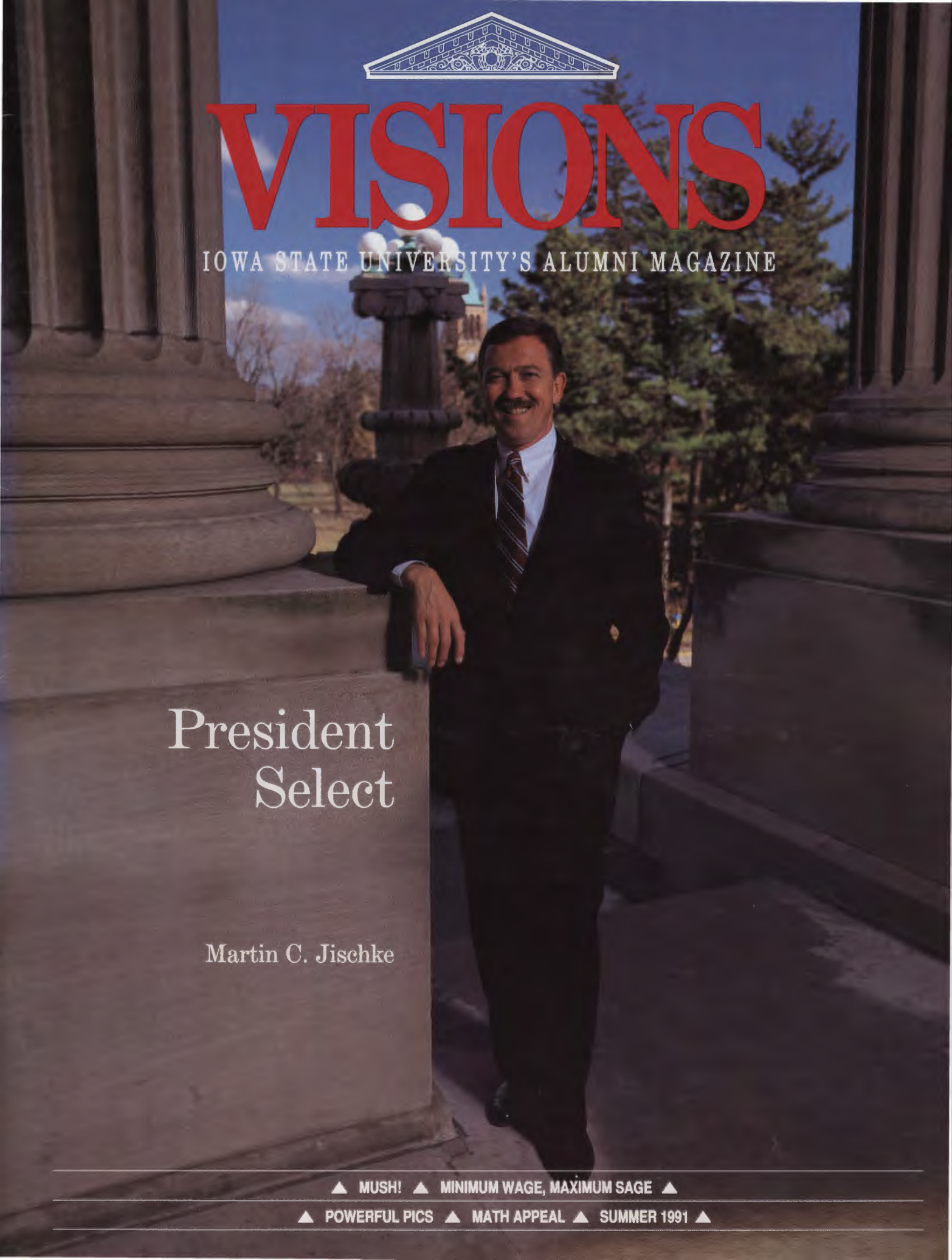

VISIONS

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY'S ALUMNI MAGAZINE

President Select

Martin C. Jischke

▲ MUSH! ▲ MINIMUM WAGE, MAXIMUM SAGE ▲

▲ POWERFUL PICS ▲ MATH APPEAL ▲ SUMMER 1991 ▲

THIS IS ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MESSAGES EXPLAINING THE MANY PROGRAMS SUPPORTED BY YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ISU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

(LEFT TO RIGHT): TIM, WENDI, RICK, '75, MS '78 AND SCOTT REGER, AMES.

YOUR MEMBERSHIP MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Now when I was an Iowa State student ...

We know, we know. Mom and Dad braved deeper snows, tighter economic times and tougher classes than you'll ever face. But take a listen, kids: When you cut through all the, uh, embellishment, the place really isn't all that different.

But how to find out for sure? For ninth- and 10th-graders, it's easy. On Oct. 25, Iowa State alumni and their children in those grades are invited to campus for a special program geared to their needs and interests. It's the Homecoming Legacy Program, sponsored by the Iowa State Alumni Association.

It's a scary thought, your folks actually being young and maybe even (gasp!) semi-cool. Thanks to the legacy program, you can see for yourself: Dad's fraternity house. Mom's microbiology lab. The Memorial Union, site of their first date.

And most important, you'll see everything Iowa State has to offer *you*, from great advisers and professors to some unbelievable out-of-class activities. After a day on campus, you'll realize that this is one time to believe Dad when he launches into another of his, "If it was good enough for me ..." lectures.

Homecoming Legacy Program: Just one of dozens of programs made possible by your Alumni Association membership.

SUMMER 1991

LINE UP

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PRESIDENTIAL ZEAL

Martin C. Jischke moves into his Beardshear Hall office, bringing with him a lifelong passion for education.

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COVER PHOTO: JIM HEEMSTRA

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VOLUME 4 NUMBER 2

Get a Job...or Two...or Three

Unlike most students who live for football Saturdays, Ben Ihde has a love/hate relationship with the Sabbath. He parades and perspires with pride in front of thousands at each home game, zealously strutting his stuff as a trumpeter for ISU's Marching Band. But when the stadium empties and the postgame parties begin, Ihde switches his plumed headdress for a chauffeur's cap and hits the road. For the next 10-12 hours, he drives giggly bridal couples, gawky promgoers or graying birthday celebrants in a shiny, luxurious limo, the ultimate party wagon.

Most Sundays find him behind yet another wheel, this one steering a taxicab. Ihde works for a Marshalltown company that operates a shuttle service between that city and the Des Moines International Airport. He also repairs leaky faucets and mows the lawn at the apartment complex where he lives—tackled, of course, after he's completed his work each week for the ISU Department of Music, organizing and maintaining its nearly 300 marching band uniforms and accessories. In his spare time, he studies.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL WALLACE

Ben Ihde's case isn't such a rarity. More than 30 percent of students surveyed recently by the Office of Student Financial Aid said they work two or more jobs while attending Iowa State. And though the experience gained certainly beefs up the resume, nothing motivates you more to don a dorky waxed paper hat than the promise of making that tuition payment for another semester.

More than one-third of the university's undergraduates find jobs through ISU's Student Employment Center; countless other students are employed in off-campus jobs landed by pounding the pavement. The closest most of these students (including ones you'll meet on page 30) ever get to a South Padre spring break is watching it on MTV. When you're not sure how you're going to pay for the next wave of art supplies, traveling 1,253 miles to smash beer cans across your forehead doesn't elicit a high ranking on the To Do list.

I guess as long as there's been college, there's been working your way through it. I spent a week one summer atop a cement grain elevator as it grew 100 feet into the air, thanks to the encouragement of Louise, my friend and veteran cement smoother. My job was to move continually around the perimeter of the elevator, cranking miniature wheels that kept the structure level. It was a rather frightening responsibility for one who couldn't produce a pan of brownies that didn't suffer from severe sloping.

I also sorted mail for Maple-Willow-Larch dorms and tutored ISU students with spelling disabilities. I walked beans, a cruel and unusual punishment created by finicky farmers with too much time on their hands. And I got my first shot at Lois Lane-dom when the Estherville Daily News hired me to dig through boxes of moldy photographs of slaughtered hogs to prepare a commemorative tabloid for a local packinghouse.

The moral of the story? I'm undoubtedly a better person for juggling jobs and school, and so, I suspect, is Ben Ihde. By the end of next month, scores of future engineers and designers and agronomists will be furtively scanning the infamous Job Board outside Beardshear's Room 6, searching for the perfect after-school job.

And if you think one exists, I've got a cement-caked hard hat with your name on it.

— Debra Gibson

On Animals and Research

I have just read, with disgust, "Balancing Act." I am concerned that animals continue to be used unnecessarily for experimental purposes on the Iowa State campus.

The article often suggests, "Is a rat's life worth a human's?" There is also the statement, "If forced to decide whether they'd run over a child or a frog, almost all of them would back away." Unfortunately, these statements have little to do with the animal experimentation question. Of course, if faced with running over a child or a frog, the frog will lose every time. There is no choice. In animal experimentation, however, there is a choice. It does not place a rat on one table and a human on the other and force a decision on who will live. Animal experimentation places an animal, without rights, alone on the table at the mercy of the researcher. While some animal experimentation is aimed at curing significant human diseases, much is not. Further, rats are not the only animal beings used in these experiments. Rats just happen to be one of the few that humans associate with filth and disease. Dogs (many of which were likely once a pet), cats, cattle, rabbits, etc., are being used in these experiments.

The article also attempts to compare Britain's biomedical developments with the United States', blaming the animal rights movement for Britain's shortcomings. First, the island of Britain is only the size of one of our states. The United States probably has enough doctors, researchers, technicians, etc. to populate most of London. Is it any wonder why the U.S. should contribute exponentially more biomedical breakthroughs? Further, the role of Britain within Western society has changed greatly over the past 20 years. Once a world leader in many areas, Britain has seen its role diminishing to that of a traditional financial center and ally of the United States. In relation to other Western countries, Britain has contributed much less in every technical field over the past several years. The statement that the animal rights movement has solely caused Britain to contribute less than the United States in biomedical gains is both uninformed and misleading.

The world has experienced a technological explosion over the past two decades. It is time for Iowa State to take advantage of this technology and use it to eliminate animal experimentation. If, for some reason, a minimal amount of animal research must continue, it should be conducted on the lowest animal life form possible, and should never inflict pain onto the animal being used. I will not contribute to any Iowa State program until the university halts, or severely reduces, its use of animals in biomedical research. I will also encourage other alumni to do the same. It is my hope that Iowa State will take actions toward eliminating the use of animals in biomedical research.

MITCH DOEPKE, '81
CLAWSON, MICHIGAN

I found your article (Balancing Act, Winter '91) balanced and reasonable, permitting the readers to draw their own conclusions about the thorny issues involved. Would that all writing on this highly emotional issue were likewise!

I must also compliment the editor for the remarkably effective graphics that accompanied your piece.

HENRY FONER,
ASSOCIATE CHAIRPERSON, DEPARTMENT OF FUR DESIGN
FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

VISIONS magazine strives to celebrate the power of thoughts and ideas. You, the reader, are the ultimate judge of success in this endeavor, making your opinions and reactions highly regarded and your letters greatly encouraged. Please send letters to: VISIONS editor, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164

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Riding Out the Storm

ISU loses momentum in flat 1992 budget, but escapes 'draconian' cuts

Carol Bradley had a long year at the Iowa Statehouse last spring.

Bradley, Iowa State's typically look-on-the-bright-side lobbyist, struggled to find the semblance of a silver lining in the tempest that was the 1991 Iowa General Assembly session. "Nobody had fun," she says. "It was the most difficult year I've seen." When the skies finally relented and the damages were assessed in May, the best Bradley could say was: It could've been worse.

From the session's start, it was clear there would be no business as usual. Considering the state's $75 million deficit for the 1992 fiscal year, the State Board of Regents-recommended $206.4 million budget for ISU was pie in the sky, at best. The final tally: $187.5 million for Iowa State. That's about the same amount issued by the assembly last year. But Warren Madden, vice president for business and finance, points out that with inflation figured in, ISU actually took a small step back.

The full measure of that step — including possible layoffs and program cuts — wasn't to be known until after VISIONS' June press run. The legislature voted 2 percent raises for faculty and professional and scientific staff, while the union merit staff members were, per an arbiter's ruling, in line for a 5 percent hike. On May 31, Gov. Terry Branstad vetoed any raises. "More salary increases," Bradley says, "means more from the operating budget."

Former Interim President Milton Glick, who spent much of the spring pleading the university's case across the state, says one of the most disappointing facets of the budget is that agricultural research received no funding increase. State ag research support had jumped from $18 million to $22 million in the past two years, but the assembly voted down a boost for '92.

That halting of momentum was a theme reverberating throughout ISU's budget. Glick had all spring termed "draconian" any funding figure substantially below $188 million. As it is, ISU received what Madden calls a "flat budget" — little advancement, but also little retreat.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL WALLACE

"We aren't looking at a budget that would send us into a 10-year rebuilding crisis; that was our worst-case scenario," Glick says. "This is a very difficult budget, and it slows us down, but we can handle it. Given [the state's] situation, this is a most fair budget. The General Assembly, the governor and the state of Iowa are committed to the maintenance and building of this university. Everything that happened confirms that."

One example, Glick says, was the state's authorizing the regents to sell $20 million in academic revenue bonds. ISU's share of the proceeds, Madden says, is about $8 million. He says more than half that money is needed to increase electrical and chilled water capacity deemed necessary by the new Molecular Biology Building. The rest is for various maintenance projects. Says Bradley, "[The bonds] are something we're most grateful for, a real positive."

Back on the negative side, perhaps the most discomfiting aspect of the budget picture has little to do with 1992. Some projections show a state deficit even more grim for fiscal year 1993. "The situation for next year looks to be in jeopardy, at best," Glick says. "This is all likely to happen again."

DOUG SMITH, THE (AMES) DAILY TRIBUNE

Harley Moon

Academy of Sciences tabs NADC director

Harley Moon's 20-year study of the bacteria causing fatal diarrhea in newborn livestock has had nothing short of a monumental impact on veterinary medicine. But he says the potential human applications of his research have helped lead to an equally momentous personal achievement: Election to the National Academy of Sciences.

Last April, the director of Ames' National Animal Disease Center (NADC) was one of 60 scientists named to the prestigious academy. Moon, who also teaches regularly in ISU's College of Veterinary Medicine, is the NADC's first researcher so honored. He'll be inducted next April in Washington, D.C.

Moon developed his desire to work with young livestock as a youngster himself, helping out in the farrowing house on his family's Minnesota farm. Two decades later it was a much different locale — a laboratory — in which Moon began 20 years of research that helped him understand how the *E. Coli* bacterium causes fatal diarrhea in baby pigs, calves and lambs. That work led to a vaccine that he says has "become part of professionals' routine, textbook information." The understanding of the mechanisms involved, he adds, also is helping researchers develop weapons against a similar bacteria causing diarrheal diseases that kill approximately 5 million children — most in developing countries — each year.

"[Animal health] professionals know how this mechanism works and how to control it," Moon says. "The principles also apply to humans. I suspect that also led to my election. But I had never anticipated that I'd be considered for this honor. I never thought I'd travel in this company."

Seven-year itch: College of Business gains accreditation

In April, Iowa State's College of Business Administration received accreditation from the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business (AACSB). Dean David Shrock says that, in reflecting ISU's meeting of standards relative to resources, curriculum, admissions and faculty, accreditation will allow the college to enhance both its faculty and graduate student recruitment.

"This is really a recognition of work that has been going on since long before we became a college [in 1984]," Shrock says. "It's been an important goal for a lot of people for a long time. It's a major milestone in the development of the college as it continues to mature into a well-respected business school."

Iowa State's 7-year-old college joins the University of Iowa's and Drake's as the state's only accredited business schools. Shrock says 280 of more than 700 business schools nationwide are accredited. Seven of the 18 schools applying for accreditation this year were successful.

NEWS BRIEFS

HIS HONOR Iowa State has handed out an honorary degree for the first time in 26 years. During May commencement ceremonies, plant breeder Raymond Baker received a Doctor of Humane Letters. Baker, who earned an ISU agronomy degree in 1935, developed the first single-cross hybrid corn to be produced in volume. His degree is the first awarded under the resumption of an ISU tradition of awarding honorary degrees.

LAS VACANCY David Bright, dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences (formerly Sciences and Humanities) left ISU in June to accept a similar position at Emory University. Bright took over this month as vice president for arts and sciences and dean of Emory College at the private Atlanta institution. Bright held the Iowa State position for two years. LAS Associate Dean David Glenn-Lewin will serve as interim dean.

75 CANDLES Iowa State's Graduate College celebrated its 75th birthday in April, with five of its seven deans on hand: J. Boyd Page (1960-1970), Kenneth Frey (1970-1971), Daniel J. Zaffarano (1971-1988), Norman Jacobson (1988-1989) and current dean Patricia Swan. R.E. Buchanan was the college's first dean, serving from 1919-1948. Ralph M. Hixon then took over, serving until 1960. Since its founding, the college has awarded about 23,000 master's and 10,000 doctoral degrees.

SCHOLARLY Robin Gross, who will be an ISU senior this fall, was one of 82 U.S. college students named a Harry S. Truman scholar last spring. Gross, a public service and administration major, will receive $30,000 to finance her senior year and three years of graduate school.

SOLAR POWER Several years of work paid off for Microelectronics Research Center researchers in April, when they produced their first roll of revolutionary solar cells. The cells, lighter and more durable than conventional glass solar cells, hold great promise for applications ranging from an inexpensive method of recharging batteries to an effective source of power in outer space. The cells have been developed under a joint agreement with 3M.

JIM KEEMSTRA

Rather than give a thumbs up or thumbs down, Charles Silet's job is to enhance "the movie experience."

Screen Test

Long-running film class directs students on viewing the big picture

The look still amuses Charles Loring Silet: He enters a movie theatre and students gawk as if they've just caught their food and nutrition professor mowing through a Big Mac.

Such is life for ISU's Gene Siskel with an academic twist.

The professor teaches English 335 — dubbed simply "Film" — one of ISU's most popular courses. Like seats at the premiere of Schwarzenegger's latest smash, 80 spots in two sections fill up quickly each semester. Each time, Silet (it's French: suh-LAY) startles students with a film taste stretching beyond *Citizen Kane* and *Rear Window.*

"They're surprised to see me at *Look Who's Talking*," says Silet, who's taught the course since coming to ISU in 1973. "I like to get my popcorn and have fun, too. I guess they expect me to be limited to Hitchcock or an obscure foreign film." That's because the Silet they see Tuesday evenings in the worn sweater and fly-away hair seems a bit erudite for *Porky's II.*

Silet got hooked on film when his father took him to a Gary Cooper picture in the '40s. Two decades later, at the University of Illinois, he studied English and talked movies with a fellow undergrad named Roger Ebert. While Silet's career took a decidedly more scholarly route, he insists that, like his daily movie reviewing counterparts, he possesses "infinitely broad" film taste. Between the big screen, TV and video rentals, he views about a dozen movies a week. His nirvana is a Sunday morning with a pot of coffee and six consecutive flicks. Still, for sheer movie experience, he'll take 335.

Each semester marks, essentially, a new course at "Bijou Archive Films." Students last fall studied Woody Allen. Others have focused on Charlie Chaplin, Hitchcock, Ingmar Bergman. Last spring's attraction was Orson Welles and film *noir*, a look at "dark" movies of the 1940s and '50s.

With *Kane* as the semester premiere, students viewed 13 films. After each showing — open to the public at $1.50 per seat — Silet leads discussions to help students get to the heart of the class: Expanding the movie experience. "I tell them the toughest thing is to sit there and not lose themselves in the movie," says Silet. "They must think about the fact that they're thinking about a movie."

That's more than some students bargain for. Many are surprised by the work load: Some heavy reading, several papers and exhaustive mid-term and final exams. "You don't just sit down and throw back popcorn," says English graduate student Angela Gulick, who took the class as an undergrad and sat in again last spring. With a waiting list as hefty as John Candy, Silet serves notice each semester: "This is not Movies 101. You're welcome to drop."

Few do. From would-be poets to future engineers, they thrive on the real-movie setting in 101 Carver Hall: projection booth, 16 mm film, padded seats, slanted floor. As the semester rolls on, Silet says students develop "tools to examine movies; tools that are applied to other cultural products: advertising, TV, magazines, anything."

Says Gulick: "You'll never watch movies the same way again. I've seen *Edward Scissorhands* three times and each time I've noticed something new."

Silet revels in such enlightenment. He knows he's a success when students take their newfound skills from Carver to the Mall Theatres. "So I have to see *Lethal Weapon* and *The Godfather, Part III*," says Silet. "I can't be isolated from popular culture. I have to use Rocky to put things in students' perspectives."

So Silet's wife must be forgiving the next time he brings home a *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids* video — he's just doing his required viewing.

SHARON RODINE LIKED OUR PLATFORM.

So she renewed her membership in the ISU Alumni Association. It hardly takes aggressive lobbying to convince the president of the National Women's Political Caucus. The Alumni Association has a proven campaign to aid the university with programs like student recruitment, college alumni programs and ISU clubs. She also likes the latest returns: Benefits like VISIONS magazine, the university's events calendar and discounts on hotels, car rentals and merchandise. So take it from Sharon: Keep your name on the ballot. Vote for a winning ticket when it comes time to renew your Alumni Association membership.

WHEN IT'S TIME TO RENEW, THINK ISU.

Benbow coordinates the Iowa Talent Search Program, which determines academic programming for gifted students like Kim Kruger, Susan Hsu and Mike Shaw, all of Ames.

On The Right Side

Refusing to go down for the count, maverick prof makes a career out of math on the brain

It was another chaotic morning for the young Baltimore family. Camilla Benbow, then 23, dodged Tommy Tippee cups and squished bananas as she fed her three preschoolers before venturing out into the blustery December chill. Between oatmeal and diapers, she heard it. Her name on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." Sketchy details about her research. A deep-throated announcement that, according to Camilla Benbow, boys are genetically superior to girls in math. The phone was ringing before the snowsuits were out of the closet.

Ten and a half years later, Camilla Benbow, now a tenured psychology professor at Iowa State, graciously agrees once again to rehash the incident that added notoriety to her vita. Hers is a story about taking on the scientific community when most 23-year-olds were knocking over beakers and test tubes in their hurry to rush out into the Real World. It's a tale of how a young woman was hurtled from the lab into the limelight—but also how, with typical aplomb, she returned quietly to that lab with an even fiercer conviction to discover the truth. It's an account of life after The Article.

Benbow, back then a graduate student at Johns Hopkins, had immersed herself in Professor Julian Stanley's data gleaned for the Study of Mathematically Precocious Youth (SMPY). The work was considered perhaps the discipline's most progressive, and soon Benbow and Stanley began co-publishing journal articles. It was an entry in the Dec. 3, 1980, issue of Science magazine that catapulted the duo into fame.

The article was based on seven years of testing nearly 10,000 12 and 13 year olds. Students took the College Board Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT); twice as many boys as girls scored over 500 (on a scale of 200 to 800). Furthermore, when scores were 700 and above, the ratio of boys to girls was 14 to 1. Most research indicated environmental factors were responsible for the discrepancies. But when Benbow examined those factors (the perception that math is a masculine exercise, or that parents sway their sons more than their daughters toward math), what she found didn't add up. She then suggested that genetics may play a role. It was at that point that colleagues nationwide suggested that Benbow may be minus a few reasoning abilities herself.

"I never thought that people would be happy to see my data, but I never expected the reaction I got," recalls Benbow, now 34 and co-director of the Office of Precollegiate Programs for Talented and Gifted (OPPTAG). A month after the Science article appeared, a conference of the American Association of Women in Science cancelled a half day of sessions to discuss Benbow's article. She was deluged with phone calls and letters debunking her findings. "It became a political issue, not a scientific one," Benbow says. "People forgot that I published it in a reputable scientific

journal, not Ladies' Home Journal."

Stanley, her mentor, remembers "a lot of snide, unfortunate stuff" during the aftermath of the Science article. Benbow, a spirited woman who laughs often, remains adamant that she never doubted herself or her work as she completed her doctorate while juggling media requests and flak from disgruntled colleagues. But she admits to feeling stung when her biology hypothesis was pooh-poohed for lack of research. In 1982, she began digging deeper.

Fascinated by the work of Norman Geschwind, a neurologist at Harvard Medical School, Benbow pursued his theory that math genius may have a hormonal basis. According to the Dec. 23, 1983, issue of Science, Geschwind proposed that excess testosterone exposure during gestation (occurring most often in boys) can alter the brain's anatomy, causing dominance in one hemisphere. His theory may explain why more boys than girls are left-handed, near-sighted, autistic, dyslexic and prone to allergies or stuttering. Benbow, applying the same principles while still at Johns Hopkins, determined that his concept may also explain why boys consistently score higher than girls in math.

A few years later, she checked out the hypothesis even further by tapping into a ready-made data base—the intellectually accelerated students who attend her CY-TAG program each summer on the Iowa State campus. Benbow, with Associate Provost Ed Lewis, created CY-TAG (Challenges for Youth—Talented and Gifted) in 1986. Its purpose: To provide motivation and stimulation to academically talented students during three-week programs. With all those right hemispheres at her disposal, Benbow and colleagues employed standardized behavioral tests with a cross-section of the students; the exams bore out her assumptions that the hormonal influence may be valid.

For the past year, Benbow has been administering electroencephalographs (EEGs) to selected CY-TAG male students, measuring physiological differences in brain activity. Those findings, too, corroborate the behavioral testing results, and indicate that when presented with mathematical tasks, the right hemisphere kicks into overdrive. "In its simplest terms," Benbow says, "it's like these students have a little executive in their heads saying, 'OK, here's a right-hemisphere task, now grab these resources and use them.'" Benbow admits that the hormonal angle is still a controversial explanation, and she prefers to consider it "a working hypothesis." She currently is conducting EEG testing on female junior high students as well as on those whose intellectual abilities are considered average.

Participating in Benbow's research is a minute part of the CY-TAG experience enjoyed by more than 200 seventh- and eighth-graders each summer. The program is designed to place students of like abilities in fast-paced classrooms covering subjects in vast depth. When they're not trekking through muddy marshes on a field biology assignment or learning Latin, the adolescents are finally able to hang out with true peers.

JIM HEEMSTRA

Benbow jokes that her move to Iowa was prompted by the state's "fertile soil" for educational psychology research.

"So many of these students show up on the first day of CY-TAG with that expression that says, 'Oh, boy, here I am, stuck at Nerd Camp,' " Benbow says. "But soon they realize that the rest of the kids feel the same way. In school, it's conformity that's valued; here, we emphasize how cool it is to be unique."

Camilla Persson didn't always feel so cool during her wonder years. She and her family emigrated from Sweden to California in 1965 when her father joined the faculty of the California Institute of Technology. Shortly after, 9-year-old Camilla, who knew only three English words—*yes*, *no* and *cinnamon*—was sent to the principal's office for wearing pants to school. Wooden shoes weren't a popular fashion statement then, either, and it didn't help that she herself was intellectually precocious.

It may have been then that young Camilla decided it was OK to be different. At age 18, she married Robert Benbow, who had just completed a Ph.D. at Cal Tech. They moved to Baltimore, Camilla enrolled at Johns Hopkins and, on her 19th birthday, she gave birth to their first child. By age 20, she had graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Johns Hopkins and given birth to daughter Bronwen. Within the next four years, she received two master's degrees and a Ph.D. from Hopkins, began her career as a research scientist and bore two more children. In 1985, two years after the birth of her fifth child, she joined the ISU faculty along with her husband, a professor of zoology.

"You've probably already guessed that Camilla possesses great managerial ability," Stanley muses. "She is by far one of the most productive scientists in the country, consistently published in the toughest and best-refereed journals. She had seven healthy, well-adjusted kids by the age of 31 [two more were born after she joined the Iowa State faculty] while keeping her career going full force. At this rate, she'll probably become the premier researcher of gifted children in the country."

Benbow currently oversees a 50-year study of 5,000 gifted students initiated by Stanley 20 years ago. The purpose of the SMPY study is to determine the factors that predict academic success and to examine how childhood potential is translated into adult achievement. She continues to publish and lecture across the nation, and in May, she received Johns Hopkins' most prestigious academic honor, induction into its Society of Scholars. The inductees, of whom Benbow was the youngest, included U.S. Surgeon General Antonia Novello.

But it is a rare limelight that shines on Benbow these days, and that is her preference. She wants to be considered a serious academic psychologist, focusing more on talent development than talent origin. Though Julian Stanley believes Benbow may have been skipped over for past recognitions because of her convictions, he's told her more than once, "You're a little like Abe Lincoln. He was never elected anything but president."

Laser Show

ISU-Ames Lab team uses high science to tackle radioactive contamination

Problem: 2,000 waste sites harboring potentially radioactive materials.

Current solution: Time-consuming, expensive, dangerous process whereby samples are manually removed and transported to labs for testing.

The U.S. Department of Energy (DOE), increasingly distressed by this scenario, is searching for better answers. And its hunt has led to the Ames Lab and Iowa State's College of Engineering. In a rare marriage between ISU and the campus' DOE lab, scientists are turning to some of high-tech's star players — lasers, fiber optics and robotics. "With current [sampling] methods," says Ames Lab scientist Arthur D'Silva, "there aren't enough trained scientists to do the job in the next 50 years. We can do better."

D'Silva and a contingent of ISU and Ames Lab scientists say they can test sites in a fraction of the time by putting a new twist on existing procedures. Using a process called inductively coupled plasma (ICP) — invented at the Ames Lab — a sample is transferred to a plasma, or high-temperature gas. A spectrometer, previously located in a remote lab, then identifies the material by reading its "signature" light spectrum. This procedure requires workers in cumbersome — and not always fail-safe — contamination suits to scour areas hundreds of acres in size. More workers, risking more exposure, then are needed to test the materials in the lab.

But now for the twist: The researchers are using robotics to get the material from the ground to the spectrometer — all on site, all without human contact. That's where construction engineering Professor Edward Jaselskis and another ISU contingent come in. They envision a trailer carrying a spectrometer, a laser and a robotic arm. The arm would lower a probe into the ground (hence the name Project Earthworm) with the laser shot through fiber optic cable. The resulting particles would be merged with the plasma and sent to the spectrometer. Thus the trailer — perhaps pulled by a vehicle resembling a small dune buggy — could comb an entire site via remote control.

JIM HEEMSTRA

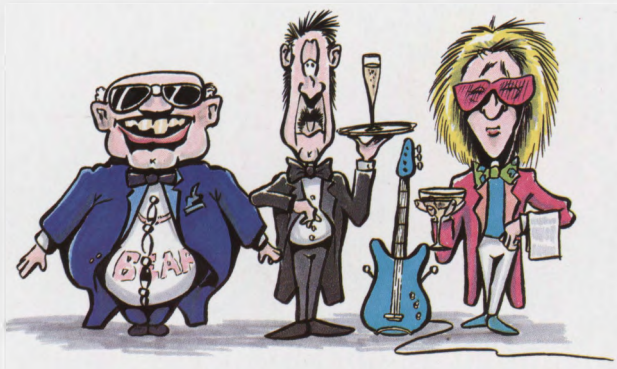
Arthur D'Silva and Edward Jaselskis eye potential commercial applications for their project.

Officials at the Westinghouse Hanford Company, contracted to clean up waste at a DOE site in Washington state, have told Jaselskis that, with the existing method, finding and removing contaminated waste would cost tens of billions of dollars. And that's for only one site. Others needing clean-up include nuclear testing grounds in Nevada and waste sites in South Carolina, Colorado and Ohio.

"[The DOE's] Restoration and Waste Management Program is a major effort," says Ames Lab Deputy Director James Corones, coordinator of the project and other Ames Lab environmental restoration projects reaping $2 million in DOE funding this year. "It's an exciting time around here."

ISU and Ames Lab officials have several reasons for crowing. Corones says "Earthworm" has definite commercial applications. Playing a key role in the DOE's new clean-up efforts will give Iowa State wide recognition — not to mention additional millions in grants.

Jaselskis wants to test the robotics this summer; D'Silva targets project completion in late 1992. "This isn't a pie-in-the-sky deal," Jaselskis says. "[The DOE] needs solutions now."



Will the real Anthony Cawdron please pour tea?

The butler did it.

Englishman Anthony Cawdron, a hotel/restaurant management graduate student, was a recent contestant on the rejuvenated *To Tell the Truth*. Show execs were intrigued by Anthony's former work as butler to royalty (among his crumpet credits: Chuck and Di, the queen). Alas, Anthony and two bogus butlers — in black coat and tie — fooled only half of the crack T^4 team of Betty White (*Golden Girls*), Richard Moll (*Night Court*) and Orson Bean and Kitty Carlisle (game show guests *ad nauseam*). Per show rules, in addition to a long weekend in Hollywood, Anthony got one third of $1,000. While the imposters have a date with the IRS, Anthony says his English citizenship exempts his £185 haul. Would he lie?

Shopper, fend thy flock

Ames, forever trying to lure people to its Main Street, finds itself with a new problem: Keeping birds out. While businesspeople want mobs of shoppers plopping down gobs of cash, they've had it with mobs of birds plopping down gobs of, well, *you know*.

Concern ran so deep that the city council called in an ISU veterinary professor to see if the guano posed a health hazard. The answer: doubtful. So as Main Street continues to woo the shoppers, the council advises them to shoo the droppers.

Moon boon

There he was, chugging along in perfect obscurity as an ISU math professor. Then Alexander Abian makes a few innocent little comments about messing with the moon and — *WHAM!* — he's blasted off.

You saw it in VISIONS (*Winter 1991*). Newspapers gobbled up his story. Omni featured him. A German TV station and some European magazines jumped on it. The Wall Street Journal put it on Page One. But he knew he'd hit the big time when the National Enquirer and the Weekly World News (*right*) hit on the story. "I've read that it's ridiculous and I've read I should be given the Nobel Prize," Abian says. As for the tabs, he says, "I asked them to please write an accurate story."

Asking the Enquirer for accuracy: Now *that's* ridiculous.

Food, folks and funds

In Ames, $400 will get you:

▲675 tacos;

▲200 Big Macs;

▲80 primo burgers;

▲30 pizzas with the works;

▲10 meals at the most expensive restaurant in town, or

▲one dinner at the Knoll with new President Martin Jischke and his wife, Patricia.

At least that's the record amount plunked down by each of eight people during Ames' Octagon Center for the Arts benefit auction last spring. Granted, the opportunity to break bread with the chief exec is nothing to be sniffed at. But for that much bread, it better be some loaf.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. MICHAEL MADDOCK

Presidential Zeal

With an encyclopedic vita and an indomitable penchant for learning, Martin Jischke prepares to put his stamp on Iowa State.

Bolstered by an MIT doctorate in aeronautics, Martin Jischke has some far out notions about travel to Mars. A ravenous reading appetite and a piercing intellect allow him to spew volumes about such disparate topics as mathematics and Soviet history. He's a solid bogey golfer. He's an engaging story teller and prolific punster. He's done basketball play-by-play on radio. He owns a Wisconsin fruit farm. Give him a quarter of beef and a sharp blade and he'll have a freezer stocked by nightfall — and a mouth-watering meal on the table. Yanked every which way at work, he's Cliff Huxtable with his two children. His marriage, to the daughter of an erstwhile physics professor with whom he can successfully debate quantum mechanics, is Mike and Carol Brady at 77 RPM. And on June 1, at 49 years, nine months and 24 days, he became president of Iowa State University.

But finally, one warm spring evening in the northern reaches of Missouri's Ozark Moutains, two tiny cracks creep to the surface of that brilliant armor:

Legos and water balloons.

By Dan Davenport
Photos by Jim Heemstra

Jischke has lugged home Lego sets for his would-be construction engineers, son Charles and daughter Marian. Charles' contraption soon is humming like an Evinrude, but 10-year-old Mary suffers a production-line glitch. Dad tries troubleshooting, but it's all too obvious he can't stack up to Charles' Lego-mania. "This isn't," the 14 year old announces, "the guy to go to with Lego questions."

Charles is in charge of water balloons, too, leaving Dad standing in awe. At the University of Missouri-Rolla chancellor's residence — occupied by the Jischkes from 1985 until last month — Charles was a legendary bombardier, lobbing water grenades from a second-floor window onto unsuspecting cars and pedestrians. His dad says folks passing by the family's new digs — they now get mail at ISU's Knoll — would do well to wear their slickers. Charles, he warns, rarely is off mark.

Jischke encourages Marian and Charles to work with Legos because they "enhance children's sense of symmetry and spacial orientation." Then he smiles: "They're pretty fun, too."

And typically, Martin Charles Jischke is confident he'll hit the mark at Iowa State, no matter at which of an imposing labyrinth of challenges he's aiming. In February, a day after the State Board of Regents named the university's 13th president, the search committee chair said he was struck most by Jischke's ability to "advance every organization of which he's been in charge." That was a reference to Jischke's work at UMR and the University of Oklahoma, but it speaks as well to every Jischke juncture.

When the former Chicago Boy Scout took charge of Rolla's Scouting For Food drive, it reached unparalleled success. OU engineering colleagues say as dean, Jischke shored up fund-raising efforts largely by calling thousands of donors himself. He was president of the MIT graduate student dormitory and senior class president at the Illinois Institute of Technology. A Chicago area grocery store owner tested the Jischke leadership machine early on, hiring him to run the market for a summer. They couldn't bag groceries fast enough.

"He handles any situation, on-campus or off," says former Rolla Chamber of Commerce Director Bob Collins. "He'll do it forcefully, like a bear, or he'll slap on the kid gloves. Whatever it takes."

Case in point: For years, there was talk of adding an engineering school to the UM's St. Louis campus. That could, says one observer, "almost gut UMR," with its engineering-heavy student body. It wasn't until Jischke came on that Rolla established an agreement to offer classes at UMSL. Other Jischke realizations: Reversing a seven-year drop in student enrollment. Increasing research support by 50 percent. Revamping UMR's student affairs program. Adding three buildings and a badly needed performing arts center. Establishing UMR's niche as "Missouri's technological university."

What is the gist of Jischke? He has the tools of any competent leader: energy, will, drive, focus, intelligence. But somehow he's gone beyond campus CEO, becoming a sort of pedagogical PR man. "In my 25 years here, nobody has approached him in talking education," says UMR history Professor Lance Williams. "It's always real world, real events, in the context of higher education."

His drive was born of the real world. Employees in his father's food distribution business repeatedly admonished the young Jischke: If you want a better life than ours, get an education. "These people, who labored physically, drummed that into me," says the oldest of Francis and Rita Jischke's six children. That encouragement pushed him to better report cards and a more lucid sense of education's value at every level — MIT included. "He had a flair for the educational process that's better than I'd seen before," says Judson A. Baron, Jischke's master's (1964) and PhD (1968) thesis supervisor and now professor emeritus at the eminent Cambridge, Mass., school.

Baron overlooks his own nudging. While MIT grad students normally don't teach, Baron fudged a bit, asking Jischke to fill in when he went out of town. "Here I am, nervous, all these graduate students out there," Jischke says. "Many were older than me. We began discussing ... aerodynamic questions, and there was [Baron], in the back. He hadn't gone. That was a great influence on my career.

"There's an old Talmudic expression," he continues, hauling out yet another apropos citation. "'Those who choose to teach the young sit at the right hand of God.' [Baron] is one of those."

David Finkleman, one of Jischke's close friends at MIT and now director of analysis and chief scientist for the North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) and the U.S. Space Command in Colorado Springs, Colo., remembers Jischke as a gifted scientist "who could've done anything — in or out of science." Before Jischke accepted the ISU job, Finkleman nominated his pal for the University of Colorado presidency. Jischke's name also was on the list for the top job at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Some at yet another Big Eight school — Oklahoma — still lament his loss.

"A lot of people dreamed of getting him back," says retired engineering Professor Thomas Love, who recruited Jischke out of MIT.

But Love realizes that, bottom line, Jischke is where he belongs: in higher education. Observers from students and alumni to liberal arts professors and community leaders most often rave about two Jischke traits: a prodigious intellect and a penchant for knowledge. Both are instantly apparent whether he's emceeing an alumni banquet or running a tense cabinet meeting.

His wife, Patricia Fowler Jischke, says Jischke's smattering of free time is as mind-full as his 70-plus hour work week. The family subscribes to some 20 newspapers and periodicals, and Jischke always juggles several books. A recent perusal: *The History of Iowa State College*. He absorbed enough to correct an ISU alum that the school's first president was Adonijah Welch (and not William Beardshear). He forgets Lancelot the swan's love interest, but, when reminded, tucks away Elaine's name like a family heirloom.

Why does Jischke, as his wife suggests, maintain "this hunger to keep learning"? "A public university president had better know the state of the world," he answers over a typical lunch: blueberry yogurt, an apple and skim milk. While his MIT studies focused on numerical gas dynamics — heat transfer problems that you'd face if you traveled to Mars, he says — were he not taking over the ISU pressure cooker he might be pursuing economics or any number of disciplines. "I know enough about so many things to be fascinated," he says, a miniature statue of Rodin's "The Thinker" in deep contemplation on a table over his left shoulder. "But I don't have time to pursue them."

So if he can't chase all of his interests full time, he can read about them. It's a most invigorating outlet, as is his other escape: golf. "You can't believe how intense he is on the golf course," says Lynn Russell, a Jischke assistant at Rolla. He insists the game is "a true respite. That need to be totally focused is refreshing."

Responsibilities outside the president's office are many and demanding, but Jischke and his wife, Patricia, say they eagerly anticipate working with ISU's myriad constituencies.

When told about Veenker Memorial Golf Course's sidewalk-wide fairways, tree stands that pluck balls out of mid-air and the Squaw Creek winding through like a menacing, stroke-stealing snake, Jischke's eyes twinkle. *A challenge.* But he is not in Ames to sweeten his golf swing. He is here to enhance ISU's standing among the country's top land grant institutions. But first there's the matter of getting himself situated. Call these his high five priorities as an ISU freshman:

▲The Partnership for Prominence capital campaign: "The campaign has stated a goal ($150 million), and we will reach it." He began headlining fund-raisers in April.

▲Enrollment: Because the state has built a campus capable of educating 25,000 students, he says, "We must do everything to maintain that number."

▲Hitting the road: "The president must travel, especially [in Iowa], talking about the impact the university's had and its importance to the future of Iowa."

▲Learning his way around: On one campus jaunt he flat out asked a student why he walked around the Memorial Union zodiac. Later, at a restaurant, he asked students their impressions of ISU. "It was like somebody warned them I was coming," he says. "Everyone said, 'I love it.' Now *that's* exciting."

▲Team building: He says he'll have an administrative staff in which "all of our efforts complement each other in focusing on these issues."

He lists each goal, methodically explains its importance, then moves on, like a polished sales presentation. "He cuts right to the heart," says former chamber director Collins. "He'd be a good [basketball] point guard, the way he recognizes situations so fast."

Jischke knew few details about ISU's situation before answering its Help Wanted ad. He knew of the state's reputation in supporting education. He knew of ISU's recent strategic planning efforts and its strong engineering program. "And I'd seen a guy named [Jeff] Grayer score a lot of baskets," he says, grinning. In general, ISU seemed like "a well-done university."

The last five months, he says, put meat on that bony perception. They also showed him the tremendous change in scope that awaited him. One spring morning at Rolla, he stops on campus to congratulate a student on her engagement. Further along his walk to the office, Jischke bumps into an engineering professor, reminding him that the bicycle the prof loaned Charles remains in the chancellor's garage. (Jischke pulls a blank 3x5 card out of his pocket and notes the conversation. He'll repeat this several times throughout the day; the mini cue cards help him ride herd over a runaway schedule.) Jischke maintained other communication lines at Rolla: His monthly "brown bag" lunches provided the campus an open forum with its boss, and his Chancellor's Leadership Class, made up of about

20 top freshmen, met at his home each week.

With some 23,000 students and 6,000 faculty and staff members, Jischke knows he won't likely build as many strong, grassroots ties at Iowa State. But he promises to remain open, visible, displaying the management style that played so well in Rolla. He describes himself as "a planner who wants a clear sense of what I'm trying to accomplish. I give responsibility to talented people, and then hold them accountable. And I'm positive. In the grocery business, people were more likely to buy from me if I was positive."

He vows to continue the kind of communication that led one Rolla chemistry professor to call him a faculty advocate, an Oklahoma engineering prof to dub him "a campus hero" and 1990-91 Rolla student council president Luke Peterson to call him "as approachable as you could be. He'll ask about your classes, or he'll start talking about some great ball game he announced in college." He's a quick draw with an anecdote, like the evening he told students a Jischke gem of his father, his grandfather and an ill-fated outhouse-cleaning episode. "He seems super-intelligent, but he has this easy way," says Robert Thompson, president of the American Bank of Rolla. "People take right to him."

At Iowa State, Jischke has concerns beyond his image. Enrollment surely is one. But foremost is a state budget dripping with red ink. He was prepared, he insists, to step in and make bottom-line decisions. But he is not ready, he adds, to sell short the state's commitment to education. "I'll remind the state's leaders that we can't build a great university in fits and starts," he says. "But in the end, we'll make the best of any cuts."

Whether at the golf course or the conference table, Jischke always has displayed an intensity and a focus that few of his colleagues have seen matched anywhere.

Martin Jischke knows about making do. His father was the son of a Bavarian immigrant who settled on an orchard in Door County, Wisconsin. Francis Jischke later moved down to Chicago, where he owned a food distribution business, managed grocery stores and wielded a mean butcher knife. Rita Jischke worked much of her life as a secretary on the midnight to 8 a.m. shift at a Chicago area hospital. "After my father passed away [in August 1989; Rita Jischke had died nearly 10 years earlier], we were all home," recalls Mary Neville, one of Jischke's two sisters. "We said, 'Can you believe we all lived in this tiny house?' My folks did the best with what they had. We had all we needed — all eight of us."

Nine counting Lady, the family dog Jischke says was as a good a fielder as you'd find at Comiskey Park. And he should know — White Sox players like Nellie Fox, Luis Aparicio and Minnie Minoso were his idols growing up on the south side. Neville remembers some classic basketball matchups between her brothers, but she also recalls Martin as always "playing the part of older brother. They all worked a lot, but Martin would come home from school and work and do some laundry for Mom because he knew it had to be done. And he was my favorite babysitter because he was so fair. The others could be Hitlers, but Marty had such a sense of fairness."

The family later moved to Broadview, a western suburb. Education was unlikely dinner-table fare, but the flame MIT's Baron later would spot was sparked early. His parents hardly could afford college tuition, so Jischke worked his way through IIT. When he graduated with honors in 1963, he was one of the first in either parent's family to earn a degree. Neville says Jischke later guided her to college after she originally took an entry level job at a loan office. "Making money seemed glamorous," she says. "But Marty encouraged me to go on." On she went, earning a law degree from IIT.

Twenty years later, he's still playing matchmaker: Last winter he helped guide '91 Rolla grad Eugene Bae to MIT. Although Bae considered going to work, Jischke helped convince him to pursue graduate studies. He then offered to write a letter of recommendation to his alma mater. "A lot of chancellors wouldn't do that," Bae says. "But he really wanted to help. And he'll want to know how things work out for me. And you know what? I'll keep in touch. I want to see where his potential takes him."

Jischke always recognized his own science bent. It drew him like a magnet. But like thousands of American teens, his interest soared when the Soviets launched Sputnik in 1957. After graduating from Proviso East High School two years later, the race for the moon led him to IIT. Keith Stanek, a former classmate and now a UMR electrical engineering professor, says Jischke "was known across campus for his academics, but also being involved in just about everything. Everywhere you looked, he turned up. I don't want to overstate it, but even then, it was like he had a certain mark of greatness stamped on him."

MIT curtailed his extracurricular activities. At Cambridge there was classwork, research and sleep. Sometimes sleep. But

given a free evening, Jischke might trek to Boston Garden and catch the Bruins on ice, awed by the great Bobby Orr. Other out-of-class haunts were considerably less puckish: Bookstores, movie houses, lecture halls. He marvels over that "constant ferment" to this day.

While aeronautics PhDs could pick industry jobs like coats off a rack, Jischke wasn't ready to leave that yeasty milieu. So when Oklahoma's Love offered him adopted Sooner status, he was Norman bound. Love says students in those first classes knew the twentysomething prof as "Machine Gun Jischke" because of the way he attacked lessons on the blackboard. He mellowed ever so slightly, but continued to pattern himself after Baron, to "make at least as great a commitment as the students had."

UM-Rolla students often praised Jischke's "open-door policy." Although he's taking over a much larger campus at Iowa State, the president vows to remain highly accessible.

It was a formula for higher and higher orbits: 1975-76, White House fellow and special assistant to the U.S. secretary of transportation. 1977, director of OU's School of Aerospace, Mechanical and Nuclear Engineering. 1981, dean of the College of Engineering. He gained few detractors along the way. "He pulled us together," says former OU associate dean John Francis, now dean of the Bradley University College of Engineering. "He appealed to people as a leader."

That reputation spread across the Norman campus like good gossip. He was the first engineer to serve as president of the faculty senate, and achieved an even bigger coup in 1985, when the state's regents jumped over several high-level administrators and named Jischke interim president. Problem was, he wasn't at the meeting in which he was named. It took the family babysitter to track him down. Though administration was in what his wife calls his "ongoing 10-year plans," this call could have come from Mars, it was so surprising. But maybe it shouldn't have been. "He always achieves those goals in half the time," Patty Jischke says, "then marches on."

The next year saw him on the march again, heading for UMR. Rolla expected a master administrator and educator. Little did it know it was getting an ace water balloonist in the bargain.

Judging by the Jischkes' Rolla home, there'll be no escaping the adolescent presence in Ames. Shards of balloon missiles are scattered about the front lawn. Pumpkin, a Bernese mountain dog, patrols the back. She might be the most excited over the move — born in Dubuque, she's coming home. That evening, during a leadership class dinner, Marian pads in with a Lego question. A minute later, problem solved, she skips back upstairs and Daddy returns to his main course. Later, during the program, a raucous heavy metal guitar solo — MTV, courtesy of Charles, no doubt — careens down the stairs.

The Jischkes don't hide the fact: Children live here, too. They can take part in any or no events. "I grew up in an academic family, so I know that pressure to conform, to excel," Patty says. Despite a hectic president's wife and volunteer schedule, she closely guards her evenings. She tries to be home to greet the children from school. And she says their father makes the most of his family time. Staff members say the children make frequent stops to dad's office. Jischke's OU office occasionally doubled as day care center for Marian.

Last spring, on their first trip to Ames, the kids cruised campus, rode Cy-Ride and (of course) checked out the mall. An important stop for Patty was the Ames Public Library. She earned her master's degree in library science (she also owns Oklahoma bachelor's and law degrees), and has been a strong supporter of libraries in Norman and Rolla. Other volunteer work centers around church and PTA. But being president's wife chews up much of her day. And she comes with solid credentials: Secretary of the Council of Presidents' Spouses of the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges (NASULGC). In November she'll take over as president.

Martin Jischke learned early of Patty's calling. On their second date at Oklahoma — their first was a specimen-collecting excursion for Patty's invertebrate zoology class — she helped host a klatsch of engineers at his apartment. "We weren't written up in Bon Appetit," Martin jokes, "but it wasn't bad for a first effort." They were married less than a year later.

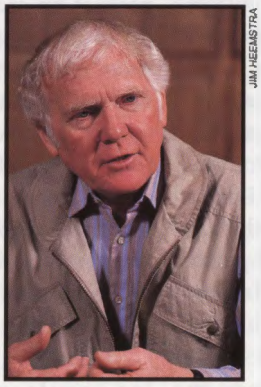
And now Iowa Staters are the benefactors of their 21 years of practice. While the public side of the job can be overwhelming, the Jischkes say they relish diving into a larger fishbowl. "Being with people is one of the most attractive parts of the job," says Martin Jischke.

Adds Patty, "We're always happy meeting people, welcoming them into our home."

So consider yourself invited. But take some advice: Bring your umbrella.

Southern Exposure

When racism gripped the Deep South 30 years ago, Charles Moore recorded its stark horrors for Life magazine. These days, he willingly reopens painful wounds in an effort to resolve the politics of prejudice. By Debra Gibson



JIM HEEMSTRA

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES MOORE

THE AIR WAS HOT AND THICK THAT late spring night, wrapping itself tightly around Birmingham like layers of heavy cotton bunting enveloping a newborn. It was an unsettling heat, smoldering around the edges of a deceptive silence.

From behind the heavy doors of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, the resonant sounds of prayer and song swelled up from the quiet. As Martin Luther King, Jr., led the mass meeting of the city's black community, photographer Charles Moore tried furtively to push his way inside, only to be blocked by police.

Finally, a black man standing inside agreed to pull Moore and reporter Michael Durham into the building through an open window in the back. They dropped down inside and crept up into a balcony, surrounded by strains of "We Shall Overcome." As the two men crouched with their strobes and their notebooks, Moore caught sight of a little girl, wide-eyed and serious, singing with a reverance and dignity that riveted him to the spot. For that brief moment, he was in another Alabama church, 20 years past. Only this time he and his little brother were the only whites in the congregation, except for the preacher in the pulpit. His father. They called him Brother Moore.

It is at this point in the story that Charles Moore breaks. For several minutes there is silence in Benton Auditorium as the 60-year-old cameraman struggles to maintain his composure. Though it has been nearly three decades since Moore focused his lens on the demons that tore apart the deep South, the pain of remembering how his homeland turned on its own is still almost too much for Brother Moore's son to bear.

REMINDING AMERICA OF THAT PAIN IS WHAT Charles Moore does these days. Sponsored by Eastman Kodak, he is traveling to about 15 college and university campuses across the country, sharing the work that won him Kodak's first Crystal Eagle Award for Impact in Photojournalism. At the same time, he is promoting *Powerful Days*, a book of his civil rights photography published earlier this year. Moore visited the Iowa State campus in April, critiquing the work of aspiring photojournalists and lecturing various audiences, all in the hope that "my images will educate our children."

Moore's is a comfortable, unassuming presence, not one you would visualize being thrown into jail by Birmingham Police Commissioner Bull Connor for crossing the street to get a photo. Dressed in a blue striped button-down shirt, khaki pants and a matching khaki photographer's vest, Moore resembles a 50ish Burgess Meredith. His trademark red hair is now white, seceding from a round patch of scalp at the crown of his head. When he speaks, it's in a voice so soft—and so Southern—that at times it's almost inaudible. His is not a persona common to the lecture circuit; there are no after-dinner quips, and he shifts self-consciously from foot to foot while positioned behind a podium. But what the presentation lacks in polish it makes up for in substance. The Benton Auditorium crowd is hushed as the small man in front relives, through images in his mind and on the screen, the worst of times for his beloved South.

EIGHT MONTHS BEFORE THAT STEAMY NIGHT IN Birmingham, a 28-year-old black man named James H. Meredith made history. It was the last weekend in September, and on the following Monday, Meredith would enroll, court order in hand, as the first black student at the University of Mississippi. Charles Moore, a freelance photographer in Alabama, had tapped some connections that weekend to shoot for Life magazine a long-awaited photo of Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett, a highly vocal segregationist. Based on that coup, Life hired him to continue working on the unfolding story.

Tensions escalated throughout Saturday afternoon's Ole Miss football game in Jackson. At the final gun, the magazine's reporters and photographers returned to their hotel rooms to plot strategies for the trip back to the Oxford campus. As Moore recalls in *Powerful Days:*

The hotel room door banged open and in rushed a phalanx of screaming college students, including the big guy with the flag, who came right at me and grabbed me by the collar and began twisting my tie and choking me. I've never been able to re-create the obscenities, but it was like, "You goddamn Life magazine bastards, we found out who you were. You nigger lovers had better go home."

I was thinking, I've got to be cool. This guy

is husky, not much taller than me, but really strong. I'm getting flushed from anger but also from pain, so I reached up and grabbed him by his thumb and told him to turn me loose.

I never took my eyes off his eyes. I have never seen such hate on anyone's face before; it was as if I were vermin. I knew what he was thinking. To him I was worse than "a nigger," I was a white nigger ... and worse than that I was a white Life magazine nigger. So I could tell he didn't care what he did to me.

Before the students had a chance to ruin Moore's film, a state legislator burst into the room and ordered the attackers to leave. By the time Moore and his colleagues returned to Oxford, the town was filled with U.S. marshals, state troopers and white vigilantes. By Sunday, the campus was closed; Moore gained entry by posing as a friend of an Ole Miss student.

Law enforcement officers established headquarters in the Lyceum, the university's administration building. To get inside, Moore pretended to be ill and in need of a bathroom. Once past the guards, he was the only photographer in the midst of Justice Department officials, policemen and a smattering of reporters. By nightfall, rioters were heaving rocks and lead pipes at the building, Molotov cocktails were tossed and cars were burned. The U.S. marshals fired tear gas in retaliation. By daybreak, 160 officers had been injured. Moore emerged from the building with five rolls of film, their contents appearing the next week in Life. He spent the next three years on an assignment that would shatter his notions of an idyllic South.

A self-professed "tough little kid," Moore was born in Tuscumbia, Ala., a birthplace he shares with the late Helen Keller. He grew up in Valdosta in northwestern Alabama, where "I did my share of fighting," he recalls with an embarrassed laugh. "It's not anything I'm proud of, but later on that experience did help me understand the minds of the cowardly bullies. I learned how far I could push them, how far I could go without getting hurt." As a teen, he discovered an outlet for his aggression as a Golden Gloves boxer and then as a Marine.

Opposite top: "I was always amazed by his calmness," Moore says about Martin Luther King, Jr. "He had such an inner peace." Opposite bottom: Moore's work first gained national attention when Life reprinted this photograph of King's arrest in Montgomery, Ala., in 1958. Above: This photograph, shot in Birmingham, Ala., in 1963, is among the most well-known of Moore's work and is one of the most meaningful to him. Left: "Charles Moore did a great job of reminding our students that journalists have a very strong obligation to the truth," Professor Bill Gillette says.

His was a close-knit family. His father, Charles Walker Moore, served as the minister of a small Baptist church. Young Charles was introduced to the black community and gospel music during visits to small country churches with his father and his younger brother, Jim. When Charles was 8, his 26-year-old mother was stricken with cancer. To finance her medical treatments, the elder Moore was forced to leave full-time ministry to sell cars. Five years later, his wife died, and young Charles' grandmother moved in to help raise the boys.

"Our father grew up in a tradition of segregation, which he accepted," Jim Moore, now a Massachusetts minister, remembers. "But he would not accept racism or hatred or violence, and he wouldn't tolerate it in us, either. Dad was always very, very strong on the side of the dispossessed, the minority. And I think that Charles' experience photographing the civil rights movement helped him understand even more how strong those barriers were."

Charles Moore struggled daily with the conflicts of bigotry, both his own and that which was ravaging cities like Birmingham and Montgomery. His exposure to the adversity had begun in 1957 when he became a staff photographer for the Montgomery Advertiser, a job he took after the Marines and a year at the Brooks Institute of Photography in Santa Barbara, Calif. In his book, he recalls his courtship with his new profession:

I don't believe I was a very good photographer, but I quickly became one, because I had found a new love— photojournalism. It didn't take me very long to realize this was a whole different world, and that I loved it. I was becoming aware of what was going on, not just in Montgomery but in the country and in the world. Suddenly I found myself involved with blacks in a different way. Suddenly I was having to go out and photograph things that were happening between blacks and whites. I began to hear of this young dynamic minister, Martin Luther King, Jr., and, having been the son of a Baptist minister myself, I was curious about this man.

It was a photograph of King that initially brought Moore to the attention of Life magazine. On Sept. 3, 1958, Moore captured the image of King being shoved down onto the booking desk of the Montgomery police station following his arrest, a policeman wrenching King's arm behind his back. As Moore continued to record such confrontations and Life began printing

more of his work, he decided to leave the South in 1962 and work in New York City as a freelance photographer.

Within a month after the move, Moore realized his mistake. He disliked the city, and felt like an outsider among Northerners. While looking for work, he met Howard Chapnick, then president of Black Star photo agency.

"I remember looking at his portfolio and asking him, 'Why on earth are you in New York when the hottest story going right now is back in the South?'" Chapnick said recently. "I suggested he go back to Alabama, where he knew his way around, and with a small retainer from Black Star get some meaningful pictures."

Chapnick, now retired from Black Star, was Moore's agent for 28 years. He credits Moore for "being in the thick of one of the greatest stories of our time; he was really in the midst of a revolution. And he was a very gutsy guy — he exposed himself to tremendous dangers."

Moore was injured only once during the civil rights movement, in Birmingham in May 1963. Black youths retaliating against policemen in Kelly Ingram Park began throwing slabs of concrete. One caught Moore on the ankle, splintering its tendons. It was during that trip in particular that Life reporter Michael Durham realized his colleague's fortitude. "Charles was hit practically the moment we arrived in Birmingham," Durham recalls, "and yet, for the next five days, he was literally working on a dead run. He showed immense courage and an oblivion to pain.

"That time in Birmingham was my personal introduction to violence," Durham continues, "but in looking back, I know I was never afraid when I was with Charles. He had superb instincts about where to go and what to do to get the picture and stay out of trouble. If he was confronted by a belligerent white Southerner, he knew what to say to mollify him. About the only time I strayed from Charles was on assignment in Jacksonville—and I got beaten up."

The Moore-Durham team spent three years together in the South, "just a couple of Irish kids," Moore says. While their backgrounds were dissimilar—Durham was raised in New York City suburbs— theirs was a relationship built on trust. During mob scenes, they had a deal: Durham would grab Moore by the collar and drag him away from the pack, so that Moore could concentrate completely on shooting while running backwards out of the melee.

It was during that five-day stint in Birmingham that Moore and Durham were arrested for refusing to obey an officer who had ordered them to leave the scene. "Here we were, a couple of fairly visible redheads, which wasn't a real good thing," Durham remembers. "To me and most journalists I know, being arrested was a badge of honor. But for Charles, the arrest carried with it a real element of disgrace. And if he was in jail, that meant he wasn't taking photographs."

"To be honest with you, being arrested was a much greater fear for me than someone threatening me with a club," Moore says. "I can take that, I can stand up to that. But I'm a law-abiding citizen, and arrest had a connotation that I'd never had to deal with. Law-abiding citizens don't get put in jail."

But Moore and Durham did. And, on the advice of Southern lawyers, they jumped bail. In a scene out of a television detective series, the two sped to the airport in a rental car with local police in their wake. When a squad car blocked their entrance to the terminal, they abandoned the car, walked along the side of the building, checked in at the gate and boarded the plane on the tarmac. For the next year, fearing another arrest, Moore would fly to Atlanta from his Miami home, rent a car

and drive the backroads to Alabama to see his four young children.

By 1965, Moore had burned out. He was sickened by the scenes forever burnished in his brain: Children downed by high-pressured blasts of water shooting from fire hoses; police dogs lunging at men and women, ripping the clothes from their bodies. "It was when I saw the dogs that I finally reacted to how appalling this all was," Moore remembers. "This just wasn't something that was supposed to be happening anywhere, let alone in the South that I loved so much. This was my home, these were my people, and what was happening was so very wrong. When I was growing up, we used to go to Birmingham so my mother could get treatments for her cancer. I loved it there, and I have very fond memories of that city. And yet here I was, back in Birmingham, and I'm watching it being torn apart by racism and bigotry. It hurt."

Moore soon left the South, traveling for nearly eight months. While part of that time was spent shooting for Black Star in Vietnam, Moore devoted the rest of the trip to exploring the colors and the beauty of other Southeast Asia countries. For the next 20-plus years, he returned often to that part of the globe on corporate and travel photography assignments, freelancing across the U.S. as well. Then came the Kodak offer, and the opportunity to share with the next generations his postscript to those powerful days.

Opposite top: It was after the Selma march that Moore decided to escape his Southern beat. Opposite bottom: "If a photograph can still have impact after 30-some years, then it's an important photograph," Moore says in explaining the success of *Powerful Days*. Above: Former LIFE writer Michael Durham recalls countless voter registration meetings he and Moore covered, "held on lots of back roads and in little storefront offices." Left: Several of Moore's civil rights photographs appeared in the 1988 feature film, *Mississippi Burning*.

MAGIC. THAT A GRANDFATHER COULD MESMERize 650 junior-high students with black and white photographs. No sound track, no gimmicks. Photographs that had nothing to do with Air Jordans or New Kids. Photographs that silenced hundreds of students by their sheer intensity. The man himself doesn't believe he accomplished such a feat.

As he finished describing his civil rights photographs to Ames Middle School students that sunny April afternoon, hands shot into the air. Dozens of children posed questions in earnest attempts to learn more about an era that until then only took up pages in a history text.

"Can you tell me a little bit more about Martin Luther King?" one student calls out. "I've read about him. Was he a nice man?"

"Yes, he was a very nice man who did many important things," Moore responds. Soon dozens of children flock around him on the auditorium floor, requesting his signature on the miniature book posters provided by Kodak. As he patiently writes brief inscriptions on each, Moore comes upon a shy, chubby boy clutching a simple scrap of paper. "I don't have a poster," the child says with embarrassment. "Would it be OK if you just signed this for me?"

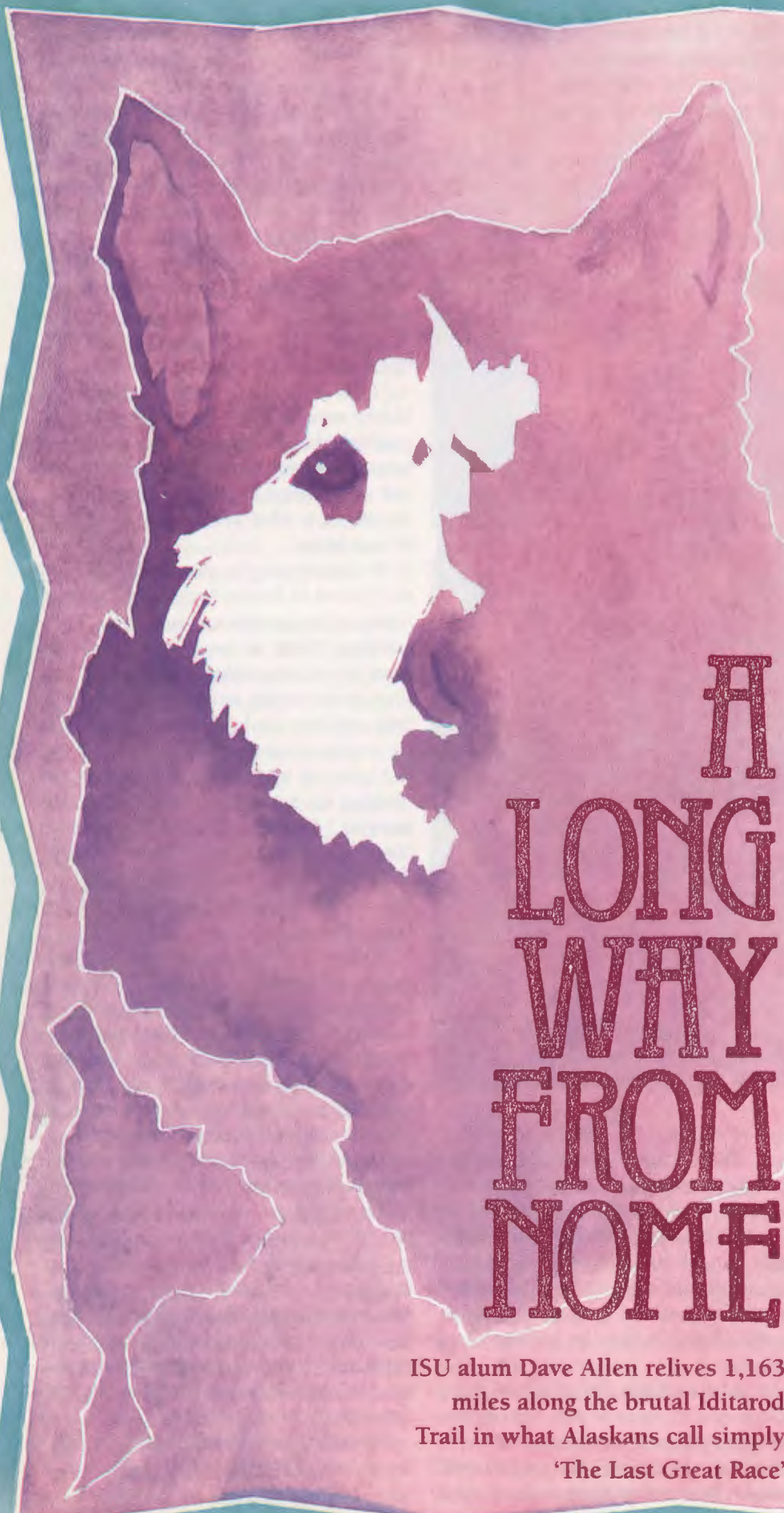
"I will never, never forget that moment," Moore says later, his voice quivering. "I grabbed what he held out and wrote just what I was thinking: That it doesn't matter that all you have is a scrap of paper. All I care about is what you're carrying around in your heart."

By that evening he was standing behind the podium in Benton Auditorium, facing a crowd whose questions were a bit more complex. "What are we supposed to learn from your photographs?" "How would you photograph racism today?" "Why did you wait until now to do the book?" "How can we combat racism in the '90s?"

"It is sad when college students are looking to a photojournalist for the answers," Moore says a few weeks later. "I'm not a historian, and I'm not a politician. I keep telling them the same things—just never lose sight of the truth and the compassion."

Michael Durham, now a freelance writer in upstate New York, convinced Moore two years ago to create *Powerful Days*. They hunkered down over fishing poles near Moore's home in northern California for hours at a time, reliving the melancholy moments and the gruesome realities. And they sifted through stacks and stacks of contact sheets, the images stirring up even more anecdotes for Durham to transcribe. In the end, Moore says he did the book for his children, now in their 30s and still living in the South. They were too young to understand why Daddy always raced out with a camera bag slung over one shoulder. Too young to comprehend why it was so important that he stare anger square in the face in Birmingham and Montgomery and Jackson.

Maybe now they'll understand the calling of Brother Moore's son.



A LONG WAY FROM NOME

ISU alum Dave Allen relives 1,163 miles along the brutal Iditarod Trail in what Alaskans call simply 'The Last Great Race'

(Editor's note: The author, a 1981 Iowa State industrial education graduate and a two-time All-American wrestler, has lived in Alaska for 10 years. He and his wife, Jolene Zumbach Allen, a 1980 ISU elementary education grad, quit their teaching jobs last year to allow Dave to train full time for the 1991 Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race.)

➲ March 2

If there's a more peaceful scene anywhere in the world, I'd like to find it: An orange ball of a sun sinking into the very bosom of the mountain Alaskans call The Sleeping Lady. I would have loved to stop, to bask in the vast spectrum of warm colors you'll find only in Alaska. But there was the matter of 19 friends tugging at me — my sled dogs lunging forward, pulling me into the trip of a lifetime. You've heard of Iditarod, I'm sure, a grueling endurance test against some of the most brutal landscape and weather conditions you'll find on this planet. We had 49 miles of trail behind us, but were really just starting. From Anchorage to Knik the trail was full of hype, with spectators creating a sort of tailgate party atmosphere. As my dogs tore out of Knik, I smiled and waved to the last of the onlookers. They couldn't see that, inside, my consciousness boiled over with the adventures and fears that lie ahead on the storied Iditarod Trail. Had I prepared my dogs properly? Had I trained them — and myself — hard enough? Could we handle all Alaska had in store?

For Alaskans — for all mushers — Iditarod is running's Boston Marathon, triathlon's Iron Man and then some. Its origin dates to a 1920s dyphtheria outbreak in Nome. Since it came after freezeup, the only way in was by sled team. With more white people and Eskimos dying every day, mushers relayed serum all the way from Nenana to Nome. Today, because of technology, it's rare that our very mortality is tested by the elements. Not so here. Whether it's the cold rattling through the interior or monstrous blizzards pounding the coast, Alaska can throw at you a challenge unlike any other. Iditarod epitomizes that challenge. So it was that history, that chance to meet Mother Nature on her nastiest terms, that had me mushing quietly toward The Sleeping Lady.

Several hours out of Knik, I stopped to give the dogs a commercial food and salmon mix. I also replaced the dogs' booties.

Because of what we call "severe clear" conditions, the sun melted the surface during the day, leaving a hard, grainy trail at night. That surface, like ultra-coarse sandpaper, was tough on dogs' pads. Booties, knitted from polar fleece, protect them from injury. Every 50 miles or so I'd have to slip on new ones.

Further along the trail to Skwentna, I noticed the first of what would be myriad problems with my dogs: Molly began to neck line (pull against the other dogs) and three of my leaders, Stew Pot, Chukna and Cinder, limped with ankle injuries caused by the hard trails. Now, in addition to checking booties, I would have to wrap ankles. I became discouraged. The team would only go as fast as my leaders.

A few teams glided past me. They were beautiful, fast and smooth. While my dogs and I worked as hard as we could, the others sailed by effortlessly. Why did they look so much better? In the darkness my headlight enviously followed them out of sight.

➲ March 3

My spirits were low by Skwentna, but there wasn't time for self pity. I parked my dogs and used an alcohol burner to melt snow for their breakfast. I mixed the commercial food with fish, meat and liver sausages — fish for hydration and the fat for calories they'd need over the long, harsh miles.

As I prepared the meal, I was appreciative of the veil of darkness — in the sunlight, I would've had "Rookie" written all over me. I mistook my finger for a sausage, slicing it open and sending my blazing red, 98.6-degree life source pouring into frigid Alaskan powder. Hurrying to prevent exposure, I segued into Rookie Mistake No. 2: Grabbing the cook pot bare-handed. Surely Iditarod veterans like four-time winners Susan Butcher and Rick Swenson — both working less than 100 yards away — heard my fingers sizzle. It was all I could to do muffle a scream. Somehow, this rookie survived the checkpoint.

I dropped Molly in Skwentna. She still wasn't pulling, and I'd given up hope that she'd come around any time soon. Like all dropped dogs, she'd be handled by a veterinarian, then taken from the checkpoint and flown to a holding kennel. I was responsible for having her picked up.

I moved on with 18 dogs. Until they hit stride, I had to put up with them relieving themselves. Jackie, in prime heat, left a signature that instantly sent the males into a tizzy. But I hardly could begrudge their wanting more than her autograph.

As another musher pulled past me, then soon pulled out of sight, depression dug in like a spade. The dogs, taking a beating from the direct sunlight, matched my mood: sluggish. Finally, I pulled over to rest. They weren't interested in food; like your family pet, they only wanted to stretch out and sleep. After 30 straight hours, it sounded pretty good to me, too.

Still limping noticeably, Chukna and Dixie soon would be dropped. With those leaders gone I was, for all practical purposes, out of the competition. I had hoped to place in the top 20, hoped for Rookie of the Year

TED GARY

A musher's bond with the dogs is crucial to success.

honors. None of that would happen. In all my athletic career I had never been so depressed. Still more than 1,000 miles from Nome, the thought of scratching crept into my mind. It was quickly joined by anger. Too many people had helped me get this far. Jolene had raised money and kept me organized and motivated. Dad had braved an Alaska winter while helping with the dogs. I couldn't let them down. I couldn't throw it all away.

So after a three-hour rest/pep talk, we pushed on. I had heard horror stories about the upcoming, Finger Lake-to-Rainy Pass stretch, known as the Happy River Descent. One musher had told me that it'd be best to go through at night — if I saw it, I'd be too scared to go on. Another confidence builder.

Another musher, Pat Danly, left in front of me. Suddenly, her headlight disappeared. Soon after, the front end of my team vanished. Soon I was dropping down a steep hill, starting at about a 50-degree angle and plummeting to about 70 degrees. Pat crashed at the bottom, and I narrowly avoided piling on top.

We trudged through, along some of the toughest trails I'd ever seen. And when I most needed to be sharp, a new adversary reared up: sleep. I had been up more than 40 hours with 20 minutes' sleep. The swishing of the runners turned into whispers. Hearing my name, I whipped around. No one. Though my mother passed away last summer, I heard her voice as clear as I'd heard it years ago at dinner time. Tianna, my 21-month-old daughter, called out, "Daddy!" Somehow, I had the presence to tie my wrists to the sled. Sleep was winning this war of attrition when a spruce stump jumped out in the trail, stopping the sled in its tracks. I flew forward, anchored only by my bound wrists. I was awakened by the sound of air in my lungs being forced through vocal cords. *Oooooph!* The dogs looked back at me as if to say, "Wake-up call, Dave."

➲ March 4

I left Rainy Pass shortly after sunrise with the majestic Alaska Mountain Range highlighted against the lucid, blue sky. As I dropped in elevation through the Dalzell Gorge, I felt like a mouse forging into the jaws of a grizzly bear.

At the Rohn checkpoint, my priority was to use the 24-hour layover to make the dogs comfortable. That's a musher for you: Chilled to the marrow, hungry, tired, depressed, and all I thought about were the dogs. I've watched many of these guys from the time they were just playful little stinkers. I heard them sing the blues the first time they were tied up. Then I watched their spirits soar as they grew into devoted powerhouses. Friends. They've had every reason to quit on me, but they never have. Their needs came first. One by one I took them on short walks so they wouldn't get stiff. I medicated their feet against infection. A veteran musher had shown me how to patch torn foot pads with Super Glue and moleskin.

Finally, I sat down for a rest and my first real meal. Up to now I had been getting my calories mostly through a carbohydrate drink. Now I dove into real food: Godfather's pizza, which, along with other food and supplies, I had stashed at every checkpoint.

➲ March 5

As slowly as my dogs had been moving, this would be the last I would see of any front runners. I was somewhere in the low 30s out of 74 starters. Average. I hated being average.

The terrain changed drastically as I dropped out of a pass through the biggest mountain range in North America. The burned landscape was like a nuclear wasteland. Hill after rolling hill of dead trees. It was lonely here. As if I needed another depressing scene, I began to detect more limping in the team. And some dogs were getting sick. Through it all, I tried to keep a cheery attitude. With all we shared, my emotional level affected theirs. I couldn't let them feel my concern.

➲ March 6

We peeled into Nikolai at 5:23 a.m. Sadly, I dropped two more dogs: Stew Pot, still hobbling, and Red, who was sick and not eating well. During 10 hours in Nikolai, I managed two 20-minute naps. I also talked to Jolene on the phone; I needed to tell someone that I was driving a different dog team, that I wouldn't be knocking the world dead. Call it ego or insecurity, but I needed to know, from the person who supported me most, that it was OK. She assured me that it was.

By the time we left, at 3:30 p.m., the team looked great. It gave me a new optimism.

➲ March 7

A few more dogs were getting sick, so when we sloshed into Ophir, I gave them plenty of time to rest and eat. I hurried into the checkpoint cabin, where soup was on. As I staked out a place on the floor that soon would be carpeted with mushers, I was reminded of the old expression, "You snooze, you lose." Here, as long as you snoozed, you kept your spot. With a bowl of soup warming my belly, I dozed off to conversations of Iditarods gone by.

➲ March 8

With 90 tough miles between me and the next checkpoint, I decided to drop Ashley and Molly. Still, leaving at 2:25 a.m., the dogs looked good. The rest had done wonders. A nasty ground storm was blowing, but I was fortunate; my dogs were used to the coastal winds of St. Michael.

This was a rugged country, with no villages within 100 miles. At twilight we slid into Iditarod, a gold mining town that boomed after he turn of the century. Now nothing but a ghost town, it was hard to believe 10,000 people once lived in such desolation. Gold must've had a powerful influence to draw people here. Now it was glory, not gold, that brought us. After my dog chores and an hour's sleep, I checked out a thermometer on the side of a cabin: 40-below. I wished I hadn't seen it. I made two decisions then: First, I'd drop Blazer, which would leave me with just 11 dogs. Second, I'd no longer worry about making Nome. The thought was too depressing. As a wrestler, I cut weight by concentrating on one pound at a time. Now I'd only look as far as the next checkpoint.

TED GARY

As far as Allen is concerned, Iditarod *is* Alaska.

➲ March 10

The Yukon River. Mushers had a great respect — or fear — for the Yukon and its monster winds. Its high bluffs and rocky cliffs were made for postcards. In Grayling, a village elder told me a storm was coming. I believed him — it was his country, not mine.

The dogs seemed to sense it, too. I found myself petting them, doing anything to fire them up. I was afraid they were going to quit, but I had to sound confident. Inside I was working on some horrible thoughts: How am I going to make it to Nome? And why am I doing this? Of course I knew why: To answer a challenge that burned within me, to live the spirit of the last frontier.

A year ago I watched my mother lose her battle against cancer. Her struggle was a poignant reminder that life is too short to forsake your most precious dreams. When I die, I don't want to say, "I wish I had ..." The thought comforted me. My mother's spirit was with me.

➲ March 13

Two villages later, that sense and the next checkpoint — Unalakleet — gave me inspiration. Jolene, Tianna and Dad had flown up from Anchorage. It had only been 11 days since I'd seen my family, but it seemed like months. I sat, dazed, not much of a conversationalist. But it was comforting, listening to my daughter giggle. For the moment, there was no blizzard, no agonizing stretch of trail. But with another storm being forecast, they decided to leave Unalakleet early. Jolene didn't want to get weathered out of Nome and miss my finish. What an optimist.

I left the village with fellow musher Mark Nordman. Before Jolene left, she'd given me a small radio. First I listened to Iditarod reports, but soon I was jamming to Bob Seger. As darkness fell, rock music could do little to lift my spirits as we headed into the teeth of a full-blown blizzard. With wind gusts at 50 mph, I could barely see past my dogs. The 14 miles to Shaktoolik might as well have been 40.

After a breakfast of boiled rice (oh, for that pizza now!) we set out. We made an exhausting, 45-minute mile in a bona fide whiteout. I was forced to turn the lead over to 2-year-old Samantha, who had run lead only a few times in training. She displayed a terrific sense for the trail. I could hardly have been more proud of my own daughter. It could have been the cold giving me goosebumps, but I don't think so. My face burned from frost, but with Samantha on a roll, I didn't dare stop. We were going to make it to Shaktoolik today.

➲ March 15

We made it. At the village, we heard over the radio that Swenson had won the race. Butcher had a huge lead out of White Mountain, but had to turn back after losing the trail in a blizzard. Miraculously, Swenson punched through. Rather than envious, we were happy for him. We knew what it must have taken to persevere. That's Iditarod — finding out how far you can go mentally and physically, whether you win or not.

➲ March 17

After being weathered in at Elim for 26 hours, I dropped Jackie and left with 10 dogs. Later, after a mandatory layover (to rest the dogs) in White Mountain, we set off into the blizzard. The dogs did their best, but, like Butcher, we finally turned back toward White Mountain. The storm was too intense.

➲ March 18

After eight hours in a shelter cabin (temperature: 30-below), I talked two other mushers into leaving. A ground storm blew like a hurricane, but, for once, Iditarod smiled on us. When we pulled into Safety, the last checkpoint, it was like stepping into the Twilight Zone. No wind. Bright sunshine. And Nome only 22 miles away!

On that final leg, I thought about the race. I had faced so many frustrating obstacles. I had made my share of rookie mistakes. I had peeled down to a bare chest to change my shirt at 30-below zero, for crying out loud! This hadn't been a race, it'd been a gauntlet.

Suddenly, there it was, low against the Bering Sea: Nome. My family met me as I pulled onto the main street. I stopped and let Tianna climb aboard. That same orange ball of a sun now plunged into the sea as we glided along the beach. If I'd been in Tahiti, my heart couldn't have been warmed more by Tianna's welcome: "Daddy! Doggy! Fun!" Her smile said what her vocabulary couldn't.

Whenever I return to Hilton Coliseum, I think, "Was I really here in front of 14,000 screaming fans when we took on Iowa?" Now I thought similarly. Was I about to finish Iditarod, the driving force in my life this last year? I had been training since last August. I had given up a good standard of living, depriving my family of luxuries it deserved. I had just covered 1,200 miles of brutal Alaska frontier, pushing through depressions the likes of which I hope to never experience again. And when I crossed the finish line in 30th place — my official time was 16 days, 10 hours, 25 minutes and 26 seconds — I was $20,000 in debt. But those were the debits. On the credit side, I had been awed by Alaska's beauty as never before. In adversity and triumph I had forged new friendships. What seemed like weeks earlier, I had imagined my daughter calling to me through bone-numbing cold and walls of blowing snow. When she shrieked "Daddy!" as we crossed the finish line, I wasn't hearing things. This time, the dream was real.

Anything For A Buck

Who says the younger generation is lazy? In an era of dwindling finances and skyrocketing college costs, VISIONS wondered just how far students would go to finance their educations. Using these eight enterprising Iowa Staters as examples, it seems students of the '90s will do whatever it takes to get the job done.

• • •

PHOTOS BY JIM HEEMSTRA

BRENDA BAKER

Age: 22

Classification: Graduate student in counselor education

Hometown: Anamosa, Iowa

Current job: Passes out pizza samples at Sav-U-More grocery store

Previous job: Resident assistant as an undergraduate

"Let's face it, everybody loves free food. It's not what I want to do for the rest of my life, but for working weekends only at $6 an hour, it's not bad.

"Yeah, I've had guys try to pick me up out here. About the only time the job really gets on my nerves is when everybody asks me why I'm here when it's so gorgeous outside. Because I need a new sweater—why else would I push pizza?"

TOM WESTHOFF

Age: 25

Classification: Sophomore in mechanical engineering

Hometown: Dyersville, Iowa

Current job: Night attendant, Adams Funeral Home

Previous job: Pizza delivery

"I'm on call every other night and weekend to answer the phones, and I also assist with body removals, serve as a doorman during visitations and do yard work. The first few times I helped with a removal, it was pretty eerie, but it doesn't take long to become accustomed to it all.

"I have an apartment here in the basement, and when my friends come over, they like to see the blue denim casket. The best part about this job? My friends always have a place to sleep."

LISA BAKER

Age: 25

Classification: Junior in music performance

Hometown: Ames, Iowa

Current job: Photographer, Sears Portrait Studios

Previous jobs: Nanny, clerical worker for insurance company

"The best thing about this job? Definitely the kids. The worst? Definitely the parents. You wouldn't believe all the women who bring in their 2 month olds and spend hours saying 'Smile for Mommy.' I hate to break it to them, but the kid doesn't even know what a Mommy is, let alone a smile.

"I loved the time an entire family came in to coach a 5 month old. There were grandparents and aunts and cousins all trying to entertain the baby. I laughed my head off—and the kid didn't crack a smile.

"What keeps me motivated? I love the kids. They're wonderful till they grow up."

JENNIFER STEPHENS

Age: 19

Classification: Freshman in interior design

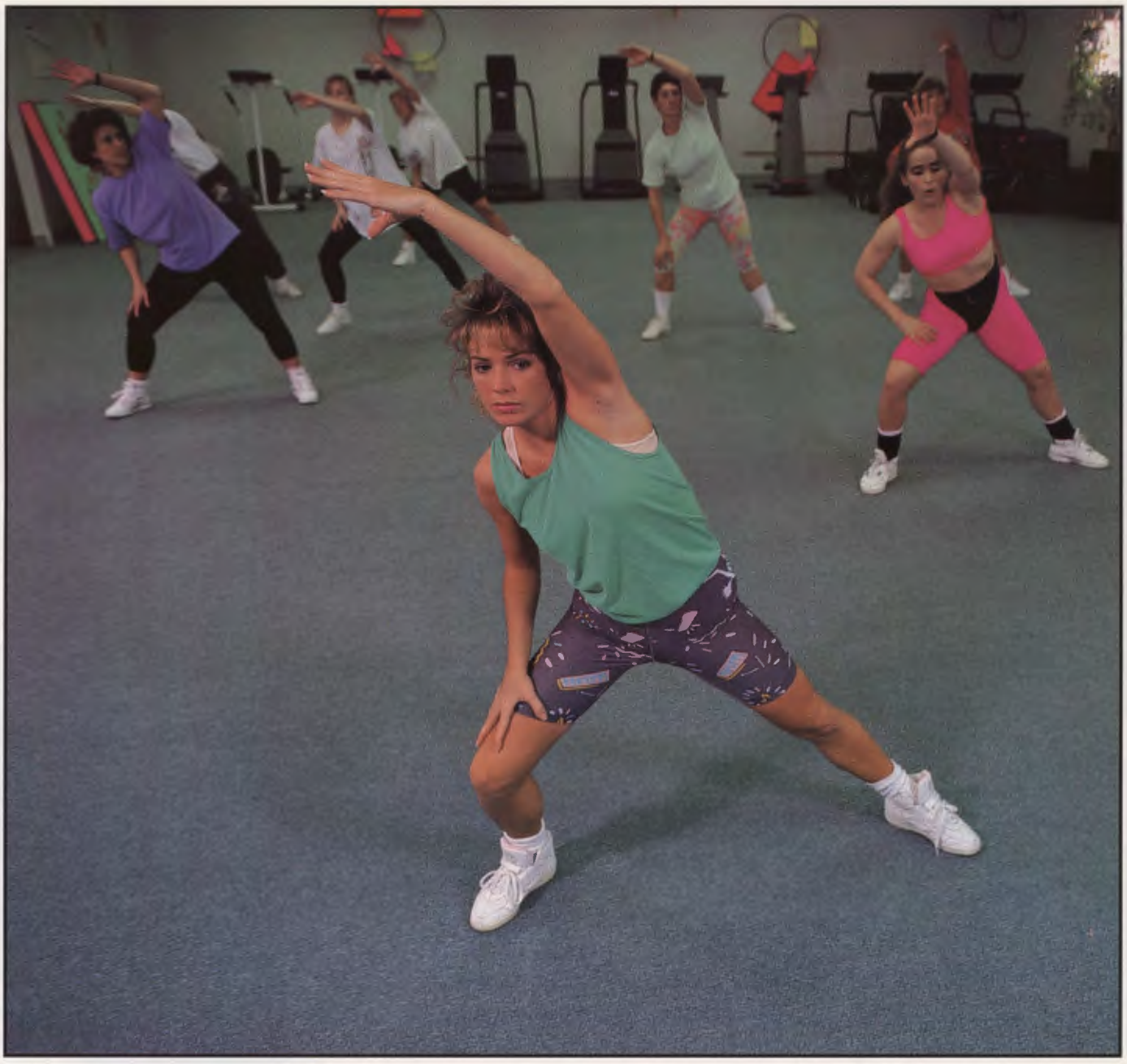
Hometown: Mount Ayr, Iowa

Current job: Delivery person and cook, Pizza Hut

Previous job: Pizza delivery

"The best thing about having to work when you go to school—besides having money— is that you become a lot more responsible. You don't skip many classes when you're paying your own way.

"The worst thing about working? Giving up my afternoon nap."



CINDY ARNDORFER

Age: 21

Classification: Senior in management information systems

Hometown: Algona, Iowa

Current Job: Aerobics instructor, Jump Shout Workout

Previous Job: None

"I work anywhere from five to 15 hours a week. My regularly scheduled class starts at 6:15 a.m., and the rest of the time I substitute for other teachers.

"I was on the football and basketball cheersquads for four years, and now that I'm done with that, this is a great way for me to keep up my creativity. Plus, for me, it's an ideal job to get paid for working out every day."

ANGIE MOELLER

Age: 19

Classification: Sophomore in psychology

Hometown: Salem, Iowa

Current job: Housekeeper, Silver Saddle Motel

Previous jobs: Clerk at Wal-Mart; sprayed addresses on junk mail

"I'm putting myself through school, so I had to take advantage of the four-hour blocks of time each morning that I don't have class. The rooms are usually in pretty good shape, although I throw away a lot more beer cans after the weekends.

"Being a psychology major, I have a great time analyzing people by what they leave in their rooms. You can always tell when the referees have been here; there are clothes and dirty socks lying everywhere. I'm also to the point where I can identify repeat customers by their belongings. Just once, I'd love to go up to some guy and say, 'You wear Jockey shorts, don't you?' "

BEN IHDE

Age: 27

Classification: Senior in sociology and English

Hometown: LeGrand, Iowa

Current jobs: Supervisor of care and maintenance of ISU Marching Band uniforms, driver for Ames limousine company, driver for Marshalltown transportation company and lawn care/apartment maintenance in Ames

Previous job: Police officer

MIKE KNOX

Age: 22

Classification: Senior majoring in industrial engineering

Hometown: Austin, Texas

Current jobs: Deejay, Sunset Sound Company

Previous job: Book and T-shirt salesperson, Southwestern Company

"Keeping these uniforms organized during football season is a real nightmare. Some come back looking great; others look like their occupants have been doing things that are illegal in most states.

"I used to be a police officer in Marshalltown. Sure, I made $18,000 a year and drove a company car, but I decided I wanted more.

"The best thing about working is that there's less of a burden on my savings and my mom. The worst? A low B/high C grade point average. The demands of working four jobs tend to show up the most at the end of each semester."

"About 10 years ago, some guys in my fraternity [Delta Tau Delta] started up this business, and when they graduated, they sold it to other house members. I'm about a third-generation owner, I guess.

"The company works about 12 parties a semester. Since three of us own it, I only have to work maybe eight of those parties, but I get paid for all of them. We usually make $200 each time; after all the expenses, I make about $500 a semester.

"Nah, nothing too crazy has ever happened during any of the parties. What do I get out of it besides the money? Dates."

Getting to know you

President Jischke maintains alumni/university partnership

On June 1, we welcomed Martin Jischke, Iowa State's 13th president, to the ISU campus. He had scarcely moved into Beardshear Hall before he was whisked to the Parks Library for a reception honoring members of the classes of 1916, '21, '26, '31, '36 and '41 during Alumni Days '91. During the next three days, President Jischke presided over the Gold Medal Dinner recognizing the Class of 1941, participated in an awards convocation honoring Iowa State's best and brightest, attended an Alumni Association board of directors meeting, welcomed members of the ISU Foundation board of governors and directors back to the campus and addressed attendees at two reunion lunches.

President Jischke and his wife, Patricia Fowler Jischke, were most gracious and comfortable during their initiation to the "wonderful world of alumni activities" at Iowa State. Thus began the relationship between Iowa State's chief executive officer and you— its alumni and friends—you've come to expect.

A.S. Welch, Iowa State's first president, set an example that would continue through the years as he established close ties with alumni. Through 12 successors, those relationships between the president and alumni have remained strong. In an earlier column (*VISIONS, Fall 1988*), I stated "Throughout the many changes over the years, one facet of the institution has remained constant—the existence of an exceptionally loyal alumni body characterized by an extremely high spirit of volunteerism." That spirit remains strong to a large degree, in my opinion, as a result of close ties between the university president and its alumni.

As we welcome President Jischke and his family to the campus, we usher in a new era for Iowa State, one that gives every indication of providing the sustained excellence you've come to expect from the institution.

JIM HEEMSTRA

Jim Hopson

You will note from the profile on him in this issue that President Jischke has every intention of keeping the president-alumni bond close. As he and members of the Alumni Association and Foundation staffs plan events around the state and nation, I encourage you to attend, meet President Jischke and do your part in strengthening the bond.

Jim Hopson

James A. Hopson
Executive Director

Memberships can be upgraded with ISU credit card

Annual members with ISU credit cards may now upgrade to life memberships through the automatic billing program, according to Frankee Oleson, director of membership development.

"By simply contacting the Alumni Association at (515) 294-6525, ISU card holders can change their automatic billing amounts to accomodate upgrades into life memberships in a quick, convenient way," Oleson says.

Life memberships cost $500, or $100 per year for five years.

ISU Alumni Association events fall into place

As surely as the colors will change, the Iowa State Alumni Association will offer an assortment of entertaining alumni activities this fall. Here are a few of the events that should be marked on your social calendar:

▲Parents Weekend is scheduled for Oct. 4-6. Included in a trio of activity-filled days will be college receptions, a tailgate party before the Oct. 5 Oklahoma-Iowa State football game, a post-game buffet, Casino Night later that evening and a Sunday-morning brunch.

▲Three weeks later, Homecoming '91 takes center stage. This year will mark the return of two events introduced last fall: A Thursday-night pep rally and bonfire near Cyclone Stadium and the Friday-night alumni "Reunion at the Union." Also on Friday, the Alumni Association will spon-

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Of course, you already are eligible for discounts with Avis, Hertz and National car rentals and Hilton and Ramada hotels. And remember, these benefits are yours because you are a member of the ISU Alumni Association!

sor a legacy program for alumni and their children in ninth and 10th grades. Activities include a career program, lunch and a campus tour. The annual Homecoming alumni tailgate will be held on the morning before the Oct. 26 football game against Oklahoma State.

▲For those who want to follow the Cyclones on the road, the Alumni Association again is sponsoring parties before the Cyclones' away football games. This year's schedule includes trips to Wisconsin (Madison, Wis., Sept. 21); Rice (Houston, Sept. 28); Kansas (Lawrence, Kan., Oct. 19); Missouri (Columbia, Mo., Nov. 2) and Nebraska (Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 16).

Contact the Alumni Association for more information on these and other exciting fall events: Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164; (515) 294-6525.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

The ISU Alumni Association welcomes the following new lifetime members who joined during the months of January, February and March. If you would like to convert your membership from annual to lifetime, and receive a complimentary gift, call (515)294-6525 for more information.

Daniel K. Ahern
Lynn C. Anderson
Maria and Giovanni Balestrieri
Mark R. Ballard
Steven R. Barchus
Pamela A. Barrett
Richard H. Baumhover
Martin J. Behel
Bryson V. Bergerud
Eric E. Bluth
Stewart K. Booden
Steven R. and Beth Mycka Booth
Diana M. Bourisaw
Jerre J. Bovett
Florence W. Burns
Robert O. Butler
Lyndon J. Cakerice
Kathryn C. and William P. Campbell
Barbara S. and Dale F. Christian
John A. Corrigall
Luanne V. and David E. Coziahr
Judy A. Dambowy
Marcia L. and Jeffrey J. DeGraaf
Lora L. and Patrick G. Dierickx
Christine B. Donald
Douglas J. Doorenbos
T. A. Dorsey
Julie and Alan R. Doster
Jonathan M. Duffie
Kent E. Ekstrom
James D. Falvey
Daniel L. Feddern
William J. Fehr
Catherine and Peter E. Ferguson
James W. Fett
Kristen Forman
M. Shawn French
John A. Friedrichsen
Evelyn K. Fryer
Matthew J. Garrett
E. Thurman Gaskill
Terry L. Gehrke
Paul E. Gesell
Jacob L. Graham
Joyce I. Greene
Thomas B. Grundman
Jonith L. and Steve Grundmann
Don M. Gunderson
Jacquelin C. Haas
Melanie A. Halley
Kelly J. Hammar
Luan M. Hammell
Mark K. Hammitt
Robert A. Handelman
Elizabeth B. and Joseph A. Happe
Rhonda L. and Bruce M. Hardy
Reginald J. Harrington
Nicholee S. Harrison
Debra A. and Gary L. Heller
Nedra A. Herr
Michael E. Hipp
Janiece and Steven A. Hisel
Jerome L. Homeyer
Rick J. Jensen
Philip W. Jones
Joy E. and Paul A. Judas
Joan S. Kelley
John G. Keller
Everett A. Kemp
Alberta Kennedy
Roger W. Kingery
Margaret J. and Paul E. Klemme
Arleen L. Knaub
Nancy E. and Frank M. Kojder
Ronald L. Kruse
Michael P. Kuehn
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Dennis J. Lindell
Eugenie L. and Larry E. Loenser
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David M. and Joyce Knox Speer
Larry J. Stevens
Willie J. Suchy
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Lisa Von Fumetti
Brenda A. Walker
Kurt N. Weinfurter
Diane E. West
Jan G. Wiezorek
Andrew J. Wilson
Mark B. Wilson
Lora B. and Harve W. Wolfe
Jeffrey E. Yamaguchi
David J. Zimmerman

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

The ISU Student Alumni Association program has spawned some of the university's most innovative and productive young alumni. VISIONS catches up with an SAA alum in each issue.

LEIGH CHARLTON

Scarlett Powers Osterling

Student ambassador, 1976-77

Age: 35

ISU major, grad year: Psychology/sociology, 1978

Hometown: Keosauqua

Job title and description: Vice president for development and community relations, Children's Bureau of Los Angeles. The 90-year-old bureau is dedicated to child abuse treatment and prevention, serving more than 1,000 families per year.

What I like most about my job: Having the opportunity to help volunteer leadership make a difference in the lives of children and families.

If I weren't doing this I'd be: A volunteer myself.

Favorite ISU class: Cultural anthropology.

What I miss most about Iowa State: The camaraderie.

If I learned one thing at ISU, it was: You can get so much more done as a group than you can alone, and have fun doing it.

Childhood experience that I wish all these children could have: Growing up in a loving, supportive family — something all children need and deserve.

Persons I admire most: The people who dedicate themselves to charitable causes.

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JIM HEEMSTRA

Like Iowa's beautiful scenery, the Alumni Association will have an unmistakable presence on RAGBRAI XIX.

CY-CLEMANIA

ISU gears up for another rousing RAGBRAI ride

For the second year in a row, the Iowa State Alumni Association is taking its show on the road for the Des Moines Register's Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa (RAGBRAI). More than 7,500 cyclists will pedal across the state July 21-27, and the Alumni Association will be there for every flat tire, every broken chain and every sore, uh, knee. Teaming with associations from the Universities of Iowa and Northern Iowa, ISU Alumni Association staff members will set up a stand at each of the overnight stops — Missouri Valley, Atlantic, Winterset, Knoxville, Grinnell, the Amana Colonies and Anamosa.

The groups will plan alumni-related activities in some communities, and also will hit the road each day with water and refreshment stands. Those interested in learning more about the ISU Alumni Association's involvement in RAGBRAI XIX should contact Ronda Cox, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164; (515) 294-6525.

Parks Library puts new cards into circulation

Alumni Association members who take advantage of their eligibility for use of the Parks Library will be issued new library cards on their next visit to the circulation desk. The change is necessitated by the library's conversion to a new circulation system. Library officials say the change will take but a few extra minutes at check-out time.

For more information about the new system or members' eligibility for use of the Parks Library, call the Alumni Association at (515) 294-6525.

No doubting this Thomas

Former extension worker's volunteer efforts are anything but retiring

JIM HEEMSTRA

Tom Wickersham is helping the Class of '41 raise funds for renovating the Memorial Union's Great Hall.

You're sitting in Thomas Wickersham's family room, admiring the plaques and certificates honoring nearly four decades of service to Iowa State University. But only when he returns to the room do you begin to realize just how much the institution still means to him: On the table he drops his original Iowa State College matriculation card; yellowed, creased and worn on the edges, it is stamped Sept. 1937. You look up to his face and meet a wide grin and bright, smiling eyes.

When Tom Wickersham says, "Just about my whole life has been wrapped up in Iowa State University," you believe him.

And when ISU Alumni Association staff members say the 1941 animal husbandry graduate is one of their most devoted volunteers, you believe them, too.

When help is needed, Wickersham is there. When Alumni Days '91 coordinator Elizabeth Venner looked to recruit members of the Class of '41 reunion committee, Wickersham was there. And when she needed a chairperson for that group's class gift committee, he was there again.

Wickersham retired in 1984 after 38 years at Iowa State — most with the extension service — but his volunteer work, like a certain battery company's spokesrabbit, keeps going ... and going ... and going ...

"This is a good place," he says, fingering his cherished matriculation card. He talks with glee about mixers in the Memorial Union's Great Hall, animal husbandry classes and Veishea celebrations. "Iowa State offered me so many opportunities. I'm happy to give back. And besides," he adds with a smile, "it keeps me out of mischief."

In addition to his Alumni Days work, Wickersham also has been a key member of the Alumni Association's 25-Year Club efforts. A busy three-year commitment to that organization culminated in his serving as president last year.

He's also been active in the Farm House fraternity, has served as a legislative liaison for the university and has volunteered as a tour guide for foreign dignitaries visiting campus.

He recently established the Tom and Janie Wickersham Scholarship for undergraduate students in animal science, and has been active in the campus' retired extension workers group.

"With Tom, you almost feel badly asking him to do something because he already does so much," Venner says. "But then you see how excited he gets about volunteering. That's what makes him so good for us — he always wants to help, and he always loves doing it."

Says Wickersham: "I don't know where I would've been without my relationship with Iowa State."

You get the feeling that Iowa State and the Alumni Association can say the same about Tom Wickersham.

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Time Capsule

The legacy lives on: Telling tales on Iowa State

Everybody knows the story behind the zodiac, as well as the customs of campaniling and circling Lake LaVerne with your significant other.

But enough Folklore 101. We went in search of the obscure, the master's-level mythology. The result: Iowa State's top 10 tales, historic happenings and flat-out fabrications:

1) Ross Hall originally was planned for 10 stories. But it was soon discovered that such a tall building would cast a shadow on the horticulture greenhouse. To avoid leaving plants in the dark, floors 7-10 were deleted.

2) The Christian Petersen sculpture of students by Oak-Elm Halls originally was intended to serve as the campus entrance. The idea was dropped when one woman complained that the female students looked too "beefy."

3) The university employed two ducks — Harry and Ed — to make a radio tower light appear to blink by circling it at night.

4) When women first were housed in the formerly all-male Helser Hall, flowers were planted in the urinals to calm prudish parents' concerns.

5) Adonijah Welch, Iowa State's first president, walked the grounds haphazardly tossing potatoes. A tree was then planted where a tater landed.

6) The agriculture-engineering rivalry goes back more than 100 years. There was the time the engineers put horse manure in the Curtiss Hall ventilation system. Another time the aggies bedded down a team of horses in Marston Hall. The engineers' rebuttal: Bricking up the Curtiss doorways.

7) Morrill Hall once housed a museum, home for a time to a stuffed circus camel which had met its demise in Ames. A water pipe broke one winter, drenching the dromedary until its stuffing expanded and burst.

8) When Carver Hall was constructed, a peanut was placed in each of its columns. On hot days, the aroma of peanut butter is unmistakable.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL WALLACE

9) Students used to flock to a nearby farm to study a huge rock. The farmer, tiring of students tromping his land, offered to sell his boulder. The rock still rests near Lagomarcino Hall.

10) When the Meat Lab was built, its blueprints were switched with those of a Des Moines church.

Can you prove or disprove these tales? Or do you have better ones? If so, send them to VISIONS Magazine, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164.

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD

But why should you have all the fun? Share the excitement of VISIONS, the colorful, award-winning magazine of the Iowa State Alumni Association. Of course you already receive VISIONS because you're an Alumni Association member. If you want to do an ISU friend a big favor, fill in your buddy's name and address on the accompanying form, clip it out and return it to VISIONS. In no time he or she will receive a complimentary copy of this issue, along with instructions on how to join the Association and start receiving every issue of VISIONS. So don't just sit there keeping VISIONS all to yourself. Your pals don't know what they're missing!

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Reporter transforms Soviet struggles into broadcast news

You'd think Ann Cooper would have seen it all. She covered Washington politics for 12 years and spent four years reporting on political and economic reformation in Moscow. But in one brutal night it became frightfully clear that she'd seen very little.

Just before midnight, Jan. 13, Cooper watched Soviet tanks crush demonstrators in the Baltic republic of Lithuania. As she plays back the tape she made for National Public Radio, the screams and machine gun fire still send shudders rippling through her. Hours earlier, the 1971 ISU journalism graduate had witnessed a "festival atmosphere" near a television tower just outside of Vilnius. Later, in her hotel, she got word that a convoy of tanks was rumbling through town. She grabbed her equipment and followed the sound.

Cooper had covered the melee at Tiananmen Square in China two years ago, but says nothing compared to the sight of liberty-starved citizens standing before tanks and chanting "Freedom!" Vilnius paid mightily for its display: 15 citizens were killed.

Cooper admits the event — and others

STAN BAROUH

Ann Cooper

Staying the course for U.S. naval research

As director of the Office of Naval Research, Fred Saalfeld oversees 12,000 scientists and a $1.2 billion budget. Yet the enormity of the task never clouds the picture: The ONR exists to promote basic research, one scientist at a time. "I had my fun in science," says Saalfeld, who joined the Naval Research Laboratory in 1962, a year after receiving his chemistry PhD from ISU. (He earned his master's in 1959.) He's steadily climbed through the organization in the succeeding 29 years, taking over as director in 1987. "Now I can help others enjoy science," he says.

LEN RIZZI

Fred Saalfeld

His charge, he says, is two-fold:

▲Overseeing grants to universities — like ISU — to be used in disciplines from medicine to math. Saalfeld says after World War II, the ONR was the first organization to extramurally support university research.

▲Guiding research at the ONR's Naval Research Lab and its two Naval Oceanographic and Atmospheric Research Labs.

"We're making sure the Navy of the future has the proper science and engineering," says Saalfeld, who isn't a naval officer himself.

The list of ONR-supported research is as vast as the seas. Scientists are close to perfecting a method of using sonar to measure ocean temperatures over time and great distances. This, Saalfeld says, could lead to definitive testing of global warming claims. Another highly publicized application of ONR research is a method of predicting oil spill flows that helped limit environmental damage during the Persian Gulf war.

"Iowa State gave me a broad background in science," says Saalfeld. "With all the research here, that experience is critical. I can't do it all, but I can know what's going on."

Driving Mr. Carver

One of the manifold perks granted those reaching octogenarian status is an immense array of friends and acquaintances. Yet, it's without a split second's hesitation that 80-year-old Alfred Zissler selects his most cherished association: George Washington Carver. "No doubt," Zissler says of his fellow Iowa State graduate. "He was the No. 1 person I ever met."

Zissler's relationship with the scientist goes well beyond acquaintance. In 1933, with Zissler jobless after receiving his engineering degree in the depths of the Depression, an Iowa State football coach and friend of Carver's helped Zissler land a summer job as Carver's driver on a Southern lecture swing. "We never saw each other again," Zissler says, "but that summer stayed with me. We had a lot of fun and I became friends with a great man."

With no car of his own, Zissler stuffed $10 into his pocket and hitchhiked to Atlanta to meet up with the renowned Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute researcher. From there he drove Carver to some 24 colleges in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. If they came upon restaurants refusing blacks, Zissler simply bought food and "had a nice little picnic along the road."

— have tested her objectivity. Earlier she had covered the establishment of the Soviet Congress of the People's Deputies — on paper, the foundation for democracy in this empire long marshaled by communism. For the first time Cooper could talk to people and see joyous anticipation on their tired faces. "It was so disillusioning," she says, "to see that it all had been so flawed."

That discouragement lies at the heart of a paradox that is the life of a Moscow correspondent. While it is excruciating to watch "Soviet mood shifts," Cooper says she is covering "the greatest story in journalism. [Correspondents] think about life after Moscow, but journalistically, this is probably the greatest thing I'll do."

Cooper never had designs on the intriguing, demanding life of a foreign correspondent. She worked for the Baltimore Sun and several political publications in Washington before following husband and New York Times writer Bill Keller to Moscow in 1986. Though she had no radio experience, an NPR contact helped Cooper pick a plum: the first-ever Moscow job at the contemplative, highly regarded network. After nine months of Russian language training — and virtually none in broadcast — she embarked on her all-consuming assignment. Responsible for two pieces per day, she puts in 16-hour days with precious few breaks.

"There are many negatives: the food, the lack of conveniences, the lack of simple courtesy," she says, adding that accessibility to dollars helps her circumvent somewhat the country's infamous shortages. "But the work load is toughest. We all think about escaping the work load."

An escape is planned. She and Keller will leave Moscow this fall, landing wherever the Times sends Keller. Whatever the locale, Cooper wants to stick with NPR. "People want to know how this is going to turn out," Cooper says. "But I'm beginning to realize that this is a never-ending story. At that television tower, I felt like I was watching the end of an era."

DANNY GEER

Alfred Zissler

The roadside provided another Carver trademark: a lapel flower. "If he couldn't find a place to buy one," Zissler recalls, "he'd be happy to pick a wild one."

He has myriad other memories: Their 1927 Buick continuously breaking down; Carver's sense of humor and telltale high-pitched voice; white audiences flocking around the shy scientist after speeches.

"We never discussed the problems of blacks," says Zissler, now retired from a career of electric motor sales in Rochester, N.Y. "But he knew I supported him."

Zissler has kept many of Carver's letters. Reading them now, he gets a bit embarrassed. "He really liked the song, 'Sonny Boy,' which was popular at the time," Zissler says. "Somehow he started calling me 'Sonny Boy.' Coming from him, that was OK."

They've got the look: Married models fashion glossy careers in style

You've heard of a model couple? How about a *modeling* couple? That's Doug Tjelmeland and Gina Buscher Tjelmeland , husband-and-wife alums who earn pretty good money looking, well, pretty good.

While both flash smiles for the strobes, Doug has found the business especially attractive. He's been in GQ, Esquire and some hot European magazines. He jumps The Pond regularly to work in cities like Milan, Paris, London and Hamburg. He's graced many a glossy in New York and L.A. He's hardly in Christie Brinkley's tax bracket, but there is a comma in his day rate.

Not bad for an ag biz major from Roland. "I know, I know, modeling isn't what you'd expect of a kid from the farm," says Doug Tjelmeland, a 1983 grad. "Hey, I never expected it either." But in 1989 a friend talked him into testing the modeling waters at a convention in Kansas City, Mo. That's where he was approached about traveling to Milan to gauge his face value. He quit his job with a Waterloo ag company, and he and then-girlfriend Buscher said *ciao* to the Midwest. Two years later he's pushing Polo for Ralph Lauren, fussing over tan and tone and hitting parties reserved for Beautiful People.

Gina, a 1989 journalism grad from Algona, says she hasn't "found her market." She works some in Chicago—where the two live—and L.A., and plans to model in Germany this summer.

How do these Iowa kids like the glitz? "It'd be easy to get carried away with it," says Gina Tjelmeland. "But it's tough — like when Doug's out of the country for six weeks. You find out fast that it's a business. Either you make money or you don't."

Says Doug Tjelmeland: "It's weird, [seeing] my face in these magazines. But I'm just a Midwest guy. My heart's still in the earth."

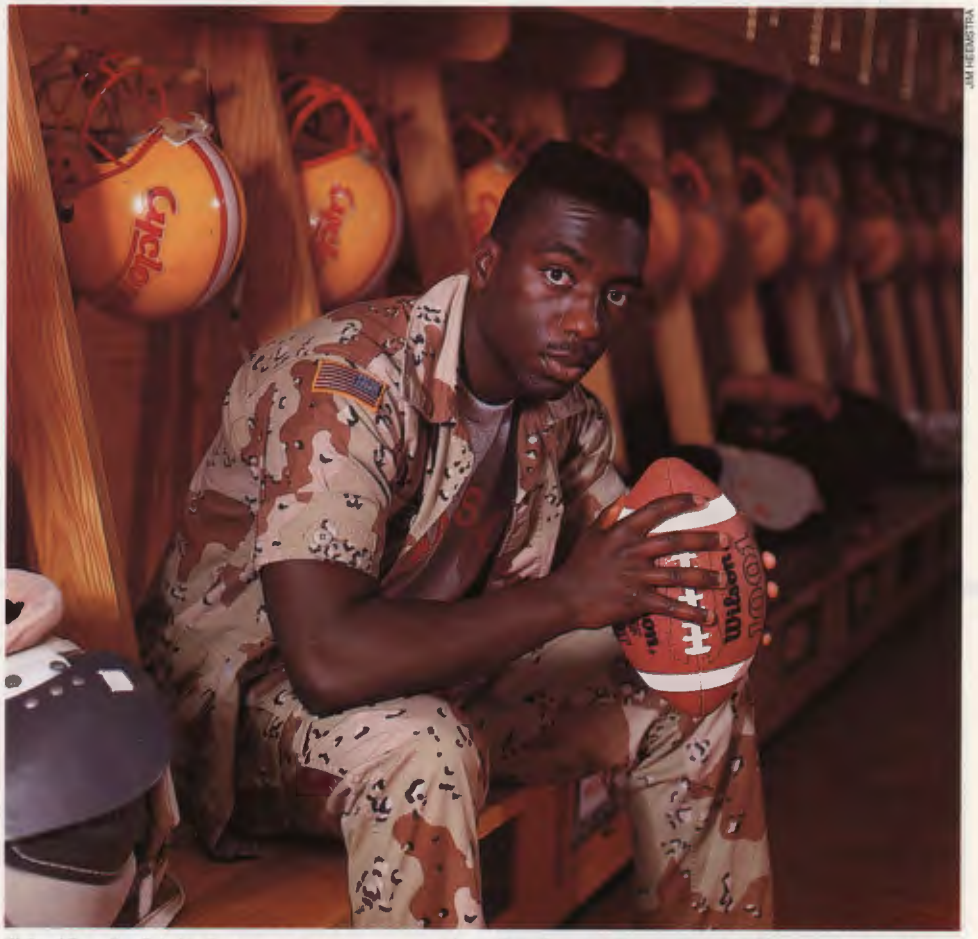
An Iowa boy with a Hollywood smile.

TIM SEED

Doug and Gina Buscher Tjelmeland

At Ease

Veteran tight end fields new outlook after Desert Storm



JIM HEEMSTRA

Richard Powell enlisted in the reserves as a teen-ager seeking college finances. "I never thought I'd be going to war," he says.

Pulling on a football uniform once sent jitters darting like spilled mercury through Iowa State tight end Richard Powell.

But last February, Marine Lance Corporal Richard Powell realized he'd never really felt jitters — not until he donned a chemical warfare "mop suit" and manned a 155 mm Howitzer in the desert outside Kuwait City. Strapping on a helmet for four quarters against Sooners isn't so unnerving after you've strapped on a gas mask for 100 hours against Iraqis.

"Going to war gives a guy a new perspective," says Cyclone coach Jim Walden. "Before, football is this great, grandiose thing. But people die in war. Rich has learned football isn't life and death."

Powell experienced both in his four months in the Persian Gulf. His U.S. Marine Reserves unit was called to duty Nov. 27, just after his junior season as an ISU walk-on. After two seasons at Iowa Lakes Community College in Estherville, the 6-foot-1, 215-pound Waterloo native was a dependable special teams player last fall.

He's now equally regarded in artillery circles.

Powell, a fourth-year reservist, knows his way around a Howitzer every bit as well as a huddle. By the time he stepped off a plane in Saudi Arabia, reserve training had helped him earn a title Marine artillery types call "No. 1 man." In other words, he pulled the trigger that launched the 100-pound shells at targets more than 20 miles away. In the war, his unit helped capture an airport outside of Kuwait City. "In a non-war environment, No. 1 man is *the* job," Powell says. "Everybody wants to pull the trigger. But in the war there's more pressure."

That's because the gun now was pointed at real people — with real guns of their own. Powell said his unit, the Battery D, 2nd Battalion of the 14th Marines, inflicted an estimated 4,000 Iraqi casualties in firing its eight guns almost constantly for four days. Although the unit once was within 1,000 meters of the enemy, it suffered no casualties. "It got pretty hot for awhile," Powell says. "[The Marines] build you up, you know, tell you how good you are. You feel you can take on anything. But inside, behind that Marine stuff, I was nervous. Scared. You pull on a mop suit and go to war, I don't care who you are, you get scared."

Although Powell (no relation to Gen. Colin) couldn't see the tanks and artillery at which he was firing, he later got a chance to view the devastation. Now comfortably back on campus in Guess? overalls and a crisp, white T-shirt emblazoned with an American flag, Powell revisits the ruin. "You probably read how the roads were piled with vehicles and tanks," he says. "When we saw some [bodies], all we could think was, 'We were there to do a job, and we did it.' We believed in why we were there. We were just glad to get in and out as fast as we did."

That's not to say his stay couldn't have been shorter. He left for Saudi Arabia on New Year's Day, about the time Big Eight Conference champion Colorado was doing battle in the Orange Bowl. Powell's unit endured weeks of boredom, scorpions, flies and the dreaded MREs (Meals Ready to Eat) before Operation Desert Storm. Letters from family, friends and Iowa Staters he'd never met (Walden had displayed Powell's photo and wartime address in the Olsen Building)

were his only respite. After the war, the unit spent six more mundane weeks in Saudi. Mindful of his playing condition, Powell partook in some ultimate sandlot football, lifted sand bag "weights" and polished off other soldiers' MREs — chicken with rice was his favorite, because it offered M&Ms for dessert. Still, he'd lost 10 pounds when he returned in mid-April.

Powell will work out all summer — lifting real weights and eating real food — to prepare for his final season. "I had a lot of time to think about football," says Powell, a hotel and restaurant management major who received full credit for his three months of classwork last fall. "Coaches really evaluate people in spring ball. But I picked up abilities nobody else has. I know about motivation and leadership. I can have an effect on the team."

His abrupt departure certainly did. Walden says Powell's call to duty left a gaping hole in his team's collective psyche, giving players "the ultimate reality check. Rich brought tragedy close to home."

Far too close for No. 1 tight end Hussein Warmack. His father, also a reservist, served as a physician in Desert Storm. During the war, when ISU players grew quiet and flocked around a TV for updates, Warmack anxiously scanned the screen for two familiar faces. "It was like somebody had cut off my right hand," Warmack says. "The whole team missed Rich. We were shocked. For me, my good friend's gone, my father's gone. All I could think was, I just want to see 'em again."

ISU sprinter pulls off the ultimate hit and run

Talk about your perfect lead-off man. After making an out in the fourth inning of the Cyclones' baseball game with Oklahoma State, the designated hitter changed into a tank top and shorts and sprinted from Cap Timm Field to the ISU track. There he grabbed a baton, stood in the blocks and waited for the starting gun. He dashed 100 meters, handed off the stick and watched three teammates complete a victory in the Cyclone Open 4x100 relay. Then he jogged back to the diamond, where, five innings later, he scored the winning run in Iowa State's 6-5 upset of the 16th-ranked Cowboys.

GARY CLARKE

Kevin Monroe

"I've been wanting to try that," says the gregarious Monroe, ISU's lead-off hitter. "It was fun, but I didn't know if we could pull it off."

Competing in two sports simultaneously is something a precious few athletes have pulled off in high school, let alone at the major college level. Though Monroe concentrated on baseball last spring, he did work out on the track most non-game days. The work paid off: In May, a day after the Big Eight Conference Baseball Tournament in Oklahoma City, Monroe led off ISU's gold medal 4x100 entry in the conference track meet in Lincoln, Neb.

Monroe, a junior from Muscatine, concentrated on track for his first two years. But after reminiscing about his high school baseball days last summer, he came back to the diamond last fall.

"I've never played with or coached a guy this fast," says baseball coach Bobby Randall, a former major leaguer. "And this kid is just learning to play baseball. He's a real thrill."

With his speed, the 5-foot-9, 160-pound Monroe says his chances of a career in athletics are much greater in baseball. His brother, Gary, was in the Chicago Cubs organization, and Kevin says he hopes to get his own shot in pro ball.

"But I still like track," he says. "I just discovered how much I missed baseball. It's great that I don't have to choose one and forget the other."

SPORTS BRIEFS

HE'S A HIT Tom Vantiger capped a smashing baseball career by setting ISU career records for hits (271), runs batted in (180), runs (215), doubles (59) and walks (110). The all-Big Eight Conference outfielder also set season records for RBI (73), doubles (22) and walks (49). Vantiger had a .463 batting average in leading the Cyclones (33-26) to their third straight Big Eight Tournament appearance. Vantiger's post-season was equally eventful. On June 8 he was a sixth-round draft choice of the Cleveland Indians, and a day later he was named a first-team All-American by the American Baseball Coaches Association.

SIGNING OFF... Three former Cyclones were chosen in the April National Football League draft. Cornerback Marcus Robertson was a fourth-round selection of the Houston Oilers, offensive lineman Gene Williams was taken in the fifth round by the Miami Dolphins (where he's reunited with ex-Cyclone Keith Sims) and running back Blaise Bryant went to the New York Jets in Round 6.

AND SIGNING ON... Women's basketball coach Pam Wettig signed four players to national letters of intent last spring, including Nancy and Jenny May, a pair of 5-foot-11 identical twins from Park Hill High School in Park View, Mo. Other signees are Ericka Bakke, a 5-foot-6 point guard from Salem, S.D., and Tawanya Herbert, a 5- foot-8 shooting guard/small forward from Columbia, S.C. ... Men's coach Johnny Orr picked up four more players: Hurl Beechum, a 6-foot-5 forward from Des Moines North High School; Howard Eaton, a 6-foot-7 forward from Three Rivers Community College in Poplar Bluff, Mo.; Ron Bayless, a 6-foot-1 guard from Kilgore (Texas) College and Julius Michalik, a 6-foot-8 forward from Prievidza, Czechoslavakia.

THE ENVELOPE PLEASE Swimmer Jenni Adams-Keitges and cross country standout John Nuttall have received ISU's 1991 Athlete of the Year honors. Adams-Keitges is a four-time Big Eight champion, while Nuttall was an eight-time league winner and the 1989 NCAA cross country champ.

THE CHOSEN ISU assistant athletic media relations director Tom Kroeschell will work as press officer for the U.S. track and field team at next month's World Track and Field Championships in Tokyo. ... In April, Orr was honored at the Reggie McKenzie Foundation's Commitment to Character banquet. The Detroit foundation honors sports figures who have been strong role models.

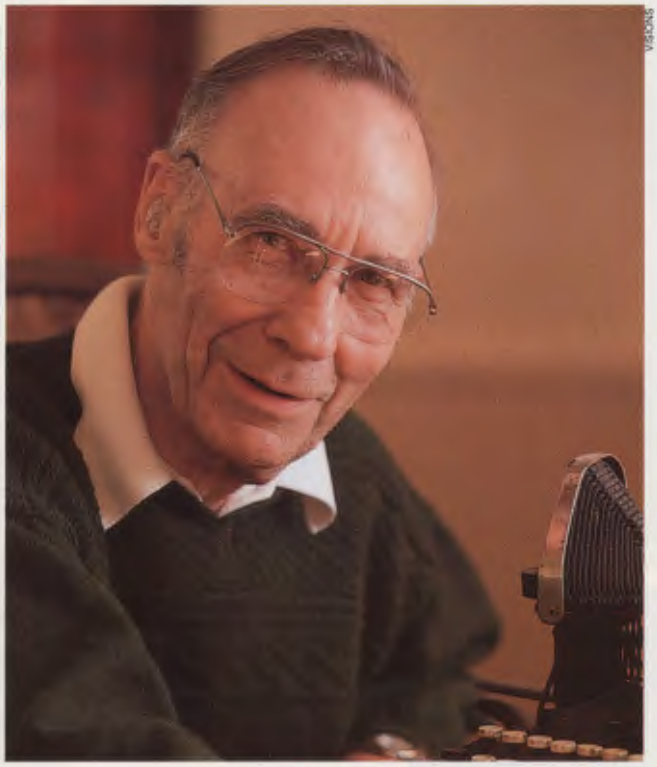
BY DEBRA GIBSON

A Loss for Words

Every new job demands of its employee certain rites of passage. You're handed a ring of keys with stern admonitions of the consequences should you lose them. You're confronted with 80 polite but calculating faces, all of whom are ready to unload their most despised projects upon you.

And if you were a fledgling journalist back in 1982, you were sent to 116 Morrill Hall to meet Mr. Hamilton.

I remember the nervous anticipation as I was led into his small, dark office with the sparse furnishings. A short, lean man with wire-rimmed glasses and a direct gaze, Carl Hamilton gripped my hand in a brief shake and sat down in the chair beside me. After a few abrupt inquiries into my professional background (all one year of it) and why I wanted to work for Iowa State, he stood up, walked back to his chair behind the desk, sat down and said to me, "Well, good. I'll be watching you." With that, I was dismissed.



Carl Hamilton 1914-1991

As I walked back to the Memorial Union on that hot July afternoon, I realized I knew nothing and everything about Carl Hamilton. His career was legendary—highly successful stints as a Capitol Hill administrator during the FDR years, Iowa Falls newspaper editor and publisher, and then chair of Iowa State's journalism department and the university's vice president for information and development. His reputation among ISU students of my era was also renowned, if not notorious. A fierce defender of his alma mater, he routinely wrote letters to the editor that fairly sizzled off the pages of the Daily. A few years back, I had a conversation with Tom Knudsen, a longtime Daily reporter *cum* rabblerouser. He laughed at the irony he observed when he returned to campus to accept accolades for his Pulitzer Prize. Who was among the first in line to offer up sincere congratulations? The same tenacious administrator who had fired off scathing letters of criticism to Knudsen The Student Reporter on nearly a weekly basis.

That was the Carl Hamilton of whom I knew nothing my first week on the job. He was a man who didn't hesitate to speak his mind in a brusque, I'm-in-charge voice that was his trademark. But over time I learned he also was perhaps one of the most fair men ever to grace this campus. He may have disagreed with you—and often—but he respected your convictions.

The second issue of VISIONS magazine (Summer '88) carried a one-page story on the infamous "Veishea riot," accompanied by a photograph of policemen attired in riot gear. There were administrators on campus at the time who were uncomfortable with the presence of that piece in a university magazine. Just days after the issue hit the mailboxes, Carl Hamilton appeared in front of my desk. "About those Veishea riots," he said, and then looked me square in the eye for what seemed like hours. I felt that familiar tightening in my stomach, the sensation reserved for high school principals headed your way. But I looked back at him and explained, as best I could, why I felt it was important that we cover a story that was beamed around the country via CNN, why we needed to relay a story for which we'd fielded concerned alumni calls for days after the incident. Then we stared at each other some more, he nodded his head and walked out the door. Ever the loyalist, he still wished I hadn't run the piece. But he also let me know, newspaperman that he was, that he understood.

Carl Hamilton died of a heart attack on June 2. Since that day, admirers from across the nation have written countless newspaper editorials and essays. They speak of his endless altruism, his generous philanthropic bent, his incomparable work ethic, his devotion to family and friends, his appreciation of a good joke. He maintained a steadfast, humble aura even after life: A letter he dictated in 1979 commanded, "Be certain there is no eulogy. None. Let there be no searching for adjectives."

To which his minister replied on a crisp, sunny June morning, "You will notice that, according to the bulletin, I am not now giving a eulogy. I am in the midst of a meditation. I trust Carl, the editor, would appreciate the fine distinction."

Touché.

Debra Gibson is editor of VISIONS magazine.

Memorials in honor of Carl Hamilton have been established at Iowa State University for scholarships; the Iowa Natural Heritage Foundation for the Iowa River Greenbelt project; Ellsworth Community College in Iowa Falls and Youth and Shelter Services in Ames.

Thanks

John and Linda Dasher are Cy's favorite **Hawkeyes?!**

Yes, that's right . . . as in Iowa Hawkeyes. John and Linda graduated from the U of I in 1960, but since then, they've grown quite fond of the cardinal and gold.

As a Partnership for Prominence Campaign Cabinet member, John Dasher heads up six Iowa regional Special Gifts Campaigns.

The couple's volunteer efforts and continued financial support have made a difference for their daughters Kelsie and Jil, who are recent ISU graduates, and for the students of the future.

So, while those Hawks may tab John and Linda's change of heart as merely Cyclone trickery, we ISU fans call it plain old common sense.

Thank you, John and Linda. You've convinced us that those Hawkeyes may not be all that bad—at least until this season's football game. But, most importantly, you are helping build a stronger Iowa State University.

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