

Climate change and climate shock – I'm back from the Hawaiian Islands after a week of temperatures in the high eighties (that's Fahrenheit, of course, since the U.S. chose to retain the far more sensible and accurate temperature scale of German invention).

Every one of the seven days we were on the island, save for the one where volcanic haze obscured our view of the distant beaches of Wailea, the skies were a clear and cloudless, the sea a shimmering blue.

In front of our condo, whales breached, sea turtles foraged, a myriad of fish swam and foraged as the relentless surf crashed against the beach.

A four-minute walk in a north westerly direction brought us to the Maalaea Harbour and an open air restaurant called Beach Bums that serves up fine breakfasts and the best fish and chips I've ever eaten.

From the promenade in front of the cafe, I watched fishermen carefully walk across the breakwater, bait their hooks, cast into the sea, prop their long poles in the interstices between the rocks, then sit down and wait for their bait to entice a strike.

The first time I watched these fellows perform triggered a wave of nostalgia in me for the way they fished bore a strong technical resemblance to my first fishing adventures in the waters of the beaches and sea walls of Burrard Inlet. I longed to rent a rod and try some of this childlike fishing

for a day, but, sadly, our agenda and short stay meant putting it on hold for another trip.

One morning as I sipped tea while scanning the ocean for whales, a bronzed man sitting in a long slender craft that resembled a kayak paddled across my view. I say paddled, but he had no paddles. His pumped his legs rapidly on what I guessed were pedals that drove some kind of paddle wheel under his craft. Whatever form of locomotion the man was using, it propelled his slender craft through the sea at an impressive pace.

Astern of his seat the man had a pair of long rods. Ahead of him another, all three fastened to the deck of the boat. The lines extending behind the boat glistened in the tropical sun. The rods were gracefully bowed from the resistance of the lures they were towing.

I marvelled at the speed the troller attained. He disappeared from view. I picked up my binoculars and looked toward Kihei. The troller reappeared, retracing his route.



SKEENA ANGLER
ROB BROWN

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going to do once he had the beast there.

Given the narrow width of the kayak, it seemed the man's only course was to exhaust the fish and slide it close enough to administer a killing blow to its skull, then tow it to shore. To do this he still had to be mindful of the lines dangling from the other two rods. It was going to be something to see.

The fish was towing man and boat around at this point. The fisher leaned hard on it. The line went slack. Damn.

The fish might have been a Mahi-mahi,

One of the posterior rods jerked sharply down. The fisher stopped peddling. He snatched the rod and lifted it sharply skyward.

The deep bend in the rod suggested that a large creature was fastened to the lure at the line's end. As the fish took line and the man struggled to gain a semblance of control and turn it a round, I silently cheered him on, dying to see the size of the fish and to see how he was going to bring it alongside his skinny little boat, and what he was

an ahi, a Kajiki, or an Ono, all big and built for speed, and all very good eating. Here was another form of Hawaiian angling I needed to try, though I sensed a lot of skill and, therefore, a lot of practice was probably required to gain enough proficiency to be able to land a fish.

The gear was probably pricey too, though an aspiring troller may be able to rent the boats and rods. Everything, it seemed, was available to rent on Maui.

As intriguing it is to sample different fisheries, it seemed to me that getting down among the fish was probably the most appealing, least expensive, and enjoyable piscine adventure to be had in Hawaii. A conversation with the affable proprietress of a dive shop in Lahaina convinced me that snorkelling was something one should do every day over an extended stay.

Back home, the long-johns were back on. Clothes go on in layers. Bob Clay and I drive to the lower Lakelse River to see how spring is progressing and find that it's not.

Jet boats run up and down the ice clogged Skeena, some of them skipped by guides ferrying clients who are paying hundreds a day to shiver in a tin boat under grey winter skies then stand in 36 degree water (Fahrenheit again) for a chance at one of the few sluggish steelhead that inhabit the river at this time of year.

The arthritis in my thumb throbs.
I miss Maui.