



Svalbard Odyssey



15 – 25 July 2019 | Polar Pioneer



About Us

Aurora Expeditions embodies the spirit of adventure, travelling to some of the most wild and remote places on our planet. With over 28 years' experience, our small group voyages allow for a truly intimate experience with nature.

Our expeditions push the boundaries with flexible and innovative itineraries, exciting wildlife experiences and fascinating lectures. You'll share your adventure with a group of like-minded souls in a relaxed, casual atmosphere while making the most of every opportunity for

adventure and discovery. Our highly experienced expedition team of naturalists, historians and destination specialists are passionate and knowledgeable – they are the secret to a fulfilling and successful voyage.

Whilst we are dedicated to providing a 'trip of a lifetime', we are also deeply committed to education and preservation of the environment. Our aim is to travel respectfully, creating lifelong ambassadors for the protection of our destinations.



DAY 1 | Monday 15 July 2019

Longyearbyen, Isfjord

Position: 21:30 hours **Course:** 269.7°
Latitude: 78° 08' N
Longitude: 13° 27' E

This is a land where airplanes track icebergs the size of Cleveland and polar bears fly down out of the stars. It is a region, like the desert, rich with metaphor, with adumbration. In a simple bow from the waist before the nest of the horned lark, you are able to stake your life, again, in what you dream. — Barry Lopez

Travelling from all corners of the world, we arrived in Longyearbyen, an old mining town in the heart of Spitsbergen. Some of us had an extra day to conquer the jet lag and explore the colour co-ordinated village, while others arrived today, in time to join the group for a wonderful introduction to Longyearbyens exciting history. Many a picturesque landscape was photographed – including the surreal (but important) street sign warning of polar bear!

We soon caught sight of the *Polar Pioneer* at the wharf – our floating home for the next 11 days. We were met by some of our friendly Expedition Team as we had our picture taken and made our way up the gangway into the ship.

Our group is comprised of 52 expeditioners and 11 staff, representing Australia, Norway New Zealand, Czech Republic, Sweden, Germany, Portugal, United Kingdom, the Philippines and the USA. Looking after us are our capable crew of 21 Russian men and women and 1 Ukraine.

With little time to settle in, Howard welcomed us, then introduced the Aurora team, Assistant Leader Justine, Ship's Doctor Lesley, Naturalists Roger and Chris, Glaciologist/Geologist



Wind Speed: 5 knots **Barometer:** 1015.9 hPa & steady
Wind Direction: E **Air Temp:** 8° C
Sea Temp: 5° C

Ulyana, Kayaking Guide Toby, Senior Guide David and Hotel Manager Anne. Soon after came the very important lifeboat briefing. Seven short and one long ring from the ship's intercom told us it was time to muster behind the bar on Deck 4, before climbing into the orange boats for the lifeboat drill. As tight as it was inside, it was comforting to know that these strong, reliable vessels are there should we need them.

As we cruised down Adventfjorden, many of us ventured out on deck to watch the beautifully serene scenery. We then took a sharp left turn into the strong wind that swept up Isfjorden

Then to dinner we were called. Our first tasty meal from head chef Al and sous chef Bert, served by the wonderful Russian stewardesses Uliana and Natalia.

We were then called to the lecture room for our mandatory AECO (Association of Arctic Expedition Cruise Operators) and Zodiac briefing. Roger introduced an animated video of the do's and don'ts when in the Arctic, and how we must behave when in polar bear territory.

Soon after came the gumboot swap, so now we all have a comfy pair of Wellies for the adventures ahead. With one order of business left, Toby gathered our paddlers in the lecture room to be fitted in kayak gear: dry suit, booties, life jackets, the works! Tomorrow we will test our cold weather gear and begin our much-anticipated adventure to the high Arctic.



Lilliehöökgreen, 14 Julibreen

Position:	20:45 hours	Course:	341.4°	Wind Speed:	12 knots	Barometer:	1019.9 hPa & rising
Latitude:	79° 18'N	Speed:	12.9 knots	Wind Direction:	S	Air Temp:	9° C
Longitude:	10° 41' E					Sea Temp:	4° C

It’s strange how hungry for a treat you get on an Arctic journey — Roald Amundsen

We woke in front of the magnificent glacier of Lilliehöökgreen, a 7km wide semi-circular glacier front.

An estimated 40 per cent of the total ice volume of the glacier has been lost within a century, with an accelerating tendency in recent years.

Light cloud covered the mountain on the surrounding panoramic vista with the pointy peaks of Spitsbergen projecting to the sky as our backdrop.

Right after breakfast, we tested our cold weather gear for our first outing in Svalbard. With next to no wind, we zoomed across the turquoise waters towards the east end of the glacier. Our Zodiacs becoming miniature toys in comparison to the 50-metre ice cliff ahead. Curious eyes of a bearded seal and ring seal throughout the morning as our Zodiacs passed by.

Silently observing and listening as the glacier grumbled and moaned, these rumblings echoed across the bay. A great crash revealed a thunderous calving of the glacier and then another and another! We watched as layers of Lilliehöökgreen’s ice face cascaded into the water, like a terraced cake toppling to the ground. Seabirds gorged themselves, feeding on cephalapods and other sea life stirred up by the calving.

During lunch we sailed down Krossfjorden to another beautiful glacier - 14 Julibreen, named by the Albert VI, Duke of Monaco in 1906. Known as the hanging gardens of Svalbard, there are very few places near 79° North that can offer more opulent vegetation than this very special site. It was an afternoon choc-a-block full of Svalbardian wildlife. We began with a leisurely Zodiac cruise in front of enormous cliffs ribboned with white quartzite. Our kayakers leading the way, we were treated to our first puffins of the trip. These fantastic birds lose their orange beak-covering each year and spend the winter with a smaller dark one before regrowing their flamboyant orange beaks again in the spring, just in time for mating season. They were looking sharp as they perched up high near the Brünnichs guillemots. As we convoyed in Zodiacs down the shoreline toward the glacier, countless reindeer could be seen grazing on the hills underneath the kittiwake bird cliffs. One adorable fox roamed along the beach with a trail of paparazzi following close behind. Spotted were four barnacle geese and a small army of pink-footed geese blissfully waddling about their day.

After a short cruise along the glacier front we went ashore at the hanging gardens as a group, re-acquainting ourselves with Arctic tundra and its many beautiful wildflowers. The immediate and all-encompassing silence captivated us as we stepped closer to the blooming walls.

Back on board we gathered in the bar to toast Captain Sasha Evgenov and his crew, and celebrate our first day in this magnificent northerly land.

Glaciated Fjords

Glaciated fjords are among the loudest marine environments on earth! Air bubbles popping from ice floating in the fjords make a sizzling sound equivalent to being under-water in a downpour. In Alaska, scientists have observed that seals use this naturally noisy environment to hide from their main predators, the orcas.



Räudfjord; Ytre Norskøya; Moffen Island

Position:	18:00 hours	Course:	249.7°	Wind Speed:	4 knots	Barometer:	1017.3 hPa
Latitude:	79°50'N	Location:	At anchor Ytre Norskøya	Wind Direction:	NW	Air Temp:	10° C
Longitude:	11° 40' E					Sea Temp:	4° C

Did a big white bear saunter into our Smeerenberg slumbers last night ... or were we dreaming? Keen-eyed Roger, our naturalist, spotted the meandering polar bear, and as Howard's announcement triggered a stampede to the bridge, the captain manoeuvred the ship in the shallows. After ambling over a grassy ridge at an unhurried walking pace (usually about 5 kms per hour), a head in the water beyond announced a doggy-paddling bear using 30 cm paws as oars. These very buoyant mammals have been tracked doing extreme swims covering 600 kms over 9 days. As our bear rolled around in a snow patch with huge paws flailing, we wondered whether it was trying to cool down or was simply enjoying a frolic.

After a few hours of sleep, bright sunshine beckoned us out into Räudfjordon. High walkers scaled the peak for views including a standoff between four pink-footed geese fending off an insistent arctic fox. Mimicking our own polar bear strategy of presenting a large defence without fleeing, the geese survived flashed out their massive (and potentially destructive) wings to keep the flummoxed fox at bay. Meanwhile, medium walkers explored the blooming tundra around their feet amongst a landscape of pure beauty. Saxifrage flowers, already set, flirted with the fleeting months of summer. Rocky moraines on the opposite shore marked the retreating glacier front, tumbling from ancient, brooding, spiky peaks deposited one billion years ago. Kayakers tracked feeding terns and two swimming reindeer that seemed destined to share their haul out beach.

Our afternoon destination - the steep and rocky granite island Ytre Norsköya (little Norwegian island), entranced us from first sight. A couple of young walrus showed off developing dentition as they scratched and lolled. The golden moss beds contrasted shades of emerald

with flourishes of purple and tufted saxifrage, eaten as a vegetable by Sami or with cream and sugar as a lip balm.

High on the ridge, cackling little auks and posturing puffins clustered on rocky ledges and flew in a murmuration (densely packed flock).

David detailed the travels of Barents in 1596, and his quest for the Northeast Passage before his description of massed cetaceans incited a whale rush, spearheaded by the English and Dutch.

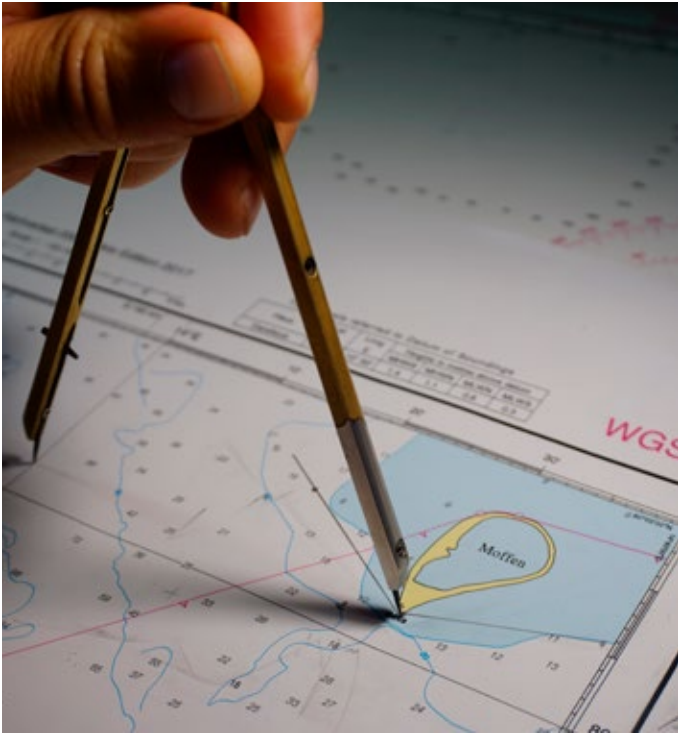
The life of a shore whaler, short and uncomfortable, would involve a dangerous boat chase after right whales, the men often led a crazy dance with the tiring, harpooned whale. Olfaction would be assailed by the stench of blubber ovens, the living conditions were rudimentary and poor clothing contributed to an early death from scurvy, accident or infection. Over 100 graves overlooking the sea were poignant reminders of just how many men tried to survive in this unforgiving landscape, but the bonanza lasted only about 200 years.

Weary souls relaxed at the bar and dinner, but the day was not over! Suddenly synchronised walrusses were swimming past the ship. At 80° North, Moffen Island is

a small sand bar nature reserve, 600 nautical miles from the North Pole. We could see 90 tooth walkers of up to 1500 kgs weight, only eclipsed in seal size by elephant seals. Tusk size does matter for mate attraction in a walrusserie, but their vibrissae are the food diviners. Mussels and clams are blasted out of the shallows, sucked out of their shells, and then digested in extended social siestas – not a bad life really!

First aircraft quests from Svalbard to North Pole

Andrée	(Sweden, 1896–97), hot air baloon, crashed on the ice, eventually died on Kvitøya;
Wellman	(USA, 1906, 1907, 1909), airship, failed with technical problems;
Amundsen	(Norway, 1925), sea plane from Ny Ålesund. Experienced technical failure at 88° north, returned safely;
Byrd	(USA, 1926), plane from Ny Ålesund to North Pole. Made it safely back but claim disputed;
Amundsen	(1926), airship over the North Pole, crash landed in Alaska and survived;
Wilkins/Eielson	(USA, 1928), flew in a Vega plane from Barrow, Alaska to Spitsbergen. Landed in snowstorm at entrance of Isfjord;
Nobile	(Italy, 1928), successfully flew to the Pole, surveyed large areas of the Arctic Ocean. On return, Nobile crashed on the ice, resulting in a large rescue operation in which Amundsen and his pilot were killed.



Isflakbukta: Phippsøya attempt, Pack Ice

Position:	20:45 hours	Course:	112.5°	Wind Speed:	6 knots	Barometer:	1003.9 hPa
Latitude:	80°49'N	Speed:	4.3 knots	Wind Direction:	NW	Air Temp:	2°C
Longitude:	18° 40' E					Sea Temp:	1°C

A sailor who was pursued on a field of ice by a bear, when at a considerable distance from assistance, preserved his life by throwing down an article of clothing whenever the bear gained upon him, on which it always suspended the pursuit, until it had examined it, and thus gave him time to obtain some advance. In this way, by means of a hat, a jacket, and a neck handkerchief successively cast down, the progress of the bear was retarded, and the sailor escaped from the danger that threatened him. — An Account of the Arctic Regions, 1826 by William Scoresby

We awoke to hear the ships engines slowing: Had we arrived somewhere? As we looked out the sea has changed character completely. We had arrived at the island of Phippsøya in Sjuøyane, the northernmost group of islands in the archipelago where we were due to land. But we had also arrived at another place; the temporary and ever changing Continent of Ice, with its own ecosystem, inhabitants and ephemeral boundaries. And there was one large, carnivorous inhabitant we were particularly keen to see.

At breakfast Howard made the call to make it Sea Ice Day, with the particular objective of spotting a polar bear. He announced a prize for the first person to see one: By 8.00 am the bridge and flying bridge bristled with iceward-pointed binoculars. At 8.30 came the cry. “Look! A bear? OMG! And a cub! OOOH!!!...or...not... It’s dirty ice!!” Clearly the tension was lending suggestion to every bear-like feature, which sea-ice provides aplenty.

We watched on to no avail, the hardy Czech’s maintaining vigil outside behind the bridge until they became so cold they decided to thaw out in the sauna. Justine scheduled a lecture on sea ice for mid-morning. Others went off for coffee or played scrabble ion the bar. Then

The Polar Bear:

The icon of the Arctic, the polar bear is a marine mammal that gains nearly all of its livelihood from the sea. Males roam the sea ice year round if possible. Unfortunately, with dwindling sea ice, polar bears are having to manage for several months each summer with little access to their primary food source, seals.



came the announcement we’d all been waiting for, ‘Bear ahead!’ third officer Sasha spotted it, radio operator Ilia confirmed it, and naturalist Roger announced it. There was another scramble as everybody went out on deck. And there it was! Distant but distinct; a large, fat polar bear with dirty brown face and paws, ambling across a large ice floe in front of the ship, casting occasional glances over his (the body shape suggested male) shoulder at the ship. Camera’s went off in staccato, while some were still getting directions, ‘See that distant body of water? And the little bump of ice on the floe in front of it? Well look in line with that but closer to the ship...’ ‘No. I still can’t see it!’ Eventually everybody did. The captain made a wide circle around the floe, giving us ample opportunity to watch the bear.

The combination of a sublime lunch, bear-watching and accumulated tiredness of our first few breathlessly busy days induced many of us to sleep at least some of the afternoon away. Meanwhile the ship continued north-west toward the dense pack-ice. We sat on the bridge, mesmerised by the slow progress through and around the ice, the captain and first mate ‘reading’ the thickness of floes and quietly giving instructions to alter course accordingly. A stretch of open water gave Justine the chance to reschedule Ulyana’s lecture, ‘The Wonderful World of Ice’. It was indeed a wonderful lecture, packed with Ulyana’s field work in Antarctica, the Lhotse region of Nepal and elsewhere. She explained the mechanics of glaciers; how they formed, flowed and eventually decayed.

So it was a wonderful day for the great polar bear siting, being amongst the ice, eating, snoozing, chatting, learning and catching up on photos.

Special thanks to the captain, officers and helmsmen for their hard work while we relaxed – and to Sasha for spotting the bear!



Pack ice, Phippsøya

Position:	20:45 hours	Course:	229.3°
Latitude:	80° 31' N	Speed:	3 knots
Longitude:	21° 04' E		

At special moments when I have time to watch an undisturbed polar bear, I am often struck by an overwhelming sense that it is simply where it belongs. A wild polar bear is the Arctic incarnate. The Arctic is not a forsaken wasteland to a polar bear; it is home, and a comfortable home at that. For thousands of years, the climate, the ice, and the seals upon which it feeds have shaped and finely tuned the evolution of this predator so exquisitely that it has become not just a symbol but the very embodiment of life in the Arctic. — Ian Stirling, Polar Bears

After the excitement of spotting a polar bear Thursday morning, a watch was kept throughout that night and early yesterday morning in two-hour shifts. Thick patches of sea ice and good visibility seemed to promise results, but to avail. The day began a bit later for the rest of us, with breakfast at 8 am, before gathering on the bridge and bow to watch the ship progress through the increasingly thick pack ice. We were nearly stopped by fast ice across a choke point between Phippsøya and Parryøya, but the thanks to the skill of Captain Sasha and his trusty helmsmen (and repeated jolts that threw some of us off-balance), we cleaved a path through the ice and finally made it to open water. Over the last few decades, sea ice has been on the decline in the Arctic. Warmer air and ocean temperatures have created a two-pronged attack on the ice, melting it from above and below. Sea ice is crucial because it helps regulate the Arctic climate. The bright ice can reflect the sun's rays, and heat, away from the polar region. But once the ice melts and exposes dark water below, the water absorbs solar radiation, causing the water (and the air above it) to heat up. Some of this sea ice has been around for many years and has amassed quite a thickness. This means that it stands a better chance of surviving “heat waves” and will not melt as quickly as it otherwise might.



Wind:	Calm	Air Temp:	6° C
Barometer:	1011.9 hPa & steady	Sea Temp:	1° C (plunge brrr)

Mid-morning, while some of the expedition team went on a scouting mission for our landing at Phippsøya, Chris gave a lecture on polar bears. We learned that, despite the polar bear looking white, its fur isn't! Each hair shaft is pigment-free and transparent with a hollow core that scatters and reflects visible light, much like what happens with ice and snow. In addition, the hollow centre of the hair contains air which is a poor conductor of heat, so insulates the bear from extreme cold. Plus, the hair is oily, so it repels water. Chris also reminded us to minimize the possibility of harm to either ourselves or a bear: do not deliberately approach bears on land; do not provoke escalation or conflict; and if you do encounter a bear and the situation is escalating, confront the bear with maximum impact.

After a delicious lunch of fish & chips, we went out on Zodiacs to explore Phippsøya. One group, led by Roger and Justine, stayed along the shore and explored the rescue hut that was built in 1936. The other group, led by David, opted for a 4 km roundtrip walk to a beautiful viewpoint overlooking a neighbouring bay filled with ice. Along the way, we spotted many large quartz crystals and small outcroppings of granitic rock, testament to this region's geologic history. The kayakers had an adventure as well amongst the swift-moving pack ice.

Back on the ship, it was time for the polar plunge into two-degree water! While some opted to jump in from the gangway, others braved a leap from deck four. From what they told the rest of us, it was quite refreshing? After hot showers, we gathered in the bar for a Roger recap of the adventures we've had so far. After dinner, watches continued in search of more polar bears (and pseudo polar bears!)



Alkefjellet, Torellneset

Position:	22:45 hours	Course:	243.3°
Latitude:	79° 18' N	Speed:	3.9 knots
Longitude:	19° 52' E		

As we tucked away our cameras and binoculars, hopped into cozy beds the night before last, we weren't quite sure what Howard's next announcement was going to be. A wake up call, or ...

"We have polar bears to the port side of the ship". What time is it? Not quite midnight? Up on the bridge Chrissy spotted a bear in the fog, Yvette confirmed it as it went into the water. Sasha saw another close by on the ice and soon we all were up witnessing the marvel we'd all been waiting for, two polar bears on pack ice, our closest encounter yet. One male munching a bearded seal, one pulling herself onto the floe. As the midnight sun painted the scene in delicate light, some of us scurried out in our best pyjamas to watch the spectacle.

The dominant male gouged away on the seal, then covered it in snow to mask the smell from other bears. It didn't work for the female,who , after rolling fetchingly in the ice to squeeze water from her fur, was moved away from the seal by the male, then lay down like a cat and gazed longingly toward the feast. Those who slept through the first announcement appreciated the knock on the door by a thoughtful few. For almost two hours we simply could not take our eyes off these beautiful animals.

Our late night excitement called for a late breakfast and relaxed time as we waited in anticipation for what was next. Mid-morning Justine invited us to David's presentation on the History of Svalbard.

Willem Barents, was the first to discover Spitsbergen (Svalbard) in 1596, followed by the whalers from Holland in the 17th century, then England and many other countries. The Pomors, Russian Arctic trappers, arrived during a time of scientific exploration, and many nations were trying to reach the North Pole, mapping out unknown polar regions along the way. Norwegian hunters began hunting polar bear and fox for fur. Mining began in the late

Wind Speed:	5 knots	Barometer:	1011.9 hPa & steady
Wind Direction:	SE	Air Temp:	3°C
		Sea Temp:	1°C

1800's and it was like a Klondike gold rush with different companies chasing a quick buck. In the end, the only successful mining was for the black gold of Arctic 'Coal'. David moved on to Svalbard's history in the Second World War, when Germany built weather stations for essential forecasts during its war with Russia.

Early afternoon, warmed up and fed, we took to our trusty Zodiacs and headed for one of Svalbard's greatest bird cliffs – Alkefjellet (Mount Guillemot). We cruised below vertical cliffs of basalt more than 100 metres high and home to approximately 100,000 breeding pairs of Brünnich guillemots, an experience we will never forget. At our northernmost point, three small foxes played on the rocky slopes so we eagerly closed in for a look.

Back on board, we were rewarded with an afternoon of relaxation. After a scrumptious dinner, we set out again for a quick landing at Torellneset. Four Zodiacs carried us ashore to view the largest pinniped in the northern hemisphere. Howard and Uly set up a protective perimeter as we were deep in polar bear country. David, Roger, Chris, Toby, Lesley and Justine stayed with the group. Walrus are known as a social animal, nonetheless we were pleased that our approach didn't disturb them.

But the disturbance came from elsewhere. Howard called in David to confirm a polar bear sighting, then called Roger to wrap up our stay. As everyone moved toward the beach, Roger swiftly corralled us to the lifejacket bags and we loaded up Zodiacs with military precision. As David and Howard unloaded last and joined us in the Zodiacs, we learned that they'd spotted not one, but two bears on the pack ice, with one moving quickly across the sea ice toward us. It was a credit to everyone that they followed direction and moved calmly to safely.

Another exciting day of exploration in Svalbard!



Arctic weigh-ins:	
Arctic fox:	3–4 kgs
Arctic fox:	3–4 kgs
Ringed seals:	65–95 kgs
Harp seals:	110–130 kgs
Bearded seals:	220–360 kgs
Svalbard reindeer:	
Females:	53–70 kgs
Males:	65–90 kgs
Polar bears:	
Females:	150–300 kgs
Males:	350–700 kgs





Hinlopen Strait, Wahlenburgfjorden

Position:	19:30 hours	Course:	102.4°	Wind Speed:	2 knots	Barometer:	1007.9 hPa & falling
Latitude:	79°39'N	Speed:	1.5 knots	Wind Direction:	NW	Air Temp:	2°C
Longitude:	20° 13'E					Sea Temp:	1°C

A pea soup fog embraced us overnight, making for intense navigation through ice floes for Captain Sacha and his officers. Suddenly the fog lifted revealing a softly-rounded landscape of farmhouse loaves dusted with icing sugar. Seals popped up to observe our progress through Hinlopen Strait, once avoided by 17th century sailors and known for its unpredictable with shoals, dangerous currents and shifting ice that flowed south from the pack. An area of dry tundra and low nutrients, the plant life is often typified by the tiny Svalbard poppy and purple saxifrage. All too soon however, the fog banks were rolling in once more and we turned north. The ever-inconstant sky seemed condensed into a bright patch of pastel greys that lit up the ice and glaciers.

Roger presented a smorgasbord of Svalbard wildlife in his talk yesterday morning. It was an exploration of the adaptations of wildlife we’ve spotted – the short-legged, hardy Svalbard reindeer with antlers sported by both sexes; the sheer size of fin and minke whales and the dashing rapaciousness of an arctic fox feeding up to five or six cubs. A break from wildlife-spotting on the bridge allowed us a little retail therapy - perhaps buying an item with a polar bear emblem will make us ambassadors for the effects of global warming.

A hearty French beef stew and chilli fortified us for an afternoon cruising in the millpond ice sculpture garden of Wahlenberg Fjord. This chaotic, compressed, collapsing ice front of the Bodley Glacier displayed ice spires, chimneys and penitentes above an apron of recently calved ice. Ulyana pointed out streaks of dark matter in very old, pale blue ice signifying dryer,

dustier periods in the glacier’s history. Tide lines, pock marks and moraine studded with rocks told the story of the formation and dissolution of ice. The isostatic pressure of ice on land, when relieved by melting, creates the raised beaches of many of our landings. Reindeer and long-tailed skuas were spotted by some cruisers, others enjoyed the reflections and quietude, disturbed only by the air pop of the melting ice, while a small adventurous group stood on an ice floe for the first time. Kayakers set up an impromptu café and handed colourful goblets of Bailey’s to a cluster of Zodiacs – Margaret lucky to be the final customer.

Keen eyes continued the search for the elusive bear ... but too many spots to hide! A few clear lumps of ice, retrieved at the glacier, rolled into Anna’s espresso martinis in the bar. Talking of ice, a couple of young walrus, lolling near their own lake on an ice floe, delivered a frisson of excitement just before dinner.

As we retraced our track back out the fjord, late afternoon sunlight on perfectly-calm waters produced stunning reflections, enticing some of our engine room team to step out to enjoy taking pictures.

Today we head to north-west Spitzbergen to visit the historical blubber town of Smeerenberg and the launch site for Andree’s ill-fated North Pole flight and an afternoon in Magdelenefjord.

Trapping days: Fox traps

These simple yet effective constructions comprised a slatted wooden frame set on a rock and piled with over 20 kgs of boulders on top. The frame was propped up at an angle, supported by wooden sticks that locked together. An additional stick was speared with bait, preferably a ptarmigan head. If a fox took the bait and disturbed the props, the trap would instantly collapse, leaving one squashed fox beneath a weight of stones. With this method, the prized white winter coat of the fox was preserved without having to shoot and damage the pelt. In summer, the coat of the Arctic fox ranges from a mottled brown-grey through to silver.



Smeerenburg, Graveneset - Magdalenefjord

Position:	22:00 hours	Course:	164°	Wind:	6 knots	Barometer:	1009.3 hPa & steady
Latitude:	78° 32'N	Speed:	12.4 knots	Wind Direction:	SE	Air Temp:	8° C
Longitude:	10° 37'E					Sea Temp:	7° C

And though the sail of the whale of the remote country of Spitsbergen does not produce vegetables suitable or sufficient for the nourishment of a single human being yet its coasts and adjacent seas have afforded riches and independence to thousands. — William Scoresby 1826

Intriguing landscape and thick fog greeted us as we prepared to drop anchor just off Smeerenberg, on Amsterdamøya. During breakfast, the fog lifted enough for us to load Zodiacs and head ashore for a closer look. Uli and Howard loaded rifles and dispersed to their posts before giving us the all clear to come on land. We soon were gathered around David for a quick briefing. As we set off on our walk, Arctic terns began dive bombing to warn that we were closing in on their nests with Uli managing to cop a souvenir splatter on her jacket hood. Smeerenberg was one of the largest and now the best-known, whaling station from the 17th century in Spitsbergen. Seven Dutch companies had their facilities here, including two houses and at least one (double) oven each, to render down oil from blubber. The most obvious remains are foundations of the blubber ovens, with sections of wall that were built around them for insulation. In its heyday (early 1620's) roughly 200 men lived and worked in 'Blubber Town' throughout the short summer season. During the decades that followed, the settlement was gradually abandoned and began to fall apart in the 1660's. Archaeologists have found 101 graves in several small grave fields in the area, the result of scurvy outbreaks of the time.

After David took us back through history, we meandered to the southeast side to see two walrus resting pleasurably on the shore. Before heading back to the ship, we motored over to Virgohamna on the north side of Danskøya. As we approached, a group of harbour seals was so camouflaged on rocks it was difficult to spot them at first. In the next bay along,



we visited the site where in 1896-1897, Swedish engineer Solomon August Andrée established his exploration base to lead the first expedition to fly a hydrogen filled balloon to the North Pole. A monument to Andree and his companions can still be seen today, and just beneath it, David gave an introduction to his talk on Andree scheduled for later in the afternoon. Back onboard we tucked into Al and Bert's delicious lunch, warming us up after a chilly arctic morning. After a brief rest, we arrived at Graveneset 'Grave Peninsula' in Magdalenefjord. Known for its cultural heritage, it offers a convenient natural harbour that was frequently used by whalers during the 17th century. Remains of blubber ovens and a graveyard are still visible. With 130 graves, it is one of the largest 'cemetaries' of its kind in Spitsbergen.

After weighing anchor at 1600, we took the chance to download our photos for the log and slideshow with help from our wonderful guides Toby and Uli. Next up was David's presentation on the Andree balloon expedition to a full house! In 1897 'the Swede' Solomon August Andree took off in his hydrogen balloon Eagle and aimed for the North Pole. He and his companions were never seen alive again. Over the next 33 years no one knew what happened to Andree and his men. Only then did loved ones learn that Andree's team had been found dead on White island, north east of Svalbard. With all of their diaries and photographs intact, the Andree mystery was solved and their story lives on to this day.

After another delightful meal it was up to the bar for the voyage quiz. Garbed in colourful wigs, Roger and Toby led the questioning in fine form. Six teams signed up to the challenge with the Whale Watchers easily taking out the title.



Gnålloden, Burgerbukta (BBQ at Burgerbukta)

Position:	19:00 hours	Course:	107.9°	Wind Speed:	Calm	Air Temp:	17° C
Latitude:	77°04' N	Speed:	At anchor Burgerbukta	Barometer:	1014.6 hPa & rising	Sea Temp:	6° C
Longitude:	15° 59' E						

The lure of the North! It is a strange and a powerful thing. More than once I have come back from the great frozen space, battered and worn and baffled, sometimes maimed, telling myself that I had bade my last journey thither, eager for the society of my kind, the comforts of civilization and the peace and serenity of home. But somehow it was never many months before the old restless feeling came over me. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the long, long Arctic night, the long long Arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimos who had been my friends for years, the silence, the vastness of the great, white lonely North. And back I went... — Robert Peary

Overnight, in the peace of fog and calm seas, our trusty *Polar Pioneer* was repositioned to the south-west corner of Spitsbergen – to the fjord of Hornsund. Although far to the south, this corner is influenced by a cold current that loops around the bottom of Spitsbergen (Sørkapp), often freezing the surface of Hornsund when fjords further north are ice-free. This fjord was thought to be a straight, or sound (sund), by its first visitor, Jonas Poole, an English whaler who entered in 1610.

Howard woke us with a pleasant “Good morning everyone” at 7 am and at 9 am we Zodiaced ashore to a spectacular peninsula below 400 m high cliffs filled with kittiwakes. The cliff is called Gnållodden (Norwegian for constantly humming or nagging – due to the thousands of calling kittiwakes). Staff with rifles dotted the scenery and welcomed us with the caution that this was a good place for polar bears. David then led us to a trapper’s hut that looked quite plush. Several trappers had used this spot over the years, the most famous being Wanny Woldstad. Wanny was a Tromso taxi-driver who heard about Svalbard from trappers she had driven around. David told us about what an amazing trapper she became – even inventing her own methods for catching polar bear unaware. The hut looked quite cosy inside and it was Wanny’s secondary hut – not her main one. What a place to visit during winter.



Our group split into the mountain goats who took to the slopes to see kittiwakes at close hand and the amazing views, and those that went to visit a Pomor trapper’s site occupied in the late 1600’s and early 1700’s. A highlight for all was seeing Arctic foxes. One had caught a kittiwake, one sniffed Chris’s hand, one gave a group of us a very close approach and a dark-chocolate pup kept a close eye on our movements.

The tide had fallen considerable by the time we came to leave, making the channel to and from shore very narrow. Then those in Justine’s Zodiac spotted beluga at the channel’s entrance. The beluga had separated into at least three groups of about four beluga per group, allowing each Zodiac to follow its own course. Meanwhile, our kayakers had a splendid paddle along the coast, their own landing away from the rest and close encounters with belugas too.

At 2:30 we again set out to explore in Zodiacs this time in East Bugarbukta. Then came a call from the kayakers that a bearded seal was sunning itself on an ice-flow. The Zodiacs converged and everyone had a good close look. The bearded seal appeared interested though not alarmed by our attention. We then visited a second glacier front spending some time watching and hearing ‘bundies’ of ice crack into the water. A highlight was seeing all the swirling of ice on the water – currents were going in all directions. Meanwhile, our kayakers experienced a relaxed afternoon paddle through ice and a walk up beside a glacier.

We all gathered on the bow for a group photo. Sunshine and good cheer. Dinner was called, what an evening for a bbq on the back deck. With crazy hats adding lots of colour and bellies filled with tasty food, plus a little gluhwein, there was dancing and laughter amongst a stunning landscape.







DAY 10 | Wednesday, 24 July 2019

Bellsund: Bamsebu, Midterhukhamna

Position:	16:00 hours	Course:	40.8°	Wind:	Calm	Air Temp:	8° C
Latitude:	77°37'N	Speed:	At anchor Midterhukhamna	Barometer:	1013.3 hPa & steady	Sea Temp:	7° C
Longitude:	14° 49'E						

Morning welcomed us into the relatively warm oasis of Bellsund. Surrounded by unglaciated shorelines, the rifted and steeply-tilted sedimentary once proved desirable to those seeking fortune, with coal and asbestos mining more recent activities. At Basembu, David told us of a modern-day adventure that is about to happen at the well- maintained hut. Two brave women are about to overwinter and spend a year there. The hut can be rented from the SysseImann for any future adventurer! This site, in the 1930s, was the only beluga whaling industry in Svalbard producing blubber and rope from hide. Seine nets stretched across the bays to trap these white, toothed whales, weighing up to 1500 kgs. After our wonderful beluga experience yesterday at Gnålodden, it was easy to imagine how these whales could be corralled.

Some of us stayed to explore the mounds of beluga bones and seine boats around the hut (and discover the remains of a polar bear), but the walkers wandered along a raised beach observing frost cracks in the moss beds and bog saxifrage. Three purple sandpipers fluttered down to wade and dig for food on the littoral shore, but as Traudy sagely commented, their purple was not very obvious! Trudging up the outwash plain, there was a vista of two adult reindeer with a foal posed against an impossibly beautiful landscape of glacier front and blue sea. The elusive Svalbard poppy (Svalbard's floral emblem) made a welcome appearance amongst swathes of moss campion. Luckily Ulyana, in her bear scout mission, stumbled upon two cute baby arctic foxes curled like cats, and watching Roger patrol the beach, while another scooted on the periphery. Our walk terminated at Fleur de Lyshamna, a widely-hugging bay with two newer huts. Arctic terns dived, and snow buntings flitted behind the three seine boats, which once set the nets. The intricate nail work and the wheeled roller to get them into the water made us feel they had recently been in use.

A rambunctious ride back to the ship for a paella lunch, victualled us for the business of settling our accounts then it was time for our exploratory final landing west of Snekkevika in Bellsund.

Prints in the dark sand of reindeer, arctic fox, geese and polar bear intimated the lushness of the landscape with a gorge straddling a melt stream. Up on the ridge with Howard, two fox traps and a male reindeer observing the five-female start of his harem as the rutting season approaches. Brachiopods and other marine fossils were discovered by Philip, while the beach hunters fossicked under the mountain sorrel (and the guidance of Ulyana) and found their own shell and leaf fossils highlighted by the lichen. Some were resigned to the use of mountain sorell for nutrition as we still have not found any scurvy grass!

Remembering the anticipation of our first Captain's drinks, Anna's wonderful punch enhanced our extreme joie de vivre. Kayakers were congratulated for their disregard for personal safety and extremities – not to mention how colourfully they adorned our photos. Plungers were recognised for their stupidity/bravery in frigidity of 1° Celsius. We toasted Helen and Margaret for their birthdays and their joy in the Arctic, and the Chrissy was awarded for her supreme bear spotting. Chief mate Vlad also recognised some of our team being very astute in his observations of so much planning before a successful Howard destination! Our chefs, Al and Bert, risk kidnapping after cooking a tasty gourmand dinner for us! The greatly-anticipated slide show was a complete sell-out! How many memories of beautiful places and people, belligerent bears, bubbling belugas and bonny arctic foxes were fixed forever in the photographs. Most importantly, we all now belong to the wonderful family of explorers that has travelled on one of Aurora's last voyages on the wonderful *Polar Pioneer*.



Longyearbyen

Position:	07:45 hours	Course:	Docked at Bykaia (Main Pier), Longyearbyen	Wind Speed:	Calm	Air Temp:	11° C
Latitude:	78°13' N			Barometer:	1018.6hPa	Sea Temp:	7° C
Longitude:	15°36' E						

By midnight we were pulling in to the dock at Longyearbyen. In one sense it seems an age since we left Longyearbyen, yet we are aware of how rapidly these 10 days have passed. At the same time we have made most of every waking moment and experienced a diversity of Arctic wildlife, landscape and sensations.

Illustrations by Nancy Brogan



Svalbard Impressions

By Jean Golding

Up the rocky mountains,
Down the mossy banks,
We dare not go a-hiking
Without our well-armed guides.
Reindeer running on the hill,
Snowbunting in the rocks do sing.
The fox is rounding up the geese
And walrus doze along the shore.
Puffins on the cliffside cling
Terns and guillemots in the air.
But where, oh where's the polar bear?

A late night call comes through the ship.
A polar bear!
He walked away across the hill.
Next polar bear was on the ice.
He was not playing very nice.
He wandered off so far away,
But still he really made our day.

And then came through a midnight call
A polar bear on nearby ice.
Half-dressed we stumbled to the bridge,
Sleepy-eyed, what did we see?
Not one but two bears on the ice!
Not far away, and there to stay
As dinner was a bearded seal
And bear two had to wait her turn
Along with several ivory gulls.
Pack ice, icebergs, mist and fog,
Sunny days and glorious views,
Mountains, glaciers, great moraines,
Gulls and kittiwakes, tiny flowers.
Great stories, history all around,
Skillfull crew and expert staff.
And then, at last, beluga whales!
Svalbard, islands of the north,
Here at last does end my tale.



Kayaking Log

By Toby Story

Kayaking Guide: Toby Story

Total Paddle Outings: 11 outings

Total Distance Paddled: 85 kilometres

Paddlers:

Jiri Krivanek	Lenka Vecerova	Lesla Townend
Nada Krivankova	Standa Vecera	Bob Watson

DAY 1:

Paddle briefing and gear allocation.

DAY 2 (AM): Lillihook Breen – Distance: 6 km

There was not a ripple on the water as we launched kayaks for the first time in front of Lillihook Breen. We paddled towards the glacier face, pushing tentatively through the dense brash ice where Lenka quickly spotted our first bearded seal. We sat and watched the glacier face, waiting patiently for a calving as the ice groaned and rumbled until it finally collapsed. We paddled though the thick brash ice towards the far end of the glacier, passing many deep blue icebergs and watching several more glacial collapses before going back to the ship. A fantastic first paddle!

DAY 2 (PM): July Breen – Distance: 9 km

While the wind was still light for our afternoon paddle, there was a bit of a swell rolling as we launched kayaks. We paddled directly to the nearby cliffs where we found a group of puffins perched on the rocks. Further around the cliffs there were many more birds including puffins guillimots and kittiwakes. We paddled a little further to where a fast flowing river met the sea and were greeted by a seal and a few waves. We decided it was too difficult to enter the river and paddled back around to the shelter of the bay in front of the glacier where we made a landing and had a quick cup of czech tea.



After our tea we took a stroll on the mossy hillside where we saw 3 Arctic foxes and several reindeer wandering under the cliffs full of birds. We paddled a short distance on calm seas towards the glacier face before making our way back through the ice to the comfort of the *Polar Pioneer*.

DAY 3 (AM): Bukana Peninsula, Røde Fjorden – Distance: 9 km

The expression “it’s like a lake” was used over and again as we slowly paddled on glassy waters in the Southern reaches of Rødefjorden. We paddled amongst some low rocks towards stranded ice and watched as Arctic turns stalled in the air, wings beating furiously, watching for their next meal. We landed on a cobbled beach and began our exploratory hike to the summit of the Bukana Peninsula, passing several signs of bears - footprints in the snow and mud (fortunately months old). After a successful ascent and descent, including a quick snow slide, we were treated to a pair of reindeer swimming across the fjord as we made our way back to the ship.

DAY 3 (PM): Utra Norskoya – Distance: 8 km

The weather was again kind to us and there was barely a ripple on the water as we began our first circumnavigation. Paddling on the northern side of Utra Norskoya – the outer Norse Island- we wound our way through the shoreline rocks, watching as birds circled above us until we arrived in front of the old whaling station. There were still clear signs of the blubber processing locations from the 1600’s dotted along the shoreline. Only a little further along, we were treated to a couple of very sleepy walrus on the rocks. We then made our landing, followed by a speedy ascent of the highest point on the island- formally a whalers lookout before returning to the ship after a relaxed but action packed afternoon!

DAY 4:

Day in the Pack Ice.



Kayaking Log (continued)

DAY 5 (PM): Phipssøya – Distance: 8 km

There was much excitement to get off the ship and onto the glassy waters surrounding Phipssøya after a full day aboard. Once the anchor had settled, we paddled directly to the pack ice and began exploring an open lead that the ship had recently broken through. The pack began to close in and as we turned to escape one of the kayaks was trapped forcing a landing on the ice along with some well earned refreshments. After launching and finding a route through the ice we paddled several kilometres to shore. We took a short stroll to a ridge where we enjoyed the view with a round of warm tea, passing old polar bear prints in the snow, a valuable reminder of the size and power of the bears. On the way down Jiri found a great boulder to climb before the kayakers were speedily whisked away by zodiac back to the ship.

DAY 6 (PM): Alkafjellet – Distance: 7 km

There was a cold wind blowing as we launched from the ship. Fortunately we had planned to have the ship drop us upwind, meaning a one way paddle along the cliffs of Alkafjellet. We paddled directly to a waterfall then slowly made our way along the cliffs. The low cliff-line quickly gave way to towering pinnacles of rock stained white with guano while thousands of guillimots darted back and forth to feed their young on the ledges. We drifted with the wind, dodging bird droppings and wingtips until we reached the glacier at the end of the cliffs. As we arrived in the sunny bay a call came out that there were fox cubs playing on the shoreline. We took a short paddle to view the cubs before paddling to sea where Lenka spotted a fin whale as we were climbing back aboard the *Polar Pioneer*.

DAY 7 (PM): Waldenfjorden – Distance: 5km

The conditions were glassy to the point of being soporiphic as we set out on our afternoon paddle. We wound our way slowly through the ice, paddling to a small glacial outlet stream before turning and paddling along the glacier face. The glacier was quite, only the occasional rumble could be heard, but the jumbled face was one of the more fascinating we had seen. We paddled through thick ice, spotting a lone bearded seal and setting up an impromptu kayak café for the passing zodiacs before turning and returning to the ship.

DAY 8 (AM): Smeerenburge – Distance: 7.5 km

Despite the stiff wind of a little over 20knots a hardened group of paddlers set out to explore the rich historic area of Smeerenburge. After a short but demanding paddle into the wind we were delighted to have calm conditions as we sat and watched as harbour seals played around our boats. After a quick description of the site of Virgohamna, the take-off point for the ill-fated Andree balloon expedition, we were rewarded for our earlier work with a quick downwind paddle. We hopped out of our boats onto a windswept beach and wandered amongst the old blubber ovens, the final remains of the “town” of Smeerenburge, Svalbards whaling hub from the 1600’s, before being turned back by some feisty turns defending their nests. We watched a walrus play in the water and Bob found a walrus skeleton on the sand before we loaded into kayaks and paddled back to the ship.

DAY 8 (PM): Magdelana Fjord – Distance: 6.5 km

The wind had dropped away and the layer of low cloud gave the slightly ruffled waters a milky sheen. We paddled slowly along the coast, being drawn from one point to the next until we were in front of a glacier with jagged mountains peeking out of the swirling clouds.

We played amongst the ice in front of the glacier before paddling back to make a very brief landing at Gravneset, the site of over 200 known burials from the whaling era. The sound of distant zodiacs heralded our return to the ship.

DAY 9 (AM): Gnaloddan – Distance: 8.5 km

Paddling directly from the ship, our first stop was a stunning iceberg riddled with cracks and holes and with a glassy sheen. We made our way to shore and slowly paddled along the coastline, through some low rocky sections to a landing site. We landed on a rocky platform then hiked up the flower-filled hillside to the bird cliffs. Looking out from the summit, our kayaks were the size of toys and the view stretched all the way to the open sea. Back on the water we wound our way through the rocks close to shore until the call came from Justine that Belugas had been spotted in the bay!! We paddled into position and watched as the whales moved slowly off, not to be deterred we found a new location and waited and watched and much to our delight, the Belugas came almost directly underneath the kayaks! A fantastic way to finish a lovely, sunny outing.

DAY 9 (PM): KBurgerbukta – Distance: 10.5 km

The sun was still shining brightly as we launched kayaks from the back deck. We paddled directly to a large iceberg rocking gently in the calm waters and waited at a distance in the hope that it might roll. We spotted a solitary bearded seal on a small piece of drifting ice and slipped silently past on our way to the glacier front. The front seemed to rise up out of the water as we paddled closer, the zodiacs giving the sense of its true scale. We watched and waited as it cracked and groaned but it only let go some small pieces of ice. Always up for an adventure, we made a landing and hiked onto the edge of the glacier, being careful to steer clear of potentially crevassed areas and got a fantastic view along the glacier front. For our grand finale we all stripped down to our dry suits and made a dash for the water. Back on land we toasted the trip before a swift paddle back to the ship on smooth waters. A fabulous final outing!

DAY 10

No paddle due to windy conditions.

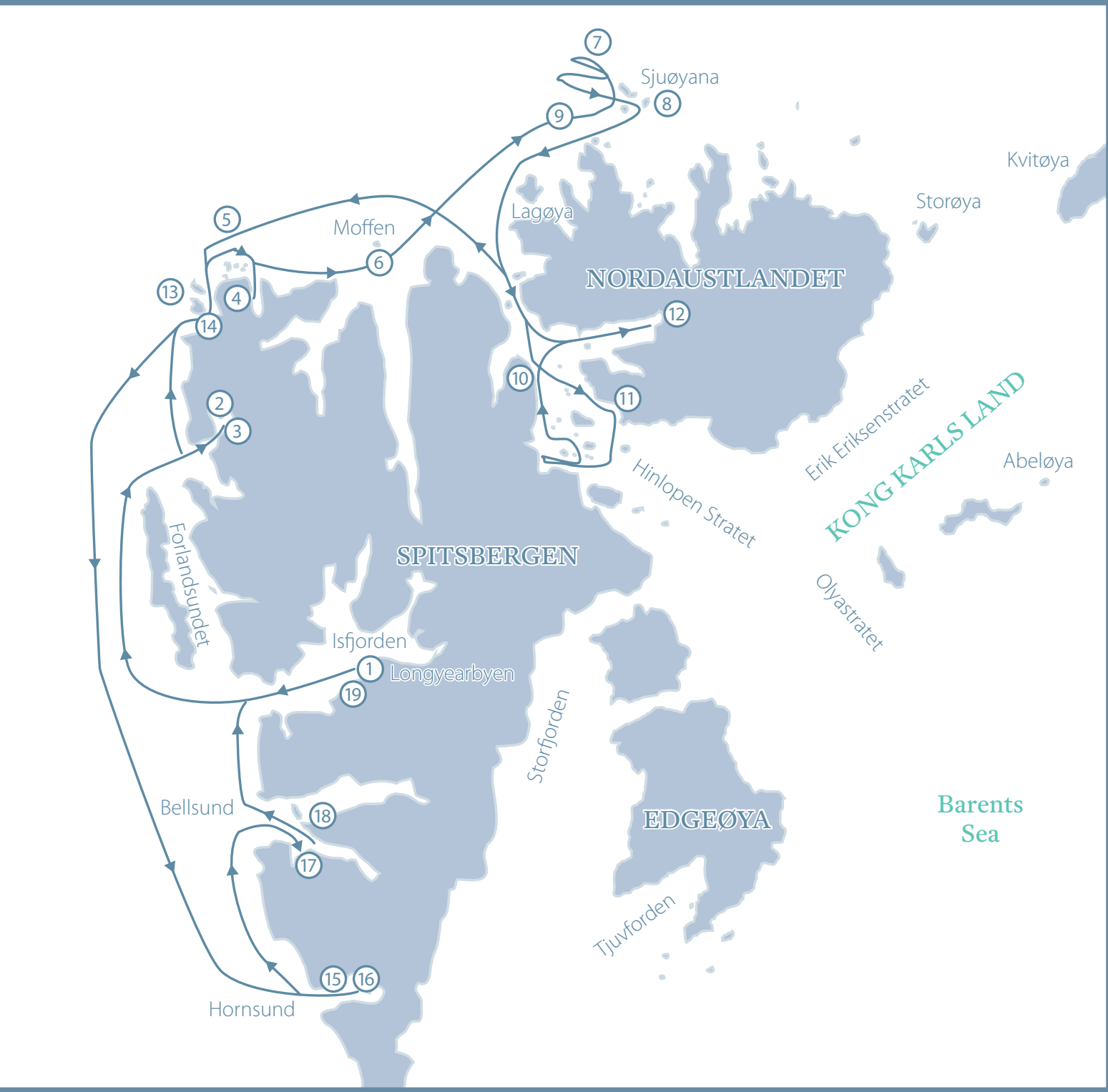
DAY 10

Disembark in Longyearbyen.



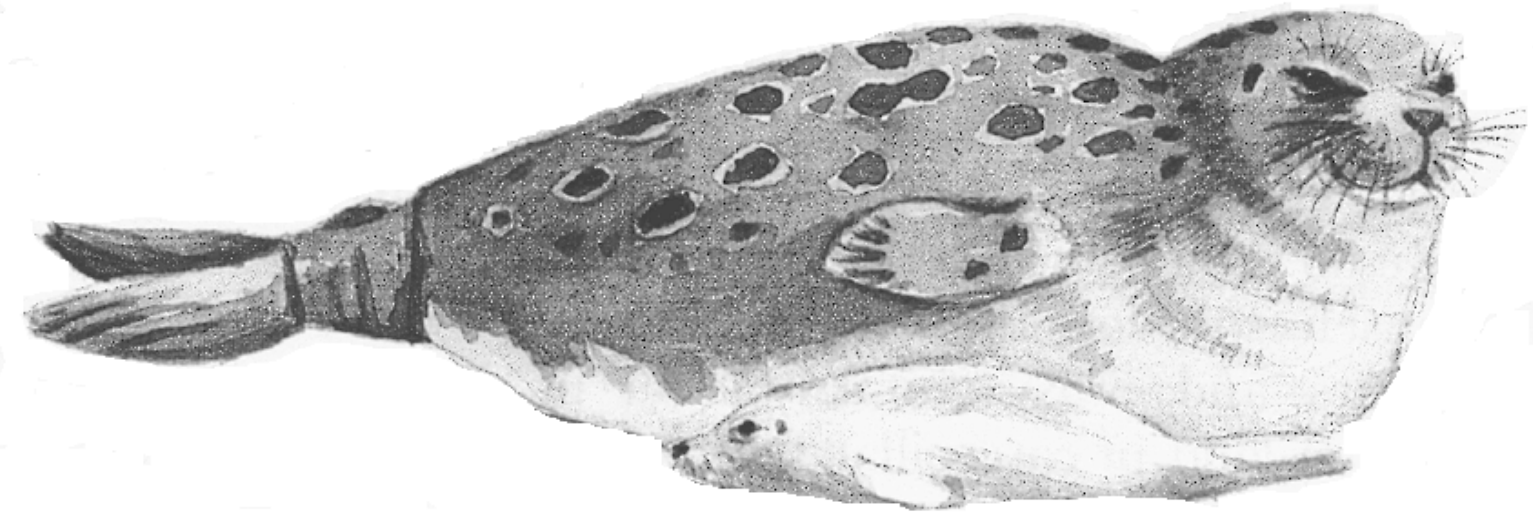
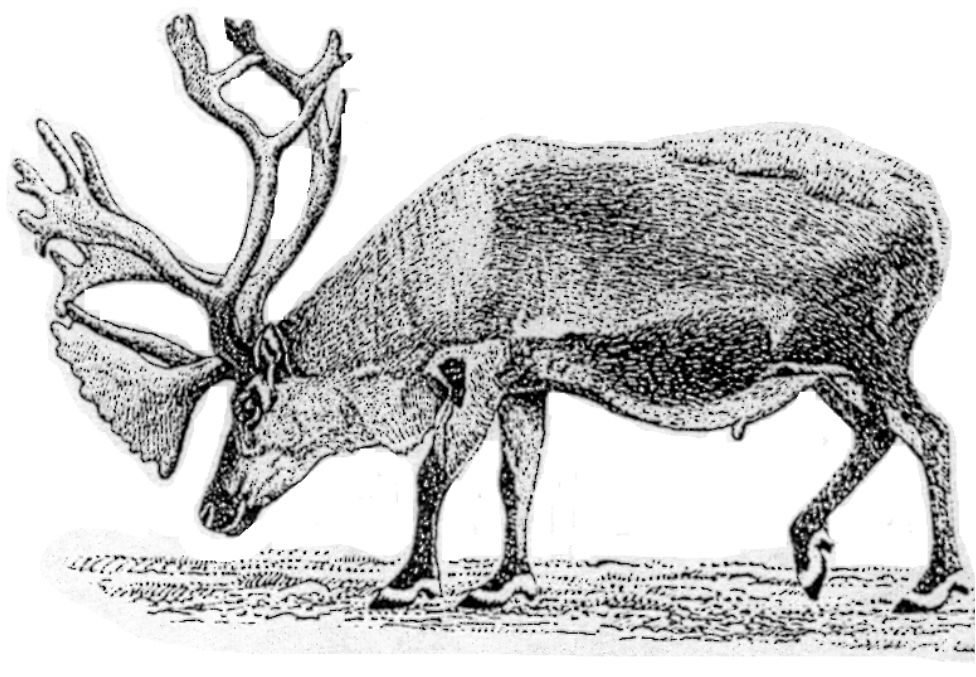
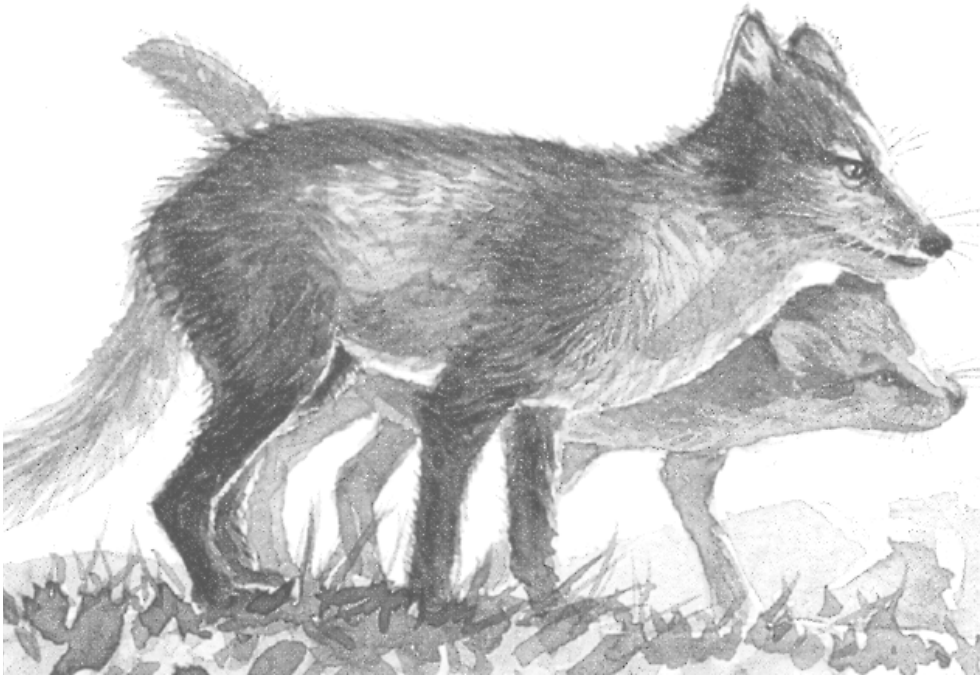
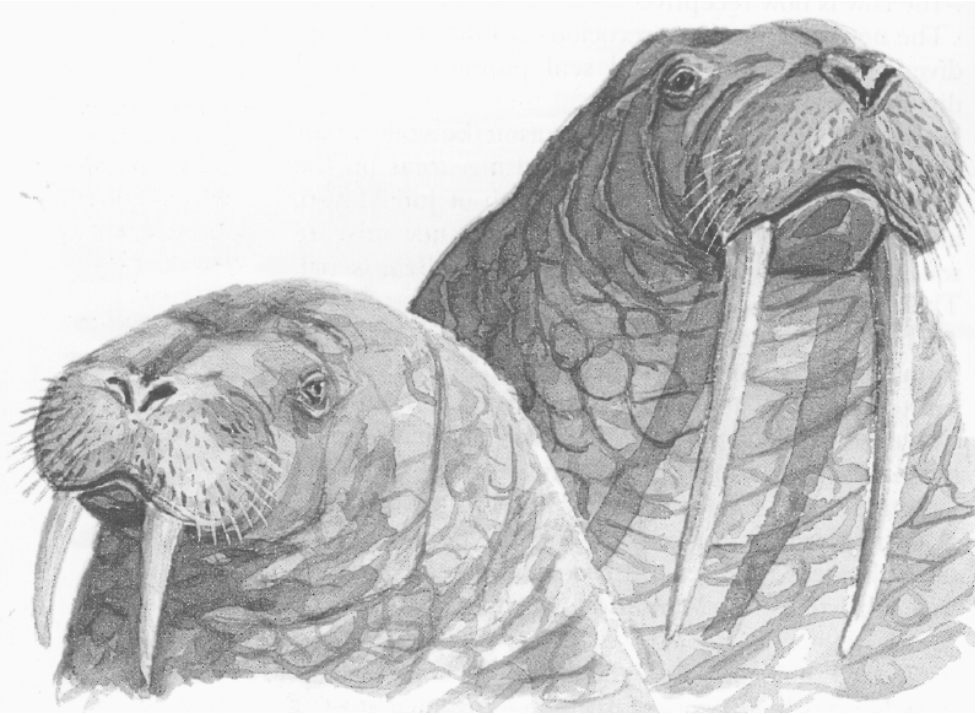
Svalbard Odyssey

15 – 25 July 2019 | Distance Travelled: 1,395 nautical miles
Most northerly point: Svalbard 80°54’ North



Destinations

- | | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 01 Depart Longyearbyen | 06 Moffen Island (Walrus) | 11 Torellneset | 16 Burgerbukta (Hornsund) |
| 02 Lilliehöökbreen | 07 Pack ice - Polar bear | 12 Wahlenberg Fjord | 17 Bamsebu (Bellsund) |
| 03 14 July Glacier | 08 Phippsøya | 13 Smeerenburg/ Danskoya | 18 Midterhukhamna (Bellsund) |
| 04 Raudfjord | 09 Polar bears at midnight | 14 Magdalenefjord | 19 Longyearbyen |
| 05 Ytre Norskøya | 10 Alkefjellet | 15 Gnåloden (Hornsund) | |



Bird Species Log

Bird Species	July										
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Northern Fulmar	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Brunich's Guillemot	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Black Guillemot	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Little Auk		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	
Atlantic Puffin		x	x	x				x	x		
Pink-footed Goose		x	x								
Barnacle Goose		x									
Brent Goose		x									
Common Eider		x	x		x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Snow Bunting		x	x		x	x		x	x	x	x
Purple Sandpiper					x			x		x	
Red-throated Diver								x			
Arctic Skua		x	x				x	x	x		
Long-tailed Skua (ib)							x				
Great Skua						x			x		
Glaucous Gull	x	x	x		x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Kittiwake	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Ivory Gull					x						
Arctic Tern		x	x		x	x	x	x	x	x	x



Mammal species log

Mammals Species	July										
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Arctic Fox		x	x			x			x	x	
Reindeer		x	x				x			x	x
Polar Bear		x		x	x	x					
Ringed Seal		x			x		x				
Bearded Seal		x			x	x			x		
Harp Seal				x	x		x				
Harbour Seal								x		x	
Walrus		x	x		x	x	x	x			
UNID Seal				x							
Minke Whale	x		x			x					
Beluga									x		
Fin Whale						x					





Expeditioners

Yvette Baker	Michael D'Emden	Tonia Gordon	Ian McKeague	Sue Parsonage	Margaret Thomas
Tony Battle	Heather Flanders	Annette Hatten	Leanne McKeague	Victoria Primrose	Kath Townend
Caroline Bell	Tony Flanders	Bob Holbeck	Sandra McNeill	Yvette Quennehen	Graham Townend
Jayne Bennetto	Jenny Fox	Yvonne Holbeck	Antonio Mendonca Guerra	Kathy Scott	Lesla Townend
Laraine Brindle	Barb Geistfeld	Chrissy Hughes	Gayle Moore	Ned Scott	Standa Vecera
Nick Brock	Jim Geistfeld	Gerard Humair	Geoff Moore	Julia Shaw	Lenka Vecerova
Nancy Brogan	Gaye Gibbs	Jiri Krivanek	Dymphna Muir	Angela Sheldrick	Helen Wallace
Traudy Bryan	Philip Gibbs	Nada Krivankova	Chris Muir	Toni Snell	Bob Watson
Anne Clark	Jean Golding	Lindy Mace	Kate Newley	Merelyn Southwell-Keely	



Expedition Team Polar Pioneer Crew

Expedition Leader	Howard Whelan	Master	Aleksandr 'Sasha' Evgenov	Motorman	Vladimir Zhukov
Assistant Expedition Leader	Justine Bornholdt	Chief Mate	Vladimir Zimin	Head Stewardess	Svetlana Fedorova
Senior Naturalist	Roger Kirkwood	Second Mate	Evgenii Aleksandrov	Stewardess	Aleksandra 'Sasha' Belusova
Naturalist	Chris Todd	Third Mate	Aleksandr Kiselev	Stewardess	Uliana Koval
Kayak Master	Toby Story	Radio Operator	Ilia Liamzin	Stewardess	Ekaterina Rumiantseva
Expedition Guide	David Berg	Chief Engineer	Evgeny Petukhov	Stewardess	Natalia Trofimova
Glaciologist/Geologist	Ulyana Horodyskyj	Second Engineer	Pavel Voronov	Stewardess	Elena Liukshina
Doctor	Lesley Cadzow	Third Engineer	Aleksei Moiseev	Russian Crew Chef	Denis Zhenchevski
Head Chef	Allan Estoque	Fourth Engineer	Yurii Horobets		
Sous Chef	Herbert Cruz	Electrical Engineer	Valentin Lomachenko		
Hotel Manager	Anne Oyasaeter	Boatswain	Aleksandr Agafonov		
		Able Seaman	Rashit Ganiev		
		Able Seaman	Igor Popp		
		Able Seaman	Vasilii Berlizev		

Photo Credits

Yvette Baker	Ulyana Horodyskyj
Justine Bornholdt	Ian McKeague
Nancy Brogan	Geoff Moore
Michael D'Emden	Ned Scott
Jennifer Fox	Toni Snell
Jean Golding	Toby Story
Annette Hatten	Chris Todd
Yvonne Holbeck	Helen Wallace



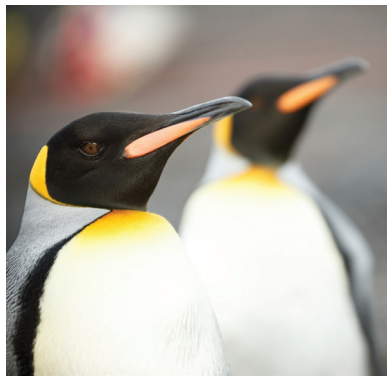


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