

Northwest Passage

Aboard *MV Greg Mortimer* | 25 August – 8 September 2022





Kangerlussuaq

DAY 1 | Thursday 25 August

Position at 0700

Latitude: 66°57'N

Longitude: 050°56'W

Course: Anchored

Speed: Anchored

Barometer: 1012

Air Temp: 8°C

Explore. Dream. Discover.

—Mark Twain

Today we arrived at the sunniest settlement in Greenland, Kangerlussuaq. It serves as the gateway to the Greenland ice cap as well as to the rest of the world. The majority of Kangerlussuaqs residents work in the tourism industry or at the airport. It's a region with many unique and beautiful places to discover.

As most of us enjoyed an exciting flight from Canada, our back-to-back passengers enjoyed a BBQ lunch at Ferguson Lake and a wonderful visit to the Reindeer Glacier. Glimpses of muskoxen and foxes were a big highlight throughout the day and many photos were taken and shared when back onboard.

The wind picked up late afternoon but relented just as the flight was landing. After a quick transfer to the port, the expedition team were ready to ferry us to the ship under a beautiful Greenland sun.

The warm and stable *Greg Mortimer* beckoned us on board, where we had a welcome buffet waiting and smiling stewards who kindly helped us navigate the decks to our cabins and settle into our "home away from home."

Onboard we are 116 passengers, 97 crew and 18 Expedition Team with a variety of specialities, including polar exploration, mountaineering, geology, botany, archaeology, history, cetaceans, marine biology, terrestrial biology, photography, medicine, and kayaking.

Quickly settled, Expedition Leader Flo invited us into the lecture theatre to welcome those who had travelled from afar to discover the beauty and history of the Northwest Passage.

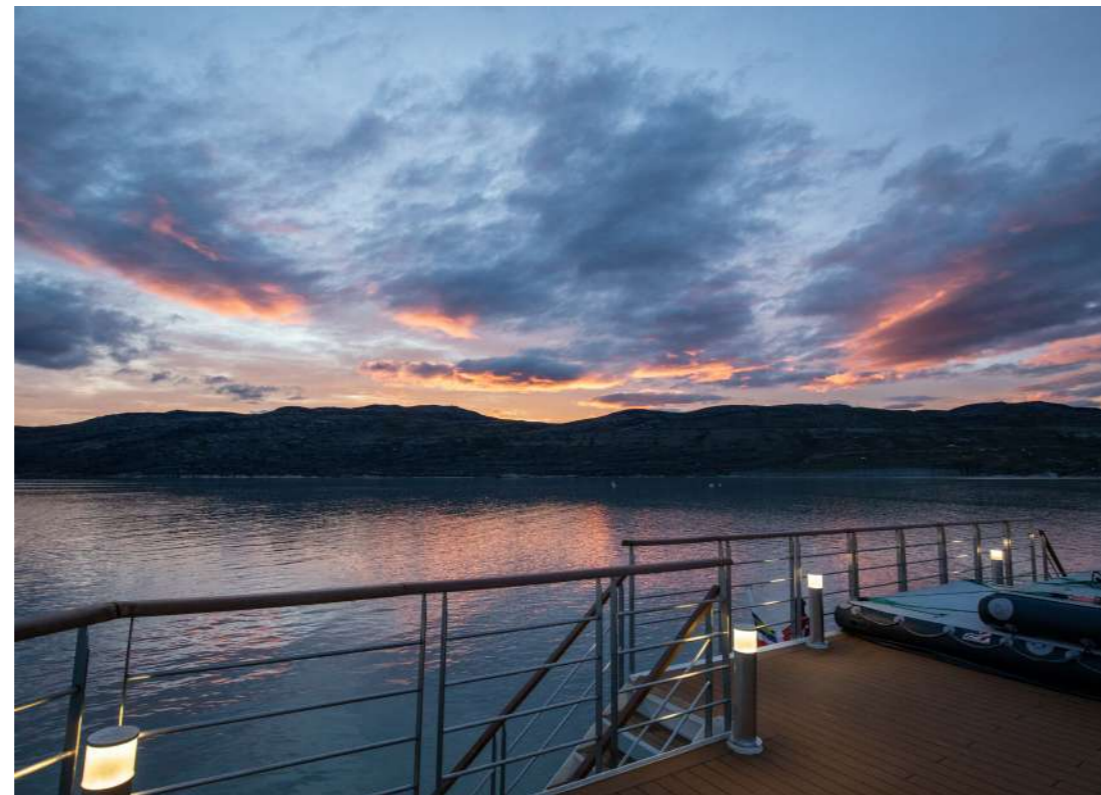
Justine and Patrice gave us some handy pointers about how life works onboard and Doctor Andres explained the health & safety protocols we will have during our voyage.

Despite the long day of travel, there was a definite buzz of excitement in the air!

Before dinner it was time for the all-important safety drill. Seven long blasts and one short blast of the ship's horn signalled us to grab our bulky orange lifejackets, our beanies and warm clothing, and muster in the lecture theatre. We followed our crew up to Deck 7 where the polar class life vessels sit (they can hold 136 people each, for 5 days!).

After our briefings finished for the night, we headed to the dining room for a delicious dinner prepared and served by our amazing hotel team.

After the many hours of travel to reach the frozen north of the world, it's finally time to kick back, breathe in the sea air, and get ready for the upcoming adventure.



At Sea, Sisimiut

DAY 2 | Friday 26 August

Position at 0700

Latitude: 66°16'N

Longitude: 053°55'W

Course: 171°

Speed: 10 knots

Wind Speed: 15 knots S

Barometer: 1010

Air Temp: 2°C

A first walk in any new country is one of the things which makes life on this planet worth being grateful for.

—Charles William Beebe

This morning, after enjoying a rather late breakfast to recover from the flights and various jetlags, it was time for several briefings.

The Arctic is a place that few people visit and that needs to be protected and looked after. Flo gave an AECO (Association of Arctic Cruise Operators) briefing about how to behave in Inuit settlements and towns, onboard Zodiacs and in the wild. She also introduced the expedition team that will accompany the expeditioners during their outings, together with the itinerary of this Northwest Passage cruise.

What lies ahead is a cruise full of history and impressive landscapes. We are also certainly hoping for great wildlife encounters. And there is a big team of passionate guides eager to share their knowledge with us.

After that, all passengers who needed to, had the opportunity to exchange their expedition jacket and muckboots. It was action stations in both the lecture theatre and mudroom. Last briefing of the morning was the safety one, especially about going in and out of the Zodiacs.

During a very fine lunch, our first call started to appear on the horizon: Sisimiut, one of the biggest and liveliest towns of Greenland, with about 6000 inhabitants. We started disembarkation shortly after and passengers had a choice of either exploring town on their own or joining a bus tour which took us to a viewpoint and to the dog yard, guided by a local.

Interestingly, there are about 1500 dogs in Sisimiut, which is about one third of the population of the town!

During our visit we had ample time to explore the museum, where one can learn quite a bit about the history of the town, especially the fishing industry, the foundation of the settlement and the story of the two whalebones that can be seen from a great distance, of which about one metre is buried underground.

As we were getting ready to heave up anchor, one of the big icebergs that was grounded at the entrance of the bay collapsed under our very eyes, something quite elusive but always impressive.

As the *Greg Mortimer* sailed away from Sisimiut, Flo called us into the lecture theatre for a short briefing about

our landing at Ilulissat and then introduced our Captain Maxim Makarovskiy. The captain said a few words before introducing his heads of departments. We all toasted to a successful voyage ahead before joining new friends in the dining room for another delicious dinner.



Ilulissat

DAY 3 | Saturday 27 August

Position at 0900

Latitude: 69°13'N

Longitude: 051°06'W

Course: Alongside

Speed: Alongside

Life is the essence of a never-ending adventure,
Exciting never boring,
Otherwise,
There is no life.

—Anonymous

Our first full day of operations. No more mandatory briefings to be had and everyone is starting to find their way around the ship. Just good times to be had from here on out.

Everyone woke up this fine Arctic morning to what truly felt like summer. The skies were clearing, the sun was coming out, and we were just pulling into the cute little town of Ilulissat. Before breakfast up on deck and out our windows we could watch the captain do some rather impressive reversing to park our magnificent ship alongside the pier.

After breakfast everyone had the morning to roam around town and surrounding area at their own pace. Pretty much everyone headed out to the boardwalk leading to the world-famous UNESCO World Heritage Site directly behind town.

The ice fjord was a pretty amazing spectacle. The face of the Ilulissat Glacier is 65 kilometres up the fjord, but due to it being so incredibly active, the fjord is absolutely jam packed with ice. And HUGE ice at that! This is where the largest glacier calving ever caught on film occurred (it calved for 75 minutes straight and was the size of Manhattan!), and to add to that, it's rumoured this is where the iceberg that sank the Titanic came from.

Other than the boardwalk, just strolling through town was pleasant today as the sun was warm and everyone seemed happy. You could see blue Aurora jackets in cafes, museums, and wandering amongst the thousands of sled dogs.

After lunch we all went out for either a Zodiac cruise or a paddle in the sun and ice. Such a fantastic combination already, then add in the humpback whale show all the Zodiacs experienced. Wow! The paddlers had a lovely time as well weaving through brash ice and growlers, getting comfortable in their boats for the next two weeks to come. Moving through these gigantic icebergs is a humbling thing as it makes you feel very insignificant in your little boat whether it be colourful and plastic or black and inflatable.

Wind Speed: 5 knots from N

Barometer: 1014

Air Temp: 5°C

It seems everyone is starting to settle into ship life quite nicely. People are finding their personal favourite hangout spots around the ship and there seems to be lots of laughter always circulating around the dining room. One more day in Greenland tomorrow then we're off to Canada!



Qeqertarsuaq (Disko Island); onward to Canada

DAY 4 | Sunday 28 August

Position at 0700

Latitude: 69°16'N

Longitude: 053°21'W

Course: At anchor

Speed: At anchor

Wind Speed: 15 knots ESE

Barometer: 1014

Air Temp: 6°C

The impression which the floe-ice of the Arctic seas makes upon the traveler for the first time he sees it is very remarkable. Most people will find that what they actually see is not a little different from what they have expected. A world of wonders and enchantments, a complete horizon of wild fantastic forms, ever changing, ever new, a wealth of brilliant rainbow hues playing and glowing amid the cold purity of the crystal ice, such are the features of the picture which the ingenuity of the imagination so often fondly creates.

—Fridtjof Nansen, *The First Crossing of Greenland*

Today was our last day in Greenland and what a stunner it was. As we cruised towards Qeqertarsuaq Island in the early dawn, the dark silhouettes of the rugged coastal mountains slipped by. The sun climbed slowly into the eastern sky backlighting the mist which wreathed some of the mountain slopes and hung in the valleys. Standing watching the sun rise up in the observation lounge of Deck 8 was incredible, West Greenland is so beautiful.

After breakfast the Zodiacs were put in the water for an absolutely brilliant two hour Zodiac cruise along the rugged volcanic cliffs of the island. The cliffs were huge, imposing and clearly showed the primeval struggle between molten magma, solid rock, water, wind, snow and ice.

The imposing double layered cliffs were formed over millennia as layer upon layer of molten magma spewed from nearby volcanos before being laid down one on top of others before solidifying into classic dark volcanic layers of rock. In places the rocks were weathered smooth and evenly showing where they had solidified quickly but along the lower parts of the cliff where the molten lava seemed to have solidified far more slowly were huge and convoluted organ pipe formations which formed a complex and beautiful rock scape. I had never seen a landscape like it, truly spectacular. In places streams poured down the cliffs before forming water falls which poured straight into the sea. The sunlight refracting through the prisms of countless droplets formed truly beautiful rainbows which brought a gasp of admiration from us when we first saw them.

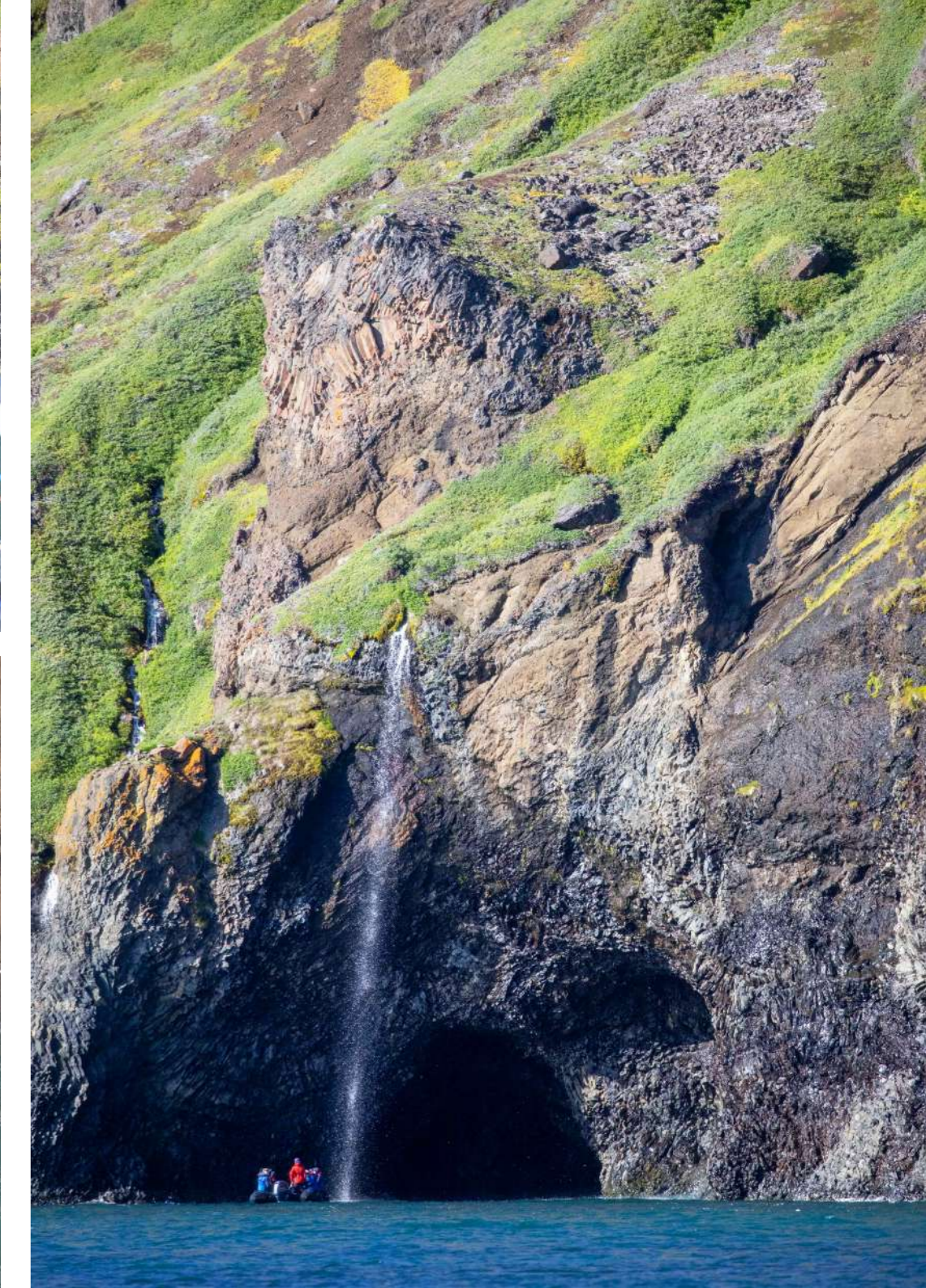
Then we encountered a huge 150-metre-high iceberg of such size and beauty it drew our Zodiacs towards it like moths drawn to a candle flame. It looked so serene and graceful with its icy towers and huge arch but that was deceptive, it was very unstable. At any moment the architecture of that great ice cathedral could have come crashing down, sending ice flying over a big distance and creating a mini tsunami. We treated it with huge respect and kept a safe distance while we photographed and admired it.

After lunch the *Greg Mortimer* turned its nose to the west and began its journey across Baffin Bay, heading for Canada and the beginning of the Northwest Passage. Sea mist closed in around the ship as she slipped

westward and I felt as though at any moment the ghostly dark silhouettes of Franklin's ships, the *Terror* and the *Erubus* might loom out of the mist. For it was here in Baffin Bay that they were last sighted by whalers before disappearing forever, two ships and 147 men in search of the Northwest Passage.

While the *Greg Mortimer* steamed west our guest photographer Richard gave a great and fascinating lecture - *Photography In The Arctic*. Brian then gave a brilliant lecture "What Is Geology" which explained how spectacular landscapes and curious rock formations are formed.

After dinner Piotr gave a fabulous lecture on Sled Dogs of the Arctic, their history, training and importance to the Inuit culture and way of life. His intimate knowledge of and love for these ancient working dogs shone through.



At Sea; Qikiqtarjuaq (Baffin Island)

DAY 5 | Monday 29 August

Position at 0700
Latitude: 67°56'N
Longitude: 063°20'W
Course: 261°
Speed: 7 knots

Nunavut is the largest yet least populated of all the provinces and territories in Canada, with a total area of over 2 million km² (>800,000 mi²) and a population of approximately 33,000 people (one person for every 65 km² (25 mi²)).

This day began about half way across the Davis Strait from Disco Island of Greenland bound for Baffin Island of Canada. The seas were pleasantly mild with occasional small to medium icebergs.

The morning was at sea thus a time for lectures. Bob Headland began with the subject Unveiling the Arctic with a sub-title of Who went where, when and why which, in about three quarters of an hour gave a synopsis of Arctic discovery. Michael followed speaking about his speciality of photography emphasising the use of the ubiquitous i-phone, now such a versatile, convenient, and very practicable device.

Lunch followed as we were in sight of Baffin Island coast and soon arrived off Broughton Island with the small hamlet of Qikiqtarjuaq. First aboard were the Canadian government representatives, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to clear the ship and complement into Canada. The paperwork had been prepared during the previous day thus all was in order, ready and waiting. This allowed the procedure to operate easily and soon permission to go ashore to visit this community, with a population of about 500, was given. There was an interesting caution: polar bears. Recently these predators had been unusually common and one had ventured into town yesterday. After vast icefields had drifted north and dissipated,= many more bears than normal were ashore, consequently our visit was confined to the community region.

Zodiac landings were affected by wind but a sheltered landing was available. First numbers were counted then two groups were conducted round the hamlet passing the RCMP post, new Municipality building with an older one adjacent, a supermarket, Fire Brigade depot, National Park headquarters, and the school. We were admitted to the park HQ which was well heated and a relief from the strong cold breeze. This housed a small museum displaying indigenous crafts, local animals, things used when hunting (including a Primus stove), with several panels describing the history and way of life in the community. There had been an indigenous settlement for a long period before a DEW Line station was established in 1955, the present hamlet moved to its site after a disastrous landslide affected its earlier location – as a result most buildings were relatively recent. Across the bay was the airstrip on which a small aircraft arrived and departed during the afternoon. Cargo, brought ashore by barge, was being unloaded and the occasional large yellow transporter was bleeping its way through the streets making deliveries.

Wind Speed: 15 knots NNW
Barometer: 1016
Air Temp: 1°C

Towards the end of the visit all assembled in the new, very comfortable gymnasium where benches displayed local artifacts for sale. We were informed that visitors are rare here and that we were especially welcome. Monica, the community representative, introduced one of the Elders who, with translation, described her early life. One of the better-known Inuit artifacts was the combined blubber lamp and stove where oil is burnt from a series of wicks made from cotton grass. This produces light and heat but requires skilled attention which was demonstrated. Among the items offered for sale were seal pelts, narwhal tusks, polar bear claws, and much intricate bead-work.

At the landing place many children and several adults had gathered for conversation, to greet and farewell us.

The return to *Greg Mortimer* might best be described as bracing as wind and waves had increased. Although somewhat dampened we were back in time for recap, plans for tomorrow and the usual welcome dinner. The ship then began a northbound course with hills dusted with snow to port.



Home Bay, Isabella Bay

DAY 6 | Tuesday 30 August

Position at 0700

Latitude: 69°07'N

Longitude: 067°30'W

Course: 004°

Speed: 1.5 knots

Wind Speed: 8 knots SW

Barometer: 1012

Air Temp: 0°C

Civilization began to lose its zest for me. I began to long for the great white desolation... the long, long Arctic day, the silence, the vastness of the great white lonely North. And back I went.

—Robert Peary

Overnight we've left behind the mysterious "Land that Never Melts" - Auyuittuq National Park in the southern half of Baffin Island. We've sailed north beyond the icy reaches of the Penny Ice cap, and her vast fingers of valley glaciers that are slowly retreating back up the deeply incised fjords that they bulldozed their way down over so many millennia before. This is a land where the forces of plate tectonics and glaciation have been battling it out on a time-scale so large, it can only be comprehended through glimpses in the grandeur of the landscape, mountains being thrust upwards, only to be slowly sculpted and ground back down under the relentless march of the ice.

As we slept cosily in the comfort and warmth of the ship's cabins, many people's minds I'm sure drifted to the ancestors of Monica and Rachel, the Qikiqtarjuarmiut that had so graciously welcomed us into their traditional lands - dreaming of fastidiously tending to the fire in the qillik to keep the igloo warm, tucked up among those beautifully stitched ringed seal and fox coats. Our portholes providing a 'window-into-their-world' and a way of life that sustained these people for time immemorial.

Home Bay, our port of call for the morning seems ironically named. Perhaps named by whalers, or perhaps so abundant with seasonal wildlife that the groups of Inuit that migrated with the wildlife, hunting for food along these shores, spent enough of the year here to call it home? Alas the wildlife is not so abundant today...

We cruise further north towards ever higher latitudes and into Isabella Bay, a fabled favorite for spotting narwhal that migrate down from Pond Inlet. A fresh dusting of new snow coats the several billion-year-old gneiss and granite rocks, reminding us that the days will all-too-soon be shorter than the nights. We scan the horizon endlessly, searching for tell-tale signs of movement or four-legged shapes, but mostly in vain. To quote my esteemed colleague Bob, muskox repeatedly turn out to be "muskrocks". We pull into Arctic Harbour and scan for any vestige of the four crosses that supposedly still mark the tombs of unknown whalers - but the only visible sign of human life before us is a lone cairn. Memorials lost in time.



And then our efforts are really rewarded - A dozen bowhead whales skim-feeding along the surface in front of the boat. We are treated to a magical spectacle of these rare and illusive giants, presumably straining thousands of krill and copepods that we can't see from above in these dark and rich waters, through their four metre baleens! I find myself looking at the clean mandibles of the whales for the type of barnacles Jocelyn taught us in her wonderful lecture, that might specialize on specific species of baleen whale. But bowhead whales don't migrate, and perhaps given their lack of seasonal migration to warmer waters it doesn't give barnacles the opportunity to use them as hosts. And like belugas and narwhals, the bowhead whales have evolved to this unique environment by not having a dorsal fin, where presumably it might be more of hindrance when swimming under the sea-ice.

How lucky to spot these gentle behemoths, a dozen out of a population of perhaps only a few hundred, and to imagine what some of their 'elders' might have seen or witnessed in their lifetimes, possibly stretching back more than 200 years.



Sam Ford Fjord; Scott Inlet; Sillem Island

DAY 7 | Wednesday 31 August

Position at 0700

Latitude: 70°37'N

Longitude: 071°06'W

Course: 200°

Speed: 13 knots

Wind Speed: 13 knots SSW

Barometer: 1015

Air Temp: 1°C

With what immeasurable patience,
What infinite deliberation, has nature
Amassed the materials for these mountains!

—Clarence King

Awesome, spectacular, breath-taking, incredible, MIND-BLOWING – the words that echoed around the observation deck at first light this morning. We nearly ran out of superlatives, and no wonder.

By 05.00am we were deep inside Sam Ford Fjord (Kangiqtualuk Uquqti), the sun rising over our stern. The glow picked out every minute detail on the towering cliffs. A dusting of snow sat on their tops. Ice caps fed numerous glaciers, each running out of steam half-way down the valleys they had gouged. Moraine showed how deep the ice had been. Deep medial moraines remained in the middle of the valleys.

The air temperature held around zero, but it felt much colder in the 30 knot wind.

As we progressed, we continually recalibrated. Points we thought were close, were much further than expected. The vista built slowly, until it dwarfed us. The margins of the fjord were 1,000 metres high with some peaks over 1,500 metres. The apparent end of the fjord opened into an equally long arm. At its head, we sat below the varied shapes of Broad Peak, The Turret and The Beak. Sitting opposite on the fjord was the equally spectacular Polar Sun Spire.

We retraced our path out of Sam Ford Fjord and sailed north keeping a sharp lookout for any wildlife. We entered Scott Inlet in the late morning.

A stunning landscape awaited us. Jagged, frost-shattered summits sat atop buff coloured rock faces. At their foot, huge fans of scree were evidence of active ice erosion. The stability of the scree shows that there is little tidal range, otherwise the scree would be undercut and shrink the fans.

We circumnavigated Sillem Island during lunch and soaked up the landscape.

After lunch we prepared for a landing. A shore party scouted a small island and gave the go-ahead. About 80 of us jumped at the chance to stretch our legs and get our hearts pumping. Clambering over the rocky landing, we headed over the moss and surprisingly grippy rock. A few brilliant white Arctic Hares eyed us keenly before taking



off, bounding up the slope as if it didn't exist. For us, it was more exerting, but many of us reached the summit, our way marked by the Aurora Expedition guides who had scouted the island.

The wind got up as the sun went behind some cloud. We realised how quickly the temperature can drop in these northern latitudes. It made a lot of sense to get back to the Zodiacs and return to the *Greg Mortimer*.

While we were climbing, the kayakers paddled around the island then headed across the sound to experience the sheer cliff faces close up, before returning by Zodiac.

It was an incredible day and we retired shattered but feeling good.

Pond Inlet; Tay Bay

DAY 8 | Thursday 01 September

Position at 0700

Latitude: 72°47'N

Longitude: 077°23'W

Course: 270°

Speed: 15 knots

Wind Speed: 25 knots E

Barometer: 1014

Air Temp: 1°C

And yet, there is only one great thing, the only thing, to see in huts and on journeys: the great day that dawns, and the light that fills the world.

—Inuit poem

Overnight, deep in slumber, Captain Maxim steered the good ship the *Greg Mortimer* further up the east coast of Baffin Island. Flo woke us up with a gentle wakeup call and we were met with a dramatic scene outside our cabin windows as the ship raced towards Pond Inlet, pushed along by a strong tail wind.

As we devoured a delicious breakfast prepared by our galley team, Pond Inlet appeared on the port side with the topic of conversation at the breakfast table revolving around the growing wind and wave conditions buffeting the side of the ship. As Captain Maxim positioned the ship downwind of Pond Inlet, the colourful houses dotted the hillside, shadowed by snow capped mountains. Flo, Christian and Captain Maxim continued to monitor the wind and wave conditions with the safe waters of Pond Inlet harbour just one mile from the ships bow. However, the wave conditions continued to increase and wind gusts of 30 knots were registered by the ship's anemometer. Therefore, a landing at Pond Inlet was deemed not possible and we continued on our way towards the entrance of the Northwest Passage.

Plan B was promptly engaged by Flo, in the form of Bob delivering a lecture on the History, Discovery & Navigation of the Northwest Passages. Bob discussed both the ancient and modern navigational history including the unknown fate of the infamous Franklin expedition, with Bob's quote of "man proposed, god disposed" ringing true.

Next up was Richard with a continuation of his talk on Photography in the Polar Regions. Richard explored the creative elements associated with landscape and wildlife photography. He demonstrated the relationship between different lighting conditions and composition through a series of stunning images from all corners of the globe. Michael and Richard then held an impromptu bird photography camera setup workshop, in preparation for forthcoming wildlife opportunities.

Throughout the afternoon we continued to sail past the western side of Bylot Island, where we entered the Sirmilik National Park. In an effort to find sheltered water away from the strong wind encountered during the morning, the expedition team scoured the charts and identified Tay Bay as a suitable location for a Zodiac cruise.



Dundas Harbour; Crocker Bay

DAY 9 | Wednesday 02 September

Position at 0700

Latitude: 74°32'N

Longitude: 82°27'W

Course: 88°

Speed: 5.6 knots

Wind Speed: 30 knots NE

Barometer: 1006

Air Temp: 1°C

Let us probe the silent places, let us see what luck betide us; let us journey to a land I know. There's a whisper on the night wind, there's a star a gleam to guide us, and the wild is calling calling... let us go.

—Robert Service

Overnight we have made a crossing of the fabled Lancaster Sound, and the entrance to the long searched for Northwest Passage. We are headed for Devon Island, the largest uninhabited island in the world - we must be a long way north!

As we near the southern shores of Devon Island it seems our forecasts have failed us. Rather than offering protection in the lee from the north, the winds are descending off the ice cap and accelerating in fierce katabatic fashion, whipping up the seas in Dundas Harbour with violent williwaws. The morning light explodes onto pockets of the landscape in equally dramatic fashion, and we circle around several majestic icebergs in search of a sheltered anchorage. The few who brave the observation deck struggle to stay on their feet in the 50 knot gusts. Alas, our morning plans of a landing and hike among the old RCMP outpost and pre-historic Thule settlements are thwarted by the gusts.

As we put ourselves in the shoes of the RCMP constables that were stationed here between 1924 and 1933 to try and monitor foreign whalers in this vast untamable land. We think that hunting knowledge and prowess are secondary to the mental fortitude and patience that are needed to survive up here.

Instead of paying our respects to the RCMP station, we were entertained by a fantastic colloquium from our expedition team: Bob recounts the short history of habitation on Dundas Island, Russell played a short adventure video of modern exploration on Baffin Island, and we were educated in the wonders of solar halos and parahelia by our guest lecturer David.

Finally Jocelyn opens our eyes to the wonderful world of pteropods, siphonophores and ctenophores.

The ship re-positions just a little further west into Lancaster Sound and into a deeper inlet named Crocker Bay. Here we find shelter at the foot of an immense valley glacier flowing between terraced mountains and into the icy-blue tidal waters.

In fact, it is almost tranquil here, and in complete contrast to the morning.



Although eerie cracking sounds pierce the quiet and an ice arch collapses just behind the boat reminding us of the unpredictability of icebergs and glacier fronts which warn us to keep our distance.

We explored the front of the 4 kilometre wide fractured wall of ice, waiting for tower blocks of ice to calve off, and wondering how deep the ice extends below the surface. The edge of the glacier provides a magnificent cross-section of the gaping crevasses. We have reached the most northerly point on our expedition - 78 degrees north; a full 12 degrees north of the Arctic circle and still 12 degrees south of the Geographic North pole. And from here, our route through the Northwest Passage turns south again.

Prince Leopold Island; Port Leopold

DAY 10 | Saturday 03 September

Position at 0700

Latitude: 74°02'N

Longitude: 89°49'W

Course: 355°

Speed: 1.8 knots

Wind Speed: 17 knots NW

Barometer: 1003

Air Temp: 0°C

If the plan of the expedition does not fit on the back of an envelope it is over-organised.

—Bill Tillman

We are heading west. Leaving Devon Island behind we make our way towards Somerset Island across the Lancaster Sound.

Our first outing today took place on the eastern side of Prince Leopold Island. The islands 200-300 metre tall cliffs were bustling with life. Thousands of kittiwakes, fulmars, brunnich guillemots (thick-billed murre) were flying above our heads. The closer we got to the cliffs the more distinguishable the kittiwake symphony became.

Upon reaching the shore we spotted two polar bears which made the landscape ahead of us complete. The bears, unable to climb steep cliffs, preyed on unfortunate birds who had their lives on the island shortened.

After an adventurous two-hour Zodiac cruise and an amazing encounter with Canadian wildlife we made our way back to the ship.

While we were enjoying a delicious lunch, the ship made its way further south to Port Leopold.

In the afternoon we had our first encounter with the rich history of Northwest Passage and the failed Sir John Franklin Expedition of 1845.

Port Leopold is a site where the crew of HM Ships "Enterprise" and "Investigator" were forced to overwinter during their search for the lost Franklin expedition on behalf of the Royal Navy. Their presence here is forever and literally carved in stone. The famous rock bears the engraving - "1849" "E", "I".

The barren and desolate landscape of Port Leopold is accompanied by a single standing hut of the Hudson Bay Company. Built in 1926 and abandoned in 1927 as a failed attempt of establishing a trading station.

Not far from the hut, a cairn stands where Ross's rescue expedition left supplies and fuel in the event Franklin and his men would ever show up.



Beechey Island; Radstock Bay (Caswall Tower)

DAY 11 | Sunday 04 September

Position at 0630

Latitude: 74°40'N

Longitude: 91°45'W

Course: 333°

Speed: 5.0 knots

Wind Speed: 10 knots NW

Barometer: 1008

Air Temp: 0°C

A journey is a person in itself, no two are alike, and all plans, safeguards, policies and coercion are fruitless. We find after years of struggle that we do not take a trip; a trip takes us.

—John Steinbeck

Today was a major one for historical sites, relatively modern and quite ancient. Conditions were favourable; light winds, tranquil seas, temperatures slightly above freezing, partly overcast sky, and dry.

Early in the morning *Greg Mortimer* anchored in Erebus and Terror Bay where Sir John Franklin spent the 1845-46 winter. The vertical cliffs of Beechey Island and its undulating flanks, as well as mountainous topography of Devon Island, surrounded us as preparations for landings began. It is a relatively easy place to scout for bears thus a guarded perimeter was soon established. There are two major historical sites on the island: around the graves and the cenotaph. After explanation of precautions, landings were made at both sites which allowed a changeover during the morning. Each was on a storm-tossed beach with a brief scramble up scree.

Several features were seen around the cenotaph which was an octagonal post with a deeply scratched sphere atop (from bear claws). It had plaques naming the 129 men who did not return from Franklin's last expedition and, on its back, a Post Office box. A large marble inscribed slab, provided by Lady Jane Franklin, his widow, and other plaques were adjacent (transcriptions were provided). Many of the expedition's food cans, filled with stones and still exhibiting their soldered seams, formed a cross lying a couple of metres in front of this. Down the slope the remains of Northumberland House, with its once voluminous contents, lay widely scattered. These included many barrel hoops and staves, a large coal depot, a spar which was once a flag-pole. A pyramidal wooden survey mark, deployed by the Canadian Coast Guard in 1956, was nearby. Several other monuments were also in the vicinity – but of minor, if any, historical significance.

The trek between the sites involved a good walk across stable scree. One group took the higher inland trail and the other walked along the beach exchanging positions in about 20 minutes.

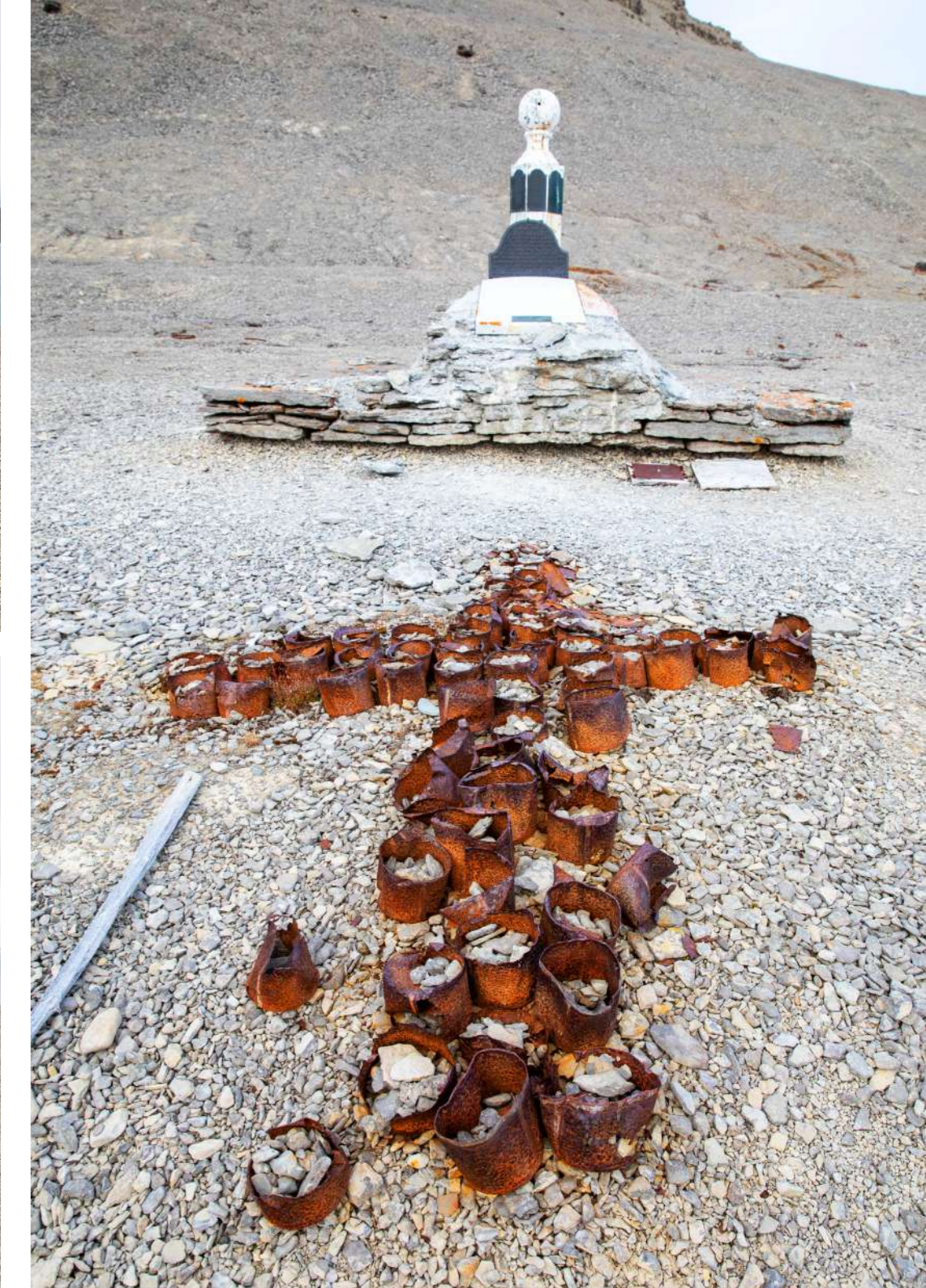
The site, with four graves and a memorial, was a poignant reminder of the fate of Franklin's last expedition. Three men had arrived with him from the Atlantic Ocean and one from the Pacific Ocean aboard HMS Investigator. Thus their remains connected the Northwest Passage. Several other relics of the expedition were in the vicinity. The area is best described as bleak, even though our visit was in the last days of an Arctic summer.

Back aboard for lunch while *Greg Mortimer* navigated to Radstock Bay, on Devon Island, for the next landing.

During this, entertainment was provided by ten intrepid Polar Plunge participants entering the Arctic Ocean.

A major feature at the landing was Caswell Tower, a prominent rock with unstable sections. Recent large boulders on the beach and elsewhere showed it best not to remain close. This site had ancient historical remains of Thule semi-subterranean houses. Many of these were indicated by lush vegetation around them, as were adjacent meat caches. The hut ruins occurred in three eras: very old, much eroded, remains not far from the beach, younger ones partly inland and the most recent beyond them. Some of the last had been in use as recently as half a century ago before the advent of the Little Ice Age caused their inhabitants, ancestors of current Inuit, to migrate further south leaving the entire Arctic south of Parry Channel uninhabited until the 20th century. The situation was fascinating showing adaption to the harsh climate. Entrances were low and down-hill forming a cold sump and keeping heat inside. Walls were stone excavated to about a metre deep. Some remains of sleeping platforms could be discerned. Rafters were made from whale ribs and jaw bones with other skeletal remains in the structure. Roofs were skin; mainly of walrus and seal. The site was protected and a 3 metre perimeter established by Parks Canada. The visit was another opportunity for an easy walk across the tundra with some exercise ashore.

Around Radstock Bay flora was more abundant than on Beechey Island and more fauna was evident. Some impressive polar bear footprints remained in the mud and there was much evidence of musk oxen. Birds were sporadic, including a patrolling raven.



Plaques on the *Franklin Memorial*, Beechey Island

TO THE MEMORY OF

FRANKLIN

CROZIER, FITZJAMES

AND ALL THEIR
GALLANT BROTHER OFFICERS AND FAITHFUL
COMPANIONS WHO HAVE SUFFERED AND PERISHED
IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE AND
THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED NEAR THE SPOT WHERE
THEY PASSED THEIR FIRST ARCTIC
WINTER, AND WHENCE THEY ISSUED
FORTH TO CONQUER DIFFICULTIES OR

TO DIE

IT COMMEMORATES THE GRIEF OF THEIR
ADMIRING COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS,
AND THE ANGUISH, SUBDUED BY FAITH
OF HER WHO HAS LOST, IN THE HEROIC
LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, THE MOST
DEVOTED AND AFFECTIONATE OF
HUSBANDS

"AND SO **HE** BRINGETH THEM UNTO THE
HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE."

1855



Polar Plunge
DAY 11 | Sunday 04 September



Cunningham Inlet, Ships cruise in Peel Sound

DAY 12 | Monday 05 September

Position at 0700

Latitude: 74°11'N

Longitude: 93°50'W

Course: 211°

Speed: 2 knots

Wind Speed: 15 knots WNW

Barometer: 1010

Air Temp: -2°C

If I were a painter, I would go to nature for all my patterns.

—Thomas Berwick

Yesterday, Florence mentioned in her briefing that the program for the following two days would entirely depend on the weather. We were expecting some wind and later on some ice (exciting!!) so, this morning we started our 'tough expeditioning' as we definitely had to go with the weather and not against it. When we reached our intended destination, Cunningham Inlet, the conditions looked a bit better than expected. No rain, not much wind, some clouds but also a bit of sun poking through at times!

After breakfast everyone was called onto the Zodiacs for a cruise into the inlet in search of belugas. They are known to come and rub onto the beaches here to shed their skins, sometimes in the hundreds during summer months. We hugged the coast for some time, observing glaucous gulls and eider ducks resting, until we got to a beach at the far end of the inlet and realized a polar bear, with her cub of the year, was climbing a hill nearby. Witnessing this really illustrated how incredible this animal is. Keeping in mind that polar bears are marine mammals who can swim as fast as 10 kilometre per hour, we were now seeing them climbing hills as easily as if it was flat ground, on which they can run as fast as 40 kilometre per hour.

Given the temperatures (-3C) we were all quite happy to then get back on the ship for hot showers and a great lunch.

In the afternoon, our ship cruised into Peel Sound. The forecast was rather bleak but the reality (for once), ended up showing us the brighter side of things. We sailed in beautifully calm seas, under a big blue sky.

Ian gave a great talk about the apex predator we saw in the morning, complete with videos he filmed himself during his long stints to get footage for BBC documentaries. A bit later, it was Bob's turn to introduce his "Blood & Guts" lecture, talking about the contribution of whalers, sealers, trappers and hunters to the history of the Arctic.

After a happy hour break, it was time for the evening briefing and recap with the team. It ended up being a very comprehensive one with Jeff explaining the threats that polar bears face, Jos enthusiastically talking about lichens, Russell showing wicked videos of kayaking adventures on Baffin Island and Ashley continuing to unveil the story of Alvah Simon wintering alone at Tay Bay.



King William Island

DAY 13 | Tuesday 06 September

Position at 0730

Latitude: 70°34' N

Longitude: 97°24' W

Course: 186°

Speed: 13 knots

Wind Speed: 22 knots ENE

Barometer: 998

Air Temp: 1°C

Life is not measured by the breaths we take

But by the moments that take our breath away.

—Author unknown

We searched sea ice north of King William Island, this proved elusive, so we sailed on with hopes to see Victory Point on the north coast of the island. In 1859, during McClintock's Arctic expedition, William Hobson found a note here that gave us the final piece of the puzzle, unveiling what happened to the lost Franklin expedition of 1845. However, Victory Point too evaded our sight as fog surrounded the ship. Historian and Expedition Team member Bob summed up the situation well with his phrase "the scene we missed but mist we have seen".

Although King William Island and Victory Point could not be observed from the decks of *Greg Mortimer*, the historical importance was not lost on us.

Once the Franklin expedition was deemed lost circa 1850, waves of explorers, government officials, historians and archaeologists have sailed the channels around the islands of the Canadian Arctic Archipelago, gathering traces of Franklin's journey.

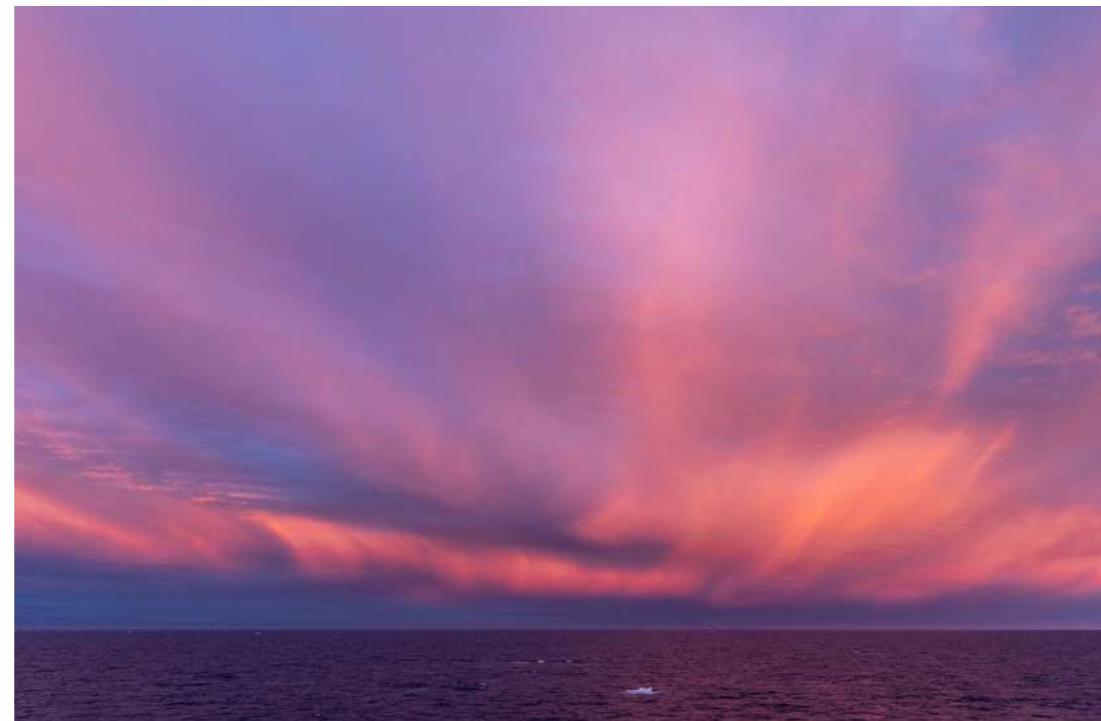
The early McClintock Arctic expedition of 1859, which was funded by Lady Jane Franklin, found a note buried in a cairn at Victory Point, which provided the only written evidence of the fate of Franklin's expedition as well as the date of his death and his crew's planned escape to Back's Fish River. Based on this information, his widow Lady Jane Franklin proposed that John Franklin and his men were the first to see, and hence discover a Northwest Passage. Written on his memorial statue in London is that he and his men forged the last link with their lives.

As well as historical importance, King William Island has ecological significance and hosts large populations of caribou, who spend the summer there, before walking south over the sea ice in the autumn. An afternoon lecture by Expedition Team naturalist Ian, transported us around the world, including stories from the Canadian Arctic following his career as a wildlife film maker and cameraman.

Our pastry chef Sapto showed us how he makes the sugar decorations such as the butterfly that we see around the restaurant. He has incredible skill to make these on a moving ship. The day was wrapped up by our daily recap, it was full of interesting topics including how sea ice grows and shrinks with the seasons in the Arctic filling the Northwest Passage with ice for most of the year, however this is changing as, sea ice extent is reducing by

13% per decade in the Arctic due to climate change. Aspiring marine invertebrate zoologist and expedition guide Russel presented an incredible video of the arctic sea angel (clione limicina) hunting the sea butterfly (leimicina helicina), two of the most abundant marine creatures we have seen on this trip.

As we are finishing our voyage, it is fitting that we sail past the historical sites around King William Island that gave answers to the fate of Franklin's expedition and unlocked the secrets of the Northwest Passage that we now sail.



King William Island

DAY 14 | Wednesday 07 September

Position at 0730

Latitude: 70°34'N

Longitude: 97°24'W

Course: 186°

Speed: 10 knots

Wind Speed: 15 knots E

Barometer: 1000

Air Temp: 0°C

There is, one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea, whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath.

—Herman Melville

Today was our last expedition day aboard the *Greg Mortimer*, and we were eager to make the most of it. While we ate breakfast the captain navigated through fog, rain and a few strong gusts of wind as we passed through the narrow channels to the south of King William Island.

An hour later our Expedition Leader Flo found an inlet for us to explore and make our final landing in the Northwest Passage. Kayakers geared up into their dry suits one last time and paddled the expansive and eerie coastline into the bay. A few sandpipers, snow buntings and glaucous gulls were seen along the rocky coast.

A surprise to us all was a serendipitous meeting with two local Canadian historians who were travelling along the coast on quad bikes, looking for remains of the Franklin expedition. They were just as surprised to see us, as we were them. One of men had been exploring this coastline for 30 years and never seen an expedition ship here. We exchanged stories and photographs of each other before boarding the Zodiacs again and returning to the ship.

Once all were back onboard, we cast off the lines and set sail on our 200 nautical mile navigation to our final stop in Cambridge Bay. The afternoon was filled with an interesting lecture from Cecile describing Amundsen's many adventures to the North and South Poles, with insights on his voyages to the Northeast and Northwest Passages and what he learnt from interactions with the local Inuit.

Before our farewell dinner we gathered for an end of voyage toast from our Captain and many of the crew and Expedition Team. And finally to end the evening, we gathered one last time in the lecture room to enjoy the voyage slide show put together by expedition guide and photographer Michael, with contributions from many passengers too. This was a great recollection of so much of what we did and saw over the past two weeks.

The end of the trip has come around all too quickly, with many twists and turns sent our way we enjoyed the vast landscapes, immersive history and the wild wildlife of the Northwest Passage, many thanks to all for making it happen!



Cambridge Bay

DAY 15 | Thursday 08 September

Position at 0730

Latitude: 69°07'N

Longitude: 105°04'W

Course: 0°

Speed: 0 knots

Wind Speed: 30 knots E

Barometer: 1000

Air Temp: 0°C

We have striven, we have sought and we have found. Of course, our little expedition is not in the same realm as those of the great polar explorers of the past but it is a little taste and sets us apart from 99% of the people we meet every day. Perhaps we can retain some of the beauty, serenity and timelessness of the far northern world we have travelled in. Better still that we can take it back to our everyday lives.

—Ian Collier, Aurora passenger 2005

Today we awoke with a feeling of triumph! Our arrival into Cambridge Bay was the final leg of our epic 17-day adventure together. Our final morning was spent preparing our luggage, enjoying a hearty breakfast and waiting for our group to be called to the mudroom. Wet weather was donned for our last Zodiac ride to shore as we waved the *Greg Mortimer* and its crew goodbye.

Onshore we were greeted by a few of the Expedition Team along with Transport Canada who were there to check our names off as we officially stepped foot onto Cambridge Bay soil.

We had free time to explore Heritage Park, Cambridge Bay's Itqaumavik Park "a place of memories."

Located near the shore, the park features modest wooden buildings, which bring back memories of Cambridge Bay as it was not that long ago. These include old, clapboard Hudson's Bay Co. buildings and the federal building that once housed the first school, and then the RCMP. The buildings are set near sculptures created from scrap metals by youth involved in an art and skill development program. These sculptures include a colourful muskox being chased by wolves.

In the Arctic Inspiration Prize's 2018 youth category, the participants in Cambridge Bay's Scrap to Art group picked up a \$100,000 prize to open a local welding studio to create art with recycled metal. A memorable visit to our final community in the Northwest Passage.

Before long it was time to join one of the four shuttle buses to the airport. All checked in, we waited patiently for Canadian North to announce our flight to Hamilton. We finally touched down in the early hours of Friday morning and were transferred to the Westin hotel at Toronto airport for a well-deserved sleep.

Aurora Expeditions thanks you for joining us aboard *MV Greg Mortimer's* "Into the Northwest Passage" voyage. We hope to see you on the high seas again someday!



Kayaking Log

By Peter Wainwright

Kayak Masters: Peter Wainwright, Russell Henry, Blake Hornblow

Number of Paddlers: 18 Total Paddle Outings: 8 Total Distance Paddled: 49.5 km

| | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Paddlers: | Chris Hallam | Sally Johnson | Johanna Mandel | Paul Wai |
| Lewis Cheng | Deborah Hallam | Kay Kramer | Bob Mandel | Tara Yip |
| Patricia Danyluk | Leigh Hudgins | Sheri Laverack | Rita Morgan | Kelvin Yongjin |
| Sharon Fraser | Wren Hudgins | Sharon Leonard | Kelley Tausch | |

Day 3 pm: Ilulissat - Distance: 8.6km

We launched from the platform while the ship was docked in the narrow harbour at Ilulissat (excellent maneuvering by the captain). We paddled west out of the harbour, dodging other boat traffic - thank goodness for colourful kayaks. The bergy bits were too numerous to completely avoid but we steered well clear of the giant icebergs that dominated the bay. Characteristic scandinavian red, yellow, black board-and-batten buildings dotted the shores. We paddled south towards the giant grounded bergs that were choking the fjord and causing the spectacular backup of ice trying to spill out from the icesheet. The wind picked up a bit, but it was gloriously sunny. In the distance we saw three humpbacks and their blows in the sunshine. An awesome first paddle.

Day 4 am: Qerqertarsuaq - Distance: 7.4km

Our second and last paddle in Greenland, and what a phenomenal paddle - a world-class sea-kayaking outing! From the ship it didn't look that interesting but on closer inspection we found the coastline far more exciting and convoluted than expected. We paddled along wonderfully warped cliffs of organ-pipe hexagonal basalt columns, bent and folded into curves and arcs. Erosion had left behind several sea-stacks and narrow channels and several small islands, including one with a stunning picture-perfect natural rock arch that looked made to paddle through - too small for Zodiacs but just safe enough for kayaks. There were also numerous enchanting little waterfalls, some of which gave off vivid rainbows in the morning sunshine. And one provided a particularly good shower for us paddlers. There was also a stunning ice arch in an enormous iceberg offshore. There were two other narrow rock arches that we we're able to paddle through before paddling back over to the ship. Very memorable.

Day 7 pm: Scott Inlet - Distance: 7.8km

In the afternoon we did a spectacular paddle around Qikiqtakuluk Island, near Sillem Island in Gibbs Fjord, part of Scott Inlet. We had a great sighting of an Arctic hare on shore of the island that just sat and watched us as we paddled past. A couple of the kayakers paddled over to the landing with the other passengers while the majority paddled further into the fjord below the giant sweeps of granite rock above us. The views of the 1219 metre high rock walls all around us were otherworldly. The scale and majesty of the walls around the fjord were hard to comprehend. On the return to the ship, we actually had some tidal current in the channel between the smaller island and the bigger island. It was a magical day paddling in the splendor of Baffin Island.

Day 9 pm: Croker Bay - Distance: 8.4km

Even though it was not that far from Dundas Harbour, conditions were a world apart. We were able to launch easily from the platform at the back of the ship and we paddled over to the eastern corner of the glacial face, where it met the ocean. The glacier was deceptively far away without any clues to guess the height of the ice face and our distance from it. We paralleled the dramatic glacial front, keeping a respectful distance in case any large chunks broke off. We rounded the western edge of the glacier and were presented with a great cross-section of the deep crevasses, making us wonder how much ice was under the water. A spectacular paddle. We had watched the ship following us at a distance thinking it was helping us out, only to find it was cruising to give those passengers still on board a view of the glacier and so we had to paddle back after the ship for a pick-up making for one of our longer paddles.

Day 10 pm: Port Leopold - Distance: 6.3km

The ship anchored in the centre of the bay. Despite being a sheltered anchorage, the land around the bay was very low-lying and the sea-state was still choppy. We did a down-wind paddle, with a very small group from the ship, to the southeast and out of the bay, into the lee of the spit called Whaler's Point and below the cliffs. From here we had a bumpy Zodiac ride back up to the remnants of the Hudson Bay Company hut and examined the rock with the carving of the Enterprise and Investigator initials and the date 1849. A wild paddle in a very barren and desolate landscape.

Day 11 am: Beechey Island - Distance: 4.9km

We launched from the platform and quickly paddled over to the shoreline below the graves of the British sailors that had perished during Franklin's first winter. After reading the memorials, we got back in the kayaks and paddled south along the shore towards the remains of Northumberland House. After reading the memorials and pausing to reflect on the significance of this island in the history of the search for the Northwest passage we resumed our paddle and continued on to the south of the island and the beautiful sea-cliffs there, with shallow shelves of rock below. I think we all agreed the kayaks added so much more to this historical outing. We used the Zodiac to get back to the boat right on time to participate/watch the polar plunge (well done Kay!).

Day 11 pm: Radstock Bay - Distance: 3.3km

We left the ship by Zodiac and were super lucky to watch an Arctic fox hunting for food on the slopes of the dramatic Caswell Tower. The fox was a beautiful silver color and stood out in contrast to the darker rocks and orange lichens. We landed and were able to visit the fascinating semi-subterranean whale bone Thule houses dotted among the raised beaches. Fresh muskox and polar bear prints were clearly visible in the mud. From here we did a short paddle north along the bay and under the Caswell Tower in sublimely calm conditions. If only we had longer to make the most of the blissfully glassy seas.

Day 14 am: King William Island - Distance: 2.8km

We spotted a couple of reindeer from the ship but by the time we were on the water they had disappeared further inland. We Zodiaced into the landing spot and launched from the beach. At our turnaround spot we saw the headlights of two ATV's coming towards us and I'm not sure who was more surprised to meet the other, but we had a very serendipitous meeting with two gentlemen from near Yellowknife, who have spent 30 years searching for more evidence and remains from Franklin's expeditions.



Bird and Mammal Sightings

| Bird Species | August | | | | | | September | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| Red-throated Diver | | | | | | | | | | • | | | | | |
| Great Northern Diver | | | | | | | • | | | | | | | | |
| Northern Fulmar | • | • | • | • | • | | • | • | • | • | • | • | | | |
| Common Eider | | | • | | | • | • | • | • | | | | | | |
| Long-tailed Duck (Oldsquaw) | | | | | | | | • | | | | | | | |
| Sandhill Crane | | | | | | | • | | | • | | | | | |
| Snow Goose | | | | | | | • | | | | | | | | |
| Snowy Owl | | | | | | | | | | • | | | | | |
| Sanderling | | | | | | | | | | • | | | | | |
| Turnstone | | | • | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Arctic Skua | | • | | | | | | | | • | | | | | |
| Long-tailed Skua (ib) | | | • | • | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Glaucous Gull | • | • | • | • | | • | • | • | | • | | | | | |
| Great Black-backed Gull | | | • | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Kittiwake | | • | • | | | | | | • | • | | | | | |
| Brunich's Guillemot | | | | | | • | | | | | | | | | |
| Black Guillemot | | | | | | • | | • | • | • | | | | | |
| Wheatear (ib) | • | • | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Common Red Poll | • | • | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Snow Bunting | | • | | | | | | | | • | • | | | | |
| Raven | | • | • | • | | | | | | • | • | | | | |



| Mammal Species | August | | | | | | September | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| Arctic Fox | | • | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Arctic Hare | | | | | | | | • | • | | | | | | |
| Musk ox | | • | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Polar Bear | | | | | | | | | • | | • | | | | |
| Narwhal | | | | | | | | | | | | | | • | |
| Ringed Seal | | | | | | | | | • | • | | | | | |
| Bearded Seal | | | | | | | • | | • | | | • | | | |
| Harp Seal | | | | | | | | | • | • | | | | | |
| Walrus | | | | | | | | | | | • | | | | |
| Bowhead Whale | | | | | | | | • | | • | | | | | |
| Humpback Whales | | | | | | • | | | | | | | | | |



Expeditioners:

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Karla Araujo dos Santos | Patricia Eng | Leigh Hudgins | Vanessa Lindsay Smith | David Ryder | Martin Tharratt |
| Karen Argall | Karen Enich | Wren Hudgins | Marie Lund | Susan Ryder | Kat Thomas |
| Margaret Barr | Peter Enich | Katie Hustler | Trevor Lund | Kay Sanderson | Norah Thompson |
| Jim Beebe | Ralph Fernando | George Jensen | Seamus Mac Gearailt | Evan Sauter | Clare Tolmie |
| David Bolton | Janice Firth | Eileen Jensen | Johanna Mandel | Jill Schofield | Paul Wai |
| Lora Bolton | Neal Fogarty | Paul Jepson | Robert Mandel | Chris Schofield | Tony Walker |
| Clive Briggs | Barbara Fogarty | Sally Johnson | Chris Maxwell | Linda Schofield | Wendy Walker |
| Lewis Cheng | Margaret Folkard | Deborah Keeling | David Mc Callum | Fred Scholle | Sandra Waters |
| Paul Cheng | Sharon Fraser | Terry Keeling | Rosemary Millar | Marlene Self | Don West |
| Grace Cheng | Antonios Geornaras | Keith Kemp | Jim Millar | Patty Siemion | Tracy West |
| George Clark | Ann Gladwin | Barbara Kemp | Rita Morgan | Subba Singh | Graeme Wilson |
| Carol Cogswell | Barb Gonda | Jeanette Kish | Jennifer Parry | BHO Singh | Georgia Wilson |
| Joanne Costanzo | Lynne Goodman | Kay Kramer | Alan Parry | Alan Smith | Dutch Wright |
| Patricia Danyluk | Jane Green | Kate Kunkle | Stuart Patterson | Margaret Smith | Lillian Wright |
| Barbara Davie | Chris Hallam | Earl Kunkle | Helen Patterson | Glen Smith | Kelvin Yang |
| Desmond Davie | Deborah Hallam | Sheri Laverack | Judy Pittaway | Jacqueline Smith | Tara Yip |
| Kathleen Davis | Alison Harris | Stephen Lee | Bob Pittaway | Samuel Spencer | Kelvin Yongjin |
| Janet Doherty | Alan Hayes | Jane Lee | Raimondo Restelli | Alec Spiller | |
| Tom Doherty | Jane Head | Sharon Leonard | Mara Romano | Kelley Tausch | |
| Malcolm Edwards | Diana Hosking | Trevor Leverington | Ruth Rowles | Liza Tharratt | |

Expedition Team:

| |
|--|
| Expedition Leader: Florence Kuijper |
| Assistant Expedition Leader: Christian Genillard |
| Onboard Expedition Manager: Justine Bornholdt |
| Firearms Manager: Jeff Nagel |
| Biologist/Citizen Science Coordinator: Joselyn Fenstermacher |
| Historian: Cecile Manet |
| Geologist/Glaciologist: Brian Seenan |
| Special Guest Lecturer: Bob Headland |
| Expedition Guide/Naturalist: Ian McCarthy |
| Expedition Guide: Piotr Damski |
| Lead Kayaking Guide: Russell Henry |
| Kayaking Guide: Peter Wainwright |
| Kayaking Guide: Blake Hornblow |
| Photography Guide/Zodiac Driver: Michael Baynes |
| Special Guest Photographer: Richard I'Anson |
| Medic/Citizen Science Coordinator: Ashley Perrin |
| Zodiac Master: Sergei Hincu |
| Mudroom/Shopkeeper: Gabriel Hernandez |
| Mudroom Support/Wellness Therapist: Dasha Vasiljeva |

Senior Officers & Heads of Department:

| | |
|---|---|
| Master: Maxim Makarovskiy | Head Waiter: Diogenes Encinares |
| Chief Officer: Oleg Kapko | Hotel Controller: Richard Cayeta |
| Second Officer: Sergii Voina | IT Officer: Ihor Yesmieniev |
| Bosun: Bobby Penuliar Payumo | Receptionist: Jelyn Merilo |
| Deck Cadet: Vlad Nicolescu | Receptionist: Jeremiah Castillo |
| Ship Doctor: Andres Peralta | Head Stateroom: Florante Jr. Jimenez Lusong |
| Chief Engineer: Sergiy Melnyk | Able Seaman: Muhammad Karier |
| First Engineer: Ion Toma | Able Seaman: Bobby Penuliar Payumo |
| Hotel Director: Patrice Degron | Able Seaman: Hardik Rao |
| F&B Manager: Ulises Cantillo Zapata | Able Seaman: Ajay Fnu |
| Chief Purser: Liza Merillo | Able Seaman: Joel Valdevieso Noble |
| Executive Chef: Christiand Carlos Mini Pineda | Able Seaman: Giovanni Dela Torre |

Photography thanks to:

Michael Baynes
Peter Wainwright
Blake Hornblow

Artwork thanks to:

Marie Lund



Alan & Jane Head



Alan & Margaret Smith



Alison Harris & Alec Spiller



Antonios Geornaras & Mara Romano



Desmond & Barbara Davie



Diana Hosking & George Clark



Eileen & George Jensen



Fred Scholle & Yongjin Yang



Barb Gonda



Barbara & Keith Kemp



Barbara & Trevor Self



Carol Cogswell



Glen & Jacqueline Smith



Grace & Paul Cheng



Graeme & Georgia Wilson



Helen & Stuart Patterson



Christine Maxwell



Clare & David Tolmie



Deborah & Chris Hallam



Deborah & Terry Keeling



Jane & Margaret Green



Janette Kish



Jennifer & Alan Parry



Jill & Seamus Schofield



Jim Beebe & Patty Siemion



Joanne Costanzo



Johanna & Robert Mandel



Judy & Bob Pittaway



Kelly Tausch & Sheri Laverack



Leigh & Wren Hudgins



Lillian & Dutch Wright



Linda & Chris Schofield



Karen & Peter Enich



Karen Argall



Karla Araujo dos Santos



Kat Thomas



Lora & David Bolton



Lynne Goodman



Malcolm Edwards



Margaret Barr



Kate & Earl Kunkle



Katie Hustler



Kay Kramer & Sally Johnson



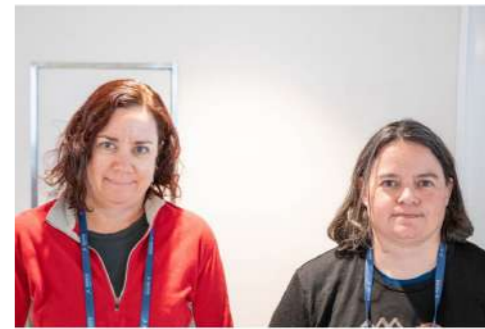
Kay Sanderson



Martin & Liza Tharratt



Neal & Barbara Fogarty



Norah & Kathleen Davis



Patricia Danyluk & Sharon Fraser



Patricia Eng



Paul Jepson & Janice Firth



Raimondo Restelli



Ralph Fernando



Tara Yip & Lewis Cheng



Tom & Janet Doherty



Tracy & Don West



Trevor & Marie Lund



Rita Morgan



Rosemary & Jim Millar



Ruth Rowles



Samuel Spencer & Evan Sauter



Vanessa Lindsay Smith & Ann Gladwin



Wendy & Tony Walker



Sandra Waters & Clive Briggs



Sharon Leonard



Subba & BHO Singh



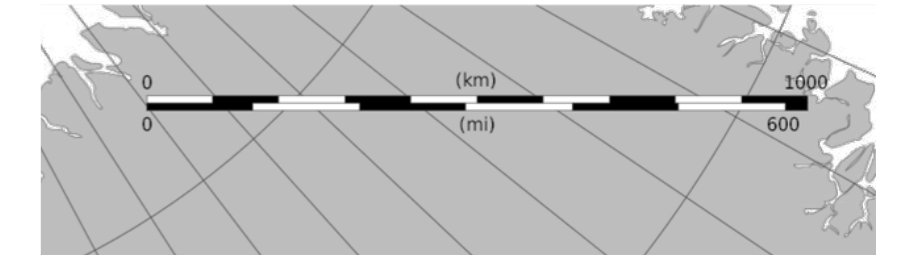
Susan & David Ryder



Into the Northwest Passage (NWP001G)

25 August to 08 September, 2022


MV Greg Mortimer








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