



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

Vol. 95-96

July

No. 1

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Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1963-64
Mr. George R. Toney, 1964-65
Mr. Morton J. Rubin, 1965-66
Dr. Albert P. Crary, 1966-68
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Mr. Peter F. Bermel, 1973-75
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Paul C. Daniels

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RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1965
Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, 1966
Dr. J. Campbell Craddock, 1967
Mr. James Pranke, 1968
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1970
Sir Peter M. Scott, 1971
Dr. Frank Davies, 1972
Mr. Scott McVay, 1973
Mr. Joseph O. Fletcher, 1974
Mr. Herman R. Friis, 1975
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1976
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979
Dr. Charles R. Bentley, 1980
Dr. Robert L. Nichols, 1981
Dr. Robert H. Rutford, 1982
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985
Dr. Claude Lorus, 1986
Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988
Dr. Ted E. DeLaca, 1989
Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed, 1990
Dr. Charles W. Swithinbank, 1991
Dr. Susan Solomon, 1992
Dr. Michele E. Raney, 1993
Dr. Doyle A. Harper, 1994
Dr. Edith L. Taylor, 1995

Laurence McKinley Gould - "Preeminently a scientist fascinated by the pursuit of truth and knowledge, he has the spirit of the scholar, the soul of the poet and adventurer, and a special ability to communicate his passion for learning to his students."

LAURENCE MCKINLEY GOULD

August 22, 1896 - June 21, 1995

PAUL-EMILE VICTOR

June 27, 1907 - March 7, 1995

COLLEAGUES AND PEERS WHO PRECEDED LARRY

Bill Benninghoff, Jan. 8, 1993	Dick Black, Aug. 11, 1992
Mike Benkert, Dec. 14, 1989	Richard E. Byrd, Mar. 11, 1957
Dave Canham, Feb. 5, 1986	Bert Crary, Oct. 29, 1987
Paul C. Daniels, Apr. 6, 1986	Harry Dater, June 26, 1974
Hugh DeWitt, Jan. 5, 1995	George Dufek, Feb. 10, 1977
Gordon Ebbe, Aug. 2, 1989	Carl Eklund, Nov. 4, 1962
Bill Field, June 16, 1994	Harry Francis, Oct. 7, 1990
Herman Friis, Sept. 23, 1989	Dick Goldthwait, July 7, 1992
Henry Harrison, Apr. 21, 1991	August Howard, Dec. 4, 1988
Tom Jones, Mar. 3, 1993	John Katsufrakis, Nov. 27, 1994
Giles Kershaw, Mar. 5, 1990	Jim Lassiter, Dec. 16, 1992
Ralph Lenton, Oct. 15, 1986	Father Dan Linehan, Sept. 27, 1987
Ed Macdonald, Mar. 12, 1988	Mary Alice McWhinnie, Mar. 17, 1980
Fred Milan, Jan. 28, 1995	J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., Oct. 5, 1990
Charlie Murphy, Dec. 29, 1987	Bob Nichols, Feb. 25, 1995
Hugh Odishaw, Mar. 4, 1984	Tom Poulter, June 14, 1978
Finn Ronne, Jan. 12, 1980	Emanuel Rudolph, June 22, 1992
Paul Siple, Nov. 25, 1968	Jack Tuck, Aug. 14, 1984
David Tyree, Aug. 25, 1984	Al Wade, Oct. 1, 1978
Bud Waite, Jan. 14, 1985	Murray Wiener, Dec. 24, 1988
Harry Wexler, Aug. 10, 1962	Jim Zumberge, Apr. 15, 1992

Paul-Emile Victor - "I am not frightened by death. What annoys me is to stop to live."

Ordinarily we don't put out a Newsletter in mid-summer, but we have made an exception after two of the most famous Antarcticans in the world departed our company this spring-summer. Larry Gould was certainly the Silver Tongued Orator of the Antarctic, and Paul-Emile Victor could well be considered the Bon Vivant of Antarctica.

The two traveled to Antarctica on the USS CURTISS in January 1957, and, as one of the IGY scientists going to Antarctica on the same ship, it was paramount to being with two demi-gods. We got to know Larry quite well, and have fifty-five letters from him in our files, but none of these are from his last years.

Every time an Antarctic figurehead dies, we ask Link Washburn to honor the person with his personal thoughts, as Link knew them all. As our cover shows, the peers of Larry and Paul-Emile have just about vanished. We wanted Grover Murray to write something, as he was very, very close to Larry, but Grover is not in the greatest of health and could not bring himself to write about him. We regret that we don't have words from Clark Arnold, a very close friend of Larry's, but, as we go to press, the Arnolds are rafting down the Colorado out of communication.

LAURENCE MCKINLEY GOULD - A TRIBUTE (A. Lincoln Washburn). Many tributes and memorials will be written for Larry Gould, reflecting his many far-flung official and unofficial accomplishments and associations. Rather than being comprehensive, the present tribute is highly selective and personal, based on periods when our paths crossed most frequently and I had the privilege of getting to know him increasingly well with the passing years. Larry's career covered an array of accomplishments among which most of the following are ones I knew something about firsthand.

I first met Larry in 1935 while he was Professor of Geology and Geography and founder of the Department at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. Together with my wife, we visited him, thanks to an introduction from mutual friends, so I could seek his counsel on undertaking a possible career involving geology and northern exploration. I was uncertain about going to graduate school for full-time study of geology as opposed to combining graduate school with more general geographic exploration, stimulated by a summer in Alaska while an undergraduate at Dartmouth. His counsel was unstintingly given, being essentially as I remember it, "Whatever you decide, don't get sidetracked from completing your graduate work." He and his wife, Peg, could not have been more gracious to us.

In World War I, Larry was a member of the U.S. Army Ambulance Corps and took part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. During World War II, Larry was Civilian Chief of the Arctic Section of the U.S. Air Force's Arctic, Desert, and Tropic Information Center (1942-1944), in view of his earlier Arctic research and his later work as second-in-command of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition (1928-1930). It was an honor to be part of Larry's section and to have the opportunity to know him and Peg better. By the time I left I had come to appreciate his many talents as a truly exceptional leader whose insights and judgments were consistently on target, and whose warm personality and considered approach to problems appeared capable of moving not only mountains but even high military brass.

After World War II, I again had occasion to admire Larry's talents as one of the

founders and later a member of the Board of Governors of the Arctic Institute of North America, with which I was then affiliated. But it was during Larry's subsequent tenure as Chairman of the Antarctic Committee of the U.S. National Committee for the International Geophysical Year (IGY) 1957-1958, and his later Chairmanship of the National Research Council's Polar Research Board (1958-1972), that I had occasion as a member of his committee to appreciate his full genius.

Although Larry would have loved to participate in the Antarctic personally in 1958, as he had on the First Byrd Expedition, responsibilities kept him home. He had recommended the late "Bert" Crary for Chief Scientist of the U.S. field program - a fine choice, exactly as Larry was confident it would be.

Among his many successes Larry, as President of the International Council of Scientific Union's Special Committee for Antarctic Research (SCAR) (1963-1970), promoted and secured agreement on many science policies for the Antarctic where there were few precedents to serve as guides. He was clearly a key figure in stimulating the present Antarctic Treaty agreement to preserve the Antarctic as an international science laboratory, free of military or commercial bases, and as free of pollution as stringent international requirements could make it - the only continent where it was possible to start almost from scratch and to a degree overcome damage already done.

After retiring from the Presidency of Carleton College in 1962, he joined the University of Arizona in 1963 as Professor of Geology, then Professor of Geosciences, becoming Professor Emeritus in 1980. He was not only a valued member of the geological community there but on occasion an influential advisor to the University's President.

I saw Larry occasionally during the years when advancing age began to take its toll. In 1985 he wrote me that not to retire "... is the only way to survive happily. Even now in my 90th year I maintain my office at the University in the Gould-Simpson Science Building." When he began to fail he did so gracefully until the time came for him to join again his beloved Peg.

Larry Gould left a legacy of great accomplishments recognized by numerous awards and honorary degrees and, especially, by a legacy of personal warmth and a deep understanding of people that made for exceptional leadership qualities in human values as well as in polar science.

DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD - LOST IN THE SHUFFLE. Larry wrote us on 16 January 1980 about how "the announcement of the award to me seemed to have been lost in the shuffle. It has been given little attention and very few people seem to know about it. I am very proud of it. I consider this a very great honor."

So it behooves us to roll back the calendar to Larry's last trip to Antarctica, one made in 1979, presumably to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Bernt Balchen and Commander Richard E. Byrd making the first flight over the South Pole. But on the way to the Pole, something terrible happened, the worst disaster in the history of the Antarctic, an Air New Zealand DC-10, slammed onto the lower slopes of Mt. Erebus, killing all 257 people aboard. The official polar flight was cancelled, and the Chairman of the National Science Board announced that a meeting would be held at 2:00 PM at McMurdo to carry out the ceremony that had been planned for the South Pole. A number of people spoke, and at the end of the ceremony, the Chairman of the National Science Board presented Larry with the Distinguished Public Service Award. And here it is, read it!

"Dr. Laurence M. Gould, geologist, polar scientist, explorer, and educator launched his distinguished career in polar affairs in 1926 as assistant director and geologist of the University of Michigan Greenland Expedition. In 1928 he made his first trip

to Antarctica as senior scientist and second in command of the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition. His book "Cold" records the 1,500-mile sledge journey he led from Little America to conduct the first major geological research on the Queen Maud Mountains, just 300 miles from the South Pole.

"During World War II he was Chief of the Arctic section of the Arctic, Desert, and Tropic Information Center of the Army Air Force.

"His role and influence in Antarctic affairs became more prominent with his participation in the planning and initiation of the International Geophysical Year (IGY). He was a member of the U.S. National Committee for the IGY and was director of the U.S. IGY Antarctic Program. He visited the continent to help establish six U.S. scientific outposts.

"Dr. Gould's deep interest and involvement in the high levels of Antarctic policy and planning continued in 1958 when he became a charter member and chairman of the Committee on Polar Research of the National Academy of Sciences. During his 14 years in that position he directed the establishment of research priorities for Antarctica. The principles which were developed still guide the U.S. Antarctic Research Program.

"On a global level, the International Council of Scientific Unions chose Dr. Gould to head its Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research, a post he held from 1963 to 1970. In these national and international roles Dr. Gould became known for his great interest, knowledge, and industry and for his constant dedication and diplomacy.

'From 1953 to 1962 Dr. Gould was a Member of the National Science Board (NSB), the policy-making body of the National Science Foundation (NSF). In that position and later as Chairman of the Advisory Panel for the Office of Polar Programs at NSF, Dr. Gould made exemplary contributions as an adviser on research, education, and science policy.

"His lifetime of dedication and performance in the conduct of research, and his national and international leadership in geology and in Arctic and Antarctic affairs are recognized with appreciation and commendation." (Richard C. Atkinson, Director NSF)

LARRY GOULD ON THE ANTARCTIC TREATY. Larry was very much enamored by Herman Phleger, Head of the U.S. Delegation to the Antarctic Treaty discussions. Larry often said that Phleger was "responsible for the prose poetry in which the treaty is phrased." There was a mutual love affair between Herman and Larry. He inscribed a photo of the signing to "Laurence McKinley Gould, without whom there would have been no Antarctic Treaty."

Larry wrote on 1 January 1982, relative to Herman's inscription on that photo, "He apparently was aware of my lobbying before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. I was strongly supported by my fellow Minnesotan Senator Humphrey. The Committee as a whole was friendly, but some of the other people appearing before the Committee were not. The representative from the D.A.R. was bitterly opposed to any treaty which included Soviet Russia, and she was highly critical of my presentations.

"I think I was the only person from Antarctica who appeared and did so as Chairman of the Committee on Polar Research at the National Academy of Sciences. In my 'lobbying' I was surprised by the negative responses from some senators whom I approached, especially the late Senator Russell of Georgia, a charming urban-wise education man."

PEG WAS JUST A NORMAL EXTENSION OF LARRY. In spite of all the greatness of Larry, I think all who knew him realized that he needed a rudder, and he had the best one possible in his bride Peg. At the age of 17, this one-time reference librarian in the Detroit Public Library enrolled, along with some 400 others, in Larry's course

in Geology 101 at Michigan. She must have impressed Larry, as they got married that year, and his lecturing to her on geology lasted for another fifty-eight years. Hopefully, she got a final passing grade, as it was a lifelong course!

She must have been a great companion for Larry, as one of the past presidents of Carleton College, Stephen R. Lewis, Jr., said in the Minneapolis Tribune, "... a person of wit and insight, and an avid reader, Peg Gould had a sharp mind and spoke freely and candidly about matters that took her interests." And when Peg turned 80, Carleton's Board of Trustees passed a resolution stating its appreciation, "Her strength and beauty of character have been a light unto her many friends, admirers, and successive wives of Carleton's presidents."

We never knew Peg, but have some nice letters from her in our files. And she even sounded like Larry, quoting from two letters, the first of 28 June 1981, "There's nothing so good for the body and spirit as a good resounding belly laugh. Please, therefore write more Bergy Bits or letters to Larry. Whenever I am feeling downcast, I get out your letter about women in Antarctica and am immediately renewed." And then on 18 November 1981, "But - damn it - why don't you bring yourself out this way some time?! The country is lovely and both my legs are the same length and my eyes aren't crossed. Furthermore, I've been known to carry on a short conversation without splitting infinities. And isn't himself the Grand Man!"

Peg came from a family of four, all struck down by cancer. When she died in 1988, we always felt that a large piece of Larry went with her, that life was never the same thereafter. He had fantastic support from his multitude of friends in Tucson, but he never had his beloved Peg. Now they are in adjoining urns on the campus at Carleton and Larry is still continuing his lectures on Geology 101!

NORMAN VAUGHAN ON LARRY. With the passing of Larry, there are only two living members of the 1928-1930 Byrd Antarctic Expedition, Howard Mason of Seattle and Norman Vaughan of The World. Howard keeps a low profile, living under a bushel basket. He is the only man I know who went north with Sir Hubert Wilkins and then south with Byrd. As a radio operator, he was one of the few men who got paid on that expedition, being on the New York Times payroll. When he came back, he had some money in his pockets, and walked the streets of San Francisco looking for the proper place to deposit it. Not knowing anything about banking, Howard told us in a visit to his home about a dozen years ago, that he decided to put the money in the bank with the most imposing columns. However, it did Howard no good at all, as the great bank crash came the next day and he lost his money! Howard is still alive, but we were unable to reach him at the time of Larry's death, so no comments from Howard.

Norman was the one who notified us that Larry had died, as Carleton College had called him right away, and then he called us twenty minutes later. Norman sent off a message to Clark Arnold to be read at Larry's Memorial Service, and here it is:

A personal magnetism of charisma, extreme loyalty, and love for his students partially described Laurence McKinley Gould. To have had 18 months with him in Antarctica, including membership on his 1600-mile sledge journey which discovered new lands was my greatest education. My son Gerard, my grandson Jay, and my great grandson Joshua all proudly have Gould for their middle names. In 1979 Jerry flew Larry and me across the Pacific and to Antarctica to celebrate on November 29th the 50th anniversary of Admiral Byrd's flight over the South Pole. My three sons and I are proud to have just a share of this man's unrivaled life."

Incidentally, Norman is planning to go back to the South Pole on November 29, 2029, when they celebrate the 100th anniversary of Byrd's first flight over the South Pole. In fact, he has already started to pack his survival pack for that flight.

TWENTY-SEVEN HONORARY DOCTORATES (Orlo E. Childs). It took nearly six months to track down the names of degrees and the institutions that honored Larry during his long and fabled career. Unfortunately, Larry's memory was impaired to the extent that he could not help us in our efforts, but he never failed to recognize Michigan, Carleton, and Harvard hoods! He had 27 doctoral hoods: one was an earned Doctor of Science degree from Michigan, 26 were honorary doctoral hoods, and of those one Doctor of Science degree could not be identified as to the university giving the degree. A chronological listing of the degrees has been made, and is part of the display. Dr. Gaylord Simpson (for whom, along with Larry, the building is named) is also featured in the display.

On November 27, 1993, a formal opening of the display of the doctoral hoods of Larry Gould and Gaylord Simpson was held in the entrance lobby of the Gould-Simpson Building of the University of Arizona. Larry was there, and at 97 he clearly understood and enjoyed the entire ceremony. I shall always see him there as I enter the building, and my wife and I shall continue to think of him and appreciate his great friendship as one of life's treasures.

Honorary Degrees

Sc.D. University of Michigan (1925)	D.H. Wayne State University (1960)
Sc.D. Polytechnic University, Brooklyn (1931)	LL.D. Brandeis University (1961)
L.H.D. Ripon College (1941)	LL.D. Occidental College (1961)
LL.D. Coe College (1945)	LL.D. Harvard University (1962)
LL.D. Macalester College (1946)	L.H.D. Carleton College (1962)
L.H.D. Rhodes College (1953)	Lit.D. College of Wooster (1962)
LL.D. University of Michigan (1954)	LL.D. University of Minnesota (1962)
Lit.D. Chicago Medical School (1955)	LL.D. St. Olaf College (1962)
Sc.D. Union College, New York (1958)	L.H.D. Kalamazoo College (1963)
LL.D. New York University (1959)	Lit.D. Simpson College (1966)
LL.D. Dartmouth College (1959)	Sc.D. University of Alaska (1970)
Sc.D. Columbia University (1960)	Sc.D. Ohio State University (1980)
Sc.D. Notre Dame University (1960)	Sc.D. University of Arizona (1982)

"Laurence McKinley Gould - You have combined several careers with brilliance and grace. You are a geologist, educator, explorer, diplomat and humanitarian. Your contributions as a teacher, researcher, scientist and statesman are incalculable. You are perhaps the world's leading specialist in glacial geology. Your years of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, research and writing have established a solid foundation for all future polar exploration, vitally important today as we search for new sources of energy. In recognition of your contribution to mankind, and to the quality of your own life, the University of Arizona confers upon you the degree of *Doctor of Science*." (John P. Schaefer, President, The University of Arizona, May 15, 1982)

LARRY'S THOUGHTS ON A SOCIETY TIE. On January 15, 1985, Larry wrote, "I like the idea of an Antarctic Society necktie, provided it is red, for I like any bright color so long as it is red. Penguins and whatever you wish would look well against a red background.

"I have a biomass tie which I wear occasionally but it is quite dull - but not nearly as dull as a deep blue (looks black) tie with such tiny white maps of Antarctica that one must get indecently close to recognize what they are. I don't remember who sent it. The Society should really get busy and sponsor a really handsome tie no matter what it costs."

Relative to the above, Bob Rutford sent a check about that time for the winner of an acceptable Society tie. We thought that the famed Frankie Welch's staff in Alexandria

could come up with an appropriate design, but for some reason never got off the ground. Then we had a very talented naturalist do a painting of an Emperor penguin, but Rutford vetoed that, and since then nothing has been done.

Ten years ago a straw vote showed 50% of our Society wanted a penguin tie, 50% wanted anything but a penguin. And Bill Sladen said, "if we have a penguin tie, it has to be an Emperor." Bill said that Roger Tory Peterson owed him a favor, so he might get him to sketch one for us, but then he added that Peterson was so wrapped up in King penguins that he would do one of those birds, and that a King would not be appropriate as it is a subantarctic bird. So that died a natural death.

I hope we are entering an era when all neckties will be outlawed, or at least there will be a strong ground swell against wearing ties. But if anyone has any thoughts about a Society tie, please let us know.

LARRY'S ENDING. Larry's ending was somewhat tragic, and none of the people we contacted wanted to write about their dear friend's death. But it seems that the beginning of his downfall occurred five years ago when he had a quadruple bypass, and one source felt that the medication afterwards affected him, saying that thereafter Larry lost ground fast. It got so bad that even his closest friends were not certain they would always be recognized.

Larry went to the nursing home a couple of months ago, the Saturday before Easter. Even in his sickening condition, he remained his ever charming self, and all the nurses fell in love with him. He and Peg never had any children of their own, but from what we heard, he died with the love of a self-adopted family. A very large floral arrangement at his Memorial Service came from those nurses.

A couple of days before Larry's death, one of his geology students, Clark Arnold, and his wife, took Larry for a ride around Tucson, up onto the hills where he could enjoy the scenery. We understand from another source how much Larry appreciated the ride.

But on his way to Heaven, the day before Larry died, he had some unfinished business to attend to, and he did it! Somehow or other, he had lost his polar orientation, and was back in the Arctic with Captain Bob Bartlett, with whom he had traveled northward twice on his schooner, the MORRISEY. Larry spent part of his last day haranguing old Bob who had been dead for 49 years! Never let it be said that Larry didn't have an opinion, nor never let it be said that he was prone to suppress his opinions.

In a way it is rather hard to use the best of Larry Gould, as his candid opinions expressed in his letters to this office would take a lot of people by surprise and shock! When talking to one of his closest friends about a certain polar figure, he said that he knew much of Larry's feelings and thoughts, but that most of them were obtained after the second martini, and thus had immunity from being quoted.

WHO IS GOD, NOW? With Larry Gould dying, who is God in Antarctica? To avoid any international conflicts, why don't we just concede all of Antarctica to the United States, and just not recognize anyone but ourselves? That seems entirely fair to this broad-minded individual, so naturally the Antarctic God should come from our country.

First of all, one does not truly replace a Larry Gould, because when he was created, the mold was destroyed. Is there anyone who even approached his rhetoric? Anyone who ever heard Larry speak will never forget him. His long tenure as head of SCAR (Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research) and chairman of the National Academy's Polar Research Board, showed both his international and national popularity.

The U.S. had an heir apparent to replace Larry in Gentleman Jim Zumberge, but on his way to the podium to succeed Larry, Gentleman Jim was stricken with a brain tumor and

preceded Larry to the Great Beyond. Too bad, as he would have made a terrific God, as everyone loved the man.

Link Washburn has many godlike attributes, but he is too nice a guy. We need a God who will sin so he can be forgiven, and that is not Link. Besides, he has made only cameo appearances in the Antarctic, as his love since the crib has been the Arctic, and we don't want a part-time Antarctic God, particularly one who will probably die studying some ice wedge in the Arctic. So throw out Link.

What really are the requirements to be God? If God has to be a dog handler, like Larry was, Norman Vaughan would be a shoo-in for Antarctic God. Besides, he has already appeared on the Hour of Power and confessed to being a born and true Christian. However, the new Protocol being kicked around by various countries before ratification outlaws dogs in Antarctica, so I guess the new God must not be a dog driver. Sorry, Norman. Anyway, you have your hands full trying to keep that young bride satisfied, so you don't need the job, conserve your energies.

Does God need some experience man-hauling sledges? I doubt it. Besides, our number one proponent of man-hauling was Bob Nichols, and he, too, checked out shortly before Larry. Maybe George Denton could be a man-hauling God. He has been to Antarctica for 27 working summers, and he has no intention of hanging up his ice axe. But we don't want a God who works, anyway, as he is supposed to be sort of a titular head. So, George, we aren't even considering you.

Some people might want to throw up the name of Art DeVries for Antarctic God, but hey, let's be serious. I'm not a biblical student, but was God ever a cod fisherman? I know someone over there could part waters, and others could cast nets, but Art has to drill holes and drink his beers, so let's leave him be where he is totally happy. And to be utterly frank, Art's profile doesn't look very godly to me.

There are a couple of old guys hanging around from the IGY who go by the names of Charlie Bentley and John Behrendt. They have served their time, so have to be candidates. But Charlie has a good deal going, as glaciologists will always get funded to study the mass budget, which will never, never be determined, so why should he accept a position as God when he can get megabucks each year from our National Science Foundation? Besides, God would never have a wife like Marybelle! I don't know too much about John. Some say he has already experienced hell in Antarctica, so is ready for anything. He seems to have the right holes punched in his national and international qualification cards, so let's not throw him out as a valid candidate as Antarctic God.

I have purposely avoided the name of Bob Rutford until now, but it looks to me like this old footballer from Minnesota is going to replace Larry as the Antarctic God. He was on a "Zumberge Track", going to Nebraska, going to Texas as a university president, representing this country at SCAR, being head of the Office of Polar Programs at NSF, being chairman of the Academy's Polar Research Board, and even having his summer hole at Jackson Hole where both Larry and Gentleman Jim had places. I think Bob realized that he could become God when Larry checked out, as Bob retired this past year as President of the University of Texas at Dallas to clear his desk. The only question is, "Is Rutford too shy to be God?"

So here we are in paragraph ten, and we haven't even found a female Antarctic God. If Mary Alice McWhinnie were still alive, we would put her name on the ballot. After all, her credentials in the Antarctic were superb, and she had divine connections with the holy fathers at a good Catholic university. However, she smoked, and whoever heard of God smoking, so maybe she really wasn't a viable candidate anyway. If we really need a balanced ballot, let's toss Polly Penhale's name into the hopper. In a way, she is sort of a Goddess.

So where do we end up? Certainly no true replacement for Larry, but I guess we could

live with Rutherford. He would not be a dull God, a do-nothing God, that's for sure! And, if he doesn't work out, perhaps Behrendt or Penhale could step in.

FEED ME TO THE SHARKS, AND PAUL-EMILE GOT HIS WISH. Paul-Emile Victor was many things, among which we can cite polar explorer, pilot, ethnologist, writer, sketcher, humanist, and promoter of scientific ecology. Although French, he also carried a U.S. passport, and served as a polar rescue advisor for the U.S. in World War II.

An early influence on his life was the famed French explorer, Dr. Jean-Baptiste Charcot, who took Paul-Emile with him on expeditions to Greenland on the famed POURQUOI-PAS? This ship, with Charcot aboard, fell victim to a gale off the Icelandic coast on 15 September 1936. Paul-Emile then continued making expeditions alone, most notably to Lapland.

Another great influence on Paul-Emile's life was Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring" which his second wife, Colette, gave to him in the 1960s. But it wasn't until 1968, when he was more than 70 years old, that he really got into ecology. He set up the Nature Conservation Fund, but it really didn't get off the ground. So he finally decided to set up a scientific think tank, and that came to fruition in 1974 as the Paul-Emile Victor Group for the Defence of Man and His Environment. He declared himself a "scientific ecologist" and said, "Ecological activism, appropriated by some newspapers, has produced impassioned prejudices that have nothing to do with the fight for man and his environment." Noting that public opinion in France wasn't being moved by his pleas, he decided on a radical Gauguin-like change of lifestyle, abandoning his home in Paris for Motu Tane, a tiny atoll off Bora Bora in French Polynesia. He wasn't exactly forgotten back home, as President Mitterand visited him on the atoll to award him the Legion d'Honneur.

But let's flash back to his polar enterprises which numbered many. He once estimated that he had covered 300,000 miles across snow and ice in his lifetime. He first achieved fame in 1936 when he was 29, with a long crossing of Greenland by dog-drawn sled and on foot, spending the winter on the northern coast of eastern Greenland. In 1947 he founded Expeditions Polaires Francaises to oversee French scientific missions in the polar regions. He went on to lead several expeditions to the Antarctic, and became an expert on the protection of the continent, as well as an authority on its mineral resources. His last book "Planete Antarctique" was published in 1991. Prior to that he had published "The Poles and Their Secrets", as well as his most famous one, "La Grande Faim", about the terrible deprivation suffered by his beloved Inuits during the grim winter of 1882-83.

There is an interesting story circulating in the polar community about the Victors in Greenland. It seems that both Paul-Emile and his wife were on a French plane resupplying one of their bases in Greenland, and after the long winter, they were air dropping such mundane things as fuel drums and other sheer necessities of subsistence Paul-Emile got on the radio to the base to see how the drops were coming, and found a bunch of uninterested people down below. It seems that they were more interested in seeing a woman's bosom than more fuel drums, so on the next pass, his wife stripped to her waist and leaned out the open bay of the aircraft as it made a low pass over the station. First recorded UFOs in Greenland, although in the French log, they were described as IFOs.

Paul-Emile handled his departure from this planet in his typical flamboyant style. He sketched himself flying up into Heaven, wiggling his fingers, waving goodbye to his wife and kid down on the island. Then he wrote his farewell message to his friends aside the sketch, "Paul-Emile Victor regrets (and how regretful he is ... he expected to be here several more centuries ...) to tell you he was obliged to interrupt all of his activities (de-fin-ni-ti-ve-ly) on: March 7, 1995 at NOON."

The message continues to state that it is from "Colette (his wife) and Teva (*his son*) in Bora Bora, and Jean Christophe, Daphne and Stephane (his children in Paris)." This was given to his secretary back in Paris, with a list of those whom he wished to receive them, and she wrote in the date of his death, March 7, and mailed them out.

An editorial comment in the "Journal Francais d'Amerique" states that "it was rather incredible that, eight years before his death, Paul-Emile Victor, had the imagination to prepare (for his friends) a message that he would leave this earth in the future and wish them goodbye. He exhibited a great sense of humor, of clairvoyance, of friendship, and finally great courage. He was also a simple man who loved his life and work. One wonders that this drawing and others done by him were not published in science books." (Courtesy of Peter Barretta)

We don't know the exact circumstances, but several years ago Paul-Emile turned over much of his polar memorabilia to an auction house. Whether that included the gold medal given him by the Royal Geographical Society in 1953 is unknown to us. Pete Barretta informs us that the Victor home on Motu Tane was destroyed by a typhoon, including all his papers and souvenirs. That certainly was an ill wind.

Paul-Emile left instructions that his body should be "fed to the sharks", and he was duly given a burial at sea, on a very appropriate ship, the DUMONT D'URVILLE, on 13 March 1995. He certainly was one of the most colorful of all polar explorers, and a lot of us going south on the USS CURTISS in 1956-57 had a wonderful opportunity to meet with him on the ship. I remember wishing we were French, as Paul-Emile was then bringing his expeditions home with a stop-over in Tahiti. What a way to run an expedition!! My personal log started out on 13 January 1957 with "Had breakfast (at the Warner Hotel in Christchurch) with Dr. Gould, Director, Antarctic Programs, Dr. Kaare Rodahl, Director, Arctic Aeromed Lab, and Paul-Emile Victor, famed French explorer." How about that for breakfast companions!!! Incidentally, there is a Musee de L'Exploration Polaire, Centre Paul-Emile Victor in the Jura mountains, some 40km from Geneva. We know, as Gordon Cartwright sent us a card showing it - nice looking, too.

VIVIAN C. BUSHNELL, 1910-1994 (Walt Seelig). Early this year, Josephine and I were saddened to learn of the death of Vivian Bushnell on October 7, 1994 in Palm Harbor, Florida.

The National Science Foundation had a continuing concern as to how to make the scientific results of the International Geophysical Year and following years of scientific research in Antarctica available in a concise form to interested scientists and the public. An atlas-type volume was considered but deemed impractical because of the rapidity and volume of new information being generated. A loose-leaf map folio series which could easily be revised, seemed the answer. Vivian, because of her experience, devotion to her job, understanding, and ability to work with senior scientists was an ideal choice for the Executive Editor of the new Antarctic Map Folio Series.

At the American Geographical Society, Vivian was responsible for the development of a series of base maps at various scales, projections, and areas of coverage on which to portray the results of terrestrial, marine, and upper atmospheric studies in and around Antarctica. Working with the senior researchers on the map content and text, twenty-one loose-leaf folios were produced in the Antarctic Map Folio Series, now a fundamental source for Antarctic information. They are a monument to Vivian's energy and dedication. The Folios are now out of print and are collectors items* Mount Bushnell, in the Tapley Mountain Range, is named in honor of Vivian Bushnell. We are sorry to have lost a good friend and fellow Antarctic.

Editor note: Please do NOT be offended by "Who Is God, Now?". We did not write it for you, but for Larry who had a real appreciation for humor.