

KŪ HOLO MAU
HONORING OUR FATHER, PAPA MAU

A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE DIVISION OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI‘I AT MĀNOA IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT
OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTERS OF ARTS
IN
HAWAIIAN STUDIES

MAY 2013

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Keywords: Kū Holo Mau, Papa Mau, Pius Pailug, Alingano Maisu, voyaging

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No ka‘u kāne,
nā kūpuna, mākua,
a me ku‘u mau keiki aloha...
he mau ‘aukai wa‘a.



Fig. 1: *Alingano Maisu* sailing off Hawai‘i Island beginning the *Kū Holo Mau* voyage.
Photo by Frank Kawe.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This thesis would not have been possible without the incredible support I received from my parents who encouraged me years ago to take my first step upon the deck of Makali'i.

I owe my deepest gratitude to Cap for showing me how to love the canoe; to Kahape'a for teaching me how to sail; to Uncle Chadd and Pomai for believing in me; to Uncle Shorty for reconnecting me to my ancestral memories; and to nā 'aukai o *Makali'i* & *Alingano Maisu* for living the dream.

A special mahalo to Carlos Andrade who encouraged me to write about my experience, and my fabulous committee: April Drexel, Lia Keawe, & Pi'ilani Ka'aloa for empowering me to complete the Masters of Arts in Hawaiian Studies voyage.

'Au i ke kai me he manu ala...

Pualani

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CHAPTER 1
HE MO‘OKŪ‘AUHAU
Our Beginnings



Fig. 2: Sunset at Ko‘a heiau Holomoana during *Kū Hōlo Mau*’s opening ceremony. Photo by author.

Mo‘okū‘auhau, as defined by Lorrin Andrews, is “a story or history or genealogy of the ancestors.”¹ The significance of mo‘okū‘auhau is eminent, especially to those of Native² descent, as it is our mo‘okū‘auhau that proclaims our connection and responsibility to our ‘āina³, or land-base, Hawai‘i. The reciting of one’s genealogy is a

1 Lorrin Andrews, *A Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language* (Waipahu: Island Heritage Publishing, 2003), 399.

2 Haunani-Kay Trask, a Native Hawaiian activist and scholar, capitalizes the word Native as is done here empowering and recognizing the Indigenous people of this land. Haunani-Kay Trask, *From a Native Daughter: Colonialism and Sovereignty in Hawai‘i* (Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1999).

3 ‘Āina literally translated is land. The word is derived from ‘ai, to eat, and in its whole refers to that which nourishes, or feeds, because it is directly from the land that we acquire nourishment, strength and life. Mary

practice of old that continues today.⁴ At the birthing of a child the mo‘okū‘auhau is captured in poetry. Upon the death of a kanaka⁵, it is pronounced in lamentation. In the introduction, presentation, praise, or acknowledgement of an individual, the mo‘okū‘auhau is used as a tool to inform the audience of the lineage and familial ties of the person of focus. Further defining of the term mo‘okū‘auhau and its counterparts lead to a greater understanding of its overall function. Mo‘o has several definitions as do the majority of Hawaiian terms, but amongst these designations there are a few that share a discernible relationship to the complete phrase. Mo‘o is a story, tradition, or legend; it is the succession of a genealogical line, a lineage.⁶ Paired with kū‘auhau, meaning genealogy, pedigree, and of old traditions⁷, mo‘okū‘auhau truly captures the origin, relationship, and beginnings of not just a kanaka but anything that is born into a series of people or events initiated in a specific history. “Mo‘okū‘auhau is a literary introduction to a family lineage. The family line may include humans, elements of nature, sharks, or other forms of life. If important enough in the mythological framework of the social structure, the name is recorded.”⁸ Furthermore, the perspective of mo‘okū‘auhau is twofold: one of physical lineage and another of conceptual (ideological) lineage. While a creation’s content may be traced back to particular plants or places that define its

Kawena Pukui and Samuel H. Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary* (Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1986), 11.

4 The significance of reciting genealogy is expressed in multiple forms. For instance, the *Kumulipo* a creation chant that honors the birth and lineage of Lonoikamakahiki or Kalaninui‘āmalamao firmly connecting him to his Hawaiian universe is still referenced and used today. The collections of nūpepa Hawai‘i (Hawaiian Language Newspapers) are but another source where thousands of kanikau (chants of mourning) highlight the life and death of a particular individual through the recounting of their ancestry, accomplishments, and places of significance. University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa’s Hawaiian Studies program continues to acknowledge the importance of genealogy today through its mandatory course HWST 341 Hawaiian Genealogies which surveys the major chiefly lineages of Hawai‘i.

5 “Human being, man, person, individual, party, mankind, population; subject, as of a chief; laborer, servant, helper; attendant or retainer in a family (often a term of affection or pride).” Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 127.

6 Ibid., 253.

7 Ibid., 171.

8 Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahale, *Ka Honua Ola: Elieli Kau Mai* (Honolulu: Kamehameha Publishing, 2011), 1.

historical ancestry, the initial conception is rooted in its own mo‘okū‘auhau – sometimes separate of the physical pedigree.

Appropriately this account will open with genealogy.⁹ The voyaging canoe *Makali‘i*, though made of fiberglass and non-traditional materials, belongs to a mo‘okū‘auhau that traces her lineage to the matriarch of all modern voyaging canoes in Hawai‘i, *Hōkūle‘a*. Built in 1975, *Hōkūle‘a* intended to prove wrong all theories of drift and accidental settlement of the islands of Moananuiākea^{10, 11}. Often referred to and considered a scientific experiment, *Hōkūle‘a* was designed to the blueprints of a traditional canoe hull, built of contemporary composites, and various parts lashed together by hand. At the culmination of her¹² construction *Hōkūle‘a* was launched on the shores of Kualoa, O‘ahu. An event that humbled and prided our lāhui¹³ as centuries had lapsed since such an occurrence had been witnessed in Hawai‘i. The trial was incomplete without a navigator, and as none could be found or agreeable to participate throughout the pae ‘āina o Hawai‘i¹⁴, the search continued on throughout the erroneously designated “Polynesian Triangle”¹⁵, and then on to include the vast Moananuiākea. The *Polynesian Voyaging Society*, the organization that spearheaded the initial project, worked closely

9 Ibid., 4.

10 One of many Indigenous names that can be used for the commonly referenced “Pacific” ocean; Moananuiākea speaks to the broad, wide, extensive, and full sea that we as Natives of this land honor as a major component of our universe. B. Pualani Lincoln Maielua, “Moanaākea,” *The Space Between: Negotiating Culture, Place, and Identity in the Pacific*, ed. A. Marata Tamaira (Honolulu: Occasional Paper 44, Center for Pacific Island Studies, University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa, 2009), 141-148. Moana can be translated as ocean or open sea, by adding ākea as the suffix it expands the term Moana to mean broad, wide, large, full, and extended, something of great energy that cannot be harnessed, something unpredictable. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 249, 13.

11 Ben R. Finney, *Hōkūle‘a: The Way to Tahiti* (New York: Dodd, Mea & Company, 1979), 10-13.

12 A voyager perspective, that the canoe is your mother and the navigator your father, therefore the female gender is applied to our voyaging canoes, as they take on a motherly role when deep sea voyaging. Pius “Mau” Piailug, group discussion, 2003.

13 Nation, race, tribe, people, nationality; great company of people; species, as of animal or fish, breed; national, racial. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 190.

14 Pae ‘āina is a group of islands, or archipelago. Pae ‘āina o Hawai‘i will be used throughout this document in reference to the Hawaiian Islands. Ibid., 298.

15 Early European exploration in Moananuiākea led to the culturally inappropriate groupings of Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia based on ethnological labels of race and culture designated by explorers of the western world. Lincoln Maielua, “Moanaākea” *The Space Between: Negotiating Culture, Place, and Identity in the Pacific*, 147.

with David Lewis, a resourceful yachtsman recognized for his extensive research on navigation in Moananuiākea. It was Lewis who knew of and approached the traditional navigator Tevake of the Santa Cruz Islands, a small atoll considered a “Polynesian” outlier. Tevake, in his seventies, did not fully decide upon his participation with the project, yet several months after the Society’s request, he bid his family farewell and set sail, never to be seen again.¹⁶ A disadvantage at the time of the original search for a navigator was the ignorance of the organization and several of its leaders, who were defining the voyaging histories of a Native people within the imaginary lines of demarcation, set by European explorers.¹⁷ If the project was truly intended to prove the abilities of a Native seafaring people, the methodologies used to establish the venture should have been that of a Native perspective. Not being able to use Tevake forced the search committee to look beyond the boundaries of “Polynesia.” Though disappointed in the flaw of their experiment, we now benefit from it as we have been reminded that the origins of our kūpuna¹⁸ extend well beyond the inaccurate divisions of Moananuiākea still used today.¹⁹

Fortunately the quest led to Pwo²⁰ Pius “Mau” Piailug, a young master of navigation from the island of Satawal, who agreed to serve as the navigator for *Hōkūle‘a*’s maiden voyage to Tahiti. As the months neared the journey, Papa Mau²¹

16 Finney, *Hōkūle‘a: The Way to Tahiti*, 60.

17 Lincoln Maielua, “Moanaākea” *The Space Between: Negotiating Culture, Place, and Identity in the Pacific*, 141-150.

18 Grandparents, ancestors, or relatives. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 186.

19 In the great words of Epeli Hau‘ofa, “We are the sea, we are the ocean, we must wake up to this ancient truth and together use it to overturn all hegemonic views that aim ultimately to confine us again, physically and psychologically.” Hau‘ofa, Epeli. “Our Sea of Islands”, *The Contemporary Pacific* 6:148-161. (Suva: University of South Pacific, 1993), 160.

20 Pwo is a traditional role of the master navigator on Satawal. “There are two kinds of navigators, the man who only knows how to sail is called Palu, but the man who knows both sailing and magic is called Pwo. To become Pwo you have to be initiated in a special ceremony.” Explained by Pius “Mau” Piailug. *The Navigators: Pathfinders of the Pacific*, DVD, directed by Sam Lowe (1983; Watertown, MA: Documentary Educational Resources, 2005).

21 “When you go to sea, everyone looks up to the navigator. He is responsible for the lives of everyone on his canoe, so he makes all the decisions. The crew are like his children.” Ibid. The traditional relationship of navigator and crewmember did not exist in Hawai‘i for several generations, so when Papa Mau introduced us to the important role of the navigator he was quickly acknowledged and embraced as our

worked closely with the crew, predominately consisting of Kanaka Maoli²² watermen that had committed themselves to the revival of an ancient practice that the hulls of *Hōkūle‘a* would soon house. Amongst the determined men and women who contributed to what is now recognized as the vanguard of the Hawaiian Renaissance was a quiet, humble native of Waimea on the island of Hawai‘i, Milton “Shorty” Bertelmann. From their initial introduction to each other Papa Mau and Shorty’s relationship was grounded in their natural ability to be intimate with the environment that surrounded them. As is the custom of most masters of tradition, Papa Mau saw commitment and longevity in Shorty and immediately invested in his navigational training. Shorty became Papa Mau’s first student of Hawai‘i, whose natural ability was indisputable, as a descendant of ancient voyagers he was simply tapping into his ancestral memory, a vault of way finding experience and knowledge. Shorty’s passion for voyaging grew with every nautical mile he sailed, and eventually began to impact his immediate ‘ohana²³ and community. Soon it was a family affair, as Shorty’s older brother Clayton Bertelmann joined *Hōkūle‘a*’s crew and immediately fell in love with the voyaging canoe. By the mid-1980’s, the brother duo was serving as navigator and captain aboard the vessel that they would fondly refer to as “Māmā” to their future students.

father. Over the years younger crewmembers were privileged with learning from and sailing with him and endearingly called him “Papa.” Throughout the remainder of this text, I will reference Pius “Mau” Piailug appropriately as Papa Mau.

22 “In order to restore our health in all ways we must be clear on our identity— we are not Americans, not American Indians, not even Hawaiians. We are Kanaka Maoli.” Exclaimed by Dr. Kekuni Blaisdell, professor emeritus of medicine, Hawaiian sovereignty activist, 1996. “Petra Voices for Justice: Fellows”, *Petra Foundation*, accessed January 24, 2013, http://www.petrafoundation.org/fellows/Kekuni_Blaisdell/.
 23 Family, relative, kin group; related. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 276.



Fig. 3: “Cap” Clayton Bertelmann, aboard *Makali'i*. Photo courtesy of Keali'i Bertelmann.

The Bertelmann brothers wished to share their voyaging experiences with their communities of Hawai‘i Island, but as the miles and years accrued upon the deck of *Hōkūle‘a*, her commitments throughout the pae ‘āina and specifically to her homeport on O‘ahu limited her ability to travel to the neighbor islands. It was obvious that Moku o Keawe²⁴ would need her own wa‘a kaulua²⁵, and who better to spearhead the project than her most voyage proficient residents. Over their years with *Hōkūle‘a*, Clayton and Shorty encouraged many of their close friends also from Hawai‘i Island to join them as crew on various channel crossings and voyages. Most of these men were Parker Ranch cowboys,

24 “Hawai‘i nui a Keawe. Hawai‘i, great island of Keawe.” A poetic reference to the Island of Hawai‘i honoring the famous chief Keaweikekahiali‘iokamoku. Mary Kawena Pukui, *‘Ōlelo No‘eau: Hawaiian Proverbs and Poetical Sayings* (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1983), #502, 60.

25 Double canoe. Lit., double-spaced canoe. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 375.

as ranching was a family kuleana²⁶ of the Bertelmanns, and a common lifestyle of their small hometown in Waimea. *Hōkūle‘a* crewmembers and leadership nicknamed the extraordinary group the “Cowboy Crew.” Within a few years these distinguished paniolo²⁷ were tasked with several challenging voyages, as they were always able and willing to “cowboy um.”

The protocols engaged to build a voyaging canoe for Hawai‘i Island differed significantly from those utilized in the building of *Hōkūle‘a*. The Bertelmann brothers and their “Cowboy Crew” approached several kūpuna of Hawai‘i Island with their dream of building a voyaging canoe to meet the community's educational and cultural needs. Those kūpuna donned them with the name *Nā Kālai Wa‘a Moku o Hawai‘i*; but in order to use this name they had to become the kālai wa‘a²⁸, they had to carve a canoe in the traditions of old. Their first step was to find a koa²⁹ log. It was around this time period that the *Polynesian Voyaging Society* committed to a second canoe-building project, centered on traditional materials – most importantly wooden hulls. Their search extended into the Native forests of Hawai‘i Island and the “Cowboy Crew” along with other kupa‘āina³⁰ of Moku o Keawe participated in the quest. Tirelessly crews hiked the rugged terrain of Puna, Hilo, Hāmākua, Kohala, Kona, and Ka‘ū. Unfortunately, koa trees large enough to build a voyaging canoe were very rare and those that were discovered were difficult to remove from an intact Native forest.³¹ The Society’s project was forced to look at other options. Graciously, the Tlingit tribe of southeast Alaska gifted Hawai‘i with two spruce trees from Shelikof Island, and after countless hours of labor *Hawai‘iloa* was born.³²

26 Right, privilege, concern, responsibility. *Ibid.*, 179.

27 Cowboy. *Ibid.*, 315.

28 Canoe carver; to build a canoe. *Ibid.*, 121.

29 The largest of native forest trees, *Acacia koa*. *Ibid.*, 156. The preferred wood to build canoes. Beatrice H. Krauss, *Plants in Hawaiian Culture* (Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1993), 48.

30 A well-acquainted Native of the land. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 184 and 11.

31 Pomai Bertelmann, crew discussion, 2010.

32 Ben Finney, *Sailing in the Wake of the Ancestors: Reviving Polynesian Voyaging* (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 2003), 15-19.

In conjunction with the grueling search for koa logs to build *Hawai‘iloa*, the Native forests of Keauhou, Puna were given much attention. One day in particular crewmembers rested for lunch under a familiar koa tree. They gathered in the shade huddled around Papa Mau as do children at the feet of an elder and proceeded to ask Papa where they would find the tree for *Nā Kālai Wa‘a’s* first canoe. He grinned and pointed up at the canopy of koa that nurtured them during every lunch break over the past several months. Soon thereafter, ceremonies were conducted and the tree that comforted the crew in the heat of noon would become *Mauloa*, a traditionally carved outrigger sailing and fishing canoe. The entire process of building *Mauloa* was grounded in ancient tradition and ritual. Prayer and chant were consistently engaged in, stone adzes were created and used in the falling and carving of the tree, and various parts as well as the rope and cordage used in rigging were made in the traditional manner. The male crewmembers dedicated to *Mauloa* were placed under a strict kapu, wore traditional attire, and slept with their tools. The project was carefully guided by Papa Mau and took place at Pu‘uhonua o Hōnaunau, Kona Hema, Hawai‘i.³³ Once completed *Mauloa* was taken to every school on island, where she was rigged and displayed for students to witness the product of a revived traditional practice. Her showcase at Waimea Elementary School was especially unique as *Mauloa* was built and supported by several members of the immediate community. I remember the day I met *Mauloa*, beautifully rigged in the Thelma Parker gymnasium. She was the perfect image of our kūpuna, and little did I know at that time how the birthing of this particular canoe would forever change my life.

Now that *Mauloa* had been traditionally carved from a koa log, the organization *Nā Kālai Wa‘a Moku o Hawai‘i* could officially don their name and move forward to fulfill their task and dream of building a voyaging canoe specifically for Hawai‘i Island. This canoe would have two simple intentions: a vessel to navigate from and a floating classroom. Both purposes were driven by the leader of the organization, “Cap” Clayton Bertelmann, who dreamed of providing his brother and navigator Shorty Bertelmann with an educational tool that embodied a wealth of knowledge to be shared with his community. The hulls of their new voyaging canoe *Makali‘i* awaited them in Ka‘ūpūlehu,

33 Diedre Bertelmann, *Nā Kālai Wa‘a* Teacher Training opening remarks, August 31, 2012.

baking in the heat of the Kona sun. Two hulls originally cast from the canoe mold that created *E Ala*³⁴ were acquired and delivered to the Parker Ranch Quonset hut in Waiemi, Waimea. Within nine months and with the help of thousands of volunteer hands, the uplands of Waimea birthed a voyaging canoe.³⁵ *Makali'i* was trucked down the hill towards Kawaihae, her homeport where she was launched:

As the sun rose over Maunakea, *Makali'i* was lowered into the waters of kai hāwanawana³⁶. As she touched the sea for the first time a light rain fell upon *Makali'i* and all in witness. No one else in Kawaihae felt the rain except for those that stood in silence where she entered [the ocean]. As we looked to the north toward Mahukona and ko'a heiau Holomoana we could see a rainbow beginning to form...we turned toward Kona and saw the other end of the rainbow forming also. We stood in awe as the rainbow joined over *Makali'i* and then entered Kawaihae. Finally, as that rainbow stood over *Makali'i* a second [one] formed above the first...he pi'olualani...the double-rainbow that came to bless *Makali'i* eighteen years ago and has made the journey with *Makali'i* ever since.

- Pwo Chadd Paishon³⁷

Shortly after her launching, *Makali'i* setoff on her maiden voyage to Tahiti, reaching her destined shore in a record amount of days. She had proven many skeptics wrong, especially those in disbelief that a vessel with such sharp hulls could stay afloat.³⁸ In Tahiti, she joined *Hōkūle'a* and *Hawai'iloa* as they continued their voyage *Nā 'Ohana Holomoana*.³⁹ After *Makali'i's* return home to Hawai'i, *Nā Kālai Wa'a* began hosting educational programs based out of Kawaihae. These opportunities were offered to high school students from all over the island who were trained as crewmembers to sail the

34 An inter-island Hawaiian sailing canoe built under the leadership of the *Wai'anae Hawaiian Civic Club* in 1981.

35 Clayton "Cap" Bertelmann, personal conversation, 2002.

36 "Kawaihae i ke kai hāwanawana. Kawaihae of the whispering sea." A poetic reference to the sea of Kawaihae. Pukui, *'Ōlelo No'eau*, #1647, 178.

37 Chadd Paishon, e-mail message to author, February 4, 2013.

38 Chadd Paishon, crew discussion, 2005.

39 *Nā 'Ohana Holo Moana: The Voyaging Families of the Vast Ocean*, 1995, Voyage to Nukuhiva, Marquesas.

voyaging canoe and taught the basics of navigation. Papa Mau was proud of his Hawai'i Island apprentices who perpetuated his gift of knowledge and promised it to the youth of Hawai'i.

In 1999, *Nā Kālai Wa'a* honored their master and father, Papa Mau, by sailing him from Hawai'i to Satawal. It was the first time since our introduction to Papa Mau in the 1970's that a voyaging canoe would sail west to his homeland. It was also the first time for many of Papa Mau's cherished students to visit the place where he studied navigation as a child. *Makali'i* sailed throughout the islands and atolls that Papa Mau had traversed his entire life. A contingency of land crew followed the canoe as well, greeting and exchanging with our fellow brothers and sisters along the journey. Marie Solomon⁴⁰, a kupuna of *Nā Kālai Wa'a* and a descendant of one of the last trained navigators of Holomoana⁴¹, spoke to a crowd of supporters toward the end of the voyage to acknowledge Papa Mau for his incredible gift to Hawai'i:

We could no longer read the signs. We were no longer friends with the stars. This man heard the cry of the culture of this people. We had lost ours and he came and gave back to us the pride, the heritage, and the power. We can now stand tall because of this one man that came and gave us the knowledge that we had lost. Today we stand before you as Hawaiians and we say thank you, mahalo nui loa.

- Kupuna Marie Solomon⁴²

The *E Mau*⁴³ voyage was by far one of the most significant voyages of our modern-day history because it honored the man who solely made it possible for us as a

40 Kupuna Marie Solomon, a kama'āina (native) of Kohala, played a major role as an advising elder in the formation of *Nā Kālai Wa'a*. She descends from a family who once possessed the knowledge of traditional navigation. Her ancestor was trained to become a navigator at the ko'a heiau Holomoana. In his final test he failed, therefore was prohibited to continue his training. Although he did not become a navigator, his family and descendants continue to care for Holomoana. Marie Solomon, talk-story session, 1999. Today *Nā Kālai Wa'a* is guided by members of this family, like Pattiann Solomon, in continuing to access this heiau as a school of navigation. Kupuna Marie was a close friend of Papa Mau they shared a common concern, the perpetuation of culture.

41 Ko'a heiau Holomoana is a navigational place of worship located on the top of a pali (cliff) over looking the sea of Māhukona, Kohala. The word holomoana is defined as seaman, seafarer; to sail on the sea; or sea voyage or cruise. A very appropriate name for a school that prepared navigators for deep sea voyaging. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 78.

42 Speech by Marie Solomon. *Mau Voyager*, DVD, directed by Alan Rosen, (Kamuela, HI: Nā Kālai Wa'a Moku o Hawai'i, 2008).

people to step back in time and experience that which our kūpuna did hundreds of generations ago. But more importantly than celebrating Papa Mau's accomplishments in Hawai'i, *Makali'i's* voyage in 1999 reawakened his own people to the brilliance of their traditions and reminded them to holdfast to their culture and never let it die.⁴⁴

Makali'i would return again from another incredible voyage and dedicate several more years toward the education of her community. It was during this time that I was formally introduced to *Makali'i* and her 'ohana. As a student of Nā Pua No'eau's Kupulau summer session in 1999 along with thirty other participants, I was trained to crew *Makali'i*. It was a foundational step, an opportunity to experience an incredible life-style. For all of us, we would leave with a greater appreciation of our 'ohana, community, and culture, as well as a deep love for *Makali'i*. A very small amount of us would return to the canoe again, and even less would eventually commit a significant portion of our lives to the perpetuation of voyaging skills and traditions. The function of the wa'a kaulua was not limited to the creation and establishment of the individual voyager. In its most organic form, the wa'a kaulua's purpose was for our kūpuna and is for us today to perform as the vessel of transportation from one place to another so that those onboard can positively contribute to their community and the overall success of their society. *Makali'i's* educational programs replicate this very traditional aspect of our migrational past as the students and crew that participate continue to discover their path toward success through their experiences with the canoe, and therefore commit themselves to their immediate community.

At the beginning of the 21st century, *Hōkūle'a's* many descendants were a true reflection of her overwhelming impact upon her community and people. Voyaging organizations and canoes, as well as smaller coastal sailing canoes, and various programs were created and established throughout the pae 'āina honoring the wake of the matriarch of the modern voyaging era. The struggles and successes of the early *Hōkūle'a* years defined the many reasons for creating something new, slightly altered, and with its own designated purpose. As *Hōkūle'a's* 'ohana grew so did the diversity amongst her children

43 *E Mau: Sailing the Master Home, 1999, Voyage to Satawal, Caroline Islands.*

44 Comment by Max Yaramawai. *Mau Voyager*, directed by Alan Rosen.

in many ways contributing to their individual strengths and differences. Papa Mau saw each voyaging canoe and her crews as an extension of his own ‘ohana, and encouraged all of them to work together as he had always taught them. Over the years and thousands of miles sailed, each organization carried out their goals often times sending them in different directions. The *Polynesian Voyaging Society* with *Hōkūle‘a* continues to honor their original mission sailing to every corner and all throughout the “Polynesian Triangle,” Moananuiākea and eventually the world. *Nā Kālai Wa‘a Moku o Hawai‘i* with *Mauloa* and *Makali‘i* dedicates their organization to education and the preservation of our traditional and natural resources. Other organizations, like *Honuakai*⁴⁵ with *Hōkūalaka‘i*⁴⁶, are determined to reestablish the voyaging practice within our ‘Ōlelo Hawai‘i (Hawaiian language). *Iosepa*⁴⁷ of *Brigham Young University* was built with the intent to connect voyaging traditions with their strong faith. New canoes continue to be constructed, and well after three decades since that maiden voyage to Tahiti, *Hōkūle‘a* and Papa Mau could not be more proud of their legacy.

45 The Voyaging and Exploration Science program of *‘Aha Punana Leo*.

46 A deep-sea voyaging canoe originally funded by *‘Aha Punana Leo* and launched in 2004. She shares the same hull mold as *Alingano Maisu*.

47 A double hull inter-island voyaging canoe carved of Fijian dakua logs as a project of the *Brigham Young University* in Lā‘ie, O‘ahu and launched in 2001.

CHAPTER 2
UA HĀNAU 'IA
The Promise of a Canoe



Fig. 4: Papa Mau & Shorty Bertelmann sitting in the men's house on Satawal. Photo by author.

Papa Mau came to Hawai‘i with the intention of leaving behind a legacy for his own people who at the time were not interested in their cultural practices. Satawal’s interdependency upon the traditions of the canoe and the navigator has been vital to their survival. The atoll and adjoining reef systems are too small to provide the necessary resources for its growing population. Therefore, the canoe serves as a vital mode of transportation that the men of the island use to gather and provision for the community's nutritional needs. Traveling from Satawal to islands like West Fayu and back, take several days of which most are navigated without clear sight of land. The purpose is simple: to fish and then return home. The risk always adds an extra layer of adventure and mortality as the navigator’s ability to skillfully master the challenges of weather and the elements of the ocean speak to the success of the voyage. These routes were traditionally traversed by outrigger sailing canoes built of native woods and plant fibers, and held together by sap and lashings secured by the men of the community.

As time elapsed the infiltration of modern technological tools decreased the use of canoes and heightened a dependency on motorboats. It would now only take time for the people of Satawal to forget their traditional practices. In the foresight of the loss, Papa Mau dedicated himself to preserving his ancestral knowledge by endowing it to a people who craved for the traditional art form. We are so fortunate to have been the recipients of his actions, and are forever grateful of his vision and commitment.

Cap realized that his master was aging and had grown extremely worried about the fate of his people of Satawal. So he asked Papa Mau how we, here in Hawai‘i, could help. Papa requested for a Hawaiian voyaging canoe, Cap agreed without hesitation and dedicated the last few years of his life to fulfilling this promise. *‘Aha Pūnana Leo’s Honuakai* program donated the mold for the hulls. Jay Dowsett and the *Friends of Hōkūle‘a and Hawai‘iloa* built the hulls and various parts. Several organizations throughout the pae ‘āina donated time, money, supplies, and equipment toward the completion of the project. It took several years, countless meetings, and a series of sacred ‘awa⁴⁸ ceremonies.

48 The kava (*Piper methysticum*), a shrub 1.2 to 3.5 m tall with green jointed stems and heart-shaped leaves, native to Pacific Islands, the root being the source of a narcotic drink of the same name used in ceremonies (Neal 291), prepared formerly by chewing, later by pounding. The comminuted particles were

During the construction of Papa's canoe, the pioneer and visionary of the project, our leader Cap passed away. He did not live to see his promise through completion, yet Cap's legacy lived on as the work continued. In January of 2004, a memorial was held at the Kawaihae warehouse on Pier 1. Hundreds of people turned out to acknowledge the life and accomplishments of our captain. Encircling the gathering were three canoes: *Hōkūle'a* – holding on to the side of the pier battling the intense winds and waves of that day; *Makali'i* – sitting on the pavement awaiting her annual repairs and maintenance; and *Alingano Maisu* – anticipating assembly of its hulls and parts stacked behind the warehouse. The three canoes that defined Cap's journey as a deep ocean voyager also acknowledged his passing. These three canoes have established many of our experiences as 'aukai *Makali'i* (*Makali'i* voyagers).

Papa Mau lived in Hawai'i throughout the building of *Alingano Maisu*, insuring the delivery of an acceptable canoe. He would travel back and forth to Satawal when necessary, but always returned to Kawaihae to keep a close eye on the project. Along with him came several of his nephews, grandsons, as well as his son Sesarío Sewalur. Over the years, the core crew dedicated to the daily construction of *Alingano Maisu* bonded closely with each other, the canoe, and most significantly Papa Mau – who became the driving force to fulfill the promise originally made by Cap. The project faced many challenges as the years passed. The greatest one of which was funding. The different voyaging organizations in existence contributed where they could, but *Nā Kālai Wa'a* naturally took on the ultimate responsibility of completing the project. Hence, they assumed the largest financial and physical burden. It was compounded by a challenging period of mourning the lost of our captain, and a need to establish new leadership.⁴⁹ In the depths of these obstacles, the 'Ohana *Wa'a* organization was officially created. It included a collaboration amongst every voyaging canoe and organization throughout Hawai'i with the purpose of moving forward together. The completion of *Alingano Maisu* and the planning of her maiden voyage was their first task. Papa Mau's wish for

mixed with water and strained. When drunk to excess it caused drowsiness and, rarely, scaliness of the skin and bloodshot eyes. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 33.

49 Comment by Shorty Bertelmann. *Papa Mau: The Way Finder*, DVD, directed by Nā'ālehu Anthony, (Honolulu, HI: 'Ōiwi Television Network, 2010).

all his students to work together and the canoes to sail as one ‘auwa‘a⁵⁰ was coming to fruition.

Papa Mau’s health was worsening. In his last trip to Hawai‘i, it was evident that he would not be able to sail his canoe home once completed, as his sun was setting quickly. He stayed beside *Alingano Maisu* as long as he could, worried that he may never see the canoe arrive upon the shores of Satawal. Suddenly, his greatest fear became our nightmare and it was possible that Papa Mau would not make it home to Satawal and would die in Hawai‘i waiting for his canoe. Arrangements were made quickly to prepare for his last departure when the doctors had warned us all that his days were numbered. Doubts haunted the project that the canoe would not be completed and delivered to Satawal before his passing. It sent the leaders, builders, and volunteers scrambling to finish. When Papa Mau left Hawai‘i for that last time, he was significantly aged. It had been thirty years since he had committed the latter part of his life to the nurturing of a people and practice thousands of miles away from his home.

In January of 2007, *Alingano Maisu* was completed and launched. With the help of *Neil Apana Crane Services* and the *Bertelmann Trucking Company*, *Alingano Maisu* was lifted from the cozy warehouse and gently placed in the calm waters of Kawaihae. As her sharp hulls entered the ocean, a flood of emotions were released by the people upon Pier 1. Those who were there to partake in the launching and witness the birthing of *Alingano Maisu* were quickly reminded of the incredible journey embarked upon to create such a gift: the loss of Cap, the ailment of Papa Mau, the rise of new leadership, and most significantly the strengthening of a community of voyaging canoes and voyagers. Though a departure day was set, the canoe was in need of several structural components and revisions in order to be deemed seaworthy. The crew and community worked from sunrise to midnight, to reinforce the hulls, obtain edible provisions and gear, adjust weight, and prepare for the depths of Kanaloa⁵¹. Like most voyages, the waiting game began and as quickly as dates were set for departure, they were changed.

50 Canoe fleet. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 33.

51 Often used and simply defined as a major god of the sea, Kanaloa more significantly equates to the depths and vastness of the ocean and all things “secure, firm, immovable, established, [and] unconquerable.” Ibid., 127. Kanaloa is also a reference to the many kinolau (physical forms) of the deity, ie: ocean; aquifer water; various winds, currents, celestial beings, and marine life. For the voyager, Kanaloa

Since the maiden voyage of *Hōkūle‘a* in 1976, thousands of nautical miles were sailed amongst the Hawaiian fleet of canoes throughout Moananuiākea. With every mile, a lesson was learned. A process was changed or altered, and the focus and awareness of safety grew. Today, voyages are weighed out appropriately to question if the purpose is greater than the risk. If oppositional, the plans are dismissed or improved to meet the safety standards of the canoe and crew. In 2007, our voyage was planned and adjusted in high regards to every mile previously sailed; we were in the wake of years of learned moments. One of the most influential voyages still to this day occurred in 1978, it was *Hōkūle‘a*'s second attempt to sail to Tahiti. Several factors led to its failure: the canoe was heavily laden and in need of serious repairs; there was no escort vessel assigned to follow the canoe; and the weather was unsuitable.⁵² The public and press were alerted well ahead of time as to the departure date and rallied across the shores anxiously awaiting *Hōkūle‘a*'s departure. Against all safety protocols, the canoe left for Tahiti but never made it. Unfortunately, *Hōkūle‘a* swamped outside of Moloka‘i and eventually capsized. Eddie Aikau a famous and seasoned waterman attempted to paddle to shore for help and was never seen again. Many lessons were learned that day, and the loss of Eddie is still felt by all of those involved.

In 2007, almost thirty years later the devastation of 1978 rang loud and clear in every decision and announcement made. Weather ultimately dictated the timeframe, our families and community members waited patiently as weeks passed the original date. Most importantly Papa Mau anticipated our departure and arrival upon his shores, his health worsening and clock ticking. Finally the time had come, *Alingano Maisu* and *Hōkūle‘a* were readied and provisioned, the crews selected and prepared. We were about to embark upon *Kū Holo Mau*, the maiden voyage of *Alingano Maisu* to Satawal and Yap. For those of us privileged to be aboard the first leg, our ritual had begun.

is the deep consciousness you reach after several days at sea, it is a state of mind and awareness of the universe that you never want to leave. Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahēle, *Papakū Makawalu: Kanaloa*, Keauhou, 2010.

⁵² Kimo Hughō, personal communication, November 1, 2007.

CHAPTER 3
KŪ HOLO MAU
A Voyage to Honor Papa Mau

This chapter is a collection of journal entry sections I wrote during Kū Holo Mau in 2007. They have been edited and transformed into the “past tense” for readability purposes. The perspectives shared in this chapter are reflective of my experience at the time of the voyage. Please reference the glossary of terms placed in the appendix for definitions of the unique terminology and phrases used throughout this section.



Fig. 5: “He pi‘olualani” blesses the voyagers as we walk out to ko‘a heiau Holomoana. Photo by author.

Ua hānau ‘ia, ua hānau ‘ia, ua hānau ‘ia
E ara ha e ta wa‘a taurua, horo atu, horo mai, horo rua tātou, eia ra...a
Pā mai ta matani, uru mai ta matani, uru atu, uru mai
Maisu e ta wa‘a horo Papa i taurua, e mau nā mo‘orero o tātou, eia ra...a⁵³

⁵³ A mele inoa (name song) for *Alingano Maisu*. Composed by Pua Case kumu hula of *Hālau Hula Ke‘alaonāmaupua*, the cultural protocol unit of *Nā Kālai Wa‘a*.

Muku o Makali'i – January 19, 2007



Fig. 6: *Alaka'i* tows *Alingano Maisu* out of Kawaihae Harbor. Photo by author.

Five years ago I sat outside of Makali'i's warehouse in Kawaihae, swinging my feet off the tailgate of Cap's blue truck. "So when's your guys' next voyage?" I asked him, eager to continue our conversation. He looked at me somewhat puzzled, raising one eyebrow and replied, "You mean...when is our next voyage?" I must have turned bright red, he chuckled and said "You coming, right?" I was overwhelmed with excitement. Of course I would love to go but how and when, I still have so much to learn!

Here I stand many miles down that course set years ago, humbled by my alaka'i as I have been selected as one of thirteen crewmembers to deliver Alingano Maisu to Papa Mau in Satawal. I will do my best over the next several anahulu to document this experience so that over the years I will not forget and those who come after me will know about Kū Holo Mau.

We left Kawaihae yesterday evening around 6PM. Before departure, we were told that the canoe was too heavy and that we needed to lighten the load or else Keali'i and Kamo'a'e would have to get off. So we quickly dumped half of our gear out of our coolers and marched it up the dock. Everything went by so fast! Before I knew it, people were coming on board to say goodbye. I thought we were going to have an official departure announcement but I guess it was better to just shove off quickly. My 'ohana, including Mom, Dad, Tūtū, Grandma, Papa and Kawaiola waited patiently on the pier watching us. I could feel my mother's anxiety, afraid that I wouldn't be able to get off the canoe and say goodbye. When I finally did she was already crying, it was hard not to join in with her tears but I had to "make strong" as Papa Mau always told us. Keali'i's 'ohana also made it. I am so happy they were able to see us off! I think they now realize how much of our life *is* the canoe and how much commitment and passion we both have for it. It was a beautiful departure: pū shells blowing, boats encircling us, all of our 'ohana on land waving and chanting. Keali'i and I tended to the towline as we all waited for Uncle Maka to locate his passport. It was a close call – he almost didn't find it, he had left it on *Maisu* while we did the 'aiha'a. Luther pulled us out on *Alaka'i* and a huge whale greeted us in the harbor channel. The sun set as we towed out. Kawaiola and Dad blew the pū then the Maori danced and everyone cheered.

I was scheduled for the twelve to six watch so I needed to rest a little but couldn't really sleep I was too excited. *Kama Hele* double-towed us behind *Hōkūle'a* holding course to her stern light. We greeted the same coast I had sailed the past several summers aboard *Kānehūnāmoku*. This morning the sun rose above Mauna Loa, just after we edged by Okoe. As we greeted the sun with our leo...Hiki Mai Ka Lā...E Ala E, a school of dolphins leaped alongside of us mocking our swift hulls as they gently cut through ke kai mā'oki'oki.

While off of Ka Lae we noticed the sea had already changed. Once out of the lee of Mauna Loa and the pali of Ka'ū we would be i ka moana hohonu!

Hilo o Kā'elo – January 20, 2007

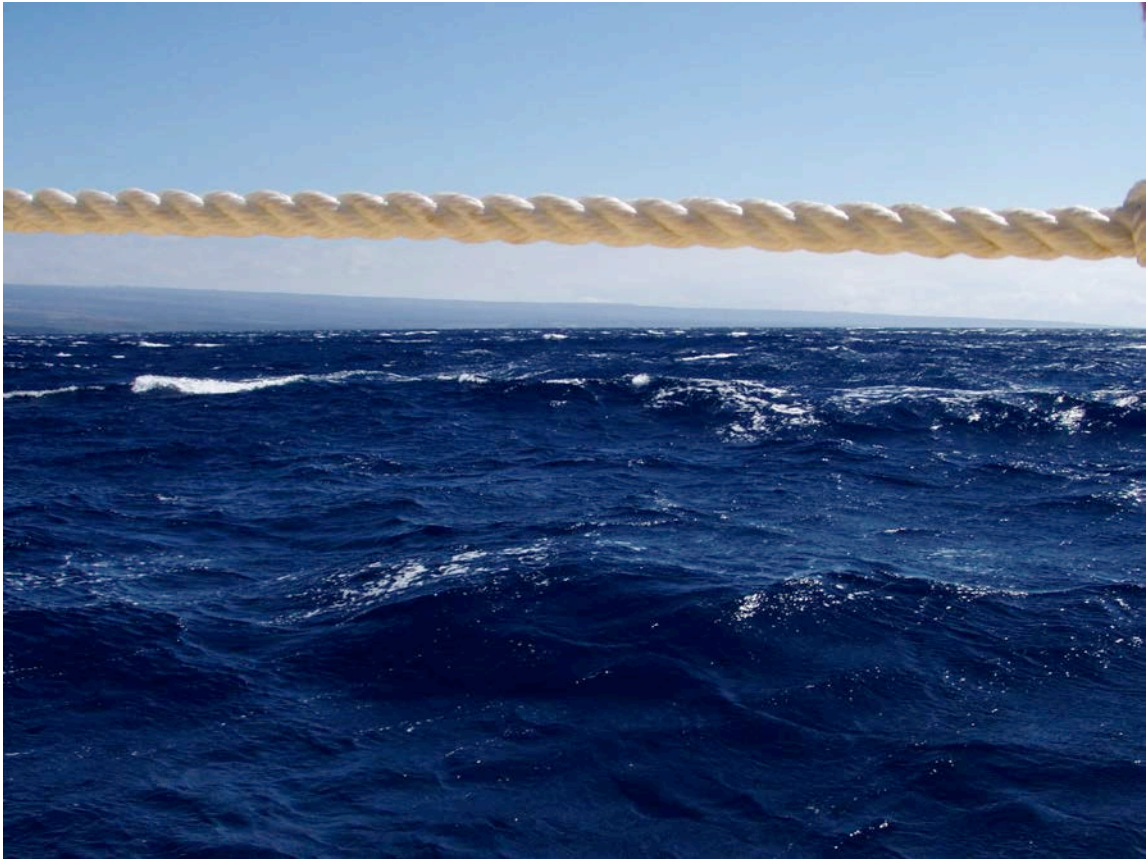


Fig. 7: The heavy seas encountered off Ka Lae. Photo by author.

Ho'i! We've turned back!

As we edged out of Hawai'i Island's lee passing Ka Lae, Uncle Shorty asked Uncle Bruce aboard *Hōkūle'a* to release our tow and we immediately setup the working jib. The wind was strong and had already turned Kona. The low-pressure system that we were trying to escape beat us down here. The seas were not as large as I expected them to be but they were definitely not protected by Hawai'i's tall mountains and were making steady route toward Komohana. We dropped the jib a few times in order to slow down for *Hōkū*, who would take lead until we'd sight Kalama at which point *Maisu* would then take charge of the navigation until reaching the island of Majuro. As we picked up speed *Maisu's* hulls dug deep into the backs of every swell and a loud humming reverberated across the deck, she was happy to finally be well on her way. The energies of the crew and canoe combined, and then suddenly a snap from the steering paddle sent us all into

scramble mode. We wouldn't be able to fix it at sea so we took it off and quickly replaced it with *Paniau* from *Makali'i*. We were all happy that we had brought him, not only was he to serve as our backup paddle but he knows the way to Satawal already, because he was the main sweep for *Makali'i's E Mau* voyage in 1999. *Paniau* was designed by Uncle Shorty and named after his favorite surf spot at Puakō, he was the male hoouli for *Makali'i* usually paired with *Mahina* the female hoouli built by Uncle Billy Richards and named after his daughter. *Paniau* was constructed specifically for *Makali'i's* voyage to Satawal because a majority of the journey was downwind; he did an incredible job in 1999. While most of us on board were very familiar with him, we were all relieved to have *Paniau* with us today!

We picked up tow from *Alaka'i* and would head back. I wondered if there were mo'olelo similar to ours, or if the stories that end with success began like ours had? We travelled together as a 'auwa'a, a fleet of canoes. This voyage was different because we were not just focused on finding land, but rather on each other, and sailing as a 'ohana. After thirty years of deep sea sailing, we had gone back – ho'i – to the root or mole of our voyaging kūpuna. In order for so many migrations and settlements to have taken place all across Moananuiākea, we must have traveled as a 'auwa'a. Today we would return together along with our fearless escorts *Alaka'i* and *Pono* who held on to us tightly in the rough sea. We would rest tonight at Hōnaunau.

Mahalo iā 'oe...e Mauna Loa no ka pale 'ana i ka makani nui! The sea was jumping and leaping today as if someone was skipping a million stones across the crests of the swells...kailele, paha?

Hoaka o Kā'elo – January 21, 2007



Fig. 8: Anchored in Kapukapu a koholā greets us. Photo by author.

Anchored in Kapukapu. We have passed Hōnaunau because of the massive coral growth and a lack of large sand beds. Kapukapu was better for anchoring, especially at night. For the past few weeks I've been craving this place, and as we passed the bay the other night Kealakeakua's scent lingered in the kēhau breeze bringing back fond memories of time spent here.

We got to see Kaupō, Kapu'a, and Okoe on our ho'i. I felt as if I was seeing my 'ohana, for these places have served as our primary fishing and campgrounds for generations, defining our family customs. I was thinking the other night about my 'i'ini to learn more wahi pana, and how nā hōkū were very similar to wahi in that their names capture their qualities. If I perceive the lewalani as I do wahi and personalize each star, planet, cloud and wind perhaps I would be able to form a stronger pilina with them.

We continued on our watches last night checking our anchors and the weather. My feet

were freezing. I don't think they've ever been so cold before. I couldn't get comfortable and kept moving around trying to keep them warm. I threw my tabis out last minute to shed off weight from my cooler and I definitely regret that now. I even had a dream about tabis: I was grabbing two pairs from a shelf for Keaka and me, and as I grasped the soft black neoprene Uncle Chadd woke me up for a meeting and they were gone.

Kūkahi o Kā'elo – January 22, 2007



Fig. 9: Sunrise aboard *Alingano Maisu* while anchored in Kapukapu. Photo by author.

Daddy brought my tabis! I thought I saw him standing on the wall yesterday morning in his *Aloha Airlines* uniform. He waited there from 5:30AM until we came to land for breakfast at 8AM. He tried to make me take back more stuff that I had dumped out to lessen our weight but I just took the tabis, foot powder, and lip protection. I was so happy and grateful that he brought it, my feet didn't freeze last night they were actually quite warm! My 'ohana has been nothing but supportive of me on this voyage; they had come

down to see me at Kawaihae almost every night the last week we were there. Mom baked at least seven peach cakes and they were always a hit! I cannot express how much I love and appreciate them. The first night that we were here in Kapukapu, they came down. Mom practically waved herself off the stonewall trying to get my attention! I was so glad they had been able to come and see me as much as they did. I miss them already, and take them and all of my kūpuna with me on this journey!

Kūlua o Kā‘elo – January 23, 2007



Fig. 10: Sunset as we depart Kapukapu to begin our voyage. Photo by author.

This morning we got word from our alaka‘i after breakfast that we would be departing today, either late this afternoon or evening. Uncle Nainoa spoke to us after the announcement. He was heavy in heart as he talked about how important this whole project was and that in order for success the vision had to be believed in. He said not one voyaging day goes by without him thinking about 1978 and losing Eddie Aikau. When

they returned from being capsized outside of Moloka‘i, Uncle Nainoa went through a severe depression. He came here to Hawai‘i Island to see Uncle Shorty, a friend that he could confide in. He borrowed Uncle’s four-man canoe and paddled down the coast pulling into small coves and bays, deep in sorrow and reflection. The weight that he had carried since then was almost unbearable. At one point in his life, it caused him to question his role with the voyaging movement. He didn’t want anyone else to have to live through that kind of ordeal, and applauded our efforts as well as our leaders for preparing us properly and striving for a higher level of consistency and safety.

The dedication that each of us had made to *Kū Holo Mau* was not only a promise to deliver *Alingano Maisu* to Papa Mau but a commitment to perpetuate that which had been learned over the past thirty years, from the glories of success to the hardships of tragedy. 95% of this experience has been dedicated to our training and preparation as individual crewmembers. Now, the remaining 5% lay in front of us piercing the horizon—the voyage.

Kūkolu o Kā‘elo – January 24, 2007

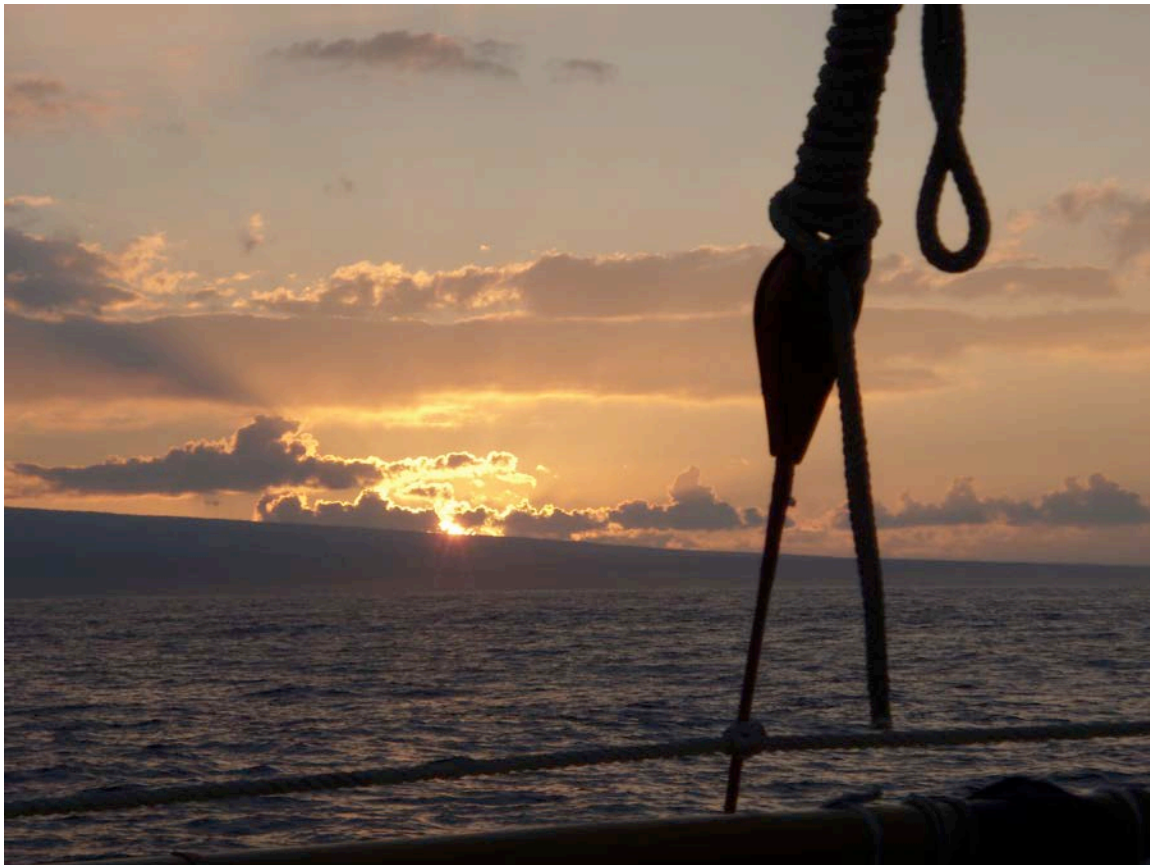


Fig. 11: Sunrise as we pass Ka Lae. Photo by author.

Ka Pō Mua. This morning the sun rose over Ka Lae as we passed Hawai‘i Island. It was the most beautiful sunrise I’ve seen all week! We returned to the same place we broke the paddle in...and how it has changed. The wind was light and variable. The swell mild and rolling – no white caps, no foaming crests. We broke our tow and first flew the jib on the primary forestay then we moved her onto the secondary forestay, eventually dropping her to raise the spinnaker. After awhile we changed it up again and ran on the genoa and reefed main. Bouncy, bouncy...

We were finally out of sight of land. Aloha e Hawai‘i. Mauna Loa protected us as long as she could, once out of her lee a consistent easterly wind pushed us onward behind *Hōkū* and a large northeast swell rode strongly alongside of us.

I saw a baby ‘iwa today, it circled *Hōkū*, flew between the two canoes for a while then continued hunting. A manu o kū came to visit shortly after. The boys saw a few dolphins

chasing fish, and a marlin checking out our lures. We also saw a ‘ā, a big one, it circled us three times and tried to land on the mast but couldn’t. I smelt rain when we were far off the coast, I couldn’t see the island but the makani was blowing the scent toward us. It must have been raining at home. The night before we left Kealakeakua, there was a thick black band across the hālāwai and the sun was red. Uncle Shorty said it was moisture and if the band was to grow larger then it would move toward the island. I noticed it had grown at the end of our conversation, so maybe that was the rain I had smelt. It was an incredible first day in Moananuiākea. Mahalo e nā akua, nā ‘aumākua, nā kūpuna a me nā wa‘a kaulua.

Kūpau o Kā‘elo – January 25, 2007



Fig. 12: *Hōkūle‘a* sails off *Alingano Maisu*’s starboard hull. Photo by author.

My new day started at midnight, with the 12PM to 6AM watch. Last night was amazing! It was our first night sailing by the stars and we sure did use them! We began our shift

holding course behind *Hōkū*. When Eddie went back to steer, Uncle Chadd and Uncle Shorty were resting. We started to gain on them (*Hōkū*) and when the uncles woke up, we were right alongside. I think Eddie had turned down a little too much. Instead of slowing down, Uncle Shorty told us to hold course and Uncle Chadd gave us a new mark.

Everyone stood at different places on the deck and lined up with a couple of stars, and we all had to call out when to hold or adjust. After a while, we would get a new mark as the stars would move. Uncle Chadd and Uncle Shorty barely slept since we left Kealakeakua and were in need of a quick nap, so they had me play navigator. I lined up Kūmau with the starboard antenna at our stern, and we continued on. We were up by ourselves for at least an hour! Kūmau shined bright for me that whole time. I felt like I knew that star better, and maybe I'd be intimate with it by the end of this voyage. Half way through my watch I struggled to stay awake, my eyes got tired from looking so hard. Hopefully I would become ma'a soon. We held our chosen course and were falling way off from *Hōkū*. When they awoke we adjusted and came up right behind her. We were screaming...maybe nine knots! The sea was gentle to us last night – kept us on our toes but didn't frighten us. I continued to call out the mark for the steersman. I wanted to steer but Uncle Shorty didn't want me to be "muscle!" As it got closer to the end of my watch, the sky brightened and I lost most of the stars I had used throughout the evening. Two brave ones hung out with me until the very end; I wish I knew their names so I could thank them. I'd look for them again tonight. Mahalo e nā akua no nā hōkū a pau!

Watching *Hōkūle'a* today, she looked kind of stiff in the water. Yesterday, she looked a little squirmy. Probably because of those sails, they just don't do her any justice. Uncle Shorty was telling Keaka and I how every route we take as voyagers we try to imitate those of our kūpuna, especially in regard to the times they would depart and return. He said all that information was in our chants and songs, but a route not clearly articulated in any mo'olelo was one that led to Papa's islands. Although according to Papa, there was significant travel between both of our kūpuna. In Papa's mo'olelo his people learned how to navigate from Hawai'i. As he taught us, he felt that he was only giving back to us what we once gave to his kūpuna. What an amazing cycle! For Uncle Shorty, Satawal was home because it was the place from which his navigational instruction was rooted. When he learned from Papa on the first voyage in 1976, everything was in Satawalese. The

excitement that Uncle Shorty had for our voyage to Satawal was that of a person returning to his homeland after years of being away.

‘Olekūkahi o Kā‘elo - January 26, 2007



Fig. 13: Navigators Shorty Bertelmann and Chadd Paishon engage in a lesson. Photo by author.

I could barely keep my eyes open last night. It was hard to sleep during the heat of the day because I wanted to be on the deck where the action was and not miss anything spectacular. Last night was the nicest evening we've had yet. The sky was pretty much clear and the sea was mālia. We followed *Hōkū* as they continued to sail 'Āina Kona like the day before, then they turned Hema then Komohana, adjusting constantly to keep their sails full for the downwind run. Last night, we were about two hundred fifty nautical miles off of Hawai'i at about seventeen to eighteen degrees latitude. Kūmau was starting to get lower in the sky.

Yesterday before dinner we caught an ono, it was probably about thirty pounds. We were all so happy because Keala was just about to break out dinner...canned spaghetti "tsa!" Too bad we ate the poi Daddy made us for lunch yesterday; it would have been perfect with the ono.

Uncle Chadd was so awesome still learning from Uncle Shorty and Uncle Shorty still teaching. The perfect example of a'o, here was one man, our ho'okele with the 'ike that he needed to find his way, yet in his humbleness still received lessons from our captain, the veteran navigator. No matter what your previous experiences were there would always be more to learn! I forced myself to stay in bed longer than usual because I really wanted to be awake and alert tonight so I could ask more questions and be of more help. I should ask Keala for some gum, maybe it would help keep my mind off of sleepiness! I just read the note Mom and Dad gave me with the lyrics to Cecilio and Kapono's "Sailing" on the back! I loved it! I'll probably read it at least every other day.

It was so beautiful today. I felt that even in the middle of the sea and far from land, I could still hear and smell home. Though far away I knew exactly where it was. Ku'u one hānau ē! I didn't feel homesick, at least not yet.

Before sunset we noticed two bird piles, and two squalls on the horizon...I ane'i ana paha ka ua? Our heading remained Tupul Tukur.

‘Olekūlua o Kā‘elo – January 27, 2007



Fig. 14: A warm evening begins. Photo by author.

He pō maika‘i! It was another gorgeous evening last night. We had a nice misty rain. There were some clouds in the sky but for the most part it was clear. It was pretty warm until it got closer to the end of our shift. The gum worked wonders last night I didn’t get sleepy until about 4:30AM. The trick was to never close your eyes! Once closed you think you can keep doing it! E maka‘ala! We headed Komohana about a house down from the setting moon. It was a brilliant, bright orange. Uncle Shorty said tonight’s moon phase pointed to the northern pole.

Last night was another Kūmau evening! I learned five ways to find her, and practiced each measurement over and over again. We saw Igulig or ‘Iwakeli‘i, another helpful constellation in finding Kūmau.

I steered *Paniau* for a while and at first I was having a hard time holding course. The wind kept wrapping around and causing the sail to luff. It took a long time to get the feel of the courseline but once I did we were riding good and screaming behind *Hōkū*. I guess

I stopped fighting *Paniau* and let him do the work. Once I got *Maisu* into a sweet spot she glided through the water with ease and tremendous power, I didn't want to get off the paddle!

Hoku o Kā'elo – February 1, 2007



Fig. 15: Paniau guides *Alingano Maisu* and her crew to Majuro. Photo by author.

This afternoon the clouds in the north were completely different from those in the south. It looked as if some new weather was moving our way, and possibly something that would not bring smiles to our faces. We were setup on a long port tack...looking for Kalama, which was supposed to be 'Ākau of us. Mom wrote a quote in the letter that she and Dad gave to me. It said, "Patience, patience, patience, is what the sea will teach you, patience and faith." It was very fitting for right now. I hope to gain both those things on this voyage.

Last night was our cloudiest night yet. We strained our eyes struggling to pull the stars from the darkness. Half way through our midnight watch, we all thought we were seeing lights on the horizon. When we told the uncles, they just chuckled at us, shaking their heads. I guess we had reached the point of delusion that they had seen so many “green” crewmembers go through in their many years of voyaging.

Jibing was a lot easier on the canoe than tacking, and sometimes even faster because there was little risk of sailing backwards as the canoe turned into the wind. The genoa was designed with more of a bag in it because of the anticipated amount of downwind running we would have to do. So in using it to climb higher into the wind we really needed to pull it in as tight as possible to flatten and tighten it across the leech because it would take a little more time to backwind and cross the bow. We quickly learned that on *Maisu* there was more space between the forestay and the mast than *Makali'i*, so the wind could work around the main allowing the bag of the jenny (genoa) to pull more wind straight through it.

Hōkū sent us two mahi for dinner! They tied them off to a bucket and we sailed up to intercept it. We missed it while in route so *Kama Hele* picked it up for us and delivered it to our portside catwalk. The swells of today were remnants of yesterday's wind and there was a new swell now forming for today's wind. Uncle Shorty explained to us that if the wind was to blow really strong, it would create a big swell that would last several days after the wind would die down or switch direction. And eventually a newly established wind swell would take over.

The sunset cast pink and orange sprays across the clouds highlighting the domelike shape of the heavens above us. As the sun touched the western horizon the moon had already risen. We would need to observe carefully again tomorrow if the moon would rise at sunset or later. Being able to see 360° around us made a tremendous difference in our ability to kilo. I hoped to find a place at home to study where we might see from Hikina to Komohana...Kaho'olawe, paha?

Māhealani o Kā'elo – February 2, 2007



Fig. 16: A surprised squid inks our deck. Photo by author.

The sky was thick with dark grey clouds last night that would dump Kawaiakāne upon our deck every once in awhile. The steep swells sent white water across our hulls adding to our drenched foul weather gear. Although we were soaked, it was extremely hot and the air felt stifling. The Māhealani moon attempted to pierce its light through the thickness yet continued to fail leaving us without any of its luminosity for most of the evening. We had to shut down due to weather, and the inability to see *Hōkū* on the hālāwai. *Maisu* became a sitting duck sloshing amongst the messy swells. So we spent the rest of our watch stretched out across the deck clinging on to each other and *Paniau*. There was no sunrise to witness this morning...at least, no brilliant glow from Hikina. Just before breakfast the clouds began to thin out a bit, but not as quickly as we had hoped they would. We all secretly called out to the sun, wishing for him to shine down upon us and dry up our drenched bodies...Hiki Mai Ka Lā... A school of baby squid flew

across our path this morning, two unfortunate souls landed on our deck and in their trauma inked themselves, it provided for a nice hard laugh after a long night!

I just watched the sunset and there was no moon on the eastern horizon, so last night must have been Hoku, the real full moon. The colors of the sky were mild pinks and oranges telling us that tomorrow should be a better day of weather. As the evening set in, a nice, clean wind from 'Ākau steadily filled our sails, and the northwest swell we had been studying distinctively rolled beneath our deck. Pō mālie kākou!

Kulu o Kā'elo – February 3, 2007



Fig. 17: *Alingano Maisu* sailing on a starboard tack. Photo by author.

Last night we were little busy bees. We dropped the rig because the lead car on the main sail popped out. The main took on a lot of damage because of that damn track and desperately needed to be patched! The boom also required several repairs today. We

sailed too fast last night and had to drop the storm jib often to slow down so that we wouldn't pass *Hōkū*.

It was a pretty mellow morning watch; we spent most of our shift on a downwind run. This afternoon I was able to talk story with Uncle Chadd on the nav-plat. We spoke about how the depths of Kanaloa felt like home and how incredible our experience had been thus far. I asked him if he ever felt that he had been in a particular place in the middle of the sea before, almost like a *déjà vu*. He smiled and said, "Yes bebe, because we have." I had been feeling like this for days now, and I was so relieved to know that I was not the only one. We had all been here before through our *kūpuna* and their numerous journeys throughout this expansive sea.

Through this experience I realized the simplicity of our *kūpuna*'s spirituality. Their appreciation and recognition for their environment was that which set the foundation of their religion. While out here they would *mahalo* every wave, cloud, breeze, and bird because that was what kept them alive. *Mahalo i ka mea loa'a...mahalo no ke ola*. This *makana* for Papa was more than a *wa'a*. It was about us bringing it to him with his 'ohana, doing it together with *Hōkūle'a*, and most importantly doing it safe and right by acknowledging the elements that have given us life!

Lā‘aukūkahi o Kā‘elo - February 4, 2007



Fig. 18: A blazing sunset while we finish eating dinner. Photo by author.

I slept great last night and had some good dreams about home, confirming that all has been well there. Bebe worked hard the past day or so patching the boom. The track cars on the sail have been eating it up, so much for technology! We got word from Uncle Bruce that he would be turning the navigation over to us soon, and that we were just outside of Kalama. Majuro here we come! Uncle Chadd said we would head Manu Kona for about nine days then Komohana for another three days or so until we reach Majuro. We were about half way through this first leg. I hoped to soak up as much as possible the next anahulu or so, because it would all be over soon.

It has been so beautiful and peaceful out here; I have never felt so relaxed and calm before. We were told before we left Kawaihae that we would never partake in an experience like this again and that we would need to take advantage of every moment out here because once it passed it would be gone forever. Voyaging Moananuiākea strengthened and humbled our kūpuna as it was doing for us right now. My ability to

survive in these conditions was because my kūpuna were successful voyagers. The kai that they immersed their thoughts and dreams in was the same one that formed a crust of salt upon my skin, our pilina i ke kai.

Holo i ka i'a!

Lā'aukūlua o Kā'elo – February 5, 2007



Fig. 19: *Hōkūle'a* rests a few miles off of Kalama. Photo by author.

Around 4AM we were told that we would shut down soon. It seemed like we were really close to Kalama. There were birds everywhere. Some perched themselves on the canoe. Others just swooped down low to check us out, and the rest were squawking up a storm broadcasting our arrival. Uncle Chadd kept saying, “We’re close.” I was so excited to see an island come out of the sea, even if we were not going to stop there.

By sunset we were floating outside of Kalama. *Hōkūle'a* found “a needle in the haystack,” and we proudly followed in her wake. Now, we would take the lead heading about two houses down from the setting sun.

Papa always taught us to trust in our navigator. For years now I have heard the saying that when voyaging, the canoe becomes your mother and the navigator your father. At no time had I ever doubted or questioned it, but right now as the navigation becomes the kuleana of Uncle Chadd I have never felt it to be so true. I have sailed with Uncle Chadd before and always knew that he would care for all of us throughout our journey whether it be a short or long one. What was different about today was that we were in the depths of Kanaloa, weeks away from our home and destined shore. My trust and belief in him to pull Majuro out of the hālāwai was the same that I have always felt for my own father in providing safety and love for my 'ohana. Uncle Chadd had become our father, *Maisu* our mother, and each of us aboard would forever feel like a family.

We (all three vessels) endured so much over the past few weeks: delays, storms, windless days, and starless nights. Yet, through it all we stayed focused and on course and because of our efforts the little atoll Kalama rose out of the sea confirming our direction and allowing us to continue on with our purpose. We could hear Papa calling to us...and we were getting closer every day.

‘Olekūkahi o Kā‘elo – February 7, 2007



Fig. 20: *Alingano Maisu*'s mast pierces through the heavens. Photo by author.

This morning we noticed that a swell from Tupul Mesario had joined peaks with our friendly northwest swell, gently pushing us toward Majuro. It seemed as if Kanaloa was anxious to get us to Papa Mau. It was extremely clear last night allowing for the glow of the moon to reflect a shimmering path across the surface of the sea.

Bebe was steering earlier, and doing an incredible job. I am so proud of him. This morning the wind blew gently from the north-northeast then by the afternoon it turned back to northeast, strengthening and sending us on another downwind run with the spinnaker. *Hōkū* was having a hard time keeping up with us; after an hour or so she was but a speck on the hālāwai. We had to shutdown so she could catch up.

When we had downtime I found myself thinking of home often. It was awkward because I wasn't homesick. In fact, I had fallen in love with this experience more than I imagined I would. But as much as I enjoyed every moment I would still find myself thinking about

home...how I was going to do things differently when I got back and what was most important to me. It seemed that with Kanaloa things slowed down enough to allow you to have that deep thought process about the details that control your life. It was really amazing out here – i ka moana hohonu.

‘Olekūlua o Kā‘elo – February 8, 2007



Fig. 21: *Hōkūle‘a* sails at the end of a rainbow. Photo by author.

‘Olekūlua rose with a magnificent orange glow last night as we began our midnight shift. It stayed dark for quite a while until the moon climbed passed its colorful barrier and shined brightly upon our deck. We used Kūmau again to hold our course and rigged a piece of bamboo off the back railing over the starboard manu to help us keep our mark. From the port side stanchion at the beginning of the nav-plat, the bamboo lined up perfectly with the fixed star, and *Maisu’s* hau railings provided the person marking with a nice lomi! Our course line was blessed with the cross referencing of two other incredible

hōkū, ‘A‘ā and Hōkūlei. While we held Kūmau off our starboard manu hope, Hōkūlei sat at our beam, and ‘A‘ā prepared to set off our port manu ihu. This positioning of the sky to *Maisu* allowed for us to rely on more than Kūmau for our mark, which was extremely beneficial when the clouds rolled in and helped us to steer a more accurate course line. The northwest swell, that greeted us outside of Ka Lae, was now well established, peaking every eight to nine seconds. I wondered if it would follow us all the way to Satawal.

‘Olepau o Kā‘elo – February 9, 2007



Fig. 22: An epic sunset from *Alingano Maisu*. Photo by author.

Last night was fairly clear; the air was crisp from the Ko‘olau breeze blowing steadily behind us. I was able to take note on the colors set deep within the stars, which would help me to distinguish them from others on a not so clear night.

‘A‘ā/Maan twinkled with a bright blue and every once in awhile sparkled with a reddish-orange tinge.

Hōkūlei/Ifanguul had a brilliant yellow to its glow, significantly distinguished from the basic white stars.

Hōkūle‘a/Aramoe was very orange, similar to a wilted kou flower.

Hikianali‘a was my absolute favorite, and the most beautiful hōkū. If turquoise shimmered like diamonds, it would capture the magnificent color of Hikianali‘a.

Kāloakūkahi o Kā‘elo – February 10, 2007



Fig. 23: A mellow sunrise from *Alingano Maisu*. Photo by author.

Ribbons of bioluminescence streamed off our hulls as *Maisu* gracefully slipped through Moananuiākea. The moon rose at around 2AM, and we practiced taking measurements of its climb toward the nu‘u. The mahina was instrumental in helping us keep track of our

time because it traveled 15° an hour. We used the faithful Kūmau, Hōkūlei, and ‘A‘ā to hold course throughout our cloudy watch.

Uncle Shorty had me keep track of our course line by closely observing Murn and correcting the steersmen when necessary. If ignored, all of those little errors would add up and could place us way off course in the end. Focused on that aspect for several hours last night helped me to realize just how important the skill of holding the mark was to navigation.

Laulima truly was at work out here. Each position was vital to the success of the next, and the responsibility of reaching land was just as much the kuleana of the crew as it was the navigator. We strived for excellence in steering today so that the complex tasks of our ho‘okele would not be slighted.

Kāloakūpau o Kā‘elo – February 12, 2007



Fig. 24: ‘Au i ke kai me he manu ala. Photo by author.

It rained last night. I smelt it far off in the distance, but it wasn’t the same smell it had on land. It was hard to describe, all I knew was that it was fresh water, and it was coming straight for us. Two anahulu had passed, and the last few days had gone by too fast. Maybe time picked up speed as we got closer to Ka Piko o ka Honua, or maybe this was a reminder to learn and soak up whatever we could now because it would come to end very soon. There was an awkward anxiety amongst the crew: a need to pull the island out of the sea yet a desire to prolong our stay with Kanaloa. As rewarding as it would be to see Majuro, I felt hesitant to step on to her shores, as that would surely sever the bond that we made with *Maisu* and Kanaloa in this very first leg.

The canoe granted life for Satawal, but for us it seemed to serve a different purpose and not so much of an ancient one. It evolved from a physical survival to that of a spiritual and cultural focus. We voyaged in the wake of our kūpuna, but not for the same reasons

as they did. As I steered down the face of the waves into the trough and back up to the peak, it felt as if we were synchronized in a hula aboard *Maisu*. Gracefully flowing across the surface of the deep blue ocean like a bird... 'Au i ke kai me he manu ala!

Kāne o Kā'elo – February 13, 2007



Fig. 25: *Hōkūle'a* graciously dances alongside of *Alingano Maisu*. Photo by author.

Last night we surfed *Maisu* down the face of the sea, me he manu ala! It felt as if we were hovering over the ocean rather than plunging through it. The Kāne moon rose while we were on deck, just a sliver...Ho'ēmi ka mahina. We continued to head Komohana and just about reached our sought after latitude of 7° north.

This morning the sky was wrapped up in big sheets of stratus clouds, softening the rays of the sun. We hooked up three ono! Uiha – fish for dinner! *Hōkū* sailed nearby today. The closest she had in weeks; we actually saw the faces of her crew. As I quietly watched her sail alongside of us, I fell more in love with her. What a beautiful wa'a...even with

the upside down sails. Her movement in the water was that of a kupuna dancing a hula, yet, she was only thirty years old. Quite amazingly, an experiment had become the matriarch of so many wa'a in Moananuiākea, the hope and pride of our people.

Lono o Kā'elo – February 14, 2007



Fig. 26: Navigators Shorty Bertelmann and Chadd Paishon discuss the morning weather. Photo by author.

Last night it was a bit difficult getting used to our new direction and holding 8.5° north. Sailing latitude was definitely challenging. Mahalo e nā akua no Kūmau! We lined her up on our beam, and used Mailapailefung and Wylur most of the night because of the low-lying clouds. The wind shifted throughout the evening, but nothing too drastic that forced us to change our point of sail.

Mauli o Kā'elo – February 15, 2007



Fig. 27: *Alingano Maisu* charges through squally weather. Photo by author.

We started our midnight shift holding Lā-Komohana then readjusted and came back down to Komohana. We were between 7° to 8° north which was almost the same latitude as Satawal. Heavy clouds hovered near the hālāwai hiding Kūmau, but Wylur and Mailapailefung were visible helping us to hold course. It was empowering to use our hands to determine our course and rely upon a simple set of measurements to do so. Each time Kūmau revealed itself to me exactly where I thought it should be I was reassured and simply amazed.

Refreshing rainsqualls greeted us this morning, and a manu o kū and 'iwa circled our mast just after breakfast. Once the last of the rain passed, a high-arching rainbow formed in the distance and just below...embracing the hālāwai appeared an uakoko. I hoped everything was okay back at home.

We travelled over eight hundred nautical miles so far. It sure felt like we were almost there. I commented about how *wela* it was and Sesario laughed and said, “Welcome to my world!” I guess we were getting close!

The wind was steady, allowing us to sail at about five knots on a beam reach. The surface of the sea was speckled with white caps, frosting the tops of seven different swells. The northwest swell continued to dominate the other bumps. It was comforting to feel it roll under our feet sturdily planted on *Maisu's* deck. After all, it had been with us from the very beginning.

Uē ka lani! Toward the end of our shift, a huge rainsquall plowed over us. We were forced to shutdown and wait it out. So we all took showers on the deck, now we could finally say that we did that! The rain felt wonderful, every pore of my body soaked it up...I was happily saturated.

Just beyond the piercing blue *hālāwai*, *Majuro* awaited us.

Muku o Kā'elo – February 16, 2007



Fig. 28: Squalls line our horizon blessing us with gallons of fresh water. Photo by author.

We were just in the biggest seas we experienced so far. It was gusting over thirty-five knots with raging swells over twelve to fifteen feet high and heavy rainfall. Toward the end of our shift, we caught a quick glimpse of Earlier struggling to peer through the dense sky. The rest of the stars were quietly tucked behind the black gauze of the night. So we had to shutdown but were able to sail once the sun rose this morning. As we focused on the squally horizon, Kawaiakāne blessed us over and over again. This time everyone quietly and quickly put on their jackets...no showers today! A niu floated by, and a flock of noio birds flew overhead. Both indicated that we would sight the island soon.

Hilo o Kaulua – February 17, 2007



Fig. 29: Another rainbow acknowledges our journey. Photo by author.

Holding course was difficult last night, Uncle Shorty had me marking the whole watch. By the end of our shift, I couldn't figure out what hurt more – my eyes or my feet! The thick cloud coverage hid Kūmau from us most of our watch. Out of the six hours, we only had a clear view for about two hours total, encouraging us all to rely upon those measurements we had been practicing for the past few weeks. We depended upon the wind for most of our direction, as it was fairly consistent well on through the morning. Uncle Chadd said we'd sight land within twenty-four hours.

I took a shower as the sun rose outside my window – port stern. It was a beautiful morning, not too squally with the exception of a few gray patches to the south of us. It appeared as if our heading was the same as last night, Manu Kona. We were looking for an atoll – there would be no mountains to guide us. Sesario said the good navigators could see an island fifteen miles away, while others had about a ten-mile range. Because

Majuro was a low-lying atoll we would see the buildings then the trees, and then the island, in that order.

Schools of aku ran alongside of us, but were not at all interested in our lures. For some reason, all we kept attracting was the mahimahi! Today was full of land signs: birds flying back west to their homes on the atolls, mackerel fish gathering around our hulls, koa'e circling our mast, and a different smell in the air. We'd head a bit more south, and we should see something by morning.

We would wait one more night to raise Majuro from the sea, and we all knew she sat right in front of us patiently awaiting our arrival. The birds continued to fly home, looking back and encouraging us to continue onward. With the swell and wind at our backs, we were guided ever so gracefully to the island "...a little piece of heaven." Trust, confidence, and faith in our navigator, Uncle Chadd, were what led us to this point of our journey. As the eyes of the canoe, he had so quietly and humbly guided us. I felt complete confidence in him and his ability to deliver *Maisu* and her crew safely to Majuro and on to Satawal.

Mahalo e nā akua, nā 'aumākua, a me nā kūpuna no nā pōmaika'i a pau...ke aloha nui iā 'oukou!

Hoaka o Kaulua – February 18(19), 2007



Fig. 30: Turquoise blues and emerald greens swirl beneath our deck. Photo by author.

Uncle Chadd had us holding *Manu Kona*, it was pretty much a broad reach. Uncle Shorty kept saying, “Hold it, hold this!” After about 1:30PM (*Majuro* time) I switched with Bebe on the sweep. I was holding course for half an hour or so...and the island came to us. It was so incredible! Slowly small peaks of the atoll's forests popped out of the sea. It was a lot higher than I expected it would be. As we got closer we saw trees, the sand, the water changing color from a dark purpleish-blue to a tealish-green, and eventually the reef that served as the foundation of this beautiful ‘āina called *Majuro*. Deeply entranced by the multitudes of colors that we had not seen for almost a month now, we were tested once again with an intense squall blasting us as we entered the narrow channel! Once through, we hooked up tow and admired the indescribable beauty of the atoll that would host us for the next few days. Aloha e *Majuro*!

Kūpau o Kaulua – February 22(23), 2007



Fig. 31: *Alingano Maisu*'s crew enjoys a wet afternoon. Photo by author.

Back at sea again...oh how I missed this! Last night we studied the southern sky, focusing on Hānaiakamalama or Wuliwuliluubw. It was pretty overcast to the north making it difficult to cross-reference with Kūmau, yet, we were blessed with a fairly clear southern sky for most of our watch. Studying the heavens of the south was like getting used to a completely different sky. Over the past few weeks, I noticed the milkyway lingering in Hānaiakamalama. Jupiter rose with Tumur sharing its reddish-orange tinge. Tumur and Mesario appeared to be the best pointers for finding Wuliwuliluubw. From our latitude, last night, the southern pole was about 7° under the hālāwai, and about 30° from Kamolehonua.

About two hours into our watch, dense clouds covered up the entire sky. So we sailed up closer to Hōkū and shutdown awaiting visibility. Soon after, it started to pour...uē ka lani!

It rained until 5AM, we were soaked and I was freezing, but slept really good after. We pulled up an ono right before lunch and just caught a giant kākū!

‘Olekūkolu o Kaulua – February 25(26), 2007



Fig. 32: The sky is a perfect canvas of clouds. Photo by author.

Last night the moon pointed to Kūmau again. Maan, Mailamaanfung, Nā Māhoe, Kauluakoko, and Ifangauul shined brightly through the clouds! Mahalo nui e nā hōkū! Every once in awhile, I saw Wylur and would quickly measure for Kūmau. The sky had a bluish tinge to it, a darkened navy blue; the moon radiated through setting a path of sparkles onto the fringes of the swells. As the evening progressed, we watched Saturn trail after Ke Kā o Makali‘i. It was very mālie, the first calm night in awhile. I practiced measuring my swells before going to bed. One headed directly for the sunset, about a house from our port manu. Uncle said that once measured the swell should be named after the point of the compass it derives from. So that particular swell would be Tan

Mailap because it came from Hikina and headed toward Komohana. Uncle Shorty suggested using three to five swells to help keep track of the canoe's progress. The swells and wind should be your last resort for holding direction and course. Of the two, swells were more reliable because when light and variable the wind would wander about.

We spoke about *Maisu*, and her arrival to Satawal. Uncle Shorty said that this canoe was barely a gift to thank Papa for all that he had done for our people, not just as po'e Hawai'i but po'e Moananuiākea. Uncle believed that all we could do was give *Maisu* with our entire heart, just as Papa gave so much to us with all of his heart. Hopefully, all of our hearts out here and those back at home would assure Papa Mau that we were truly grateful for everything that he had taught us and that our lāhui would not be standing as strongly as we were today if it was not for him and *Hōkūle'a*.

Before the moon set, there was a green glow around it. I wondered what life would be like once this voyage was done. Our transition from sea to land would be a difficult one, memories were all we would have of this time.

‘Olepau o Kaulua – February 26(27), 2007



Fig. 33: A fiery sunset reminds us of our migrational past. Photo by author.

There was probably every cloud known in the sky today, all scrambled across a deep blue canvas. I continued to study the swells. It was a difficult task, but I was determined to make it a skill. I really enjoyed learning navigation. Yet, at the same time I felt a little overwhelmed...if that was even the right way to describe it. I had come far in my understanding of navigation and voyaging, and now I realized how deeply committed I was. My only choice was to ho‘omau or else we had both wasted our time, especially Uncle Shorty. I could definitely feel the weight of the kuleana of “knowing.” There was no doubt that it was resting upon my shoulders and everyday it seemed heavier than the day before. I knew that my time on the wa‘a was coming to an end, so I tried to make the most of every second, but the seconds were quickly passing.

Uncle Chadd spoke to us this afternoon about the politics of Satawal. When Papa Mau had first come to Hawai‘i to share his ‘ike with us and navigate *Hōkūle‘a’s* maiden

voyage to Tahiti his people were not supportive of him. In their culture, Papa's knowledge was not for anyone else but his direct descendants. He was practically outcasted for breaking their strict kapu, yet he continued to teach us all along knowing that someday we would do the same for his people. His vision and foresight were immeasurable.

Huna o Kaulua – February 27(28), 2007



Fig. 34: “He pi‘olualani” blesses *Alingano Maisu* and her mo‘okū‘auhau. Photo by author.

The stars came out for us last night, it was simply beautiful. The clearest evening we had since we left Majuro. I practiced all my measurements and learned some new stars from Uncle Shorty. The time really flew by. We pulled off a wing-on-wing with the jenny and working jib. It was incredible, we looked like a hīhīmanu. Our sails were glowing bright against the dark evening sky, and we were running at about six knots.

Uncle Shorty talked to us about the deeper level of voyaging, the spiritual aspect, and that when things seemed out of your control you needed pule for help and guidance. He also spoke of Papa Mau and how hard he worked as a young child to become a navigator, and eventually a master. His people named him Mau, which meant to persevere and strive. Papa Mau's proficiency in navigation was a combination of his commitment to the practice and his strong spiritual foundation, or what many people called his "magic." I remembered Kahape'a telling me a story about their voyage in 1999. Papa Mau was on board and constantly in deep chant. At one point, a huge squall was heading their way and Papa came out of his hole, chanted to the squall and it quickly changed course. For Uncle Shorty, Papa Mau's relationship with the natural elements was what made him so outstanding. Our conversation grew very emotional because that spiritual aspect was something that I had been yearning for. I believed I found it out here, but I also felt like I was only partially engaged in it.

Watching the sunrise this morning confirmed that our experience here in the depths of Kanaloa had gone well beyond the simple purpose of this particular voyage. Together we all sailed with the focus of delivering *Maisu* to Papa Mau. Yet, individually, we were each here for our own reasons, guided and determined by our kūpuna.

Uncle Shorty had me stay up into the next watch and measure the swells to the sunrise. It was very cloudy with some sky here and there and several squalls crowding the hālāwai. We studied the reflection of light upon the blanketed sky to find where the sun would peak out. Then Uncle pointed to a small opening and said "You see that puka, watch it." As I studied the speckle of bright pink sky amongst a sea of clouds – ua hiki mai ka lā – the sun rose right there! It was unbelievable! I was humbled by the sunrise this morning. It was by far the most beautiful one I had ever seen. As the sun pierced its long rays through the dense sky, dolphins skipped across the water alongside of us and a high-arching double rainbow, he pi'olualani, appeared right in front of the canoe. Ha'aha'a nō! It was an overwhelmingly emotional moment, I had to hold back my tears and continued on with my navigation lessons.

I went to bed at 9AM, super exhausted but couldn't sleep with all of those ha'awina from Uncle Shorty running through my head. Plus Uncle Chadd and Sesario had been trying to get a hold of Satawal via the single-side-band radio, just outside of my bunk! Before I

knew it, I awoke to what sounded like a train headed right for us. I was out of my hole tricing the main, and in no time a huge wind squall broadsided *Maisu* knocking some of us off our feet. I remained awake ever since to help my watch hold the downwind run with the jenny as we followed *Hōkū's* green spinnaker into Komohana.

There was a chance that after this leg some of us might be going home, and a few of us could be swapping with crewmembers from *Hōkūle'a*. This could be it for me and *Kū Holo Mau*. All I knew was that I would not miss another sunrise or sunset. It was too significant to sleep through and there was still so much to learn. Ma ka hana ka 'ike. A big swell rolled under us from Tan Marigaht...Hū mai ka 'ōhuku 'ale!

Mōhalu o Kaulua – February 28(29), 2007



Fig. 35: A weather lesson at sunrise from *Alingano Maisu's* stern. Photo by Keakaokalani Mō'ikeha Yasutake.

I was exhausted today! Those three hours of sleep I lost watching the sunrise yesterday were hurting me, but it was so worth it! The stars came out the last hour of our

watch...Mailap, Murn, Tumur, and Wylur. I took a little nap on the nav-plat after our shift and woke as the sky began to change color. I was so glad I forced myself to observe the sunrise again. I studied the crests of the swells and colors of the clouds for any indication of the sun. Uncle showed me the road to the wind, where the clouds line up alongside the edges of the breeze, as if there was a tunnel directing it to its exit on the other side of the sky.

As the sun rose, I took measurements for the dominant swell, the wind, and the sun. It was another incredible learning moment. We had maybe only one hundred and fifty nautical miles left, if that was accurate and we were on course. By tomorrow around dinner time, we should be in Pohnpei. This voyage was going by way too fast, yet at the same time there were also moments that felt timeless, unbounded by the calendar and clock.

In the first few hours of our watch, the heat was on and then it began to rain. Thousands of gallons of fresh water poured from the heavens. Ka wai a Kāne...Kāne i ka wai ola...Eia ka wai a Kāne! Hū ka 'ono!

Lono o Kaulua – March 15(16), 2007



Fig. 36: The beautiful people of Satawal greet us with song and dance. Photo by author.

This afternoon I sat on “Waikīkī Beach” in front of Mau’s hale watching the sea gracefully fold into the red speckled sand. We had reached Satawal. Papa Mau greeted us with tears in his eyes. The people of the island lined the beach chanting and singing as we entered the canoe house where Papa and the chiefs sat waiting for us. I couldn’t believe we were finally here! This island was truly sitting in the middle of the sea. There was no other land in sight, nor atoll or reef. If you were to drift outside of the encircling coral beds you would be gone! Satawal was a beauty...lined with naupaka, niu, and ‘ulu trees; pigs were tied up along the coast eating out of empty turtle shells; and half naked kids were running around with big bright smiles.

“Welcome...welcome...to Satawal!”

Hilo o Nana – March 18(19), 2007



Fig. 37: Satawalese children enjoy the waves of their home break. Photo by author.

Still on Satawal – resting in the men’s house free for our use while we were here. I watched the kai roll in gently to the shore with little brown bodies cuddled up in its crest. The children here spent most of their day in the water, tossing amongst the waves and sand. Many of them had paipo boards, one had a boogie board, and a few learned to surf yesterday on the surfboards brought with the canoes, as well as those brought by Uncle Leighton and Uncle Buffalo. The *Chuuk Queen* departed full of passengers; many of our ‘ohana had left for home...their voyage had come to an end.

It was very evident that the women here ruled the land; they cared for the children, cooked all the meals, entertained, and farmed. The men were of the sea. They were the fishermen and navigators relaxing in the men’s house drinking tuba into the wee hours of the morning. Papa looked fabulous; he had gained some weight since we last saw him and was in great spirits. He now rested at his house in Nemanlong after staying awake for

several days prior to our arrival. He had barely slept since we came to shore as he took his role of our host very seriously. Elizabeth Lindsey's camera crew left as well, leaving Papa with a little more time to relax. No more interviews, I guess, for a while. Bebe and I spent sometime with Papa this morning, I gave him the pictures Kahape'a sent down for him and was able to take one with the three of us together.

We have spent a lot of time swimming and finding shells at Waikīkī Beach, named by Papa after our famous Waikīkī on O'ahu.

Yesterday morning, we went to the south end of the island. We came back in time to prepare for the Pwo ceremony. Uncle Shorty, Uncle Chadd Paishon, Uncle Nainoa, Uncle Bruce, Uncle Chad Babayan, Sesario and a handful of other students of Papa were honored with the title of Pwo, a master navigator. The women of Satawal prepared the men for their ceremony. They were dressed in red malo with blue and white sashes, their bodies were rubbed with 'ōlena powder, and adorned with lei. Soon after, we found ourselves getting dressed up and adorned as well. The ceremony was amazing and similar to those we have in Hawai'i. They drank and ate of the ceremonial foods, and Papa adorned them with various lei and bracelets while giving each of them an individual blessing. Once the ceremony was complete, we honored Papa Mau with all of the gifts that were brought on the canoes and the *Chuuk Queen* from his 'ohana all throughout Moananuiākea. One of the high chiefs spoke to us and shared something that I would never forget. He said that the magic Papa gave us was supposed to only be for his son Sesario, but he chose to give it to us, too. He praised Papa and his extraordinary 'ano, saying that Papa would pull out his spine and give it away to help another, and that he was like a turtle because when a turtle died its heart continued to beat. Papa would live through all of his students because of the 'ike that he had blessed them with. Every time we sailed, voyaged, navigated, or called upon the heavens Papa would be right by our side guiding us as he had for so many years. He would live as long as we practiced what he had taught us.



Fig. 38: Satawalese women dance at the closing of the Pwo ceremony. Photo by author.

We were looking at leaving for Woleai and Ulithi tomorrow morning. I was anxious to go! I sure loved it here but it had been awhile now on land. I yearned to be back at sea. While here, we were using a lot of the island's resources. The people gave everything they had even if that meant that they would go without. It would probably take some time for Satawal to recover once we departed.

Papa talked about getting a kidney transplant. When he left Hawai'i, he was very against it. But I think after seeing *Maisu* finally anchored off his shore, he wanted to be around longer. The doctors were trying to talk him out of it. He thought it would make him all better again and it wouldn't. We were all so happy that he made it this far, and that *Maisu* reached Satawal. *Kū Holo Mau* was a success!

Hoaka o Kaulua – March 19(20), 2007



Fig. 39: Satawal and Papa Mau sit in our wake as we depart for Lamotrek atoll. Photo by author.

A sliver of the moon appeared 10° off the western horizon after sunset...Hilo, paha? A steady breeze blew gently upon our sails from Manu Ko'olau, the seas were mālie and slightly edged with white caps. As Satawal and Papa Mau descended into Moananuiākea, Lamotrek atoll appeared at our starboard bow.

Kau ka pe'a, holo ka wa'a!

Kūkahi o Nana – Ka Piko o Wākea – March 20(21), 2007



Fig. 40: *Hōkūleʻa*'s beautiful crab claw sails in *Alingano Maisu*'s wake. Photo by author.

Waking up this morning at sea felt incredible. Satawal was beautiful, but I sure missed this! Fresh air, rolling swells, the quietness of the ocean, a sweet breeze to fill our jib. We left Satawal: she sat in our wake, rested upon the momoa, a suitable place. It was the hardest of all our departures and maybe the most difficult I would ever experience. We said goodbye to Papa. He laid peacefully on his bed while we huddled in close, holding hands and wiping away tears. His body – exhausted, but mind – alert. Again he never spoke English to us, Uncle Max Yaramawai had to translate his calm yet stern speech. We were told a story of Uncle Max's relative who never listened to the navigator's directions and ended up in the Philippines. Papa told us that if we didn't listen to him we would end up there as well, we all laughed, but Papa was very serious. As he lay there he gave us directions for entering channels and proper protocols for the chiefs of the next few islands. At the end he said "Thank you. Maybe we'll see each other again

sometime,” and that he was feeling much better then when he was in Hawai‘i. We sang to him “He Kuleana Nō” and “Ua Hānau ‘Ia.” I could not hold back the tears, the moment was intense with emotion. I felt as if I was standing there saying goodbye to him for more than just myself but so many people back home that also loved Papa and couldn’t be there. “Maisu e ta wa‘a, horo papa i taurua...” that line kept resonating through my head. I kissed him and hugged what I could wrap my arms around, I told him “I love you, Papa.” It was very hard. We walked back to the men’s house and gave our aloha to all the people as we passed, they wept too, for now we were all children of Papa Mau. Innoce’s wife rubbed us down with ‘ōlena and placed lei on our heads. She along with every other Satawalese woman had a deep strength in their teary eyes as we prepared for our departure...as this portion of our trip was most familiar to them. The children cried as we left. They followed us out on their canoes singing and waving. The water was lined with people who a few days ago existed only in story, but for our time on Satawal they had fed, entertained, and cared for us as ‘ohana did for each other. ‘A‘ohe a kākou poina iā Satawal! Aloha nui e Satawal.

Ua hānau ‘ia, ua hānau ‘ia, ua hānau ‘ia

E ara ha e ta wa‘a taurua, horo atu, horo mai, horo rua tātou, eia ra...a

Pā mai ta matani, uru mai ta matani, uru atu, uru mai

Maisu e ta wa‘a horo Papa i taurua, e mau nā mo‘orero o tātou, eia ra...a

CHAPTER 4
HOLO AKU...HOLO MAI
Reflections of a Voyaging Mother



Fig. 41: Kanaloa sets the path ahead of us. Photo by author.

Six years have passed since the *Kū Holo Mau* voyage and not a day has gone by that I don't think about that incredible journey. Today I am at the helm of a new voyage, that of motherhood, and the lessons that I gained during *Kū Holo Mau* serve as a foundation for me to raise my children. Upon our return from delivering *Alingano Maisu*, each of us transitioned differently. For some, their spirit and mind remained with Kanaloa long after coming home to Hawai'i, while others eventually suffered the effects of depression. Regardless of our battles to transform back into land-dwellers, each of us came home with a significant lesson that has guided our lives towards greater

destinations. Although the voyage was experienced as a collective, we all returned with something different that continues to impact our lives today.

Papa Mau had spent many years traveling back and forth from Satawal to Hawai‘i, and in that period had learned to speak English quite well. For those of us who interacted with him towards the latter half of his time here, we were able to have many discussions in a common tongue. Every moment spent with Papa Mau was structured by a lesson instilling the importance of culture, and encouraged us to perpetuate those practices of our kūpuna so we would never forget them again. In the five days we spent on Satawal, he addressed us as a group a number of times only in his Native tongue. Every conversation needed to be translated because although he could understand us, we were clueless as to what he was saying. I will always cherish that lesson as Papa Mau was not the kind of person to say one thing and do the other. When he instructed us to cling on to our culture so that it does not die, he did the same.

Papa Mau’s discipline to communicate with us in his Native tongue is my most inspiring moment. But his lesson was greater than one of language, just as his purpose in life extended well past his role as a navigator. As our kūpuna did, Papa Mau used his language to carry his culture, as culture carries “the entire body of values by which we come to perceive ourselves and our place in the world.”⁵⁴ His final lesson, to me, is that the foundation of traditional practice is all encompassing. Voyaging cannot be done for the sake of travel, just as language cannot be spoken for the exclusive purpose of basic communication. The function of the practitioner is to engage at all levels of culture in order to survive. Our Native voice is one piece of a larger puzzle. Its significant contribution is that it allows us as a Native people to engage with our universe from a Native perspective. Papa Mau did not speak his mother tongue so that it alone would exist. His purpose in doing so was to deeply engage in his practice, as did his ancestors, to ensure his survival.

Speaking a Native language must be relative and necessary in daily life, engaged in a purely Native space for a specifically Native purpose. From the moment we left

54 Ngūgĩ wa Thiong’o, *Decolonizing the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature* (Nairobi, East African Educational Publishers Ltd., 1986), 16.

Kawaihae in 2007, Papa Mau dedicated himself to pule⁵⁵ until our arrival upon his shores. At one point just outside of Satawal, we were greeted by whales anxiously swimming alongside of us. When told about our visitors, Papa Mau smiled and confirmed that he had sent them. Of all of the animal life that we encountered during the voyage, this particular moment we shared with the whales was unique. They charged towards our starboard hull, almost frightening us as to what their intentions could be then they hurried us along to our destination affirming our arrival. Papa Mau's "magic" was simply his ability to engage with and acknowledge his environment. His fluency in his traditional religion was the foundation of his practice and was activated by his Native voice:

Before everything, the people before they know. They know how to talk to the clouds, the waves, because they say spirit with everything like the spirit for the sea, spirit for the tree, spirit for in the forest. When the Christian come he say nothing, only the God. But us we know the God, but different spirit. And then everybody follow that, the way of the church, me too, before. But when I study about the church I say no good. How come I throw away my knowledge and I gonna use another one? Other one is not for me it's from outside.

- Papa Pius "Mau" Piailug⁵⁶

There were several moments during *Kū Holo Mau* where I felt that I was missing out on a greater experience, almost as if there was a void. Though I was equipped with basic 'ōlelo Hawai'i⁵⁷ skills, I did not know how to communicate with the environment and I was hesitant to officially address it appropriately. I would witness an incredible celestial event or weather phenomena with little to no ability to acknowledge the deity responsible for it. Knowing the language was not sufficient enough, if there was no cultural understanding of what was being experienced. In this sense, I was completely unprepared. For Papa Mau there was no separation between his voyaging culture and his ancient religion or spirituality, as a traditional navigator one cannot survive without the other.

55 Prayer, magic spell, incantation, blessing. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 353.

56 *Mau Voyager*, directed by Alan Rosen.

57 Hawaiian language. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 284, 62.

If we continue to voyage for the single purpose of proving the naysayers wrong, we are not sailing in the wake of our kūpuna. We have come far in the past thirty years and have accomplished so much, voyaging and navigation will never die as it is alive and well, but now that we have firmly established the practice in our modern world we must not become idle and content with its current state. Our challenge is that final lesson I received from Papa Mau in Satawal, to deepen our experience so that we may preserve our entire culture not a fragmented one.

There is a hesitancy to do something unknown and unfamiliar due to a lack of tangible resources. This intimidation should not be yielded to, as each of us beholds ancestral memories that are awaiting engagement. If the obstacles of language and traditional religion can be skillfully mastered then the guidance of our kūpuna will be felt. We cannot allow a fear to interact serve as stumbling blocks because of the rules within or the lack of a formal instruction manual. Papa Mau's commitment to Hawai'i is a perfect example of a need to evolve in tradition to guarantee the survival of a practice and a people. The name he bestowed upon his canoe will serve as a reminder to all that sometimes for the sake of cultural survival rules have to be broken and ancient customs need to adapt.

Alingano means to boast or show off. Maisu is a type of wind that comes with a typhoon.⁵⁸ Satawal is covered with 'ulu⁵⁹ trees and every family there has their own tree with exclusive rights to the fruit produced by it. It is forbidden to take 'ulu from another family's tree; you may only take from that which belongs to you. When a typhoon arrives the Maisu wind causes massive destruction to the island and the ripe breadfruits are flung from the trees. Once the weather passes it is unknown from whose tree the scattered 'ulu originates. Rather than letting the 'ulu sit there and rot, it is understood that anyone is allowed to pick it up and eat it because it is considered a time of crisis.

When Papa Mau was a young student of navigation the chiefs on Satawal called him Maisu, a way of teasing his non-traditional education. It was uncommon to have more than one master as a teacher. Papa had gained his knowledge of navigation from his

58 Kalā Thomas, personal communication, March 30, 2011.

59 The breadfruit (*Artocarpus altilis*), a tree perhaps originating in Malaysia and distributed through tropical Asia and Polynesia. Pukui and Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*, 369.

grandfather, father, uncle, and other navigators of Satawal and nearby islands. He was determined to learn and often had to seek out many teachers to become well versed in the traditional practice that granted survival for his people.

By naming the canoe *Alingano Maisu*, Papa reminded the chiefs of Satawal of their harshness towards him. Today, rather than being completely self-sustainable, their traditions are in distress with the introduction of western material culture and a great dependency on the outside world. As the foreign technology that they rely upon fails, the younger generation will not be able carry out the traditions of their ancestors because they had lost interest long ago in learning the practices of canoe building, fishing, sailing and navigation. With this name, Papa Mau declared the current state of his people to be the time after the Maisu wind knocks everything to the ground, a time of great crisis, and in order to survive such upheaval you must share and break the rules.

Alingano Maisu is not just a gift for an individual. For Papa the purpose of building a large voyaging canoe was to again serve his people. Although he was teased and ridiculed as a young boy and well into adulthood, the knowledge that he had gathered from many masters of the sea will now be available to all of his people. By sharing his knowledge of navigation with those outside of his culture, like us of Hawai‘i who in the 1970’s were in a time of great crisis, he has guaranteed its survival. There could be a time when his people might need his knowledge in order to survive, and his students all across Moananuiākea will be able to share it with them. Satawal will benefit from *Alingano Maisu*, whether she becomes a vessel for interisland transport, a floating classroom, or a means of providing food for the physical sustenance of her people. The naming of *Alingano Maisu* will perpetually remind us of Papa Mau’s sacrifice, perseverance, and foresight during an era that did not easily accept it but desperately needed it.

Several factors contributed to our lost of navigational practices: displacement of our people and culture, removal from our ancestral lands, and most destructively we had convinced ourselves for too long that there was no need to voyage. When we stopped pulling⁶⁰ islands out of the sea we stopped practicing *being* ourselves, and believing in our kūpuna. We needed grounding and someone to pull us out of the depths of our crisis.

60 This association of “pulling” an island out of the sea comes from a technique used by Papa Mau where the canoe remains stationary and the island is brought to you, rather than you sailing to the island.

Papa Mau came to us. He held our hands like a father does a young child. He walked us to the edge of our oceans and did not just point to our destination but carried us there. He reminded us how to envision the island, and eventually we arrived upon its shores. For years we kept looking back, tugging on him and asking for assistance, until we finally built enough faith in ourselves to do it alone. On July 12, 2010, Papa Mau passed away in his Nemenlong home on Satawal. His sun had finally set. On the eastern horizon his legacy of student navigators and voyagers proudly arose, promising the perpetuation of the knowledge Papa Mau fought courageously to save. Every nautical mile sailed since 1976 and every one to be sailed in our future, honors this man whose influence upon Hawai‘i is unquestionable.

Kū Holo Mau, originally given by kumu hula Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahale as the name of Papa Mau’s canoe, appropriately became the title of our voyage in 2007. It is a poetic description acknowledging the establishment and present state of the practice of deep-sea navigation. *Kū Holo Mau*, in turn, becomes a challenge to all of us to maintain the journey, ensure longevity, and with the powerful term mau, encourages a continuum.⁶¹ The intention of *Kū Holo Mau* is similar to Papa Mau’s lesson of cultural survival in that both are grounded in self-discipline and commitment. Where better to establish such characteristics than at home with a child. When Papa Mau began teaching navigation to the men that we now recognize as the Pwo navigators of Hawai‘i, he told them that they were too old and they should give him their sons because in his tradition the training begins at birth or even in the womb of the mother before the child is born.

As a mother, my current journey is that of educating my children and instilling in them their Native voice and the skills needed to acknowledge their surrounding environment. It may be years before I participate in another long-distance voyage, but when that time comes I will be prepared to engage in that space differently. I will not only experience the depths of Kanaloa, I will interact with it on a culturally appropriate level, and my children will be there with me, all because of Papa Mau’s culminating lesson of cultural survival.

⁶¹ Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahale, personal communication, May 4, 2011.

‘O Kāne, ‘O Kū-ka-pao
 Me Lononui noho i ka wai
 Loa‘a ka Lani, Honua
 Ho‘eu, kukupu, inana
 Ku i luna o ka moku. (ho)

‘O ka Moananui a Kāne
 ‘O ka Moana i kai o‘o
 ‘O ka Moana i ka i‘a nui
 I ka i‘a iki, i ka manō, i ka niuhi, i ke Koholā
 I ka i‘a nui hihimanu a Kāne

‘O nā lalani hōkū a Kāne
 ‘O nā hōkū i ka nu‘u pa‘a
 ‘O nā hōkū i kakia ‘ia
 I pa‘a, i pa‘a i ka ‘ili lani a Kāne
 ‘O nā hōkū i kahakahakea
 ‘O nā hōkū kapu a Kāne
 ‘O nā hōkū lewa a Kāne
 ‘O kini, o ka lau, o ka mano
 ‘O ka hōkū. ‘o ka hōkū nui, ‘o ka hōkū iki
 ‘O nā hōkū ‘ula a Kāne, He lewa. (‘oi)

‘O ka mahina nui a Kāne
 ‘O ka lā nui a Kāne
 A ho‘olewa ‘ia, a lewa
 I ho‘olewa ‘ia i ka lewa nui a Kāne
 ‘O ka honua nui a Kāne
 ‘O ka honua a Kapakapaua a Kāne

‘O ka honua a Kāne i ho‘olewa
‘O lewa ka hōkū, ‘o lewa ka malama
‘O lewa ka honua nui a Kāne.⁶²

62 ‘O Kāne ‘O Kūkapao is an oli (chant) that embodies the essence of our kūpuna’s understanding of their world and universe. It strongly infers the intimacy that our people had with their environment, something that Papa Mau embodied, too. I was first introduced to this oli at a Papakū Makawalu workshop I attended in 2009, and I place it here in closing to honor Papa Mau and my kūpuna. Traditional, unknown. Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahale, *Papakū Makawalu: Kāne*, Keauhou, 2009.

APPENDIX A

Ua Hānau 'Ia

[Lyrics and English Translation provided by Pua Case]

Ua hānau 'ia, ua hānau 'ia, ua hānau 'ia
E ara ha e ta wa'a taurua
Horo atu, Horo mai,
Horo rua tātou
Eia ra...a
Pā mai ta matani
Uru mai ta matani
Uru atu, Uru mai
Maisu e ta wa'a
Horo Papa
I taurua
E mau nā mo'orero o tātou
Eia ra...a

Born is the canoe
The breath has arrived, this double hull
So that we may venture onward
Here it is...
The wind blows
The wind grows (reference to the wind which blows the breadfruit which is picked by the villagers of
Mau's village)
Blowing everywhere (the wind they call Maisu)
Maisu is the canoe which will carry Mau in his journey
So that the stories will live on

This mele inoa (name song) for *Alingano Maisu* was written by Pua Case Kumu Hula of *Hālau Hula Kealaonāmaupua* for the Waimea Middle School May Day Court in honor of Papa Mau and the efforts of all to complete the *Kū Holo Mau* project.

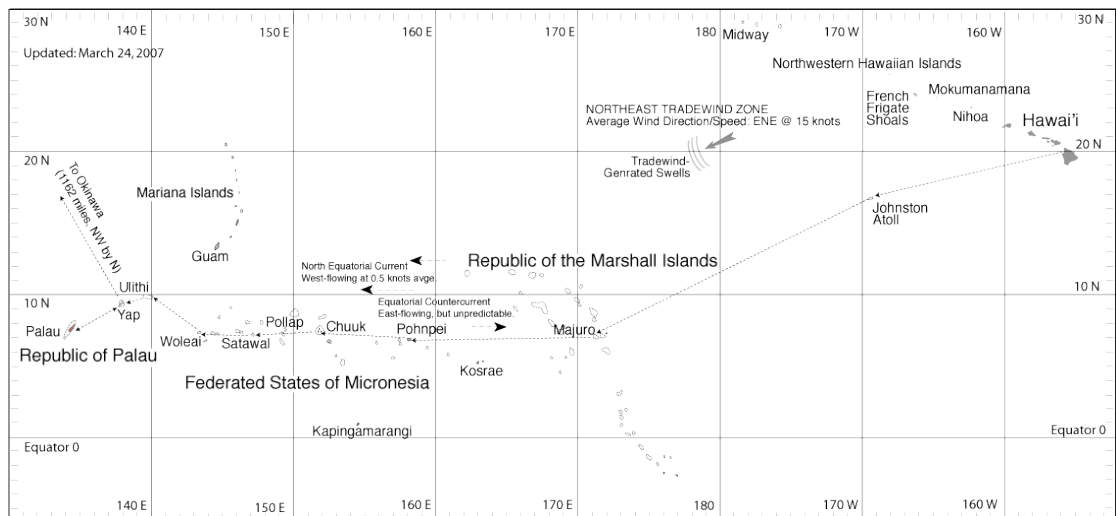
APPENDIX B
 Time Line of Kū Holo Mau 2007 Voyage to Satawal
 [Courtesy of *Polynesian Voyaging Society*]

On January 11, 2007 *Hōkūle‘a* and its escort boat *Kama Hele* departed from Honolulu for Kawaihae on the Big Island to join *Alingano Maisu*. After leaving Kawaihae on Jan. 19 and returning to Kealakekua Bay for repairs, the two canoes departed for Majuro, Republic of the Marshall Islands, on Jan. 23. All destinations were West of the International Dateline (180 degrees longitude) and one day ahead of Hawai‘i.

- Departed Kealakekua Bay, Hawai‘i on January 23; Arrived at Majuro on February 19
- Departed Majuro on February 22; Arrived at Pohnpei, Federated States of Micronesia, on March 1
- Departed Pohnpei on March 7; Arrived at Chuuk on March 10
- Departed Chuuk on March 12; Arrived at Satawal on March 15
- Departed Satawal on March 20; Arrived at Woleai on March 22
- Departed Woleai on March 22 p.m.; Arrived at Ulithi on March 24
- Departed Ulithi on March 25; Arrived at Yap on March 26

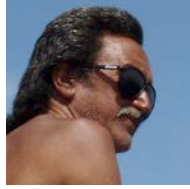
[Alingano Maisu’s Hawai‘i crew returned home after sailing the canoe to Yap. Hōkūle‘a and Alingano Maisu, under the direction of Sesario Sewralur, continued the voyage on to Palau and back to Yap. Hōkūle‘a then began her voyage to Japan, Kū Holo Komohana, leaving Alingano Maisu at her new homeport of Yap.]

- Departed Yap on March 30; Arrived at Palau on April 1
- Departed Palau on April 6; Returned to Yap on on April 8
- Departed for Okinawa, Japan on April 12



APPENDIX C

Alingano Maisu 1st leg (Hawai‘i – Majuro)



Shorty Bertelmann, captain



Chadd Paishon, navigator



Keala Kahuanui, quartermaster

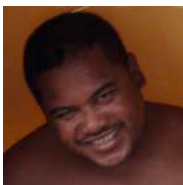
6 – 12 watch:



Sesario "Ses"
Sewralur,
watch captain



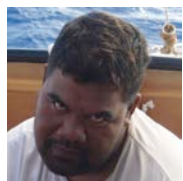
Kamo'a'e Walk



Jason Urusalim



Keaka Mō'ikeha
Yasutake



Innocenti "Innoce"
Eraekaiut

12 – 6 watch:



Athanasio "Eddie"
Emaengilpiy,
watch captain



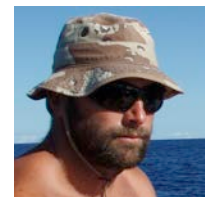
Norman Tawalimai



Pualani Lincoln
Maielua



Keali'i "Bebe"
Maielua



Kaipara Nick Marr

APPENDIX D

'O Kāne 'O Kūkapao

[Lyrics and English Translation provided by *Papakū Makawalu* 2009]

'O Kāne, 'O Kū-ka-pao	Kāne, Kū-ka-pao
Me Lononui noho i ka wai	With Lononui residing in the water
Loa'a ka Lani, Honua	The sky and earth are gotten
Ho'eu, kukupu, inana	Active, growing, alive
Ku i luna o ka moku. (ho)	Upon the land.
'O ka Moananui a Kāne	The great ocean of Kāne
'O ka Moana i kai o'o	The ocean in the dotted seas
'O ka Moana i ka i'a nui	The ocean with the large fish
I ka i'a iki	The small fish
I ka manō, i ka niuhi	The shark, the niuhi
I ke Koholā	The whales
I ka i'a nui hihimanu a Kāne	The great fish hihimanu of Kāne.
'O nā lalani hōkū a Kāne	The stars alignment of Kāne
'O nā hōkū i ka nu'u pa'a	The established stars of Kāne
'O nā hōkū i kakia 'ia	The stars that are fastened
I pa'a, i pa'a i ka 'ili lani a Kāne	Secure, fixed in the surface of Kāne's realm
'O nā hōkū i kahakahakea	The inaccessible stars
'O nā hōkū kapu a Kāne	The stars reserved for Kāne
'O nā hōkū lewa a Kāne	The elevated stars of Kāne
'O kini, o ka lau, o ka mano	Numerous amount of stars
'O ka hōkū.	The star
'O ka hōkū nui,	The big star
'O ka hōkū iki	The little star
'O nā hōkū 'ula a Kāne, He lewa. ('oi)	The red stars of Kāne, suspended.
'O ka mahina nui a Kāne	The big moon of Kāne
'O ka lā nui a Kāne	The great sun of Kāne
A ho'olewa 'ia, a lewa	Floating, moving
I ho'olewa 'ia i ka lewa nui a Kāne	Floating in the great space of Kāne
'O ka honua nui a Kāne	The great earth of Kāne
'O ka honua a Kapakapaua a Kāne	The land of Kapakapaua of Kāne
'O ka honua a Kāne i ho'olewa	The earth of Kāne floating
'O lewa ka hōkū, 'O lewa ka malama	The star is suspended, The moon is suspended
'O lewa ka honua nui a Kāne.	The great earth of Kāne is suspended.

APPENDIX E
Kaulana Mahina
[Courtesy of Kalei Nu'uhiwa]



APPENDIX F
Glossary of Terms & Phrases for Chapter 3: Kū Holo Mau

‘Ōlelo Hawai‘i Terms

Sources:

Pukui, Mary Kawena and Elbert, Samuel H. *Hawaiian Dictionary*. Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1986.

Andrews, Lorrin. *A Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language*. Waipahu: Island Heritage Publishing, 2003.

‘ā

Red-footed booby bird (*Sula sula rubripes*), brown booby (*Sula leucogaster plotus*), masked or blue-faced booby (*Sula dactylatra personata*); all indigenous and also breeding elsewhere. Also ‘a‘a. Legendary birds believed to have taken the shape of this bird are ‘ā ‘aia, ‘ā-‘ai-‘anuhe-a-Kāne and ‘ā-‘aia-nui-nū-keu; ‘ā by some were considered ‘aumākua.

‘aiha‘a

A reference to a series ceremonial dances honoring the voyaging canoes Hōkūle‘a and Makali‘i.

‘āina

‘Āina literally translated is land. The word is derived from ‘ai, to eat, and in its’ whole refers to that which nourishes, or feeds, because it is directly from the land that we acquire nourishment, strength and life.

aku

Bonito, skipjack (*Katsuwonus pelamis*), an important food; to run, of aku.

alaka‘i

To lead, guide, direct; leader, guide, conductor, head, director.

anahulu

Period of ten days, recognized as the traditional “week”.

‘ano

Kind, variety, nature, character, disposition, bearing, type, brand, likeness, sort, way, manner, shape, tendency, fashion, style, mode, circumstance, condition, resemblance, image, color, moral quality, denomination, meaning.

a‘o

Instruction, teaching, doctrine, learning; to learn, teach, advise, instruct, train.

‘auwa‘a

‘Au, a place, and wa‘a, a canoe. A cluster or fleet of canoes.

hālāwai

Horizon. Mai ka ho‘oku‘i a ka hālāwai, from zenith to horizon.

hau

A lowland tree (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*), found in many warm countries, some spreading horizontally over the ground forming impenetrable thickets, and some trained on trellises.

hīhīmanu

Various sting rays (*Dasyatidae*) and eagle rays (*Actobatus narinari*).

hoeli

A steering paddle or rudder.

ho‘i

To leave, go or come back; to cause to come back.

ho‘okele

A navigator. To direct or steer a ship or canoe; to hold the helm.

ho‘omau

To continue, keep on, persist, renew, perpetuate, persevere, last.

‘i‘ini

To desire, crave, yearn for, wish; desire, liking.

‘ike

To see, know, feel, greet, recognize, perceive, experience, be aware, understand; to receive revelations from the gods; knowledge, awareness, understanding, recognition, comprehension and hence learning.

‘iwa

Frigate or man-of-war bird (*Fregata minor palmerstoni*); it has a wing span of 12 m. Fig., thief, so called because it steals food by forcing other birds to disgorge.

‘ōlena

The turmeric (*Curcuma domestica*, also incorrectly called *C. longa*), a kind of ginger distributed from India into Polynesia, widely used as a spice and dye in foods, to color cloth and tapa, and medicinally for earache and lung trouble. A cluster of large leaves rises from thick, yellow underground stems, which are the useful part of the plant, either raw or cooked. Also used for purification and ceremony.

‘ulu

The breadfruit (*Artocarpus altilis*), a tree perhaps originating in Malaysia and distributed through tropical Asia and Polynesia. It belongs to the fig family, and is grown for its edible fruits, sometimes for ornament. The leaves are large, oblong, more or less lobed; fruits are round or oblong, weighing up to 4.5 kilos, when cooked tasting something like sweet potatoes.

kai

Sea, sea water; area near the sea, seaside, lowlands; tide, current in the sea; insipid, brackish, tasteless. I kai, towards the sea. Makai, on the seaside, toward the sea, in the direction of the sea. O kai, of the lowland, of the sea, seaward.

kailele

“Leaping sea”. Kai, meaning Sea, sea water; area near the sea, seaside. Lele, meaning to fly, jump, leap, hop, skip, swing, bounce, burst forth.

kai mā‘oki‘oki

Anything cut into pieces, streaked, sometimes with idea of small pieces. Kaulana ‘o Kona i ke kai mā‘oki‘oki Kona is famous for its streaked sea of various colors.

kākū

The barracuda (*Sphyraena barracuda*), as long as 60 cm. Also kūpala.

Kanaloa

Often used and simply defined as a major god of the sea, Kanaloa more significantly equates to the depths and vastness of the ocean and all things “secure, firm, immovable, established, [and] unconquerable.”

Kanaloa is also a reference to the many kinolau (physical forms) of the deity, ie: ocean; aquifer water; various winds, currents, celestial beings, and marine life. For the voyager, Kanaloa is the deep consciousness you reach after several days at sea, it is a state of mind and awareness of the universe that you never want to leave.

kēhau

Name of a gentle land breeze, as of West Hawai‘i; Ka-pa‘a, Kaua‘i; Kula, Maui; Hālawā, Moloka‘i and O‘ahu. This breeze often blows in the early morning hours before sunrise until about mid-morning. The kēhau is caused by the warming of the ocean and cooling of the land.

kilo

Stargazer, reader of omens, seer, astrologer, necromancer; kind of looking glass (rare); to watch closely, spy, examine, look around, observe, forecast.

koa‘e

The tropic or boatswain bird, particularly the white-tailed tropic bird (*Phaethon lepturus dorotheae*), which inhabits cliffs of the high islands.

kou

A tree found on shores from East Africa to Polynesia (*Cordia subcordata*), with large, ovate leaves, and orange, tubular flowers 2.5 to 5 cm in diameter, borne in short-stemmed clusters. The beautiful wood, soft but lasting, was valuable to the early Hawaiians and was used for cups, dishes, and calabashes.

kuleana

Right, privilege, concern, or responsibility.

kupuna

Grandparent, ancestor, relative or close friend of the grandparent's generation, grandaunt, granduncle.

lāhui

Nation, race, tribe, people, nationality; great company of people; species, as of animal or fish, breed; national, racial.

laulima

Cooperation, joint action; group of people working together; community food patch; to work together, cooperate. Lit., many hands.

leo

Voice, tone, command, verbal message; to speak, make a sound.

lewalani

Lewa and lani, heaven. An indefinite space in the air; a part of the sky; a place belonging to anything above or in the heavens.

lomi

To rub, press, squeeze, crush, mash fine, knead, massage, rub out.

mā

Part. following names of persons. And company, and others, and wife, and husband, and associates. (Gram. 8.7.5.) Ke ali'i mā, the chief and his retinue. Hina mā, Hina and the others; Hina and her husband, friends.

mahimahi

Dolphin (*Coryphaena hippurus*), a game fish up to 1.5 m long, popular for food.

mahina

Moon, month; moonlight.

ma'a

Accustomed, used to, knowing thoroughly, habituated, familiar, experienced; to adapt; custom, habit.

makana

Gift, present; reward, award, donation, prize; to give a gift, donate.

makani

Wind, breeze; gas in the stomach, flatulent wind; windy; to blow.

mālia

A variation of mālie, calm, quiet, serene, pacific, still, silent, tranquil, gentle, gradual; calmly, slowly, softly, quietly.

malo

Male's loincloth.

manu

Bird; any winged creature. Ornamental elliptical expansions at the upper ends of the bow and stern endpieces, distinguished by mua and ihu, "forward" or "bow," and hope, "stern."

manu o kū

White (Fairy) Tern, *Gygis alba*, an indigenous seabird.

Maori

The indigenous people of Aotearoa (New Zealand). For many years we trained with several Maori aboard *Makali'i* which created a strong cultural relationship.

mo'olelo

Story, tale, myth, history, tradition, literature, legend, journal, log, yarn, fable, essay, chronicle, record, article.

mole

Tap root, main root; bottom, as of a pit or of a glass; ancestral root; foundation, source, cause.

momoa

Under part of the rear covered section of a canoe.

nā hōkū

The stars.

naupaka

Native species of shrubs (*Scaevola*) found in mountains and near coasts, conspicuous for their white or light-colored flowers that look like half flowers.

niu

The coconut (*Cocos nucifera*), a common palm in tropical islands of the Pacific and warm parts of eastern Asia.

noio

Hawaiian noddy tern (*Anous tenuirostris melanogenys*), smaller than noddy tern.

nu'u

Height, high place, summit, crest, elevation.

'ohana

Family, relative, kin, group; related.

ono

Large mackerel type fish (*Acanthocybium solandri*), to 1.5 or 1.8 m in length; choice eating.

paha

Maybe, perhaps, probably, possibly, may, might.

paipo

Simple plywood “boogie-boards”.

pilina

Association, relationship, union, connection.

pō

Night, darkness, obscurity; the realm of the gods; formerly the period of twenty-four hours beginning with nightfall (the Hawaiian day began at nightfall).

pū

Large triton conch or helmet shell (*Charonia tritonis*) as used for trumpets.

puka

Hole (perforation; cf. lua, pit); door, entrance, gate, slit, vent, opening, issue.

pule

Prayer, magic spell, incantation, blessing.

uakoko

A low-lying rainbow. Lit., blood rain. Often understood as a sign or omen of trouble.

uiha

Yeehaw!

wa‘a

A canoe.

wahi pana

A sacred or noteworthy place.

wela

Hot, burned; heat, temperature.

‘Ōlelo Hawai‘i Phrases

Sources:

Pukui, Mary Kawena, *‘Ōlelo No‘eau: Hawaiian Proverbs and Poetical Sayings*. Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1983.

Pukui, Mary Kawena and Elbert, Samuel H. *Hawaiian Dictionary*. Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1986.

Ho‘ēmi ka mahina

Literally translated as, the mahina wanes, diminishes.

E maka‘ala!

Pay attention!

Ha‘aha‘a nō!

Very humbled!

he pi‘olualani

The significant double-rainbow that appeared at the launching and blessing of *Makali‘i* and continues to bless the organization, canoe, and ‘ohana.

He pō maika‘i!

A great evening!

Holo i ka i‘a!

Swiftly move as does a fish!

Hū mai ka ‘ōhuku ‘ale.

The swell rises forth.

‘A‘ohe a kākou pōina iā Satawal! Aloha nui e Satawal.

The people of Satawal cannot be forgotten! Great love to Satawal.

‘Au i ke kai me he manu ala!

An ‘ōlelo no‘eau. “Cross the sea as a bird.” To sail across the sea.

i ka moana hohonu

In the depths of the sea. Moana, meaning ocean, open sea, lake, also broad, wide, extended, expansive, spread out. Hohonu, meaning deep, profound; depth, soundings.

Ka Pō Mua

Literally translated as, the first night or the beginning of the first twenty-four hours. Pō, was formerly recognized as the period of twenty-four hours beginning with nightfall, as the Hawaiian day began at nightfall.

Ka wai a Kāne...Kāne i ka wai ola...Eia ka wai a Kāne! Hū ka 'ono!

The water of Kāne...Kane, the water of life...Here is the water of Kāne! The deliciousness pours forth!

Kau ka pe'a, holo ka wa'a!

An 'ōlelo no'eau. "Up go the sails; away goes the canoe!"

Kawaiakāne

The life-giving waters of Kāne.

I ane'i ana paha ka ua?

perhaps, the rain is coming this way?

Ku'u one hānau ē!

My birth sands!

Ma ka hana ka 'ike.

An 'ōlelo no'eau. "In the doing is learning."

Mahalo e nā akua no Kūmau!

Gratitude to the gods for Kūmau (Polaris).

Mahalo e nā akua, nā 'aumākua, a me nā kūpuna no nā pōmaika'i a pau...ke aloha nui iā 'oukou!

Gratitude to the gods, family ancestors, and elders for all the blessings bestowed upon us...immense love to all of you!

Mahalo e nā akua, nā 'aumākua, nā kūpuna a me nā wa'a kaulua.

Gratitude to the gods, family ancestors, elders and the double-hull (voyaging) canoes.

Mahalo e nā akua no nā hōkū a pau!
Gratitude to the gods for all the stars!

Mahalo nui e nā hōkū!
Gratitude for the stars!

Mahalo i ka mea loa‘a...mahalo no ke ola.
Gratitude for what is granted...gratitude for life.

pilina i ke kai
Relationship with the ocean.

Pō mālie kākou!
Goodnight everyone!

ua hiki mai ka lā
The sun rose forth.

Uē ka lani!
The heavens cry!

Nautical Terms

Sources:

"Glossary of Nautical Terms," Wikipedia, accessed March 24, 2013,
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glossary_of_nautical_terms.

Pukui, Mary Kawena, and Samuel H. Elbert, *Hawaiian Dictionary*. Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1986.

‘Āina Kona

West-South-West. ‘Āina, a particular house in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson, referencing the land. Kona, the southwest quadrant in Kūkulu o Ka Lani, named after the weather that comes out of the southwest as well as a common land section of the Hawaiian islands.

‘Ākau

South. Also one of the thirty-two houses in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson.

beam reach

A point of sail where wind passes over the beam of the vessel.

bioluminescence

The production of light by living organisms.

bow

The front of a vessel.

catwalk

Boards lashed to the muku (outboard ends of the crossbeams) to provide for safety when outside of the canoe.

double-towed

The towing of two vessels by one escort boat. At times *Kama Hele* would tow both *Hōkūleʻa* and *Alingano Maisu*.

downwind

A point of sail where the wind is directly behind the vessel.

forestay

A line of support, reaching from the front of the vessel to the mast head.

genoa (jenny)

A large jib or staysail, that overlaps the main sail.

Haka

One of the thirty-two houses in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson. Haka, meaning vacant or empty, refers to the northern and southern extremities of the celestial poles and the lack of stars to use for navigation.

Hema

South. Also one of the thirty-two houses in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson.

house

Designation within Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson. The compass includes thirty-two “houses” each spanning 11.25 degrees. Each house is named appropriately: Haka, Nā Leo, Nā Lani, Manu, Noio, ‘Āina, and Lā and aligned within four quadrants: Ko‘olau, Malanai, Kona, and Ho‘olua.

knots

A unit of speed equal to one nautical mile per hour, approximately 1.151 mph.

Ko‘olau

The northeast quadrant in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson, named after the weather that comes out of the northeast as well as a common land section of the Hawaiian Islands.

Komohana

West. Also one of the thirty-two houses in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson.

Kona

The southwest quadrant in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson, named after the weather that comes out of the southwest as well as a common land section of the Hawaiian Islands.

Lā-Komohana

The border between Lā, west by north, and Komohana, west. Lā, a particular house in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson, referencing the sun. Komohana, west.

lee

Leeward, the portion of an island protected and sheltered from the wind.

leech

The aft edge of the sail.

luff

The shaking of a sail when steering too close to the wind.

Mahina

The female hoeuli (steering paddle) of *Makali'i*, built by Uncle Billy Richards and named after his daughter.

main sweep

The primary steering blade aboard the canoe.

manu hope

Ornamental elliptical expansion at the upper ends of the stern endpiece.

manu ihu

Ornamental elliptical expansion at the upper ends of the bow endpiece.

Manu Ko'olau

North-East. Manu, a particular house in Kūkulu o Ka Lani the Hawaiian Star Compass created by Nainoa Thompson, referencing the bird. Ko'olau, the northeast quadrant in Kūkulu o Ka Lani, named after the weather that comes out of the northeast as well as a common land section of the Hawaiian islands.

mark

A navigational term, referencing a specific point on the horizon used to hold direction.

mast

A spar or structure rising above the hull and deck of a vessel to hold sails, spars, rigging, booms, etc.

nautical mile

A unit of distance used chiefly in maritime navigation.

nav-plat

The navigation platform. A place at the stern of the canoe, where the navigator often sits and observes from.

Paniau

The male hoeuli (steering paddle) of *Makali'i*, built by Uncle Shorty Bertelmann and named after his favorite surf spot in Puakō.

port

The left side of a vessel, or towards the left-hand side of the vessel facing forward.

port tack

When sailing with the wind coming from the port side of the vessel.

primary forestay

The primary or main line of support, reaching from the front of the vessel to the mast head.

reefed main

The main sail temporarily reduced of sail area. A technique used in high winds or to slow a vessel by reducing the area of sail exposed to the wind.

rig

A reference to the spar, mainsail, and boom.

secondary forestay

The secondary of support, reaching from the front of the vessel to the mast head.

spinnaker

A large sail flown in front of the vessel while heading downwind.

stanchion

The upright post or beam of the railing system.

starboard

The right side of the vessel. Towards the right-hand side of a vessel facing forward.

steering paddle

The hoe uli or large blade used to steer the canoe located at the stern.

steersman

The person in charge of the steering paddle or hoe uli.

stern

The rear part of a vessel.

tabis

An ocean footwear, or covering for the feet used often by fishermen and watermen.

tow

To receive assistance from another vessel.

watch

A scheduled time slot or shift within the 24-hour day. Also a reference to the group of people assigned to work together within a specific time frame.

wing-on-wing

When sailing on a downwind run, we will often set our mainsail and staysail or primary and secondary staysails on opposite tacks creating a larger sail area.

working jib

A triangular staysail at the front of the vessel.

Geographic Locations

Sources:

Pukui, Mary Kawena and Elbert, Samuel H., Mo'okini, Ester T. *Place Names of Hawai'i*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1974.

"Yap State Census Report, 2000," accessed March 24, 2013,

http://www.pacificweb.org/DOCS/fsm/Yap2000Census/2000%20Yap%20Census%20Report_Final.pdf.

"Marshallese-English Dictionary – Place Name Index," accessed March 24, 2013,

<https://evols.library.manoa.hawaii.edu/bitstream/handle/10524/19441/LocM.htm>.

"Johnston Island History," <http://www.janeresture.com/johnston/>.

Hōnaunau

A land section, village, bay, surfing areas (summer south-swell and winter north-swell), forest reserve, and elementary school, South Kona, Hawai'i.

Ka Lae

South Point, Ka'ū, Hawai'i.

Ka Piko o Wākea

A traditional name for the equator.

Kaho'olawe

The smallest of the eight major Hawaiian Islands. The uninhabited island is also known as Kohemālamalama.

Kalama

Also known as Johnston Atoll. *H.B.M.S. Cornwallis* is credited with its discovery, December 14, 1807, the name of her commanding officer, Captain Charles J. Johnston, being given the larger island. On March 19, 1858, the captain of the American schooner *Palestine* took possession of the islands in the name of the United States. Three months later, June 14 to 19, 1858, the Hawaiian schooner *Kalama*, Captain Watson, with Samuel C. Allen on board, visited Johnston, removed the American flag, and hoisted that of Hawaii. The larger island was renamed Kalama Island, and the nearby smaller island was called Cornwallis. Returning on July 27, 1858, the captain of the *Palestine* again hoisted the American flag and reasserted the rights of the United States. This time he left two of his crew on the island to gather phosphate. On July 27, 1858, and while these two men were still on the island, a proclamation of Kamehameha IV declared the annexation of this island to Hawaii stating that it was derelict and abandoned. This name was learned and used after our voyage.

Kapu'a

Coastal fishing area of Kapalilua, South Kona.

Kapukapu

Traditional name for Kealakekua Bay.

Kaupō

Coastal fishing area of Kapalilua, South Kona.

Lamotrek

A coral atoll of three islands in the central Caroline Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and forms a legislative district in Yap State in the Federated States of Micronesia.

Majuro

A large coral atoll of 64 islands in the Pacific Ocean, and forms a legislative district of the Ratak Chain of the Marshall Islands.

Mauna Loa

Active volcano, second highest mountain in Hawai'i, and probably the largest single mountain mass on earth.

Moananuiākea

One of many Indigenous names that can be used for the commonly referenced “Pacific” ocean; Moananuiākea speaks to the broad, wide, extensive, and full sea that we as Natives of this land honor as a major component of our universe.

Okoe

Coastal fishing area of Kapalilua, South Kona.

pali of Ka‘ū

The cliffs of Ka‘ū. Ka‘ū, the southern district of Hawai‘i.

Puakō

Fishing village of Kohala, Hawai‘i.

Satawal

A solitary coral atoll of one island located in the Caroline Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and forms a legislative district in Yap State in the Federated States of Micronesia. Satawal is the easternmost island in the Yap island group. The island, which measures 2 kilometres (1.2 mi) long northeast-southwest, is up to 0.8 kilometres (0.50 mi) wide and sits atop a small platform-like reef with a narrow fringing reef.

Ulithi

An atoll in the Caroline Islands of the western Pacific Ocean.

Woleai

Also known as Oleai, is a coral atoll of twenty-two islands in the eastern Caroline Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and forms a legislative district in Yap State in the Federated States of Micronesia.

Satawalese Terms

Pwo

Pwo is a traditional role of the master navigator on Satawal.

Pwo ceremony

A Satawalese traditional ceremony used to induct navigators in the title and responsibility of Pwo.

tuba

A drink made on Satawal and other islands, of the fermented sap of the coconut palm.

Vessels

Chuuk Queen

The cargo and passenger ship that accompanied *Hōkūle‘a*, *Alingano Maisu*, and *Kama Hele* to Satwal.

Hōkū

Nickname for *Hōkūle‘a*.

Kama Hele

The *Polynesian Voyaging Society’s* 45-foot steel sloop escort for long distance voyages.

Kānehūnāmoku

A 29-foot double hull Hawaiian coastal sailing canoe that descends from the lineage of *Makali‘i*.

Kānehūnāmoku was built to fulfill the charge of Papa Mau to share with the rest of Hawai‘i what was learned from him.

Pono

An escort vessel of the *Polynesian Voyaging Society*.

Mele & Oli

E Ala E

A chant written by Pualani Kanaka‘ole Kanahele to acknowledge the rising of the sun.

He Kuleana Nō

A song written by the Bertelmann ‘ohana and Pua Case, that emminates the spirit of “Cap” Clayton Bertelmann and all that he taught us.

Hiki Mai Ka Lā

A song used to greet the sun or to encourage a group of people to gather.

Celestial Beings

Aramoe

Earlier

Hānaiakamalama

Hikianali‘a

Hōkūle‘a

Hōkūlei

‘A‘ā

Ifangauul

Igutig

'Iwakeli'i

Kamolehonua

Kauluakoko

Ke Kā o Makali'i

Keoe

Kūmau

Maan

Mailap

Mailamaanfung

Mailapailefung

Murn

Nā Māhoe

Nā Maka

Tan Marigaht

Tupul Mesario

Tupul Tumur

Wuliwuliluubw

Wylur

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