

“Boat Wash” Falls Our crew is now thoroughly acclimated to the relaxed pace of cruising through the Inside Passage. Boat Wash Falls is a steep waterfall just north of the abandoned cannery at Butedale. Carl bestowed this unofficial name years ago because there was ample water depth which enabled him to cozy the *Inside Passage* up to the vertical shoreline, and wash the bow (and an occasional guest) with fresh ice-cold water. It has been a while since a crew member has volunteered to experience this sensation. Since the temperature on deck had reached 77° on a very hot Canadian afternoon, Eddie volunteered to straddle the bow sprit to cool off, and we nudged the vessel within inches of the granite wall to grant him his wish. (see photo)

Helicopter Logging Further up Fraser Reach and while passing Princess Royal Island, we observed an environmentally sensitive method of selective logging using a helicopter. Using a double bladed Russian built helicopter, the pilot would



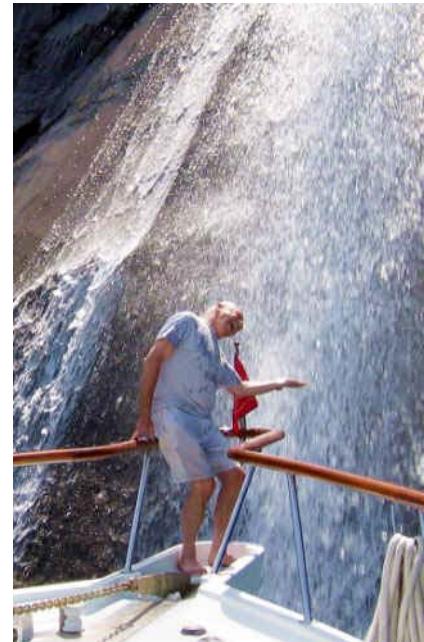
lift a complete tree (shorn of major branches) every two minutes and delicately place it on a nearby floating barge. The two workers on the barge had a tricky task of avoiding the swinging logs overhead while getting each log stacked before the next one arrived. (see photo)

Using this approach there is no need for a network of logging roads. Only a small platform to offload the work crew is required. The area from which the logs were being lifted was not readily discernable from the surrounding hillside, and the method allows trees to be removed from very steep hillsides. It is a great improvement over the scars from vast areas of clear cutting. As we slowed down to make a closer inspection, the helicopter took a break to fly directly above us and the large mechanical claw

hung from the end of his suspended cable immediately over our heads.

Orcas Again To add to the day’s excitement, we encountered three more Orca whales. At least two were large males. They were clustered together and remained almost motionless for some time, which enabled Carl to get some good close-ups (see photo). We have read that this is called *logging* where Orcas will periodically remain in a state of suspension and just communicate with each other. There is always something more to learn as we observe the behavior pattern of animals in the wild.

A Wandering Deer Crossing Wright Sound, our path crossed that of a young male deer two miles from the nearest shoreline. We know their sense of hearing and smell is keen, but their eyesight may not



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The paper often publishes photos of their subscribers reading the publication in exotic locales ([see photo](#)).

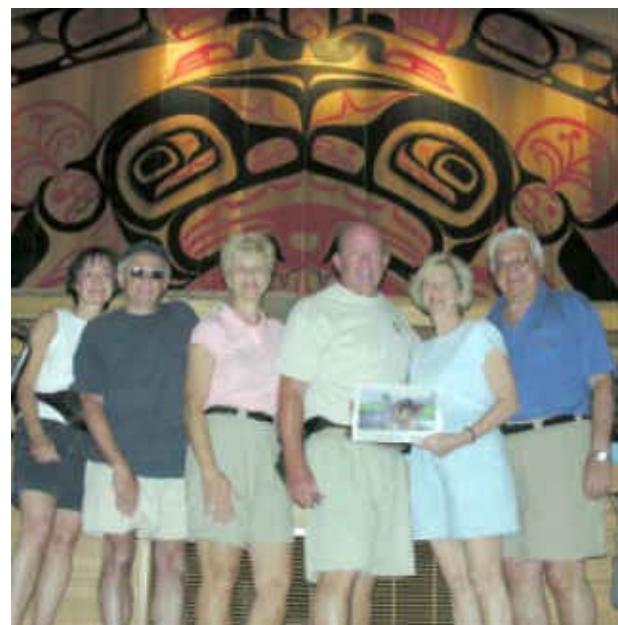
Local Knowledge One of the teachers at the school took time to answer our many questions. There are fifty-four students in grades K-12 served by four teachers. It was Saturday so there were no students around. In fact, we saw very few residents at all. He told us that this weekend was a key time for them to gather seaweed to dry for their indigenous foods, and we saw seaweed drying on one of the porches ([see photo](#)). The teacher, who is single, takes the ferry to Prince Rupert once a month for groceries, and this costs him around \$700. Since the ferry only stops twice a week, the trip to 'Rupert' requires him to be gone for several days. It becomes a major expedition just to keep supplied with food.

There were no visible commercial enterprises in town. We learned from a local resident, whose job was carving a new lodge pole for the longhouse, that some of the homes had little snack shops within. We entered one that he directed us to and walked through a family's living room and kitchen to a small back room that contained two large chest freezers and a refrigerator. The proprietress had a supply of primarily junk food. We purchased our share to help subsidize the local economy.



be, as the deer almost swam right into the boat before he realized we were not the shoreline ([see photo](#)).

Hartley Bay We chose to visit this small Native settlement for the first time, and as in the past, these small settlements are always fascinating. The residents are primarily members of Gitga'at Band of the larger Tsimshian Nation. This small community of a few hundred people has no roads or grocery stores, and there were no vehicles other than ATVs that travel along the wooden boardwalk which connect all of the homes. The group decided that the backdrop of the ceremonial longhouse in Hartley Bay might be the perfect spot to have a group photo taken holding an issue of the JTNews.

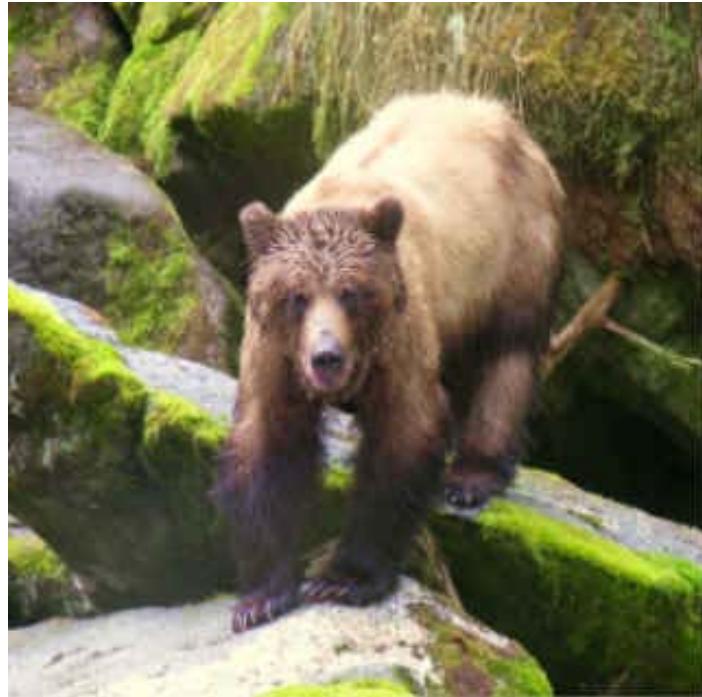


Lundy Cove After our initial choice of the evening's anchorage turned out to be unsuitable, Carl chose an alternate off Principe Channel that he might not otherwise have selected. It required some twisting and turning in a narrow channel not much wider than the hull of our vessel. With crewmembers watching for rocks, we threaded our way into a serene and very private lagoon. Even our Depth Talker (an audible supplement to our depth sounder) was nervous. It is probably the tightest entrance we have ever attempted, and those who have traveled with

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us before will know this is a significant statement.

Continuing North We cruised on enjoying another quiet day of reading and photo editing, with some very competitive games of Scrabble mixed in. Lucy claimed that Herb must have been cheating to win so many rounds. We passed three additional deer swimming in the middle of Petrel Channel. To encounter swimming deer two days in a row is unusual based on past experience. Prior to dinner, Carl checked our e-mail and to our surprise, there were several Father's Day greetings to the group. We are so removed from civilization that in our travels it is difficult to focus on the calendar date, much less the day of the week. We had totally forgotten what day it was. There was, however, a touch of sadness in that while we can receive greetings, none of us still has a father to honor.



Ketchikan After a week in the wilderness, our crew was ready for the 'excitement' of arriving into Ketchikan, where we clear U. S. Customs. Our guests hadn't been here for many years. They toured the town and were duly impressed with all of the economic development the cruise ship business has brought to this town. Unfortunately, many of the earlier signs of local color have been eradicated from the dock area. Most all of the odorous and smoky bars on Front Street formerly frequented by fishermen and loggers are gone. Look-a-like jewelry stores have replaced them, and we hear there are now more than sixty.



Anan Creek Last year we were turned away from this USFS popular bear observatory, because they had just instituted a limited permit system that began the day of our arrival. This year we arrived before the bureaucrats begin their controls on the July 5th official opening day. This is a very special location, not just because of the numerous bears that come to feed on the spawning pink salmon, but because of the eagles, ravens, otter, seals, marten, and other animals that also feed on the carcasses. It is also a beautiful wilderness setting that we are fortunate to enjoy most years.

We had Anan to ourselves this time with the exception of a young couple making a documentary movie. Our jet shore boat engine refused to cooperate so we motored over to the shore very slowly with our small backup "kicker" motor. For a couple of hours, we enjoyed observing a very active young brown bear efficiently catching and consuming one salmon after another (**see photo above**). There were no black bears to be seen anywhere. Black bears are usually the most common species at this location. They normally stay out of the way of the "brownies", but they may just not yet have arrived, as it was the very beginning of the salmon

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run. Joann found a comfortable spot on top of the fish ladder to do some videoing ([see photo](#)).

Just Hit It The next morning after researching various repair alternatives for the jet boat motor, Carl got on the satellite phone and called Doug Janes for advice. Doug is the master mechanic who keeps the *Inside Passage* in first class condition, and enables us to enjoy our wonderful summers in Alaska.

After hearing all of the symptoms, Doug diagnosed several possible causes including the possibility of a frozen solenoid. The instructions were simple - hit it (lightly) with a hammer! As always, Doug was right, and we were back in business. We went ashore on the morning of the summer solstice. With an almost full moon, the tide was just about at its extreme annual low. The shoreline was filled with numerous eagles feeding on the exposed tide flats. Four of us went back to the observation point with high hopes of photographing our new favorite bear. Instead another young brown bear, possibly its inexperienced and thinner sibling, was desperately trying to catch a fish to no avail ([see photo](#)). We watched for almost two hours without seeing this young bear catch a fish.

To be continued...

