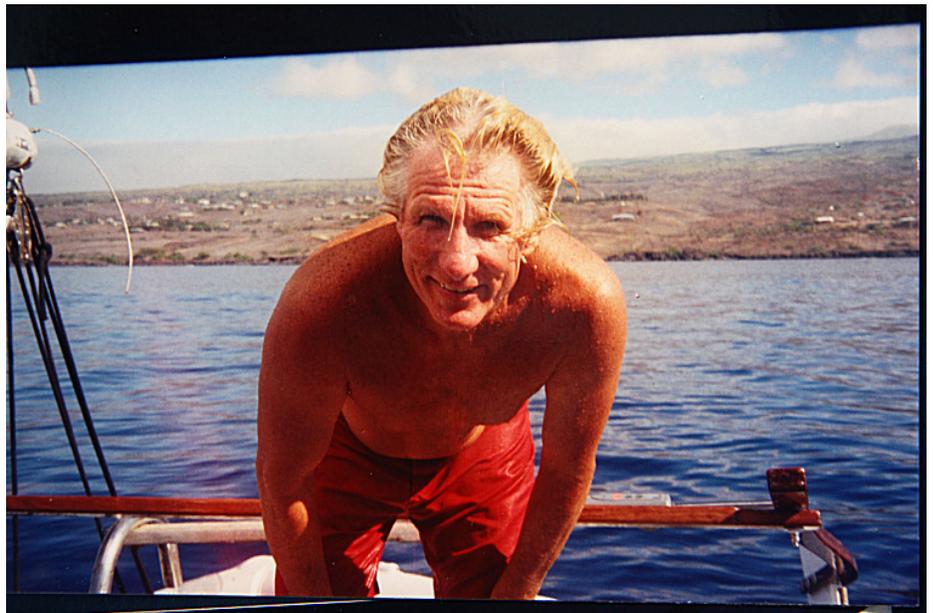
enough, dolphins appeared. There were hundreds of dolphins and John said to me, "Honey they are saying goodbye to you."

The channel was so calm and pleasant I never knew that there was a channel. He mapped the weather, "It is a good day to go." It was. I said, "You are so good, I thoroughly did not realize you know what you are doing." He just smiled a big smile, "I am a sailor."

It took us 22 hours of sailing. The seas were very calm. At night the wind stopped. We motored from Lapohoe under the full moon. I told him, "Go and get some sleep, I will watch the boat" We were on autopilot. The moon was the shade of silver on the water.; silver round rings in the water. John was sleeping and there was something so mystical about the moment. I didn't realize that I fell asleep. I woke up and I saw John quietly looking at me. He smiled and said, "You slept."

As dawn approached we were so excited to see the distance lights of Hilo harbor. "Honey we are close to the land. You can see the lights." We made coffee, we had some fruit, grapes bananas and coffee. We finally arrived at Reeds Bay at 8 am and tied to the mooring. We used our dinghy and went to the car and drove home.

In memory of John Myles.



Asylum Update: David in the Solomons



Satellite Image: Nendo Island

He's Alive!

What a trip, kind of like the three hour tour. I left Majuro and had calms, currents, squalls, electric storms, doldrums a few nice days of trades and then after two weeks I was 60 miles from my first stop at Vanalava and ran into a full on gale 45 to 55 mile winds right on the nose. I spent a full week fighting to not be blown any further away but after 7 days I was now 120 miles from Vanalava. I kept thinking that it could

not last but it did. So I gave up and took a new course for the Santa Cruz Islands, They are the Southern most part of the Solomon's. The Main Island is Nendo and it's main port is Graciosa Bay. I am the only yacht here. It is a very deep water bay witch makes it very hard to anchor in. Ok, I'm in, the dug out canoes full of kids and just curious adults come out to greet me. The adults all have red stained teeth from chewing beetsnut. I'm anchored at the far end of the Bay where there fresh water stream runs into it. Most of the people live in 13 villages between where I anchored and the Government area where I am writing you from. It is 2 1/2 mile walk each way so I will not be walking it every day. The people

are all very friendly, the road is lined with there grass houses and it all looks like it was landscaped by my friend Jeff Syfried. There is no bank but they do have one ATM thank goodness. The reason for no bank is that there is very little to buy. The people want to trade for all there fruit and fish, Now I'm glad I brought all this junk with me. There is a fuel depot and that is why I am glad of the ATM as I used about 40 gassons of diesel during my trip. I will write more later but for now I will share with you that at times in the worst of the storm I had to assure my self that you all really did know that I meant it when I said I love you.

Love, David

Fall Sailing 201 Classes



Photo: Mac Cooper teaching a sailing 201 class

Are you interested in skipping the big boats? or simply learning more about sailing? Na Hoa Holomoku is offering our Sailing 201 classes starting this month on Friday nights at 6:00 pm. Classes are held in UCB 103 at the University of Hawaii-Hilo. For more information call Commodore Paul: 987- 2084



**Na Hoa Holomoku of Hawaii
Yacht Club
P.O. Box 1661
Kea'au HI 96749**



Baywatch: SU Dark Star

The custom made ferro-cement cutter rig Dark Star has joined our sailing community this month. She was sailed down from Alaska and found a temporary home on Mauricio's mooring ball in Reed's Bay. She measures 42' from the bowsprit, 35' on-deck and a 12' beam. With her center-cockpit, jaunty rails and wood framed master cabin ports, she looks a lot like a pirate ship! Mauricio is selling her. Interested?

Just found out – Sold



Photo: Mauricio and Paola sailing Dark Star