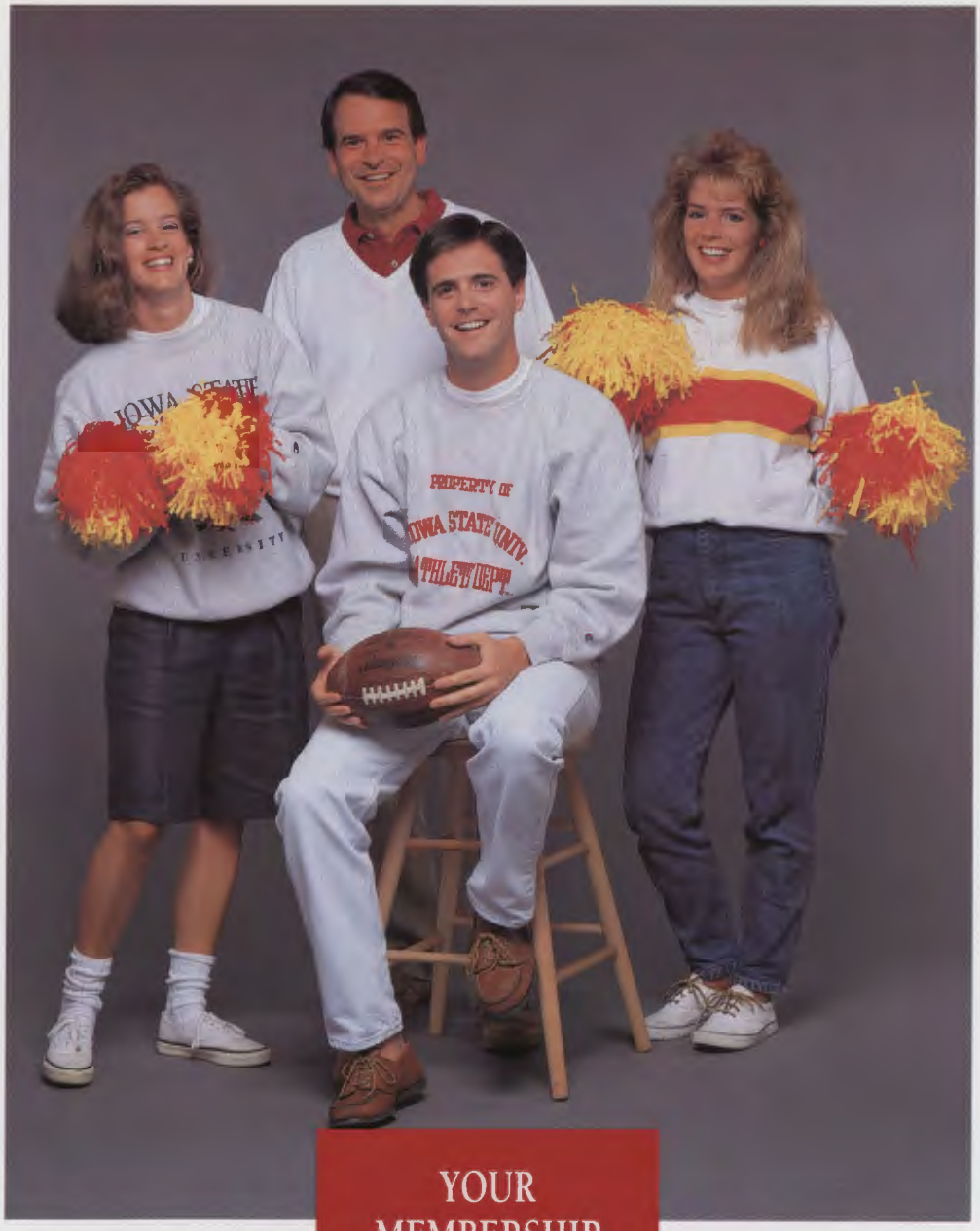
VISIONS

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY'S ALUMNI MAGAZINE • FALL 1991

SPIES LIKE US

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



MADISON, WIS., ALUMNI (LEFT TO RIGHT): DIANE SOLBERG, '87, CHIP ORUM, '71, MS '72, JON SHANAHAN, '87, CINDY ARNDORFER, '91.

YOUR MEMBERSHIP MAKES A DIFFERENCE

It's two hours to kickoff: Do you know where your Cyclone football fans are?

If they're devotees worth their binoculars and stadium cushions, they're on the road with the Iowa State Alumni Association.

And what a bunch they are. You'll find them on winding back roads in Missouri and Kansas, wearing jet-engine loud red and gold and sporting rear-window signs like "Columbia Or Bust," "Orange Bowl '92" or "Honk If You ♥ Jim Walden."

And once they reach their destination, the most ardent followers' first stop (OK, second stop) is the Alumni Association's pregame gathering.

There they'll listen to a coach talk about today's opponent. They'll wolf down sub sandwiches that put stadium dogs to shame. They'll warm up the cheer squad and marching band. They'll meet an Iowa Stater who just might have come up with a fresh perspective on that 12-10 loss to Oklahoma back in '84.

In cahoots with the National Cyclone Club, the Alumni Association has pulled off some primo parties in locales like Stillwater, Manhattan and Lincoln. The next time you go away with the Cyclones, plan a pit stop with your fellow roadies. It's the ultimate pregame show.

Pregame football parties: Just one of dozens of programs made possible by your Alumni Association membership.

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▸ Cover illustration by Larry Leroy Pearson

VISIONS

Iowa State University's Alumni Magazine

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Kim Van Dalen, 1992
President, Student Alumni Association
Pella, Iowa

They've Got the Look

MEET VISIONS' *DESIGNING MEN*.

You'll find them on a quiet, properly groomed street that runs parallel to a bustling highway. Their inviting, one-story duplex of sorts sits amidst a cluster of equally tasteful-looking insurance companies and travel agencies. As you close the heavy front door behind you, you're enveloped by the soothing mauves and blues and grays that constitute the meticulous decor.

And then all hell breaks loose.

Welcome to Reeder & Co., the firm best known around our parts for creating the look of each issue of this magazine. Since fashioning the VISIONS prototype nearly five years ago, the graphic design agency has tweaked, yanked, kneaded and bullied our words and photographs into the semblance of a real magazine.

Those mourning the loss of *thirtysomething* should avoid visiting the studios here. Flashbacks of The Michael and Elliot Agency prevail, as light tables and sketch pads and high-powered Macs with Nintendo-like screens fill the work stations. Vintage Steely Dan competes with the banter ever present among this ingenious pack, all of whom sport what I teasingly refer to as "The Look" — button-down shirts, wild print ties, suspenders, pleated pants and little round wire-rimmed glasses.

EARL RICHARDSON

And yet it's their eclectic talents and tastes that pump life into every issue of the magazine. And it's their foresight and funk that are responsible for VISIONS' new look, debuting in this issue. As we prepare to reach the halfway mark of our first decade of publishing, we recognize the need to fine-tune the package that lands in your mailbox every three months. Even a quick ruffling of the pages will reveal:

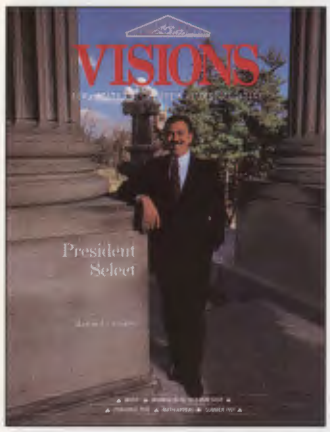
- larger photos
- a different, cleaner typeface
- new symbols introducing each of the magazine's departments
- expanded use of illustrations

Our editorial approach has evolved, as well. The former "Chronicle" section has been replaced by "The Hub" and expanded to four pages. It's designed to provide you with a solid mix of spot news, provoking both reflection and laughter. In an effort to shine more light on our student accomplishments, "Report Card," a new standing department, shows its face on page 14. And "Esprit," the section devoted to alumni profiles, begins tracking down innovative grads in even further detail.

Indeed, the word "VISIONS" has grown up enough to now stand alone. Alas, the infamous triangle is gone — but not the entire staff's longstanding commitment to quality and service. There can only be more invigorating times ahead for VISIONS. Let's face it, when you work with a bunch of guys who think PMS is a color and dingbats illustrate a story, it's anybody's guess what will happen next.

—Debra Gibson

LETTERS



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 highly regarded and your letters greatly encouraged. Please send letters to: VISIONS editor, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164

Fueling the folklore

I read with interest item 6 in the latest issue of VISIONS (*Time Capsule, Summer '91*). Indeed, the aggies did bed down a team of horses in Marston Hall. I remember my late uncle, Harold Held, '42, DVM '42, telling me this story. The brothers of his fraternity, which I believe was Farm House, were the initiators of this episode. They actually hooked up a team of horses to a loaded manure spreader and drove them from Curtiss Hall to Marston Hall on the eve of the Veishea Celebration about 1940, leaving a long trail. They then unhooked the team and bedded it down inside the main entrance of Marston Hall. Harold reported that the next day, Farm House was "off campus." Apparently the deans and other administrators at the time were not amused.

John D. Benz, '61
Orlando, Florida

With reference to "Time Capsule": In the late 1920s and early 1930s, the history department acquired a silent motion picture series, the "Yale Chronicles," that featured the drama of the colonies and the revolution. The films were shown in Ag Hall.

One warm evening the fragrance of manure permeated the hall. It was fierce enough to cause a ripple of comment that the animal husbandry department or the vets should "clean up the barns." With the vent off, people fanned themselves. On the way home, our neighborhood group laughed about it: Hollywood now has "talkies" but Iowa State College has "smellies!" The Dean's office called from Ag Hall to Dad (Prof. L.B. Schmidt, Department of History, 1906-51) the next day: "Manure in the vent."

Louis Bernard Schmidt, Jr., '44
Phoenix, Arizona

I ask you to note that the big glacial erratic with its beautiful granite dikes was a favorite of Dr. Charles Gwynne of geology. Every one of his classes visited this rock off campus and thus it was a fit memorial to him to have "his" stone moved to campus in front of his office in the Science Building — *not* Lagomarcino Hall.

As to Ross Hall and its widely described shortening to eliminate shading of Horticulture's greenhouses: Ross, with its high ground floor and five upper stories, stands 82 feet tall and is some 279 feet away from the greenhouse to the north. As the lowest sun position, which could cause a shadow to even touch the greenhouse, would come annually at 10:30 a.m., Dec. 21, at an angle of approximately 21 degrees, we can calculate that a 107-foot-tall Ross Hall would cast a shadow on the greenhouse. As that is a height 25 feet greater than Ross, there could probably have been two more floors added to Ross but certainly not four.

George W. Thomson, '43, MS '47, PhD '55
Ames, Iowa

Job History

I especially enjoyed the article "Anything for a Buck" (*Summer '91*). This article most certainly illustrates some of the students of today who are determined to "make it on their own."

The six months I lived on Welch Ave. (1942) were busy because I was working out my meals at the "Varsity Cafe" in "Dogtown." The other expenses were paid from past 4-H projects. The "schooljobs" were quite important at this time from the economic standpoint; and later, for the many fond memories.

Robert B. McLaughlin, '47
Temple, Texas

Thanks for the Memories

My sincere thanks to you for the splendid "A Loss for Words," (*Frame of Reference, Summer '91*) on my great and late friend, Carl Hamilton!

Your treatment of Carl was a thing of beauty — and yes — a joy forever to this old friend and long-time correspondent! I know his many friends were as appreciative as Iowans should have been for this beautiful tribute. That Carl Hamilton was the same Carl Hamilton I knew over many years! I'll miss him! Again, "Thank you!"

George Wick
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

BUDGET CRISIS MAKES FOR STORMY SUMMER

A STATE BUDGET CRISIS, THE likes of which may never have hit Iowa higher education, swept through Iowa State University over the summer. A final damage assessment showed 139 laid-off employees, an $18.4 million cut in state appropriations and reductions in a variety of university services.

were the layoffs. In July, Governor Terry Branstad ordered the firing of 105 ISU members of the Association of Federal, State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). An arbiter had ruled that the state must give raises to AFSCME members, but Branstad has said Iowa could not afford to do so. AFSCME then filed suit. The layoffs were made to provide funds should the union win that decision. (The ruling is expected early next year.)

In a later swing of the ax, Branstad ordered a 3.25 percent budget reversion throughout state government. That amounted to 26 August layoffs at ISU and a $6.1 million spending reduction.

Including layoffs, reductions and unfilled vacancies, Iowa State officials say the university will complete fiscal year 1992 with 267 fewer positions than in 1991. That $18.4 million drop in state funding for the General University Fund ($14.9 million), Agricultural and Home Economics Experiment Station ($1.6 million) and Cooperative Extension ($1.9 million) represents nearly a 10 percent cut over last year.

The University of Iowa reported nearly 200 layoffs, while the University of Northern Iowa laid off almost 50 employees.

"This budget crisis will not derail us," said Marvin Pomerantz, president of the State Board of Regents. "But it will cause us to do many things differently." To prepare for that impending change, ISU President Martin Jischke in August formed the Task Force on Budgetary Priorities. The 16-member group, led by College of Business Dean David Shrock, will submit a report to Jischke later this month.

ISU officials have not compiled specific examples of the budget fallout. But in an August report to the State Board of Regents, they said that:

- fewer sections of some courses will be offered, resulting in some increases in class size;
- some faculty members will have increased teaching and advising loads;
- faculty members will have less time for research pursuits;
- extension and outreach programming will be diminished.

Shelley Coldiron

EARTH TO MARS: SCIENTIST LAUNCHES MISSION TO SHUTTLE HEALTHY SPACE CADETS

It's an unassuming little black box, 9 inches by 7 1/2 by 4. But in just a few years time, most astronauts won't want to leave home without it.

This compact battery-powered box will contain miniaturized chemical sensors developed by ISU doctoral student Shelley Coldiron that, via the transmission of telemetric radiowaves back to Earth, she hopes will determine physiological changes occurring in the astronauts. Those rocket scientists embarking on predicted long-term missions to Mars after the year 2000, for example, will be more susceptible to the effects of microgravity and its negative impact on the body's blood pressure, heart rate and calcium levels. The fiber-optic sensors, then, will measure levels of chemicals in the body to determine if the astronauts may be in danger.

Coldiron, 39, says the sensors also may be used to test chemical levels in the missions' food and water supplies to ward off contamination. Colleagues Marc Porter, Bill Deninger and Glenn Bastiaans are studying the same sensors to determine their potential use in testing the Earth's water supply and measuring toxicity of recycled food.

Formerly a scientist and manager for the Batelle Laboratories, Coldiron plans to complete her Ph.D. in biomedical engineering next year. She hopes to continue her current affiliation with NASA, which provided her with a $24,000 fellowship to conduct her studies. Her research also is funded by the Ames Laboratory and the Center for Advanced Technology Development (CATD).

GOT A DATE FOR VEISHEA?

VEISHEA IS ON THE MOVE. At least it will be in 1994. Last summer, the State Board of Regents approved shifting the 69-year-old celebration back a week to the last Saturday in April.

For years Veishea has been held on the first Saturday in May. That date, though, meant delaying finals one week later than the Universities of Iowa and Northern Iowa. It also meant a semester break of as many as five weeks.

The potential downside to the switch is that Veishea now will conflict with Des Moines' Drake Relays, another longtime tradition.

One more calendar note: Jan. 17, 1994, will mark Iowa State's inaugural observance of the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. The university will be closed on that day.

BROOKS, JORDAHL, SIMPSON-DOLBEARE ELECTED TO ASSOCIATION BOARD

Kevin Brooks

Donald Jordahl

Roberta Simpson-Dolbeare

Three members of the ISU Alumni Association have been elected to serve five-year terms on its board of directors.

• • •

Kevin Brooks, a 1980 graduate in farm operations, is executive vice president of the Hampton State Bank. He has been active in numerous county, civic and community activities, and participates as well in ISU National Cyclone Club events.

• • •

Donald Jordahl received his degree in agricultural education from Iowa State in 1958. He is vice president, correspondent banking, for Bankers Trust Company in Des Moines. He has been an active member of the Des Moines Kiwanis, the YMCA and the Adelante fraternity, and has served as president of the Des Moines Cyclone Club.

• • •

Roberta Simpson-Dolbeare, a 1976 ISU journalism graduate, is marketing services manager and public relations director for Stark Bro's Nurseries and Orchards Co. She participates in numerous professional organizations as well as AAUW, the Pike County, Ill. Mental Health Board and the VISION 2000 program in Louisiana, Mo. She lives in New Canton, Ill.

◄ STATE STATS: STUDENT BODY ►

Percentage of Iowa State incoming 1989 freshmen rating themselves academically "above average" or in "highest 10 percent": 68

Public university average: 73

*

Percentage of ISU freshmen rating their drive to achieve "above average" or in "highest 10 percent": 73

Public university average: 71

Percentage of ISU freshmen rating their popularity "above average" or in "highest 10 percent": 51

Public university average: 50

*

Percentage of ISU freshmen rating their popularity with the opposite sex "above average" or in "highest 10 percent": 46

Public university average: 45

Percentage of ISU 1986 incoming freshmen still enrolled after three years: 69.0

*

Percentage of ISU 1986 incoming black freshmen still enrolled after three years: 38.9

*

Percentage of ISU 1986 incoming Asian freshmen still enrolled after three years: 73.2

*

Percentage of ISU 1986 incoming Hispanic students still enrolled after three years: 57.1

*

Percentage of ISU 1984 incoming freshmen graduating in four years: 23.9

*

Percentage graduating in five years: 30.7

SOURCE: IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY OFFICE OF INSTITUTIONAL RESEARCH

JISCHKE JUGGLES LINEUP

THE NEW LOOK IN IOWA State's upper administration goes beyond the president's office.

Shortly after taking office in June, President Martin Jischke announced two personnel changes:

•Jean W. Adams has been reassigned from associate provost to associate to the president for budget planning and analysis,

•and Reid W. Crawford, executive assistant to the president, has been appointed interim vice president for external affairs. Crawford takes over the duties previously handled by Executive Vice President Charles McCandless, who retired in June.

Also in June, Provost Milton Glick announced he was leaving campus to take the position of senior vice president and provost at Arizona State University. Glick was a finalist for the ISU president's job in February.

Jischke has named Associate Provost for Research and Advanced Studies Patricia Swan as interim provost.

TOUR DE PARTMENT (OF PUBLIC SAFETY)

In an effort to beef up campus visibility (not to mention their quadriceps), members of the Iowa State University Department of Public Safety recently began patrolling on mountain bikes.

DPS Chief Loras Yaeger says the move mirrors efforts by other campus and city law enforcement agencies attempting to make their officers more accessible to the community. The office even may look into organizing a horse patrol.

The department purchased two mountain bikes in August. After training with a local bike shop, the officers began rotating in and out of the Schwinn beat. In addition to being great public relations tools, DPS Assistant Director Jerry Stewart says the bikes will allow officers to patrol areas — backs of buildings, for example — not accessible by car.

Other programs around the country had plenty of advice for the DPS, like this counsel from Seattle police: Carry an extra pair of handcuffs. When officers need to dismount quickly, they can cuff their bike to the nearest immovable object. "We don't want to add to the [campus] bike thefts, that's for sure," Stewart says.

GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT

BY NOW IT'S BECOME AS NATURAL as brushing our teeth: We sort out our papers, our plastic and our glass, then load them up and haul them down to the recycling center. Then we drive away confident we've done our part.

Not to burst your bubble, but more needs to be done. Carting garbage to centers is no assurance that the material will be sold to companies and reused.

That's where Iowa State's MARTIN comes in.

No, not the university's new president. This MARTIN is the Mid-America Recycling and Transportation Network developed by engineering Professors Keith Adams and John Even.

Now on its second, $100,000 Environmental Protection Agency grant, MARTIN is a computer information system providing data on collecting, processing, marketing and shipping for recyclers and users of recycled material.

MJ GOES DJ

WITH A MONTHLY FREQUENCY, President Martin Jischke is taking to the air waves to address Iowans' questions and opinions.

Jischke On Line is broadcast live at 2:30 p.m. the first Wednesday of each month on university radio stations WOI-AM and WOI-FM. The format, a combination of questions posed by modera-

Martin Jischke

"Recycling isn't recycling until this stuff is sold," Even says. "We've got to get businesses and recycling centers moving this material into the market. We're saying, 'Here's what's available, here's where it is and here's how you can get it.'"

The profs hope to see MARTIN serve Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin. As of VISIONS' press time, the first-of-its-kind network had been put into place in cities in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska.

EBONY OR IVORY?

AS A YOUNG GIRL GROWING up in Biloxi, Miss., Marlena Beavers remembers burying her nose in Ebony magazine whenever she visited her grandparents. She, like most girls her age, gravitated toward the ads carried by the black magazine, whose messages were crystal-clear: If you can obtain this look, you, too, can be successful.

Except that the ideal was to look white.

For a light-skinned girl who experienced resentment from darker-skinned blacks, this widely accepted theme further confused Beavers. Especially when she became one of eight students to integrate a Biloxi junior high, and daily was spat upon, called names and ostracized for not being white enough.

It is an issue that she admits to struggling with yet today, at age 39. And it is an issue that she has studied in depth as a doctoral student in textiles and clothing, resulting in a recent report that sheds light on Ebony's role in perpetuating a white image for black women for many years.

Beavers presented samples of ads run in the magazine from 1945 to the present when she spoke before the national Popular Culture Association last summer.

Marlena Beavers

"John Johnson [Ebony's founding publisher] certainly dealt with the color issue in his articles," she says a few weeks later, "but the bottom line was that he needed white advertisers. So he ran a lot of ads for bleaching creams and hair straighteners, anything to achieve that 'white' look."

While Beavers has yet to contact Johnson Publishing, she hopes to in the near future to discuss with executives their historical advertising policies. She is quick to point out that the magazine's promotions these days encourage blacks to "create an individual look, to be whoever we want to be."

tor Cecil Hickman (the stations' news director) and a call-in segment, allows The Chief Communicator to field feedback — and the occasional static — from concerned listeners.

The program is no *Amateur Hour* — Jischke first donned the headphones for basketball play-by-play while an undergrad at the Illinois Institute of Technology. He continued his foray into talk radio with a similar call-in show at the University of Missouri-Rolla during his tenure as chancellor. And as ISU's new Larry King, he's hoping taxpayers will tune in and air their Top 40 or so ideas for leading the land-grant parade.

◄ HUB TOP TEN ►

Top 10 names of bands playing in Ames nightclubs:

10. Ipso Facto
9. Rockadiles
8. Voodoo Gearshift
7. Dogs on Skis
6. The Couple Downstairs
5. Sub Dudes
4. Mooky Byrd and the Toucan Band
3. Mr. Bubble
2. Mel's Diner
1. House of Large Sizes

Mistaken Identity

They may look suspect, but the volunteers in this rogues' gallery wouldn't stand a chance under Gary Wells' scrutiny.

PSYCHOLOGY PROF COPS A PLEA: CLEAN UP YOUR LINEUP

THE DARK, DRAB ROOM reeks of stale cigarette smoke. A crusty police detective motions for the victim to step behind the one-way mirror. Five motley suspects file across the creaky wooden plank on the other side of the mirror. They blink as they turn and stare into an unforgiving white light.

With a clear but shaky voice heard only by the detective, the victim points to No. 3. "He did it, Officer. I know it's him." The detective nods, takes a drag on his cigarette, and signals an end to the lineup. Another joker set for the slammer, he muses.

Another case of watching too much *Police Story*, says Gary Wells, professor of psychology and national authority on the effectiveness of police lineups. The preceding scenario may find its way into endless prime-time slots, and perhaps into too many real-life police precincts. But Wells is determined to introduce more IQ into the ID process.

For more than 15 years, Wells has studied the high rate of false identifications made in police lineups. His work recently was bolstered by a $172,000 grant from the National Science Foundation. What he has learned doesn't bode well for those wrongly fingered — some studies have garnered a whopping 96 percent incorrect ID rate.

Are we a society of amnesiacs? Are we so eager to please that we'll nail anybody just to carry out our civic duty? Wells says we may be somewhat motivated to assist in an investigation, but the 40-year-old social psychologist sees it more as a "perceptual phenomenon."

"One of the first things a witness does when he or she looks at a lineup is go through a process of elimination," Wells explains. "It's a process of, *OK, it's not him, it's not him . . . let me look at who's left . . . who looks the most like the person I saw?* If the real culprit is there, that's not a bad strategy. But often, the culprit doesn't appear in the lineup. The witness doesn't know that, and often feels he or she has an obligation to make an identification. The witness thinks he or she is telling us, 'This is who I saw rob the 7-Eleven.' What we're probably getting in reality, though, is, 'This person looks more like the culprit than anyone else in the lineup.'"

Just as unnerving, according to Wells, is the high level of confidence shown by witnesses making false identifications. To further study that mindset, about a year ago he staged thefts witnessed by 70 pairs of unsuspecting Iowa State students. Lineups shown to these witnesses never included the guilty parties. Not one student said, "The burglar isn't there." Only five or six stu-

dents said, "I don't think I can make an identification." All the others readily selected an innocent member of the lineup — and most often persisted in their convictions when further questioned by Wells and his staff.

The study confirmed Wells' hunch that the feedback witnesses receive immediately after making an identification is crucial to their confidence in their choices. For instance, even though nearly every witness made a false ID, if they were told after the lineup that their partners had made the same ID, their confidence levels soared. Likewise, if they were told their partners chose someone else, their assurance wavered.

Wells is quick to point out he wants his research to do more than just highlight shortcomings in the law enforcement system. In fact, he has consulted with numerous police departments across the U.S. and Canada to improve the identification process. While the average citizen reacts negatively to the high level of false IDs, police officers lament the lack of valid confirmations.

But Wells admits that many men and women in blue view him with suspicion, and sometimes resentment. His consulting often lends itself to the courtroom, where he debunks testimony based on invalid criminal confirmations derived from lineups. His most noteworthy case? One that involved a drug cartel in Louisiana, where "I was flown out to the middle of nowhere by helicopter, there were sharpshooters on top of the courthouse and I was thoroughly searched before I testified. They're not usually that exciting — but fortunately, after I've ripped a police department's procedures, I'll often get invited back to teach a better way to manage their lineups."

So what is the best way to secure positive identification? According to Wells, police departments need to:

•Tell witnesses ahead of time that the actual culprit may not be in the lineup.

•Organize a lineup with all subjects matching the general description of the accused.

"I don't mean you should have eight nearly identical people up there," Wells says, "just eight whose appearances correspond with the description given by the witness. If you've got a person who clearly does not match the description, you might as well have a refrigerator up there." Wells gets most frustrated with those lineups arranged so that only one participant matches the alleged description.

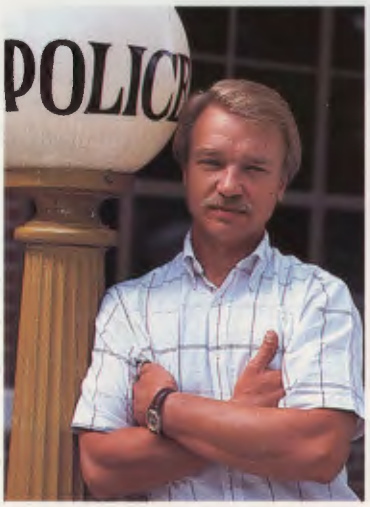
•Have lineup participants file past the witness one at a time. Wells' research on sequential lineups has shown that the process often results in lower rates of false identification. He theorizes that witnesses have to dig deeper into their memories, and can be less reliant on the relative judgment used when comparing a group of suspects.

•Construct "blank" lineups, where the suspect is not included in the row. If a witness makes an identification, even if told ahead of time the culprit may not be there, that witness can be identified as unreliable.

These days, Wells is expanding his pursuit to help guarantee higher rates of positive identifications. Through the study of distractors (innocent fillers in a lineup), he hopes to offer concrete solutions for designing the most effective screening process.

With nearly two decades of this sleuthing under his trenchcoat, did Wells want to be Dick Tracy when he was growing up? With a slightly embarrassed laugh, Wells admits to being "a bona fide juvenile delinquent" while coming of age in Kansas, complete with an arrest record and an aversion for uniforms. He married at 17, and soon became a father. The predictions around his hometown were that he'd never finish high school. One magna cum laude and a Ph.D. later, Gary Wells most likely wouldn't select those cynics as very reliable witnesses to his case. ◐

Wells admits that many men and women in blue view him with suspicion, and sometimes resentment.



Other Wells' research topics: The credibility of children as witnesses and accuracy in predicting baseball plays.

Tunnel Vision

ODELL MITCHELL

The Metro Link won't run until 1993, but St. Louis officials say Mira Engler (left) and Gina Crandell piqued interest with "Interior Rail Car."

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS DRAW UPON FUNKY TRAIN OF THOUGHT TO MAKE OVER UNDERPASS

THE IRONY ISN'T LOST ON Gina Crandell and Mira Engler. While many landscape architects devote entire careers to planning the parking lot to die for, the ISU professors hope their recent project renders obsolete those vast oceans of concrete.

Such a tack is hardly a departure for this design duo. While some landscape architects create parking lots and shrubbery arrangements, Engler says she and her partner "create feelings."

They had a most specific sensation in mind with a project in St. Louis last summer. The two created and installed artwork along the future route of the Metro Link light rail system. St. Louis' Arts in Transit program commissioned five, $4,000 projects to build interest in mass transit in general and the Metro Link specifically. Thus, more success for Engler and Crandell means more empty parking slots in St. Louis.

"This project was interesting because it didn't limit us to the conventional," says Engler, a native of Israel. "We're attracted to projects that involve art as a solution."

Using neon colors on seats salvaged from an Ames "bus graveyard," the pair turned a gray, vapid underpass into a bright, lively space giving commuters the experience of passing through a rail car. "Bus," "train" and "rail" were stenciled on some of the day-glo seats, while strips of broken mirrors on the walls created the illusion of gazing through windows onto more rail cars. The color and lines, Engler says, created the idea that something exciting — the train — is coming.

Says Ann Ruwitch, St. Louis' Arts in Transit director: "It accomplished exactly what we want in an imaginative way. Their treatment was exciting."

The pair spent a long June weekend in St. Louis installing the fruits of their nine months of work. Their canvas was the tunnel beneath the Skinker Boulevard Overpass near Washington University. In addition to the seats and mirrors, they fixed reflective strips on the roadway and walls of the tunnel to represent rail lines.

As the colleagues talk about the project's evolution, a sense of synergy is unmistakable. "When we began with conceptual drawings, we were a little hesitant, a little scared," Engler says.

"But as we continued," Crandell interjects, "we realized that we really trusted each other's ability. I don't really know why we work so well together. We just do."

Iowa Staters needn't travel to St. Louis to observe the results of their teamwork. This fall, their "Interior Garden" will be installed in front of the Linear Accelerator Facility addition to ISU's Meat Lab. That project was funded through Iowa's Art in State Buildings program.

"We'll keep looking for projects to do together," Engler says. "We both see using [landscape architecture] the same way — to create experiences about life." ◐

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The Calculus Kid

Karl Schmidt already is classified as a senior, but he wants to take two more years of undergrad work to broaden his education.

TEEN MACHINE ACCELERATES THROUGH COLLEGIATE MATH

LIKE MOST TEEN-AGE boys, Karl Schmidt talks baseball as well as Mike Schmidt once hit one. With the speed of a Nolan Ryan fastball he can figure batting average, on-base percentage, earned run average and any other stat conceived by his numbers-crazy generation.

But Karl Schmidt divides hits by at-bats for kicks. When he gets serious, he might figure the volume of an elliptic paraboloid or determine dy/dx in the equation $y = coth\ (tan\ x)$. The $18\frac{1}{2}$ year old is an Iowa State senior in math and physics with a Ruthian 3.70 GPA.

But like so many contemporary boy (and girl) geniuses, Schmidt pulverizes the archaic stereotypes saddling prodigies. With a penchant for chess, Trivial Pursuit and *Jeopardy!*, Schmidt, an only child, fulfills just part of the formula. You see, he does cope without cosines. Like any teen, he's more interested in food service pie than math pi. Math is a safe harbor, but he's not afraid to sail into, say, foreign languages (he's working on a minor in French). He's into Nintendo and pick-up basketball. While the classic young Einstein struggles to relate to anyone not sporting a pocket protector, his ready smile and dry wit don't discriminate as to IQ.

He thinks it was that last attribute that helped him avoid most of the isolation faced by so many "gifted" students. He says some Elkhorn, Neb., students gave him the obligatory "egghead" flak, but by junior high he was generally accepted. "I didn't want to leave high school [a year] early, because I had fun," says Schmidt, who earned college credits at nearby University of Nebraska-Omaha. "But they kind of ran out of classes."

Elizabeth Beck, coordinator of ISU's Freshman Honors Program (of which Schmidt is an alum), says such students commonly encounter not a painful transition but a cerebral nirvana upon enrolling in college. For once, they're among intellectual peers. "Karl is a great example," Beck says, "of a duck-in-the-water situation."

And Schmidt swims most gracefully in math class. He knew something was up in grade school, when second-grade math was no more challenging than first, third no more than second, and so on. By eighth grade he had buzzed through all his high school algebra. The following summer he covered the rest of his high school math at Iowa State's Challenges for Youth-Talented and Gifted (CY-TAG) program — in three weeks. Even more math came at two Ohio State summer camps.

Ask most teens about future plans and they babble about hitting the mall on Friday night. But Karl Schmidt's goals stretch beyond next weekend. Slapping a scruffy baseball into his glove, he announces his ultimate exploits: a Ph.D., a spot on *Jeopardy!* and box seats to an Atlanta Braves World Series game. When you're 18 and a math marvel, what else is there? ◐

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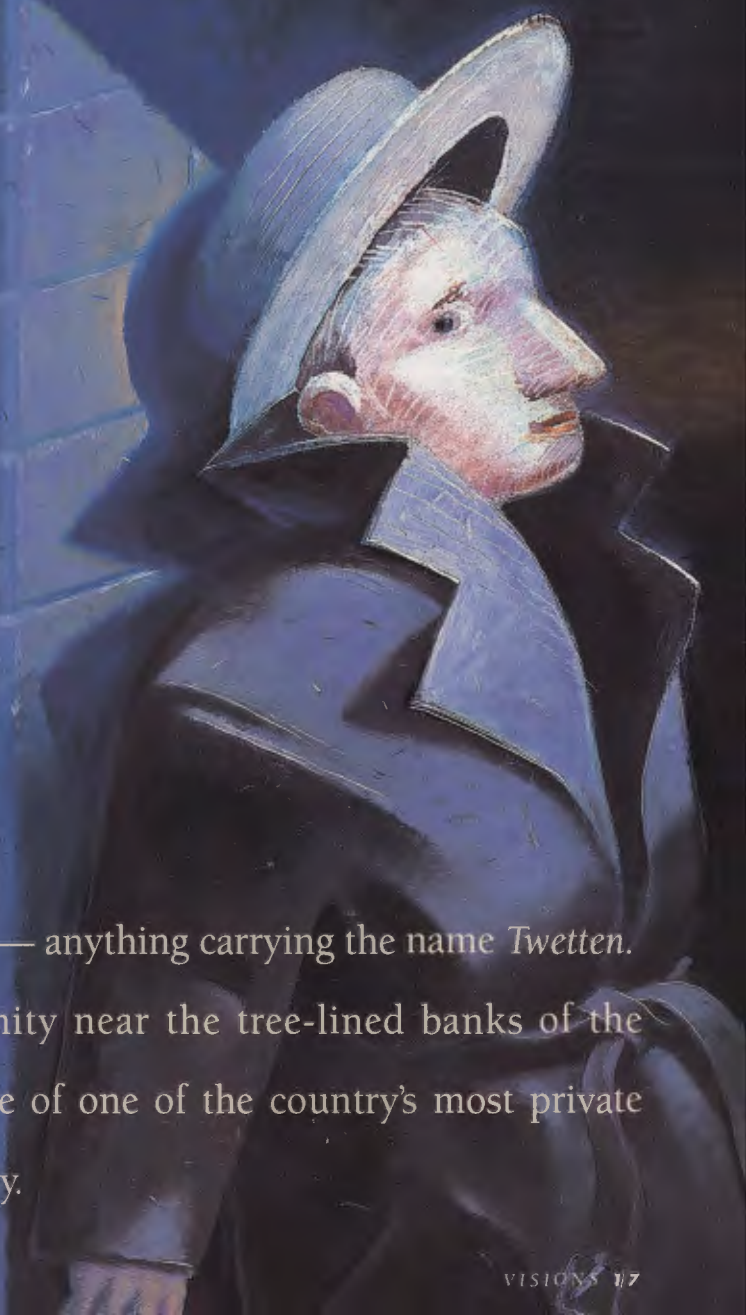
WRITER DAN DAVENPORT SLIPS INTO THE SHADOWS TO TRACK DOWN ISU'S MOST ELUSIVE ALUMNUS

I Spy

I think I'm getting a little carried away with this spy business.

After shamelessly creeping into the darkened foyer of the Mennonite Church of Dawsonville, Md., I'm thumbing through the guest directory's stiff pages. I measure each breath as though a zealous sigh will send a pack of federal officers on me like wolves on a wobbly legged calf. Through this deserted house of worship I comb, desperate to find a



bulletin, a hymnal, a yellow Tupperware bowl — anything carrying the name *Twetten.*

I've infiltrated this drowsy farm community near the tree-lined banks of the Potomac to rummage through the private life of one of the country's most private men: the Central Intelligence Agency's chief spy.

I Spy

Behind the CIA's heavy doors, 1957 Iowa State College graduate Tom Twetten is deputy director for operations (DDO). But outside "the community," he's widely known as the spymaster.

In intelligence *patois*, my tasking is to spy on the spy. Since catching a whiff of his trail, I'm finding it a most intoxicating aroma.

Track Thomas Alan Twetten backwards from CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., and you pass through teeming markets and dark safe houses in Libya and Iraq, stuffy Senate chambers and tense conference rooms buried deep below the White House. Eventually, the trail leads back to Iowa State College, and an urbane furniture store in Spencer, Iowa.

It's a trail I know like a hazy, recurring dream. A trail with baffling black holes at every bend.

But before 1962, before Tom Twetten pledged allegiance to the shadows, his trail is as clear as a desert highway. Tom, the youngest of Walter and Laurene Twetten's three sons, needn't have excelled in sports — a broken leg ended his football career — to win adoration. Like his parents and their respected business, he wasn't flashy. But more than anything, there was nothing not to like. "Tom was your all-American kid, but more polished than the rest of us," Spencer classmate and '58 ISC grad Lindell "Pete" Petersen tells me from his farm northwest of Spencer. "He didn't flaunt it, but he was elegant, in a way you liked."

In Ames, the industrial psychology major was as busy out of class as he was studious in it. Through a raft of activities like band (he played the trombone), his Phi Delta Theta fraternity and Cardinal Guild, he created campuswide appeal. A former Phi Delt president says Twetten knew many people but had few close friends. But he had enough fans, Spencer buddy and fraternity brother William Speer remembers, to "quietly, efficiently, without headlines" win election to senior class president.

Scanning the '56 Phi Delt *Bomb* photo, another face leaps off the page. William Fogarty tells me he didn't run in Twetten's crowd then, but 35 years later they clearly are in the same league. While Twetten prowled the Middle East under cover, Rear Admiral William Fogarty blasted his way into world headlines: He was second in command of the U.S. multinational naval forces in the Persian Gulf war.

Fogarty, a '58 Iowa State graduate who retired from the Navy last month, says he and Twetten have crossed paths only twice since

ISC. "I don't know what he does," Fogarty says diplomatically, "but it's probably like any high government job — build a track record, show leadership, move up the ladder. The thing I remember about Tom was that he was a natural leader."

Though Spencer sweetheart Kay Whitaker attended the University of Iowa, she and Twetten remained an item; they married in December 1957. But Twetten's devotion hadn't kept ISC coeds — such as Kappa Alpha Theta powder puff football players he coached — from being smitten with his understated *savoir faire*.

Twetten was a master, friends say, at fitting in. In Spencer, he spent summers among the Lake Okoboji country club set and school years endearing another crowd (he was Spencer High senior class president, too). He was a conservative dresser who favored pressed slacks over blue jeans. Well before he joined Iowa State's Army ROTC, he was meticulous about his dark hair. His diction was clear as Arctic air, his manners impeccable. As I sit listening to Pete Petersen's description, the word prudent plops between my temples.

A couple of hours later I'm back in Spencer, listening to attorney W. Robert Sackett similarly describe his pal and Boy Scout compatriot. Midway through his muse, Sackett pauses, sneaks a glance to his right and leans forward. "Today," he says, almost whispering lest his affable secretary Dee is a CIA plant, "Tom might be called a sissy. But not then, boy."

A sissy?

The word dogs me for days. Sissy follows spy like tasteful follows Roseanne Barr. A guy who'd matched wits with Qadaffi and Saddam, a guy who derided Ollie North before the Senate Intelligence Committee, a sissy?

The word tags along to Washington, D.C., and CIA headquarters. Leaving the first security checkpoint, I notice a surly black helicopter hovering below a cloudless dome of sky. Before I reach the two-building complex surrounded by thick Virginia timber, I spot a second iron vulture drifting over the grounds.

Once inside, I endure security gates, escalators, an elevator and a maze of hallways to reach the antiseptic office of E. Peter Earnest, deputy director of public affairs. (I was welcomed to visit the CIA, but had been told Twetten had declined an interview.) Out of habit I plop my mini-tape recorder on the table. Earnest furrows his brow, but in a surprising show of CIA *glasnost*, announces his approval. Then he looks away, rubs his chin and reverses himself. Later I'll understand why.

Illustrations by Larry Leroy Pearson

I Spy

I click off my mechanical ear. Earnest stuffs it in the pocket of his tan suit coat.

He then begins describing Twetten. Collected, composed, persuasive but never bombastic. Moves quickly to the point. "But this is not an impetuous person," he assures me.

About that time there are two timid taps on the door, and, in what could be viewed as a mildly impetuous act in CIA circles, in walks a collected, composed 56 year old with a countenance right out of the *Bomb*. Earnest beams, I fumble to my feet and the country's supreme spy grins sheepishly.

I had seen many pictures of Tom Twetten — all of them snapped before Sputnik. Recognized spies, I figure, are weak spies. At best. The black has fled Twetten's hair, leaving a proper, meticulously cropped gray. He's still thin, still favoring prudent attire: Navy suit, solid navy tie, dark socks, dark shoes. From my meager familiarity, the shirt — pallid blue with thin white stripes — seems borderline flamboyant.

Framed by barren walls, he shows no teeth and little emotion when he smiles. (Emotional types aren't prime spy material either, I suppose.) If his lean face advertises three precarious decades in the CIA, it does so in the form of tired, gray eyes. Sad eyes, perhaps.

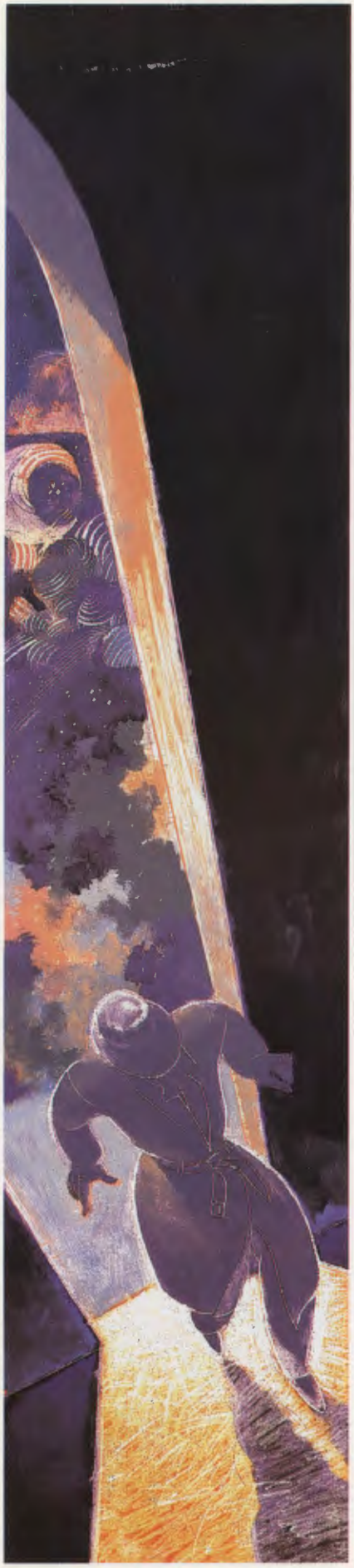
He had wanted to grant me a full interview, he says apologetically. Prudence, alas, won out. "We have a longstanding [operations directorate] policy that our employees will not talk to the press," he says in a nasally, almost squeaky, voice. "... It's important for me to set an example. In the Washington political realm, it can be tempting to break that rule. ... But we're seeking objective truths. We can't become part of the media circus."

Scribbling furiously, I observe that his persona seems tailored to this role. He manages another slender smile. "... Most of us are very comfortable doing the nation's business behind the scenes. If you're self-aggrandized, this wouldn't be the place for you."

I'm struck by two disparate, telling lines. Speer had said Twetten went about his business "quietly, efficiently, without headlines..." And John le Carré writes in *The Russia House,* "Spying is being yourself, but more so."

I decide against asking about Iran-*contra*, his opinion of Saddam and Noriega, his aliases and interrogation techniques. Why insult the man? (And embarrass myself?) I opt for solid ground, asking how an Iowa couch salesman's kid wound up a spook in Baghdad.

"People join the agency to serve the nation," he says predictably. "That might sound corny . . . but it's still true. To some extent, I joined on faith. [I thought the CIA] must be doing important things because it's so secret."



Then he turns to Earnest and, without so much as tugging his ear, silently calls an end to our interview. He stands, shakes my hand and says he hopes to see me at Iowa State.

And then Tom Twetten slips back to the comfort of the shadows. As he leaves, I have the unsettling feeling that the spymaster has gained more from this little session than I have.

After his departure, Joseph DeTrani, Earnest's boss, joins us. DeTrani says Twetten is passionate about collecting old books — namely from the Middle East, where he lived for more than a decade. He says Twetten plays tennis and, despite his penchant for the Middle East, prefers Chinese food.

I tell DeTrani that Twetten was exactly as I'd expected: nondescript, stolid, reflective. I opine that this must be the prototypical spy demeanor. "You can't generalize, but you have captured this man," DeTrani says, so assuredly that I instinctively wonder if that's what he wants me to think. "That personality has been important for his success."

Predictably, CIA mouthpieces grow mute when it comes to Twetten's success. When it announced his promotion last fall, it marked the first time the agency publicly had acknowledged his affiliation. The disclosure wasn't accompanied by the obligatory bio; resumés, like reporters, aren't high on spies' lists.

In 1987, Twetten popped up in *Veil*, a CIA exposé by Watergate buster Bob Woodward. By then Twetten was the CIA's Near East division chief. Between Iowa State and that position he served in the U.S. Army for five years; earned his master's degree in international affairs from Columbia University in 1961; worked under cover in CIA outposts in Lagos, Nigeria; Benghazi, Libya; Accra, Ghana; New Delhi, India and Amman, Jordan; served as deputy chief and, from 1986-88, chief of CIA Near East and South Asia operations.

He returned to Langley in 1988 as associate director for operations. When now-retired Director William Webster named him DDO last fall, he was in line to take over one of the government's most powerful jobs. Since Jan. 1 he has controlled an estimated $1 billion budget and thousands of spies.

I always figured 007's preoccupation with foreign women was more reflective of

Hollywood than Langley. But not until this tasking did I begin to grasp the depth of James Bond's spy-dom snow job. Espionage, despite the wave of intrigue the word evokes, can be woefully glamour deficient. Another line from *Russia House*: "Spying is waiting." In short, clandestine officers gather information, process information and carry out covert operations to protect U.S. interests. In doing so they stop at little: Befriending people, lying to people, threatening people. In *Veil*, Woodward paraphrases a 1986 White House meeting in which Twetten says "it would be no problem to plant false stories in publications abroad to unnerve [Muammar] Qaddafi" as the CIA sought to combat Libyan terrorism.

It's no news that millions of Americans deplore the CIA and its antics. They've heard far too much from sources like former spy and 1966 ISU grad Verne Lyon to feel otherwise. He served in the agency from '66 until his, shall we say, disenchantment got the best of him in 1975. He now travels the country unleashing scathing portrayals of unconscionable CIA acts. Lyon, who says he "underwent an ideological change" in the early '70s, is director of the Des Moines Hispanic Ministry, an organization working to settle Central American and Caribbean political refugees in Iowa.

His bias notwithstanding, I recognize the value in soliciting Verne Lyon's view — not of Twetten per se, but of the spymaster generally. "He must be able to totally remove himself from human feelings," he says. "He enjoys the thrill of running the world from darkness, from obscurity. He is a superpatriot. He sincerely believes he is the keeper of the 'true meaning,' that he answers to a 'higher calling.'"

Twetten spent years managing informant networks, tapping phones, poring over photos, blending into cultures in monitoring terrorist activities in the volatile Middle East. And like any spook worth his decoder ring, he practiced plenty of counterintelligence on the Soviet Union. With communism's seemingly inevitable demise, Earnest and others say part of Twetten's sizeable task will be to redirect some CIA efforts away from Moscow and toward global terrorism, narcotics trafficking, money laundering and technological espionage.

Targets evolve, but, since biblical references to Israelite spies, the weapons have changed little: Extraordinary people skills. Resolve. Intelligence. Perception. Deception. Composure. Patriotism. Devotion. Duplicitiousness. The ability to discern, William Webster has said, between risk taking and risk seeking.

And of course there is courage. Earnest shows me 53 golf-ball-sized stars carved into the silvery marble of the original CIA entryway, each representing an agent killed in duty. Nobody's saying the 1988 star honors Matthew Gannon — 33 of the 53 took their anonymity to the grave. But this is known: Gannon, Twetten's son-in-law and father of his two grandchildren, was killed in December 1988 when a bomb exploded aboard a jet over Lockerbie, Scotland. The bombing wasn't linked to Gannon, but he was on temporary CIA assignment.

That was an excruciating, private episode. For Twetten, it came on the heels of an intense public scandal. In 1987 he was thrust into the harsh light of a U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee inquiry of his involvement in the Iran-*contra* scandal. As CIA liaison to Oliver North, he said he aided in the sale of arms to Iran. He knew that North aided rebels in Central America. But he said he didn't realize North was pumping the arms money into the Nicaraguan war. Twetten convinced the senators: After testimony covering 226 pages (perhaps one-third of it blotted out by the censor's ink), he was cleared of wrongdoing.

Twetten reportedly was following orders when he dealt with another notorious world figure: In the mid-1980s he was a leader of a CIA effort to supply military intelligence to Saddam Hussein's Iraq in its war with Iran.

Twetten remained unidentified, of course, throughout these history-altering tasks. He was recognized only as C/NE (Chief/Near East Division) in the Iran-*contra* transcripts, but by then former friends and classmates had caught on. Before, they knew only that he had a high-level foreign affairs job. Some, like attorney Sackett, had suspicions. Most, like Speer, a DeWitt veterinarian who has visited Twetten's home, was clueless.

But Twetten's 1988 Christmas card to Speer included a Los Angeles Times clipping identifying Twetten as a clandestine officer. Twetten wanted to tell Speer himself. In a phone conversation, Speer expressed his disbelief. "I told him, 'My gosh, Tom, I can't envision you doing work like that.' The CIA... Oliver North... it didn't seem like my friend.

"He said, 'We'd like to think it's a perfect world, Bill, but it doesn't work that way. Sometimes we have to do things we don't want to do to protect ourselves and our country.' That sounded like Tom. I hung up the phone confident in Tom's integrity."

Other friends concur. I assume family members do, too — but they aren't saying. Twetten's oldest brother, Robert, an area rep-

resentative for Mohawk Carpet in Ames, will allow that it's a bit strange sharing Thanksgiving turkey with a spy. But he and his other brother, Jerald, a 1952 Iowa State graduate who runs Twetten's Furniture, have undergone their own spook schooling. "I don't want to give out anything I shouldn't," Jerry Twetten says hurriedly. "I don't want to say the wrong thing. The less said, the better."

With such tight-lipped sources, I leave CIA headquarters with an empty tape recorder and a mind packed with unanswered questions. And my list only grows on the drive to Dawsonville. I find Twetten's brick, 19th-century home, but have seen enough *Get Smart* reruns to know you don't knock on the door and say, "Excuse me, could you tell me about the spy who lives here?"

So I skulk. I slink. I creep. I pad into the church behind Twetten's home. I carefully make my way into the white barn next door, finding a freckled, red-haired woman carrying a smooth, brown horse. She's never heard of Tom Twetten. Two houses down, I call up to a sunken-faced painter perched on a wobbly extension ladder. His answer, like the Presbyterian minister's after him, is no different: Tom who?

Finally I find Rhudy Cregger at the R&B Service Center. As he fiddles with the ignition of a sea-blue, four-wheel-drive pickup, his salt-and-pepper flat top bobs yes at the mention of Twetten's name. Aha! My greasy-fingered Deep Throat. Cunningly I pull information out of him like an electric cord curling out of a Hoover. "Bad ignition?" I ask, with a velvety follow-up: "Tom's a pretty quiet guy, I hear." Rhudy says yep, bad ignition. Yep, he's quiet. Rhudy doesn't see Tom much, but he did used to mow Twettens' yard.

Speaking of working, I purr, do you know what Tom does? "Oh sure," he says in his syrupy brogue. "But we don't ask questions. If you don't offer it, I don't ask it." So I ask it: How do you like having a spy — *the* spy — virtually across the road? "It's OK, I just don't think he should get so much publicity. He's a good person. That's all they need to know." "They," I take it, means me. And as quickly as I'd struck oil, my gusher runs dry. He looks me in the eye, scratches his bristles and drops back to his ignition. I scratch my own head and say thanks. Walking away, it occurs to me that Joe Mannix would've slipped a rumpled $20 bill into Rhudy's greasy palm.

So I've covered the business district and interrogated just about every resident. What else would any diligent Junior Spook do? I steal up to Twetten's house, knock on the door and say, "Excuse me, could you tell me about the spy who lives here?"

Geoff Twetten is gracious enough, considering that I've interrupted his carpentry. He has his father's gray eyes, his deep, analytical gaze. But the 27 year old is instantly more gregarious than Tom Twetten.

We chat about the old home (Geoff and his mother refurbished it), and he tells me that he and his sister (31-year-old Susan now lives in nearby Rockville) grew up in Africa. He never knew what his dad was up to. "I didn't want to know," he says.

My investigative work is right on: The neighbors don't know much. Twetten didn't choose this place on a whim. "There's not much of a community feeling around here. We're pretty much on our own," says Geoff Twetten, adding in a decidedly rote tone: "And that's how it should be."

We chat on, until I sense him tiring of giving the same answers to different questions. I shake his hand, make note of his toothy smile and long, unkempt hair and walk back to my shiny red rental car.

I'm content that, short of a stakeout, I've completed this tasking. A New York Times reporter told me that he and I are the only writers to meet the spymaster. I looked into Tom Twetten's fixed, cobalt eyes, recording (manually) his every utterance, every blink. For 90 minutes I knocked around CIA headquarters, where intelligentsia like Ollie North and Bill Casey and George Bush had clustered in smoky rooms, masterminding tangled plots to spy on the world, and, I fear, much worse.

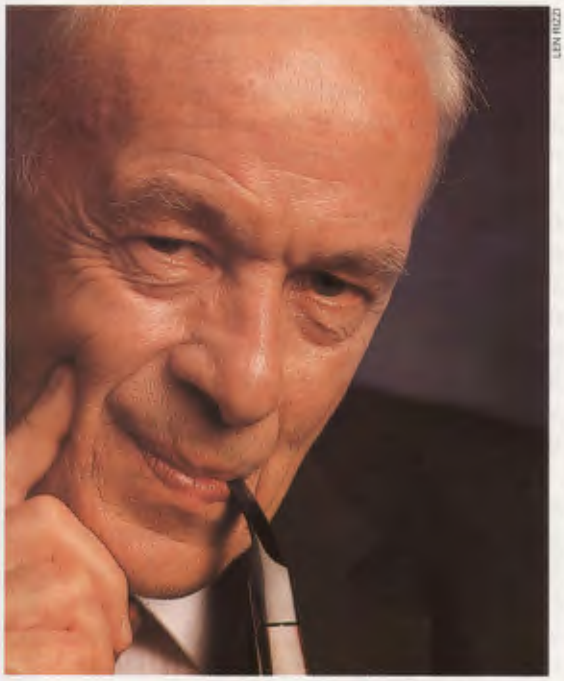
These images bombard my psyche as I ease the car onto the thin snake of Maryland blacktop. Slowly, past rolling cornfields trampled by weary Civil War soldiers, I wind toward civilization. Toward monuments for heroes devoted to the creation and protection of ideals: truth, freedom. And I wind toward the foreboding complex under the iron vultures. Toward the hideout of a man no less devoted to his ideals, yet not destined for monuments. Toward a man whose destiny lies only in the shadows. ◐

Additional reporting by Lori Hoberg Adams, '78

WAR & Remembrance

AS THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOMBING OF PEARL HARBOR NEARS, ALUMNUS RON ROSS AND FELLOW '40S-ERA GRADUATES HARK BACK TO THE END OF AN INNOCENCE

After lunch on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, I walked over to the then-year-old Iowa State Press Building (now Hamilton Hall) for a staff meeting of the Daily Student. Radios were blaring with the news that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Most of us stood around listening with mingled shock and confusion. We were at war! My one clear memory of that meeting is that someone said Don Jackson, popular humor columnist for the paper and later a distinguished American historian, was distressed because he had a brother serving on the *U.S.S. Arizona,* one of the principal Japanese targets at Pearl Harbor. Later we learned that his brother had been one of the hundreds of sailors lost when the battleship took a Japanese bomb down its main stack. ■ My wife recalls that the Iowa State Chorus was assembling at an Ames church for an afternoon Christmas concert when an agitated Tolbert MacRae came in and told them about the attack on Pearl Harbor. Professor MacRae, longtime head of music at Iowa State, concluded in the show-must-go-on tradition with an appeal to his singers to do their best despite the dreadful news. ■ It would be nice to remember after half a century that we fully understood the situation on the day that continues to live in infamy. We didn't. We had followed the war news, mainly from Europe, with a growing sense that we might become involved in the conflict. If we did it would certainly be against Germany for the second time in less than 25 years. We had read and heard a



LEN RIZZO

Ron Ross, '43

variety of opinions ranging from isolationist to interventionist, with many shades in between. Now, at a terrible cost, the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor had answered all questions about our national policy. The nation's human and material resources were pledged to achieving total victory in both Europe and the Orient.

As Pearl Harbor clarified national policy, Selective Service would determine which young men, at Iowa State and elsewhere, would enter military service. Deferments were to be given only to those in jobs essential to the war effort. Those found physically unfit (4-F) were exempt from service. Conscientious objectors were recognized in the regulations but were dealt with harshly at times by draft boards and the courts. The idea of general deferments for college students, as in the later Vietnam conflict, was never considered in World War II so far as I know. Nor did many students seek to avoid service. More typical in my experience were friends who sought medical help to correct conditions which had led to their being classified 4-F, so that they could seek reclassification for active duty.

The first draft call shortly after Pearl Harbor had a lower age limit of 21. I would be 21 in April and there was speculation that the draft age soon would be lowered. Dean Harold V. Gaskill of the Science Division urged me to enlist in the new Navy V-7 program, which allowed upperclassmen to finish college as civilians before reporting to Midshipmen's School. Thus, one day in early January I hitchhiked (our favored means of intercity transportation in those days) to Des Moines and reported along with several other Iowa Staters to a room in the old Polk County Courthouse. We were given cursory physical examinations, primarily to determine if we had 20/20 uncorrected vision. Those of us who did were then sworn into the U.S. Navy Reserve. Our orders: Finish college as expeditiously as possible, including full summer sessions; avoid draft boards and programs of any other military service and don't get married until graduation from Midshipmen's School.

In the months that followed, the male population at Iowa State began to dwindle as more and more men were called into service. Some were drafted while others, anticipating the draft, enlisted in one of the growing number of programs being offered by the services. The policy of Iowa State officials, echoing pronouncements from Washington, was that colleges and universities should attempt to carry on their programs as normally as possible. Questions came up from time to time about intercollegiate athletics; federal officials urged their continuance as both physically beneficial and contributing to collegiate morale.

On campus, women began to assume more and more leadership roles as the numbers of men continued to decline. Some men's organizations virtually disappeared. For example, my memory is that Sigma Delta Chi, the men's journalism honorary society, had perhaps 20 members before Pearl Harbor. When I graduated and left for the Navy 18 months later, I was not only the chapter's president but probably its last remaining undergraduate member on campus. (To its credit, the national organization in the following decades merged with its women's counterpart, dropped its fraternal trappings and became the Society of Professional Journalists.)

Many of the undergraduate men who left to go into service in World War II returned to the campus after the war and swelled the growing student enrollment in the post-war years. Some of our classmates, however, returned in name only, to a wall in the Memorial Union *(above)*.

Ironically, the most visible evidence of the war effort on the Iowa State campus in the months following Pearl Harbor involved the war's top "Top Secret," the Manhattan District, which produced the atomic bomb. By 1942, an international team of some of the world's leading physicists and chemists was assembling in Chicago to build the world's first atomic reactor and thereby establish the feasibility of proceeding with the construction of nuclear weapons. The "self-sustaining, chain-reacting pile," as it was called, would require uranium of unprecedented purity and in unprecedented quantities. A group of Iowa State chemists, led by professor F. H. Spedding, developed a process that was found to be "extremely ▶

simple, rapid and low cost," and uranium production was begun on campus.

A section of the Chemistry Building (now Gilman Hall) was blocked off and put under 24-hour guard with admittance only to security-cleared personnel. On the other side of the campus, a long wooden shed that had been used for women's archery classes was moved in behind the Dairy Industry Building, extensively rebuilt and put under around-the-clock security. The site was next to the old railroad line that for many years was used to bring coal to the heating plant, and I remember seeing box cars on a siding by the shed. No one other than project personnel knew that these cars brought uranium ore from Canada (nor would most of us been much wiser if we had known).

The Army had built a large ordnance plant on farm land north of Des Moines at Ankeny, and the mysterious project on the campus came to be called "Little Ankeny." A number of students, principally chemistry majors, were employed by Little Ankeny. When they were asked what they were doing, they had this story: They were building boxes, large boxes, small boxes, many-sided boxes such as seven-sided boxes, 11-sided boxes, 23-sided boxes, etc. When the boxes were completed, they would be dropped on Germany, the scientific Germans would go crazy trying to correlate the boxes and we would win the war. The box story undoubtedly had its origin in the fact that they *were* building boxes — heavily shielded containers for the purified, highly radioactive uranium. These packages of the world's heaviest naturally-occurring element were routinely shipped from Ames to Chicago via Railway Express.

By the end of November, Little Ankeny had produced more than a ton of purified uranium; it was combined with metal from other sources in the Stagg Field pile, being built under the abandoned football stadium of the University of Chicago. On Dec. 2, 1942, a few days before the first anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack, the chain-reacting pile was operated successfully, and the Atomic Age — for better or for worse — was born amid the tightest security.

The Victory Garden program was a wartime food effort which Iowa State helped promote, locally and nationally. I recall one evening, in what is now called prime time, hearing the president of Iowa State introduced on a national radio network, and President Friley, in his deep Texas accent, read a statement that called on Americans to help boost food supplies for the war by growing their own Victory Gardens.

Much publicized in recent years but largely ignored at the time was a campus project that came to have a pervasive influence on all our lives. I knew as did many people that Professor John V. Atanasoff was building a machine in the basement of the Physics Building, a short stone's throw from Little Ankeny headquarters in the Chemistry Building. There was nothing secret about it, and as a campus reporter at the time I should at least have tried to find out what it was. On the other hand, I wasn't alone in missing the ball. When Atanasoff left the campus to do weapons research for the Navy, he left his notebooks and papers with Iowa State officials. They were too busy with new and changing wartime programs to bother to file a patent application for the world's first electronic computer.

Iowa State 50 years ago was an exciting place to be, but none of us realized just how exciting. Perhaps today's Iowa State students, looking back in future years, will make a similar discovery. ◐

RON ROSS, '43, RETIRED EDITOR of Public Power magazine, and his wife, Ann Klein Ross, '43, a retired librarian, live in Arlington, Va. Ron Ross is the elder son of professor Earle D. Ross (1885-1973), Iowa State historian for whom Ross Hall is named.

Mr. Ross writes: "Dad's *A History of Iowa State College* was published a few months after Pearl Harbor, giving him time only to conclude that Iowa State 'faced the second world crisis of the generation with determined and assured purpose.' As a scholarly historian, Dad might not be greatly impressed by my journalistic memoir, but I am certain that he would agree that the time has come for a contemporary historian to pick up the story of Iowa State where he put it down half a century ago." ▲

WAR *Remembrances*

"WHERE WAS I WHEN I HEARD PEARL HARBOR HAD BEEN BOMBED?"

■ "There were four or five of us sitting in the living room of the Delta Chi fraternity house listening to the radio when the news broke. It was quite a shock. We [the U.S.] had been vacillating a great deal about doing anything about the war, and my immediate thought was that this congealed it in a real hurry."
ROLAND FAGRE, CIVIL ENGINEERING '43, BOULDER, COLO.

■ "I was living in Hughes Hall, the cooperative dormitory at that time. My roommate had been honored with a spot right beside our housemother at the lunch table. I got into the kitchen, and arranged to have his scoop of ice cream hollowed out and filled with mashed potatoes. As he was chasing me through the hallways after lunch, we heard the news."
RUSSELL BERNARD, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING '43, CEDAR FALLS

■ "I was in the dormitory studying. I immediately got a phone call from my boyfriend. He asked me if we should wait, or if we should go ahead and plan to get married. We decided that we would get married, I would finish school, and Jack quit law school at Iowa and went to work in the ordnance plant in Ankeny so we could be together."
DORIS PANCRATZ RIEHM, CHILD DEVELOPMENT/HOME ECONOMICS '42, BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

■ "I was sitting on the edge of my bed, just dangling my feet. I couldn't believe my ears."
LILLIAN DITTMER, DIETETICS '43, TACOMA, WASH.

■ "That day will stay in my memory forever. A group of us from Birch Hall had invited over our men friends for Sunday dinner. When we heard the news, we just sat and looked at the young men there and wondered how this all was going to affect their lives."
LOIS JACOBS TOMLINSON, BACTERIOLOGY '45, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF PARKS LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

■ "I was walking back from services at the Methodist Church, and friends leaned out the windows of Hughes Hall and said Pearl Harbor had been bombed."
ROBERT YOUNG, VETERINARY MEDICINE '43, OSAGE

■ "I was in the SAE house having lunch, and everybody jumped up from the table and went to the radio. It was also my birthday. I was born on the day that will live in infamy."
ROBERT FLEMING, AG ECON '44, CARLISLE

■ "I'd attended Kay Monson's wedding to Ed Hergenrather. When we came back to the Pi Phi house for the reception afterwards, we heard that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. I remember the girls saying, 'Do you realize what this means? There won't be any men on campus in the next few years.' We were pretty young."
GRACE GANTT NANCE, FOOD AND NUTRITION '43, OMAHA, NEB.

"HOW DID THE CAMPUS CHANGE AFTER PEARL HARBOR?"

■ "A lot of men who weren't in the service felt guilty about that. If they had a medical condition, they tried very hard to get around that. I remember a lot of guys eating bananas to gain weight and drinking carrot juice to pass their eye examinations for pilot training."
WILLIAM BAIRD, PRE-MED '43, AMES

■ "A group of us got ousted from Hughes Hall so Navy [V-12] trainees could move in. They moved us to the fourth floor of the Memorial Union for awhile. Then women ▶

who were being trained to be engineering technicians [Curtiss Wright Cadets] got moved into the Union, so we all went out and found apartments.

"Intercollegiate sports almost disappeared, as I recall, and we went to school continuously then, no summer vacations. We just kept going as long as we could."

—RUSSELL BERNARD

■ "That era was so different than things are now. I don't think it ever crossed our minds whether we were for or against it–it's what we were going to do."

GEORGE THOMSON, FORESTRY '43, MS '47, PHD '55, AMES

■ "I remember working with Ray Cunningham at the YMCA on a civil defense program [Student Defense Council]. A lot of us worked putting together stretchers. Of course, there were lots of bond rallies, and there was some friction between some ministers and students who were pacifists and those who thought we had to enter the war."

DALLAS MCGINNIS, ANIMAL SCIENCE '43, AMES

■ "They started playing 'Taps' all the time. Whenever we heard it, we stopped and stood at attention until it was finished."

—LILLIAN DITTMER

■ "The most obvious change was that there weren't any men around. Everything was geared to the war, and it seemed rather lonely around there."

—GRACE GANTT NANCE

"WHAT WERE OUR GREATEST SACRIFICES?"

■ "I was three years away from the lady I ultimately married, but that's what everybody was doing."

—GEORGE THOMSON

■ "Before the war broke out, Jack [husband Jack Riehm] was in law school, and I had planned to join him after getting my degree in child development from Iowa State. I always wanted to be a juvenile judge. But then we married at the beginning of the war, I finished school and he enlisted in the Air Force. It became a different kind of life for both of us. I guess it was realizing that you really are through with school and you have to think a little bit seriously about what's happening in the world."

—DORIS PANCRATZ RIEHM

■ "I was taking mechanical engineering at the time, and I did not graduate because of the war. The reality was that I started a [fishing tackle] business while I was still in school. If it hadn't been for the war, my wife [Elinor Healy Bedell] and I certainly would have received our degrees."

BERKLEY BEDELL, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING ('45), SPIRIT LAKE

■ "There was no gasoline for me to go home, or for my parents to come to my graduation."

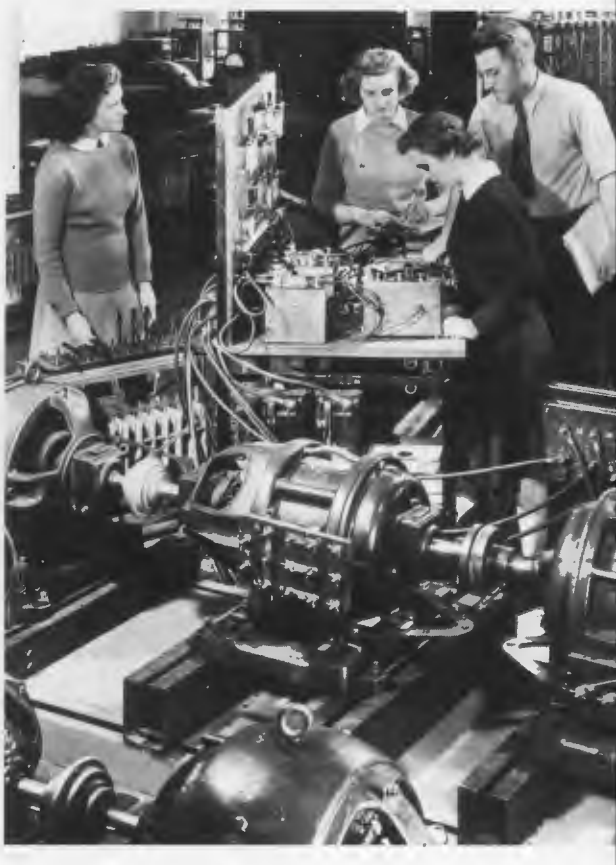
JANE ATKINSON ESSLINGER, HOME ECONOMICS '43, RICHMOND, VA.

■ "I think we were pretty well insulated. I never thought of anything as a sacrifice, except that the normal college social life was somewhat strained. There were a few kind of fun things, like the horrible fish they served so much of. It was ghastly! And we had a lot of orange-pineapple ice cream they made in the Dairy Industry Building. They must have made it by the caseload–to this day, I can't look at it."

—LOIS JACOBS TOMLINSON

■ "In effect, I sacrificed my fourth year in college. Although I did come back to get my degree, it was strictly a mechanical procedure. Taking courses and all the other things you normally expect to go along with college were not available. The biggest inconvenience? Living in a girls' dorm where the showers only hit you about chest high. Well, they just spit at you."

HARLAN BENTZINGER, MECHANICAL ENGINEERING '44, EDINBURGH, TEXAS



"WHAT WERE OUR BIGGEST FEARS?"

■ "There's always fear involved. You just don't know what the future holds."

—RUSSELL BERNARD

■ "There was uncertainty about what you were going to be doing and where your friends would be going. Were things going to be like what you'd anticipated all your life? For us, it was being married and hoping to be together as long as we could. You just put aside the things you had planned to do and live day by day."

—DORIS PANCRATZ RIEHM

"WHAT ABOUT THE MANHATTAN DISTRICT?"

■ "I didn't know what it was. Everyone sort of assumed that it was poison gas, but I never really thought much about it."

—GEORGE THOMSON

■ "In winter quarter of '42, my number must have come up, because I got put on a project under Dr. [Henry] Gilman. It was part of the Manhattan project, only I didn't know it was called that. We worked in a separate lab there in the Chemistry Building. We had keys to the lab, but the numbers were rubbed off so that if we lost them, nobody knew where they belonged. I guess what we were doing in that lab was working out ways to purify uranium. I graduated in June of '42, then went on to graduate school at Columbia [University]. Even after I got to Columbia, which also was doing work on the Manhattan project, I still didn't know what was going on until after the war was over. "

DWIGHT MORRISON, CHEMISTRY '42, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

■ "Like all things, my feelings about working on the project were mixed. Most of us had the feeling that it didn't make much difference whether you dropped a thousand little bombs or you dropped one big one. And it didn't make much difference whether you killed 10 at a time or you killed them 100 at a time. I mean, it's wrong, and size doesn't make it better or worse. I think we also felt that it was the choice of evils. And it certainly was a lot better than attacking Japan, which probably would have taken six times as many lives."

—HARLAN BENTZINGER

■ "I don't think young men were particularly influenced one way or another. I mean, that's life. You're going to go into the service, that had been building up for a few years, and many of us had brothers already in the Pacific. I had no great desire to go, but I wasn't in any way a conscientious objector. It was a satisfying war if war ever is, because the public was solidly behind it, and it had a solid villain. It was patriotism in a very simple, forthright way. It was a war that you knew was done when it was done."

—GEORGE THOMSON

MISCELLANEOUS MEMORIES

■ "The war affected everyone's lives to a great extent. Certainly mine. A lot of my friends were killed. But, the GI Bill enabled me to get advanced degrees that I never would have received otherwise. A lot of men went on to college that I don't think ever would have gone."

—WILLIAM BAIRD

■ "I've always wondered to this day about the full story of Pearl Harbor. I guess it was a calculated risk on the part of [President Franklin] Roosevelt, and I guess I would say he won by taking it."

—HARLAN BENTZINGER ▲

Reporting by Sandi L. Kellen

2020 V

With an eye focused on Iowa State's cherished past, campus planners peer 30 years into the future

BY DAN DAVENPORT

They want to flatten the Landscape Architecture Building. Ditto the Office and Laboratory Building. They plan to close Bissell Road and Union Drive. And plop a parking ramp on the east campus tennis courts.

Why, a suburban Boston firm that recently completed a 30-year master plan for the Iowa State University campus even has designs on uprooting the beloved Horticulture Gardens.

What's next, you ask? Turning the campanile into the 18th hole of a central campus goofy golf course? What heretics have contrived this wanton neglect of decades of tradition?

Au contraire. If anything is woven into the historical fiber of Iowa State's physical being, it is growth and change. What is a university if not a structure of constant rejuvenation mounted onto a solid foundation of convention? Where would we be now if, say, turn-of-the-century leaders had steadfastly stuck to the original tenet of keeping the east side of campus free of buildings? What if they'd refused to create Pammel Court in deference to the existing polo field? Or kept basketball at State Gym out of blind loyalty?

We'd hardly be ready for the 21st century, to say the least. But since it is staring at a new millennium, the university thought it worth the $210,000 pricetag to hire Sasaki Associates Inc. to draft a blueprint for tomorrow. Besides the fact that planning is to the 1990s campus what goldfish swallowing was to the '50s, two overriding factors drove Iowa State to plan:

•Its last campus plan was formulated in 1968 — some 4 million gross square feet of building space ago. That's the rough equivalent of five Frileys, five Hiltons and 10 Beardshears. (In its 133-year existence, Iowa State has added an average of 100,000 square feet per year; the new plan sees that figure decreasing slightly.) Too, the 1968 document rested on the premise that the university soon would

ISION

house more than 30,000 students. Enrollment hit the brakes at just more than 25,000. Changes on the horizon now are much more program- than enrollment-driven.

•Two years ago, the university completed a long-range *programmatic* plan. To use a computer analogy, that process documented ISU's future software needs; it then needed a comprehensive hardware outline. "What we had," says Joe Hibbard, design principal officer for Sasaki and head of the ISU project, "was a campus that had been fully engaged before we came aboard."

For instance: Already, the 11-year-old College of Design threatens to burst at the seams of its Design Building. Last year 12 architecture and design studios were moved across the street from the bright, airy Design Building to the dank, dreary Armory. Sasaki knew the plan must include more "program space" for the burgeoning college, and *voilà!* A glance at the plan shows a new building facing the current structure. When space needs become dire — and, of course, when money is available — the university will have a well-conceived solution in hand, right down to the new building's size and location.

But lest you get the idea that the Sasaki folks have crafted a rigid, build-by-number plan, Hibbard offers this caveat: "We're dealing with a distant, unknown future. This has to be a flexible, continually monitored document." Thus his catchy moniker for this and all plans Sasaki has created for colleges and universities nationwide: *An impermanent constitution.*

Why shell out big bucks if this collection of strategies may never see the light of day? "Because it ensures that decisions aren't made just by giving somebody their druthers," answers Alan Edmonson, landscape architect/planner for the University of Illinois, for which Sasaki has completed a series of master plans since 1986. "Before, I'm told people did what they damn well pleased. That makes for mistakes. You don't go into a football game without a game plan. If you do, you won't win many games."

Edmonson says that, in the five years since Sasaki finished the first of four master plans for a section of Illinois' Urbana campus, the university has completed six new buildings in that section. All

were part of the plan. Edmonson, who rates Sasaki as "right at the top" among the nation's campus planners, believes so strongly in the plan that he had framed copies of it placed in all administrators' offices.

Charles DeKovic, ISU's director of facilities planning management and this project's campus administrator, pledges to maintain similar loyalty to this plan. In perusing that document, it's readily apparent that very much — and very little — has changed in more than a century of campus planning. A.S. Welch, the institution's first president, envisioned a college nestled in a small park surrounded by Iowa prairie. Such thought was, of course, rendered obsolete faster than you could say Morrill Act. Old Main and several professors' homes haphazardly had been plopped into the middle of 657.88 acres by 1870, but it would be 1906 before any formal planning was undertaken. That's when architect J.C. Olmsted — also from Massachusetts, ironically — submitted a report that proposed "specific ideas about the form of the college as an integrated park-town." A 20-year plan followed in 1935, and in 1968 the Ann Arbor, Mich., firm Johnson, Johnson and Roy was hired to peer into the '70s and '80s.

Why, when sketching blueprints for the campus of the future, should designers heed brittle documents of decades past? Johnson, Johnson and Roy's 1968 answer remains watertight today: *Our purpose in exploring the history is to understand the planning of the past . . . so that concepts for the future can reflect the traditions and concerns of those who have gone before.*

As have all plans before it, Sasaki's likely won't be an exact replica of the actual campus *circa* 2020. By the time the State Board of Regents accepted the master plan last month, some deviations likely were already brewing. But as planners from Olmsted to Sasaki have known, flexibility must be inherent in any such plan. Again, quoting the '68 document: . . .*A framework has been established within which day to day decisions . . . will relate logically to past and future campus organization.*

That's why, beginning in September 1990, Sasaki immersed itself in meeting after detailed meeting with representatives from practically every campus entity. ISU's long-range plan in hand, it listened to hundreds of hopes, dreams, needs and fears. Its designers and architects walked the campus and drove the streets. They pored over stacks of archival photos and documents.

"They got right down into the fabric [type of] thinking of the community," says DeKovic. "And they were rooted in practicality, just like this campus. We view their plan as being our plan." By the time Sasaki began a series of presentations and hash/rehash sessions with the Campus Master Plan Steering Committee and the campus community, its designers likely knew as much about the Iowa State physical plant — its history and its future — as some of the most fervent alums. "Good planning starts with good listening," says Larry Ebbers, chair of the Department of Professional Studies and chair of the steering committee. "Then they translated what they heard into a plan."

If there were two themes dominating that translation, they were:

- Keep your mitts off central campus, and
- For goodness sakes, can't you do *something* about this parking mess?

The former, preserving what Hibbard calls "a great American landscape unlike almost any other at a university its size," proved simple. Early on, Sasaki suggested locating a small classroom building south of MacKay Hall, not exactly the heart of central campus. But with backbones arched and teeth practically bared, not a few Iowa Staters made it clear such a site was not an option. "With regard to the central lawn, [ISU] has had a single vision for 133 years," Hibbard says. "That's absolutely amazing."

If only parking were such a breeze. The quandary with a campus like Iowa State's, Hibbard says, is that it's a bona fide urban

community smack in the middle of a rural setting. In a Chicago or even a Des Moines, workers and students expect to pay mightily for parking spaces — and still face a lengthy hike to their office buildings and classrooms. But in Ames, whose Lincoln Way occasionally sees a rush *minute*, denizens bristle at the prospects of parking more than a block or two from their destination. For those folks, the choices from Sasaki are two: Dust off your 1) walking shoes, or 2) bus passes. Practically since Henry Ford put us on wheels, Hibbard says, the automobile steadily has been driven further and further aside by program space deemed more important. "That," he flatly announces, "will continue."

Say it ain't so, Joe.

But the addition of 1,600 parking slots in three ramps — west, east and north of central campus — should somewhat ease the stress. With few exceptions, Sasaki says, all commuters will be able to park within a six-minute walk of their destination. Should the university fail to muster funding for the costly ramps, drivers can plan on longer and longer treks — from lots as far away as Pammel and Hawthorn Courts north of campus. "We're only going to keep bringing more people to fewer [close] parking spaces," DeKovic says. "That puts privileged parking at an increasingly high premium."

Don't talk to folks at the College of Family and Consumer Sciences about premiums on space. Although Sasaki was considerate of bunching buildings by discipline (engineering on west campus, agriculture on east, etc.), central campus' hands-off zoning ordinance meant suggesting that the Department of Family Development be shipped down to a new building near the college's lab school by the old Richardson Court Association. More than one college official questioned — decried? — such an estrangement. Opponents of that and other segments of the plan can take solace in the '68 blueprint: It called for a future design building to be located southeast of Curtiss Hall. All of 10 years later, the Design Building sprouted up exactly opposite that spot, on the campus' northwest corner.

Reviewing the master plan unearths more curious nuggets. Among them:

•Knoll Road would become *the* campus entrance, with Union Drive on either side of the Memorial Union partially closed. Bissell Road, on the campus' west border, also would be closed, and would accommodate evening parking.

•After campus discussions, Sasaki realized it needed to plan for WOI-TV's oft-discussed — and always controversial — potential move off campus. But again, the firm didn't concern itself with program decisions; it was told such a move is highly possible sometime in the next three decades, and it responded. If (when?) that happens, Sasaki recommends shifting the Department of Journalism and Mass Communication from Hamilton Hall to an expanded WOI building. Options for Hamilton include classrooms, continuing education and photography services.

In Ames, whose Lincoln Way occasionally sees a rush minute, denizens bristle at the prospects of parking more than a block or two from their destination.

•The Hort Gardens would find a home north of WOI. Much of the proposed 3 million square feet of growth would occur in this area north of central campus. A bevy of new buildings surrounding a green quadrangle is proposed in the area east of Pammel Woods, making the gardens' move there a natural. Why move the gardens in the first place? Their current home soon will be needed for Physical Plant expansion.

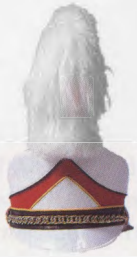
•The Office and Laboratory (O&L) Building would be razed to allow for an extension of central campus beyond Pammel Drive. Such a "green spine" — a landscaped pedestrian area — would connect the new northern quad with the main campus.

•The Landscape Architecture Building, a spry 90 year old, is an aesthetic favorite but, Sasaki says, a functional and structural nightmare. Sasaki says a new classroom building one day will stand in its place. "But that building is going to be tough for people to let go of," Hibbard says.

While Sasaki didn't develop actual designs for new buildings, it did propose guidelines. For starters, it suggests limiting buildings to fewer than five stories to maintain the campus' character. It also admonishes future architects to study the Marstons and Curtisses — buildings with "inviting" facades and celebrated entrances "in the traditional spirit of public buildings." Says DeKovic: "It's important to realize that this campus has been characterized by 'background' buildings. We don't have 'stars.'"

The plan goes as far as planting seeds for future tree placement. Welch set the tone by overseeing the planting of trees that not only broke up the prairie but established a format for expansion. Practically every alum has marveled over central campus aesthetics, but few could know of the painstaking planning that went into mixing coniferous and deciduous trees. Because precious little replanting has been done in recent decades, DeKovic stresses the importance of guidelines to "help maintain that stock of heritage into the future."

That's a smart paraphrase of Sasaki's demanding task: As surely as this plan charts our course as we hurtle into the future, it must keep us subtly yet unmistakably tethered to the past. As it has done since A.S. Welch stomped around his fledgling campus on the prairie, time will rule on how adeptly the firm accomplishes that mission. ◐



...the man there said the music wouldn't play. —Don McLean, "American Pie"

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

For Iowa State, the man was Roger Cichy. Caught in a budget web, the Cyclone marching band director last spring announced that, without more cash, ISU football games would be *sans* song. ▼ Football could no more survive without goal posts. To a sea of plastic grass, the band adds color and life. To a game steeped in discord, it adds harmony. ▶ Sadly, Buddy Holly won't be back. But for Iowa State's 246 music makers — each a funky blend of irreverence and marvelous talent — the man proved wrong. Upon combing the Department of Music budget, university officials dug up the funds. ◀ Deep down, maybe we knew the 114-year-old band was never in jeopardy. But for those who, for a sixteenth-note of an instant, imagined a football Saturday without song, VISIONS spins a photographic celebration: A season in the life of the marching band. ▲ Let the music play. ▶

Photographs by Jim Heemstra

IOWA
STATE

Levi's

LSU

A FOND FAREWELL TO 40 YEARS OF JOY

IOWA STATE IS RICH IN TRADITION... the campanile, Parents Weekend, Homecoming, the gentle doctor, the *Bomb*, the Marston Tower... A lesser known, but equally traditional event over the years has been the annual Joy Ranch Picnic. The club was initiated in 1951 by Warren Joy, '18, and members of the Denver ISU Club. Thousands of Iowa Staters have gathered annually high up in the Colorado Rockies for good food, good fellowship and a spectacular setting.

The future of the event became cloudy upon Warren's death in 1976, but his son, Don Joy, although not an Iowa State graduate himself, graciously offered to allow the tradition to continue. Last July 28, Don addressed 110 Iowa Staters, including yours truly, on the 40th anniversary of the Joy Ranch Picnic and delivered an emotional remembrance of those four decades. He also told the group that the ranch has been sold and that this day would end the long tradition of the Joy Ranch Picnic.

Don Joy and Jim Hopson

While some Iowa State traditions must end, the good memories of the Joy Ranch Picnic will last forever. For those of us who experienced the Joy Ranch between 1941 and 1991, we send a special thank you to Don Joy.

Jim Hopson

James Hopson
Alumni Association
Executive Director

◂ 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.

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Scott M. and Kathryn J. Anderson
Jay W. Babler
Johanna M. Baedke
Kenneth W. Bailey
John M. Barron
C. Phillip Baumel
Kenneth J. Benda
R. Blake Berube
Kurt W. Boehm
Kevin L. and Chris Brooks
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Peter P. Camacci Jr.
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Hugh E. Conway
Donald W. Copley
Laura K. Dechant
Betty L. Deede
Debra K. and Stephen J. Dullard
Randal A. Ebert
Elizabeth A. Falk
Roger R. Fisher
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Jeff L. Fordice
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Bryan L. Manny
Matthew K. and Tracy A. Mayberry
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ALLEN JACOBSON LIKED OUR STICK-TU-ITIVENESS.

So he renewed his membership in the ISU Alumni Association. The CEO of 3M doesn't mask his loyalty. He knows the Alumni Association adheres to the university's needs with programs like student recruitment, student leadership and ISU clubs. He also realizes the Association posts some great benefits like VISIONS magazine, the university's events calendar and discounts on hotels, car rentals and merchandise.

So take it from Allen: Stick with a winner when it comes time to renew your Alumni Association membership.

WHEN IT'S TIME TO RENEW, THINK ISU.

Penguins, Pagodas and Perestroika

The real advantage of traveling with Iowa State is an itinerary for your every whim. Pull out your calendar and book your '92 trip today!

Treasures of Costa Rica
Jan. 24-Feb. 7
Join alumni on an exclusive tour of Costa Rica's spectacular national parks and biological reserves. This comprehensive study tour travels to both coasts and the interior, and includes a stop at Iowa State's new Inter-American Center for Science, Education and Technology in San Jose. $3,690, plus air (High Country Passage)

Voyage to Antarctica
Feb. 19-March 4
Fly to Buenos Aires, then to Ushuaia to board the *Illiria* and cross the Drake Passage to the Antarctic Peninsula for five days of exploration with scientists and naturalists. Cruise among ice floes and islands on zodiac landing craft, visiting research stations, icebergs, glaciers, rookeries and other wildlife. Return to Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia and Buenos Aires. From $5,400, plus air (Travel Dynamics)

Panama Canal Cruise
March 20-29
Board Royal Cruise Line's *Golden Odyssey* in Acapulco and enjoy a luxury cruise to the Gulf of Panama with a stop at Caldera, Costa Rica, for an optional excursion to San Jose. After a daylight transit of the Panama Canal, cruise to the distinctly Dutch cities of Willemstad, Curacao and Orangestad, Aruba. Early bird discounts from $1,890, including air (Royal Cruise Line)

China Highlights
June 14-29
Spend three nights in Beijing, then fly to Xi'an for two nights and on to the "mountain city" of Chongqing. Cruise on the Yangtze River for four days through the famous Three Gorges to Wuhan. Fly to Shanghai and visit Suzhou before ending your journey in Hong Kong. $4,600 from San Francisco (Alumni Holidays)

Siberian Expedition and Alaska's Glaciers
July 7-23
Fly from Anchorage to Khabarovsk in the heart of Russia's Far East. Travel first-class on the Trans Siberian Railroad to Irkutsk, the "Paris of Siberia." Visit Lake Baikal and cruise on the Amur River. Return to Anchorage and board the *Island Princess* for a beautiful and restful cruise of glaciers and the Inland Passage to Vancouver. $3,995, plus air (Thomas P. Gohagan & Co.)

Coastal Maine and Bay of Fundy
July 14-24
Board the yacht-like *Nantucket Clipper* in Boston and cruise to beautiful Boothbay Harbor, Bar Harbor, Campobello Island and St. John, New Brunswick. Enjoy a whale-watch in the Bay of Fundy and return to Boston via St. Andrews, Camden and Gloucester. From $2,500, plus air (Clipper Cruise Line)

Elbe River Cruise through Eastern Europe Aug. 3-15
Begin with three days in Berlin, then cruise for five days on the Elbe River from Magdeburg to Wittenberg, Torgau, Meissen, Dresden and Bad Schandau. Travel to the "Golden City" of Prague, Czechoslovakia, then end your tour with three days in Vienna. $4,200 from Chicago (Alumni Holidays)

Soviet Union's Heartland
Aug. 31-Sept. 13
Enjoy the sights of Moscow with the *M/S Sergei Esenin* as your hotel, than cruise through Russia's historic heartland on the Oka River to the ancient cities of Kolomna, Ryazan, Kasimov and Murom, newly opened to Westerners. Disembark in Gorky and fly to Leningrad for two days and on to Berlin. From $3,800 from Chicago (Alumni Holidays)

Danube River Cruise
Oct. 13-26
Istanbul is your first destination on this classic tour of seven fascinating countries. Cruise for seven nights on the Danube River from Ruse, Bulgaria, to Bucharest, Belgrade, Budapest, Bratislava, Duernstein and Vienna. $3,700 from Chicago (Alumni Holidays)

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Sibling Revelry

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KAROL CROSBIE

Above, the Burkhalter girls in a festive sea of '60s plaid: (from left) Ruth, Holly, Mom, Karol and Kathy, and right, today (clockwise from upper left) Holly, Karol, Ruth and Kathy.

SISTERS' BOOK WARMS THE HOLIDAYS WITH A TOUCH OF HOLLY (AND KATHY AND KAROL AND RUTH)

HOLLY BURKHALTER INSISTS her family is no different than any other when it comes to celebrating Christmas. They like to decorate the tree, sing carols, enjoy holiday goodies and reminisce about Yules of yesteryear. Doesn't everybody?

Maybe so. But not every family writes a book about its Christmas memories.

That's what the four Burkhalter girls did. Hence the name: *Four Midwestern Sisters' Christmas Book*. Published by New York City's powerful Viking/Penguin Press, the nostalgic look at the Ames family's idea of Christmas hits book stores this month.

The book is essentially Burkhalter's, with collaborative help from Kathy Lockard (ISU '70, a college accounting teacher in Illinois), Karol Crosbie ('72, '78, MS '86, a public relations specialist for Youth and Shelter Services in Ames) and Ruth Bosley (a Cincinnati graphic artist). Burkhalter, a 1978 Iowa State grad and now Washington, D.C., director for the Human Rights Watch, conceived the idea and nailed down the publisher. She then served as assignment editor, managing editor and author. Since none of the four daughters of retired ISU music Professor Laurence Burkhalter and wife Holly Burkhalter had tackled such a project before, the book's two-year gestation was, the younger Holly Burkhalter says, "completely serendipitous and silly. You had these clueless rubes stumbling into a collaborative process that somehow came out simply magical."

Crosbie remembers one of many late-night phone conversations with Burkhalter. "Out of the blue I get a call: *Think about Christmas balls, Karol. I need a Christmas balls memory.*"

The result of many such sessions could've been titled *A Burkhalter Christmas Memoir*. It includes recipes, but far fewer than the sisters originally anticipated. Says Holly Burkhalter: "Our publishers kept saying, 'This is what everybody wants and remembers from Christmas. A notion about family and rituals and traditions and snowflakes and cookies — everybody's idea of family Christmas.'"

This X-Mas accentuation is no ploy dreamed up to entice publishers into a fat advance. Practically without exception, all four sisters — "one another's best friends," the dust jacket coos — and their brother, Gary, gather in Ames each December. There they might plan, rehearse and perform a musical production or rehash the early '60s Christmas for which Kathy made red and green plaid jumpers for the Burkhalter women and matching vests for the men.

"*Esprit de corps* has always run strong in our family," Holly Burkhalter writes, "but at Christmas, it tends to run amok."

As Dec. 25 draws nigh, this medley of homey Midwest customs may well have nostalgia-hungry Americans running to the book racks.

Petrol projections

DeAnne Julius

AUG. 2, 1990. IRAQ INVADES Kuwait. As the world teeters on the precipice of war, Americans stare anxiously into TV screens, searching for answers to scores of disturbing questions. Not the least of which is, *Are we looking at $3 for a gallon of gas?*

An ocean away, DeAnne Julius ponders essentially the same question. As Saddam Hussein claims thousands of Kuwaiti oil wells as his own, the chief economist for Shell International Petroleum in London tackles her most pressing question: What does this mean for the oil industry?

Studying past dilemmas and recent industry changes, the 1970 ISU graduate foresaw a "spike," a quick price rise and fall that has few long-term impacts. Today, a trip to the gas pump confirms her prescience.

At Shell, Julius "looks at the international economy to spot clouds on the horizon." She works in the short term (two-three years) to spot trends, and the long term (20 years) to build scenarios that provide managers mental maps of an oft-times daunting future. "I'm not predicting," she insists. "I'm helping our people think faster and better."

After earning master's and doctoral degrees from the University of California-Davis, the daughter of a retired ISU ag econ professor leapt into international economics with the World Bank. There she served as economic adviser for the World Bank's Energy Department, traveling the world for seven years. After marrying a Brit and fellow World Banker, she moved to London, working as director of economics at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

In 1989 she joined Shell, where she's enhanced her renown in the areas of public policy, pricing, regulation and, of course, energy. "After I declared an economics major [at ISU] because I didn't know what else to do, I found it a powerful way of looking at the world," she says, grinning. DeAnne Julius still enjoys the view. ◐

"I'm not predicting," DeAnne Julius insists. "I'm helping our people think faster and better."

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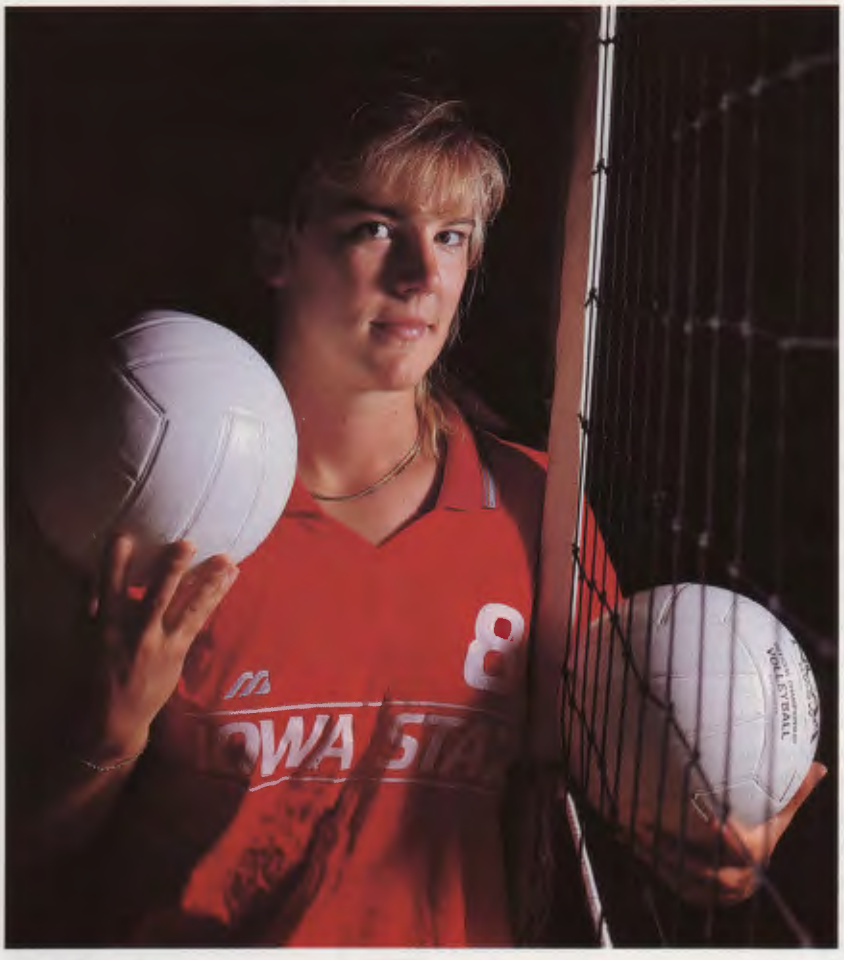
Getting Her Digs In



Tracy Graham on her love for volleyball: "You hit the ball, you see it, you hear it. It's an instant thrill."

ONCE CAUGHT IN NCAA'S NET, VOLLEYBALL ACE NOW SET TO SERVE UP HER CAREER FINALE

TRACY GRAHAM SIGHS, dropping her fork full of chicken salad like a clean spike. The volleyball star's Maintenance Shop lunch partner provided the set for such reaction, mentioning four of Graham's least favorite letters:

N-C-A-A.

She pushes her thick, flaxen hair over her shoulder and sighs again.

The chicken salad will wait.

There are two ways this sturdy, 6-foot economics major could reflect on her 1987 tussle with the National Collegiate Athletic Association. She could be bitter, resentful over being forced to endure a distressing freshman season watching from the outside. Or, with hindsight and maturity sharpening her focus, she could be forgiving, wringing every drop of splendor from this last season like a child on summer's final glorious weekend.

After much contemplation, Tracy Graham sighs a third time and settles on the latter.

When this spirited high school all-stater reported to Iowa State coach Vicki Mealer's training camp on a muggy August 1987 day, she was hit with a shot she couldn't dig: The NCAA, the almighty body that kept a gang of millionaire cheaters in the coaching business season after crooked season, had deemed ineligible this ingenuous teen-ager. Her 25 on the American College Test (ACT) dwarfed the 18 required for eligibility, but she hadn't taken the test on a so-called "National Testing Date." She says a frenetic North Scott High School sports agenda forced her to miss such dates, but that she was told a "residual testing date" would do. Seventeen-year-olds question curfews, not testing dates.

"Was Tracy in shock?" Mealer asks. "I was in shock. Devastated. It was an absolute nightmare." The coach spelled it out to a reeling Graham: There would be no training camp. No team picture. No practice. No uniform. No bus-ride-home bull sessions. Under what Mealer calls "a forced ostracism," Graham, her nose pressed against the glass, peeked in as her would-be teammates rocked through one of the best seasons in Cyclone history. Often were the times she yearned to plop down in Mealer's office and gab. Surely that would be deemed "legal." But more times than not, she balked. Such sessions only reminded her of what couldn't be.

"It probably took me two years to recover," Graham says. "You're so young and you build up all that excitement, all that hope. Then you're turned down." Her greatest fear was in losing a year of eligibility. But by spring 1988, after ISU Athletic Director Max Urick had steadfastly pushed an appeal and scores of others deluged the NCAA with letters of support, the organization waived bylaw 5-1-(j) in The NCAA Manual.

That process, now widely

known as The Tracy Graham Rule, has since helped others escape such inadvertent persecution. The waiver made '87 a redshirt year for its namesake, leaving her four years to play the game she'd loved since, as a youngster, she watched her mom mix it up at the net down at the local fitness club in her hometown of Eldridge.

And now, after three all-Big Eight Conference seasons, she's a creature athletic departments dub "fifth-year senior." It's now a rare opponent who cracks, "So *you're* the one good enough to change NCAA rules." With her soap opera forgotten by all but its lead cast, Graham is now only the hitter good enough to make opposing defenses change their very approach to the game.

No wonder. At 22 she is light years stronger and quicker than the teen-ager who almost slipped between the NCAA's bountiful network of cracks. Her legs, solid as young oaks, are conditioned to launch her above the 7-foot-4¼ net on a split second's notice. At the apex of her leap, her right arm takes over; it is a sinewy whip attached to a sledge hammer, bludgeoning the white ball into the opponent's court 40 times a match.

If a shark has been described as a killing machine in the sea, Graham is at least that on the volleyball court. In less than three full seasons (she missed some 1990 matches with an ankle injury) she pounded out 849 kills. With a healthy 1991, she could finish as ISU's all-time leader in her sport's answer to home runs. "She is," her coach says bluntly, "a big gun."

In this team, Mealer holsters a six-shooter loaded like never before. Ten of 12 members of 1990's 22-win squad are back, creating the potential for the most fitting of finales: Tracy Graham exits college athletics by leading Iowa State to the tournament run by the very organization that made her entry so painful.

"It'd be quite a way to go, huh?" she says. ◐

At the apex of her leap, her right arm takes over; it is a sinewy whip attached to a sledge hammer, bludgeoning the white ball into the opponent's court 40 times a match.

SPORTS BRIEFS

ISU SPORTS INFORMATION

GOLDEN MOMENT Victor Alexander (*left*), high-scoring "Big V" to Cyclone fans for four years, has moved on to the high-paying world of professional basketball. The National Basketball Association's Golden State Warriors made the 6-foot-8, 285-pound 21 year old the 17th player chosen in the June draft. In August, the center/power forward signed a five-year contract. Though terms of the deal weren't disclosed, Alexander's standing in the draft put him in line to earn $1 million-plus per year.

GLOBETROTTERS Cyclone Tynetta Rasheed played on the women's Big Eight Conference Select team that toured in Brazil in June, while Justus Thigpen was on the men's squad that played exhibition games in Italy in August.

GRADE A Lisa Skidmore, who graduated in May with a 4.0 grade point average in biology, in June was named to the GTE Academic All-American Team. The Des Moines native was a key member of ISU's Big Eight and NCAA district cross country championship team last fall. . . . Cyclone golfer Shelley Finnestad earned academic honors of her own, being named in August to the NCAA's academic all-American golf squad. . . . 1991 graduate Owe Pipkorn, a former Cyclone tennis player, began studies this fall at St. Louis University's School of Medicine aided by a $2,000 Big Eight/Phillips 66 postgraduate scholarship.

JOLLY GOOD Running in his hometown of Sheffield, England, ISU junior Jon Brown finished third in the 10,000 meters at the World University Games in July. Cyclone women's standout Edith Nakiyingi placed fourth in the 800 meters, then competed but didn't place in both the 800 and 1,500 in the August World Track and Field Championships. Also running in that Tokyo meet were ex-Cyclones Yobes Ondieki (5,000 meters champion) and Danny Harris (fifth in the 400 hurdles).

DON'T LAF Joe Henderson and Alex Espinoza could be answers to two most trivial Trivial Pursuit questions: Name two former Cyclones who made the rosters of inaugural World League of American Football (WLAF) teams. Henderson, playing for the Birmingham Fire and then the Barcelona Dragons, totaled 35 carries for 175 yards and a touchdown. The running back enjoyed a trip to the first World Bowl, where the London Monarchs slayed the Dragons, 21-0. Espinoza, a quarterback, was on the roster of the Frankfurt Galaxy, but didn't see any playing time.

SWEET 17 Led by strong performances by its cross country and wrestling teams, the Iowa State men's athletic program was ranked 17th nationally in USA Today's all-sports titles list for 1990-91. Rankings were determined by assigning points to the top 20 teams in 10 sports: baseball, basketball, cross country, football, golf, outdoor track, soccer, swimming, tennis and wrestling. ISU's men were second in the NCAA cross country meet last fall, while its wrestling team took fifth. Iowa was ranked 20th, while Texas was first and Oklahoma State fifth. ISU's women's programs didn't crack the top 30.

The Case for Coloring Our Past

By Carlie Collins Tartakov

Carlie Collins Tartakov is an instructor of elementary education at Iowa State.

THE HISTORY OF PEOPLE OF COLOR IN THE UNITED States has not been merely lost, stolen and allowed to stray. It has been hidden and suppressed and the fact of its suppression has been largely covered up. Why is it important for us as a nation to have courses that single out the particular histories of particular minority communities? It is not because black, Latino or Native American histories ought to be treated differently from any other history. It is because they have been and continue to be treated differently. It is because what is currently offered under the title "history" in the United States is constructed so exclusively as elite, "white" history.

It is the history of western Europeans, told mostly about them. In most of our schools, "Of the people, by the people and for the people" means white people. And though this may satisfy some people, it cannot meaningfully represent the American experience.

There are two ways to reconstruct this whitewash of our past. We can add back in the full range of our particular histories currently omitted in existing courses, and we can develop new courses to supplement what we are now missing. We can no longer discuss Columbus' discovery of America without noting the Latino crew or the Caribbean people he captured, enslaved and slaughtered. And we can no longer allow discussions of democracy or the "frontier" to go on without consideration of who was not allowed to vote or own land, or whose land was invaded.

Programs highlighting the specific experience of particular groups, like Black History Month, are important, too, because they recapture for Americans what has been hidden, distorted and covered up. Black History Month isn't an attempt to give blacks some special status, but an effort to integrate White History Year.

It has been seven decades since the publication of D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, in which the Klu Klux Klan was applauded as the South's response to the Civil War. But not until 1989 was there a Hollywood film on the role of African Americans in that war [*Glory*]. That is not because it took 75 years for Hollywood writers to get around to the topic; it is because the history they learned in school didn't include those facts. It is also because there are not enough African American, Latino American and Native American historians and screenwriters. If we want everyone reflected in our history, we will need to have everyone involved in its analysis and documentation.

Why is this important to know? Because it is by our history that we learn who we are. In a world of exclusively "white history," African Americans, Asian Americans, Latino Americans and Native Americans cease to exist, or exist as foreigners. "American" itself means only European American. The term "U.S." does not include all of us.

The Native American nations of Massachusetts, who provided so much of the original Thanksgiving meal, were subsequently driven off their land and murdered by the Pilgrims they rescued from starvation. But they are remembered as the guests at the Pilgrims' feast. African Americans are remembered as the slaves, rather than the merchants, hunters, farmers and queens and kings they were before they were captured by the Europeans and forbidden to read and write or work for themselves. Most Americans are oblivious to the fact that Mexicans, called "aliens" as they cross the borders, are people who owned that land before they were defeated in war or trickery by the European-American expansionists.

The fact that many people are forced to choose is as shamefully divisive. We are denied the true richness of our ethnic identities and heritages. One particular problem of whitewashed history is its tendency to reduce the rainbow to all or nothing, as if it is possible to be only black or white or Native American or Latino. The fact is we are Polish-Jews, African-Asians and French-Italians. We've already read about ourselves in the exotic literature of a largely Europeanized American perspective, i.e. in *Porgy and Bess* or *West Side Story*. It is time we learned more from Isabel Allende, Gwendolyn Brooks and Vine Deloria. It is from our vision of the past that we devise our vision of a future. If we see ourselves as having been part of our civilizations, we will see ourselves as having power to change them rather than be enslaved by them. ◐

Iowa Staters Make the Headlines

The Mores family knows some of the best news stories are right in their backyard.

That's why Steve ('67) and Alan ('80) returned to their hometown of Harlan, Iowa, to join their father's newspaper business.

Dad Leo purchased the **Harlan Tribune** *in 1939, just months after graduating from Iowa State. In 1946, the competing* **News-Advertiser** *was purchased. He and wife Irene, a '41 University of Iowa graduate, reported news for more than 50 years: the end of the Great Depression, World War II, school consolidations and the Farm Crisis all had telling effects in Harlan, a county-seat of 5,300.*

Today, Leo, Irene and their family members are helping young reporters learn about the news that's fit to print. At Iowa State, the family created the Mores Family Scholarship in Community Journalism via the Partnership for Prominence campaign. The scholarship encourages ISU journalists to capture the insights of small-town living, to join the communities . . . and learn about the people in their own backyards.

For your generous support of Iowa State and small-town living, Leo and Irene, Steve and Michelle, Alan and Donna ('79),

THANKS!

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For information about the Partnership for Prominence campaign, call the ISU Foundation at 515 294-4607.

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SUNDAY OCTOBER 20, 1991

TORCHATHON Torchathon run begins—Stillwater, Oklahoma

THURSDAY OCTOBER 24, 1991

TORCHATHON 7:30 p.m. Torchathon runners arrive from Stillwater

MARCHING BAND STEP-OFF 7:30 p.m. Leads to pep rally from Music Building

PEP RALLY/BONFIRE 8:30 p.m. West of Olsen Building

FRIDAY OCTOBER 25, 1991

DAY IN CAMPUSTOWN Receive specials in Campustown by purchasing a Homecoming 1991 button

HOMECOMING AWARDS CEREMONY 4:00-5:30 p.m. South of the Campanile

CARVER RE-DEDICATION CEREMONY 4:00-5:30 p.m. Carver Hall Lobby

REUNION AT THE UNION 5:30-9:00 p.m. Geared towards Alumni, Faculty, Staff, and Students over 21 Memorial Union Terrace (Rain Location — Sun Room)

NIGHT IN CAMPUSTOWN 9:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 26, 1991

1951 AND 1966 CLASS REUNIONS 9:00-11:00 a.m. 1st Floor of Scheman

COLLEGE RECEPTIONS 9:00-11:00 a.m. 1st Floor of Scheman

CAMPUS BUS TOURS 9:45-11:00 a.m. Depart North of Scheman

ALUMNI PRE-GAME TAILGATE 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Tent West of Olsen Building

PRE-GAME ACTIVITIES 12:30 p.m. Cyclone Stadium

HOMECOMING KICK-OFF 1:00 p.m. Cyclone Stadium — ISU vs. Oklahoma State

ALUMNI POST-GAME PARTY After Game — Tent West of Olsen Building

BASKETBALL TIP-OFF One Hour After Game — Hilton Coliseum