

Day 8 ~ Monday 28 July. Train to Seward and Cruise Resurrection Bay.

The coach ride to the rail terminal in Girdwood takes about ten minutes. This is a shed guarded by mosquitoes. I only get one bite! The bright blue and yellow train rolls in at 8:00am. We board. Another train stops adjacent to us. Nothing moves. Why? A conductor emerges from a door in the front of the other train and points up the tracks. A moose is joining our party.

We follow Turnagain, the same path as the road. **Seen that mountain, same cloud? "Look, there is the Spencer Glacier."**

Our group has its own private car, redesigned by Princess Lines, we have reclining Captains chairs.



[More of Turnagain.](#)



Loose Moose.



[Want to buy?](#)



Choo choo....

In the center are steps up to a viewing dome. Between the cars is a small platform. Its cold out here. Our group in turns takes pictures. I always like to see the engine pulling us on a curve.

The on board *help* put on a "fashion show", everybody sells.

Cloudy streams have glacial silt, little oxygen and no fish. Kenai Lake, 25 miles long, is turquoise in color due to this silt.

In winter this is a whistle stop run, that is, you can flag down the train.

The climb to Moose Pass is steep. We cross the watershed and descend into Seward 74 miles total.



Kenai Lake.



Spencer Glacier.



Our private yacht.



Seward.



Loading coal.



Harbor.



Resurrection Bay.

The clouds are hugging the mountains, so at last a little sun for our cruise in Resurrection Bay. Seward, a fishing village of 3,500 at the head of the fjord, is an ice free port year round. The cruise is exclusive for our group, so there is lots of space.

The strange steel monster is for loading coal. The water is smooth. We head for open water past an island of dead trees.

A Sea Otter poses for us, lying on his back, paws crossed on his belly. High on a cliff a pair Bald Eagles are nesting. Our boat hugs the cliffs. A Cormorant swoops by. A huge rock is home to hundreds of Kittiwakes. The Puffins are so well fed they can scarcely fly. One hops across the water before lifting off. **Sea Lions pointedly ignore us. The splashes are Dall's Porpoise catching salmon.** Several turn in front of the boat riding the bow wave but are too fast to photograph.



Sea Otter.



Sea Lions.



Eagles Nest.



Kittiwakes.



A puffing Puffin.

The crew serves lunch; soup and a huge turkey sandwich. Time to sail back past the Harding Ice Field.

The route to Whittier takes us back to the Portage Visitor Center where we were yesterday then through the two mile long Anton Anderson tunnel. Originally built as a railway tunnel, the one lane road operates 30 minutes in each direction and has a \$300 toll.

The coach unloads. We say goodbye to Sharon our driver, check our bags through security and line up for our on-ship credit card. Our group has special boarding at 5:10pm. Although built for the Panama Canal, the Coral Princess seems huge. 2.8 laps around the Promenade Deck = 1 mile. We head for the Baja deck, level 11. Our cabin B512, ugh, sorry *Stateroom* is much bigger than we expected measuring 18ft x 9ft with a sizeable balcony.



Cool picture.



Stateroom.

After living out of two suitcases for a week, it is a luxury to unpack. Another nice surprise, there is ample hanging space, hangers and shelf space.

Armed with a pocket guide, we search for a bar and settle in two arm chairs in the Wheelhouse Lounge. No money is used on board, so we hand over my "credit card" and order. Two waiters return puzzled. The record associated with the card shows I am under age, only 19. Let's try Jan's. We hear the laughs. Jan's age is zero. I produce my drivers license for identification and we settle down to enjoy the drinks.

A mandatory lifeboat drill is scheduled for 7:45pm so we have tickets for late seating in the Bordeaux Dining Room. On route back to our cabin we stop at level 5 and have our cards changed. The alarm sounds. The crowd walks to muster stations. Ours, down five floors is the Explorers Lounge. I don't like all those steps. "The first person who puts on their life jacket before instructed to buys drinks!" We listen to the instructions.

Too many people are heading for dinner but the wait is short. The Bordeaux is elegant and must seat 600. The meal is great.

