



The clouds have not yet reached Mauna Kea at 7 a.m. but the Ella canoe was underway. —H Photo by Hal Glazer

Hilo To Laupahoehoe

By HAL GLAZER

When the first light of the sun peeked through the heavy clouds on the eastern horizon, the crew of the Ella Expedition were already finishing their breakfast. The shoulders of Mauna Kea reflected bright pink, as if they had been burned by yesterday's sun.

After a day of rest in Hilo,

We caught up with the canoe at the edge of the breakwater. The crew was ready, a long, sleek, 40-foot canoe hugged the harbor, but the wind had not yet begun.

Several of the Ella members mechanically reloaded and reattached pins at the open sea began to swell and settle, and settle with near-ethereal regularity.

Waiuku Mill, Honolulu Bridge and Popoia Bay glided past the long boat. Paddlers dug in their heels, rowed blades and the canoe parted smoothly along at about five knots.

Every 20 minutes or so, Vic would swing near the canoe and exchange paddlers and exclaimers. A rubber raft, towed behind Vic, served as a ferry, though most of the crew preferred to swim. After three exchanges, Papeete Point was off the port side and the wind had arrived.

With the sail full, the canoe's speed leaped up to seven or eight knots. Vic—no longer content to sail their canoe around the paddlers—got up on his knees, making long arcs seaward.

Jimmy Song, set out three thrilling lines with ribbon-fishing lines. Every line of a few fish was spotted, Vic followed them, hoping to catch a few of the fish on which they were feeding.

Between Papeete and Laupahoehoe there are waterfalls and gardens. Ella Jourd claims that he saw "some 50" waterfalls. Rain has been light this summer, but many of the falls were full, spilling plumes of white water over the cliffs. The longer paddles were sometimes blown and twisted by the wind, making them seem like porpoises.

The canoe, about 30 feet long, is an ordinary Waikiki sailing canoe, slightly modified with extra flotation devices and a sail. A maula (a wooden log) was low, seven of the ones arranged

themselves along her length, and—as the pain faded from the rowers—they set off.

The rest of the plant into the water, bags and bungees were across on the padded seats. A tiny group of the paddlers relatives waved from shore and cheered their canoes as Vic led the crew back and headed at sea the bay.

The swell carried no whitening, but the wind grew steadily stronger. At Popoia, when the canoe's team

Every now and then, the rail would dip under the water, or spray would splash over, and it was necessary to raise our

gently guided the canoe into the protected range.

The rest of the party followed on the rubber raft. Vic anchored off the seaward side of the point. On the shore, State Rep. Joe Garcia was already shaking hands with the Ella members and paddlers and offering beer, pipe kaula and hula-maria. Portuguese men.

Griffin Morse had just arrived from Hilo with the group's knapsacks and gear, and trailer-campers tents. There were lots of chicken-kahaka dinner party prepared for that night.

I asked Bob Krauss, official journalist for the expedition, about the hazardous treatment and circumstances they were constantly being treated, and which they accepted graciously.

"That's not an endorsement," he explained. "Ella's own trip wasn't what you might call full of hardship. They hired fresh crews of canoes and porters wherever they went. They were invited to practice and party wherever they went, and they were hailed by the all over the island, and never had to carry their own food."

"We're just following their route, and—in modern terminology, the same way in the same way."

We paddled long enough to give administrators and establish our direction, then shipped our paddles and rode the wind and waves. Traditions from the northwest kept us head in a broad reach, about a right angle to the wind, and once a while the stern would catch a swell and ride it like a surfboard. When that happened, the sea at the bow would get a double as the front end of the canoe slung into the wave ahead of us.

With one man hiked out on other side, the canoe was balanced, but Tommy ditched his steering paddle from side to side to keep us pointed north, up the coast. The sea quickly dried the splashes of spray, and swayed our stern which were outside the damp spray cover over our legs. There was lots of jokes, including a parody of a popular imported beer commercial ("now, whenever my legs are cold...")

At the mouth of Laupahoehoe Gulch I returned to the west end. Tommy, Doug and the most experienced paddlers landed the canoe from the narrow landing. The wind was very strong, whitewater had appeared, and the beach as rocks of the point grew closer as we drifted toward town in the current. A crowd of friends, relatives and curious visitors gathered on the edge of the boat camp to watch the open's approach.

The landing is completely invisible until you're right on top of it. It is protected by a hook-shaped lava peninsula which creates a miniature channel between the shore and itself. The currents and wind

blow to splash out the water. After we were all secure in our positions, Tommy let the sail out and the canoe began to

I dove into the water and swam to the rail of the canoe. Tommy hit me, in charge of the alert, told me to wait in the water until he had balanced the rest of the crew. The said "Cauterized." The canoe was pointed directly into the wind, making no headway, while Tommy held the outrigger. But and I was moved back one seat. I climbed into the seat between them.

Along the length of the canoe is divided a kayak-like top made of parachute nylon. It contains seven attached bins, with zippers and elastic straps which fit around the waist of the crew. Rough-water racers said it spread the weight of the canoe. It is rough, but use them to keep water out and eliminate the need to bail.

"What! Don't get on board yet," Tommy halts me, maintaining a delicate balance of the canoe.

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Canoe Voyage Made At Swift Pace

The only sailing canoe voyage up the Hamakua Coast in recent memory completed for first time in what seemed like record time.

The crew of the Ella Expedition II left Hilo Bay Thursday at 6:40 a.m. and arrived at Laupahoehoe Point at 11:30—a four- and-a-half-hour run that has probably not been taken by canoe in a hundred years.

Harvesting the 1973 roots of Rev. William Ella was Honolulu Advertiser publisher Thurston Twigg-Smith, Advertiser columnist Bob Krauss, Dr. Charles Judd, James Burt Morgan, Douglas Carr and Tommy Holmes. Paddling the canoe in full-time shifts were John Kanga, Ben Nease, Ed Lancia, Dale Ferguson and Nathaniel Lindsey, of the Prince David Kawamania Canoe Club, of Hilo. The expedition started at Kaha-Kaha on July 18 and will return to Kaha Aug. 18.



Time to change paddlers. Twigg-Smith wins to the escort boat with his hat on.



Approaching Laupahoehoe Point, the wind grew so strong they dropped the sail and paddled to the landing, keeping their balance all the way.



Reaching the canoe at the Laupahoehoe ramp, so drink, relatives and reporters snap their pictures.



Police Chief Ernest Ferguson shares an old Hawaiian medicinal remedy with (left) Twigg-Smith, Holmes, Judd and Morgan. "Grated up this leaf with rock salt and apply it to a boil. Next day it'll draw out the whole infection," he said.



They're off in the early morning calm. Sail slack, they paddled to Popoia Point. Krauss (left) opens a beachside while the expedition members were given to Hilo. It made "Hana-kahiki" or "Burt". They're back that Kahala valley, they will like the Ditch Trail while the escort boat leaves their canoe to Hilo.