

From: "Inside Passage via satellite" <CABianco@stratosnet.com>
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Icy Bay We continued our journey in this remote bay along the Gulf of Alaska that as recently as 1904 did not exist. At that time, this 20 mile deep bay was completely filled with the Guyot Glacier connected to the enormous Malaspina Glacier. We went ashore for our evening hike to examine the remains of an inactive logging operation. There were many large pieces of equipment sitting adjacent to fields of lovely blue Lupine flowers (see photo). We walked a good distance down a logging road and came across some derelict vehicles with keys still in the ignition.

The next day, we attempted to get a closer view of the Guyot, Yahtse and Tyndall Glaciers at the back of Icy Bay. On previous visits, it had been too filled with ice to take the *Inside Passage* beyond the entrance to the bay. Given the favorable conditions, we were able to approach within 1/8th of a mile of the unusual Guyot Glacier. The center section hangs

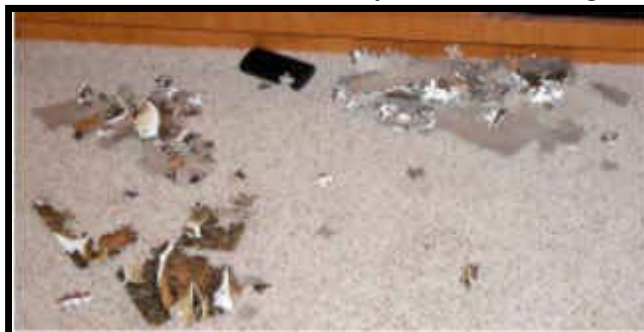
from an enormous smooth stone cliff with numerous waterfalls and occasional ice showers.

The roar of the rushing water combined with the sounds of bergy seltzer. Bergy seltzer describes the sizzling sound caused by the release of air bubbles trapped in glacial ice. John captured a nice sized bergy bit for our drinks. We returned to re-anchor in Riou Bay, and then took the jet boat over to the Riou Spit for a hike along the gulf. We saw no animals, only numerous fresh tracks of bear, wolf and moose. Note the relative size of the bear track compared to Carl's boot (see photo). This is the largest bear print we have ever seen. This beach is littered with thousands of drift-trees. The sounds of the surf and the call of an occasional eagle are all that we heard. This is a wild, remote, but very beautiful locale (see photo).



Our Big Challenge The 180-mile open ocean crossing was scheduled for the next morning. It is this segment that makes the *Inside Passage* unique among owner operated power boats from the lower 48. The crew set alarm clocks for 4:00 AM to hear the latest weather forecast to see if the trek was possible. The anchor was raised shortly thereafter

and off we went for the run to Prince William Sound. There are no anchorage points along this coastline, so once committed there was no stopping. We did not see any boats except towards the end of the day we saw an empty super tanker returning to Valdez. The sea conditions were 'stimulating' but the crew did remarkably well although not much food was consumed. Almost everyone, including the captain, took a nap along the way. After the course change at Cape St. Elias, the boat began to yaw (shift from side to side) significantly, but the pounding on the bow stopped. On one big swing, the boat's most precious asset went tumbling. Our Bev Doolittle puzzle, which had been 75% complete, was in multiple pieces on the floor (see photo). The slapping tale of a humpback whale welcomed us to the somewhat calmer waters at the Cape Hinchinbrook entrance to Prince William Sound (see photo). Dinner was completed just as the ship's clock rang eight bells signaling midnight. We went to bed after dark which is rare in the summer in these northerly latitudes. Only the lights from the oil spill response barge permanently anchored in the bay illuminated the night.



Port Etches, Prince William Sound Everyone slept in after the grueling eighteen hour passage.

There were a few sea otters floating around the boat, including at least one with a baby on its chest (see photo). The weather was icky with fog and rain the entire day. It did not take much to agree that a quiet day would restore our physical well-beings as well as give us time to take care of some boat maintenance. John worked once again on the backup auto pilot control using his engineering expertise. Bob helped Carl with the twenty gallon oil change. A discussion was held on the fate of the fallen puzzle. John said we should pitch the

whole thing overboard. Bob suggested a burial at sea. Carl said we would be "quitters" if we didn't restore and complete the puzzle. Because of piloting duties, he had less time invested, and had inserted only 17 pieces at the time of the crash. The crew agreed to accept his challenge. Subsequently, the puzzle was gently scooped off the salon floor and the reconstruction began. We were now determined to complete it before the end of this leg of the trip.

Bay of Isles, Knight Island The rain finally stopped the following morning. We crossed Prince William and found a few golden rays of sunshine near Knight Island. We nestled into an anchorage in the West Arm of the Bay of Isles with its steep sides towering over 1200'. Our hiking goal was to locate a trail to the lake at the head of the inlet. We



found what appeared to be bear trails, many leading down to the stream connecting the bay to the lake. The classic northwest rainforest was covered with large amounts of moss, lichens, and delicate ferns. There were a few salmon circling in front of the falls waiting for the right conditions to travel upstream. A few had already turned bright red. Upon our return, most of the crew chose to sit up on the top deck to soak in some much missed sun. This was the first day of the entire two week segment that we have had that opportunity. This was also the day we completed the puzzle, less than forty-eight hours after it was in a heap on the salon floor (see photo).



The next morning we awoke to gale winds up to forty-five knots blasting through our anchorage. This condition is known as a williwaw. A williwaw occurs when winds are funneled over mountain tops and through valleys resulting in significantly increased velocity. After fifteen hours of the *Inside Passage* swinging wildly back and forth on her anchor chain, the winds finally moderated. Our odometer said we had traveled eight miles, but we were at the same location. Within two hours, the water surface was like glass and after the evening movie, a restful sleep was ahead. The next morning it took some effort to free the anchor from the deep muck in which it had become imbedded. It was covered with an

interesting collection of mud, shells, and rocks.

On our final day on this segment of the voyage, we are heading into Cordova for a change in crew as well as resupply of fuel and food. These past two weeks have had some interesting weather, but the group has worked together as a team. It has been an enjoyable visit, especially for the three siblings. The puzzle and the crossing are behind us, and the Kenai Peninsula and the Alaska Peninsula lie ahead (weather permitting).