

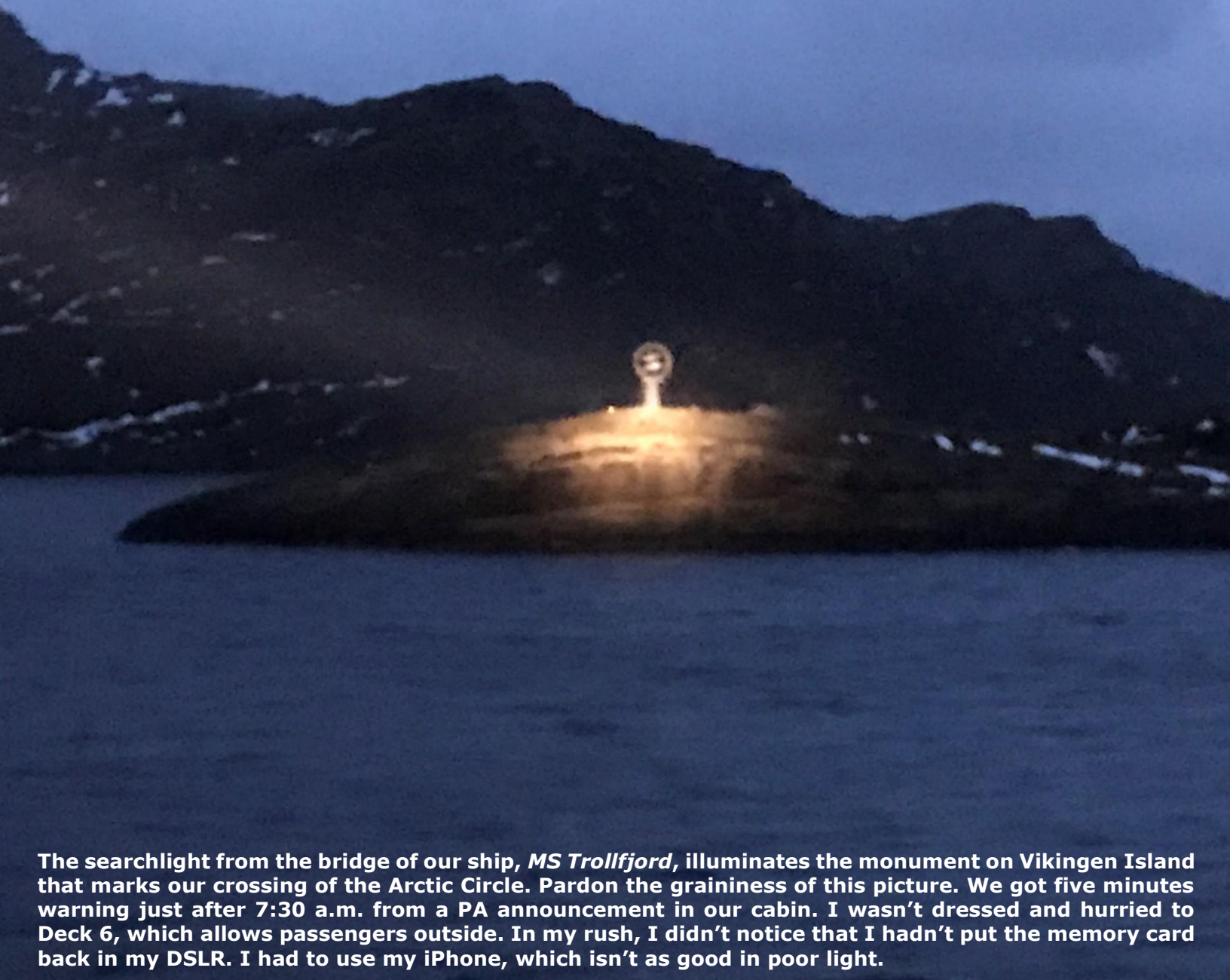
NORGE NEWS

Saturday 16 February 2019

Svolvær, Norway

66° 33' N

The Arctic Circle



The searchlight from the bridge of our ship, *MS Trollfjord*, illuminates the monument on Vikingen Island that marks our crossing of the Arctic Circle. Pardon the graininess of this picture. We got five minutes warning just after 7:30 a.m. from a PA announcement in our cabin. I wasn't dressed and hurried to Deck 6, which allows passengers outside. In my rush, I didn't notice that I hadn't put the memory card back in my DSLR. I had to use my iPhone, which isn't as good in poor light.

Where we are on Saturday 16 February

This map shows the positions of Hurtigruten's ships in our part of Norway at 2:30 p.m. (14:30) Central European Time on Saturday. Our ship, *MS Trollfjord*, dropped us off at 9 p.m. (21:00) Friday night in the fishing village of Svolvær, the largest community in the Lofoten (LOO-foo-ten) Islands. About a half-hour before docking, we passed the southbound *MS Finnmarken*, named for Finnmark, Norway's northeasternmost county bordering Russia. *MS Polarlys* ("polar lights," meaning Northern Lights), will pick us up at 8:30 p.m. (20:30) to take us back south to Bodø. Shortly after we sail, we should pass northbound *MS Kong Harald*, named for Norway's current king, and I'll try to get some pictures. Many ship names overlap in the inset map at the bottom right, but it gives you an idea of the coverage of Hurtigruten's coastal Norway service. For my Hamlet, N.C., friends, think of the Seaboard Railroad *Silver Meteor* and *Silver Star* daily passenger trains between New York and Miami in both directions. Places on the inset map are in the language of that country: Sverige = Sweden, Suomi = Finland, Eesti = Estonia, Latvija = Latvia, Lietuva = Lithuania. Russia is not named but the city written in the Cyrillic alphabet, Мурманск, is Murmansk. Just to the right of Helsinki is Saint Petersburg.



MS Trollfjord



MS Polarlys



LOFOTEN ARCHIPELAGO

Svolvær

Stamsund

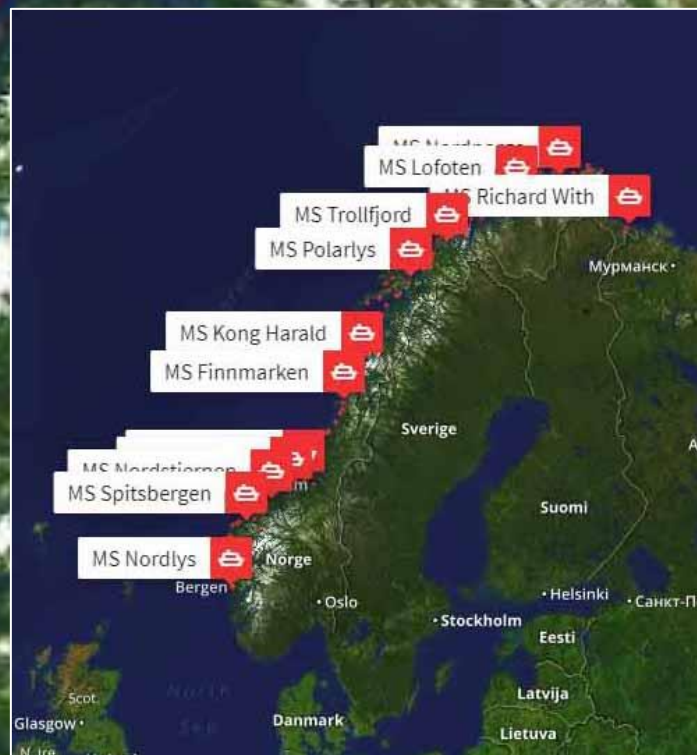
Bodø



MS Kong Harald



MS Finnmarken



68° 14' N

Svolvær, Norway

116 miles (186 km) north of the Arctic Circle

The Lofoten Islands are one of the most photogenic parts of a country designed by a Hollywood art director: fjords, razor-sharp mountain peaks, tiny villages of red- and white-painted houses packed together on scattered rock outcroppings in the Norwegian Sea surrounded by fishing boats and wooden cod racks to air dry the catch.

Our plans to see a bit of it plus the rebuilt structure of the largest Viking long house ever found were blown away by gale force winds behind morning rain and afternoon snow.

Roads were closed on the western side of Lofoten, facing the winds
– *Continued on next page*



The view from our hotel room at 5 p.m. Saturday (46 minutes after sunset), 16 February, looking at the Svolvær Sentrum. Temperature 34° F / 1° C, snow, wind southwest at 51 mph or 23 m/s.

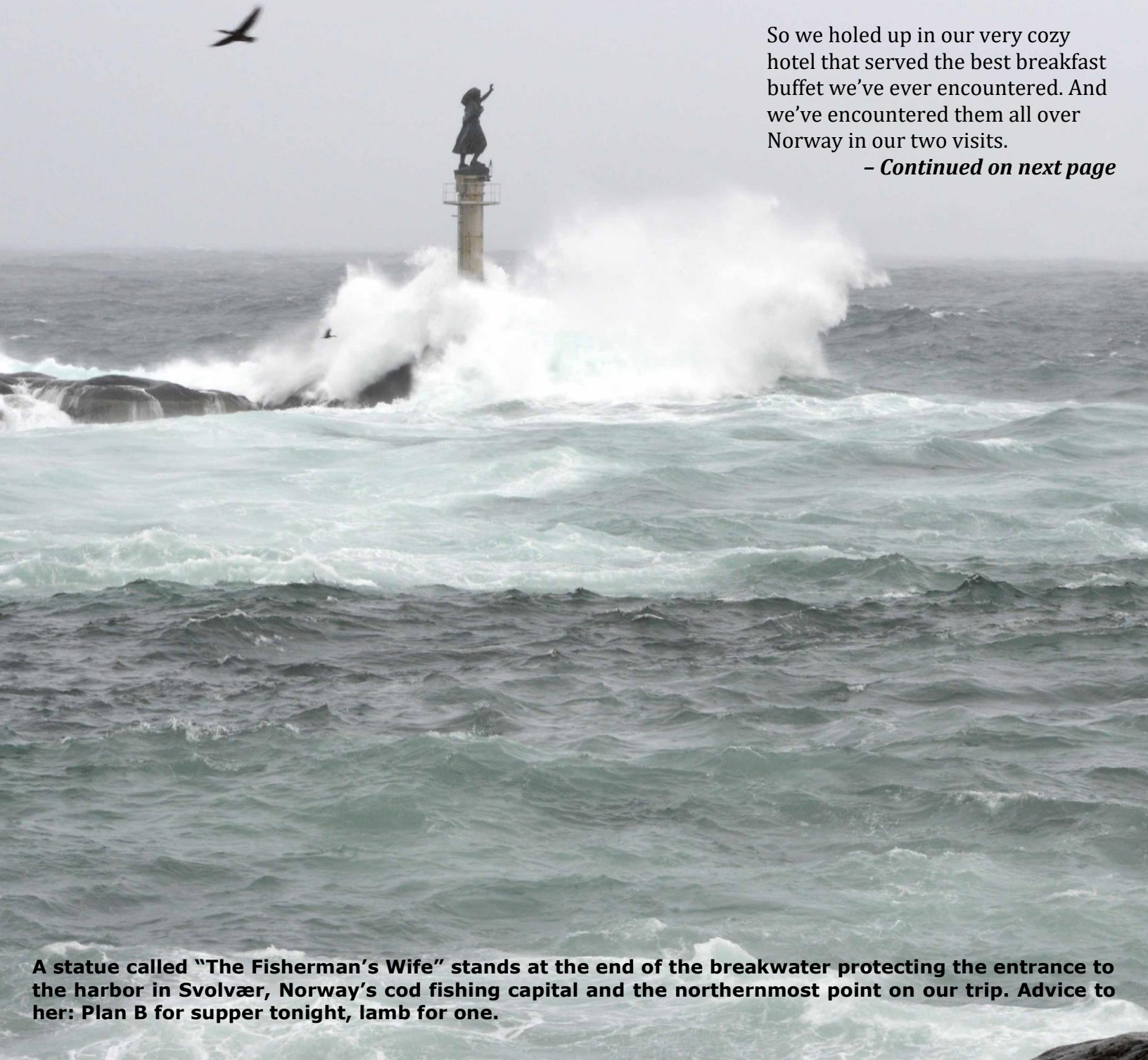
68° 14' N

– *Continued from previous page*
that came up from Scotland. The bridges connecting Henningsvær – a tiny village spread across a bunch of rocks and two things that could legitimately be called islands – to parts of itself and our island of Austvågøya were closed so that cars wouldn't be blown off or splashed away by waves.

I've heard many times from Norwegians that there is no bad weather, just bad clothes, but we brought plenty of them.

So we holed up in our very cozy hotel that served the best breakfast buffet we've ever encountered. And we've encountered them all over Norway in our two visits.

– *Continued on next page*



A statue called "The Fisherman's Wife" stands at the end of the breakwater protecting the entrance to the harbor in Svolvær, Norway's cod fishing capital and the northernmost point on our trip. Advice to her: Plan B for supper tonight, lamb for one.

68° 14' N

- Continued from previous page

Two kinds of smoked salmon, smoked whale, four flavors of smøre (smear, meaning butter) for a dozen kinds of hard and soft breads, seaweed omlettes, eggs scrambled, boiled (hard or soft) and fried, teas, coffees, meats from animals you'd love, those you wouldn't and those you didn't know were edible, cheeses, porridge, waffles, pancakes, sour cream, honey and more kinds of milk than one cow can make.

We haven't paid for a breakfast in the week we've been here. I'd guess about half the cost of a \$150 hotel room is invested in all-you-can-eat breakfast buffets.

I can subsist indoors on that.



The fishing fleet rests in Svolvær's øst havn (east harbor or port, lufthavn = airport) beneath the peak of Fløyfjellet (FLAY-f'yell-eh). It's 1,867 feet (866m) tall.



In stormy and treacherous times, people look to a higher power for certainty and security. Svolvær Church was built in 1934 and is one of at least 13 Lutheran churches on the Lofoten Archipelago.

