

# TRAVEL



**Winds in the High Arctic** off north Baffin Island spin cloud formations. Fjord tours and photo clinics were among the cruise activities. Steve Haggerty Photography / Colorworld

## ARCTIC HIGH

An expedition-style cruise from Canada to Greenland includes Inuit village tours, polar bears, and, alas, calving icebergs.

By Anne Z. Cooke  
TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE

**L**LULISSAT, Greenland — “Shuuss!” said Capt. Oliver Kreuss, standing on the bridge of the Lindblad Expedition-National Geographic ship Explorer, training his binoculars on the iceberg-choked fjord ahead. “I can’t talk now,” he barked, cutting the speed to 6 knots and steering the vessel left and right around each floating titan like a dancer whirling his partner across the floor.

Half-expecting a collision, the six passengers on the bridge, there to watch the approach to Ilulissat on Greenland’s ragged west coast, held their breath as the usually gar-

rulous captain nudged the ship forward. Forty minutes later, with clear water and the anchorage ahead, all was forgiven.

“Sorry about that,” Kreuss said, smiling apologetically. “The ship is always my first duty. You were asking about the notches in the rail? Guess. You can’t guess? The notches in the rail represent the number of bear sightings we have in a year. For every bear we see, we cut one notch. If the bear has killed and is eating a seal, we color the notch red. After yesterday, we’re adding six more.”

The Explorer wasn’t the only witness to calving icebergs. While we were scouting out the eastern High See **TRIARCTICI** on N3



**Iceberg tours** off Ilulissat, Greenland, use local boats. Some bergs calved off nearby Jakobshavn Glacier, worrying some scientists the ice sheet may slide into the sea.

## Dancing with icebergs in High Arctic

**TRIARCTICI** from N1

Arctic, President Obama was in Alaska, in the western High Arctic, highlighting the same issues: shrinking glaciers, rising sea level, warmer winters, and hungry polar bears.

After 10 days on the Explorer, we had a pretty good idea why Lindblad Expeditions has been so successful leading expedition-style voyages to distant regions. In Lindblad’s early days, its ships were considerably more spartan. But after partnering with National Geographic in 2004, changes have included booking more university-trained naturalist guides and ramping up the comfort index. The result has been a growing coterie of steadfastly devoted fans.

Most of Lindblad’s cruises are booked a year in advance, according to its reservation desk. But when a last-minute cancellation opened up space on the 13-day cruise to Greenland and north Baffin Island, we jumped on it. And it didn’t take long to see that even the best-planned expedition couldn’t account for nature.

We were supposed to board the Explorer in Iqaluit on south Baffin Island, then sail north through the Davis Strait. But when ice blocked Frobisher Bay, the Explorer couldn’t dock. Did Lindblad cancel? Never. With departure day looming, Kreuss, the “hotel” staff, and the crew got to work, booking additional flights for all 140 passengers — at Lindblad’s expense — and rescheduling Inuit village visits, tundra hikes, lectures, Zodiac (dinghy) fjord tours, naturalist talks, guest lectures, photo clinics, bus rides, and glacier flyovers.

And they managed it seamlessly.

“They’re successful because they’re organized,” said former investment banker Martha Tinker of Des Moines, Iowa, who allowed, with an embarrassed chuckle, that having taken not two, not five, but 13 Lindblad trips, she had given the matter some thought.

“By that, I mean they’re prepared,” she said as we waited for a Zodiac ride to the shore at Pond Inlet, on north Baffin Island. “They research the destinations so thoroughly that they’re never caught by surprise. If something’s canceled, they have a backup already identified. It happens so smoothly the passengers don’t even notice.”

With the sun shining, we took off our coats to explore Inuit villages such as Greenland’s Sisimiut (pop. 4,453) and Pond Inlet (pop. 5,500) at the north end of Baffin Island. The tour of Sisimiut, a quiet fishing village built on a couple of rocky ridges, meant a long walk uphill and down dale to a history museum, crafts store, and grocery. A half-dozen sled dogs, panting in the heat, snoozed at the end of their doghouse chains. But snow machines and ATVs were ubiquitous. Sisimiut looked neat and prosperous. In Greenland, a Danish territory, the economy and schools are heavily supported.

Pond Inlet, the Canadian government’s effort to bring distant Inuits from their traditional villages to a central location, seemed both more industrial and much poorer. But the Tununiqmiut dance group’s drum performance at the community center provided a rare opportunity to see a genuine effort to retain some of the old



**Heading into Ilulissat, Greenland**, an expedition-style cruise ship weaves among icebergs split off by warming seas. Steve Haggerty Photography / Colorworld



**Pond Inlet, an Inuit village** established on north Baffin Island by the Canadian government, presented a taste of old culture with the Tununiqmiut dance group’s drum performance, held at the community center.

culture.

On other days, guided Zodiac fjord rides, shore tours, and walks were available (no charge for any of them), along with National Geographic photography clinics. Knee-high rubber boots are recommended for landing on some wet beaches or marshes, but the most expensive brands are not necessary. We packed our gardening boots and wore them with thick wool socks.

We hiked over rocks identified as the world’s oldest, searched for 1,000-year-old burial sites, and contemplated the fact that before Europeans arrived, the Vikings and two groups of ancestral Inuit lived there.

Sometimes, we saw flowers so tiny you had to kneel to appreciate their intricate shapes: 3-inch-high willows, and silky-fine clumps of musk ox fur, qiviut, shed during the summer molt, stuck on last spring’s dead flow-

er stalks. The musk ox were there, somewhere, but they remained elusive.

The most fantastic afternoon wound up on a high note with a polar bear encounter. Spotting three bears napping on an ice floe, the captain slowed the ship to a crawl, waiting for the ice to reach us. Meanwhile, the female stood, stretched, and ambled toward the ship, her two nearly grown cubs in tow.

In minutes, the cubs were directly below the bow, where they spent the next 45 minutes sniffing the air, cuffing each other playfully, and stretching out to cool. Their mother watched it all, then called them, and the three ambled away.

Taking a poll at dinner, we asked why our table mates, now new friends, chose Lindblad. They liked recognizing one another from previous trips and were pleased that the waiters re-

membered them, too. The cabin sizes and the closets, the spacious bathrooms and the menus were universally praised, along with the open-bridge policy allowing visits at any time without an appointment. The afternoon tea and pastries were a favorite, as was the casual dress code. But what was really Lindblad’s secret, the thing that set it apart from its competitors?

“For me, it’s the naturalists,” said Laurie Goldberg of Connecticut, who was traveling with her husband, Hank. “These people aren’t just biologists, geologists, or historians interested in their own specialty. They’re educated, and they’re friendly, always around if you want to talk. The lectures are educational, and they’re entertaining. I never miss a talk.”

But there had to be something else, and we think we found it. It was the lounge, used for day and

evening lectures, next-day briefings, and happy-hour gatherings. A work of genius, this circular space, a theater-in-the-round design, has a central lectern surrounded by a circle of chairs, cocktail tables, and sofas.

You faced the passengers nearby, and they saw you. You shared a bowl of popcorn. They said hello, and you recognized them again when you saw them later. After four days together, you were talking. If you’d been attending lectures in a typical auditorium, sitting in a row facing the stage, you’d wouldn’t have met anyone. The setup also improved the lectures. Wherever you sat in that lounge, you could see at least two of the seven wall-mounted TV screens, computer-controlled from the lectern. The speakers — uninterrupted by mumbling, fumbling with videos, or explaining photos that popped up out of order — were more spontaneous, faster-paced, and often funnier.

As for the icebergs, it wasn’t long before we were sailing among monstrous hunks, white giants bigger than buildings. Worse, they had calved off the Jakobshavn Glacier, near Ilulissat, at the west edge of the Greenland ice cap.

They were the canary in the coal mine, evidence that Jakobshavn, said to be the world’s “most productive glacier,” was melting faster than ever, worrying some scientists that the ice sheet itself may slide into the ocean. That was the bad news. The good news was we were there to see it in person and to hope the next decade’s cruise passengers will care just as much.

Ten days after returning home, we learned that satellite images from space showed that while we were at Ilulissat, a Manhattan-size hunk of ice calved into the sea. It was the second such event in the last three years.

For information on all Lindblad Expeditions-National Geographic cruises, go to [www.expeditions.com](http://www.expeditions.com).