

KNOTTED TWINE

XI GLACIER BAY.

While it is true we have already encountered Glaciers and have made reference to Glacier Bay in the Epistle for Field and Stream (Tale of the Bear), I do feel I cannot depart this narration without further mention and further revelations regarding this unique place.

Captain George Vancouver's survey of this area in 1794 reveals only an indentation perhaps presenting a wall of ice between Point Gustavus and Point Corolus, the two headlands serving as the entrance to the present-day Glacier Bay National Monument. Eighty-five years later John Muir, the "Ice Chief", 'discovered' Glacier Bay.

During those eighty-five years it can be estimated the Glacier, per se, had 'retreated', or melted, broke away, dissolved and scattered to the Seven Seas approximately thirty miles into, the tehn identified and named, Muir Glacier at Muir Inlet; and fifty miles into the John Hopkins and Grand Pacific Glaciers, averaging close to one half mile of 'retreat' per year. Since that time, until our visit one-hundred years later, the portion still known as Muir Glacier has 'retreated' another twenty-five miles or one quarter mile per year, on the average. The Plateau Glacier, in recent history, has retreated more rapidly whereas the John Hopkins, after a continued 'retreat', estimated at another dozen miles since Muir's time, has begun to 'advance'; roughly the same can be said of the Grand Pacific Glacier as of the John Hopkins.

The statistical aspect is given, not only to suggest the dynamism of the area, but to emphasize the newness (to the white man), the newest presenting its most barren and formidable aspect as we found exemplified in Wachusett Inlet. To us, Blue Mouse Cove, Wachusett Inlet, Reid Glacier and North Sandy Cove serve as composite impression of our journey into this unique wilderness. We anchored for six days in Blue Mouse Cove, traveled the full length of Wachusett Inlet, anchoring there to go ashore; we also anchored in Reid Inlet as well as the previously mentioned Sandy Cove, the scene of the Tale of 'Teddy'.

Glacier Bay, while it may be the handiwork of unseen geological and cosmological forces, has become the preserve and province of the United States Department of the Interior. The area had been designated a U.S. National Monument in 1925 and is presently a bureaucracy of the National Park Service. In establishing the Monument the government excluded the Tlingit

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Indians from their accustomed usage of the area in which they had hunted seals, fished, gathered bird (primarily gull) eggs and berries. In addition the park service regulated the flow of sundry visitors to the area, and in 1980 began a restrictive control of the number of boats admitted to the Monument. The government has allowed a resort and excursion vessel concessions to operate within the 'park' from which it extracts one percent of the proceeds.

In 1980, the influence of a semi-resident, pseudo-scientist, whale-lover, Chock Harazz, had caused the government bureaucracy to find sufficient provocation to create and enforce a set of rules with regard to the intrusion and extrusion of boats within Glacier Bay. Characteristic of bureaucracies, the left hand quite often was unaware of, undoing the efforts of the right hand (a matter which will become apparent later), as self-appointed authority 'fell in' behind the rule in the way patriots and fanatics do, behind causes, flags, and sundry other manifestation of mental fixation.

However, the National Park Service was unable to regulate the flow of humpbacked whales to and from the bay. In 1979 the humpbacked whale did not make its 'customary' appearance in Glacier Bay, according to the semi-resident, pseudo-scientist, whale-lover. The semi-resident pseudo-scientist, whale-lover sounded the alarm, decrying the presence and number of boats as cause, claiming an assortment of evils associated with them. The fishermen throughout Southeast Alaska guffawed at length at these wild assumptions, being in possession of some intuitive intelligence of their own, and perhaps being in possession of a keener sense of observation, as well as having their own cause to advance (more later).

The pseudo-scientist had claimed boats anathema to the whale (his own excluded). The ignorance of the bureaucracy availed itself of its only seeming option, capriciousness in collusion, in order to lure back the whale to Glacier Bay. In league, pseudo and the government cast their obtuse mania upon the visitors, placing limits upon the number of boats per day, making 'permits' requisite for entry to the 'park'.

Hah!, the crowning point, the climax, the **ne plus ultra** of our journey was to culminate in Glacier Bay - and Lo!!, a g.d. bureaucratic hassle - be Damned! Bloody Officialdumb! One life to lead, a once-in-a-lifetime journey, to be confronted with an imbecilic Peter at the Gate. What if there had been a waiting line? If we had ventured into the 'park' without their say-so, would they have brought in the militia, the Coast Guard or the U.S. Navy to

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remove us?

It didn't happen that way; fortunately we escaped a set-piece of idiocy, for there was not a waiting line. We played the game because opportunity favored and allowed the game; we requested permission; we obtained a 'permit'; we were told, in addition, we could renew our ten-day permit by calling in via VHF, should we desire to extend our stay - Wha?! - this isn't bureaucracy speaking - so accommodating; wonder of wonders!; and no spoken admonitions. One never ceases to be amazed! But 'Love', Never say "Never". Ye shall hear more of this later!

For the better part then, we proceeded into this babe of a creation, observing in the hazy distance, to the north, a maze of ragged whiteness. To the east we could see the 'other side' of the mountains we had ogled and photographed in Lynn Canal - the Chilkat Range. To the west, the greater mountains were obscured in an approaching cloud cover which was just the beginning of several frontal systems that would 'march' out of the Gulf of Alaska throughout the next two weeks.

On our way to North Sandy Cove we encountered a strong tide



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rip between Strawberry Island and Willoughby Island. As we cleared Willoughby, a wind 'sprang up' from the North which, before long, attained twenty knots creating a 'nasty chop'. Fortunately we were able to raise the jib, pointing high into the wind, yet maintaining a full sail to gain towards our destination, thus provide a more comfortable ride as we just cleared the north end of Marble Island heading towards the south end of Sturgess Island. Looking back from whence we had come, the world had become transformed from a sunniness into a 'leaden' gray-black; to the north we could still gaze upon the bluer heavens. We arrived at Sandy Cove without further challenge. The place was alive with birds, as was most of Glacier Bay - a most heartening sign amidst this remote desolation - phalaropes, guillemots, murrettes, oyster catchers; bonaparte, mew and glaucous gulls, along with crows and ravens.

Not long after anchoring it began to rain copiously. It was while anchored there for two days we lived through our Bear adventure; we also landed our largest King crab, which measured seven and three quarter inches across the shell and forty-two inches across the longest pair of legs. We spent two enjoyable days, experiencing a variety of mother nature's moods (we experienced also one prized piece of incongruity which I shall reveal later). (that makes three 'laters' I have promised you).

When we abandoned the cove for 'parts' north, we headed into a breeze and clearing weather. To the west we could see 'spot-lighted' in the sun, the bright pure white peaks we guessed to be Mt. Crillon and Mt. Bertha, this to be our last glimpse of any peak



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until the day we were obliged to leave the Monument.

As we 'wended' our way northward we passed the immense non-tidal Casement Glacier, a great slumbering serpent slithering down the Chilkat Mountains, a huge dark moraine riding upon its back as though an exposed vertebrate spine. We continued into Muir Inlet towards the two tidal Glaciers, McBride



and Riggs, both partially illuminated in the sun. We lunched near Riggs, debating whether we ought continue on towards Muir, the other tidal Glacier around a bend some seven or eight miles distant. In view of the amount of glacial ice we could observe coming from that direction we guessed we would be prevented from attaining our objective, thinking it wiser not to attempt the three hour round-trip.

Now we had seen, 'with-our-own-two-eyes', glaciers once again, this time 'officially', in Glacier National Monument. Yes!, they were impressive in what they are, in their supine aliveness, in their color, in their shapes, their immensity, in their

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formidableness. They appeared benign enough on a calm semi-sunny day, but the landscape told of their history, as the First Mate noted in her log: *"This whole area is a strange landscape. Low hills are lateral and terminal moraines built of silt and rolled glacial stones. They are deeply eroded by weather which produces a sharp semidesert-like landscape. There are few trees growing on the moraines and the mountains are sheer, having been stripped down to bare rock"*.

It was while idling before Riggs Glacier that the First Mate



survived a 'berg' experience. Our refrigeration consisted of an ice box into which we could cram forty-five pounds of ice, which we stocked in whatever way we could, and with as little expense as possible. Needless to say there were places where ice simply was not available and other places where we could sink Atavist with such an abundant cargo. A single ten-pound block in a Petersburg supermarket cost over three dollars ('whatever the market will bear'); a block of ice might last a day and a half. This 'rip-off' was not what we would consider a reasonable option. In Namu we were able to obtain fifty pounds of chipped ice from

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the fish-processing plant as a gratis dispensation from our indulgent fellowman. I should have been more resourceful in Petersburg, a condition which I had remedied on our return trip through there, obtaining from a cleanup person after closing hours, fifty pounds of chipped ice at the Petersburg Cannery, again as a gratis dispensation from one who had plenty. We had been able to obtain ice in this manner in a few other places as well, by merely asking, having a plastic bag or two for transporting it, and a willingness to carry fifty pounds whatever distance was necessary. In some cases, like Prince Rupert, which has access by land transportation, the block ice was more equitably priced, making it more reasonable to purchase. If the block ice came from a freezer it was at least fifteen to twenty degrees centigrade colder than the chipped ice obtained from the fish-packing plants.

In Angoon we obtained chipped ice from a fish-buying station, the ice being stored in fish-packing tubs. Unfortunately the ice had been used for packing fish; when the ice melted, it left behind a strong fishy odor in our ice box, necessitating a thorough cleaning.

Quite naturally, when we came into glacier and berg country, we were overwhelmed with Mother Nature's bounty.

Yes!, idling before Riggs, the First Mate standing in Attadink, with ice pick and hammer, chipping away, catching the pieces in a plastic basin. The berg she was chipping stood perhaps seven feet tall, fifteen feet long by ten feet wide, full of convolutions. She had stationed herself under a hollowed-out area; I cautioned her against putting herself in such a precarious position. She then moved to an edge, finishing her gathering, beginning to row away; just as she cleared the berg, it rolled over, completely disintegrating, leaving only a trace of its former self. If a person ever became submerged in the water surrounding the glaciers, it would be impossible to rescue them, but only through merest chance, for visibility is hardly more than half an inch below the surface of the water. The water temperature hovers around 4 to 5 degrees Centigrade...Perish the thought!

That night promised to be calm; thus we anchored in Goose Cove. The following day, with the weather continuing fairly clear and partially sunny we navigated Wachusett Inlet. Within this finger of an inlet, some fifteen miles long, we found the most barren area within the Bay, completely devoid of vegetation, excepting the few fireweed that had seeded in - surely an austerity. The Plateau Glacier had all but disappeared in a span of a few years. Perhaps if this trend continues, the disappearance of the last of the Plateau and the further recession

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of the Carroll Glaciers will create a near island formed by Wachusett and Queen Inlets. The remains of the Plateau and what we assumed to be part of the Carroll were obscured and nearly unrecognizable as Glaciers, their tops covered with a dark brown glacial grindings and windblown finings. Underneath this mantle of dust one could perceive a somewhat recognizable shape, and where these huge masses met the water, one could observe the old dense blue ice of the face as it 'calved' away.

We anchored in sixty feet of silty gray slurry, exploring a



gravelly shelf, much like the first one we had seen at Baird, our first Glacier.

This one proved more interesting, although its character was similar with its rushing icy silty streams. Here we found remains of trees, perhaps having been buried beneath the ice for millennia. We also found bowl-shaped depressions filled with the fine, brownish deposit covering the glaciers, these hollows presumably created by pieces of ice that had been trapped beneath the surface, finally exposed to sufficient warmth through erosion, causing them to melt, leaving a pocked ghost behind.



Again, in describing this scene, our (my) aphasia quickly developed as we fastened upon the commonest of expletives. We abandoned this strangely wondrous place, recently unveiled. Perhaps a stark forbidding abode upon another day when skyless, foggy and cold. We left her in a regal moment, that

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evening anchoring at Tlingit Point whereupon an anchor had been drawn in the [not-to-be-used-for-navigation](#) 'picture' chart book.

Yes!, a good holding ground, but an uncomfortable place since the tide rips down the Bay were reflected upwards to this Point creating a short lumpy swell, which eventually subsided as the rips subsided; otherwise a pleasant enough anchorage with vegetation ashore. The sky provided a colorful array as the daylight disappeared. Alas; 'twas the last sun we would see for a whole week.

We awoke to a grayness, fog and drizzle. We could not remain there in the periodic uncomfortable lumpiness, nor could we stay, in any case, exposed to the south with approaching frontal activity. Thus we made way towards Blue Mouse Cove, a place recommended by one of the helpful novices at park headquarters. Indeed, I must mention it was a she (she was a she), an idealistic helping soul, a mere youth who sat at HIS right hand, unfamiliar with some of the malevolent pettiness that develops after years of dwelling at HIS left hand. It was she who sat at HIS right hand who sincerely wished us a pleasant stay, telling us to 'radio a call' should we desire to dally longer; it was she who marked the good anchorages, told of the whereabouts of King crab and Halibut, as it was she who guided us aright in recommending Blue Mouse Cove. 'Twas here we stayed for six days using one of the calmer periods in between, towards the end of our stay, to spend anchored overnight in Reid Inlet near Reid Glacier.

To us Glacier Bay became synonymous with Blue Mouse Cove. Blue Mouse!?!; surely you have been wondering when I would get around to some explanation. Perhaps such a creature does exist, but not there. Once again, I'll leave for you to discover on your own why Muz Ibach (gold prospector) named Blue Mouse Cove for a "well known theatre in New York" - and perhaps 'tis not there ye'll discover a mouse of such a hue.

Yes!, it was dismal in some respects, but no more so than other places in Glacier Bay when the weather turns foul. We were in good holding ground, faced with only a short fetch; as a consequence, at the worst we only yawed on the anchor rode in the twenty-knot winds accompanying the procession of lows inveighed to disturb our equanimity. It rained copiously.

As Blue Mouse Cove became symbol of Glacier Bay, it was the oyster-catcher who became the endorsement of Blue Mouse Cove; the animate part, a laughing, energetic winged presence; life and gaiety in this remoteness, needing naught but an inborn

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mirth to sustain one through it all. And surely we were gladdened thereby, these winged creatures fluttering about in seeming abandon, tweetering all the while, with nary an oyster to gladden their hearts; but 'twas so, theirs was the 'kingdom and the glory'.

Perhaps, you, patient reader, will allow a small digression to accommodate this 'delightful' avian specimen. Of course, like all other creatures, whether represented in the living or represented in the fossil, it has been anointed with its own Latinization, ***Haematopus ostralegus***, as a more general species



description, originating or catalogued in Linnaeus, describing primarily the European species, known as the 'sea pie'. ***Haematopus bachmani*** refers to the North American resident we found in Glacier Bay. The ***Haematopus bachmani*** then, is a **species** of the **genus *Haematopus*** in the **family** of seashore wading birds, ***Haematopodidae***, who in turn belong to the **order *Charadriiformes***, which 'pigeon-holes' avian species on the inland water and the seashore habitats, known as waders and shore birds.

Having recently pursued the lineage of a Latinization of the common American domesticated turkey, and having spent many hours which eventually led to a compilation of 'confusion worse confounded' which in turn nearly drove me to distraction in the creation therefrom of several pages of a very tentative sensibility and correctness, I feel a very great reluctance to become so engaged again, therefore will hope you will be understanding if I refrain in the case of ***Haematopus bachmani***. From a casual perusal of the origins of the Latinization of the oyster catcher, by what are themselves now classified as ornithologists, I am able to envision a not uncharacteristic meandering through the facts and Latin lexicons. This one ***Homo Sapiens Adamus Durchanekus Reddus Bloodus Americanus*** will thus defer to posterity the further elucidation of this maze.

I ought mention though, it is not easy for me to conjure anything 'catching' an oyster. If anything can be said to 'catch' an oyster it ought be a starfish, the more equal predator, acting out a patient underwater drama. Other shorebirds and water birds do not pass up opportunities to serve their palates with

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shellfish; and raccoons, and bears are not averse to these tasty morsels - not omitting the palate of this selfsame scribe.

'Tis all said not to demean *Haematopus*, for indeed this creature is amply designed to quite partake of the oyster as well as other shellfish, crabs, marine worms, etc. With regard to oysters, the bird does not 'catch' them as it were, as the larger part of its feeding behavior, although it is not averse to finding an unwary oyster taking its leisure with its 'jaws' agape through which the bird would adroitly enter, its long chisel-like beak deftly severing the muscle from the shell, precluding its closure, thus in turn assuring for a leisurely repast for the bird. In this way one might assay the oyster 'caught'. But the catcher's predominant behavior with regard to shellfish appears to involve the bird's use of its chisel-like beak to hammer a hole in the flat ventral surface of the shell of mussels, primarily, the flat area constituting the weakest part of the shell; once perforated, cutting the adductor muscle allowing the bird to thus employ its beak in prying open the hence, abducent shells. Perhaps one may yet perceive this as 'catching'.

Although the oyster catcher was known as 'sea-pie' in Europe, at least as early as 1552; OED: "... *Paid in rewarde to Mrs. Levetts' servaunts for bringing of sea-pies x,s*", this is not to be confused with the other sea-pie, a dish of meat (or fish) and vegetables boiled together with a crust sometimes in layers, a dish originally prepared, presumably aboard ship. However, that one not dismiss entirely the possibility of the two sea-pies having some relationship - one might shoot wild fowl as the source of the meat; however, *'the oyster-catcher is not highly esteemed as a bird for the table'*.

Perhaps you are able to comprehend why it is I do not wish to pursue the lineage of the oyster catcher any further. I am thankful you have borne with me this far; as a reward, I'll leave well enough alone - but if you ever find some spare time on your hands.....

Very nearby our anchoring in Blue Mouse Cove we were able to obtain King crab. Also, a short dinghy ride carried the 'Captain' to a semi-protected area with deep water beneath (forty-five fathoms) where I could experiment in jigging for Halibut in peace; and where I snared my very first ever, an accommodating bite-sized one of six pounds which provided ample sea-flesh for our gladdened palates for three days thereafter. Indeed, in these more northern latitudes, 'tis seldom one would not bring some creature from the deep to display for his delectation. More often

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than not, one, in a matter of moments, will easily overdo his allotment, feeling a deep obligation to gorge, choking on his morality of 'waste not - want not'.

When the fog, drizzle and rain abated for brief periods, in between the frontal armies assaulting us, one could obtain glimpses of the resplendent mountains to the west, shrouded in a filtered light, festooned with bands of clouds above and bands of fog below, partially obscuring, partially revealing their jagged snow-splotched ridges and flanks.

It is now I shall remark, and remark with emphasis, upon a unique phenomenon. Upon the water, upon the beaches, the glaciers, and all thereabouts, one sees not a single sign of man, lest in another boat. The place is offalless. Indeed there are no billboards, no fence posts, no writings or notices, not even an '*I was here*' painted upon the rocks. So it is one observes a model; whether by accident or by choice, it was so. Quite a contrast to the filth one sees strewn along the byways in the 'civilized' world. I'll grant -the admonishing eye of the Park Rangers has its restraining effect; perhaps this is to acknowledge the 'good', both in Man and in the Bureaucracy.

Ah Yes! and now it is time to collect our 'laters'. I had spoken of the one hand undoing the other. I hinted at the malevolence of authority contained in the crypt too small to accommodate the responsibilities invested therein. As our ten-day permit was nearing its expiration, we attempted to contact the Park Headquarters by radio as suggested by she who sat on the right hand, in order to request an extension. We had been unsuccessful, our radio being beset by a problem, directly related to technological man's inexpert expertness, which was not discovered until two years later. The weather had continued stormy. Until then we hadn't any opportunity to travel further north towards the most active glaciers in Tarr Inlet. If the weather improved, with an extension to our permit, we might yet be able to visit them. As coincidence would have it we spied a Park power boat passing by the cove, which we radioed with success, making our request. We were told no permits were being issued, the operator of the boat not knowing why. After he had finished his mission he obligingly came by to visit with us, we explaining our predicament. He offered that since it was our last day, and, even though it was foggy and drizzly, the weather conditions were pretty good, that we could still head in the direction of the glaciers, anchoring at Reid Inlet, taking in the other glaciers on

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the morrow, the day we were scheduled to leave. He rationalized 'after all, you will be technically on your way out then; it should be O.K.'. His suggestions seemed reasonable, although a bit precipitous as far as we were concerned, putting us into a doubtful, perhaps compromising weather 'crunch'.

Even so, although the left hand had issued an edict, the right hand still worked somewhat in our favor. (Were we not such 'good', intimidated, little citizens?) We did then proceed to Reid Inlet upon a dismal afternoon, anchoring approximately a half mile from the



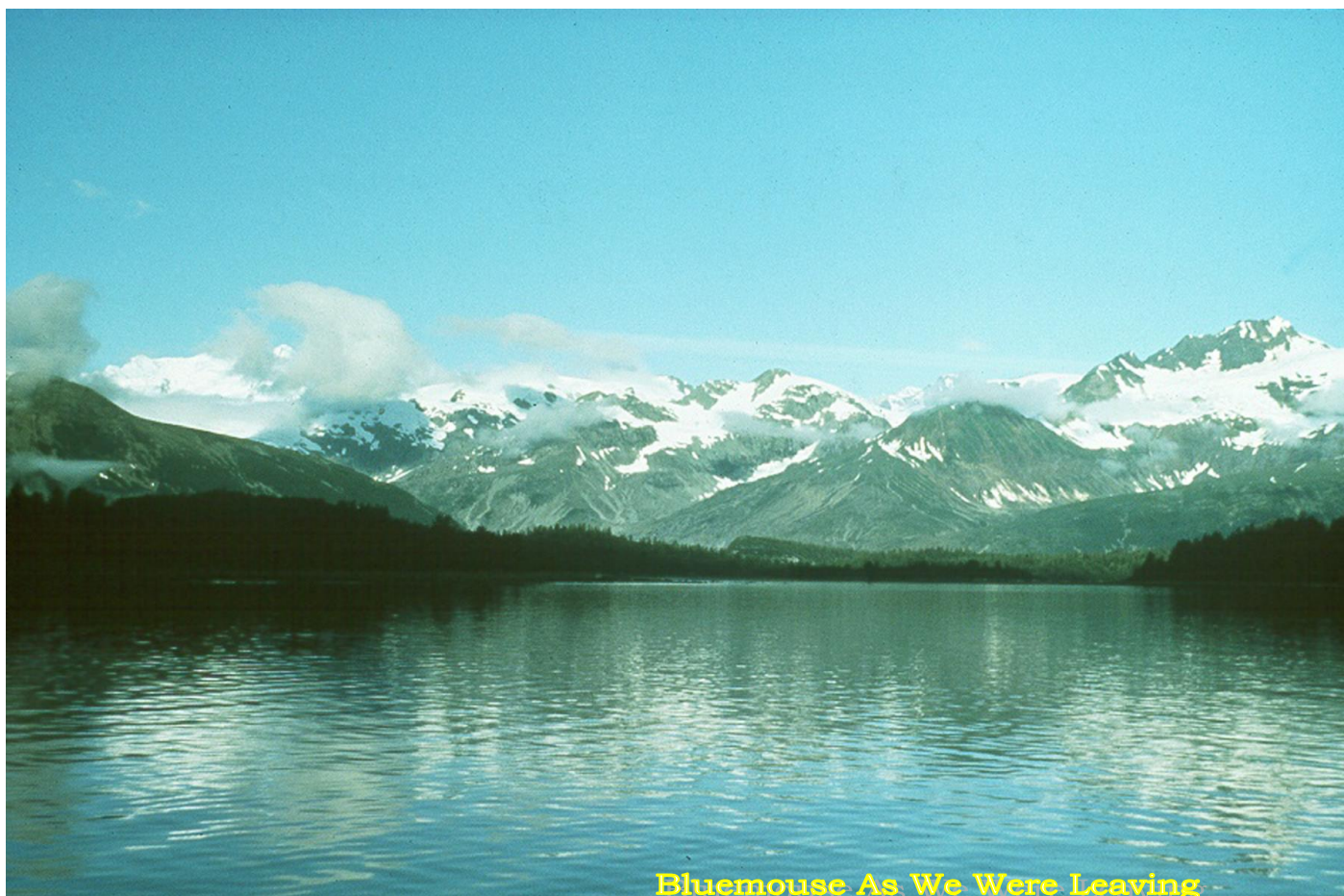
Reid Glacier

Glacier. The Glacier itself plunged like a ski-slope towards the water, visibility extending a few hundred feet above its disappearing crest bathed in a light that shone through a thin cloud layer. The lower portion towards the sea appeared as a dingy gray blue. Soon after anchoring a cold twenty-knot wind developed from the direction of the Glacier, creating a choppy water (what else) and cold uncomfortable conditions in Atavist. Already it seemed too late to leave this place, with no other anchorages nearby. We were well anchored - but, what if? Always - what if the wind increases? We did have to be prepared to move; fortunately the wind leveled off at twenty knots, but persisted

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steadily for some time, finally subsiding after darkness had set in. It must be said we had experienced some portion of an austerity, and in the morning, more of the dismally cold foggy air; however it was quiet, except for the water falls and the rumblings of the 'sleeping' Glacier itself, appearing through a veil of misting rain.

In leaving Reid Inlet, looking towards Tarr and John Hopkins Inlets we saw solid masses of thick white fog, a formidable barrier. The cold drizzly weather was already acting to discourage us from even attempting to visit these latter natural wonders. Since this was our last day, our only option was to head south. Very soon after turning the corner, we nosed into more weather activity, accompanied by a stiff southwest head wind, and another nasty chop, which we were obliged to pound and drive our way through, in an attempt to return to Blue Mouse Cove. Fortunately conditions did not worsen; we thus 'merely' needed to persist in our determination. We were offered little choice; returning to Reid Inlet was an unpleasant option, given the conditions. One thing became apparent - we would be navigating no further than Blue Mouse Cove - **'edict or not to edict'**. We did receive a weather



Bluemouse As We Were Leaving

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forecast from Juneau, saying a low was hovering about, but predicted improvement on the morrow. The prediction proved reasonably accurate, for we were greeted with sunshine - 'glorious' sunshine!! - on the following day. We sat up in our sleeping bags, the cockpit hatch wide open, lingering and drinking in the yellow stuff with our coffee, 'feeling no pain'.

There was still an abundance of clouds, big white billowy cumulus, but one of the peaks, Mount Bertha perhaps, stood prominently exposed in the western skyline, of a purest white. Alas! Alas!; time to leave. And as soon as we sadly departed this place of places, heading southward down the Bay, as if to commiserate, the atmosphere turned gloomy, foggy and rainy ahead. And as the world perversely turns, looking north (Oh Lot!) it appeared all clear; the glaciers, the mountains in the sun, with only the tops hidden in the clouds. Yes!, sadly we departed, having not accomplished it all, causing us to feel some disappointment. Perhaps we had stayed longer than we planned or expected. Perhaps we had come there with the idea of staying until we had our fill; after all we may never venture there again. This place, Glacier Bay was a nominal terminus, as was Yakatat, further north. I had imagined I wanted to see the St. Elias Mountains from the sea. Perhaps if the weather had been more agreeable during July, we would have accomplished our 'thing' in Glacier Bay, continuing to Yakatat. However, Yakatat was only an aberrant thought, out of the question. The swells coming into Cross Sound were averaging fifteen feet during our stay in Glacier Bay. We had hoped these waters would calm down that we might even visit Elfin Cove and Pelican, taking Lisianski Inlet over to the hot springs on the ocean side of Chicagof Island, continuing down the coast to Sitka.

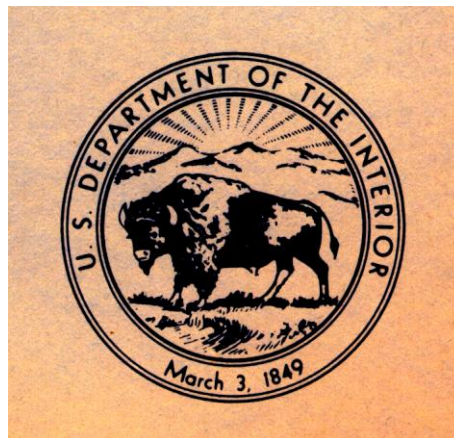
As it developed, leaving Glacier Bay represented the beginning of the homeward trek. It wasn't the end of our excitement, by any means; there would be many new places on the itinerary before we doubled parts of our track. Sadly though, there exists a moment when we account the reality in our lives; 'tis so we must be aware, must not lose contact; can it be otherwise? If we are in heaven, why ought we seek the earth again?

You may now leave the room for I am about to engage in a brief rant, wishing I could vociferate freely and at length, changing the world thereby, gaining justice thereby, but realize I would soon be hauled into court as a seditious libeler in another **scandalum magnatum**. One ought to be able to call a spade a spade - I don't like being jerked around by somebody else's feelings

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of inferiority; by bureaucracy; by those who exploit their favored position in the bureaucracy to vent their feelings of inferiority, or their sadistic impulses. It is said that 'Power Corrupts'; it might be added, the **bureaucracy feels it has no power lest it uses its power.**

As we made our way to the anchorage at Bartlett Cove, we decided to try hooking some Halibut along the south end of Young and Lester Islands, a place where the young park lady who sat on His right hand had recommended. We had been drifting about in a current fishing for a half hour when a Park boat came alongside, its 'master' a fellow from His left hand side. He read us the riot act handing us pieces of governmentese with a Buffalo seal affixed in the upper left



hand corner. U.S. Dept. of Interior: Blah! Blah! Blah! Blah! Buffalo Bull. How ironical there should still exist a buffalo.

"Oh, you're the ones without the permit!" (Nyah, Nyah, Nana, Yeah, Yeah).

"You are to proceed directly to Barlett Cove" (Go directly to Jail, Do not go past Go, do not collect \$200.00).

"If you remain here any longer you will not be allowed to use power until the tide changes, which will not be for another six hours" (No comment).

The Buffalo edict stated there was to be no boat traffic at times of flood tide and no permits were being issued for any boats during a seven-day period. We were also in violation for not remaining in mid-channel at least one mile off shore - so we were informed by this official; is that what I really want to call him?

HE encourages an awkward literacy to serve his left hand. The uniformed dunce had handed us a second piece of governmentese which specifically stated this last 'violation' was permitted when engaged in fishing (Of course we were flying a kite). By this time we were no longer fishing, but having pieces removed from our **gluteus maximus** by these Buffaloes.

You have already been apprised of the permit problem, once again being ridiculously confused through the cross-purposed motivations of His left and right hands.

We possessed no information regarding the closure, therefore could not have known of the flood tide restriction. We would not be able to fish because we would not be able to control

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our boat without being permitted to run our engine; therefore we were forced by this buffalo's patootie to proceed to Barlett Cove - **post haste**.

This whole prized piece of bureaucratic weak-headedness arose from the greater lacks of the [pseudo-biologist](#), [whale-diviner](#), [park-appendage](#).

It is a matter of common knowledge, that, at the beginning of each year, a tabulation of tide predictions for the forthcoming year is available - for every mariner - at some nominal cost. A mariner would be ill-served to be without one of these valuable aids to navigation.

But this vacancy passing himself off as a scientist could not avail himself of such a document. If he had he would have known seven months in advance the height and incidence of the 'all-important' flood tides to be present in the Bay during the time of the 'precipitous' closure. Perhaps it is fair to assume he could not interpret the tide tables, not knowing until someone had informed him; whatever the case, he was obviously lacking.

I maintain it was unnecessary to have acted precipitously in closing the Park; it was an arbitrary act brought about by an obviously lacking person who plays upon the ignorance of those less informed than himself; and for those more informed than himself who might question his pedantic demagoguery and seeming capricious ways, he can only offer his opinion which he cannot substantiate in fact, but only in buffalo bull "*This emergency restriction was put into effect during this whale influx in order to provide optimum conditions for humpbacked whales to establish normal use in Glacier Bay*". Pseudo-science and bureaucratise at work. I wonder who cared for the whales during their genesis and while the 'park' was closed by ice throughout the millennia?

Let the Tlingit Indians establish normal use again.

Not ten minutes later, after the barrage from the uniformed Buffalo from His left hand side, the one with the palate for **gluteus maximi**, the Glacier Bay Explorer, an excursion boat with **paying** customers from the resort concession, entered the flood tide proceeding up Glacier Bay in full view of these Park Officials. One Percent of the proceeds!!! They merely waved! (Old Friends.)

Well, what can you say? Like beauty, anger becomes lost in aphasia. Angered?!, Beside myself!!, Outraged!!. To top it off three other Cruise Ships* from the outside were allowed passage unchallenged! (too big perhaps) - during the flood tide. These passages were called "prior commitments". Bladderwash!!

Glacier Bay

DOLLARS!!

In truth, nobody knows why x number whales did not 'return' to this 'Garden of Eden'. However, the whales were present in Southeast Alaska, no worse for the wear, after interacting with the thousands of fishing boats they had encountered every day, not to mention the ferries, tugs and barges, other work, and pleasure, craft. I suppose the whale biologist will assume if the whales 'establish normal use' it will be because he chased the boats away. The worst aspect of this entire involvement is the government's reluctance to challenge the pedantic pedagogue; they continue a restrictive activity, even today, based on false assumptions. [Their excuse for the use of power is sufficient to use power.](#) We were not just unsuspecting, we were stupid.

* What you don't know can't hurt you; or 'Making Time' on a Love Boat. While the little notices with the Buffalo Seal in the upper left hand corner state specifically that a vessel's speed shall not exceed ten knots in 'whale waters' I must say that judging from the wake we received from one of these pretty white 'Princess' Cruise Ships, while in Blue Mouse Cove, estimated at three feet in height I would say it was not maintaining less than ten knots in 'whale waters'. (Besides, where is that ole common courtesy? In a hurry?!)

Just what did humpbacked whales do before 'God' opened Glacier Bay?

Frankly, I think the Park Officials have been buffaloed with a truck load. They are, first of all, victims of their own ignorance, and secondly, seem to be willing partners in managing their tiny kingdom upon any pretext in order to justify their existence and relieve their boredom; the relief from boredom, in this case, coming from pushing people around.

I would also mention the family of the whale biologist who displayed a similar amount of vacancy as he. The children were constantly motoring their dinghy back and forth from their anchored boat to the dock creating many an unnecessarily disturbing passage through the other boats anchored in Bartlett Cove. They were also anchored at North Sandy Cove blowing horns and generally raising a commotion, which ceased only when we began imitating them - Yes!, imagine the juvenility of it all - No!, not by us. Their arrogance and stupidity belonged in a carnival - not in this HOLY Place. We also heard a curious exchange over the radio. The gasoline supply at the resort had become scarce, being sold only on an emergency basis. And who wanted fuel but the whale-biologist, not in an emergency, but only to relieve his seeming boredom; he 'wanted to work' he said (during the park closure, of course; doubtlessly granting himself a special permit to transit the whale waters). The arrangement for the fuel involved several VHF calls with the park officials finally yielding to his tyranny (perhaps from embarrassment).

I'd really like to continue basting these fellow creatures in their own ordure, but realize I lack the skill to do a proper job. I can not obtain justice in this or any other particular situation; with some bitter resignation we all know ['there ain't no justice'](#).

I do want to mention that their mucking around on His left

KNOTTED TWINE

hand side did take away some of the enchantment of Glacier Bay, an enchantment we were able to feel in the 'monument' proper, even during lousy weather. An enchantment to which we feel entitled.

I think the whale-biologist ought to be asked to leave (be kicked out by a buffalo) of Glacier Bay. I think the Department of the Interior ought discharge any National Park employee who relishes using his presumed authoritative position to harass, hassle, agitate or otherwise discomfort visitors to all the scenic wonder lands, which belongs to all of the people. I think the Park Rangers ought police the Cruise Ships more thoroughly and ought accommodate the small boaters who have obviously come many miles travelling very slowly, disadvantaged in the unpredictable weather, and who are operating in a limited seasonal time frame. These latter ones come this long way in small boats not to 'Ouck over' the whales, but to enjoy one of Nature's very own Temples, just as much, or more so, than the 'Loveboaters'.

Pertaining to the whales. We witnessed humpbacked whales close at hand, of their own free will, several times, nearly



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everywhere we traveled in Southeast Alaska. They appeared in Snow Pass, south of Wrangell Narrows, in Chatham Straits, Clarence Straits, Stephens Passage, Fredrick Sound, and Icy Straits. They even came into Kootznahoo Inlet at Angoon where the local fishing fleet harbors. The local fishermen throughout Southeast Alaska are perhaps at least as familiar with these leviathans as the self-proclaimed savior-lover. They conjecture what ought be the first self-evident deduction in considering whether or not whales go where they go - that is in pursuit of food. There is no evidence that will confirm, in the slightest, that boats discourage whales in their pursuit of food, or that boats in themselves discourage food from doing its thing. Thousands of fishermen will freely so testify this as their reckoning. Who lives and breathes can say they are wrong?

I welcome your return to bid you adieu to Glacier Bay.