



OCEANWIDE
EXPEDITIONS

South Spitsbergen

19-26 October 2008

on board

S/V Noorderlicht



The *Noorderlicht* was originally built in 1910, in Flensburg. For most of her life she served as a light vessel on the Baltic. Then, in 1991 the present owners purchased the ship and re-rigged and re-fitted her thoroughly, according to the rules of 'Register Holland'. *Noorderlicht* is 46 metres long and 6.5 metres breadth, a well-balanced, two-masted schooner rig that is able to sail all seas.

With:

Captain:	Gert Ritzema (Netherlands)
First mate:	Renske Ritzema (Netherlands)
Second mate:	Elisabeth Ritzema (Netherlands)
Chef:	Sonja Berkel (Niederlande)
Expedition leader:	Rolf Stange (Germany)

And 19 brave polar explorers from Australia, France, The Netherlands, Slovenia, The United Kingdom and The United States

19 October 2008 – Longyearbyen

Position at 1700: 78°14'N / 15°37'E. Calm, -2°C

The first bit of arctic soil that we set our feet on was the the runway of the little airport near Longyearbyen and there we met by our fearless leader, Rolf Stange from Germany, who was easily identified thanks to a *Noorderlicht* life ring. Soon we were on a bus on the way to the high arctic metropolis of Longyearbyen, where we still had some hours time to explore the settlement with its various excitements such as museum, supermarket, cafes and restaurants. Most of us finally congregated in a little Cafe called Fruene (Norwegian: "The women") and so we already got to know some of our group on the way to the harbour.

Near 1700, we boarded the *Noorderlicht*. We moved into our cabins, stored our luggage away and then met with the friendly crew. Captain Gert and Rolf welcomed us once again, introduced the ship and her crew, gave us some information about life on board and about some important safety issues. We had a good look around – everything on board the *Noorderlicht* seemed to breathe a spirit of adventure and tradition, but was very purpose-serving at the same time.

Soon, the firealarm was sounded – neither the engine room nor our dinner were going up in flames and smoke, it was only an exercise, and out on deck we were met by our first mate Renske who gave us some more instructions and information about the ship.

Finally it was time to try what our chef Sonja had prepared in her little gally. We realised soon that the mealtimes were really something to look forward to, three times every day. In the meantime, we sailed out into Isfjord. Our high-arctic adventure was about to begin!

We had an easterly breeze, so as soon as we left Adventfjord and entered the larger Isfjord, some sails went up and we set course for Ymerbukta, almost due west, on the north side of Isfjord.



Setting sail: the adventure is about to start.

20 October 2008 – Isfjord. Ymerbukta, Alkhornet

Position at 0800: 77°46' N / 14°34' E. Clear, calm, -5°C

We had spent a calm night at anchor in Ymerbukta and started the day with a *Noorderlicht*-style breakfast. Named after a giant in Norse mythology, Ymerbukta had a beautiful glacier called Esmarkbreen. We found the tundra in Ymerbukta snowcovered just as the whole island probably was by now – the arctic summer was really over – but this made the whole impression just more dramatic, it felt indeed very appropriate for this environment.

Dressed with every warm layer we possibly could, we

went ashore on the western side of Ymerbukta, to ascend the moraine that the glacier had left behind more than 100 years ago. The ground was frozen solid and mostly snowcovered, but as far as it was exposed, we saw that it consisted of a colourful mixture of all possible rock types, from sedimentary over magmatic (granite etc.) to metamorphic (gneiss, schist, ...) – a nice, natural open air museum of the regional geology.

It was a bit of a climb, but the reward waited on the highest point of the moraine in shape of a stunning view of Ymerbukta. The cloud cover and the snowy surface made for a strong black-and-white impression of the whole landscape, other colours were rather scarce. A group of eight reindeer was seen on the snow-covered tundra at a distance, trying to find some vegetation, and suddenly a Polar fox appeared on a little hill a few hundred metres ahead of us.

We continued down to the coast towards Esmarkbreen, to a bay where we found pieces of glacier ice on the shore. A walk along the coast brought us back to the landing site, where Elisabeth soon picked us up. It could not be denied that most of us were quite happy to get inside to warm up again.

As soon as we were all back on board, the anchor went up and the *Noorderlicht* sailed deeper into Ymerbukta, towards the glacier Esmarkbreen, until we had a distance of only a few hundred metres to the mighty ice cliff. Light snowfall had started, and the whole scenery had a bit of a mystery atmosphere about it. The blueish colours of the ice came nicely through, and we were even greeted by a seal that was swimming at a reasonable distance for some nice views, it was most likely a Ringed seal.

During lunch, we repositioned just around a corner to Trygghamna, the next small fjord further west, on the northern side of the Isfjord entrance. The original name was Behouden haven, Dutch for Safe harbour or Trygghamna in Norwegian, a name given by whalers during the 17th century as they found this bay very conveniently protected against the frequent westerly winds of this area. Less so against today's more easterly winds, but this did not keep us from going ashore on a beach not far from a relatively modern hut. Everything was snowcovered, and we could just imagine some mighty mountains not far behind the coastline, occasionally becoming visible behind the snowfall.



Ascending the moraine of Esmarkbreen.



Old trapper hut under the mountain Alkhornet (Trygghamna).

We walked towards the hut and had a look at it, it belongs to the Sysselmannen (Governor) and is inhabited by field police during the summer season. Behind it, there was a moraine ridge towering above a little coastal cliff. We found a way towards the coast further south, which opened into a wider plain with a relatively rich tundra, fertilized during the summer by a near-by bird cliff on the mountain Alkhornet, but now there were no birds and the

green of the tundra had given way to the white of the snow. We went out to a point with a little, rocky hill for the overview and then headed back towards the ruin of an old trapper's hut that dates into the early 1920s. The original idea was to be picked up from this place, but it was high water and the small beach had completely disappeared, and the waves smashing into the rocks were not exactly a very attractive prospect. Rolf decided to walk back past the Sysselmannen's hut to the original landing site. The snowfall got more and more intense, and light conditions were already twilight rather than daylight, so when we were all back on board around 1630, we found that we had made full use of the day as much as the astronomical frame conditions of the season allowed.

The wind was supposed to decrease during the night, so we headed out of Trygghamna and Isfjord towards Bellsund. Dinner was delicious, and afterwards we met to discuss some of today's observations and our plans and hopes for tomorrow with Rolf.

21 October 2008 – Bellsund: Midterhukhamna, Van Keulenfjord: Ahlstrandhalvøya

Position at 0800: 77°38'N / 14°46'E. Calm, partly cloudy, 0°C.

The passage from Isfjord to Bellsund had been nice and quite calm, until we had reached Midterhukhamna, a small, well-protected bay under the slopes of the mighty Midterhukfjellet.

Once we were ashore, we examined some rather strange tracks that looked as if something heavy had been dragged up over the snow from the shoreline. There was also a little bit of blood – a polar bear that had eaten a seal? The tracks were not very clear, so we would never know for sure. We then had a look at the remains of an old hunting station, a small wooden house cabin that was standing in the shelter of some rocks. It was a secondary hut, used occasionally during travelling rather than for living, and built in 1898, which made it one of the oldest of its kind in Spitsbergen. Next to it, there were remains of constructions that were even far older: houses and foundations of blubber ovens (the latter ones almost invisible under the snow) made it evident that this nice natural harbour had been used by whalers. Those in Bellsund were likely to be from England, who were active in these waters during the early and mid-17th century.

We then started a little stroll along the beach towards some rocks on the far end of the bay and further out to the point to investigate the impressive coastal landscape, an abrasion platform



Mirror images in small tidal lagoon at Midterhukhamna.

Polar explorer surveying Bellsund from Midterhuken.

created by heavy surf, on which some rock stacks that had survived marine erosion until today were still standing.

A little walk along the beach and up the ridge – crossing several fossil marine platforms, as Rolf told us – took us to the outer point on the western side of Midterhuken. From an elevated ridge, we enjoyed a nice view over the larger surroundings, including the island Akseløya and the entrance to Van Mijenfjord.



Old trapper hut from 1898, one of the oldest of its kind still existing. We were most likely the very last visitors to this historical site.

Finally, it was lunchtime and we made it back to the *Noorderlicht* in time for this event which all of us were looking forward to with an anticipation that was not to be disappointed.

During lunch, we repositioned deeper into Van Keulenfjord. The anchor went down near a peninsula called Ahlstrandhalvøya, and soon after lunch we went ashore on a steep beach. Passing some interesting pieces of driftwood, we walked between some outcrops of vertically standing sediment layers out to a point with several wooden whale boats from the 1920s that were

used by Norwegian hunters for White whale (Beluga) "fishing". The scenery was stunning, with Berzeliustinden south of us, a confusing set of small peninsulas and islands on the opposite side and a splendid mountain range north of Van Keulenfjord, displaying all stages of deformation due to tectonic movements linked to the opening of the North Atlantic (upper Cretaceous and lower Tertiary, starting 100 million years ago): in the east, the layers were horizontal, north of us they were sloping eastwards, and further west, near Midterhuken, they were forming a rather complicated pattern of various folds and curves.

Fresh polar bear tracks in the snow reminded us that we might actually not be alone in the area, and we were extra-careful when we entered an area with rocky hills where a bear might be



Landscape and history: impressions from Ahlstrandhalvøya.

sleeping behind any corner. The atmosphere was quite intense, but no bear showed up and we could continue our walk in peace towards the east, where the *Noorderlicht* had been anchored again in the meantime. A lonely reindeer tried to find some vegetation under the snow. To begin with, it let us come quite close, but then decided that it preferred the solitude and disappeared behind one of the hills. We continued along the beach towards a rather spacious and solid hut that was built by the Beluga hunters whose boats we had already found. On the beach near the hut, several large piles of White whale (beluga) bones were bleaching in the sun or currently rather under snow, an almost eerie testimony to the hunting activities in the early 1920s.

In the meantime, the sun had disappeared under the horizon and we went back towards the beach where we were soon picked up again – good timing, as it really started getting dark when we were all back on board.

Soon the anchor went up, and we repositioned around the corner into Recherche fjord, where the anchor went down again for a calm night. After another delicious dinner, we assembled to discuss tomorrow's plans, before we made some empirical investigations on the taste of Scotch Whisky and small pieces of glacier ice – an inspiring combination indeed.

Later during the evening, we all benefitted from the smokers practicing their bad habits outside, as they spotted several Bearded seals who had obviously been attracted by the lights of the ship, swimming between freshly forming bits of ice.

22 October 2008 – Bellsund, Recherche fjord: Recherchebreen – Lægerneset

Position at 0800: 77°30'N / 14°34'E. No wind, clouds, light snowfall, -2°C.

We woke up to a calm, slightly grey morning after a calm night at anchor in the inner part of Recherche fjord. After breakfast, we repositioned a few miles to the east, to the far end of the beach north of Recherchebreen, where all of us landed at 0930 – indeed all of us, as also the crew was joining us for a walk. During breakfast, we had prepared some sandwiches, as many of us intended to spend most of the day outside rather than going back on board for lunch.

We went ashore on a wide beach with an even wider, completely snow-covered plain of sand and gravel with some small lagoons, around which we went to get to the large lagoon that separated the plain from the glacier. Soon we had reached the outlet of the lagoon, which was under tidal influence and had thus brackish water. Most of the lagoon was actually frozen, only the part near the channel was kept open by the tidal current. Two bearded seals were resting on the ice near the edge, and soon we came across rather fresh tracks of a polar bear in the snow.

We climbed a little mound at the water edge, part of the former moraine, and scanned the whole scene from horizon to horizon, hoping to find the bear that had left the tracks. We also made good



"Iron mountain Camp", a failed attempt to exploit minerals in Recherchefjord.

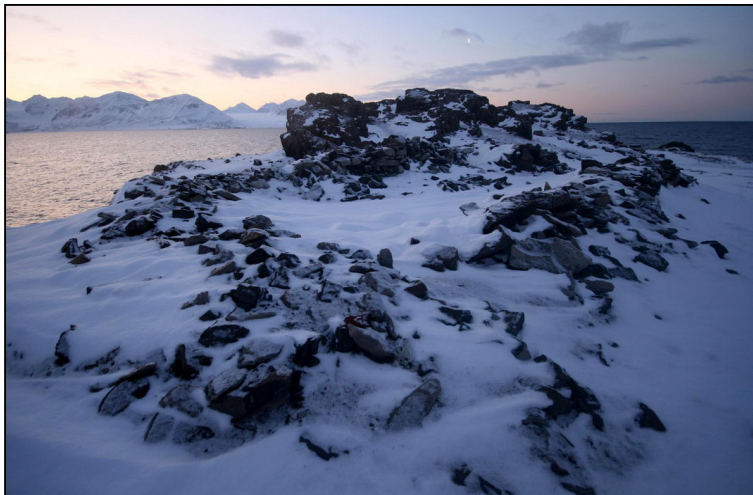
use of the rare fact that we had everybody ashore and took a group photo, before we split up into two groups. The crew and some more reasonably minded passengers walked back towards the Zodiac to take the opportunity for a little cruise into the lagoon. Everybody else continued with Rolf along the lagoon, climbing up and sliding down moraine hills in increasing numbers as we came closer to the glacier. Finally, we had reached a nice place with a good view over the whole lagoon and the ice cliff of the Recherche glacier. Tea, coffee and sandwiches were put to good use, while we were enjoying the view and trying to find that bear – according to the

density of tracks, at least 2000 out of the total population of 3000 bears in Spitsbergen (together with Franz Josef Land further east) had to be in Recherchefjord today. But none of them came into view.

After a good rest, we continued, but changed direction towards the beach, heading for the eastern side of the fjord. It took a while to reach the water's edge, which we followed until we reached an old hut, large but in obvious disrepair. As we were about to reach it, we suddenly spotted a group of White whales ("Belugas") very close to the shore! It turned out to be two small groups, three or four animals each, including young ones that could be identified thanks to their darker colour.

It was time again for another rest to recharge our batteries by emptying the remaining tea, while Rolf told us the story behind the hut. It was the British Northern Exploration Company (NEC) that had tried to establish an iron mine in 1918-19, but without success. In those years, the NEC and similar companies had been active in many areas of Spitsbergen, but Recherchefjord was obviously one of their favourite places: only the NEC established no less than four mining facilities in this relatively small fjord!

It was not long anymore until sunset (15.21), so we continued between some more moraine hills further northwards, walking over snow-covered tundra and some low rocky hills, until we reached the shore again near Lægerneset, where we found remains of a whaling station from the 17th century, probably used by English whalers. Foundations of several large houses, blubber ovens and a little graveyard could be seen – the latter one a grim sight: lonely graves on a lonely coast. Some large whalebones were sad



Remains of a whaling station dating into the 17th century at Lægerneset. Also here, we were very likely to be the last visitors to the site.

witnesses of the slaughtery that had taken place here in centuries of the past.

The sun had gone down in the meantime, but the sky was clear and the colours of incredible beauty, with shades from blue to orange and pink over snow-covered mountains in the west.

In the meantime, the *Noorderlicht* was anchored just off Lægerneset and Elisabeth came with the Zodiac to pick us up. Soon we were all back on board and enjoyed a well-deserved cup of hot tea or coffee, while we left Recherche fjord behind and set course for the northern coast of Bellsund.

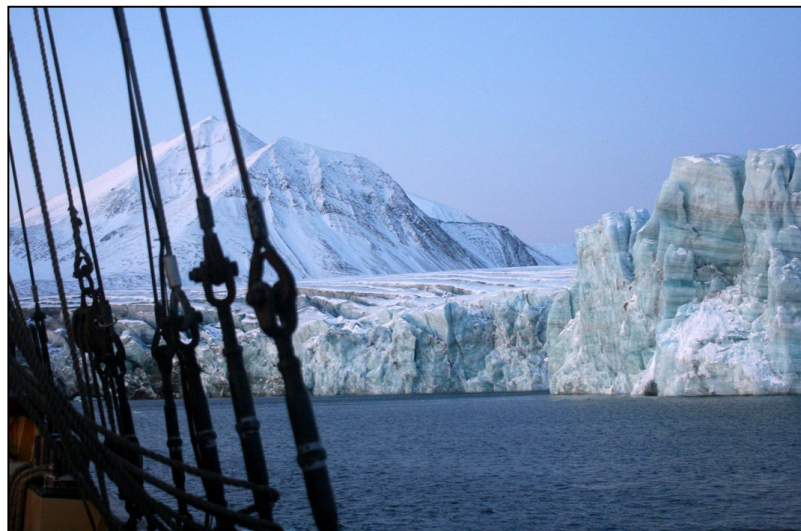
Dinner was interrupted by the first northern light (*Aurora borealis*) of our voyage, which turned out to be a very nice one, a strong, green curtain that stretched over large parts of the southern and western sky. The last official event of the day was the daily recap and briefing, where Rolf summarized the historical significance of Recherche fjord and the ecological importance of large whales, the stocks of which had been dramatically reduced in these waters during centuries of industrial whaling. We realized that the "untouched, pristine" Arctic was actually a myth – well, there could not be any doubt about that it was still beautiful to a degree that was almost painful.

During the evening, a beautiful sky with many stars and big Northern lights could be seen for a long time, and it got quite late for some of us tonight.

23 October 2008 – Bellsund, Van Mijen fjord: Fridtjovbreen – Vårsolbukta

Position at 0800: 77°45'N / 14°36'E. Calm, clear, -7°C.

We woke up to a beautiful morning in the calm, protected bay of Fridtjovhamna, the mighty calving cliff of Fridtjovbreen (-glacier) not far to the north, surrounded by some splendid mountain scenery. After breakfast, the anchor went up and the *Noorderlicht* moved towards the broken ice cliff of the glacier, which had filled the bay almost completely during a rapid advance ('surge') in 1996, but had retreated since



Noorderlicht at Fridtjovbreen.

then. Gert demonstrated a fine piece of seamanship by steering the vessel carefully around a small island not too far (but safely) from the glacier front, stopping the engine occasionally to give us enough time to enjoy the scenery in silence.

Near 09.30, we went ashore on the western side of the bay to walk out to a point near the entrance, on the far end of a narrow moraine peninsula. We found a wooden rack that had been used by hunters to hang up seals, out of reach for polar bears, and a makeshift boat made of metal barrels – we would certainly not have dared to use it in these icy waters.

Then it was time again to split up into two groups. The 'lazy' ones went with Gert back to the Zodiac. Getting back to the ship turned out to be an interesting operation, but with combined efforts, we made it well back on board. At the same time, the 'crazy' ones climbed a moraine ridge with Rolf to follow the coast to the west. Several rocky ridges made for a bit of up-and-down, making the walk slightly adventurous for those of us rather used to flat terrain. Views of the scenery were splendid, with the long Van Mijen fjord cutting deep into Spitsbergen towards the



A beautiful, arctic morning in Fridtjovhamna.

east, its entrance almost being blocked by the long, narrow island of Akseløya, behind which the beautiful Midterhukfjellet was rising. The sky was clear and the air cold, and all possible and impossible winter colours on display from horizon to horizon. Theoretically, the sun would have come out for a short while around mid-day, but it stayed behind a narrow stripe of clouds.

On a rocky point just north of Akseløya, we rested for a while, observing a cargo ship sailing through the narrow

strait between us and the island. The crew of the vessel, that came from the Norwegian coal mining settlement of Sveagruva in the innermost part of Van Mijenfjord, must have seen us, and wondering about a lonely group of wanderers in this cold and lonely landscape, they blew the ship's horn – a friendly salute, while we were enjoying some hot tea and coffee.

Some more rocky ridges remained to be climbed up and down, but the snow came in conveniently and allowed us to slide down, bringing childhood memories up again. We passed a small group of reindeer, who ran away to begin with, but would soon pay no further attention to us.

Finally, the coast opened to give way to a wide coastal plain. We reached to old huts, built by the Northern Exploration Company around 1920 to explore gold deposits that turned out to be non-existent. A nice place for another rest to finish the remaining bits of tea and coffee. The mighty Ingeborgfjellet, a busy birdcliff during the summer, was towering behind the huts, Bellsund stretching out to the south and the open coastal plain to the west was so wide that one felt quite lost in this huge landscape, so it came almost as a relieve when we saw *Noorderlicht* sailing through Akselsundet and towards us, slowly entering shallow Vårsolbukta with its wide sand beach further west. The last bit was not too long anymore. Although it was quite calm, the gentle swell of the open ocean made itself felt in shape of some surf on the beach, not too much, but enough to make some feet wet, and we were happy to warm up again on board – we had been out



Akseløya and Midterhukfjellet – hiking near Akselsundet.

for more than 6 hours in freezing temperatures, but it had been beautiful and every single moment had been enjoyable.

Soon, the anchor went up again, and we left Bellsund, turning north along the outer coast and heading for Isfjord. We soon felt the difference between a protected fjord and the open sea; actually, the short, steep waves came quite hard on us due to a combination of a current from the south and winds from the north. This interesting combination made the early evening a moving experience, and dinner enjoyed significantly less popularity tonight.



Camp Millar, an old mining camp in Vårsolbukta.

24 October 2008 – Isfjord: Barentsburg, Trygghamna

Position at 0800: 78°03'N /14°12'E. Calm, clear, -8°C.

Most of the night had actually been nice and calm again, with the calmly *Noorderlicht* alongside at the Russian mining settlement of Barentsburg. It was a cold morning, the thermometer had dropped well below zero and our good ship was covered with a layer of solid ice.

Barentsburg itself provided a strong contrast to the previous days that had brought nothing but pure wilderness. The area had been claimed by a Norwegian company in 1912, when Spitsbergen was still No Man's Land, but was sold to a Dutch company already in 1920, that passed the mine on to a Russian company in 1932. Finally, it became property of the Russian state-owned mining company Trust Arktikugol in 1933. Barentsburg had obviously seen better days in the past, during the years of the Soviet Union. A fire in the mine in early 2008 had put a preliminary end to all mining activities, which were not expected to be continued before the summer of 2009. There were currently no more than about 300 persons living in Barentsburg, including several families with children. The architecture was deeply rooted in socialist building tradition. For photographers, Barentsburg was currently much more attractive than



The anchor winch after a cold, stormy night.



Barentsburg: a piece of Russia in the Arctic.

for miners: Interesting photographic objects could be found everywhere, and the morning passed quickly. Rolf took us for a guided walk to tell us about the history, present and future perspectives of the place. Most of us soon repaired to the hotel bar to test Russian Tshai (tea); stronger drinks were also available and some of us ventured on a Russian-style toast with real Vodka. But we all managed to board the *Noorderlicht* again soon.

Not long after lunch, we made good use of the easterly breeze

and the sails went up into the fresh arctic air. We set course for our afternoon destination in Trygghamna, on the northern side of Isfjord, where we arrived shortly after 1400. It seemed ages ago that we landed near Alkhornet, on the western side of this bay, although it had actually just been on Monday afternoon, but the world was different now: much colder, but clear and beautiful. A cold breeze added to the effect of the temperature, and we were happy to start moving some minutes after our landing on the eastern side at the head of Trygghamna. We followed the beach for a while, walking over snow and a frozen beach, *Noorderlicht* sailing past us in moonshine. Tracks of a fox were standing out as the surrounding snow had been eroded by the wind. It was not even 4 p.m. but it was clearly about to get dark! After a while, we reached the coast near the new anchoring position of our floating home and were soon picked up again by Elisabeth. Again, it was nice to warm up again once we were back on board, but the colours and the polar atmosphere are beyond of what could possibly described with words by anyone whose poetic talents are any less than those of a Shakespeare – at least. Actually, you had to have seen the light and the snow-covered mountains and, just as important, you had to have felt the cold in order to have an idea.

There was still some time until dinner, so Rolf grabbed the opportunity to invite us for a little slide presentation about polar bears, who had certainly been near us but too lazy to show. He summarized interesting facts about this fascinating animal, the strength, hunting skills and



Beach holiday in Trygghamna. Evening light at 14.30!

adaptations to this harsh environment are legendary, but that is at the same time facing a rather uncertain future due to pollution with environmental toxins and habitat (drift ice) loss due to climate change.

In the meantime, Sonja had prepared another fantastic dinner, and the last official event, our daily briefing and recap, was later said to be followed by a long evening in the bar for some.

25 October 2008 – Isfjord: Borebreen

Position at 0930: 78°21'N / 14°21'E. Breeze from the east, -10°C.

In the early morning, the anchor went up and we sailed deeper into Isfjord to Borebukta. The passage was a bit choppy due to strong headwinds, and breakfast was received with slightly mixed enthusiasm. The bay Borebukta and the adjacent glacier Borebreen were named after *Boreas*, the cold, northerly wind. The area lived up to its name: the wind was indeed cold. The fact that it came from the east rather than from the north did not make much of a difference in that respect.



An arctic ship after an arctic trip.

Borebreen.



Today it was cloudy, and the wind blew the falling snow around the *Noorderlicht*. Instead of a walk over the snow-covered moraine in semi-darkness, wind, cold and reduced visibility, Rolf opted for a ship-cruise towards the mighty ice cliff of Borebreen. Snowfall got denser as we got closer, obscuring most of the landscape and providing an appropriate atmosphere of mystery and adventure over the whole scene. It was really cold and the weather reminded us of how lucky we had indeed been during the last couple of days, that had been calm and clear.

Finally, we turned and left Borebreen behind. Rolf gave us a short briefing about the logistics of the later afternoon and tomorrow, and then we still had some time for a little nap before lunch, while we sailed out into Isfjord with course for Longyearbyen.

In the late afternoon, many of us took the opportunity for a walk to Longyearbyen, before we enjoyed our last, good *Noorderlicht*-style dinner – this time, Sonja had indeed prepared something special for us!

In the evening, it was time to pack, although rumour had it that some of us went on to explore Saturday night life in the high arctic metropolis of Longyearbyen, hoping for some life music in the local clubs: it was the weekend of the "Dark Season Blues Festival".



26. October 2008 – Longyearbyen

Position at 0800: 78°14'N / 15°37'E. Weather: arctic.
Temperature: cold.

The last evening on board: "Gert's dinner".

It was hard to say goodbye to the *Noorderlicht*, that had been our home during an exciting week, her crew and our fellow passengers when a bus was ready to take us to Longyearbyen at 0900. There, we had some hours to explore the various excitements including the cafe of the Radisson Hotel, before it was time to board the airport bus at 1300. It was difficult to believe that within a few hours we should be back to the hazzle and dazzle of big city life in Oslo and soon elsewhere on earth, but most of us knew already now that this was possibly the first, but definitely not the last visit to the far north.

*Thank you very much for travelling with us!
Best wishes & see you again,
somewhere between the poles!*

Rolf made this triplog.

This triplog and the group photo can be downloaded from: www.Spitzbergen.de

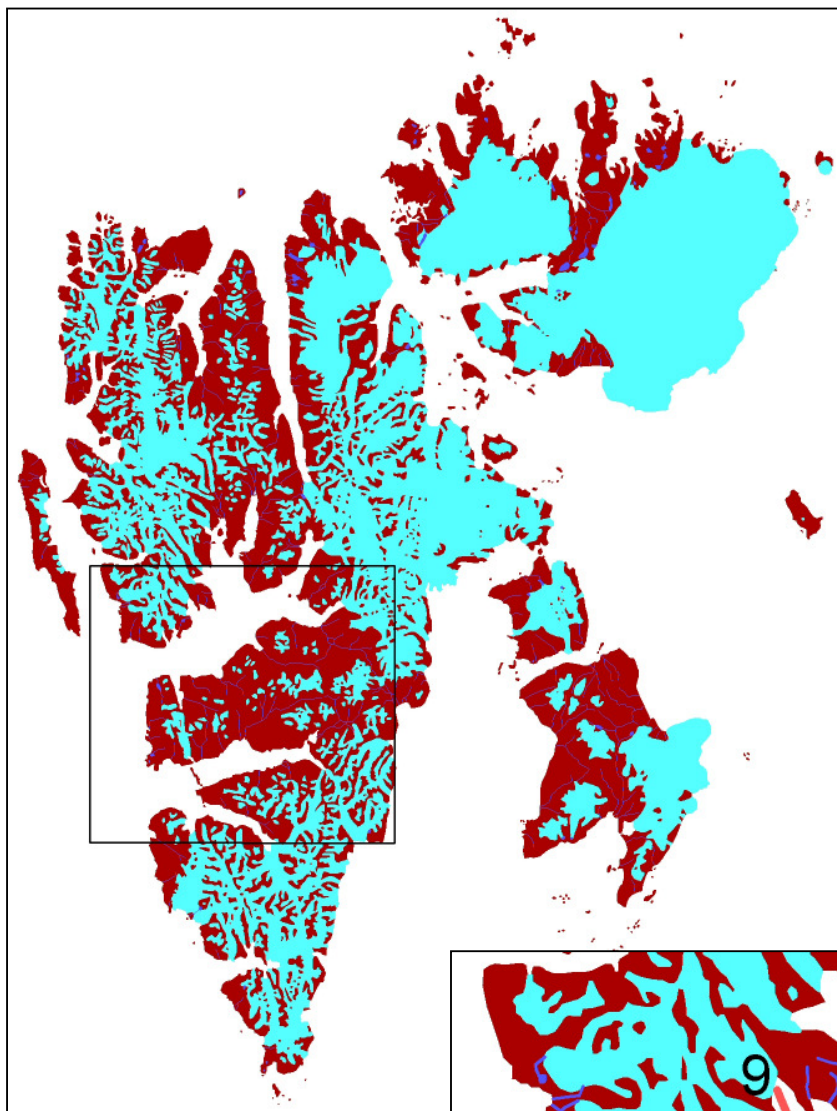
For more information, please see
www.oceanwide-expeditions.com
www.noorderlicht.nu

Sunrise and sunset:

Date	Position	Latitude	Longitude	Sunrise (UTM-1 = local time)	Sunset (UTM-1 = local time)	Sunlight hours
19.10.	Longyearbyen	78°14'	15°37'	09.53	15.32	5.39
20.10.	Ymerbukta	78°16'	13°57'	10.10	15.27	5.17
21.10.	Midterhukhamna	77°38'	14°46'	10.03	15.27	5.27
22.10.	Recherchefjord	77°30'	14°34'	10.11	15.21	5.10
23.10.	Fridtjovhamna	77°45'	14°36'	10.27	15.04	4.37
24.10.	Barentsburg	78°03'	12°50'	10.42	14.52	4.10
25.10.	Borebukta	78°21'	14°21'	-/-	-/-	0
26.10.	Longyearbyen	78°14'	15°37'	-/-	-/-	0



Passengers and crew of SV Noorderlicht in Rechercheffjord.



1. Ymerbukta
2. Alkhornet
3. Midterhukhamna
4. Ahlstrandhalvøya
5. Recherchebreen-Lægerneset
6. Fridtjovhamna-Vårsolbukta
7. Barentsburg
8. Tryggghamna
9. Borebreen

