

Day 10 ~ Wednesday 30 July, Glacier Bay.



[Landsat picture of Glacier Bay.](#)

There is absolutely no sensation of movement on board the Coral Princess. Only if you watch the horizon can you discern a gentle roll. I misread the clock. We rise at 6:15am instead of 7:15am. The sun is shining brightly for the first time in two weeks; we have been so fortunate with the weather. Water in the fjord is green.

We are approaching Icy Strait sailing along the coast to Glacier Bay National Park, a good place to watch for Hump Back Whales. Inland the Fairweather Mountain Range divides Alaska from British Columbia (Canada). At 8:40am we pass Taylor Bay.



[Here come the Park Rangers.](#)

A fog bank obliterates the sky; the Coral Princess growls her horn as we round Cape Spencer. At 10:15am Park Service Rangers board from a small motor launch. They will be our guides to Glacier Bay. Their presentation is live in the theater and simulcast on our TV.

The first major ice flow to our left, portside, is the Brady Glacier. About 12:36 we pass the Reid Glacier which is advancing at a surprising 3ft per day. At the Marjorie Glacier the Captain brings the ship to a halt. The ice wall is 250ft high with another 100ft below water. Here we wait hoping to see ice chunks fall from the face of the glacier, a process known as calving. After thirty minutes a series cracks sound like exploding fireworks.



The fog is lifting.



Marjorie Glacier.

A piece of ice the size of a house splits off, creating a huge splash and miniature tsunami. The Grand Pacific Glacier is blackened by rocky debris.

A tour boat sails in front of the Lamplugh Glacier which gives some idea of its size. We sail up the John Hopkins Arm and make a U-turn. Small ice floes litter the surface of the sea. Melt water is gushing from the face of this glacier.



Lamplugh Glacier.



John Hopkins.

The waiters in the Wheelhouse remember us **and invite us to our "usual" table, but we decline and join our group for a cocktail party.**

We have "anytime" seating but everyone seems to be checking in for dinner at the same time and we are given a chirping beeper to summon us. Another couple makes space for us to sit in the bar. After 45 minutes we have not been summoned so I ask "Why is the buzzer chirping." "To summon you, your table is almost ready." "But it was chirping when given to me."

This time the crème Brule is real and the cappuccino excellent.