

We arrived in Petersburg with our little flotilla of Nordhavns and pulled in next to Cloudy Bay, yet another Nordhavn 55 that we had first met in Ketchikan. We were quite a sight, four shiny Nordhavns, side by side, sandwiched in amongst all of the rough and rugged fishing boats. Some say Petersburg has the best fishing fleet and the best fishermen in all of SE Alaska. These amazing fishing vessels would seem to support that.

Between the four boats there were nine crew members. We all hit town to partake of the Little Norway Festival with traditional Scandinavian foods, music, crafts booths, parades and grog. Diane and Veronica (from SKIE) participated in the herring toss (basically the same as an egg toss but with a slimy, slippery, smelly dead herring instead of an egg). A grand time was held by all.

Our miniature fleet all left Petersburg together and headed out to Fredrick Sound where we soon spotted dozens of large icebergs that escaped from the Le Conte glacier. A few hours later we anchored in Cannery Cove, Pybus Bay one of the most spectacular anchorages in all of Southeast Alaska. We spent a day there fishing and drinking and not catching, so we spent another day fishing some more and drinking some more and not catching some more which of course lead to even more drinking which lead to less fishing and lots more not-catching. During all of this I have been trying to learn the Queen's English from Cloudy Bay and Australian from SKIE, an endeavor that leaves me perpetually confused as to what the hell these people are talking about....which of course leads to....you guessed it....more drinking!

Somewhere along the way we started calling our group the "3 Clowns & a Midget Fleet". CrossRoads may be the midget but I take a perverse pleasure in with my VHF radio call to the fleet "Calling all clowns, calling all clowns.....where are you clowns?". Tired of "not-catching" the fleet's next stop was Tracy Arm and the South Sawyer Glacier. We were here last year with three other Nordhavns that we left anchored in a cove while we hosted their crews aboard CrossRoads for the 25 mile trip to the glacier. This year we did the same thing except that we all hopped aboard SKIE for the trip up. We left Debbie at anchor aboard Serendipity to watch the boats and take care of her dogs. We had a spectacular time at the glacier. We towed two tenders up with us and were able to make our way through a "margarita" like field of crushed ice to go within a couple hundred yards of the glacier. We watched as the deep blue ice of the glacier calved off into huge icebergs with thunderous explosions and crashes into the sea. At the same time we watched sea lion pups and dolphins play in openings of the ice field. Absolutely incredible sights and sounds.

We were meandering back to our anchorage stopping to watch whales from time to time when we got a frantic call from Debbie to hurry up and get our butts back because she was experiencing 40+ kt winds and had to start the engine on her boat to keep from dragging anchor. We had a rough and ready time ferrying everyone to their boats in dinghys and getting SKIE anchored as gusts up to 50kts hit us. If this wasn't bad enough we next looked up and found that the wind was blowing numerous large icebergs toward our cove. We watched them and tracked them on radar for a couple of hours and fortunately they grounded out or changed direction before they hit any of us.

Here are a few pics, hope you enjoy seeing them as much as we did taking them!

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