

*Glaciers and Salmon, No Bears...*

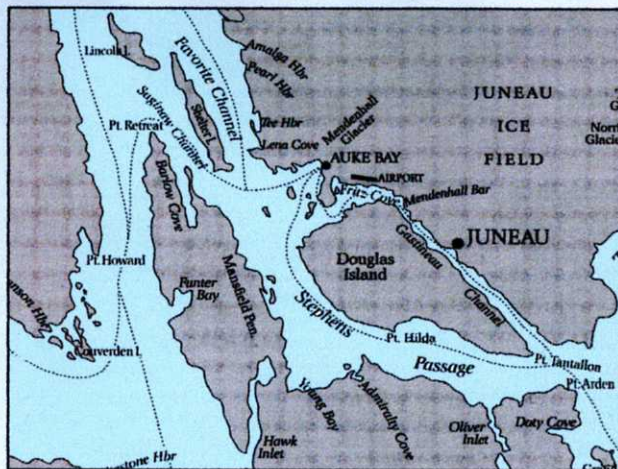
*Oh My*

## Cruising Southeast Alaska's Inside Passage Part II

*Story by Sue Morgan  
Photos by Mike & Sue Morgan*

Even though we were only a few hours from Juneau, sitting at anchor in St. James Bay felt light years away from civilization. It was the most remote place I'd ever been, other than the middle of the Pacific Ocean sailing to the Marquesas. But this was dead calm and protected. From where we were anchored, we appeared to be landlocked. We also had no radio reception and no way of knowing what the weather was like "outside." By Tuesday morning, it was time to go find out. We were ready for some more adventure.

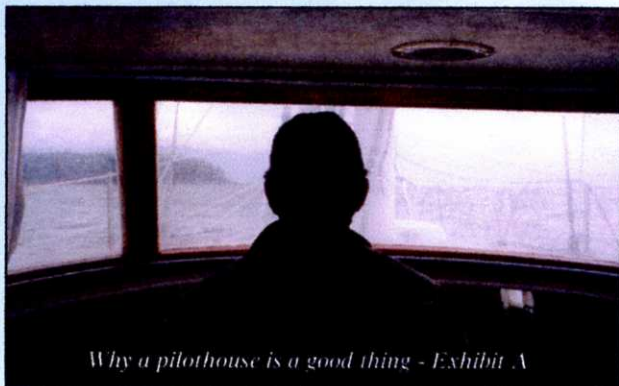
As we made our way out of the bay, we could see clouds moving in from the south. When we reached open water, Joe switched on the radio and dialed in the weather station. It told us what we were already beginning to experience - 25 knot winds from the south. A front was moving in and they were predicting rain and 35-knot winds by evening. We were already bucking a two-to-three-foot wind chop. We'd talked about heading down to Funter Bay on the northwest tip of Admiralty Island, but that took us dead into the wind that was blowing up Chatham Strait, which opens onto the



Gulf of Alaska. This didn't sound like any fun, and hey, this was vacation. This was supposed to be fun!

So, first thing we did was take advantage of the fact that the *Bear Hunter* had a pilothouse. Steering from below in that kind of weather was way more civilized. Then we revised our plans. Joe suggested we head back to Auke Bay for the evening rather than try to find a protected anchorage for what was predicted to be a fairly nasty night. On the way we could stop at a few good halibut fishing spots and try our luck.

Once we got in the lee of Lincoln Island and the now, oh so appropriately named Shelter Island, the going became much more pleasant. The islands, just like everything else around us, were covered with thick, lush green forest. We slowly trolled around several different spots that were reportedly good, but it seemed our luck with halibut was much better when we weren't trying. We did catch another salmon though.



*Why a pilothouse is a good thing - Exhibit A*

