

Climbers and Photographers
Voyage to the
Antarctic Peninsula

Aboard Polar Pioneer
16 February – 27 February 2003



SHIP'S LOG

Climbers & Photographers

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BARB GREEN

DAY 1

Sunday, 16 February 2003

Ushuaia

Position: Latitude: 54° 57'S, Longitude: 67° 04'W

Speed: 12 knots

Course: 104°

Barometer: 1005 mb and steady

Wind: 6 knots from the E

Air Temperature: +9°C

Sea Temperature: +4°C

*I must go down to the sea again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gulls way and the whales way where the winds like a
whetted knife ...*

—John Masefield

Well ... the adventure begins. After a spectacular afternoon in Ushuaia, we boarded and explored the trusty *Polar Pioneer*. Kieran gathered us in the bridge to introduce us to our new home. Then the ropes were thrown at 6.00 p.m. and gradually we eased away from the docks. The Beagle Channel greeted us like a mirror, spectacular reflections of the surrounding mountains, and it was full of life – lazing sea lions and fur seals, flocks of cormorants, giant petrels, kelp gulls. An hour from departure, we gathered on the flying bridge to learn about and then sample the delights of a lifeboat drill. Our chefs, Tina and Bill, prepared a delicious pasta dinner. We said farewell to our pilot at about 11.00 p.m., then during the night left the Beagle Channel and turned south into open waters. Our next two days across Drake Passage will give us time to unwind, leave the pressures of work behind and watch the transformation into the



Ushuaia



BARO GREEN

Fish-eye view of the bridge

frozen continent and have the chance to watch giant seabirds from the bridge, perfectly at home in their southerly climes.

DAY 2

Monday, 17 February 2003

Drake Passage

Position: Latitude 58° 39'S, Longitude 61° 54'W

Speed: 12.6 knots

Course: 143°

Barometer: 997 mb & steady

Wind: 18 knots from the NE

Air Temperature: +8°C

Sea Temperature: +3°C

The land was gone, all but a little streak, away off on the edge of the water, and down under us was just ocean, ocean, ocean - millions of miles of it, heaving and pitching and squirming, and white sprays blowing from the wave-tops ... and we had the sky and the ocean to ourselves, and the roomiest place I ever did see and the loneliest

—Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer Abroad*



Wandering albatross

BARD GREEN

What a pleasant welcome Sir Francis Drake offered us. When we slipped out of the Beagle Channel early yesterday morning, there was some trepidation as to what awaited us in the open seas. To our pleasure, the night passed with a calming sea, and by morning a relatively gentle swell pushed us along. Our day was spent admiring the aerobatic excellence of the many wandering, black-browed and grey-headed albatrosses that circled the ship. The lecture room got a workout, first with Roger's excellent introduction to the seabirds of the Southern Ocean. Gumboot distribution was followed by another lecture about oceanography, plate tectonics and other things that make the Antarctic continent unique. As the breeze picked up and the westerly rollers kept rolling, we all retired to Pirate Pete's bar for the Captain's 'welcome aboard' drinks.

We made good time across Drake Passage and crossed the Antarctic Convergence – the biological boundary of Antarctica – during the night. The air temperature outside was noticeably cooler. Icebergs were on the cards at any time. To put a bit of spice into the situation we suggested a competition to guess when we would see our first iceberg (with the naked eye), and the latitude and longitude of the berg. Until we reached the South Shetlands we were busy with lectures and safety briefings. There was a mighty bulls-eye of a low pressure cell to the west of us.

DAY 3

Tuesday, 18 February 2003

Drake Passage; Penguin Island

Position: Latitude 62° 09'S, Longitude 58° 28'W

Speed: 0 knots

Course: 0°

Barometer: 1005 mb and steady

Wind: 4 knots from the N

Air Temperature: +6°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

The grand show is eternal. There is always a sunrise somewhere. The dew is never dried at once. A shower is forever falling. Vapour is ever rising. Eternal sunrise, eternal sunset. Eternal dawn and glowing, on sea and continents and islands, each in its turn as the earth rolls. And for this I am forever grateful to be alive.

—John Muir

Were we on the Drake yesterday morning? Can you call that lake that we crossed 'the' Drake Passage? Guess it must have been, because this is the Antarctic Peninsula that we've arrived at. Pushing everything else aside, yesterday's highlight had to be those amazing breaching, leaping humpback whales – mother and child – entertaining us with full-body, slow-motion launches and great crashes back to the sea. This took place during our approach to the South Shetland Islands and completely distracted us from the first sighting of land after two days at sea.

Around us were glorious icebergs exhibiting streaks of turquoise. We had some briefings on Zodiac safety and the code of conduct around wildlife, then a delicious lunch whipped up by our magical chefs, Tina and Bill, followed by some introductory talks, by Dr Roger on the diverse divers, and by David Tatnall on photography.

We made our first landing at Penguin Island in the South Shetlands. As *Polar Pioneer's* anchor was dropped in the lee of the Island, we piled into the Zodiacs to be set ashore in a new world. There was a brilliant light on the surrounding glaciers of nearby King George Island. Chinstrap penguins, skuas, kelp gulls, giant petrels, storm petrels, elephant seals and lots of furies occupied Penguin Island. Some enjoyed a stroll up to and around the island's crater rim and were rewarded with stunning views towards the ship and the surrounding. Then back to the good ship and another delicious meal – with sticky date pudding. Yummy!!



Preening chinstrap

BARB GREEN

DAY 4

Wednesday 19th February 2003

Mikkelsen Harbour; Enterprise Island

Position: Latitude 64° 31'S, Longitude 61° 58'W

Speed: 8.4 knots

Course: 337°

Barometer: 997 mb and falling

Wind: 16 knots from the N

Air Temperature: +2°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

I have often had the impression that, to penguins, man is just another penguin - different, less predictable, occasionally violent, but tolerable company when he sits still and minds his own business.

—Bernard Stonehouse, *Penguins*



BARD GREEN

Farewell to our intrepid kayakers

by Rebekah Williamson

As Kieran frequently mentioned, the key ingredient of our itinerary is flexibility, with plans for the day often changing almost as soon as they are formulated. Last night we were to make a brief stop at the Polish base, Arctowski, one of the many bases on King George Island in the South Shetlands, then move onto Portal Point to drop the kayakers this morning. However, the stop proved more time-consuming than anticipated which, combined with a very foggy morning, lead to a revised program – a talk from Roger about his experiences of wintering with an emperor penguin colony, and that was followed by a landing at Trinity Island.

And what a treat they both turned out to be. Roger's slides and obvious empathy with the penguins he studied brought his story to life. Then, as we pulled into Mikkelsen Harbour on Trinity Island, the clouds parted for the first time to show us the majesty of our surroundings – ice cliffs and glaciers reaching down to meet the sea. Preparing to land for the second time was slightly less frenetic than the first, as we were better acquainted with feeling like the Michelin man after donning two fleeces, jackets, over pants, extra socks, gloves, neck warmer, hat, lifejacket ... and trying to find that second pack strap while balancing in the Zodiac.

We landed near a bright orange Argentinean refuge hut, which was surrounded by a gentoo colony. Just sitting and watching the penguins' behaviour was fascinating. The chicks were much more curious than the adults and seemed to be attracted to bright colours. The parents had obviously not taught the chicks the 'stay five meters from the wildlife rule'. One intrepid baby came up and sampled my camera bag, overpants and gumboots. While the land party was enjoying the penguins, the divers had their first immersion and reported good visibility and many fish.



BARD GREEN

Boarding the Zodiac



BARD GREEN

Roping up for a climb

After dinner we disembarked at Enterprise Island in five directions – the kayakers to set up camp on the island in preparation for an early start in the morning, the divers to explore a sunken whaling boat, the technical climbers to challenge themselves on a ice wall with Tashi, the hill climbers to aim for an introductory crevassed snowy peak and the photographers to explore the island. All had a great time.

On the Zodiac ride back to the ship in the gathering dark, the light from the ship was shining onto the snowy cliffs above us, giving them an eerie glow. It was a fantastic end to the day.



BARD GREEN

Divers preparing for their dive

DAY 5

Thursday, 20 February 2003

Pléneau Island

Position: Latitude 65° 06'S, Longitude 64° 03'W

Speed: at anchor

Course: 0°

Barometer: 981mb and falling

Wind: 8 Knots from the NE

Air Temperature: +4°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

It was a leopard seal sort of a day

—David Tatnall, Expedition photographer, describing yesterday.

by Robin Bowkett

Awoke to Lemaire Channel entrance – snowy peaks close to the porthole, many icebergs echoing beautiful colours from baby blue to aquamarine, eerily colourful amidst the cold greys and whites of the stormy, windy weather.

We made slow southerly progress while we watched an emotional video journey with Tashi Tenzing and Eve Lambert as they retraced their grandfather's and father's Everest attempt of 1952.

Porthole peeps still offered icy views amid low fog at mid-morning. We waited for the wind to drop to 30 knots to put Zodiacs over the side. Kieran said 'OK' at 11.00 a.m.

Would we or wouldn't we go? It still seemed miserable, and our good camera is bound to get wet. We went reluctantly, last on with Sue and Henrik and only 6 others, to Iceberg Alley. Wow! Turquoise cathedrals, aircraft carriers, and Roman aqueducts, London Bridge – a surreal and wondrous fairyland of giant ice shapes, the low, grey cloud giving the superb aquamarine hues to the icy wonderland.



BARB GREEN



SUE WERNER

Dave, the Weddell seal



And we didn't have the good camera with us! And the weather improved! A reluctant return to the ship with a humpback emerging 10 metres in front of us and a gathering of ancient crystal-clear glacial ice for our whisky.

Steaming minestrone and pizza warmed our cockles. No time to digest; back down the stairway,

Graeme to dive, the climbers to scale Hovgaard Island, and me to circumnavigate Pléneau Island, past an anchored French yacht with children on board (how wonderful for them). Leopard seals abounded – five sleeping on an ice floe. The divers see them around (as they wonder about getting in the water), and we are wary of them in the Zodiac as they approach aggressively, yet curiously. They look extremely large, healthy and well fed. One even tries to give the outboard a nudge.

We landed on Pléneau, a view-studded walk across silvery rock, green and pink algae coated ice, to enjoy gentoo penguin antics. Sue generously agreed to return to Iceberg Alley for those who missed the morning tour. Again, magical – most of us were spellbound at the sublime beauty. Wait, there are some climbers ahead up an iceberg. Can they see the leopard seal waiting for them in the blue water at the bottom of the slope?

On return to the vessel, Graeme is so excited recounting his diving encounter with the leopard seal – just about to get out of the water when he saw it – so beautiful swirling around him that his adrenalin rush was unnoticed! Dive buddy Dave had just finished his film. Isn't it always the way?

This was one of the most magical days of our lives. Big lesson: never stay in bed in Antarctica!



DAY 6

Friday, 21 February 2003

Yalour Island; Port Lockroy

Position: Latitude 54° 49'S, Longitude 63° 29'W

Speed: at anchor

Course: nil

Barometer: 975 mb and steady

Wind: 4 knots from the E

Air Temperature: +4°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

To anyone who goes to the Antarctic, there is a tremendous appeal, an unparalleled combination of grandeur, beauty, vastness, loneliness, and malevolence - all of which sound terribly melodramatic - but which truly convey the actual feeling of Antarctica. Where else in the world are all of these descriptions really true?

—Captain T.L.M. Sunter, *The Antarctic Century Newsletter*



British museum at Port Lockroy

DAVID MORAN

by Dave Moran

It was sort of orange in a weird, wrinkly way, clinging to a seaweed-carpeted ledge. The latest in vacuum cleaners ... maybe! With forty-five plus arms it would have the average house cleaned 'Antarctic white' in one minute! My fingers were starting to loose there feeling, my camera felt like a lump of rock - time to head for the surface.

Our day started at our southernmost point of our exploration of the white continent at 65.06° S. The nostrils knew they were in for a treat as we approached our first landing for the day on the Yalour Islands. This was our first chance to photograph or to just sit quietly with Adélie penguins and absorb their behavioural antics. Many of the young chicks were still tossing off their moulting jackets and appeared unperturbed by their multi-coloured visitors. The ice was covered in that four letter word starting with 's' and finishing with 't', all very pleasant really, just try not to sit in it!

I'm sure many of us on board wondered ... how many pictures could one take of penguins? The answer is 'as long as your batteries and film last', there always seems to be a particular behaviour or interaction between penguins that just needs to eat another frame of



DAVID MORAN

How many arms did you say?



DAVID MORAN

Underwater photography was a challenge

film or eat up a few more megapixels! Just being with these animals at their place on this planet was, for me, a moment in my life that was all too brief, one of life's journeys to cling to steadfast.

By the time we had washed the poo from our boots we were threading the eye of a needle, as *Polar Pioneer's* bow seemed to be heading for a solid mountain of whiteness. Slowly the southern eye of the Lemaire Channel opened. I'm sure all on board pondered the courage and toughness of those early navigators who crept into these waters under flapping canvas with only a sextant and lead shot line in their hands. Lemaire will always have a special memory for me ... why? Well, for all the miles I have travelled, this was the first time I have ever felt the soft kiss of falling snow on my face. Yes, Lemaire Channel and its mist-covered sentries will always remain a special place for all those who ply her waters.

Port Lockroy, home of the British Base, formerly a research centre and now an Historic Site and Monument under the Antarctic Treaty, was our next landing and a chance to post a postcard home, franked 'Port Lockroy, Antarctica'. Amanda and Pete, who cheerfully man the 'post office', took the stampede of fellow human beings in their stride.

Over dinner that night aboard the *Polar Pioneer*, Amanda explained that our boatload of 56 visitors was nothing compared to a larger vessel, which recently called in an ordered 1,000 stamps. Amanda's franking arm now has the proportions of George Foreman! This historic base gave us all a chance to just sneak a glance of Antarctica life back in the mid 1950's, as we wandered through the base's old kitchen, radio room, bunkroom, bathroom, generator room, and ionospherics room. They even had a lounge and bar room! Out the back was the all important coal bunker and workshop room. Today's tourist explorer is wrapped in cotton wool compared to those pioneering adventurers.

The unique interaction with the Adélie Penguins at this base will, I am sure, be one of the memories that are embedded into our long term memories. Children the world over cry, "Mum I want my dinner now ... now ... now!". There goes Mum scurrying through the muddy maze with junior pecking at her back ... "Hey Mum, not so fast!" Finally Mum relents, junior's beak peppering her own, then that beautiful moment as the cameras click, mother, like mothers the world over, feeds her devoted chick.





Adjacent to the Base at a small, ice-covered islet, we dived Henrik's Garden of Discovery. At 15 metres down there seemed to be an abundance of 'food' beneath the blanket of green, brown and mauve coloured ringlets of seaweed. A forty-five arm starfish brought back memories of 'The Day of the Triffids'. Bulky, four-arm, biscuit starfish (*Porania Antarctica*) dotted the landscape like lost sheep on a pasture of green. *Athecata* hydroids blossomed from

their chimneys, their many white polyps, fanning the still water for food. A white, eel-like creature (*Nemertina proboscis* worm) breaks the brownness of the sea floor – has it a head or eyes? I couldn't see any! As I departed for the surface, it twisted back on itself as if giving a farewell wave.

Each dive gives you only a brief glimpse of the complex life so well hidden amongst the profusion of kelp that descends down to 20 metres. Put quite simply, it was a great dive because we saw creatures that for most of us will be a once in a lifetime experience.

The night was young, Diana Horvat was into the swing of her 60th birthday, the wine flowed, faces were aglow with the day's adventures, our eyes slightly tired but still sparkling, yearning for the next day's adventures and experiences, because after six days we knew we still haven't experienced the full Antarctic menu.

As if to emphasise the extent of that menu and that adventures are only limited by man's imagination, I listened in amazement as two dinner guests told us about their wild 82-hrs blast from Ushuaia to Ascension Island in their 18ft Hoby cat! Fantastic!

As my knife sunk into a slab of pork, I thought how fortunate we were to be in nature's grandest masterpiece at a time when on the opposite side of the planet man's seemingly never-ending problems and conflicts are impossible to imagine.

The A-bug had bitten me; I will dream of returning to the ice.



Dana's 60th birthday

JO LLOYD



Four musketeers. Touché!



JO LLOYD

David and Dave

JO LLOYD



Relaxing



JO LLOYD

Tom and Dana dancing the night away

BARD GREEN



Martin and Susi

DAY 7

Saturday, 22 February 2003

Lemaire Island; Neko Harbour; Cuverville Island

Position: Latitude 64° 37'S, Longitude 62° 36'W

Speed: 8.5 knots

Course: 30°

Barometer: 978 mb and steady

Wind: 16 knots from the NE

Air Temperature: +4°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C



SUE WERNER

Neko Harbour

Men wanted for hazardous journey, small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, and safe return doubtful. Honour and recognition in case of success.

—Sir Kieran Lawton

It had been a late night for some who rocked in the bar until the wee hours of yesterday morning. For those people, breakfast came around all too quickly. But it was a yummy breakfast and a brand new day in Antarctica. Over night we'd cruised through the Neumayer Channel and across the Gerlache Strait to the mouth of Andvoord Bay. The climbers had their eyes set on an interesting little peak on Lemaire Island. Tashi and Kieran rounded up 9 keen climbers and headed off just after breakfast. The rest of us stayed on board *Polar Pioneer* and tucked our nose into Neko Harbour. The snow softly danced its way down from the sky at the same time as the sun was trying to poke its shine through. We cruised on a glass like sea, icebergs of all shapes and sizes spread out across the bay. Down went the anchor, and into the Zodiacs. We cruised across to make our first landing on the Antarctic continent. Small bits of sculptured ice fringed the shore, penguins were scatted all over the place as some of us made our way up the rocky outcrop to the snow hill behind. Some peppering of the sea



SUE WERNER

Photographer's heaven ...



SUE WERNER

by ice-clumps off the adjacent wall drew our attention and many cameras and eyes were focused on a huge calving – the whole wall seemed to collapse in slow motion. Moving upward into crevasse country, the fighting-snowballing South African contingent warmed up the Neko bum-slide. Randy had the greatest adventure though, finding his own crevasse to straddle. It was hard to leave those cute, photogenic chicks and the potential for more ice calvings. Although back on *Polar Pioneer* and after a hot lunch, we were looking toward our next adventure. The climbing party had bagged their peak. It was steep and filled with crevasses, but the views from the top combined with the elation of success made it all worthwhile. We collected the party then cruised on down Errera Channel and onto Cuverville Island, gentoo central. Penguins in various stages of re-dress littered the beach and slopes. Tashi led a huge contingent of enthusiastic climbers to the summit where the views were breathtaking, as was the three-star controlled fall back down the fast snow-slopes. During the summiting adventure, divers took to the water again and explored the waters beside

Cuverville. It was a long outing. Not until just before dinner did we all arrive back aboard to warm up, have a wee drink in the bar then dine in style.



SUE WERNER

Oh what big teeth you have!



BARB GREEN

Scott

DAY 8

Sunday, 23 February 2003

Hydrurga Rocks

Position: Latitude 64° 48'S, Longitude 62° 50'W

Speed: 12.8 knots

Course: 35°

Barometer: 978 mb and steady

Wind: 6 knots from the N

Air Temperature: +5°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

*One crowded hour of glorious life is worth
an age without an aim*

—Sir Henrik Lovendahl

Breakfast started tamely enough, the usual welcoming spread on the tables to tempt our bleary eyes. The first indication of adventure was Kieran calling all climbers to the bridge.

Tashi pointed out the peaks of aptly named Two Hummock Island. Taken over by the excitement of adventure, 20 expeditioners then gathered on the front deck to be ferried to the frosty shores just as four humpbacks swam towards the ship. With a deep breath they dived under the bow and came up on the other side. With a farewell blow and 4 flukes they disappeared out of sight.

Meanwhile the divers had been gathered. Takers for the under ice dive were few, but Mike, Chris and Dave weren't going to miss the opportunity. They had a fantastic dive under brash ice – what fun, and there were heaps of critters – Antarctic cod, sea urchins and starfish. Five snorkellers also took to the water beside Hydrurga Rocks and splashed around in the icy waters with onlooking fur seals. The rest of us visited Hydrurga and its profusion of wildlife – fur seals, Weddell seals, chinstrap penguins, skuas and sheathbills. It was a peaceful place to sit and absorb the surrounding environment. Norman had a little slip in the shit expedition, which he found himself covered with penguin guano from top to toe. Apparently 'Gortex' cleans well in these situations!

And the climbers, spread out along three ropes, made their way up through a particularly tricky crevasse field. Most managed to sink into a crevasse at some stage – now that's an adrenalin-lifting experience. But being roped up and with all the right gear, it was all quite safe. In fact some were kind of hoping to get a decent sinking – for the view and the photo opportunity. However, it didn't happen, and everyone



Tashi

BARD GREEN



CHRIS WEAVER

It looks a bit cold?



JO LLOYD

Five frogs on a rock

made it safely up to the saddle between the summits. At least that's where Tashi said we were; it was a whiteout up there. A lot of chocolate was eaten, a lot of snow was thrown, especially at Murray when he broke into song, and then they all motored on down the hill to the courtesy Zodiacs, brought to them by Dennis.

As expeditioners arrived on board, they were treated to a terrific lunch. Didn't the kitchen staff work fantastically to keep hot lunches coming out over a one-and-a-half hour period in the mid-afternoon?

As *Polar Pioneer* pulled away from Hydrurga, we were called to the bar for a group meeting. Kieran informed us that one of our fellow passengers was seriously ill and we were in an emergency situation. We had to steam south quickly to collect the kayaker's then high tail it to the nearest landing strip, on King George Island, for an evacuation. Now, charging down



BARD GREEN

Two shags on a rock (blue-eyed cormorants)

Gerlache Strait and Errera Channel at 13 knots, avoiding icebergs along the way is a rare experience. At Paradise Bay at 9.00 p.m. there was a lightening pick-up of the kayakers. Welcome back on-board guys, and thanks so much for being so professional and prepared for the pick-up.

Overnight we are heading north up the Gerlache and across Bransfield Strait.

DAY 9

Monday, 24 February 2003

Fildes Station; Robert Point

Position: Latitude 62° 21'S, Longitude 59° 14'W

Speed: 12.5 knots

Course: 17°

Barometer: 993mb and steady

Wind: 16 knots from the N

Air Temperature: +7°C

Sea Temperature: 0°C

*All I say is, if you wish to see Nature robed in
her mantle of might, look at a storm at sea;
If you want to see her robed in her mantle of
glory, look at a sunset at sea.*

—Sir Clive Strauss

We woke this morning to a clear sunny sky with magnificent views of Deception and Livingston islands on our port side. After a good wholesome breakfast we gathered in the lecture room to listen to Dave Moran's lecture on the recovery of thousands of porcelain items from the wreck of the Tek-Sing, a huge Chinese junk that sunk in the South China Sea. It was a real adventure dive story, full of history and provided a great insight into salvage diving. About 10 minutes into the talk there was a sudden intermission, as Sue called over the intercom that orcas were on the starboard side. Few saw them, but everyone got

excited and poured onto the decks. We had a mid-day matinee viewing of 'The Wrong Trousers', then lunch, but from there on we ignored the daily program because we arrived at King George Island.

On our arrival at KGI the evacuation plane gave us a fly-by. Our ill comrade was carefully ferried ashore to the Chilean Base, Presidente Frei Montalva, and taken up to the plane. We really hope things go well there; it was a sombre time for us all, and thanks to everyone for their support and understanding. The Chilean Base commander invited everyone ashore for a visit, and the highlight of this was the cute, young emperor penguin that arrived just before us. It was heavily photographed by us and the entire contingent occupying the Chilean Base. The stop was brief and we were back on our way by 4.00 p.m.

On to our last Antarctic stop, the beautiful Robert Point on Robert Island.



Emperor penguin, catnapping

SUE WERNER



BARD GREEN

Preparations for diving

My last Photograph

by Jo Lloyd

Funny, really, I had pretty low expectations of our last landing. Most of the leaders had not been here before, and as we approached the cobblestone beach, the sun was setting fast. As we passed the divers, they were reporting low viz. and surging waters. Some of them decided to join the landing and were so pleased they did. Fur seals, some snotty-nosed elephant seals, gentoo and chinstrap penguins welcomed us as we came ashore. The air was still and the low evening sun shone a beautiful glow on the rocky outcrop on the point.



Snotty

By the time we strolled along the shoreline most people had wandered off on their own, perhaps to reflect on the memories of our voyage. Sue and I decided to stroll up the hill snapping a few photos in the last of the fading sun light. We continued up the hill to the summit where we were greeted by that pungent smell of a penguin rookery and nesting giant petrels. Already other passengers were captivated by the beginnings of a stunning sunset. We all sat in silence. The sun slowly set over the rolling hills ... 360-degree views of snow-covered glaciers, penguins calling, petrels soaring, tranquil ocean and sun rays piercing through dark clouds. Our senses were completely overwhelmed. This was Antarctica at its best.

My last photograph is the most perfect I have ever taken. It can never be printed or copied but will remain embedded in my heart and mind. As our fearless leader said, it was our last kiss of Antarctica. What a magical kiss it was. Soft, warm and gentle. The kind you want to last forever.



BARB GREEN

DAY 10

Tuesday, 25 February 2003

Drake Passage

Position: Latitude 58° 58'S, Longitude 64° 46'W

Speed: 9.7 knots

Course: 320°

Barometer: 975 mb and steady

Wind: 30 knots from the NW

Air Temperature: +7°C

Sea Temperature: +4°C



CHRIS WEAVER

The dreaded Drake

For sheer downright misery, give me a hurricane, not too warm, the yard of a sailing ship, a wet sail, and a bout of seasickness.

—Apsley Cherry-Garrard

Ah, the lazy daze of a Drake Passage. We awoke to a strong swell, having travelled some 130 nautical miles above the South Shetland Islands. The dining rooms were somewhat empty for breakfast, as expeditioners came and left quite quickly. On the bridge after breakfast spectators watched a few albatrosses, petrels and prions keeping pace along the way. Dave Moran eased the morning with his great talk about searching for sunken treasure around Auckland Island. This was followed (just before lunch) by a BBC documentary on humpback whales, narrated by David Attenborough. The rest of the day passed by in a slurry of naps, reading and quiet conversation, interspersed with trips to the bridge to gaze out on a gradually rising swell on a magnificent stretch of sea. A pod of massive fin whales passed right beneath the bow after lunch, seen by the lucky few on the bridge. In the lecture theatre Kieran told us about climbing along the peninsula using a yacht as a basecamp; then Roger intrigued us with his horrific true stories of adventures that didn't quite go to plan.



CHRIS WEAVER

Negotiating the ice

DAY 11

Wednesday, 26 February 2003

Cape Horn

Position: Latitude 54° 01'S, Longitude 65° 09'W

Speed: 8 knots

Course: 340°

Barometer: 981 mb and steady

Wind: 10 knots

Air Temperature: +7°C

Sea Temperature: +4°C

Cape Horn is the southernmost tip of the American continent. It was discovered by the Dutch sailor Willem Schouton (along with Jacob LeMaire) in 1616. In the days of sail, rounding the Horn was a major event. It usually meant a dramatic shift in sea and weather conditions as the ship moved from one ocean system to the other the meeting point of the Atlantic and Pacific breeds' violent and unpredictable weather. A Chilean naval detachment is stationed at the Horn, manned by three sailors posted from their normal base of Puerto Williams.

The Crevasse

by Randy Charles Epping

It was a series of mistakes that led to what happened – no one's fault, really – but if Richard hadn't been there, hiking up the trail across the glacier to my left, I wonder if I'd be here to tell you this story.

It all started when we were called to the bridge of our ship, the *Polar Pioneer*. Kieran and Tashi, the climbing experts of our Antarctic tour, invited anyone who wanted to join them to scale a small peak on Lemaire Island – a technical climb that would require extensive use of crampons, ropes and harnesses. Since the late Antarctic summer tends to encourage the creation of crevasses – Antarctica is basically a mile-high mountain of slowly moving ice and snow – we would have to strap ourselves together and carefully follow their footsteps. Tashi, who had recently been to the top of Everest, told us it wasn't a climb for amateurs, that if we wanted an easy climb, we could head over to Neko Harbor on the mainland where we could hike in our gumboots.

I looked up and saw a cloud forming at the mountain's summit and decided to decline the offer of a strenuous climb, opting instead for a leisurely hike on the mainland. Why risk your life? I told myself. Spend a nice afternoon with your dad. Enjoy life. Have fun.



Crocodile dragonfish

CHRIS WEAVER



Randy

BARB GREEN



BARD GREEN

After dropping off the technical climbers, we sailed over to the mainland – about forty-five minutes away. As we arrived, we could see the cliffs on the glacier’s edge calving: large pieces of ice and compressed snow broke off and fell into the bay with an enormous roar. A spectacular sight – I was glad I had avoided the climb to the cloud-covered mountaintop. This was much more fun.

Since dad and I weren’t ready to head to shore immediately, we asked if one of the Zodiacs could come back and pick us up after dropping off the other passengers. No problem, they told us. A half an hour later, we arrived on shore, just the two of us. The rest of the group was already halfway up the snow-covered mountain.

Dad asked me to take a picture of him at the far end of the beach. No problem, I told him: from there, I could easily head up the snow-covered hill to join the other hikers. What we

didn’t know was that Roger, the guide for this shore excursion, had gathered everyone on the beach before the climb and told them to follow his footsteps. There were dangerous crevasses here, he warned them, and because of the foot of new snow that had fallen during the night, they would be difficult to see.



BARD GREEN

Home away from home

After taking several pictures of my dad against a stunning backdrop of ice cliffs, penguins, and freshly fallen snow, I headed up the hill. It was a beautiful day. The sun had started to shine. The snow-covered hill in front of me glowed brightly in the Antarctic summer light. It was so warm, in fact that the fresh snow on the surface had started to melt.

As I began walking, I noticed a tiny crack in the ice where the glacier met the rocks at the bottom of the hill. I didn't give it a second thought. This was an easy climb; I reminded myself—nothing to worry about. The crack soon disappeared under the fresh, soft snow and I didn't give it another thought.

About halfway up the hill, I noticed the other climbers' tracks about twenty meters to my left. I started walking over to them. The irony is that I got into trouble because I was joining the trail, not straying from it.

I stopped to take a picture of another lone climber, Richard, who was following the tracks up the hill. "Incredible, isn't it?" I called over to him. "Indeed." I took a picture of him standing against the stunning backdrop ice and snow, and continued walking.

I was about halfway to the trail when it happened. At first it seemed insignificant. I slipped down into a small hole in the snow. I had broken through the thin ice crust. It suddenly felt cold around my feet. I thought I heard the sound of water.

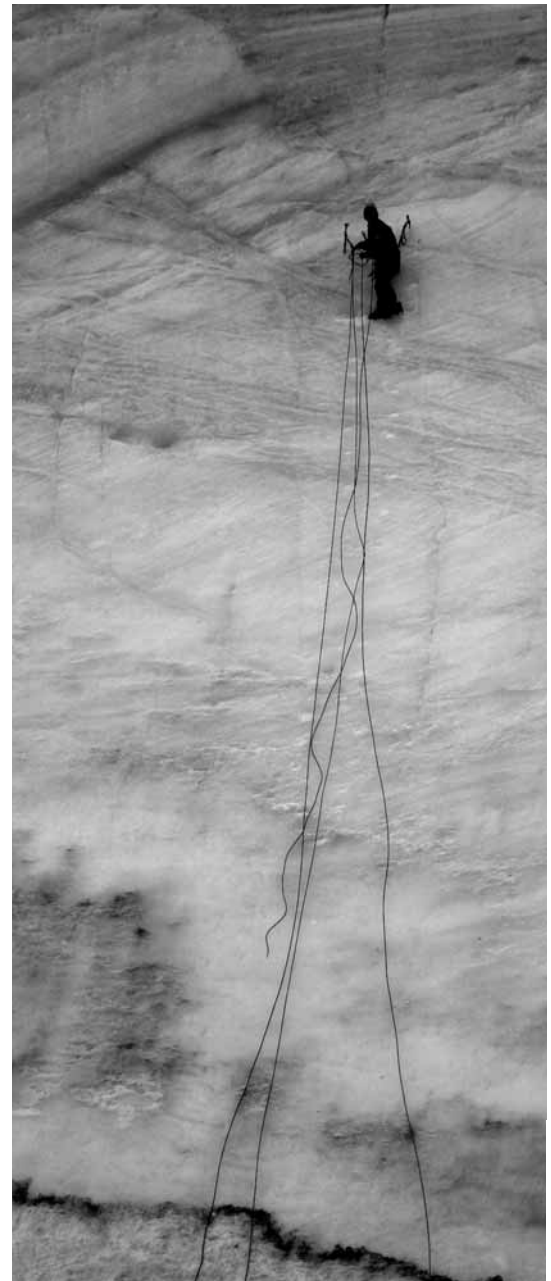
I tried stepping out of the hole, but my feet slipped down further. The snow was now up to my thighs.

"What happened?" Richard asked.

"I don't know. I slipped down into a hole." I tried using my hands to climb out, but my struggle just made the snow and ice cave in further around me. I looked down and saw a dark hole forming between my feet. "It looks like it might be a crevasse."

I tried to step out and more snow fell into the hole between my feet. I looked down and saw a midnight-blue crevasse stretching down into the mountain below me.

It was eerie, looking down between my legs and seeing an ice cavern—it was more like a vertical cave, with undulating sides that widened and narrowed as they went down. Near the surface the ice was a beautiful dark blue, but the colors got darker as they went down until it



BARB GREEN

was too dark to see what was at the bottom. Water from the melting snow was pouring down the side of the crevasse making the sides smooth and slippery.

Keeping my legs pushed against the sides of the crevasse, I tried pulling myself up again, but more snow and ice fell in and the hole got even wider. “I can’t get out,” I called over to Richard.

“Why don’t you try rolling?” he said. It was strange. He seemed so calm. He didn’t panic.

Neither did I. Maybe I simply didn’t realize what was happening. Or maybe my survival mechanism didn’t allow me to realize it. My only thought was to keep trying to get out. But the more I struggled, the more the snow fell in around me and the bigger the hole got. I tried climbing out, but I felt my feet slip and then I dropped down about a foot further, my feet had come to rest on two more small outcroppings. How long would they hold?

I stood there for a few seconds, spread-eagle, staring into the abyss. If I went in any further, there would be nothing to stop my fall; I’d slip down into the deep blue abyss with nothing to protect me. And with the ice-cold water pouring down around me, it wouldn’t be long—fifteen minutes, thirty max – until I started to freeze. I had learned in scuba diving that water speeds up hypothermia by a factor of eight. There would never be enough time for someone to get the ropes and equipment to pull me out.

I kept trying to get out, but the more I struggled, the worse it got.

“Why don’t you try doing what Kieran did on Hovgarrd?” Richard called over. “Remember how he rolled to get out of that hole he fell into?”

I remembered. During the climb on our second day in Antarctica, Kieran had also slipped down into a small crevasse. We were all roped together, armed with crampons and ice picks and harnesses – but even then it was frightening, seeing our guide slip down through the snow. He got out easily, however. He stretched out his body horizontally, and crawling to safety across the snow-covered crevasse.



SUE WERNER

I decided to do the same. I leaned my body over as far as I could until the upper part of my torso was stretched across the snow to my left. Then I stretched out my arms as far as I could and arched my back, slowly lifting my legs until they came to rest on the other side of the crevasse. Then I began rolling, always keeping my weight on my torso, until I was downhill from the hole I had created. I kept rolling until I was halfway to the trail. Then I stood up. It was an incredible sensation: feeling the firm snow and ice under my feet.

I walked over to the trail to join Richard. From where we stood, all you could see was a messy hole in the middle of the snow – no trace of the crevasse below. No wonder Richard was so calm. He had no idea of what was down there.

Neither did I, apparently. I finished climbing the hill without giving much more lot of thought to my encounter with the crevasse, but when I told the guides back on the ship what had happened, I couldn't help noticing the horror in their eyes. They knew about that crevasse. Without ropes, without an ice pick, it would have been very difficult getting out. I had come close to dying.

Over the next few hours, I began to realize how close I had come. As the ship sped away from Neko Harbour, I started thinking about what would have happened if I'd fallen into that crevasse. I imagined being down in the crevasse, alone, without help.

I climbed into the shower, turned on the hot water, and closed my eyes—I saw ice, blue ice, entombing me. I imagined the freezing water pouring over me – the icy mountain closing in on me. I began to shiver. From shock? From the cold? I don't know. But I couldn't stop shivering for several hours.

I've had a lot of dreams sense my encounter with the crevasse: I've been falling from the sky; I've been trapped in dark spaces; I've been struggling to stay alive. When I wake up, I'm always happy – once I realize it was only a dream.

Then I start wondering: what if Richard hadn't told me about Kieran's technique up on the mountain? Would I have been able to get out on my own? I don't know. I really don't. And it haunts me.

I wonder how many more dreams I'll have before I'm over what happened to me up on that crevasse.



DAVID LLOYD

Jo and Roger

DAY 12

Thursday, 27 February 2003

Ushuaia

Position: Latitude 54° 57'S, Longitude 67° 07'W

Speed: 9 knots

Course: 97°

Barometer: 975 mb and steady

Wind: 8 knots

Air Temperature: +9°C

Sea Temperature: +4°C

The kayak trip by Dan Weld

Fierce headwinds, giant ice cliffs, and a menacing leopard seal topped our challenges, but we were compensated by solitude, stunning scenery, and the hypnotic sounds of humpbacks breaking the glassy sea surface with their soft breathing. Olaf's vision of an unsupported, exploratory kayak expedition along the Antarctic Peninsula had infected us all, but a year's anticipation prepared me for neither the trip's surreal splendor nor its challenges.

On Friday February 21, we were all anxious to get started. The previous day's storm had cost us a day, and we were fed full with Enterprise Island's minimal hiking, bored with the shipwreck across the bay, and tired of combing through the aging pile of whale-oil casks. A bit after 10.00 a.m., we fastened our spray shirts tightly, bid farewell to the lone chinstrap penguin and the island's two possessive fur seals, and pushed off paddling.

A stiff tailwind sped us southward along the western coast of Nansen Island, but the deepening swells made me uncomfortable with the kayak's unstable pitch. Luckily, Olaf's experienced eyes led to a diagnosis – somehow the kayak's side flotation bladders had deflated. Once repumped, our boat engendered more confidence.

As we rounded Nansen's south end, a headwind stole our easy travel. Olaf scouted a small ice archway and we paddled under its dripping ceiling and continued up Nansen's west coast.

Only now did the slow realization dawn in my head that we hadn't seen a single campsite in the past ten miles of paddling – the coast was everywhere fringed in sheer ice cliffs. I knew Olaf and Bob thought there was a site in Anna's Cove, but a seven-mile crossing separated



Olaf plotting the kayakers' course

BAIRD GREEN



BAIRD GREEN

that haven from us. Furthermore, the headwind hadn't eased, my extremities felt frozen, and visibility was down to a hundred meters. The guides explained the plan was to cross via Emma and Louise islands, to break the crossing, but my confidence was later shaken when we arrived at the wrong island, and one said, "My compass was acting funky, but I guess I should have trusted it!" Secretly I craved the security of a GPS reading, but sense that this would be considered cheating.



Leopard seal

And of course, we soon did arrive at Emma, but reconnaissance revealed another perfect set of imposing cliffs. As we continued to scout the coast, rain shifted to snow and we entered a lee. Huge flakes glided gently downward through the fog, and our kayaks and life jackets were soon cloaked with Christmas. All sound was muffled as we slid through the polished sea surface, and the situation became increasingly surreal. All around us, the water appeared mottled in the most beautiful way – like a burnished slab of ebony or granite with a delicate filigree of lighter tint. Suddenly, I realized that the ocean was so cold that the snow wasn't melting; instead it formed a spider web of silvery slush, inlaid within the black waters. Everyone stopped talking as if caught in a spell.

"Raft up!" I was shaken awake by the note of alarm in Bob's voice "Leopard Seal!" The creature's reptilian head had none of the charm of a Weddell Seal, instead sporting an overly large mouth. David and I fumbled a bit as we struggled close to three other kayaks. Curious and unafraid, the seal ignored our large raft and stalked Bob and Olaf's smaller group. I remembered reading that while attacks on humans were rare, leopard seals could easily puncture an inflatable boat with an inquisitive taste-testing bite. Luckily the guides back-paddled quickly and soon the seal lost interest. Quickly, we continued our crossing, passing through the shelter of inhospitable Louise and finally to Anna's Cove.

Alas, the long anticipated campsite at Anna's Cove was a fantasy. Mammoth ice cliffs formed an impregnable defense. In desperation, we gazed longingly at a lone rock buttress where a single person might escape the tide – but not six tents and kayaks! Regardless of cold and fatigue, there was no alternative to paddling on, so we rounded the cape comforted in the knowledge that there was a guaranteed camp at Cuverville Island, six miles away. But now that we were in the Gerlache Strait proper, the wind hit us full force and our progress was dishearteningly slow. Luckily, Bob spotted a low-banked promontory and he rocketed ahead to scout. It was a go! Although the site was awkward (kayaks had to land, be unloaded, and lifted up the slope in single file) everyone felt relieved once on shore. Even the fur seals grudgingly conceded our right to share the terrain. Warm clothes did their trick and several people tended to Hank's injured back. Perhaps sensing that it had failed to break our spirit, the wind calmed, clouds parted, and the distant mountains were bathed in the glorious colors of sunset. And after Olaf cooked a magical warm dinner, the moon blessed our party. That night we slept well, pleased with our accomplishments.

A short but important slide show from my digital memory

by Larry Epping

- The splendid mountains surrounding Ushuaia
- The mystic of the Drake Passage where the Atlantic and the Pacific meet south of Cape Horn.
- The splendid sunshine as it covered a beautiful white iceberg.
- The first penguin, which happens to be a chinstrap species.
- The historical evidence of whale and explorer boats and ships left over on isolated beaches.
- A story by itself, with my son Randy's life threatening drop into a crevice.
- My being roped up and participating in a minor mountain climb.
- In the mist, viewing a mile high ice and snow peak.
- Watching my son Randy playing like a seal while snorkeling.
- The magical ice berg grave yard.
- We all were asked to assemble in the bar for an announcement. We were told that Ray, one of our passengers was in critical stage of life threatening internal bleeding. The only air strip to have a twin otter to fly in and evacuate him was many nautical miles to the north. We were told we first had to travel south to pick up the kayakers. This canceled the final link of their Antarctica adventure. Then all through the night and into the next day. We traveled at flank speed on our evacuation mission. The twin otter flew its maximum distance from and to Chile to make this dangerous flight. We were told later that Ray survived.



CHRIS WEAVER

Out of the mouths of Mums oft-times come gems



BARD GREEN

- Geologists have looked back 270 million years when Antarctica was a wilderness of forests, tundra, marshlands and was a part of a giant continent called Gondwana.
- Antarctica has 90 percent of the world's fresh water. Antarctica only considering the average depth of ice and snow, is the highest land on our planet.
- My favorite location on the ship is the enclosed bridge for writing and viewing where we are allowed anytime. Sunsets found me as usual wondering how many fabulous ones that God shows before he starts recycling.
- The unwelcoming Cape Horn where countless ships have gone to the bottom in its unpredictable weather.
- The cracking, groaning, roaring of the exploding ice.
- A rugged, yet pristine and majestic sea and landscape at the southern end of the world.
- A most diverse group of adventurers that one would find in one place. They recounted experiences from all over the world including Tashi Tenzing. Tashi is a grandson of Tenzing Norgay Sherpa who assisted Sir Edmond Hillary to be the first people to climb to the top of Mt. Everest.
- When you first see a leopard seal there is no doubt why they are named so. The spots, head and teeth are comparable. They grow to a large size. They seem to have no fear of us, sometimes gracefully surfacing next to our zodiac. They have fun tossing penguins into the air prior to eating them.
- We had kayakers on board. We left them off on a small wind swept island telling them we would pick them up many days later and many miles away.



- We are cautioned to not step on the lichen as it takes many, many years to erase the footprint.
- The penguins did not seem to be concerned about the funny human visitors. We watched them do their humorous walk, get into their animated discussions with each other, do their bouncy jump from rock to rock, slide down the glaciers and finally dive into the ocean to collect their subsistence for not only them but also for their chicks.
- We descended the gang plank and gingerly arrived at our exploration chariots (zodiacs). The zodiacs can be packed with up to twenty adventurers. During our storm, many became seasick. I believe seasickness is hereditary. You either get it or you don't. Luckily my family is in the category of don't. I was fully tested by being at sea for the three years during WWII.
- I have experienced and noticed while watching people in the enclosed bridge of our ship that there is an addiction that takes place. It is almost like looking into the flame of a fire. Only we are looking into the mystery of the action. There is a non-enforced silence where even couple rarely converse.
- The stillness is profound. Antarctica reaches out and touches the imagination. It brings out the best of the human spirit. Antarctica is the world's highest, driest and coldest continent.
- Everyone on board, no matter what their status from whence they came are unified into one class. This is called a classless society.
- Some of the giant ice bergs are the size of a large spread out apartment building. Some have on end heaved up like the bow of a ship.
- The two day return cruise to Ushuaia gave me time to collect my thoughts and to put some order to all the wondrous views and vista that I have seen with pleasure on this cruise. I am sure there will be continuous flash backs.
- How fortunate and privileged I am to be able to once in my lifetime view and experience this amazing continent. It is said that this unspoiled, clean, pristine land with its magical ice bergs is 100,000 million or more years old.
- To all of the crew and voyagers of the *Polar Pioneer* I give a huge 'Thanks' for the memories.



Larry Epping's impersonation of Shackleton



SUE WERNER

The Group

Russian Phrases

English	Russian
Hello	Zdrastvuyte
Good Morning	Dobraye Utra
Good Afternoon	Dobry Dyen
Good Evening	Dobry Vyechir
Good Night	Spakoonay Noche
Good Bye	Da Svidanya
See You Later	Paka
See You Tomorrow	Da Zaftra
How Are You?	Kak Dyela?
Fine	Charasho (Ch As In 'Loch')
Me Too	Ya Tozhe (Zh As In Pleasure)
Yes	Da
No	Nyet
Thank You	Spasiba

English	Russian
Thank You Very Much	Balshoye Spasiba
Please	Azhalusta
You Are Welcome	Pazhalusta, Nichivo
One, Two, Three	Adeen, Dva, Tree
Four, Five, Six	Chiteeree, Py At, Shest
Seven, Eight	Syem, Vosyem
Nine, Ten	Dyevet, Dyeset
Cheers!	Na Zdarovya!
One For The Road!	Napasashock!
What Is Your Name?	Kak Vas Zavut?
My Name Is	Men Ya Zavut
What Is That In Russian?	Kak Eta Pa Rooski?
I Don't Understand	Ya Nye Panimayo
Do You Understand?	Panima Yish?



BARD GREEN



CETACEAN SIGHTINGS: POLAR PIONEER 16 - 27 FEB 2003

DATE	TIME	SHIP LOCATION		SPECIES OF WHALE	EST. #	CONDITIONS		COMMENTS
		S. LAT.	W. LONG.			SEA	ICE (tenths)	
		° S	° W					
18.2.03	1145	61 ° 28'	57 ° 57'	Unidentified	2	2	3	0
18.2.03	1700	62 ° 07'	58 ° 45'	Humpback	4	4	2	0 Top end of King George Is. - breaching
21.2.03	1212	65 ° 06'	63 ° 59'	Minke	6	6	0	0 Lemaire, Sth entrance
22.2.03	730	64 ° 47'	62 ° 49'	Humpback	3	3	0	0 At entrance to Andovord Bay - sleeping
22.2.03	1030	64 ° 50'	62 ° 32'	Minke	2	2	0	0 Near Neko Harbour
22.2.03	1445	64 ° 46'	62 ° 44'	Minke	4	4	0	0 Errera, Sth entrance
22.2.03	1530	64 ° 41'	62 ° 36'	Humpback	2	2	0	0 Cuverville Is. - sleeping
22.2.03	2120	64 ° 37'	62 ° 36'	Humpback	4	4	0	0 Gerlache - heading north
22.2.03	2200	64 ° 33'	62 ° 32'	Humpback	2	2	0	0 Gerlache - heading north
23.2.03	900	64 ° 08'	61 ° 36'	Humpback	4	4	0	0 Two Hummock Is.
23.2.03	1900	64 ° 32'	62 ° 23'	Humpback	10	10	0	0 Gerlache Strait
24.2.03	1020	62 ° 40'	59 ° 20'	Orca	9	9	0	0 Near Sth Shetlands
24.2.03	1020	62 ° 40'	59 ° 20'	Humpback	1	1	0	0 Travelling with Orca
24.2.03	1730	62 ° 23'	52 ° 57'	Humpback	3	3	0	0 Near Nelson Is.
25.2.03	1300	60 ° 08'	62 ° 52'	Fin	5	5	3	0 Moving in NW direction
26.2.03	1325	56 ° 37'	67 ° 12'	Orca	3	3	3	0 Moving toward port

BIRD AND MAMMAL LIST - POLAR PIONEER												
Climbers & Photographers 16 February 2003 - 27 February 2003												
Birds, seals and cetaceans sighted	FEB											
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
BIRDS:												
Gentoo Penguin			1	1	1	1	1		1			6
Chinstrap Penguin			1	1		1	1	1				6
Adelie Penguin						1						1
Macaroni Penguin												
Magellanic Penguin		1										1
Emperor Penguin									1			1
Unidentified Penguin (swimming)				1								1
Wandering Albatross			1							1	1	3
Royal Albatross												
Black-browed Albatross		1	1	1	1				1	1	1	7
Grey-headed Albatross			1							1	1	3
Light-mantled Sooty Albatross												
Giant Petrel sp. (Northern and/or Southern)		1	1	1					1	1	1	6
Antarctic Petrel												
Cape Petrel			1	1			1		1			4
Snow Petrel												
Antarctic Fulmar (Southern)												
Blue Petrel												
Grey Petrel												
Prion sp. (probably mostly Antarctic)												
Diving Petrel			1									1
White-chinned Petrel										1	1	2
Sooty Shearwater										1	1	2
Great Shearwater			1							1		2
Wilson's Storm-petrel			1	1		1	1		1	1	1	7
Black-bellied Storm-petrel				1								1
Imperial Cormorant (blue-eyed)		1		1	1	1	1	1	1		1	9
Cormorant sp. (unidentified)		1										1
Snowy Sheathbill						1		1	1			3
Chilean Skua		1									1	1
Skua (Brown and/or South Polar)			1	1	1	1	1	1	1			7
Kelp Gull		1			1	1	1		1			5
Tern (probably mostly Antarctic)				1	1		1		1			4
South American Tern												
Number of bird species/day:	7	7	9	8	5	8	8	4	12	8	8	3
MAMMALS:*												
Southern Sea Lion		1										1
Antarctic Fur Seal				1	1	1	1	1	1			7
Southern Elephant Seal			1						1			2
Crabeater Seal					1							1
Weddell Seal				1			1					2
Leopard Seal					1	1	1	1				4
Minke Whale					1		1					2
Sei Whale												
Fin Whale										1		1
Humpback Whale			1		1		1	1	1			5
Orca									1	1		2
Long-finned Pilot Whale												
Southern Right Whale												
Unidentified Whale										1		1
Unidentified Dolphin												
Number of mammal species/day:	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	Depart Ushuaia - Beagle Channel	At Sea - Drake Passage	Drake - Penguin I	Trinity I - Enterprise I	Lanaitre - Pleneau I	Yalour I - Port Lockroy	Neko - Cuverville	Hydrurga/ Two Hummock I	King George I - Robert I	At Sea - Drake Passage	Drake - Cape Horn	Arrive Ushuaia
												# Days This Species Seen



Adélie

BARD GREEN



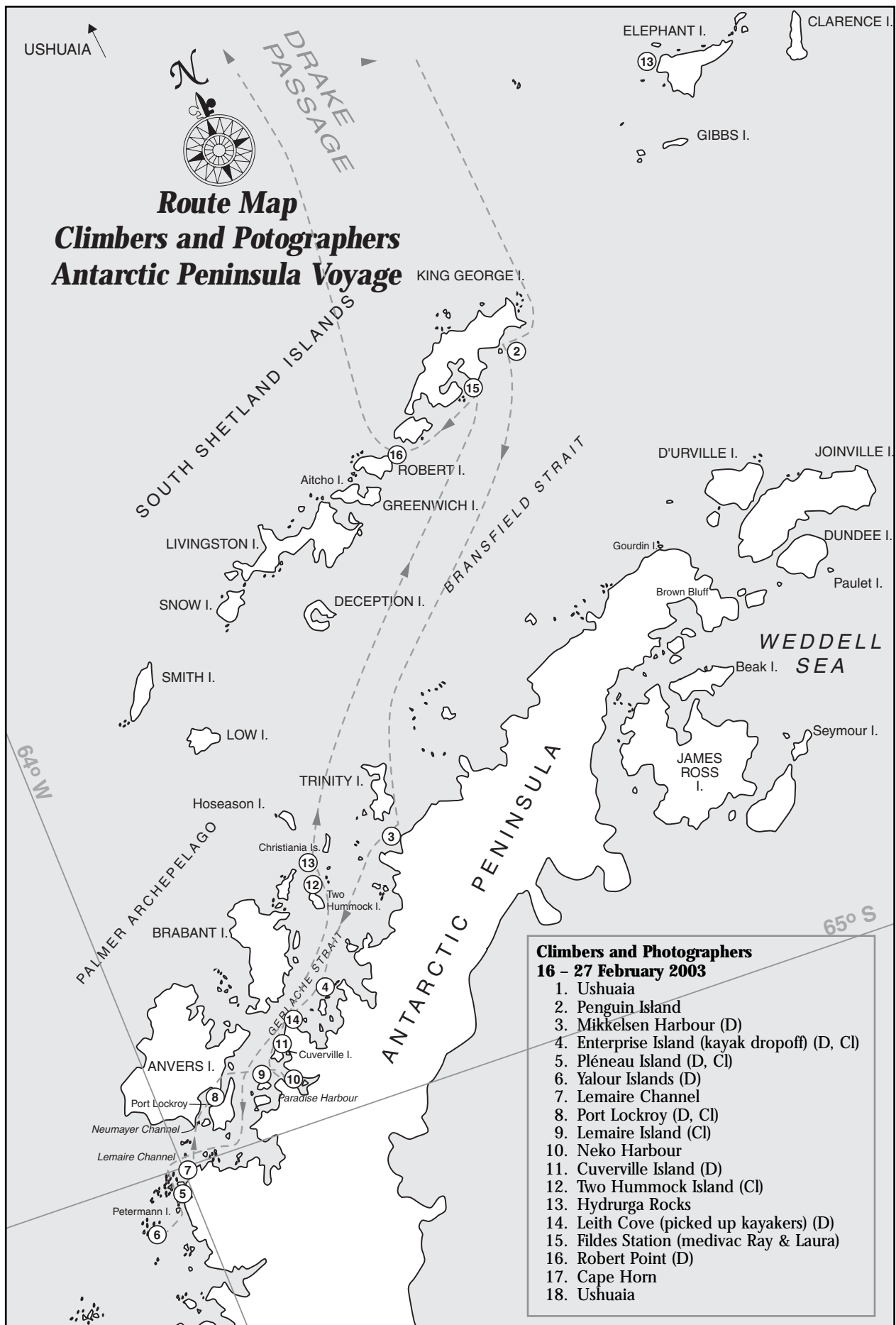
Gentoo

BARD GREEN



Chinstrap

BARD GREEN





BARD GREEN

The kitchen at the British historical site, Port Lockroy



BARD GREEN

Remains of old water boats

The Passengers

Mike Adams
Alban Atkinson
Hank Berger
Gary Bobker
Graeme Bowkett
Robin Bowkett
Andrew Brown
Ken Bures
Sascha Caban
Jonathan Calvert
Elizabeth Crowell
David Cumming
Raymond Donegan
Freddie Du Plessis
Larry Epping
Randy Epping
Ray Fairbanks
Laura Fairbanks
Murry Gibbons
Bard Green
Fiona Green
Susi Green
Mark Hastings
Diana Horvat
Ben Kierulff
John Laudree
James Lindley
Ron Lowenthal
Lorraine McGuire
Albert Meggers
Dave Moran
Leigh Patterson
Scott Portelli
Tom Powell
Robert Raufeisen
Mike Salvarezza
Ray Sansom
Dana Schwenzfeier
Matt Sexton
Richard Shaw
Fred Stone
Andrew Stutchbury
Gary Vanderbilt
Norman Vaughton
Martin Venables
Thomas Wagner
Chris Weaver
Daniel Weld
Rebekah Williamson
Robert Wilson
Neil Winkelmann
Nola Yee

The Expedition Staff

Expedition Leader
Assistant Expedition Leader
Naturalist & Lecturer
Photographer
Doctor
Mountain Guide
Divemaster
Assistant Divemaster
Kayak Master
Assistant Kayak Master
Chef
2nd Chef
Bar / Purser
Aurora Staff

Kieran Lawton
Sue Werner
Dr Roger Kirkwood
David Tatnall
Dr Clive Strauss
Tashi Tensing
Henrik Lovendahl
David Lloyd
Olaf Malver
Bob Powell
Tina George
Bill James
Pirate Pete
Jo Lloyd

The Crew

Captain
Chief Mate
2nd Mate
3rd Mate
Radio Officer
Boatswain
AB Sailors

Chief Engineer
2nd Engineer
3rd Engineer
Electrical Engineer
Motorman
Motormen
Russian Cook
2nd Cook
Waitresses
Stewards

Evgeniy Levakov
Yuri Mazin
Bogdan Shmal'ko
Alexandr Evgenov
Sergey Polyak
Vladimir Mikityuk
Dmitry Belousov, Nikolay Rylov,
Denis Rodionov
Sergey Vorobev
Mikhail Dmitrichenko
Alexey Semenov
Vyacheslav Yudaev
Viktor Merkulenko
Aleksandr Ryabuha
Mikhail Poletaev
Alla Karelina
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Elena Anokhova, Elena Belozertzeva,
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