



# **ARCTIC VOYAGE EXPEDITION LOG**

Spitsbergen Explorer

*Peregrine Voyager*

**2 August – 11 August 2007**

## Ship and Crew Information

### *Peregrine Voyager*

This specially designed scientific research vessel was built in Finland in 1989 for the Russian Academy of Sciences Institute of Oceanology.

The *Peregrine Voyager* was specifically designed and built to receive long distance submarine acoustics, and is capable of “silent ship” operation to assist acoustic research. It is now owned and run by the P.P. Shirshov Institute of Oceanology, which is the primary oceanographic research institution in Russia.

The *Voyager* often performs research in tandem with an identical sister ship, the *Peregrine Mariner*.

<b>Port of:</b>	Kaliningrad, Russia	<b>Draft:</b>	6.09 m
<b>Built:</b>	1989 in Rauma, Finland	<b>Breadth:</b>	18.28 m
<b>Gross</b>	6,450	<b>Length (LOA):</b>	117.04 m
<b>IceClass:</b>	KM*L1 (1) A2, Canadian Type B		
<b>Engines:</b>	5,000 kW diesel, twin engine, twin propeller and 600 kW bow and stern thrusters		

### *Peregrine Voyager Crew List*

<b>Name</b>	<b>Rank</b>
Valeriy Beluga	Captain
Andrey Parshikov	Chief Mate
Alexander Batasov	Second Mate
Gennady Parfyonov	Third Mate & Navigator
Sergey Korolev	Passenger Mate

### *Peregrine Shipping Staff*

<b>David “Woody” Wood</b>	<b>Expedition Leader</b>
Katja Barkhage	Chef’s Assistant
Dale Berg	Sous Chef
Narelle Darker	Bartender
Marco Ebing	Sous Chef
Mette Eliseussen	Guide
Diane Erceg	Guide
Martin Gray	Naturalist
Mark Hockenhull	Head Chef
Annie Inglis	Program Co-ordinator
Solan Jensen	Kayak Guide
Rupert Krapp	Naturalist
Blake Maybank	Naturalist
Ira Meyer	Photographer in Residence



Thomas Pickard	Assistant Expedition Leader
John Rodsted	Photographer/Guide
Maggie Scott	Hotel Manager
Consulting Doctor	Dr John Silver

## The Daily Log

### 2 August, 2007      Longyearbyen

Time: 0700  
Position: Lat. 78° 16.4' N Lon: 015° 23.0' E  
Sunrise: — Sunset: —  
Barometric Pressure: 1006 mbar  
Air Temperature: +10°C

***"A large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in everything."***

#### Laurence Sterne

Welcome aboard the *Peregrine Voyager* and the beginning of a trip of a lifetime. Many of us had enjoyed some time in the stark, wild environs of Longyearbyen and an introduction to life above 78o north. Strolling the 'metropolis' during the balmy (by Arctic standards) Friday afternoon, we were easily able to take in the sights of Longyearbyen and the smattering of shops.

Longyearbyen has a population of approximately 1,500 and is named after John Munro Longyear, an American businessman who visited Spitsbergen in 1901 and commenced coal mining in 1905. Today, tourism, education and scientific research are the main sources of income in addition to coal mining.

The much-anticipated arrival by bus at the vessel was just after 1600 and we admired her gleaming profile as she awaited our embarkation. We then had time to familiarise, explore the ship and unpack. A delicious afternoon buffet and drinks were served up in the bar and, after an introduction by the Expedition Leader, Woody, and the Hotel Manager, Maggie, we were briefed by Thomas for the lifeboat drill. Shortly after, we were mustered to the lifeboat stations by the sounding of the alarms for our 'surprise' lifeboat drill (which we performed admirably). Around 2200, many were on deck to view the "throwing of the lines" as the *Voyager* gracefully eased from the dock with the assistance of her impressive stern and bow thrusters.

We had a beautiful evening with a slight wind as we sailed from Longyearbyen, heading west then turning north from Adventfjorden into Isfjorden. After leaving this fjord, the *Voyager's* course was set to south. Later in the evening, many of us headed out on deck to enjoy the polar scenery, until very late evening/early morning, and several species of seabirds were found with our keen eyes, binoculars and long lenses. The glaciers and peaks gleamed in silver and white in the endless daylight. The *Voyager* passed over the velvet sea along the cloud-shrouded coastline toward Wedel Jarlsberg Land, heading for this morning's destination. Let the adventure begin!

**Russian Word of the Day**      *Spa-see-ba* - Thank-you



**3 August, 2007**

## **Samarinvågin (Hornsund)**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 77°19.5'N Lon: 013°42.7' E

Sunrise: — Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1009 mbar

Air Temperature: +8 °C

***“The chisel work of an enormous glacier, that braced his feet against the Arctic Pole.”***

**Robert Frost (1874-1963)**

The day commenced atmospherically with low cloud, mist, and occasional showers. The morning required everyone's attendance at mandatory briefings. Woody guided us through AECO's wildlife guidelines, and then Martin firmly (but with compassion) impressed upon us the need for treating polar bears with caution and respect. Thomas, in his briefing, passed along the knowledge we needed to ensure safe and enjoyable Zodiac excursions. By the time lunch arrived (with a memorable banana split for dessert) we were in Hornsund, the southernmost fjord on Spitsbergen, roughly 25 kilometres long. The sound was so named in 1610 by Jonas Poole, an unimaginative English whaler who, when an exploratory landing party returned to the ship with a reindeer antler, exclaimed, "I shall name thee Hornsund".

The wind and waves in the main channel of Hornsund were too extreme to permit a safe landing ashore at Isbjornhamna, so Woody determined that a visit to Samarinvågin was warranted. Samarinvågin is the only large bay of any size on the south side of Hornsund and Samarín Glacier, called Samarínbreen by the Norwegians, dominates its southern shoreline. (Samarín was a Russian fisherman who worked as a craftsman for the Arc-of-Meridian expedition organized jointly by Russia and Sweden between 1899 and 1902. He must have been a fine craftsman, as his name has been applied to the glacier and the bay into which it empties.)

Before the excursion began, the staff checked everyone's life jackets to ensure they were properly fastened. Several passengers commented that, as a result of the banana splits for lunch, they had had to switch to a larger life jacket size.

Everyone excitedly expressed anticipation for their first Zodiac excursion, and the kayakers on their inaugural paddle were kitted out like Vikings/court jesters as they set off for a cruise along the front of the Samarínbreen. There was plenty of brash ice, among which were some larger growlers, bergy bits, and icebergs, as well as numerous Little auks and Black guillemots playing hide-and-seeK among the floes. A Ringed seal did the same. Northern fulmars and Black-legged kittiwakes were constantly overhead and there were sightings of Arctic skua (a.k.a. parasitic jaeger), glaucous gull, and a dainty ivory gull. At the mouth of a glacial water outflow, clouds of kittiwakes chattered incessantly, showing only occasional concern when pieces of the ice cave ceiling gave way.

Sophie, the youngest explorer among the guests, tested the purity and taste of various pieces of glacial ice amongst which the Zodiacs cruised. And if anyone was in doubt regarding where all the floating ice originated, we witnessed some impressive calving of the glacier, beginning with a small collapse that initiated a chain reaction of more and more tumbling ice, culminating in the disintegration of an impressive ice pinnacle that



generated a wave that gave the kayakers a fine ride. All the guides agreed that it was one of the most impressive calving that any had seen in the Arctic.

There being no way to top the glacier show, we all returned to the ship for scones and tea (what a wonderful British tradition), and maybe something stronger during an extended happy hour with our ever-smiling Narelle.

After a delicious dining experience we were entertained in the bar by the Scottish storyteller, Martin, who recounted the improbable (but true) "The Funniest Thing to Happen in the Arctic."

**Russian word of the day:** *Dob-raye oo-tra* - Good morning!

## **4 August, 2007                      Isbukta**

Time: 0700  
Position: Lat: 76°44.7'N   Lon: 017°23.0' E  
Sunrise: —   Sunset: —  
Barometric Pressure: 1010 mbar  
Air Temperature: +5 °C

***"A sense of the future is that the present generation is morally responsible to future generations."***

**Andrei Sakharov and C. P. Snow**

Woody's dulcet tones broke the morning slumber and sleepy eyes gazed out into the vast panorama of, well, fog. The true Arctic adventurer knows that sunshine and warmth are for wimps, so all donned their woollies and waterproofs after breakfast and braved the elements for their second excursion.

The sea was churning gently and the Zodiacs pitched at the gangway as careful steps descended. A silent prayer was murmured as the 'on' button of the GPS was activated and we sped away into the greying light. Was there land ahead or were we heading to Greenland? A serpentine line of Zodiacs broached the gloom to find the barren rocky spit at the southern end of Isbukta or Ice Bay. Our goal was wildlife and the small-protected lagoon did not disappoint. All manner of feathered friends were around from Sabine gulls to skuas, providing a great close up view of their habits. Some bearded seals cautiously eyed all of this as Martin scanned the shores for a large white furry lump.

The lump was elusive so we headed north around the corner in search of the source of the name of the bay, the ice. A blue crazed wall of ice greeted us resembling marble as we pattered along its face. We marvelled at the sheer scale of it all with more birds here and another few seals there until Mette called that some beluga whales were by her boat. Converging on the spot we were treated to three female belugas and one infant slowly patrolling the glacier's face in search of dinner. They swam back and forth and showed no interest or distress at our presence and all had excellent views of these elusive mammals. The size of the glacier was starting to sink in as we finally reached the northern end and the small islands that are another good bear haunt. Alas once more, they were not to be found. Our conga line of Zodiacs turned for home and a hot lunch



as we made the long cruise back to the ship. Fingers began to thaw out as tales of the morning were exchanged.

After lunch, the educational program began with Rupert giving us the ins and outs of sea ice until John took over with a hands-on photography talk. The ship steamed on and expectations of the next day began to rise. Where to go and what to do are questions only

Woody can answer and this secret is being conjured in the minds of himself and Captain Beluga. Another Arctic feast was served up by the chefs then the late night revellers retired to the bar for an enlightening bar talk from Blake. The tale of the Spanish Flu and its connection to Svalbard was revealed. Weary bodies meandered off to bed with another day on the good ship *Peregrine Voyager* at an end and so much more to come.

**Russian Word of the Day**      *Ya nee pa-nee-may-oo - I don't understand*

## **5 August, 2007**      **Diskobukta**

Time: 0700  
Position: Lat: 77°55.0'N   Lon: 021°24.4' E  
Sunrise: —   Sunset: —  
Barometric Pressure: 1013 mbar  
Air Temperature: +7 °C

***“To dine with a glacier on a sunny day is a glorious thing and makes feasts of meat and wine ridiculous. The glacier eats hills and drinks sunbeams.”***

### **John Muir**

We woke to brilliant sunshine this morning, and even before breakfast, many of us came out on the decks to admire the panoramic view of Diskobukta, one of the most intriguing bays of the Svalbard archipelago. Our ship had rounded the south cape of Spitsbergen, the main island, during the night, and at 0930h we were getting ready for our first landing excursion of the voyage. It turned out to be quite an adventurous start, as there was some surf along the beach, but our Zodiac drivers and staff expertly manoeuvred all Zodiacs into shallow water and then quickly turned them around, so that the bow could take the waves while we were disembarking at the stern.

We had seen an advance party head off even before we landed, and after a short while we received confirmation via the radio that the site was clear; that there were no bears lurking in or around the canyon we were about to visit. As we made our way toward a kittiwake colony on the sides of this narrow box canyon, we stopped to see the whalebones of ancient bowhead whales that had been washed ashore thousands, if not tens of thousands of years ago. These huge jawbones serve as evidence of raised beach lines as well as an excellent substrate and shelter for mosses and flowers, which profited from the nutrients and the shelter provided by the bone material. We also came across an odd feature of the Arctic permafrost soil, patterned grounds. Something, or somebody, had shaped a network of small depressions into the surface of the sediments over which we were walking. The preliminary assessment, alien floor tile designers, was quickly disposed of, and the true story of ice wedges forming and structuring the ground was presented.



Finally, we arrived at the mouth of a keyhole canyon, where a cacophony of kittiwake cries welcomed us. Inside, we could observe both parents and nearly fledged chicks on the ledges. Some of us were lucky enough to spot an Arctic fox, as it was looking for a meal that might drop down in this constant coming and going, squabbling and fighting. The fox turned out to be an old acquaintance of our guides, “old half-tail” as she had lost a part of her tail. But that did not prevent her from scuttling along, picking up food from hidden caches, transferring them to other spots, all the time looking out for more to drop down, with an occasional unimpressed glance at us, undoubtedly thrown in for the sake of the poor photographers.

In the afternoon, we had yet another highlight on our itinerary: we visited a group of walrus at their haul-out site at Kapp Lee station, just below the northwest corner of Edgeøya. To make sure we would not startle them, we quietly approached them in small groups. While touring the surroundings, we could also study the remains of an old Pomor hunting camp, littered with walrus bones, and the historic huts of Kapp Lee station, and then we also had an excellent opportunity to move up close to some reindeer that were grazing along the lush grassy slopes. Meanwhile, the kayakers had been traversing the entire bay, watching and enjoying the whole scene silently from the coastline. Finally, we had to give in to reality and return to the ship for dinner.

Later, in the bar, John entertained us with a tale of his Afghanistan exploits (and the local confectionary) with “Bin Laden’s Balls.”

**Russian Word of the Day:**     *Pa-zhal-sta - Please*

## **6 August, 2007                    Rosenbergdalen**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 78°03.6' N    Lon: 020°49.9' E

Sunrise: —    Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1015 mbar

Air Temperature: +6 °C

***"The ice was here, the ice was there, the ice was all around. It cracked and growled, and roared and howled like noises in a swound."***

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

With the ship anchored up next to the Edgeøya Island, named after the British Captain Thomas Edge who searched for whales in Svalbard in 1611, the staff set off to shore. Blake and Martin returned to the ship completely soaked after going through big swells on the beach. These conditions meant that we were blown off our first landing at Rosenbergdalen and instead the captain and Woody decided to move the ship towards Freemansundet and eagerly await the most current ice chart.

The staff kept those who were not “sunbathing,” snoozing, playing cards or reading their books, busy with informative presentations. Firstly was Martin’s impassioned talk and display of rubbish found in the Svalbard region and how plastic can be so fatal to wildlife. Next up was Blake who educated us on how plants adapt to life in the Arctic by growing in a cushion shape, having hairy or waxy leaves, or growing flower buds late in the



season leaving the bud to over-winter. He promised that those who paid attention would benefit greatly on the quiz at the end of our voyage. This was followed by Rupert who once again kept us informed and alert in the presentation room with fascinating tales and scientific information of life underneath the sea ice.

We proceeded into Freemansundet in a magnificent sunlight as the fog hung in the hills ahead. Blake on the bridge spotted a yellow object on a tiny ice flake floating on the water and called out: "polar bear!" As soon as the object moved and a little cub raised its head this was confirmed and in the next moment all passengers of the *Voyager* headed for port side with their cameras and binoculars. It was a spectacular sight with the ideal setting. Martin assured us that both mother and the 8-month old cub were looking healthy, and that there was nothing to worry about concerning their immediate future. Captain Beluga manoeuvred the ship just close enough to give us excellent views without ever disturbing the two bears. Thank you, Captain!

As usual, the chefs fed us well, and Martin shared with us marine superstitions, including why we should not whistle whilst on the ship or clink the glass when cheering!

**Russian Word of the Day:** *Eez-vee-nee-tye - Excuse Me*

## **7 August, 2007                      Vibebukta (Nordaustlandet)**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 79°21.1'N   Lon: 022°20.6' E

Sunrise: —   Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1018 mbar

Air Temperature: +1 °C

***“There are two kinds of men in the world, those that stay at home and those that do not. Of the two, the latter are by far the most interesting.”***

### **Rudyard Kipling**

We awoke this morning to sunshine and a cold, easy wind blowing from the east. We anchored in Vibebukta, located on the southwestern edge of Nordaustlandet, and prepared for a walk on a true polar desert. Drifts of sea-ice contoured the shoreline. The barrenness of the landscape was betrayed by the traces of life left there. With each step the stones clinked, and everywhere there were fossils to be seen. Three hundred metres inland were 9,500-year-old whalebones. Around every bone was a stunning example of a microenvironment, thanks to nutrients leaked out of the bones into the surrounding soil. The expanse of the terrain was humbling. The kayakers could be seen weaving through the sea-ice near shore.

Then, as everyone was having a great time, Thomas called in a polar bear. The hikers perhaps have never moved so fast. We rushed back to our landing site and motored off to find the MMM (mobile marine mammal), which was relaxing on an ice floe in the morning sun. To heighten an already joyous ride back to the ship, a few walrus were seen bobbing along in the surf. After we feasted on a rich Blanquette stew, and browsed the gift shop, most of us attended Rupert's sobering talk on the polar bear and the impact that climate warming may have on their survival. Rupert also introduced the "Protect Our Poles" project that Peregrine Shipping is undertaking to support polar bear research. During the afternoon the ship re-positioned to Von Otterøya, located in the southern region of the Hinlopenstretet.



We arrived at the island to a low heavy fog. The Zodiacs were loaded and disappeared two by two into the grey. However, before long we were photographing sea-ice formations alongside a few glacial growlers. Arctic terns were effortlessly darting among the waves as they were seen feeding. We spotted polar bears and many had superb views of the meandering, large male. Some lucky cruisers with Martin and Annie also spotted walrus in the water. Everyone who went out was soaked with sea spray, and finally out of the thick, soupy fog the ghost ship appeared. We returned to hot tea and cocoa, and soon the Arctic Carvery was in full swing. We finished off the day with Mette giving an impassioned talk recounting her seven years working to assist the people of Afghanistan. Then sleep.

**Russian Word of the Day:** *At-leech-na - Excellent*

## **8 August, 2007                      Alkefjellet**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 79°37.0'N    Lon: 018°30.8' E

Sunrise: —    Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1010 mbar

Air Temperature: +3 °C

***“The fair breeze blew, white foam flew, the furrow followed free, we were the first that ever burst, into that silent sea.”***

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge**

The fabulous seabird centre of Alkefjellet was the first venue for today's excursion program. Here, even the most practiced bird counters find themselves overwhelmed by the sheer scale of the Brünnich's guillemot colony and the mass of life in attendance. As a result, there is no recent reliable census information and one glance at the bird-covered, towering basalt crags indicates why. An estimate of over 100,000 breeding pairs hardly does justice. So in a light southeasterly breeze all the boats set out to cruise below this noisy, thronging metropolis. Our visit coincided with the chick-fledging period and very soon we found young on the water advertising plaintively for a parent to find them. A few were seen in flight, gliding to splashdown. Then the marathon swimming migration begins – a month-long haul to Greenland for the winter. Drama was never far away as the predators took their fill. Glaucous gulls and three Arctic foxes were watched in action around the colony. It was a fantastic way to start the day.

Nearby, on the opposite side of the Hinlopen Strait, lay Svalbard's second largest island, Nordaustlandet. The two fjords of Wahlenbergfjorden and Palanderbukta were greatly inviting as they both held remnants of this winter's sea ice cover. We chose the latter for our Zodiac excursion option after lunch and pairs of boats set off, eager-crewed to search these placid waters for wildlife. Bears proved elusive, but plenty of seals were watched at sea and on ice with one particularly inquisitive bearded seal taking the starring role. A little further along the coast a 'secret' lagoon was found to contain deep navigable waters and the limestone rocks deposited nearby to be full of marine fossils. Leaving Palanderbukta in glassy seas with pack ice and amazing scenery was spectacular.



Our journey continues northwards and in the evening we marked our crossing of 80°N with a wee celebration outside. Noz, Di and Maggie dazzled us with their finery whilst serving hot chocolate with a warming dash of brandy. With 80° now to our south we are much closer to the North Pole than to Scotland! More adventures (perhaps a quick dash for the pole) are in store for us tomorrow.

**Russian Word of the Day:** *Pree-yet-nava apet-tee-ta - Enjoy your meal*

## **9 August, 2007                      Phippsøya**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 80°39.1'N   Lon: 019°46.6' E

Sunrise: —   Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1012 mbar

Air Temperature: +5 °C

***“You who have come and seen and gone away,  
may your memories of us be bright.  
May your life’s season be the long, long, day, unhaunted by the shadow  
of the night.”***

***Robert W. Service***

### **Most Northerly Point: 80°40.9'N**

The majority of those aboard began their first full day of life above 80°N (though experienced hands were not sanguine), and awoke to a grey, misty day. Our vessel lay in the heart of the Seven Islands, the northernmost land of the Svalbard Archipelago. Our morning objective was the island of Phippsøya, whose long, sandy beach was a known haul-out site for walrus. On this day the walrus obliged, and we sighted a group of approximately 20 males lounging at one end of the beach, near a disused meteorological station. As the first Zodiacs approached they received an honorary fly-past by six Arctic skuas, followed shortly thereafter by twice as many Common eiders.

We divided into three groups, and adopted a system of having one group ashore while the other two cruised the nearby shorelines. The walrus, doubtless due to Martin’s choreography, performed admirably, which is to say they allowed a close but respectful approach, and occasionally summoned sufficient energy for a scratch, a belch, or a gentle poke at a neighbour. Each group of passengers, in turn made the short trek between the Zodiacs and the “blubber slugs,” with firearm-bearers keeping a constant vigil for polar bears. Many photo flash cards were filled to the brim. Those cruising in Zodiacs found swimming walruses, and also explored part of the shoreline of another of the Seven Islands, Martensøya.

If anyone had doubts regarding the wisdom of the staff’s scrupulous concern regarding polar bear safety, they were put to rest when, as the final group had pushed off from shore; Annie spotted a swimming bear heading in the direction of the landing site. The three remaining Zodiacs kept a cautious distance, and everyone watched as the large, healthy, young male bear emerged on shore, just 100 metres from where the final



Zodiacs had launched just a few minutes earlier. The bear, after shaking off excess water, then walked purposefully inland, ignoring the sleeping walrus, which were oblivious to the drama. Within two minutes, the bear had topped the second beach ridge, and vanished from sight, a sobering reminder of how quickly these large, powerful animals can appear and disappear in this seemingly wide-open terrain.

During lunch back on board, John informed us that the Seven Islands had been surveyed and named in the 1870's by an English expedition, sailing on two vessels, the "Carcass" and the "Race Horse." The officers on the expedition, Phipps, Parry, Martens, et al, took the liberty of naming the assorted islands after themselves, with the smallest and least significant island assigned the moniker Nelsonøya, after a lowly midshipman named Horatio Nelson, who later went on to a modicum of fame.

After lunch it was time to stretch our legs on Parryøya, and once ashore we split into our now-familiar teams of Chargers, Mediums, and Contemplatives. This island's especially barren but evocative landscape is rarely visited, and each group, in addition to wandering over hill and dale, collected an impressive amount of plastic trash that had been deposited by waves and scattered. The barrenness was not absolute, however, as we eventually managed to locate some vivid and stubborn mosses, lichens and flowers and one member of staff demonstrated his impeccable naturalist abilities by initially misidentifying a lichen-covered erratic boulder as a whale carcass.

During our wanderings, kittiwakes serenaded us as they attempted to avoid the frequent harassment by a group of Arctic skuas (parasitic jaegers), including a superb, rare dark-morph individual. Rupert and Annie pointed out a permafrost landscape formation called a Pingo, a small mound formed by the gradual freezing of an artesian spring. ("Pingo" is an Inuit word that means "the thing that sticks up out of the ground.") Our three hours ashore passed quickly, and we enjoyed an easy return to the vessel for another superb supper; the ship raised anchor and headed SW, having reached as far north as 80°40.9'N during the day.

After supper we joined Martin and Woody in the bar for their recounting of the most memorable questions that passengers over the seasons have posed to staff - the end to another stunning day.

**Russian Word of the Day:**     *Kag dee-la - How are you?*

## **10 August, 2007           Worsleyneset**

Time: 0700  
Position: Lat: 79°42.9'N   Lon: 014°03.4' E  
Sunrise: —   Sunset: —  
Barometric Pressure: 10014 mbar  
Air Temperature: +6 °C

***"You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars."***

**Thomas Traherne (1636-1674)**



The late great Frank Worsley trod these shores as part of the Algirsson North polar Expedition in 1925. In honour of his work, the site was named after him. We followed in his footsteps this morning and branched out across the tundra to explore the rich terrain. What a feast was in store for us!

An avian orgy swarmed the ponds and dive-bombed us to alert us to secreted nests as we drank in our surroundings. Around us was the most delicate carpet of moss campion, saxifrage and Arctic mouse-eared chickweed, with tiny willow beginning their autumnal change of colour from green to a copper orange. Blake expounded with joy that it was the best tundra he'd seen all season. As we reached a little high ground there was plenty of evidence of our furry friends with skeletons scattered to all points of the compass. Many a seal and reindeer had met their demise here. It's just bears that are now responsible for any carnage but the trapper's hut reminded us of the recent history when all game were targets. Sitting by the hut was a gun trap that must have claimed many a bear's life but now the visitors are of a far more peaceful nature. Bear and reindeer tracks crossed the tundra in all directions that made us ever wary of who may be watching us at any time. Martin had a following of litter collectors and they filled a massive sack with plastic waste. The Syssemmannen will be pleased as we continue to support the "Clean up Svalbard" campaign! One discovery that was not waste was the recent deceased corpse of a bearded seal. This is a meal ready and waiting for a hungry animal that likely wouldn't be too far away, so back in the Zodiacs we went for refortification by the chefs.

With just half the day gone we had to head out again to explore the massive face of Monaco Glacier. Four kilometres of ice face made for a Zodiac cruise to remember as the glacier cracked and growled and dumped tons of ice into the sea. Blake and Annie's passengers watched in awe as a large section gracefully descended into the bay. The impact of global warming was also evident with the exposure of a new island by the retreating glacier. Weary bodies returned to the ship for a toast to this amazing environment that was then followed by the great Arctic Auction. The spirit was fun and upbeat thanks to our outstanding auctioneer, John. Thanks folks for your generosity to assist with polar bear research. The day just couldn't end there either so we hit the stern deck for our Arctic BBQ to be followed by the quiz. Much laughter filled the bar as many of us puzzled through Blake's questions but the 'Arctic Monkeys' team won. What a day, and the trip isn't over yet!

**Russian Word of the Day:** *Eta kra-see-viy - It's beautiful*

## **11 August, 2007      Lilliehöök Glacier**

Time: 0700

Position: Lat: 79°18.4'N   Lon: 010°22.4' E

Sunrise: —   Sunset: —

Barometric Pressure: 1015 mbar

Air Temperature: +4 °C

***"I find the greatest thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as is which direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor."***

**Oliver Wendell Holmes**



This morning we had the rare pleasure of an extended morning sleep, as breakfast had been pushed back to 0800h. The program for the day consisted of “dry landings only”: first in the dining room where the hotel team awaited us to settle accounts and other necessary end-of-trip procedures. While some of us were at the “account booth fair” chatting with Maggie, Narelle and Diane, others got a chance to explore the vessel on one of several ship tours, skilfully guided by Martin, Rupert and Woody. They explained the ship’s original design and function as a hydro-acoustics survey ship, and we suddenly could see our “mudroom” in a new light. Also, the engine room, engine control room, and finally the bridge were explained to us in detail, and we learnt about auxiliary shaft generators (providing us with electricity), the gyrocompass and integrated thruster control systems (keeping us on the right course and in position), and even got a glimpse at the emergency steering system – another aspect of the ship’s inner workings that we had passed several times daily, probably without noticing. Meanwhile, the captain himself had taken our good ship into the Lilliehöökfjorden and as the sun came out, we could once more appreciate the amazing scenery around us.

The afternoon held one last highlight in store for us: the northernmost permanent research community of Ny-Ålesund (the stations on Greenland and Canada which are even further north serve mostly military purposes). We went ashore with Zodiacs – we would not have it any other way! – And immediately started exploring this idyllic little former mining town, which is now one of the top sites for Arctic research. All the buildings around us had been carefully converted from mining barracks and administration buildings to scientific stations, with only a few exceptions, which had been purpose-built in recent years. The newest and by far the most impressive, the Marine Laboratory, is situated directly at the beach, while an astrophysics installation by NASA sports several huge antenna radomes near the town’s little runway, and keen eyes even spotted the air quality monitoring facilities on the top of the near Zeppelinfjellet. We were offered access to the museum as well as the local shop, Kongsfjordbutikken, which also performs the tasks of the northernmost post office - the original building is situated just next door.

With the former school building and a greenhouse, this is still in use, although it serves only the hobby gardeners of the town. Woody had warned us that there would be traffic, and we certainly witnessed a lot of activity on the roads and between the houses, but some of it came in unexpected and rather furry shapes: a family group of Arctic foxes played between the houses, and regularly paid the nearby pond a patrolling visit, just to make sure that none of the almost moulted goslings felt the urge to try their luck - maybe becoming fox food rather than barnacle geese. John and Martin had been placed along the outskirts of the town, with the dirigible tether mast on one side and the dog yard – a true ivory gull magnet – on the other side.

Finally, it was time for us to make our way back to the ship, where Woody offered us an illustrated recap of our time together, before we celebrated our last and probably most festive *Voyager* dinner together, especially honoured by the presence of our captain and the passenger mate.

Many continued the festivities in the bar and into the early hours of the morning enjoying the last hours with new but firm friends and the special bond that a shared adventure provides.

**Russian Word of the Day:** *Da-svee-dan-eeya - Farewell*



## Plant List

**Moss Champion**  
*Silene acaulis*

**Nodding Lychnis**  
*Silene wahlbergella*

**Svalbard Poppy**  
*Papaver dahlianum*

**Alpine Bistort**  
*Bistorta vivipara*

**Yellow Marsh Saxifrage (Bog Saxifrage)**  
*Saxifraga hirculus*

**Nodding Saxifrage**  
*Saxifraga cernua*

**Tufted Saxifrage**  
*Saxifraga cespitosa*

**Alpine Saxifrage**  
*Saxifraga nivalis*

**Spider Plant**  
*Saxifraga flagellaris*

**Purple Saxifrage**  
*Saxifraga oppositifolia*

**Scurvy-Grass**  
*Cochlearia officinalis*

**Sea-beach Sandwort**  
*Honckenya peploides*

**Mountain Sorrel**  
*Oxyria digyna*

**Mountain-Avens**  
*Dryas octopetala*

**Lobed (Birdfoot) Buttercup**  
*Ranunculus pedatifidus*

**Pygmy Buttercup**  
*Ranunculus pygmaeus*



**Arctic Mouse-eared Chickweed**  
**Cerastium arcticum**

**Woolly Lousewort**  
**Pedicularis dasyantha**

**Hairy Lousewort**  
**Pedicularis hirsuta**

**Whitlow-grass sp.**  
**Draba sp.**  
**(Not identified to species level)**

**Purplish Braya**  
**Braya purpurascens**

**Arctic Cotton-Grass**  
**Eriphorum scheuchzeri**

**Polar Willow**  
**Salix polaris**



## Wildlife List

August	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11
<b>BIRDS</b>										
Red throated Diver									x	
Northern Fulmar	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Barnacle Goose							x		x	x
Brent Goose						x				
Pink footed Goose										
King Eider		x	x						x	
Common Eider			x	x		x	x	x	x	
Long-tailed Duck									x	x
Svalbard Ptarmigan										
Turnstone									x	
Purple Sandpiper	x			x		x	x		x	x
Dunlin										
Ringed Plover										
Sanderling										
Grey (Red) Phalarope										
Pomarine Skua					x	x	x			
Arctic Skua (Parasitic Jaeger)		x	x	x	x	x		x	x	x
Long-tailed Skua			x			x			x	
Great Skua							x			
Glaucous Gull	x	x	x	x			x	x	x	x
Great Black-backed Gull										
Kittiwake	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Ivory Gull		x	x		x	x	x		x	x
Sabine's Gull			x							
Arctic Tern	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Little Auk	x	x	x	x	x			x	x	x
Brunnichs Guillemot	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Razorbill										
Black Guillemot	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Atlantic Puffin	x		x				x	x	x	x
Snow Bunting	x			x			x	x	x	x
Lesser Black-Backed Gull			x							
<b>MARINE MAMMALS</b>										
Polar Bear					x	x		x		
Walrus				x		x		x		
Ringed Seal		x	x			x	x			
Bearded Seal			x		x	x	x			x
Common Seal										
Harp Seal										



<b>Beluga Whale</b>		<b>x</b>		
<b>Humpback Whale</b>				
<b>Minke Whale</b>				<b>x</b>
<b>Fin Whale</b>			<b>x</b>	<b>x</b>
<b>Sei Whale</b>				
<b>Sperm Whale</b>				
<b>MAMMALS</b>				
<b>Svalbard Reindeer</b>	<b>x</b>		<b>x</b>	
<b>Arctic Fox</b>		<b>x</b>	<b>x</b>	<b>x</b>



## KAYAK LOG

**GUIDE: Solan Jensen**

### Excursion 1 - Samarinbreen

**Location: 76°59'N, 15°34'E**

**Date: August 3, 2007**

**Weather: Low clouds, no wind, 6°C.**

**Species sighted from the kayaks: Arctic tern, black legged kittiwake, black guillemot, little auk, ringed seal.**

Trip summary: After the high winds and stunning scenery of the ship's cruise down Hornsund that morning, all the kayakers in our group were excited at the possibility of our inaugural paddle. However, as the ship made its way deeper into the fiord we were not certain if the conditions were going afford us an opportunity to kayak. As it was, glory prevailed.

There was not breath of wind at the Samarin glacier. A thick cloud layer covered the surrounding mountaintops, and large fields of brash-ice had collected in front of the glacier face. As we piled into our "kayak Zodiac" and left the gangway, there was a hardy round of cheers. Everyone could see that the conditions were absolutely perfect for kayaking (not to mention this was the closest any of us were going get to being in the Pleistocene). We paddled in formation, slow and smiling, for the photographers poised in Zodiacs. After navigating through the band of brash-ice near the glacier's face, we floated and watched as the glacier calved and sloughed into the otherwise motionless water. If a chunk of ice the size of a large boulder fell from the glacier, the sound was a shotgun blast. When a series of pieces the size of train cars fell, it was thunderous. And then, after a quiet spell of cracks and groans, when an entire subdivision of the glacier face released into the fjord, the sound was volcanic.

The wave from this calving crested high and broke. The white curl bearing down on us translated into a tensing of the stomach, and a flurry of mad calculations of what the wave would be by the time it reached us, and furthermore, how we might fair in its wake. And when a gentle three-metre swell lifted and dropped each boat for a few minutes, we all just looked around smiling and laughing.

By the end of the voyage this event won't be the first thing that comes to mind, but for today it's all we can talk about. When it was time to come in from playing and return to the ship, I knew that no one was ready to be pulled away from this. And perhaps among the most difficult things of being a guide in a place so stunning is making the call to end the day.

### Excursion 2 - Kapp Lee

**Location: 78°04.5'N, 20°44.6'E**

**Date: August 5th 2007**

**Weather: Light Breeze, scattered clouds, low-thick fog towards Freemundsund.**

**Species sight from the Kayaks: walrus, Svalbard reindeer, Common eider, Arctic tern, Black guillemot, Northern fulmar, Pink-footed geese.**



Trip Summary: As a general guideline we tend to avoid being in small non-motorized vessels around exceptionally large marine mammals (with huge tusks). But the four huge walrus hauled out at Kapp Lee were sleeping hard, and we were eager to paddle. After some counsel with our senior naturalist, Martin Grey, we decided to do a “paddle-by” of the walrus, monitoring their response-behaviour as we slowly approached and departed.

Quietly, we paddled past the sleeping giants. One of them sensed our approach, raised his head, showing an impressive length of ivory. We stopped, not talking or moving for a moment. The walrus put his head back down with plain indifference. As can be the case with walrus, their response to our approach was to go back to sleep. The day was chilly and we could see the effects of a strong wind from the northeast blowing a dark pea-soup fog out of Freemondsund.

We paddle on along the steep shore toward the fog wall. A group of four robust looking reindeer grazed their way up the hillside. Something surfaced not far away, a Black guillemot. We paddled further. As we approached the mouth of Freemondsund, a 10knot head wind of cold grey fog sent us turning around for home with merely a nod. No matter the weather, we all agreed that the quietness and sense of space afforded by travelling in sea kayaks was not to be taken for granted.

### Excursion 3 - Vibebukta

**Location:** 79°22.9'N, 22°15.4'E

**Date:** August 7th 2007

**Weather:** Sunshine, cold wind 4-8 knots.

**Species sight from the Kayaks:** polar bear, walrus, ringed seal, common eider, black guillemots, brunnich's guillemot, little auk.

Trip summary: The morning was sunny and cold. We were anchored a few miles off of a true polar limestone desert. Sea-ice lined the shore. We motored north in our Zodiac. The water was a bit choppy as we paddled off. Before reaching the maze of sea-ice that had been pushed up against the shore by the wind, we paused for a brief discussion about the possibility of encountering a polar bear.

The ice was close together, and the waterways between the floes were still. There were remnant pressure ridges in the ice, limiting visibility. With a shotgun and flare pistol on deck, we agreed to stay close together, and also to keep our support Zodiac close at hand, just ahead of us. Later on that day someone commented, “Paddling through the ice was the most surreal experience of my life.” This was true for all of us, until Thomas spotted a polar bear, relaxing about 50 metres away. The realness flooded back into the morning like a quick and severe change in temperature. We studied the polar bear carefully and alerted the entire group on shore. After a few head raises, the bear laid back down. We watched, thrilled.

To say that few people have had an encounter like this is true, but perhaps misses the point. For the range of feelings we experienced sitting in our kayaks, a short sprint away from a polar bear, completely defied description. But somehow articulated in that encounter was the unfamiliar feeling of being accessible as food.

### Excursion 4 - Palanderbukta



**Location: 79°33.8'N, 20°42.9'E**

**Date: August 8th, 2007**

**Weather: No wind, fog.**

**Species sighted from the Kayaks: Arctic tern, Black guillemot (nesting), Glaucous gull, Common eider, Pink footed geese, Arctic skua.**

Trip summary: It was a calm afternoon at the head of Palanderbukta. The cloud layer was low and the ship anchored just inside the edge of a fog bank. There was no current running to move the sea-ice around. Nor was there any wind to speak of. The ripples from our kayaks were the only evidence that we were not gliding over some huge pane of dark glass. We paddled through a spread of sea-ice stopping every now and then to spot for wildlife. Cakes of ice were spaced out as far as the eye could see in every direction. We happily lost the ship in the mist.

Suddenly a paddler, who will remain unnamed, screamed while simultaneously, there was a significant splash. A few of us in front figured she had gone over. A bearded seal surfaced only metres from our group, looking a bit shaken as well. How often do species surprise each other on the surface of the water? For the next fifteen minutes the animal circled, surfaced and dove all around our boats. We followed it at a distance, as the seal swam off. We spotted another seal, head raised, sitting on a bit of sea ice. The two seals seemed to be interacting. We forgot about where we had been going, so we just sat still for as long as possible.

## **Excursion 5 - Worsleynesset**

**Location: 79°41'N, 13°42'E**

**Date: August 10th 2007**

**Weather: Clouds, wind 4-10knots northwest.**

**Species sighted from the kayaks: Arctic tern, black guillemot, common eider, little auk, sanderling, black legged kittiwakes.**

Trip summary: Once paddling, we headed for Worsley harbour, carefully navigating some very shallow parts of the peninsula, which separated the harbour from the open water. We watched our fellow travellers on land walk through the enormous tundra flats of northwestern Spitsbergen. The wind was blowing from the west, the open ocean.

We came upon a freshly killed bearded seal. We paddled out of the harbour. None of us spoke for fifteen minutes, and then half an hour went by. Hypnosis can set in while paddling. We watched Arctic terns feed in the tiderip. The silence was broken with a simple yet profound question, "Do you smell soup?" It was not long after this that we decided to turn for the ship and paddle home to lunch.

## **Excursion 6 - Monacobreen**

**Location: 79°34.39'N, 12°35.7'E**

**Date: August 10th 2007**

**Weather: Cloud cover, no rain, winds 3-6knots gusting to 10knots.**

**Species sighted from the Kayaks: Arctic tern, black guillemot, common eider with chicks, Arctic skua, black legged kittiwakes.**



Trip summary: Sailing into the Monacobreen fjord was stunning. With no sunlight reflecting off the icebergs we saw the glowing deep blues of the denser ice. Dark medial moraines (dirt) ran up the visible length of the surrounding glaciers like the tire tracks of a road into the heart of Spitsbergen. We began our paddle a few kilometres from the glacier face. We found some cathedral-like icebergs, and smaller bits of ice to paddle through (known as “growlers” and “bergy bits”). The wind was strong at first. We all had trouble keeping our boats oriented in the direction of the ice we were photographing.

Before long we heard over the radio from Thomas that there was calm water just ahead. We began paddling to the eastern edge of Monacobreen. In the still water the ice was spread out and easy to navigate through. We were experiencing as close to ideal conditions as is possible in the Arctic. In relation to a tidewater glacier, a safe distance for a kayak is of course a bit further away than a safe distance for a Zodiac. During our minutes of motionless floating we watched Zodiacs buzz the blue and white dirt-marbled glacial face. There was a melt water stream pouring out from a crack in the ice, stirring up the water in the bay. A hundred or more Arctic terns and Black legged kittiwakes were feeding just in front of it. The landscape humbled us, even as we were amazed by it.

Then, as though only moments had passed since our departure, it was time to return to the ship, to feast at the Arctic barbeque.

***Fair winds and following seas!***  
***Paddle safe!***



## Staff Biographies

### DAVID “WOODY” WOOD – Expedition Leader

Woody is English by birth and Australian by residence, a curse he carries manfully. His background includes service in the health sector in management accounting and medical staff recruitment, a degree in political science and law, and a stint in the finance area at Peregrine Shipping’s head office. Admission to practice law in the Supreme Court of Victoria was an indication to him that he had better head to the ice and he has never looked back!

His love of travel and the Polar Regions has seen him regularly spending many months of the year on Peregrine Shipping’s ships. He simply cannot get enough of the ocean and its extremes!

When not travelling with Peregrine Shipping he enjoys bushwalking, running, cycling and almost anything active. He remains connected to the legal profession in a fairly disconnected way. He is an avid sports fan despite being isolated from “live” news for a large part of the year and will talk your ear off on rugby, cricket or almost any sport if given the chance.

Woody is one of Peregrine Shipping’s Expedition Leaders with expertise in Antarctica and Svalbard. His passion for all things pelagic and polar is infectious so exercise caution. He is always ready to have a chat and share his polar passions!

### METTE ELISEUSSEN - Guide

Mette is a Scandahooligan, who hails from the fjords of Norway. Before she was 18 she was speaking English, German, Spanish and Norwegian. A Sociologist by training she has worked as a Drug Addict Counsellor, Bar and Restaurant Manager, Journalist, Trauma Counsellor, Ski Instructor, Windsurfing Instructor and a Cleaner as well as a Mountain Rescue specialist for over 20 years. She lived for 7 years in the heart of the Afghan Wars from 1990 till 1997 as the Program Manger for Save the Children and won the Barn av Jorden Award (Children of the Earth Prize 1996) for her work with children in war. This added her 5th language, Persian. She founded the Afghan Campaign to Ban Landmines and was part of the team that won the 1997 Nobel Peace Prize. She is a trainer in Safety and Security for aid workers in conflict zones and a Creative Consultant. Many international programs involving women, children and micro credit in areas of conflict have been designed and implemented by her. This with her love of everything that involves the water and mountains fills out a life half lived. Now she is finishing her Masters Degree in Australia.

### NARELLE DARKER – Bartender

From Melbourne, Australia, Narelle Darker has had 7 years travel industry experience.

A trip to Antarctica at Christmas time sparked a passion for the polar regions. With her experience and flair in customer service, Narelle will be whipping up cocktails as your on board bartender. With a friendly and approachable disposition Narelle will be aiming to cater for your thirst.



She has a passion for travel and has travelled quite extensively, in particular enjoying the "out of the way" destinations. She has just spent some time in Morocco before joining the *Voyager* in the High Arctic. When at home, she can be found playing golf, and surfing, among other things.

While on the *Voyager* she recommends a "Baileys on Arctic ice" at the end of the day!

## **DIANE ERCEG – “That Girl”**

Diane hails from Perth, that small but significant dot on Australia's beautiful west coast. She belongs somewhere between roots and freedom and her search for this indefinable in-between has taken her all over... but right now the only place she wants to be is Svalbard.

This girl likes to go with the flow...sometimes fast, slow, straight or twisted but always with a smile. Her next big project awaits her in London when she begins her Masters degree in Environmental Policy and Regulation.

Her ambitions lie in environmental awareness and protection, her dreams in the sea, and her passion in storytelling and song writing. She savours G&Ts at sunset (hmmm....) and chats about anything but the weather.

## **MARTIN GRAY – Naturalist**

From the Orkney Islands off the North Coast of Scotland, Martin Gray arrives to spend his 13th season in the polar regions.

At home, Martin wears many hats as; a firefighter with the Highland & Islands Brigade, Airfield Rescue firefighter, auxiliary Coastguard and last (but most expensive) a crofter.

Martin is a birder and general all round naturalist with a special interest in marine mammals. His desire for wild places, birds, plants and animals is instinctive and he has a passion for sharing his rapture with these things.

Human company is good too and Martin's social appetite is catered for in the bar and other public areas on board. You will find him 'yarning' at every opportunity! Martin also claims to have witnessed the funniest thing to have ever occurred in the Arctic.

Home is wife Evelyn and bairns; Duncan (10), Cameron (8), Ronan (4) and Lillian (3 in August). An award winner of Wanderlust Magazine's 'Adventure Guide of the Year', Gray's passion for all things polar is infectious and makes Arctic aficionados out of all our passengers.

Martin can often be found ashore gazing at dead things, waxing lyrical and at every opportunity picking apart pieces of poop....something to think about the next time you ask him to pass you a dinner roll.

## **ANNIE INGLIS – Program Co-ordinator**

Annie is delighted to be returning to Svalbard and continues to be amazed, and humbled, by the beauty of this remote Polar area. Originally from outback Australia, a far cry from these icy environs, Annie was lured to



Melbourne for education in the health field. After living and working in the UK, she returned to Australia for further studies in Management (and for better weather). Annie interspersed her career in Human Resources and Project Management with her passion for travel, enjoying numerous trips to Nepal and South-East Asia. Other adventures have been to some far-flung places including Madagascar, Tibet and a solo cycling trip covering much of Europe.

Back home in Bayside, Melbourne, Annie enjoys bush walking, camping and cycling. As a fit and determined outdoors woman, Annie enjoys some of the more demanding hikes and trails throughout Victoria and New Zealand. Her penchant of all things nautical has also led her to gain her commercial skipper's licence.

Over the past five years, Annie has had the opportunity of working in a variety of roles on board Peregrine Shipping's ships in the Arctic and Antarctica. With this experience, and her shared enthusiasm for the polar regions, she is looking forward to helping make your voyage a trip of a lifetime.

## **SOLAN JENSEN – Kayak guide**

Solan Jensen was born in Juneau, Alaska where his family has lived since the late eighteen hundreds. Known to his friends simply as "Pangaea," Solan was first charged by a brown bear when he was eight years old while learning to hunt with his grandfather. Though he never took up hunting, he has come to form a deep sense of home in undeveloped landscapes. Solan began sea kayak guiding professionally when he was 19 years old in the Alexander Archipelago of southeastern Alaska. He received a degree in Philosophy from the Evergreen State College which he puts to use...really, he does. He is co-director of the forth coming documentary film *Made a Machine by Describing the Landscape* (expected to be released in October 2007), with two other films under production.

When not guiding or making movies, Solan builds fibreglass power catamarans for Black Feather Boats using a process involving vacuum infusion. First visiting Antarctica in 2002 as an ironworker, Solan helped construct new research facilities at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station.

His experience of Antarctica approached a point of reverence without comparison. "Like Borges, I have always imagined paradise as a kind of library, only in my vision it is located in the moody indigo of the high latitude twilight." Solan likes coffee, sag paneer, and lowland Scotch. And his kitten can eat through steel.

## **RUPERT KRAPP - Naturalist**

Rupert has been travelling and working in the Arctic and Antarctic as a student, tourist guide and sea ice ecologist since 1998. Currently, he is finishing his PhD in biological oceanography and sea ice ecology and holds a master's degree in marine biology as well as a bachelor in zoology, botany, physical chemistry and statistics.

He has participated in more than 25 expeditions in the Arctic and 10 expeditions to the Antarctic, spending three months in the Weddell Sea as a scientific diver aboard a research icebreaker, and has also performed or supervised scuba diving activities on most of the other expeditions.

His other passions include sea kayaking, sailing on traditional sailing vessels, and skiing in Northern Scandinavia and on Svalbard. He used to live in Longyearbyen, Svalbard for several years before moving to



mainland Norway, and is also working as an assistant lecturer at the University Centre on Svalbard, UNIS.

## **BLAKE MAYBANK – Naturalist**

Blake is a rookie member of the Peregrine Shipping team, but has worked as an onboard naturalist with other expedition cruises before making the switch. Blake grew up in Saskatchewan, as far away from the ocean as you can get in North America, but since moving to Atlantic Canada he has spent far more time on the water than he ever expected. He earlier worked for more than 20+ years with Parks Canada, with postings in the Northwest Territories and in Churchill, before becoming Chief Park Naturalist in Gros Morne National Park, Newfoundland. He left in 1998 to pursue a career of writing and eco-tourism. His first book was “The National Parks & Other Wild Places of Canada.”

Blake is a “jack-of-all-trades” naturalist, whose passions include photography, birding, music, cinema, botany, gardening, bridge, travel, reading, and wine-making. His web site is [www.birdingtheamericas.com](http://www.birdingtheamericas.com).

Although he has degrees in Biology and Physical Geography, most of Blake’s natural history knowledge came from 20+ years with Parks Canada, and in his own travels since then. He is bilingual (English and French). Blake is a published author and exhibited photographer, and has even played a couple of folk festivals. He authored the “Code of Birding Ethics” for the American Birding Association.

## **IRA MEYER – Photographer in Residence**

Born and reared in the Bronx, New York, Ira has lived Colorado, Great Britain, Texas, Arkansas and Northern Florida since leaving his birthplace in 1967. And for the past 20 years he has resided a block from the beach in Southern California. A former avid cyclist, his life was changed in 1986 when he was hit by a speeding pick-up truck whose driver had been disturbed by a bug. This ultimately led to his life as a photographer.

At the age of 39, the thought of photography had never crossed his mind. But his mortality was put before him in a very undeniable fashion. A year later, his health and strength regained, he sold a small lawn maintenance business and bought a used van and travelled to Alaska. As something of an afterthought, he spent \$180 on a little Fuji point and shoot camera. The trip, he thought, merited this. Thus, his photographic journey began...

Now collected worldwide, his photographs have been published in National Geographic’s Atlas of Natural America, on the cover of Yosemite National Park’s calendar, as the Nature Conservancy’s holiday card, CD and video art, in the Los Angeles Times, on several book covers and a variety of magazines including: Outdoor Photographer, ESCAPE, EARTH, Digital Photographer, ArtLife, Outdoor and Nature Photography and Petersen’s Photographic. His work is also part of the permanent collections of the City of Beverly Hills, as well as Oxnard, California’s Carnegie Art museum.

## **THOMAS PICKARD – Assistant Expedition Leader**

With a degree in Environmental Science, Thomas Pickard has worked extensively in remote areas of Antarctica, assisting with Australian Antarctic Division scientific research programmes. Originally from Sydney



Australia, he currently splits his time between Arctic cruises and working as a freelance photographer. He is happiest when he is in the outdoors and far off the beaten track.

## **JOHN RODSTED – Guide/Photographer**

John is a freelance photographer whose career spans 25 years - so far. He's worked in some of the most war torn regions on earth.

His background started with photographic training in a studio as a photographer's assistant. At 22 he started his own commercial studio. Unfulfilled by his work as a commercial photographer, John packed up the studio and headed off around the world as a freelance photographer. The world has been his studio since.

His work has been exhibited worldwide in locations including The Smithsonian Institute, The United Nations Geneva, The Sydney Opera House, The Royal Geographical Society and the Capital Building in Washington DC. He is the official photographer to the International Campaign to Ban Landmines and in this capacity is part of the team that won the 1997 Nobel Peace Prize. He is still working the world's trouble spots recording the plight of people and refugees escaping the horrors of war and exhibitions of his work are shown worldwide and opening this year in Helsinki, Warsaw, Geneva, Bangkok, Dublin and the Hague. He dreams of one day doing an exhibition of beautiful landscape photography without a landmine in sight.

John's other passion lies in skydiving. He has been jumping for 20 years and is an instructor with more than 3500 jumps to his credit. He has worked for Peregrine Shipping in both the Arctic and Antarctic.

## **MAGGIE SCOTT - Hotel Manager**

Maggie Scott was forged on the East Coast of Canada from apple blossoms and driftwood. Her love of the Atlantic Ocean fostered Maggie's desire to swim in the Pacific so she moved west and settled at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Although she enjoys learning lessons the hard way, don't be fooled, Maggie's easygoing nature masks precision and a keen eye for detail. Her interests include wandering, talking, learning, and savouring as much as possible. Someday Maggie hopes to own her own business, raise children and end world hunger.

## **JOHN SILVER - Expedition Doctor**

John is both a Consultant in Occupational Medicine and a Mediator. He was in General Practice, working in general medicine, anaesthetics, obstetrics and a variety of general surgery, with a special interest in Sports and Musculo-skeletal Medicine for 15 years before specialising in Occupational Medicine. He was also a Medical Officer in the Royal Australian Naval Reserve, specialising in Diving and Aviation Medicine, for 38 years.

Commander Silver served with distinction in recent military deployments as the Public Health Adviser to the Peace Keeping Force Headquarters of the United Nations Transitional Administration in East Timor and as Officer in Charge of the Combined Health Element of the Australian led Multinational Peace Monitoring Group



in Bougainville. His Naval Service included many seagoing postings as a general duties and Senior Medical Officer. He is an active diver who was the Medical Officer of the Royal Australian Navy Diving Team based in Melbourne, for many years.

Dr Silver's sporting and expedition Medical Officer experiences have included sports at an elite international level and at senior and junior levels in Australia. He continues to be a medical officer to his Surf Lifesaving Club, where he was an active and competition member for many years, and to the Confederation of Australian Motor Sports. In addition, in recent years he has been the Medical Officer on a high altitude trek in the Everest region of Nepal, an international Rugby Union tour with a Victorian schoolboys' team and a four wheel drive expedition along the legendary Canning Stock Route in the inhospitable but beautiful Australian desert. His private adventures have included rounding both Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope under sail. He has had two seasons in the Antarctic with Peregrine with this being his maiden visit to the Arctic.



# Voyage map

