



**OCEANWIDE
EXPEDITIONS**

Trip Log 24th May – 1st June 2006

Around Iceland

ON BOARD *PROFESSOR MULTANOVSKIY*



The *Professor Multanovskiy* is an ex-research vessel from the Arctic and Antarctic Institute in St. Petersburg, Russia. She was built in 1985 in Finland, and was designed as an ice strengthened ship. She measures 71.6 metres (236 ft) in length and 12.8 metres (42 ft) across the beam. She draws 4.5 metres (15 ft) which enables her to move into relatively shallow waters. Her tonnage is 2140t. Oceanwide Expeditions is fully responsible for the management and operation of the *Professor Multanovskiy*.

Professor Boris Pompeevich Multanovskiy was born in Russia in 1876. He was a famous long-range weather forecaster. Not only did he have a ship named after him, but also a beautiful mountain on the Kamchatka Peninsula. He died in 1938.

With

Captain Igor Stetsun
and his crew of 19 from St. Petersburg, Russia

Expedition Leader: Rolf Stange (Geographer), Germany

Guide/Lecturer: Dagný Indriðadóttir (Folklorist), Iceland

Guide/Lecturer: Ian Stone (Historian), Isle of Man

Purser: Juliette Corssen, Germany

Chefs: Jocelyn Wilson, New Zealand & Gerd Brenner, Germany

Doctor: Johannes Schön, Germany

24th May - Embarkation in Keflavík, Faxaflói Bay

4 pm: Position: 64°00N: 22°36W, partly sunny, strong wind.

Most of us arrived in due time for embarkation at 4 pm. on a blustery day in Iceland. Many anxious eyes were cast seawards but were consoled by the remarks that we overheard that the weather seemed to be improving! Our Expedition Leader, Rolf Stange from Germany welcomed us on board the *Professor Multanovskiy* and introduced the staff to us. Dagný Indriðadóttir was our link to the culture and folklore of Iceland while Ian Stone was....well no one was quite sure what he was to do but he purported to be an historian. Juliette Corssen from Germany was our hotel manager, and together with her two Chefs Jocelyn Wilson who came all the way from New Zealand, and Gerd Brenner from Germany, she would make sure that our stay on board



Professor Multanovskiy would be as comfortable as possible. We performed the mandatory lifeboat drill while we were still in harbour. At 7 o'clock we left the port of Keflavik and started our adventure, sailing due north, and heading straight out to sea. There was an immediate motion to the ship and this became more marked the further we proceeded on our course. Dinner was not fully attended and it was noticed that the attendance decreased as the meal proceeded until, by the time we got to the final course, only a few stalwarts were left.

25th May – Breidafjörður: Klofningur and Flatey, Látrabjarg

06.45 am: Position: 65°16' N: 23°10' W, 8 nm to Flatey, Air temp.: 3°C, sunny, light breeze

Rolf had warned of an early start to the day and sure enough the wake up call came at 6.45. During the night, the wind had calmed down and we had passed the Snæfellsnes peninsula. Those who were up early had a sensational view of an enormous arm of the sea dotted with islands and islets with the mighty Snæfellsjökull still visible, in snow covered majesty. This mighty glacier covers a stratovolcano that erupted some 2000 years ago for the last time. The morning was

sunny, bright as crystal and without wind. Surrounded by small islands only inhabited by a variety of birds *Professor Multanovskiy* anchored next to idyllic Flatey (ey=Island → "Flat Island") on which the first landing of the trip was to take place. First however, everybody gathered in the bar or in the lecture room for the mandatory zodiac briefing at which we received information on how to behave in these inflatable rubber boats that are such a vital part of expedition cruising. Then Dagný gave a short introduction to this once affluent island, which was a centre of commerce and culture for centuries. Today, however, only two families are left as permanent residents in this wonder of nature. Our first zodiac cruise took us around the very small island of Klofningur with its bright yellow lighthouse and large numbers of nesting kittiwakes and shags. We also admired the columnar basalt out of which the island was made.

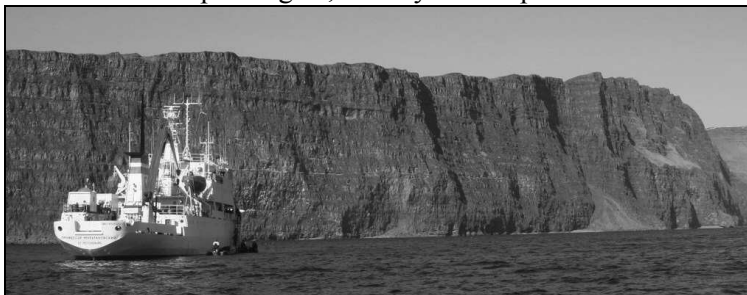


Just a short distance away we landed on a small beach on Flatey. We went along with Dagný, in the lead, towards the beautiful church, that not only is a part of the landscape but also relates to the island's history, that at times must have been tough. The church is approximately 100 years old with paintings from 1990 by the Spanish/Icelandic artist Baltazar Samper. The altarpiece depicts a modern Jesus with two local farmers. There is no minister on the island and services are only held on specific occasions such as when people who trace their ancestry back to Flatey celebrate a wedding. The

descendants of the former inhabitants of Flatey take pride in maintaining the old family houses in the little village on the northern side of the island, which is an idyllic spot to get away from everything. We spent around 2 hours walking around the island enjoying the fantastic weather and the myriad of different birds, which were to be heard all around - from the beautiful song of the Snow Bunting to complaining shrieks of the Redshank, not to mention the strange sound of the Common Snipe.

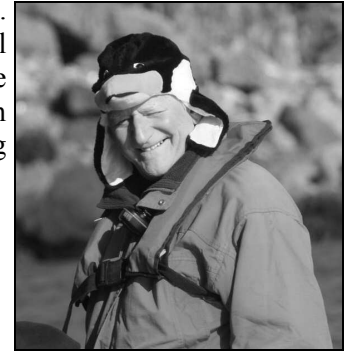
Well back on the ship we enjoyed lunch and a lazy afternoon that some decided to spend up on the bridge equipped with binoculars and cameras, on the lookout for birds and whales. Around five o'clock we arrived at Látrabjarg, the famous cliffs, where we had a wonderful zodiac cruise. These (up to 400 m app. 1200 ft) vertical cliffs house the largest mixed bird colony in Europe and the largest Razorbill colony in the world. The cruise was spectacular: thousands of Guillemots and razorbills on the water or flying close by and swarms of Kittiwakes higher in the air. Some Ravens were spotted soaring high above together with a lone Glaucous gull was ambling on the beach. When the first zodiac had disembarked its passengers, the cry went up that a whale had been seen some distance away.

The three boats waiting to unload immediately turned round and headed off at top speed towards the place where Leviathan had been seen. And our luck was in because we saw a pair of humpback whales and saw both of them dive displaying their





flukes in the process. When we were all safely on board we gathered for a recap in the bar after enjoying a wonderful dinner.



26th May – In the ice!! Between Iceland and Greenland

7.45 am: Position: 66°51N: 25°52W, 70 nm from Iceland and 150 nm to Greenland, 1,5 nm from the Pack ice, Air temp.: 1°C, Water temp.: 3°C thin fog layer



Rolf had announced that our destination today was to be the edge of the pack ice which lies at this season between Iceland and Greenland, and, depending on the state of the ice, as far within it as we could reach. Having only to cover 70 nautical miles to cover during the night we were in for a “late start”. The wake up call did

not come until 7:30 am – what a treat! Rolf could not hide the joy in his voice in announcing that the sea was flat calm and that while there was some fog, the sun was trying to break through! And indeed so it turned out. By 9am, after a hearty breakfast, all were out on the foredeck or in some other position of vantage observing the truly lovely and awe inspiring scene. The ship was surrounded by ice flows of all possible shapes and sizes, glimmering and shining in the crystal air. The first thing we noted was that there was much wildlife around. Not only did we see very many seals either in the water or resting on ice floes but there was a wide variety of birds. These included several Little Auks. This is a high Arctic species that does not frequent Iceland at all but which is quite commonly seen in the ice. We also noted that the ice was in great variety. In some places the floes were tightly packed. In some they were much looser. And in some they were hardly present at all. But all were white and with the beautiful blue sky and sea, the scene was one never to be forgotten.



During lunch, Rolf announced that we would aim for a zodiac excursion in the pack ice in the afternoon once we had found a suitable spot, one in which the icebreaking abilities of our zodiacs would not be too tested. There was a buzz of anticipation at this information but your scribe has to admit that more than one of us decided to snatch the possibility of a nap before we set off



rather than resume a watchful vigil on the foredeck or on the bridge!! When the call came there was a rush into the boats and we noted that there were two groups of two boats. Some of us wondered what was the reason for this. But once we had entered the ice it became immediately apparent. The ice was in continual motion and it would have been not impossible for a zodiac to have become embayed and trapped. Therefore travelling in groups of two

boats was a sensible safety precaution. But in fact nothing untoward occurred and we spent a delightful couple of hours just cruising around admiring the amazing variety of shapes that the floes had adopted. The colours were also very impressive; from crystal white to a wonderful pale view. Our drivers seized the opportunity to switch off their engines and we sat for a few minutes in the total silence which was only broken by the swishing of the sea as it rushed and gushed between the floes. Too soon it was time to return to the ship but on arrival we had a delightful surprise....hot chocolate on the foredeck!!

An hour or so later we had a recap on the day's events. Then dinner was called and we had yet another sumptuous meal which was followed by a night at the movies! The film was one provided by Dagny and was on the subject of the way of life followed by the farmers in the remote northern fjords of Iceland until rather recently. This consisted in pastoral agriculture, fishing, exploiting marine mammals and collecting driftwood for sale as planking. There is still one person engaged in this mode of life, which we all appreciated was hard but which, nevertheless, offered something that the lives of most of us lacked, namely an identity with nature.



27 May 2006 - Aðalvík and Hornvík

7.15 am: Position: 66°23N: 23°06W. Air temp.: 4°C, cloud cover and calm.

This morning we arrived at the fjord of Aðalvík. It was a beautiful calm day with just an occasional patch of blue in a cloudy sky. Rolf announced that we were to divide into two groups for our morning excursion. We landed and the two groups swiftly formed themselves depending on interests and fitness. Rolf and Dagný took a hiking group up the mountainside exploring, and they secured beautiful views. Ian took the birdwatchers for a stroll in the marshy area behind the beach where they secured excellent views of a flock of Whooper Swans, including seeing a courtship display, and saw a flight of Brent Geese. They also spotted Whimbrels, Golden Plovers and Red necked Phalaropes, that were swimming on a small pond. This very small bird is indeed somewhat special within the birdworld as the females are the more colorful and indeed also the ones that leave the caring both of eggs and chicks to the male immediately after having laid their





eggs. They also saw a number of Ravens and these were mobbed by Arctic Terns. After a wonderful morning we returned to the ship for lunch and headed to our next destination Hornvik. This is somewhat more dramatic than Adlavik but equally attractive. Enthusiasm was high for the hikes on offer and some people had difficulties deciding which hike to do. Rolf set out with some serious hikers to the top of Hornbjarg, which everyone survived and even enjoyed. They reached the top and really close to some of the birds, that until then

most of them had only been able to observe from below. Up there they had the honour of looking down on them instead and found to their surprise some Brunnich's Guillemots nesting there. Dagný and Ian went with the rest for a rather more leisurely stroll at the bottom of the bay. There, Kittiwakes were the main attraction as they were having their necessary baths in flocks. We were informed that the Kittiwake is the only seabird that cannot not survive without freshwater and we had good times watching these big flocks bathing, drying off or simply flying off. Both of the groups were on the outlook for the arctic



fox that is protected in the whole of the Hornstrandir Nature Reserve, and the sybaritic group actually saw one. Not for the first time, as Ian was heard to



mutter, those who opted for the more easy going excursion saw most!! Evidence of a thriving population was however, everywhere to be seen in the form of footprints crisscrossing the sand. Towards the end of the excursion Dagný's and Ian's group made a short zodiac cruise along the western side of the bay exploring the columnar basalt formations and circumnavigating an off shore stack.

After yet another recap Rolf briefed us for tomorrow.....and as this was to start at 5.30am most retired soon after dinner.

28th May – Kolbeinsey, Grímsey & Raudínúpur

7.15 am: Position: 66°49N: 18°15W, 77nm to Grímsey Air temp.: 4°C, grey and calm.

We were awoken from sound sleep at 05:30 this morning by Rolf's announcement that the island of Kolbeinsey was clearly visible on our starboard side. Ian had provided an introduction to this fabled island the evening before at recap and it is a testament to that gentleman's powers of persuasion (What!! Am I really reading this?? Ed.) that many of us actually got out of our beds to look at this most important piece of rock. Ian had stressed its importance in reference to the



Icelandic fishing limits and told us that it had been reinforced with concrete, in the form of a helicopter pad, some years ago, as the sea, and ice, is constantly eroding it, and making it smaller. It certainly did not look large and the concrete seemed to have been removed altogether in the storms of last winter. No doubt more will be placed on it this summer to prevent it from completely vanishing beneath the waves, with all the untold geopolitical complications that would ensue. Having seen this strategic rock we went back to our beds and were not disturbed again till 07:45 by Rolf's second wake up call, announcing yet another fine day and an estimated time of arrival for Grímsey at around 09:30.



Grímsey is the northernmost inhabited island of Iceland, and almost wholly depends on fishing. It is the only part of Iceland, which is partly north of the Arctic Circle. Maybe not exactly at the small monument strategically located close to the airport but none the less crossing the Island's northern tip. There are about 100 inhabitants with a surprising average age of around 25 years. Rumour has it that the men of

Grímsey go to the mainland to find wives to bring back while the women of the island go to mainland and end up staying there with their spouses. So much for that. We were more interested in the feathered inhabitants of the island and especially the puffins, having had little luck with them before. But before landing, which was scheduled for the afternoon, we had a wonderful zodiac cruise along the eastern cliffs in perfect conditions. The cliffs were teeming with birds, mainly the Common Guillemot, the Razorbill and the Kittiwake but there was also the odd Puffin and Fulmar to be seen, as well as a single Great Skua in the air probably scouting for easy prey.

We landed soon after lunch and had a wonderful time on this friendly island. We split up to follow our own interests. Many were keen to acquaint themselves, more closely than had been possible hitherto, with the puffins that seemed to be everywhere either flying around or sitting near to their burrows if not in them. Everybody got a great close up view and the best of opportunities to get good photographs. But those with more cultural interests (Ouch!! Who is writing this? Ed.) had ample to satisfy them. In particular the Church in Grímsey is a masterpiece of simple Lutheran architecture and seems to embody the spirit of the island, secure yet welcoming to strangers. We also appreciated the legendary skill of the local people at chess, the island having produced more Masters and Grand Masters per head of the population than anywhere else in the world. A wonderful visit and one never to be forgotten.



Late in the afternoon, when all were safely back on board, Rolf stressed the fact that we still had 35 nautical miles to go to our next destination Raudínúpur. During recap and dinner, our ship steadily ploughed the calm sea eastward, towards Raudínúpur, where we found ourselves a little after 20:30. Here we went for an after dinner zodiac cruise along the red cliffs and the great rock pillars of the northern tip. On these pillars we saw a gannetry. These truly remarkable animals are the largest seabirds of the North Atlantic with a wingspan of up to 1.80 m (6 ft.). Beautiful shiny



white wings with black wingtips and a yellow head. There were yet again plenty of Guillemots and Razorbills to be seen along with some Herring Gulls. The Gannets soared above us or sat stout on their nests, that some had proudly decorated by flashy pieces of nets. The trip back to the ship was.....interesting!! The boats were heading directly into the waves and the coming aboard at the gangway was tricky. But all made it safe and sound and before long all of us were sound asleep.

29th May – Héraðssandur, Álftavík & Borgarfjörður

7.15 am: Position: 65°41N: 13°42W, Air temp: 8°C. Sunny, breeze, some white horses.

During the night the ship moved to the wide and exposed bay named Héraðsflói on the north east coast of Iceland, where it was obvious to the meanest intelligence that no landing would be possible for two reasons. These were the swell at the gangway and the prodigious waves on the beach. Rolf had already announced that he had a plan B and we slipped into it effortlessly. Most of us were, in fact, still in our beds when this happened. Plan B was another 25 nm further south so we had time for our



usual hearty breakfast. The zodiacs were soon ready to depart for Álftavík, a very special place. At Álftavík there is a natural harbour so landings are ensured in all conditions. This was however a desolate place in a way, overgrown remnants of houses that no one seemed to have visited apart from some foxes and geese. We were told that until the early twentieth century there had been at the site a relatively big farm, with up to 15 people. The men rowing for fish whenever possible, leaving the basic farming to the women and children. On arrival in Álftavík, some of us finally saw the Harlequin Duck which definitely was a good start. We wandered around, taking in the ambience of the place, listening to birdsong and admiring the peaks. Two brave passengers defied the cold sea and had a dip in the harbour and managed to get warm again in the sunshine, before returning back on board. An hour or so later, a period that really seemed to have gone very fast, we returned, rather reluctantly, to our ship.

We continued to our next destination Borgarfjörður, a special little settlement, if only for the fact that in the middle of it, is the residence of the Queen of Elves!

Our first landing was in the charming village of Bakkagerði itself and we utilised a convenient pier for the purpose. We visited the Stone factory, Álfasteinn, where semi-precious stones are made into ornaments, and the small church with a beautiful altar painting by the Icelandic painter Jóhannes Kjarval. Kjarval was born in the area and painted this picture especially for this church.



The painting, not surprisingly, shows Jesus in the magnificent surroundings of the area. One can easily recognize the mountains, but not so easily the people. Some of us went to visit the elves on the Elf hill, but none of us had any intimate contact with those strange beings. We saw some dried fishheads in this one place and wondered why that was. The explanation was that these are exported to some African countries for consumption.

Then we embarked in the zodiacs in order to study the wildlife of the area. Mostly we saw Eiders but finally we got to this point where there were several Harlequin Ducks and amongst them a single Steller's Eider which

flew away on our approach. Steller's Eider is a north Pacific species and this one has been living in this particular part of Iceland for several years. It lives with Harlequin Ducks and probably thinks it's one of them. It might even be the only Steller's Eider in Iceland so it's a really rare bird!



We then called in at Hafnarhólmi, approximately half way back to the ship. At this location there is an eider farm where there are about 2000 nests. The farmer of Höfn harvests the nests for the down and from 60 nests on average he will get 1 kg of Eiderdown, which seems like a lot of work since everything is collected by hand. We also observed many other birds on a small hill on which a convenient boardwalk has been constructed to assist the visitor.

No sooner had we arrived back on the ship than we heard the dulcet tones of Ian announcing in poor English and simply atrocious German and French (An accurate assessment of that gentleman's abilities at last!! Ed.) that there would be a BBQ on the foredeck. What a feast the chefs had prepared for us, and the pleasure was enhanced by the really wonderful weather: a cloudless blue sky, warm zephyrs and clear sun . A very good thing about the occasion was that some of the crew joined us so finally we got to see these guys that make sure the ship is running properly. No sooner had we finished eating than we found ourselves dancing to Russian disco music that at some stage changed into the good old ABBA. There we were on the fore deck dancing away until the late hours.



30th May – Skrúður & Papey

06.30 am: Position: 64°54N/ 13°25W, Air temp: 6°C. Sunny, very calm, some swell.



In the early morning the *Professor Multanovskiy* dropped anchor at the tiny island of Skrúður and after an early breakfast we got ready for a zodiac circumnavigation of this wondrous place. The weather was perfect, clear and sunny as we have

become used to on our voyage. The island has thousands of birds, and in places therefore the colour has turned white from their droppings. The main attraction was the Gannets, of which there are around 3000 nesting at the top of the island. These big birds were to be seen soaring above our boats some even with something in their beaks, nest material or food, even perhaps a piece of green netting. Lower on the rock the Kittiwakes huddled on their nests, often in pairs. One wonders how they manage to sit there so tightly together as there does not seem to be a lot of space to start with. Yet somehow they do not fall off or have any troubles taking off or landing at their little niches. Lower still the Guillemots huddled all together in a single row it seemed on their shelf, looking slightly chaotic but these birds simply lay their eggs on the rock, not making things difficult by building nests.



Last but not least, the Puffins certainly have made holes in the little soil that there is on this rock and could be seen ambling along near their burrows. The north face of the island was astounding, marvelous columnar basalt with the intense green color of the scurvy grass. Despite the swell, yes it was indeed considerable, we had a joyful cruise and everyone got back on board without any problems.

We then headed south to the island of Papey, in continual perfect weather. The island is named after the Irish monks that may have inhabited certain places in Iceland before the Vikings arrived on the scene, but those were called Papar. We got to the island at around one in the afternoon and wandered over the island with a local guide from the little town of Djúpivogur, the closest settlement on the mainland. Papey is one of the places believed to have housed Irish monks in the early days, but despite some excavations by the former president of Iceland, Kristján Eldjárn, who was an archeologist, clear evidence of their presence has not been found on the island. He did excavate the ruins of a house, which date back to 800 – 1000 BC, but even if it must have



been a house very different from the ones the settlers built there is no concrete evidence if it ever belonged to the Irish monks. These ruins were a part of our very interesting visit to the island. Papey was a perfect place for farming as there was always enough food to be had. If not the eggs or the birds, then the seals and of course the sheep but the island can

accommodate up to 80 sheep, that not only eat the grass but also kelp on the beaches. The farmers of Papey more often than not were rich persons, which often created legends as to there having been some sorcery in how they became so rich. Who knows what they might have been up to out there on their isolated island?

We spent two hours on the island strolling around the hills and rocks enjoying the stories of the elves, their castle and even their church, as well as all the thousands of sea birds that by now are so familiar to us. The intrepid ascended the lighthouse from which a sensational view of the mainland coast and the snow covered mountains behind it could be seen. Once there was a farm on the island of which only the farmhouse is left. The granddaughter of the last farmer (and hence owner of the land) still comes here during the summer with her family and lives in the old farmhouse. Just next to the farm lies a very small church which is some 200 years old, that was indeed a charming place despite the fact that not all of us fit in there. It was nice to imagine how services must have been during the years that people lived on the island. But we had yet another destination on our agenda and a good 200 nm to go, so we returned to our ship and headed for the Vestmannaeyjar islands.

31st May– Vestmannaeyjar

07.15 am: Position: 63°28N/ 20°15W, Air temp.: 09°C, strong breeze, cloud cover, rough sea

During the night we all felt that the wind had increased and that the vessel had become much more lively than had been the case hitherto. And we were not surprised when, on arrival at Heimaey, the capital of the Vestmannaeyjar islands, Rolf announced that there would be no zodiac operation because of the weather. But *carpe diem* seems to be the motto of expedition leaders and the opportunity was seized to have the disembarkation briefing in the hope that the weather might clear up sufficiently for us to enjoy the scenery of the southern islands later in the day. We left our anchorage at about 10am and headed south. But in the meantime we were able to observe the little fishing town of Heimaey. This is a neat little town that has recovered from the unexpected eruption in 1973, where a whole new mountain was formed, the Eldfell. The eruption started in the middle of the night and as luck would have it, almost the entire fleet was in the harbor and everyone could be evacuated on to the mainland. The eruption lasted almost six months and soon after the first inhabitants returned, some to find their houses completely destroyed by the lava. Whether the fact that sea water had been pumped on the lava in order to try and stop its flow had any influence in the matter is not known, but at least the flow stopped without destroying the harbor. Today there are approximately 5000 people living in the town.

We headed south and threaded our way through the archipelago, the islands appearing as ghostly peaks wreathed in mist on either side. The scene was universally grey: sea, sky and rock being mere shades of the overall colour. The aim of our voyage was the famous island of Surtsey. This is the youngest island in Iceland. It was formed during eruptions in the years 1963 to 1967. The first eruption came as a complete surprise to most people. Soon it was clear that a little island was in the making and from the start it was decided that it should be protected completely and was declared a



nature reserve to which only scientists would have access. Surtsey provided an excellent opportunity to study the processes at work when and how new ecosystems are formed and from the beginning the evolution of flora and fauna has been monitored. We arrived at Surtsey and due



to the swell it was decided to let a circumnavigation by the *Professor Multanovskiy* suffice. Everyone got a good look at the island and once our ship had set course for Keflavík harbor we went down below and watched the film, *Surtsey 30 years after* that gave us some insight into the formation of this volcanic island. One last exciting event of the journey was

to happen in the afternoon when Juliette called us to the bar to settle our bills. Before dinner, Rolf invited us for the very last briefing of the trip. He thanked all the people who had indeed worked hard to make this trip as successful as it actually had been. Above all, on behalf of all of us he thanked Captain Igor Stetsun and his crew of 19 for all their efforts. After a wonderful farewell dinner, that Jocelyn and Gerd managed despite the slight rolling, Rolf came out with the last card he had up his sleeve when he showed us some photos he had taken on this trip. A nice way to sum up the whole thing with all the various experiences, observations and pleasures. Later in the evening we passed Eldey, a tiny island off the southwest tip of Iceland. This island has special interest for birders as not only does it house the second largest Gannet colony in the world with approximately 16.000 nesting pairs, but it was also the place where the very last Great Auk was killed in 1844, although there have been a few claimed sightings since. The Great Auk was a large flightless bird looking somewhat like a mixture of a Razorbill, a Guillemot, and a penguin (although not related to penguins at all).

1st June – Keflavik

07.30 am: Position: 64°00N/ 22°33W, Air temp: not too warm, Water temp: somewhat fresh.

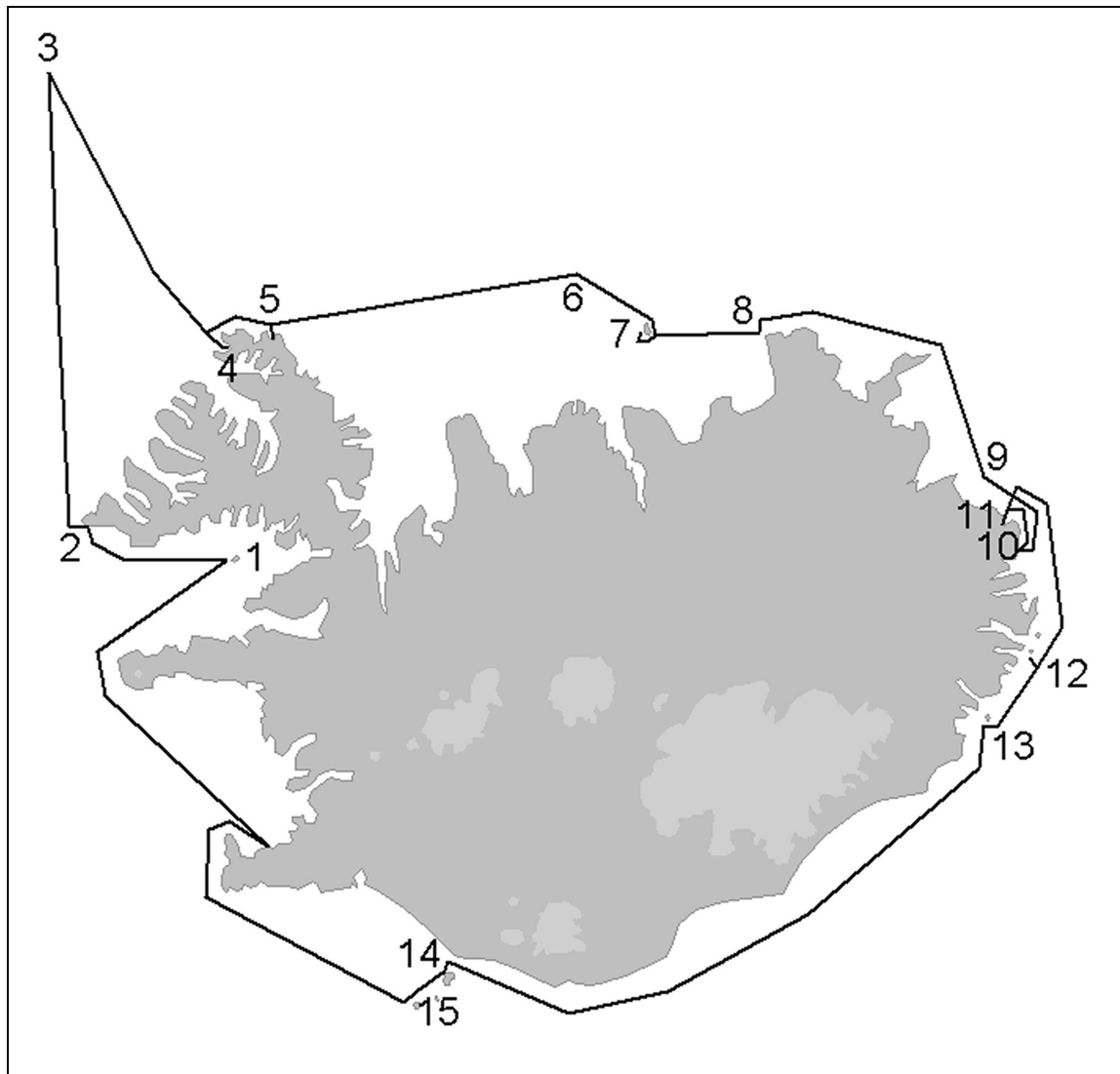
Many of us departed after an early wake up call and breakfast, others had some more hours of sleep until we had to say goodbye to all our new friends and to the good ship *Professor Multanovskiy*, which had been our home for 8 exciting days.



Thank you all for your spirits and for joining us on this journey to the remarkable island of Iceland.

We all hope to see you again soon somewhere near the poles!

For further information, please visit www.oceanwide-expeditions.com



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|---------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Flatey | 6. Kolbeinsey | 11. Borgarfjörður |
| 2. Látrabjarg | 7. Grimsey | 12. Skrúður |
| 3. Ice | 8. Rauðinúpur | 13. Papey |
| 4. Aðalvík | 9. Héraðsflói | 14. Heimaey |
| 5. Hornvík | 10. Lotna/Alftavík | 15. Surtsey |

**Total mileage of our voyage from Keflavik to Keflavik:
1100 nautical miles = 2037 km = 1266 statute miles**

			May							
	Birds		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	Northern Gannet	Basstölpel	3	10			1000		1000	1000
2	Great Cormorant	Kormoran				2				
3	European Shag	Krähenscharbe		40						
4	Whooper Swan	Singschwan				28				
5	Greylag Goose	Graugans		8				4	2	
6	Pink-footed Goose	Kurzschnabelgans				5		2		
7	Brent	Ringelgans		7						
8	Mallard	Stockente		10		2		4		
9	Northern Shoveler	Löffelente							2	
10	Green-winged Teal (<i>crecca</i>)	Krickente		2						
11	Common Eider	Eiderente		80	5	160	250	900	150	
12	Steller's Eider	Scheckente						1		
13	Harlequin Duck	Kragenente						25		
14	Long-tailed Duck	Eisente			1		2	9		
15	Oystercatcher	Austernfischer		10		1	4	3	4	
16	European Golden Plover	Goldregenpfeifer		1		8	15	10		
17	Ringed Plover	Sandregenpfeifer		6		44	10	4		
18	Whimbrel	Regenbrachvogel				4		3	1	
19	Black-tailed Godwit	Uferschnepfe				2				
20	Redshank	Rotschenkel		12		3	6	15	3	
21	Common Snipe	Bekassine		30			20	14	12	
22	Purple Sandpiper	Meerstrandläufer		8						
23	Dunlin	Alpenstrandläufer				12	1	1		
24	Red Knot	Knutt		1						
25	Sanderling	Sanderling				1				
26	Ruddy Turnstone	Steinwälzer		4		1	1	6		
27	Red-necked Phalarope	Thorshühnchen		22		2	1	2	10	
28	Pomerine Skua	Spatelraubmöwe			8					
29	Arctic Skua	Schmarotzerraubmöwe		1		2		1		1
30	Great Skua	Grosse Raubmöwe	1			1	3	15	1	55
31	Iceland Gull	Polarmöwe			1					
32	Common Gull	Sturmmöwe				1				
33	Herring Gull	Silbermöwe						1	1	
34	Lesser Black-backed Gull	Heringsmöwe	20				1			
35	Great Black-backed Gull	Mantelmöwe		40	1	21		2	5	10
36	Glaucous Gull	Eismöwe		2	5	14	12	8	2	
37	Black-headed Gull	Lachmöwe				4		5	5	
38	Black-legged Kittiwake	Dreizehenmöwe	35	600	300	6000	9000	2000	5000	1000
39	Arctic Tern	Kustenseeschwalbe	10	400	120	12	225		20	25
40	Razorbill	Tordalk	10	2000			20	10	15	
41	Brunnich's Guillemot	Dickschnabellumme	10		90	4000	100		30	
42	Common Guillemot	Trottellumme		2000		200	8000	8	9000	200
43	Black Guillemot	Gryllteiste		35	12	18	1	30	20	
44	Little Auk (Dovekie)	Krabbentaucher			79					
45	Atlantic Puffin	Papageitaucher	12	200		26	2000	500	2000	200
46	Meadow Pipit	Wiesenpieper		14		11	12	10	3	
47	White Wagtail	Bachstelze		8		2	4	1		
48	Northern Wheatear	Steinschmätzer		2		12	1		1	
49	Redwing	Rotdrossel		3				15		
50	Snow Bunting	Schneeammer		2	1	4	6	4		
51	Common Raven	Kolkrabe				2	1	2		
	Total Daily Species	Artenzahl pro Tag	8	30	12	32	26	32	23	8

			May							
			24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	Mammals	Säugetiere								
1	Arctic Fox	Eisfuchs				1				
2	Harbor Seal	Seehund				1		1		
3	Ringed (Hair) Seal	Ringelrobbe			45					
4	Bearded Seal	Barbierrobbe			1					
5	Gray Seal	Kegelrobbe		3						
6	Harp Seal	Sattelrobbe			22					
7	Hooded Seal	Klappmütze			15					
8	Seal <i>sp</i>	Robbe (Art unbekannt)			15					
9	Humpback Whale	Buckelwal		2	5					
10	Minke Whale	Zwergwal		1						
11	White-beaked Dolphin	Weißschnauzendelphin		18						
12	Harbor Porpoise			2						

Species list compiled by Debra Shearwater and Donald Doolittle

This triplog was written by Ian in cooperation with Dagny. Debra Shearwater and Donald Doolittle compiled the species list. Rolf added photographs (all taken during our voyage), the map and some final mistakes.

The Sleeping Bag

There seems to be a difference of opinion amongst us as to the most satisfactory way to use a sleeping bag. It may almost be said that there are 'sides' on the subject, hence the following:

On the outside grows the furside, on the inside grows the skinside;
 So the furside is the outside, and the skinside is the inside.
 As the skinside is the inside, and the furside is the outside;
 On side likes the skinside inside, and the furside on the outside.
 Others like the skinside outside, and the furside on the inside;
 As the skinside is the hardside, and the furside is the softside.
 If you turn the *skinside* outside, thinking you will side with *that* side,
 Then the soft side, furside's inside, which some argue is the wrong side.
 If you turn the *furside* outside, as you say it *grows* on that side,
 Then your outside's next to the skinside, which for comfort's not the right side;
 For the skinside is the cold side, and your outside's not your warm side,
 And to cold sides coming side-by-side, are not right sides one side decides.
 If you decide to side with *that* side, turn the outside, furside, inside.
 Then the hard side, cold side's, outside,
 beyond all question, *inside-outside*.

By

Mr Herbert Ponting

Photographer with Scott's last expedition.