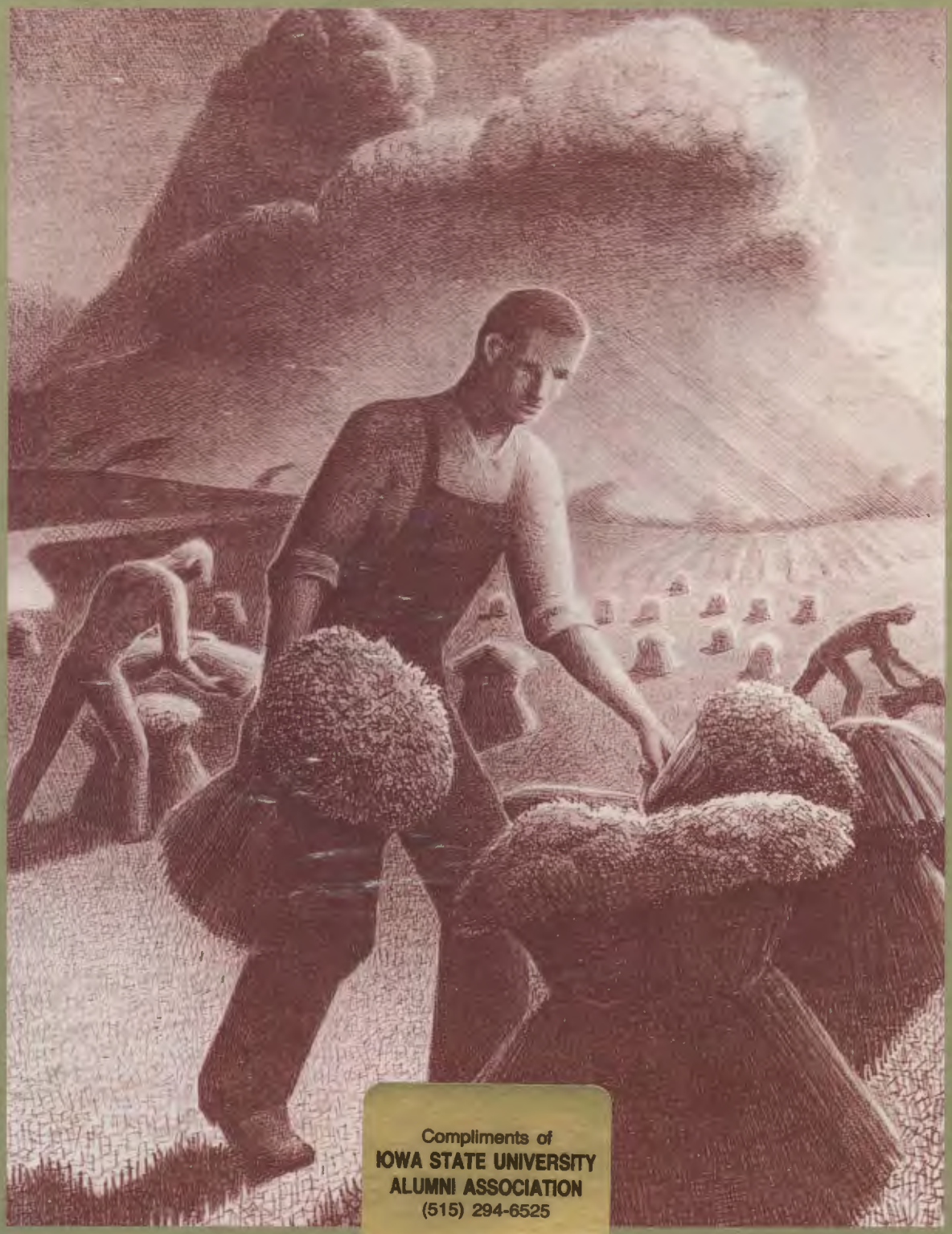
VISIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION • FALL 1994



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IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY
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Grant Wood, Approaching Storm

STYLES EBB AND FLOW,
BUT FOR IOWA STATERS
LIKE YOU, LOYALTY IS
ALWAYS IN FASHION.

It's still a perfect fit.

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LINE UP

FEATURES

16
Down on the Farm
An ISU historian cultivates the notion that American agriculture hasn't always yielded fields of dreams.
BY R. DOUGLAS HURT

16

22
Medicine Man
Read how one graduate's "winter getaway" brought a dose of civilization to needy Nepalese.
BY BRUCE ANDERSON

22

26
Masked Marvel
What lurks behind the all-American demeanor of Cyclone men's basketball standout Fred Hoiberg?
BY DAN DAVENPORT

26

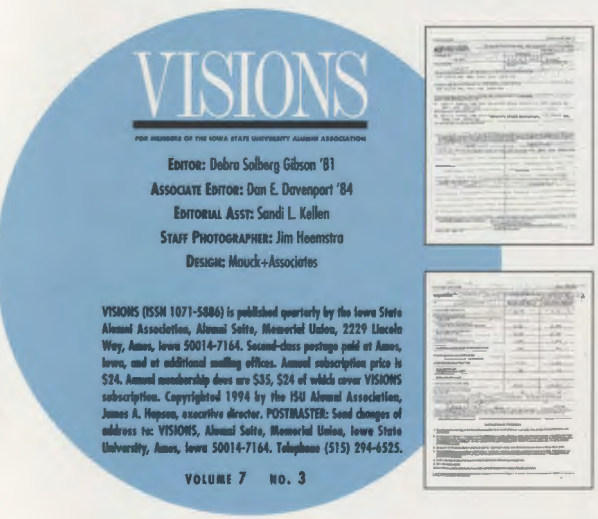
32
Sight Unseen
They're lights, sound, action. Meet the behind-the-scenes tech crew that produces each day in the life of Iowa State.
BY JIM HEEMSTRA

DEPARTMENTS

4 Front Row Seat
6 Letters
8 The Hub
12 Frontline
14 Class Acts
40 Association
42 Esprit
44 Workout
46 Frame of Reference

46

• **COVER ILLUSTRATION:** PURCHASED BY THE SELMA AND HERBERT M. KIRKHAM MEMORIAL FUNDS, DES MOINES ART CENTER PERMANENT COLLECTION, 1970.60



VISIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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VOLUME 7 NO. 3

A text book case

By Debra Gibson

Hi! You might have heard of us
We're here to serve our grads.
But forget the punch and cookies,
We've moved way past the fads.

I'D SEEN THAT WILD-EYED LOOK TOO MANY TIMES. Mary Jo Banwart, the Alumni Association's resident renegade, bolted into my office, planted her feet, and with that exaggerated shrug said, "I've got it. A great new way to market this place. I need you to write a children's book."

Right. Like I need *you* to win the lottery and turn the loot over to me. It'd be great, but I'm doubtful it'll happen.

"No, really," she persisted, as only this 6-foot poster woman for assertiveness can. "You write this great book for our legacies—I'll take it from there."

A legacy, as we say in this biz, is the child of an Iowa State graduate. And maybe my dozen years in alumni programming have taken their toll, but the idea of writing to a newborn in an effort to sell an Iowa State education seemed, actually, pretty appropriate. Especially when it meant finally getting Banwart out of my office.

It's really quite embarrassing
How puerile a rhyme I can make.
Seventh-grade boys have nothing on me
When I'm describing ISU's lake.

It's amazing how low you can go when you're on deadline and your rhyming dictionary won't produce an aurally appropriate match for loft. But like most words I've uttered in my 35 years, I ate cafeteria trays of them during this experience. Like most mommies and daddies before me, I knew I could produce at least as good a book as those Caldecott wannabes lining the preschool shelves at the library. What a simple formula: String six or seven monosyllabic words together, throw in an illustration of a teddy bear or a grandpa, and you're home free. Eighteen drafts and several comeuppances later (not to mention the threat of carpal tunnel syndrome), I'm ready to canonize Dr. Seuss. Sharing the Iowa State experience with the back-to-drool set is like reliving "How I spent my last 10 summer vacations." Where do you start?

But, several months later, *My Friends All Call Me Cy* stares up at us in all its Wiro and spot varnish wonder. Thanks to the magic colored pencils of veteran illustrator Molly Coxe, our affable feathered friend guides little readers from Beardshear to basketball games, while mommies and daddies are reminded of term papers and first dates and rush.

We boomers giddily dust off our *Charlotte's Web* covers for our offspring. We race to Wal-Mart when it's rumored scant copies of the *101 Dalmatians* video remain. We invest great time, faith—and occasional bucks—in the belief that there still exists real value in our childhood memories. We search to offer up to our own children those fleeting moments that wrapped us in security and promise.

Let's not confuse the classics with a book about a big red bird. But let's also not hesitate to share with our kids that part of our young adult lives that taught us to question and experiment and learn. As raucous as I may have been in creating Cyclone stanzas of questionable taste, even I was reminded throughout the writing of this book how much I want to offer the same incredible opportunities to my children, and how dramatically I was changed by my own Iowa State education.

AS RAUCOUS AS I MAY HAVE BEEN IN CREATING CYCLONE STANZAS OF QUESTIONABLE TASTE, EVEN I WAS REMINDED THROUGHOUT THE WRITING OF THIS BOOK HOW MUCH I WANT TO OFFER THE SAME INCREDIBLE OPPORTUNITIES TO MY CHILDREN, AND HOW DRAMATICALLY I WAS CHANGED BY MY OWN IOWA STATE EDUCATION.

Especially when I finally saw it through the eyes of a child.

Isn't it amazing,
After many a year,
It took a fowl little creature,
To make it all clear.

Card trick.

Like magic, the ISU Alumni Association pulls off its greatest feat to date: No annual fee on the exclusive ISU MasterCard and Visa. There's no deception here. No mirrors. The card still gives Alumni Association members a lower interest rate. It still offers instant cash access and travel/accident insurance at no additional cost. It still returns a percentage of all your purchases back to the Alumni Association. Now, on top of all that, we've made the annual fee disappear!

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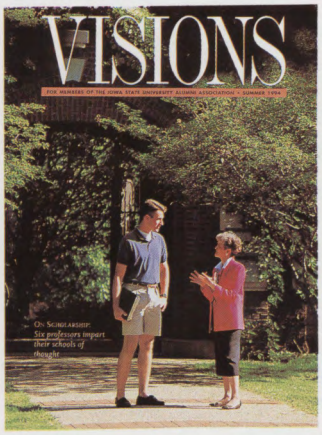
LETTERS



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 50014-7164.

Work loads?

I enjoyed "On the Right Track" *(Hub, Summer '94)* which enumerates the amount of time spent by ISU professors during their work week. It stated that six credit hours per week, or 49.5 percent, of their time was spent on teaching, 30.6 percent on research, 13 percent on public and professional service and 5.6 percent on administrative tasks.

The statistics fascinated me to the extent that I felt obliged to tabulate it in a form that should make it more comprehensible to others as well as myself.

ISU PROFESSOR'S WEEKLY WORKLOAD

HRS.	MIN.	SEC.	%
Teaching (credit hours)			
6	0	0	49.5
Research			
3	42	33	30.6
Public and Professional Service			
1	34	33	13.0
Administration			
0	40	44	5.6
Not identified			
0	9	27	1.3
HOURS WORKED PER WEEK			
12 Hrs.	56 Min.	50 Sec.	100.0%

Maurice R. Clark, '44
LaJolla, Calif.

Sounds of silence

Recently I watched Iowa Public Television's program on "Racism in Iowa." The most powerful message was the challenge to speak out against racism and hate when it occurs. What surprises me about VISIONS recently *(Letters, Summer '94)* is the lack of letters challenging the intolerant letters. After reading the one that attacks homosexuality, I would like to ask the author if he considers himself to be hateful and bigoted. If his answer was "No," then I would suggest it seems he holds an image of himself inconsistent with what he wrote. Perhaps he could see that in his mean-spirited letter against homosexuals, he is not much different from the advocates of slavery who saw the slave as being less than human. If the writer answered, "Yes, I am a bigot and proud of it," then the situation is sad and scary. I would be more proud of my alma mater if more readers would write and challenge such intolerance.

I WOULD LIKE TO ASK THE AUTHOR IF HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF TO BE HATEFUL AND BIGOTED. IF HIS ANSWER WAS "NO," THEN I WOULD SUGGEST IT SEEMS HE HOLDS AN IMAGE OF HIMSELF INCONSISTENT WITH WHAT HE WROTE. IF THE WRITER ANSWERED, "YES, I AM A BIGOT AND PROUD OF IT," THEN THE SITUATION IS SAD AND SCARY.

Helen D. Gunderson, '67
Gilbert, Iowa

What mindless drivel passing as commentary! I'm referring to [William F.] Miner's letter, "Moral of the Story." To comment on the substance of his hate-inspired, spiteful rhetoric would give more credence than the author deserves.

His apparent concern with toilet imagery and sex acts clearly speaks to his obsessions — *not* to the subject matter showcased with the sincere and thoughtfully written pieces published recently in VISIONS.

I commend VISIONS for addressing *the* single most significant social movement today since the civil rights struggle in the '60s—that of equality for gays, lesbians and yes, bisexuals and transgender people, too. However, I was embarrassed with the lunacy represented with this particular letter. I hope we can continue a dialogue, in VISIONS, at ISU and elsewhere, based on intelligence, compassion and equality.

Curt N. Peterson, '79
St. Louis Park, Minn.

Moving targets

I am a hunter, a target shooter, life member of the ISU Alumni Association and an NRA member. I applaud VISIONS for printing the obviously controversial views of Mr. L.E. Shultz *(Frame of Reference, Spring '94)*. College-educated readers should

LETTERS

appreciate that informed debate on any subject requires all viewpoints, no matter how unpopular they may be.

I have never shot anyone, nor have any overwhelming desire to do so. Yet, as a firearm owner and hunter, I have the pleasure of being stereotyped as a cold-blooded criminal by the paranoid and viewed as a ruthless killer by those who buy their groceries at Cub Foods. I should accept this. I get little pleasure from clubbing a small, dimpled ball hundreds of yards towards a small hole, or from beating a fuzzy sphere over a net towards an opponent—how can I expect others to understand the challenge of putting six shots into the X ring of a target?

To what I take exception is having my hobby targeted for termination because violent criminals choose to misuse firearms (as well as knives, baseball bats, claw hammers and, the favorite of the inebriated, the automobile) against fellow humans. The attack on firearms as being the cause of crime is not far different from calling the head the cause of brain tumors. The generation of peace and love (which evolved into the generation of greed and materialism) did a fine job of promoting the chemical path to artificial enlightenment and escape, but failed to teach a respect for others to the next generation. Those who created Generation X and its ever increasing substance abuse problem now seem to be trying to get by with only a superficial effort to make a change for the better. Now, instead of concentrating on trying to correct society's ills with such programs as job training for the unemployed, increased education for our young, or even a real war on drugs starting with rehabilitation of the addicts and ending with an assault on trafficking, there is a more shortsighted effort to enact more gun control laws—laws that honest citizens will continue to follow, laws that true criminals will continue to ignore.

Jeffrey D. Deitering, '91
Kansas City, Mo.

INSTEAD OF CONCENTRATING ON TRYING TO CORRECT SOCIETY'S ILLS WITH SUCH PROGRAMS AS JOB TRAINING FOR THE UNEMPLOYED, INCREASED EDUCATION FOR OUR YOUNG, OR EVEN A REAL WAR ON DRUGS STARTING WITH REHABILITATION OF THE ADDICTS AND ENDING WITH AN ASSAULT ON TRAFFICKING, THERE IS A MORE SHORTSIGHTED EFFORT TO ENACT MORE GUN CONTROL LAWS—LAWS THAT HONEST CITIZENS WILL CONTINUE TO FOLLOW, LAWS THAT TRUE CRIMINALS WILL CONTINUE TO IGNORE.

Heads up

Generally, my wife and I enjoy reading each issue of VISIONS to keep up on happenings at Iowa State University. The articles are well-written and appropriately chosen. However, the title, *A teacher can never tell where his influence stops, (Summer 1994)* seems more than a little insensitive in this day and age. The fact is that there are now and always have been many fine women teachers, even at Iowa State University. Perhaps the heading might have been more appropriate written as *Teachers can never tell where their influence stops.* The implication of the heading that women teachers are without significant influence is, to be sure, incorrect.

Other than this editorial slip, we enjoy reading VISIONS. Keep up the good work.

Anthony J. Moye, PhD '62
Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.

Will Floyd fill the void?

I was saddened about the one-year moratorium on the *Bomb (Hub, Summer '94)*, and then I was upset to read about the $450,000 per year "package" for new men's head basketball coach Tim Floyd. I thought ISU was in the business of higher education, but I see now that ISU is in the business of business. The staff at the *Bomb* could ask Tim Floyd for a contribution of a mere 2.2 percent of his annual "package" to make up for the $10,000 in student fees stripped away by the GSB for the upcoming school year.

Brian Wood, 1980
San Jose, Calif.

Led down the wrong path?

In her piece titled "Why Jenny Can't Lead," *(Frame of Reference, Summer '94)* Professor [Theresa] McCormick has set a new record for the volume of confusion, obfuscation and nonsense per inch of prose. In fairness, anyone asked to be a diversity facilitator, whatever that is, and coordinator of a multicultural nonsexist education program is entitled to be confused.

To deal with just one bit of content, anyone who suggests that biology does not influence destiny is challenged in multiple areas.

There is some humor associated with the people mentioned: Aristotle, Rousseau and Rush Limbaugh. Rush should be proud. I presume he's included so the villains mentioned wouldn't all be dead white males.

Daryl L. Polenz, '57
White Plains, N.Y.

THE HUB

Ultra-conservative church leader, ex-ag secretary dies

Ezra Taft Benson, a force both in the Mormon Church and United States agriculture policy, died in May of congestive heart failure.

The strait-laced 1927 Iowa State College master's degree graduate served eight tumultuous years as ag secretary under President Eisenhower. He was widely known for his opposition to civil rights and the women's movement and his criticism of what he called Eisenhower's "galloping socialism." The religious doctrinaire was staunchly opposed to farm subsidies — a position that obviously didn't curry favor with the nation's agricultural community. During a speech in Sioux Falls, S.D., he was pelted by eggs thrown by farmers.

His fiery speeches often met similar opposition during his nine years as president of the Mormon Church. He became the church's 13th president in 1985; the 94 year old had been so severely ill in recent years that he was unable to speak and often failed to recognize even close friends.

PHOTO COURTESY MORMON CHURCH

Ezra Taft Benson

DIRTY SOCKS.
LOUD MUSIC.
SLEEPOVER GUESTS.
PIZZA UNDER YOUR PILLOW.
DIRTY SOCKS.
AREN'T ROOMMATES GRAND?

Whether it's been six months or 60 years since you lived at Iowa State, chances are you've never forgotten the best and worst brought out in us all by sharing a 10-by-10 space with one — or two, perish the thought — fellow not-quite adults.

So tell us about it.

An upcoming issue of VISIONS will take a lighthearted waltz through the history of cubicle-sharing at ISU. And we need your help. What are your fondest memories? What memories still make you shudder? What friendships — and enmities — were forged in those tight quarters?

Put your thoughts on paper and send them to Roommates, VISIONS magazine, Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50014-7164 or fax to (515) 294-9402.

Hands Across the Water

Outback Outreach

Talk about extension. Iowa State University has signed a preliminary agreement with a group of investors to establish a college in Cairns, Australia, by April 1996. Students there would be able to earn an ISU degree in restaurant, hotel and institution management.

The plan calls for Australian and Taiwanese investors to provide funding, while Iowa State supplies faculty and curriculum but no financing. Students' studies would have them spending at least one semester in Ames — Up Over, as it were. Some ISU faculty will work in Cairns, and students from the Ames campus will have the opportunity to study and work in Australia.

Cairns is said to have a particular need in trained hotel and restaurant managers. Located in Queensland Province on Australia's northeast coast (we lied about the Outback), its proximity to both the Great Barrier Reef and a rain forest make it a popular tourist attraction.

If details can be ironed out and plans further formalized, officials hope to have about 280 students enrolled in classes that would begin as early as April 1996.

Let Us Atom

Iowa State is taking a decidedly cross-disciplinary approach to its efforts to help Russians clean up environmental damage.

In May, the university signed an agreement with Russian officals to establish a center for sharing environmental technology. Researchers from four ISU areas will take part: the College of Agriculture, Ames Lab, the Center for Agricultural and Rural Development (CARD) and the College of Veterinary Medicine. Members of the ISU contingent will work with the Russians to identify and clean up contamination such as fallout from the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear explosion.

The topics of study are as diverse as the ISU scientists enlisted to help, including techniques for avoiding such disasters, radioactive materials' effects on crops and livestock and the economic implications of cleanups.

Revolving Deans' door

HOMETOWN HIRE

After two national searches spanning 21 months, Iowa State University's College of Design plucked its new dean right out of its own back yard.

Mark Engelbrecht, a full-time professor of architecture for 10 years, took over as dean in August. He replaces Thomas Galloway, who left for Georgia Tech more than two years ago.

"More than any other candidate, external or internal, Mark's vision for the college generated a real enthusiasm among faculty, staff and students," says Provost John Kozak.

Engelbrecht is a native of nearby Nevada, Iowa, and a 1963 Iowa State graduate. His primary research and professional interests lie in the designing of spaces for senior citizens.

HELP WANTED IN COLLEGE OF BIZ ...

David Shrock, who led Iowa State University's young College of Business to its first American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business accrediation, left the university in August to become dean of the University of South Carolina's College of Business Administration.

Shrock, who took over the then-5-year-old college in 1989, also chaired such campuswide groups as the Task Force on Budget Priorities and the current Diversity Steering Committee.

Transportation and logistics Professor Benjamin Allen is serving as interim dean as officials search for the third dean in the college's 10-year history.

... AND DEAN OF STUDENTS OFFICE

Mary Beth Snyder, ISU's dean of students since 1989, left the university in July to take a post as vice president for student affairs at Oakland University in Rochester, Mich.

Among her top accomplishments in her five-year stint are a program preparing students in such areas as safety and race and sex discrimination and a task force funding students' multicultural activities. Snyder is a Michigan native.

Doug Houghton, Snyder's assistant dean, is serving as interim dean of students for the department that oversees student organizations, tutoring, multicultural programs, Greek affairs, the Women's Center, student legal services and student disciplinary affairs.

ESP Targets Young Minds

Forty freshman minority students are serving as pioneers in a new seminar course aimed at helping minorities find academic and personal success at Iowa State University.

The Early Success Program, patterned after ISU's successful Freshman Honors Program, offers freshmen regular seminars and mentoring opportunities with both faculty and upperclass minority students. Also like Freshman Honors, Early Success academic advisers will encourage students to conduct independent projects.

Early Success' ultimate goal is increased retention and graduation rates of students from all minority groups.

"AND YOU CAN QUOTE ME"

"We're dealing with complex issues that don't just come down to, 'Does it smell bad?'"

—Environmental Protection Agency psychologist James Prah, during international conference on hog odor held at Iowa State in June

IF ONLY DOMINO'S DELIVERED TO THE FRONT

Civil War soldiers relied extensively on a so-called food item called hard tack to maintain their strength and fight off hunger.

By all reports, it was about as palatable as a mixture of salt and plaster of Paris.

Unfortunately, the U.S. Army hasn't come all that far these past 130 years — a foible that a quartet of Iowa State scientists is trying to remedy.

The current Army standard is the MRE — meal ready to eat. The problem is, Uncle Sam has yet to find a consistent way to make an MGE — meal good to eat. "You get good food but not food that you'd have in a normal meal," says Dennis Olson, director of the Utilization Center for Agricultural Products.

Because combat rations must be able to last months or even years without refrigeration, the conventional wisdom has held that casserole-type foods — with liquids that allow khaki-clad chefs to employ high heat to kill bacteria — were the only answer. Goulash once a week is fine, but imagine this family reunion fare three times a day for months on end.

At the Army's prompting, Olson, microbiologist Elsa Murano, nutritionist and food scientist Peter Murano and meat scientist Joseph Sebranek are seeking ways to enhance the foods of such staples as pizza and hamburgers. Among their options are high pressure and irradiation.

The ISU team is working under a $565,620 Army grant.

JEFF WAGNER/NORTHWEST IOWA REVIEW

STACKED DECK

Late last spring, ISU architecture student Brian Berg broke his own world record by building a house of cards 15-feet, 8-inches high — 14 inches taller than his 2-year-old mark. Beginning the Friday of spring semester finals week, Berg needed more than 60 hours to complete the structure in the Lakes Art Center in Okoboji near his hometown of Spirit Lake.

Among the national media tuning in to his towering effort was *CBS This Morning*, which showed up the day he completed the 500-deck, 85-pound skyscraper. Minutes after the mark was confirmed by a representative of *The Guinness Book of World Records*, Berg leveled the edifice like, well, like a house of cards.

No more mortar bored

More than a few of Iowa State University's newest alumni have voted with their feet on the inability of a mass commencement ceremony to properly honor bachelor's degree recipients:

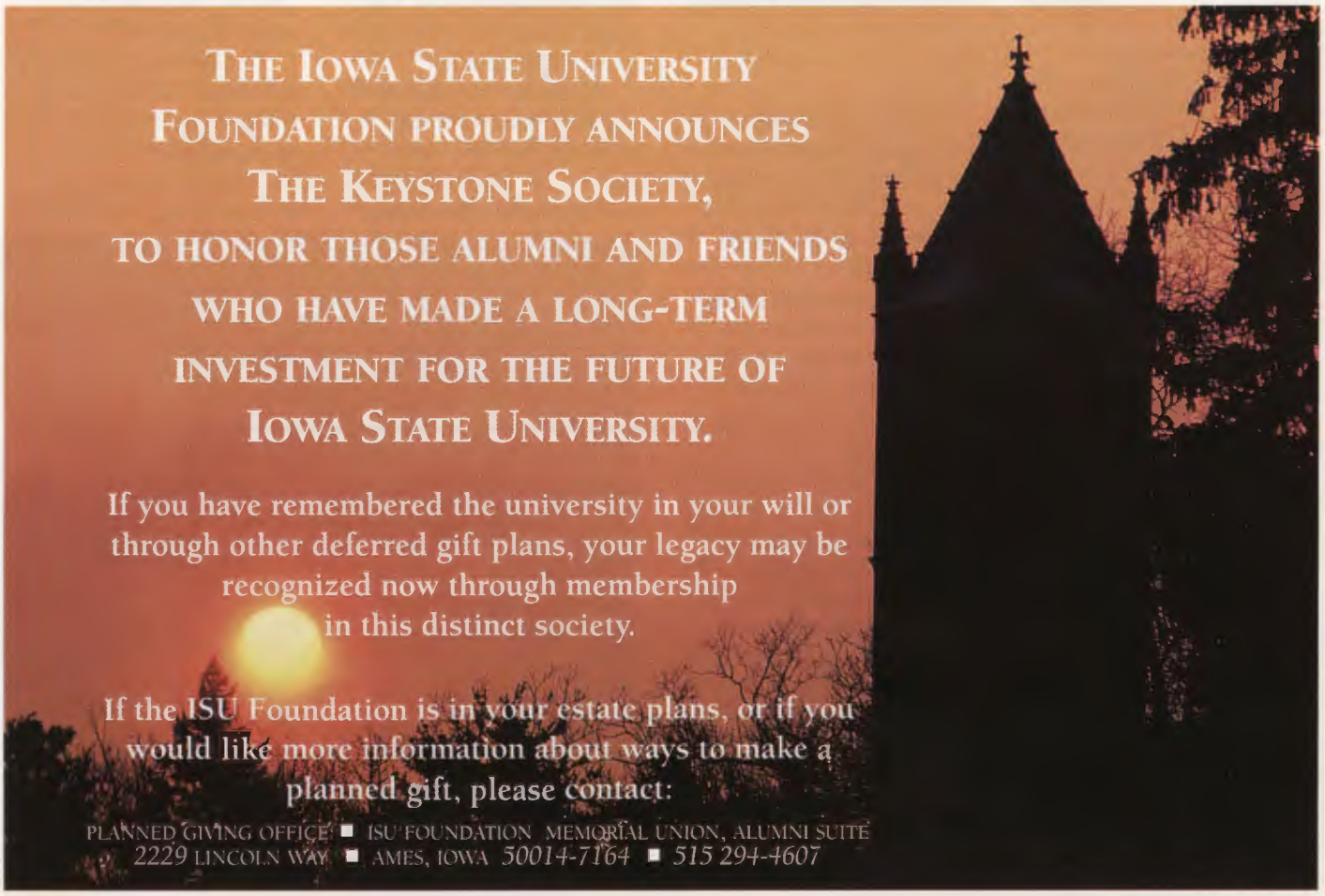
They find better things to do with their Saturday morning. Ninja Turtles reruns, for one.

You file in, endure a gauntlet of speakers, stand when your college is announced and wait impatiently to bolt for your party. If, as President Martin Jischke said in his fall convocation, "Our [undergraduate] students are our most important customers, and our success is determined largely by how well we serve them," the university had a funny way of showing it come graduation day.

But change is on the way.

The weekend of Dec. 16-17 will mark the debut of a revamped commencement plan. Graduate students will march to *Pomp and Circumstance* Friday evening, while undergrads will don the flat-tops en masse Saturday afternoon. That's a small twist, however, compared to the one that occurs Saturday morning: Each college will hold its own convocation and reception to honor its graduates.

"The idea came from a desire to give more recognition to undergraduate students," says Herman Richtsmeier, ISU's associate registrar. The Ad Hoc Commencement Committee developed the plan after holding discussion sessions and surveying students and parents.



Beau coups

Cornelia Flora (center)

LANDING WORLD-CLASS SCHOLARS MOVES ISU TO A HIRE PLANE

NEARLY A YEAR LATER, Duane Enger still can barely rein in his glee. He fairly chuckles in describing his Department of Zoology and Genetics' hiring of celebrated maize geneticist Tom Peterson.

"I can't begin to tell you what it means to all of the university to bring in somebody of Tom's caliber," Enger says. "A hire like this is a tremendous catalyst."

When a department hires, say, a crack magazine writer, it can hope to produce a crack magazine. But landing a nationally or internationally renowned researcher can result in wave-like reverberations across campus. Suddenly the results of such a hire go beyond one researcher in a single discipline. The kind of hires detailed below produce an almost immeasurable wealth of aftershocks from student recruitment to grant-obtaining to international reputation. Certainly these aren't the only three such scientists toiling at Iowa State University. But they are prime examples of the myriad results of a world-class recruiting effort.

A Rural Find

Former Virginia Tech sociology Chair Cornelia Flora wasn't in the job market, but that didn't stop the North Central Regional Center for Rural Development (NCRCRD) from throwing a full-court press on her. "We went after [Flora] because we knew she was a world-class scholar, and we wanted to diversify the scope of rural development," says sociology Professor Paul Lasley, a member of the NCRCRD search committee.

So seriously did the university want Flora that former sociology chair Bob Meier says, "I went shopping all over this campus for salary dollars. Extension, provost's office, everywhere. Bringing in somebody like this takes a great amount of teamwork."

Flora points to the NCRCRD's standing as one of four regional centers studying and promoting rural development as crucial to her accepting the post. "I see this as a historic moment in rural America, a time where [the NCRCRD] can make a huge different in the lives of people," she says. "This is the moment, the time to develop new partnerships among rural people. That's why I'm here."

The successful wooing of Flora was a two-for-one deal — her husband, Jan Flora, also a respected rural sociologist, joined the sociology faculty this summer.

Because reputations are as portable as people, Flora's reputation now becomes, in a sense, ISU's. Thus her expertise in sustainable agriculture and sustainable communities, her accomplishments in international development and rural leadership development — particularly among women — become Iowa State's, as well.

A-maizing-ing Hire

Some aspects of a scientist's work clearly are more mobile than others.

Tom Peterson's reputation in molecular biology readily followed him from Cold Springs Harbor Laboratory in New York to Ames. But his five tons of maize were another matter.

A call to North American Van Lines proved to be the answer, and, about a year later, Peterson is performing state-of-the-art genetic research in the name of Iowa State University.

Though he studies maize, Peterson says his work could one day have important ramifications in the curing and prevention of such human diseases as leukemia. A specific gene — called P — performs similar functions in maize and many mammals. By analyzing its functions in corn, Peterson hopes to unearth answers relative to human health.

"When P goes awry in corn, a red color appears in

the kernel," Peterson says. "And we know if we knock this gene out in mice, you can create a mutation. But nobody knows beyond that what this gene is doing."

Peterson, like Flora, is an example of how several key factors meld to result in the hire of one of the country's top scientists in his field. Crucial to his hiring was the Pioneer Hi-Bred International Chair in Molecular Biology for the study of maize, created during the university's $214.5 million Partnership for Prominence Campaign. Pioneer's gift of $500,000 and matching funds from the Iowa Department of Economic Development created the $1 million endowment.

"The Pioneer endowment was a great attraction," Peterson says. "I came from a soft-money situation [at Cold Springs Harbor], where you raise your salary and research money. Opportunities like this don't come along often."

Adds department chair Enger: "People like Tom don't worry about perks and other things. They're driven by the desire to have available that which they need to do their work. It's a little different than hiring a basketball coach."

But the impact on a program shares similarities with hiring a so-called "name" coach. Enger says Peterson's hiring will enable zoology and genetics and related departments to land stronger grad students and post-doctoral researchers, as well as faculty members. "It's an instant visibility that you get with somebody like Tom," Enger says.

Tom Peterson

Don Wilford

Of Big Blue and revenue

Saying you can't put a price tag on a top scientist's hiring would be a bit of a misnomer in the case of Don Wilford. When the acclaimed semiconductor physicist came to the university's Microelectronics Research Center late last year straight from IBM, he brought along several million dollars worth of equipment. Nobody's saying just how many million, pending agreement between ISU and IBM regarding the size of gift for which the corporation will be credited.

What is known is this: IBM, like many private corporations, is drastically downsizing its research laboratories. When Wilford went looking for better opportunities in which to conduct his work, ISU seemed to be the perfect match.

"I was persuaded that this was a growing place, that it wanted to be the No. 1 land grant university in science and engineering," says Wilford who, because of his expertise in basic physics research, regularly was wooed by university suitors in his 15-plus years at IBM. "That really impressed me."

Enger's previous description of Peterson's motives apply for Wilford, as well. He says the MRC provides an exciting arena both for conducting basic research and moving it into applied areas. Wilford says his multi-million labs are getting new homes in Ames, with the construction of two new buildings.

"It's going to make this an even better place to do research," he says.

Iowa State University could say the same for the hirings of Tom Peterson, Cornelia Flora and Don Wilford. ◐

...With Bells On

IOWA STATERS OFFER A RINGING ENDORSEMENT AT THE CAMPANILE'S MOVING REDEDICATION CEREMONY.

Tin-she Tam

FOR 29 MONTHS, IT WAS like St. Louis without the arch.

Like Seattle without the Space Needle.

Like Paris without the Eiffel Tower.

But Iowa State University central campus' chime-free 29 months came pealing to a halt on Sept. 25, to the utter delight of thousands of Iowa State University students, faculty and alumni.

The bells were back.

ISU marked the successful restoration of its most beloved symbol — the ISU campanile and the Stanton Memorial Carillon— with a moving re-dedication ceremony and concert. The two-hour program included a celebrated guest carillonneur, ISU's new permanent carillonneur and Jim Wilson, composer of *The Bells of Iowa State.*

"Going without such a visible symbol of the university all this time has been stressful on so many of us," says Sue Haug, chair of ISU's Department of Music. "This celebration gave us an opportunity to put that period behind us and mark the return of the bells."

The story of the saving is sure to be scripted in university lore for decades. Three years ago, the 93-year-old campanile was hit with a challenging double-whammy: Sorely needed structural repair and constrictive state funding. The music department was forced to slice the carillonneur position from its budget, spurring alumni from Ames and around the country to rally. A local deejay helped raise $10,700, and several alumni came through with substantial gifts. Then, after $350,000 had been raised to renovate the structure, an anonymous donor gave $1 million to permanently endow a restoration fund. Several months later Charles, '26, and Ivadelle, '27, Cownie of Des Moines gave $250,000 to establish an endowed professorship — the carillonneur's position.

The first person hired through the Cownies' donation — Tin-she Tam — debuted at the Sept. 25 celebration. "In the short time I have been here, I have already felt how excited people are to have [the campanile] back," says Tam, a native of Hong Kong who recently earned her D.M.A. in organ at the University of Michigan. She is the university's fifth carillonneur, dating back to 1931 when Ira Schroeder began a 38-year stint. ◐

Carl A. Bluedorn, '31

Carl Bluedorn's ISU loyalty spans the decades. In the 63 years since earning an engineering degree, Carl has done it all for his alma mater. He was among the earliest leaders enlisted to serve as Governors for the ISU Foundation. For more than 30 years he has served in various positions including Board Chair and Governors Division Chair for the Partnership for Prominence Campaign. His service has been matched by his outstanding financial support for scholarships, athletics and the College of Engineering.

THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION

1994 Order of the Knoll Award Recipients

Carl Bluedorn and Silicon Graphics, Inc.

Edward R. McCracken, '66

On the ISU campus, students are benefitting from the $5 million worth of Silicon Graphics technology given to the university through Silicon Graphics President and CEO, Edward McCracken. With his SGI gift, Ed McCracken has moved the future into the hands of ISU students where engineering teaching is being done in an innovative new way. SGI computers are used to teach complex three-dimensional and visualization course work. Few other gifts have made such a dramatic impact on engineering teaching.

The Order of the Knoll Awards recognize individual and corporate philanthropists whose support for Iowa State University is truly exemplary. Carl Bluedorn and Silicon Graphics, Inc. recently were named ISU's 1994 Order of the Knoll Award recipients. Exceptional generosity such as that shown by Carl Bluedorn and Edward McCracken has kept the fund-raising momentum strong, propelling ISU to new highs for donor contributions. Private giving through the ISU Foundation reached its 2nd-highest level in 1993-94. Carl Bluedorn and Edward McCracken have provided the fuel for these current achievements, and for a stronger university in the years ahead.

Join us in saluting these alumni leaders as true Portraits of Excellence.

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DOWN on the FARM

History yields a dubious crop of agricultural feats

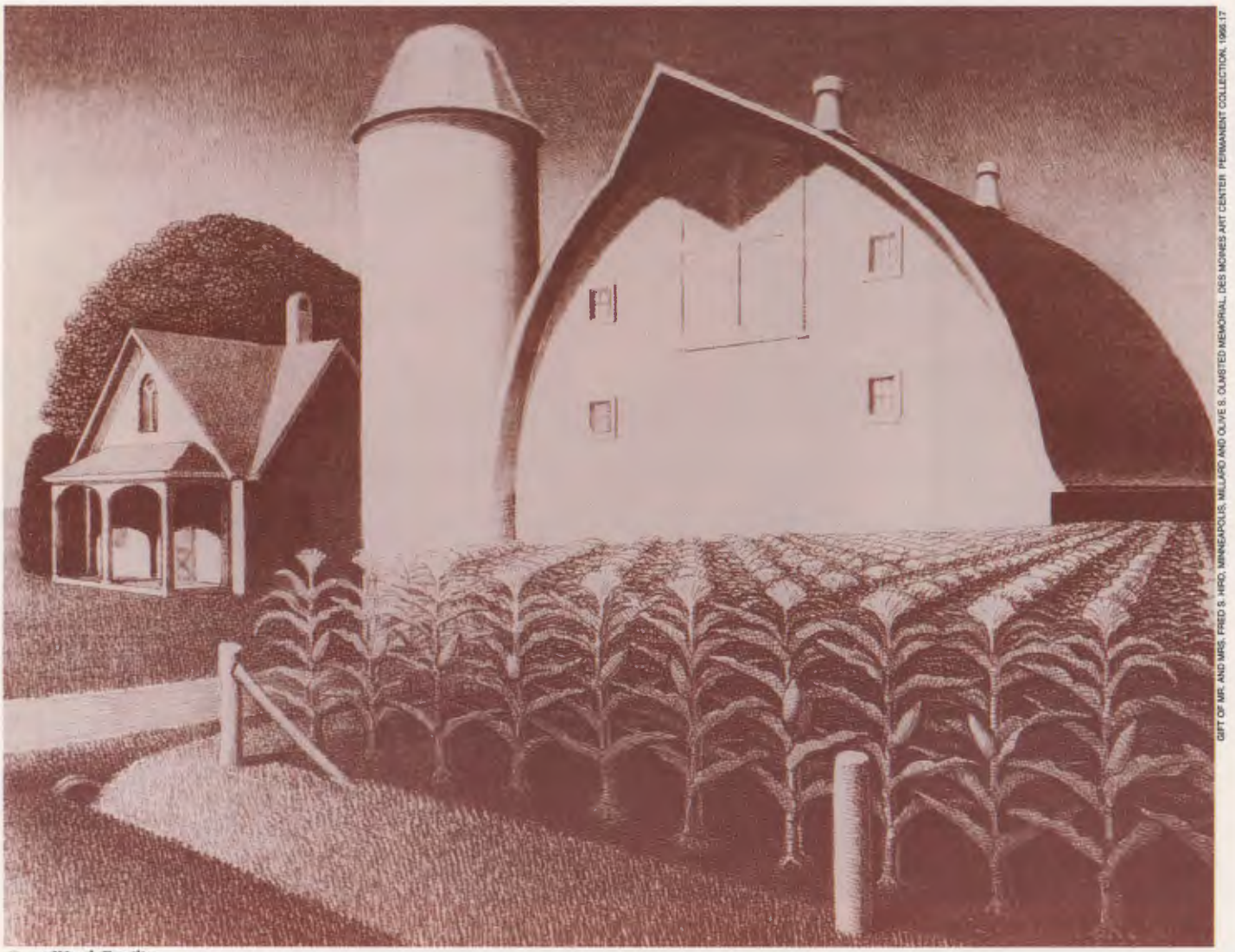
BY R. DOUGLAS HURT

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE is a story of incredible achievement. But when considering the entire history of American farming, success is not the entire story. Certainly, there is much to praise about American agriculture during its long history.

The production of American farmers remains unsurpassed by agriculturists of any other nation. Their risk taking, entrepreneurial spirit and courage enabled the settlement of the greater part of the North American continent, and they helped build a strong nation to which other countries turn for guidance and aid — that is, leadership. Certainly, the United States is respected regarding its agricultural achievements.

Yet, America's agricultural history is not the story of continuous progress or moral certainty. Because it is a story of human actions over time and in the context of culture and place, it has been shaped by the best and the worst of human nature. Certainly, inventive minds and skillful hands of men and women alike have played an instrumental role in American agricultural history. But the history of American agriculture is also a story of daring fraud, insatiable greed, ruthless speculation, vicious racism, malicious corporate power, callous government policy and incredible violence. Nor is it just a story of bountiful harvests that have conquered hunger and created a well-fed nation. It is also the history of poverty, hunger and want.

Technological change in American agriculture provides an



Grant Wood, Fertility

excellent example of this complexity. Technology invariably has been based on economic motives that have caused lasting social consequences for small-scale farmers and agricultural workers. Yet in the absence of social controls, technological change is limited only by imagination and intellectual ability. Simply put, technological development does not necessarily mean progress for everyone. For some, it bodes technological unemployment. Certainly, no easy solutions have existed for resolving this most complicated problem in American agriculture, because it involves matters of ethics and philosophy and not merely economics and hardware.

The development and adoption of the mechanical tomato harvester epitomizes the benefits and problems of technological change in American agriculture because it has both helped and hurt farmers and agricultural workers. By the mid-1960s, for example, the rapid mechanization of the tomato harvest in California had been largely stimulated not by per acre or tonnage cost savings, but by a perceived labor shortage problem after the termination of the bracero program in 1964. In the Midwest, however, mechanization resulted from the efforts of the growers and processors to defeat unionization by migrant workers.

...Technological change... has helped relegate the farmer to minority status in American society.

Indeed, mechanization appealed to Midwestern growers and processors alike because it offered the potential to eliminate strikes and boycotts by migrant workers. The cost savings at harvest time were merely an added benefit. All of the tomato growers in Ohio, for example, were contract farmers and therefore tied inextricably to the processors. The growers had little financial flexibility to meet the increased salary and benefit demands of the budding Farm Labor Organizing Committee, because their earnings had been determined long before harvest time by the price that the processors contracted to pay. When the union struck for higher wages, the processors reacted by forcing their contract farmers to adopt mechanical pickers to ensure adequate and timely delivery of the crop at harvest time. The processors not only required machine harvesting, but they also gave contracts for larger acreages to those growers who adopted the mechanical harvester. More acreage meant greater production and profits. The farmers in Ohio did not have any choice. If they wanted to raise tomatoes, they needed a market. To gain a market, they needed a contract. In order to get a contract, they had to promise to mechanize their harvest. The processors, not the farmers, then, broke the organizational back of the union in the Midwest, and they used the mechanical harvester to do it. Thus the mechanical tomato harvester is an excellent example of the manner in which technological change in American agriculture can help some people while harming others.

Technological change has had an equally profound effect on American agriculture and life. It has eased the drudgery of farm tasks, increased productivity and necessitated an increase in farm size. It also has been an important cause in the decline in farm population. In 1900, nearly 30 million—41.9 percent—of the United States population lived on farms. Today, 4.6 million people — 1.8 percent — of the population are farmers. Indeed, technological change — mechanical as well as biological —has helped relegate the farmer to minority status in American society. Moreover, this change has had a multiplier effect on economic development. Self-

propelled implements, for example, have increased demands on oil producers and refiners. New machines have helped support iron and steel production and stimulated metallurgical change. Mechanics, sales people and parts suppliers have appeared to service and sell this new technology. Extended markets, efficient transportation systems and better storage facilities also have been developed to meet the needs of farmers who have increased their productivity with technology.

But technological change has not come without steep social costs. Because technology helped farmers increase production, it also helped eliminate the need for many agriculturists. As farm population declined, rural schools and churches closed. People who might have lived and worked on farms moved to urban environments. Technological change unarguably has made farm work easier, but it has displaced many thousands of agricultural workers in the process. In doing so it has changed the course of lives and the living patterns of several million people. One cannot say with certainty that the black sharecropper replaced by the cotton picker and the migrant worker eliminated by the sugar beet and tomato harvesters lead better lives because the machines removed them from "stoop" labor — even though the landowners investing in those machines are profiting dearly.

The moral and ethical problems of using technology to replace human labor remains an important issue, particularly

Grant Wood, In the Spring

in times of high unemployment. Agricultural technology, of course, is neither good nor evil. Rather, it is beneficial for some groups and harmful to others at any specific time. Technology, for example, has not been entirely helpful for some agricultural workers, small-scale farmers with limited capital and individuals who are unaware of the best financial management practices. In general economic and nutritional terms, however, technological change has greatly benefitted farmers and American society.

Today, farmers continue to need large amounts of capital, extensive land and better management skills — as well as technology — to remain in business. They also continue to depend on government price supports, purchases and marketing. Entry into farming by young people remains difficult, given the capital and financial requirements to begin a profitable operation. Although farmers can begin from scratch by purchasing land, implements and livestock, their odds of success are not high. Regional differences involving land prices and availability as well as the proximity of farms to markets play a major role in the success or failure of new operations. By the late 20th century, the historical problem of over-production and low prices also remained unsolved, in part because weather and inflation as well as foreign exchange rates and foreign policy made planning and programming extremely difficult. Farmers hoped the "safety net" of

GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. ELLIS I. LEVITT, DES MOINES ART CENTER PERMANENT COLLECTION, 1968.27

Grant Wood, March

government income and price-support programs would keep them on the land.

In retrospect, then, the history of American agriculture has been the story of nearly constant change, for better and worse. By the late 20th century, as during the early 17th century, the concerns of farm men and women remained the same. Most sought profits through commercial production and worried about obtaining and keeping enough land to farm profitably. Access to markets, transportation, interest rates and technology occupied their thoughts. They wanted education and good health for their children. Women still helped, but their roles primarily involved providing advice in the decision-making process, such as commodity marketing, rather than hard physical labor, and they often held jobs in town. Without question, then, the history of American agriculture is the story of both success and failure. It is an incredibly complex and exciting story that must be known by anyone who professes to understand anything about American history, particularly because the United States is an urban nation.

It is a story of achievement and failure as well as desperation and hope—this is, life. Much has been written about it, yet much remains to be done.

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Excerpted from *American Agriculture: A Brief History* by R. Douglas Hurt. Reprinted with permission from Iowa State University Press.

'So They Plow Hard'

The Great Depression made life immeasurably worse for southern farmers. One southerner observed that they lived in "a world in which survival depended on raw courage, a courage born out of desperation and sustained by a lack of alternatives." In 1930, cotton prices averaged about 10 cents per pound and an index of 58 based on parity prices at 100 for the period 1909-1914. In 1931, a near-record breaking crop dropped prices by half. Tobacco, rice and other crops also suffered severe price declines, but operating costs and taxes did not fall as quickly, and farmers complained about the "cost-price squeeze." Drought made matters worse, and many southerners who had moved to the cities for employment and found none compounded the agricultural problem by returning to their rural communities. In 1931, James Edward Rice, writing for the New Republic, reported that tenant farmers did not have enough to eat. "And," he wrote, "with hunger growing at their vitals they plow in earnest, because they are in a desperate situation and they exist in terrible anxiety. So they plow hard." With approximately 5.5 million whites and 3 million blacks working as tenants and sharecroppers by 1935, poverty reigned supreme.

The demands for aid overwhelmed local relief agencies, and southerners uncharacteristically looked to the federal government for assistance. It came with the Agricultural Adjustment Act (AAA) and more than two dozen other agencies designed to aid the farmer. The New Deal agricultural program would in many respects do all of that, but it also revolutionized the credit system of the past, destroyed the institution of sharecropping and substituted the federal government for the landlord and furnishing merchant in the lives of farmers across the South.

... [But] the unintended consequences of the AAA drove the sharecroppers from the land, often to nearby towns and cities and onto the relief rolls. In February 1935, Harry R. Fraser, a reporter for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, wrote that the thousands of sharecroppers along the highways in the South were "lonely figures, without money, without homes and without hope."

... African-American farmers fared even worse. Locally administered relief agencies systematically discriminated against blacks. Most planers also opposed to government aid for blacks, especially work relief, because that assistance might drive up labor costs. In 1933, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia complained that federal relief was "utterly ruining" black farmers. Often southern relief offices, administered by planers, closed during cotton-picking time to force unemployed and displaced African Americans back into the fields as cheap day workers.

MEDICINE MAN

ALUMNUS BRUCE ANDERSON SCALES THE HIMALAYAS TO BRUSH UP NATIVE NEPALESE ON ORAL EXAMS

"Nepal Calls To Dentists. Charitable Group Seeks Adventurous."

The headline in the American Dental Association News (and a gorgeous photo of Mt. Everest) caught my attention. I treat native Americans in the backwoods of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, but a taste of Asia during February sounded like the perfect getaway. Even more interesting to a public health dentist like me was the opportunity to venture into territories previously visited by only two other dentists.

On an otherwise uneventful day last fall, amidst the toothaches and fillings, I received the call from New York-based Himalayan Healthcare that I had been chosen, as one of eight dentists from more than 400 applicants, for one of the spring treks into the rural village of Tipling. While I had studied a semester of dentistry in Denmark, I would share no ethnic or religious similarities with the Nepalese. I'd also never practiced without the benefit of running water or electricity.

The information provided me by the agency was less than inspiring. Nepal has one of the highest maternity and infant mortality rates in the world, and only one doctor for every 33,000 people. Virtually all of those physicians live in urban areas, while 90 percent of Nepal's 19 million citizens live in rural villages. Most of these areas are inaccessible by roads or even air. Needless to say, most of the country is poverty stricken. The per capita GNP is only $180, and the per capita health budget is less than half the average amount of other low-income nations.

My two fellow dentists and I were met in Nepal by Anil Parajuli, an Indian-trained physician. I'd been prepared for a bouncy ride in a rickety old bus; instead I climbed into a new van manufactured in India with the help of Mercedes-Benz. Within two minutes of leaving the

THE AUTHOR, LEFT, DISCUSSES THE FINE ART OF TOOTHBRUSHING WITH THE NEPALESE. NEXT TO HIM IS LOCAL PHYSICIAN ANIL PARAJULI.

airport, I saw my first stupa, a Buddhist religious shrine. The streets were littered with trash, a sharp contract to the tidy interior of the van. Parajuli bemoaned the destruction of the Kathmandu Valley, a paradise now degraded by the region's tremendous growth.

A dirt alley led us to the hotel we'd call home for the next few days. It was new and relatively modern, and offered excellent food and service. The average Nepali would need to spend one-third of his annual wages to afford one night in the hotel, which boasted color television and satellite-broadcast MTV.

Two days later, on March 23, 1994, following the arrival of three volunteer physicians, we left the comforts of Western life and took the high road into the Himalayas. We'd gladly left behind the oppressive pollution of Kathmandu for the remote, dirt-floored clinics of the mountains.

The van crawled northward throughout the day. We passed others packed into old buses or riding on rooftops while the calming strains of Bach and Beethoven lulled us along in the diesel van. The roads were unbelievably rugged, with switchbacks painstakingly carved into the hillsides. But we reached our destination in one day, managing to avoid washed-out sections of road due to ongoing landslides.

We were met at that first night's camp by the local porters hired for the trek into Tipling. Forty were promised jobs, but another 40 showed up, hoping to earn the $2.50 daily wages. We were treated to delicious trailside cuisine by our two cooks, and instruction in "Nepali Spades," a popular card game. We enjoyed our first night with our staff, who would spend the next many days cleaning our dental instruments, arranging for patients to be seen, guiding us along trails and entertaining us each evening.

The next morning, we set out on a three-day trek to the Ganesh Himals, site of the village of Tipling and requiring several passes over 15,000 feet. I soon understood Himalayan HealthCare's admonition months ago to train for endurance, and I was hopeful that my cross-country skiing and hiking would pay off. By nightfall it was cold and rainy, but we eventually mastered the pitching of our American-made tents. We affectionately dubbed our toilet-in-a-tent "Taj," after the mausoleum in Agra, India. One porter's task was to carry the tent and portable toilet seat in his homemade wicker basket, then erect it each night at the camp.

A few nights later, we found ourselves sitting around an open fire in a goat shed, attempting to escape the bone-chilling cold of rain mixed with sleet and snow at about 10,000 feet and 30 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE MAKESHIFT MEDICAL DISPENSARY, ON THE EVE OF ITS OPENING

The smoke filled the room with an intense cloud of eye-watering gases, much like what the average Nepali faces every day in a chimney-less house.

We finally arrived in Tipling on a beautiful sunny day, native children dancing around us as we entered the village. Adults stood in lines with their hands folded in front of them, chanting "Namaste, Namaste," the national greeting. They are members of the Tamang, one of many groups of traditional Nepali trying to carve out livings on the slopes of the Himalayas. The Tamang are considered among the most isolated, underprivileged and naive people in the country, and are certainly among the most poor.

The word was out that we were

arriving. Villagers had traveled two or three days up steep paths to seek our medical attention. Many of the Tamang, without the benefit of proper personal hygiene or footwear, suffered various leg, ankle and feet ailments. Most were infected with worms; the proper medication was depleted long before the end of the stay. Our physicians encountered a high incidence of pulmonary and gastrointestinal diseases, and heard countless tales of total body pain, which they attributed to the rugged trails climbed to meet us.

ONLY ONE-THIRD OF THE COUNTRY'S TOTAL POPULATION HAS WATER, AND ONLY 3 PERCENT HAS SANITATION FACILITIES.

We set up camp directly behind the Tipling health post, a short distance from the village. Our location was intentional; it allowed us some rest in the evenings, away from the village's activities.

The homes in the village were poorly constructed, with loose-fitting stones and either wooden planks or flat stones for roofs. Most of the two-story houses were clustered together. The lower levels served the needs of both people and animals, while the upper level was reserved for humans. Natives entered and left their homes by climbing a ladder placed against an upper balcony.

We were awakened each morning with a cup of hot tea delivered to our tents by a cook's helper. The tea was soon followed by a basin of warm water, a welcome relief from the dirt that had accumulated from the previous day's activities. Before my daily breakfast of pancakes or porridge, I'd take a short hike out to an old abandoned monastery for a dose of solitude. And then we'd tackle our caseload for the day.

We examined a steady stream of patients each day, relieving toothaches, draining abscesses and treating an occasional medical referral. Most of the adults in the village have at least one rotted tooth and often gum disease, due to poor diets, no oral hygiene and lack of natural flourides in their water. (Of course, only one-third of the country's total population has safe drinking water, and only 3 percent has sanitation facilities.) Our remedy? Five days of "point and pull" clinics, treating some patients who returned two or three times for appointments. Most symptoms required oral surgery; thank God for the Sault Ste. Marie dentists who generously supplied us with countless surgical instruments and supplies we left behind for the next dental team.

The only other hope for these natives in maintaining dental health will be to implement the brushing techniques we taught them. It's my hope that all the school children will keep the brushes we brought to the village; the village has no local stores and even items like toothbrushes are prohibitively expensive. My goal in helping the village was to instruct classroom teachers how to brush teeth, and then institute a program of brushing in the schools. The toothbrushes will have to continue to be supplied by outside sources, and will need to be stored in the school for safe keeping. Sadly, the village's adult population seems rooted in its habits, and most likely will continue to battle tooth and gum ailments.

Perhaps our most memorable medical breakthroughs arose when another dentist discovered an 18-month scalp infection in one of the village children. As one might imagine, this finding proved to be scent-driven. We had no proper drains in which to eliminate the infection, so Marty placed a rubber glove into a slit in the scalp as a makeshift conduit. It didn't work. Realizing that hospitalization was

needed, the child's mother left the village with us on our final day, carrying him on her back. Her trek ended when ours did, 3 days later, in Kathmandu.

She was one of many facinating villagers. The women were most colorful, with their nose rings bouncing and lotus blossom ornaments piercing their left nostrils. Many also wore large earrings fastened through the middle of their ear lobes; several of them wanted cosmetic surgery to repair lobes torn from abuse, which we could not provide. However, Marty, an oral surgeon, and I each removed an overgrowth of tissue from one woman's ears, a byproduct of those large earrings.

The men mostly wore homespun outfits that made them look rugged, although they were small in stature. One dignified older man I met wore a necklace that served as his toiletries kit. It contained numerous metal tools—one for tweezing out whiskers, heavier ones for removing thorns and splinters, an earwax scoop and a toothpick.

At night, we'd gather in the dining tent for food, stories, and cards. We did laugh when recalling the fear struck in several overweight villagers who were convinced the rolls of fat around their stomachs were symptomatic of disease, not overeating.

Our last day at the clinic brought a sigh of relief to most of us. While the work was rewarding, the lack of proper lighting and effective equipment took their toll. I remember the **M*A*S*H** episode where the surgeons were jubilant when the operating room got a new concrete floor to replace the dirt one; sadly, I can now relate.

Finally, we left Tipling for the downhill trip to Namche Bazaar. When the time came, it was difficult to say goodbye to the Himalayan HealthCare and Himalayan Holidays staffs. They had led us safely over some of this world's most rugged terrain, sharing with us their knowledge of the mountains and their people. They laughed, sang and played their drums for us regardless of weather, personal situations or desperate local conditions.

Two weeks after I left the hotel, I was back in Kathmandu and standing under a shower for the first time in nearly that many days. But what I can't wash away, still these many months later, are the memories of a kind, gentle people in desperate need of health care. And clean water.

And hope. ◐

LEFT: THE 5-ROOM TEMPORARY CLINIC IN TIPLING, FEATURING DIRT FLOORS AND NO ELECTRICITY OR WATER; (ABOVE) ANDERSON EXTRACTS A CHILD'S TOOTH, WITH ASSISTANCE FROM KRISHA.

MASKED WAR

THEY'VE SCRUTINIZED 'THE MAYOR'S' EVERY MOVE FOR THREE YEARS, BUT CY

RVEL

BY DAN DAVENPO

YCLONE FANS DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT THE REAL FRED HOIBERG

You don't tug on Superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim.

The good folk of Ames and a healthy portion of all Iowans who enjoy a good game of hoop might add a line to Jim Croce's time-honored lyrics: **HANDS OFF THE MAYOR.**

In combing through rosters of Iowa's two major universities in modern times (read: since TV and its effect on fans' scrutiny of athletes), one struggles to find an analogue to Fred Hoiberg. A check of prominent Iowa State University jocks turns up only near misses:

•**JEFF HORNACEK:** Uncanny court sense, a passing wizard, better in the NBA than anyone but he and his mom would've guessed. But not the most comfortable hero. Mayor, no. City manager, perhaps.

•**JEFF GRAYER:** Prodigious scorer (best in school history), decent if anonymous pro. But quiet to the point of perceived sullenness. City attorney.

•**DAN GABLE, RON GALLIMORE, ET AL.:** Immense talents. But, *vis a vis* Q ratings, chose their parents poorly. Minor sports have a glass ceiling at county supervisor.

•**GEORGE AMUNDSON, DWAYNE CRUTCHFIELD, ET AL.:** Superb athletes, but all those pads and all that distance between stands and field make it tough for football stars to play their way into fans' hearts. City council members.

•**PEG NEPPEL DARRAH, TONYA BURNS, ET AL.:** Women. Sadly, enough said. School board members.

Strip away the pretenders and you have only Fred, a 21 year old with blond Ken Doll looks wrapped around an enigmatic persona. Though thousands of Iowans would like to think they know their Mayor, he's managed to remain hidden from all but maybe a dozen closest to him: His parents, ISU sociology Professor Eric and Ames elementary teacher Karen; his brothers, '91 ISU graduate Steve and Ames High School sophomore Andrew; high school sweetheart, Carol McGee, a May '94 ISU graduate; a few high school buddies and Cyclone teammates Julius Michalik, Hurl Beechum and Loren Meyer. As the poet/pugilist Muhammad Ali said, *Who knows where I goes/ When the door is closed?*

Or as the Slovak philosopher Michalik proposes: "You know the All-American image created by the media, but you don't know him. Only off court do you see Freddy."

Details, Julo. We need details.

"Pickles."

Huh?

"Pickles. I lived with him for two years. He eats pickles all the time. Did the media tell you that one?"

No. Oh, the occasional sliver of his sneaky dry wit does slip through, when Hoiberg needles a teammate's poor shooting or jabs former Coach Johnny Orr's slice at a Cyclone Club golf outing. But reporters have generally penned Formica-thin profiles: How he never fails to dive for a loose ball, to stick to foes like Velcro, to toss in free throws like socks in a hamper — 83.4 percent for his career, including a school-record 34 straight last season. Essentially, how he never fails to do the right thing (his penchant for small-stakes poker notwithstanding). But he has never allowed his adoring fans a deeper look, never given in to the temptation of opening himself up to the glory so many so yearn to shower on him.

"We'd go to the restaurant when he was little, and tell him to take his hat off at the table," says his mother, Karen, an Ames fifth-grade teacher. "He'd say, 'People will look at my hair.' He didn't want to be noticed. It's what I always tell students: You don't need to tell people what you're good at. Do it, and they'll know."

Just like a mom: Give advice that's a 180 from everything your son sees in sports — especially basketball. If you can't walk the walk, talk the talk brashly enough and nobody will care. Scouts give Hoiberg a shot in the NBA, but it's doubtful Madison Avenue would give him a second look for hawking razor blades. Ability, poised understatement and a guarded but seething passion don't sell Mr. Coffees like they used to.

Therein lies a criticism of Hoiberg — maybe the only one you can utter in Story County without risking shattered kneecaps. Is he too controlled, too stolid? Should he pattern his personality more after Freddy Krueger than Fred

The Mayor is every bit as elusive on the court as off.

ISU PHOTO SERVICE

PHOTO BY JIM HEIDRITHA

Four who know him best: Max, Bailey, Mom and Dad.

MacMurray? "One thing is missing for him to be perfect leader," offers Michalik. "He doesn't say something during game. It's all I can think of."

Others stress that Hoiberg's presence is plenty forceful. "Don't be fooled," Orr says. "He's the leader. He's the guy."

Much debate has centered over new coach Tim Floyd's expectations for Hoiberg. Will he be content with a leader who doesn't challenge teammates to elevate their play? Or will he gladly inherit a silent superstar whose endorsement of new philosophies inspires others?

"Players play and coaches coach," Floyd says bluntly. "We expect all seniors to show they're winners." Though his only previous knowledge of Hoiberg was the nickname, Floyd caught up quickly. In his first week in town, one of Hoiberg's high school teammates stopped Floyd in a convenience store. The young man offered perhaps the ultimate testimony: Despite the lavish press coverage, Hoiberg hasn't changed a whit since his first shave.

Quiet, introspective, unassuming — the adjectives do tend to pile up. But Hoiberg will have none of it. So what, he cracks, if the perception of fans is that he's the consummate "goody-boy"? Let 'em think it. And they will, with this résumé:

•Through May he had a 3.30 grade-point average and was in line to graduate next spring with a degree in marketing.

•In June, he changed his major to finance with this perplexing rationale: *To enhance his chance to succeed after basketball.*

•While some players focus their summer on pick-up ball, Hoiberg worked a full-time internship at a downtown Des Moines stock brokerage. He says the experience will be valuable should his playing career veer into sports promotion.

•He reads to his mom's sixth-grade classes.

•Though he's been dunking since eighth grade — his Bunyanesque hands are as big as Meyer's, who's a full seven inches taller — he contends that layups are as good as two-handed rim benders.

Goody-boy or not, Floyd — a storied disciplinarian at the University of New Orleans — vows to treat Hoiberg as one of the boys. Floyd is a decided switch from Orr, revered in part for his loose grip on the reins. Look for Floyd to be hardest on his best — Hoiberg, Meyer, Michalik.

But for a few dozen hard tackles on central Iowa football fields, we might be quoting Jim Walden here instead of Tim Floyd. Many was the college coach who told Hoiberg he had the arm, size, speed and brains to be a pro quarterback. What he didn't have was the desire. After he led Ames to the state football playoffs in 1988, defenders blasted away at Hoiberg like a ring-necked pheasant on opening day the next two falls. But never did he hobble to the huddle and chew fanny. In fact, he made deals to treat his linemen to burgers should they keep the seat of his pants free of grass stains. The arrangement proved to be no cash cow for McDonald's. "Fred didn't expect more than kids could give," says Kirk Daddow, Ames' football coach. "He never got mad or accusatory. Honestly, we would like to have seen him more aggressive. That's not Fred."

Though he possesses a tenacity belying his surface calm, he also possesses a bulging disk that made choosing basketball a no-brainer (if anything Hoiberg does can be called a no-brainer). A Cornhusker fan since hearing stories about his grandfather, former NBA player and Cornhusker Coach Jerry Bush, Hoiberg maintains that Nebraska would have been his destination for football. He says he has thought about putting his year of football eligibility to use in '95, should pro basketball be a flop. It'd be a slick test of the widely heard claim that Hoiberg has long been the best QB on campus.

But he isn't planning to fail in pro basketball any more than he planned to fail in college. Once he ruled out football, he narrowed his basketball schools to ISU, Arizona and Stanford. Former teammate Nathan Koch remembers the day before

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Name this Cyclone:

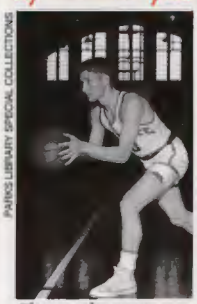
After a stunning high school career, he moves down the road to play basketball at Iowa State. He ignores the pressures of playing before thousands of hometown fans and, by his senior year, is the most popular Cyclone in recent memory.

Fred Hoiberg.

Correct.

Gary Thompson.

Also correct.



PARKS LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Then: on the court

PHOTO COURTESY KIM WIEPSON

Now: On the air

Though separated by nine U.S. presidents and two waves of bell-bottom fever, Thompson and Hoiberg share almost uncanny likenesses. They are arguably the most successful hometowners ever to compete at Iowa State (Thompson was from nearby Roland, where he had gained the familiar "Roland Rocket" sobriquet). Both scoffed at advice to leave home and play before uninitiated fans who allowed them the luxury of clean slates. Thompson went on to a successful business career (he owns Thompson Oil Co.), and Hoiberg is positioning himself for the business world. Thompson stayed close to basketball — he is a TV commentator for ISU and Big Eight games — and, pro ball notwithstanding, Hoiberg would like to work in sports business. Even their own self-analyses are remarkably similar:

Thompson: "I had confidence that I could play. I didn't think about what people expected, I just let the game take care of itself. When you play at home, you've already proven yourself to the fans. Your opportunities for exposure are twice as good."

Hoiberg: "My expectations were mine, not the fans'. I had confidence that I could play, so I didn't worry about anything else. People in the community had always been so good that I knew they'd give me support, not pressure. I guess I just figured it's better to be known than unknown."

—D.D.

the NCAA's November '90 early signing date when Arizona Coach Lute Olson sent six telegrams to Hoiberg during one Ames practice. Hoiberg listened to all the advice — petitions pleading for him to stay home were circulated during AHS football games — and dove in the Cyclone fishbowl. "Devastating," Orr says. "Whoo! It'd be devastating to lose a player like that. That was a tremendous boon. Big time, man."

Not bad for Fred, either. "It was the best move he could make, but he's one of the lucky ones," says former Cyclone guard Ron Bayless, a junior during Hoiberg's freshman year. "A lot of guys stay home and fall flat on their face."

Adds Des Moines native Beechum: "People expected him to be as good here as he was [in high school]. That's a lot of eyes on a guy. But he's careful. Guys might say, 'If Freddy doesn't do it, I don't have to.' He sets the standard."

Since his arrival. He was easily the most celebrated recruit in Orr's 14 years, if not ISU men's basketball history. Small forests gave their lives so reporters could chronicle his decision. Perhaps the most celebrated nugget of all was student assistant coach Doug Collins' dubbing him "The Mayor" in the preseason of his freshman year. The media and fans pounced on it like Tabbies on spilled cream, never stopping to think that it could've been anything but acclamatory. But think about it: Egg-smooth, good-looking state champ ends unprecedented recruiting frenzy by choosing Hometown U. Star status is his, months before he breaks a Division I sweat. You're a Michigan kid, busting your tail to earn playing time. How do you react?

"Some guys got hurt because [Hoiberg] came in with that attention," says former ISU forward Howard Eaton, a junior that year. "But he produced. Some guys always look to point the finger. Fred was the wrong guy to point at."

Orr says he intentionally kept quiet on the topic, "trying to keep the pressure down. But I'll say it now, he's one of my all-time favorites."

Hoiberg handled it in typical diplomatic fashion: He played hard and zipped his lips. Though he was a strong shooter in high school, he was hesitant to shoot — particularly if upperclassmen such as Bayless or Justus Thigpen were open. He made 57.3 percent of his shots, but markedly trimmed his outside shooting following an early slump. He became — and remains — ISU's best at moving without the ball, slashing back-door for easy layups.

Perhaps his most crowning gimmee that year was, ironically, one he missed. With ISU trailing Texas Christian 53-52 with less than 10 seconds to play in the early-season San Juan Shootout, Orr called time out and set up a play for Hoiberg. The play worked perfectly but Hoiberg missed the layup. Yet the message was clear: This is no typical freshman. Two more '91-92 incidents printed out that edict in boldface:

•With ISU trailing second-ranked Oklahoma State 83-81 with nine seconds remaining, Hoiberg works himself free, snares a pass from Thigpen, drops in the layup and is fouled. Hoiberg calmly makes the free throw, sealing a startling upset.

•After a narrow home loss, reporters flock to the locker room to find a handful of reserves and Hoiberg. Every veteran is in the shower or training room, partaking in the age-old tradition of ducking reporters' questions. Hoiberg didn't duck — then or since.

Not once that season or the two succeeding years did the Hoiberg facade exhibit the tiniest crack. If anything, he forged an ever-more stoic veneer. "There's nothing I could've done," he says. "If [Orr] was gonna play me, he was gonna play me. I won't refuse to play, no matter what. … But sure, you don't want to be singled out. You want to be one of the guys.

"That's a big reason why I'm not so vocal, even now. I don't want to, you know, I don't want to look like a guy who wants to stand out, be a jerk. I play and let it speak for itself."

He thus far has spoken volumes with tremendous talent — he's quicker than most realize and was a state high jump runner-up, at 6-foot-6 — and his immense will. And he's gotten Geo-like mileage from what Kansas Coach Roy Williams calls "savvy, feel for the game. It's why, if I could take one Big Eight player, it'd be Fred."

Folded into those skills is a humility bestowed upon him by academic-oriented parents who never once fell victim to the

PHOTO BY JIM HEEMSTRA

Cyclone Club outing's most popular draw: Freddy and Johnny.

ISU PHOTO SERVICE

DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER

Typically, Hillary Clinton and Rush Limbaugh are a better mix than Cyclones and Hawkeyes, but Fred Hoiberg doesn't think it always has to be thus.

In January 1993, Iowa forward Chris Street was killed in an Iowa City automobile accident. Since many of the Cyclones had played with and against the Indianola native in high school and AAU ball, they wrote his No. 40 on their shoes and sweat bands, and told the press of their sadness over his death.

That wasn't enough for Hoiberg. Before last season, he changed his jersey number from 32 to 40 in honor of his friend and competitor. He also said that, henceforth, an Iowa-born Cyclone would always wear 40. As of VISIONS' September press time, Hoiberg hadn't decided whether he or perhaps center Loren Meyer would wear 40 this season.

"That's a great tribute, for someone like Freddy to remember Christopher that way," says Mike Street, Chris' father. "We always knew Freddy as a class player. This was another example of a class act. Chris was kind of born to be a Hawkeye, but that doesn't mean these guys didn't have a great deal of respect for each other. I think all the fans in the state can learn from the way Fred and his teammates acted."

Adds Hoiberg: "You hated to play against Chris because he worked so hard. But you respected him. [ISU and Iowa] have a fierce rivalry, but some things are more important than basketball. This was something for the family and the Iowa program. It's something that had to be done." —*D.D.*

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA SPORTS INFORMATION

athlete worshipping that swells the cap sizes of so many.

Thus when he walks off the floor and into a date with McGee, he often declares a moratorium on basketball talk. He'd rather go to a movie, play golf — he shoots in the 70s and rooms with two Cyclone golfers, including Carol McGee's brother, Paul — or, better yet, play with the family's two dogs, Bailey the Lhasa apso and Max the Schnauzer. He'd rather take on brother Andrew in Nintendo than rehash an OT thriller. But Andrew knows to expect a stiff test from a foe who loathes losing.

Hoiberg has mastered the task of dealing with the matter at hand and eliminating all else. It's that philosophy that has made him one of the most superstitious players on the team. In high school he wore the same lucky shirt before every game that crowning senior year. He carried it on into college, where it helped ISU go 16-0 at Hilton his sophomore year before Bailey, uh, sullied it in the off-season. Hoiberg insists on the same pregame routine every night, from the same shooting ritual to the same ankle taping (a different kind of tape on each ankle) to, before home games, completing the game program's ISU history trivia quiz with trainer Mark Coberly. "It's like in poker," he says, "if you win, you want the same chair. It's superstitious, but if I do everything the same, I don't have to think about anything but the game."

His first three years at ISU should make him a superstitions poster boy. If his senior year, which opens Nov. 25 at the Hawaii-Hilo tournament, only meets the average of his first three, he will leave with stunning career numbers. Through three seasons he has amassed 1,316 points, 556 rebounds, 275 assists and 168 steals. With a fourth season at that clip — and he trained fiendishly in the off-season to make this his best yet — he'll finish with more than 1,800 points, 700 rebounds, 350 assists and 200 steals. No Cyclone ever has reached all four totals. (Hoiberg, not surprisingly, offers that he, unlike the Don Smiths and Gary Thompsons, benefits from freshman eligibility.)

Few basketball aficionados can finish a discussion of Hoiberg's acumen without using the word package. The shooting, the passing, the rebounding ability uncanny for a man just 6-foot-4, the defense — all combine to make him the lethal weapon that he is. Last season he was the only player to make the Big Eight's top 10 in seven of eight major categories. Yet he earned only second-team mention, a slight many attribute to lack of flash.

A TURN FOR THE BETTER

When Fred Hoiberg pledged in November 1990 to attend Iowa State, he said among the factors in his decision were two related experiences:

•His stint as a Cyclone ball boy. Former associate athletic director Dave Cox initiated the program and made Hoiberg his first ball boy, offering Fred up-close access to …

•Cyclone-turned-NBA standout Jeff Hornacek. The Utah Jazz guard's resolute, no-nonsense style has been a strong inspiration to Hoiberg. He says he's only met Hornacek a couple of times, but during his ball-boy days they did have one rather intimate encounter. After driving for a layup, Hornacek went under the bosket and stepped on Hoiberg's foot, spraining his ankle. Though not seriously injured, Hornacek missed the rest of the game. "Injuring the best player in school history isn't how I want to be remembered," Hoiberg says with a grin.

There is little chance of that.

—D.D.

"Some people are quicker, better jumpers, better shooters," says Ames High assistant Bud Legg. "But when you wrap up the total package, there aren't many better players."

Adds former Cyclone standout Gary Thompson: "When you think of Fred, you think first of the package. So many good things can happen when he's around the ball. … Add to it that he's such a great person, you have the kind of guy we won't see for a long time."

But there are those who expect to see this guy for quite some time. "He might be setting himself up for a political career," says Iowa Coach Tom Davis, a Hoiberg fan who nonetheless will celebrate his graduation. "With his nature, his fans, someday he may be more than mayor of Ames."

Come to think of it, he did earn one write-in vote for mayor in 1992. What more could you want in a politician: looks, brains, work ethic, an unwavering sense of right. The athletic arena has certainly spawned its share of politicians.

So, Mayor, any aspirations? A smirk, a roll of the eyes, a slight shaking of the head. He utters not a word, but you know what he's thinking: Don't tell people what you're good at. Do it, and they'll know. ◐

ISU PHOTO SERVICE

After three seasons, fans are still waiting to get a good look at the real Fred Hoiberg.

Sight

PHOTOGRAPHS B

"What is essential," wrote the Frenchman Antoine de Saint Exupéry, "is invisible to the eye."

Artists' sweat is nowhere to be seen in the finest galleries. Sandy Koufax's curveball was a wonder to behold, but where would it have been without gravity? We again marvel over the glorious autumn leaves, giving nary a thought to the unseen roots performing their most unglorious labor.

So it is at Iowa State University. Without professors and students as its glorious leaves and branches, the tree would serve no purpose. But without the invisible people represented on the following pages, the tree would not stand.

They raise the flag in the purple haze before dawn. They sweep off the mat and lock the door when the orange ball of sun sinks into the rich, black earth. In between, in all their unglorious invisibility, they perform the tasks that keep an institution of higher education running.

They are not there until you look.

Gerald Deal keeps central campus in the mow.

Unseen

IM HEEMSTRA

Dept. of Public Safety Lt. Doug Clabaugh opens the day at the pole position.

Barbara Steiner works to keep campus green . . . and yellow . . . and blue . . .

Two joined in a fountain: Memorial Union custodian Dale Brown gives the Christian Petersen sculptures a good soaking.

Physical plant worker Bernard Schmidt travels to higher climbs to change light bulbs on the power plant smokestack . . .

. . . while Jim Wells toils underground — in the steam tunnels beneath central campus.

Groundskeeper Edward Johnson literally draws the graveyard shift at the Iowa State University Cemetary.

In caring for some of the Iowa State's terrestrial plants, horticulture technician Nick Howell steals a page from E.T.

ASSOCIATION

Strength in numbers

Jim Hopson

THE BIG 12 — IT'S NOT just athletics.

You read in VISIONS *(Summer '94)* recently all about the merger of the Big Eight Conference with the Texas schools — Baylor, Texas, Texas A&M and Texas Tech. While this merger has obvious implications for the athletic department at each institution, the ripple effect goes far beyond those entities.

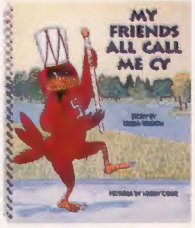
As the Big 12 athletic directors weigh the options and sort through the ramifications of the newly formed alliance, similar regrouping is underway throughout the 12 campuses in disciplines ranging from academics to administrative units to external affairs. At Iowa State, Big Eight was attached to numerous affiliated groups including the Big Eight Presidents, Big Eight Business Offices, Big Eight Foundation Directors and, of course, Big Eight Alumni Directors.

Since the days of the Big Six, the alumni association directors have been closely linked for the purpose of promoting the profession of alumni administration for the betterment of their collective alumni. That bond has continued throughout the Big Eight era, and is now a topic of discussion among the heads of the Big 12 alumni associations. A preliminary meeting of the group last March yielded a definite interest in forming an official body of Big 12 alumni directors. Discussions will continue at a December meeting in Kansas City.

Collectively the 12 institutions represent a constituent

MOVE OVER, MOTHER GOOSE!

That's right—there's a big red bird flapping his wings at the chance to share the Iowa State world with your child! Let Cy introduce your favorite little person to all your memorable ISU haunts in the newly published book, ***My Friends All Call Me Cy***. (According to ground-breaking research conducted by the eminent Cy, children are expected to thrive upon receiving this book as a holiday gift!) Written by Debra Gibson and illustrated by Molly Coxe, ***My Friends All Call Me Cy*** converts ISU's venerable mascot into a campus tour guide. You're never too young to learn about Veishea parades and Frisbees on central campus—order your copy today!



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ASSOCIATION

base of 1,900,000. The University of Texas-Austin lists the highest figures of 315,000; Iowa State currently has 156,000 living alumni, 2,500 former students (did not graduate) on file and 88,000 friends (non-alumni) for a total constituency base of 246,500.

The overall merger is especially good news for more than 5,300 Iowa State alumni currently residing in Texas. Active Iowa State clubs in Dallas/Fort Worth, Houston and San Antonio welcome the prospect of more Iowa State athletic events in their areas.

The bottom line is this:

While the athletic departments at the Big 12 schools have a lot to gain by the merger, so do affiliated groups such as the Big 12 alumni associations.

In the end, we all win.

James A. Hopson
Executive Director

Benefit performance

Reading this copy of VISIONS is only one of many ways to put your ISU Alumni Association membership to work. Members also receive:

- ISU events calendar
- Eligibility for inclusion in *The Iowa Stater* Alumni Notes
- Membership in local ISU Club, where applicable
- At least three ISU Club mailings per year
- Discounts at most ISU Club events
- Discounts on car rentals, hotels and selected ISU merchandise
- Lower fees on ISU MasterCard and Visa
- Eligibility for ISU Credit Union membership
- Eligibility for use of Parks Library and campus recreational facilities
- Window decal
- Striking print of campanile for new life memberships

THE ISU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION — IT WORKS FOR A LIFETIME!

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

Brian R. Ahrens
David H. and Muriel Arnold
Paul E. and Tiffany O. Barth
Todd M. Bonnes
Gary A. Brandt
Clint C. Cameron
Fred M. Castro
Charles W. Clausen
Wayne D. Conaway
Kollen T. Crandall
Melanie Derryberry
Thomas M. Dow
Erin M. Duffy
Sean P. Dunphy
Jon P. Engel
Terry M. and Becky Engelken
Stacey A. Frett
Chris and Marne J. Gade
Muneeb Ghani
Tina L. Graven
Thomas B. Hanley
Mark J. Hansen
Ronald and Kathleen Hoppel
Charles J. Hunt
Paul R. Isaacson
John F. and Angel R. Josten
Sheldon and Jill Shipman Kaplan
Kevin S. Klopfenstein
Russell D. Knudsen
Stephen A. Koogler
Thomas L. Krill
David A. Krischel
Paul L. Kruse
Kimberly K. Larsen
Joong-Jae Lee
Hsiu-Mei Lin
Thomas O. Maine
Richard J. and Melissa Mark
Douglas A. Meikle
Stephen S. Nicholson
James J. Olson
R. Michael Petersen
Mark A. Pinter
Thomas W. and Karen Polking
Jon Matt Rouse
Douglas J. and Valerie L. Saltsgaver
Elizabeth A. Schultz
Cathy H. Scott
Hiroki Shimizu
Kent J. Smith
John K. Susic
Sara E. Timan
Richard A. Trimble
Cynthia L. Van Wyhe
Gail D. Varner
Dennis J. and Karen K. Vaughn
Stacy L. Walter
Paul C. Washington
Michael J. and Margaret E. Whaley
Larry M. and Elizabeth K. Wooster
In-Hyeong Yeo
Monica R. Yori

UP ON THE ROOF

What better way to kick off '95 than to shoot down a spectacular Swiss slope or relax in a romantic mountain village? Join the ISU Alumni Association on its "Swiss Winter Escapade," Jan. 21-28.

Unpack at Interlaken, 1,770 feet above sea level and a skier's paradise. One of the world's premier ski resorts, Grindelwald, lies only a short distance from Interlaken, and is perfect for taking a powder.

You don't ski? Then trek off to Zurich, rich in European history...or Berne, the utopian capital of Switzerland...or Lucerne, both medieval and modern.

Mountains, watches, embroideries, linens and chocolates—can you think of a better way to start off a new year? $995 per person

Alumni Suite, Memorial Union, 2229 Lincoln Way, Ames, IA 50010-7164; (515) 294-6526

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY
Alumni Association

Links to the East

ARCHITECT CHARTS COURSE TO KEEP ASIANS HOOKED ON GOLF

HOW FAR WILL J. MICHAEL Poellet go to make a golf course?

He'll move mountains.

Halfway around the world, no less.

PHOTOS COURTESY JMP GOLF DESIGN GROUP

J. Michael Poellet, top, and Caledonian Golf Club, Hole No. 5, Chiba Prefecture, Japan

Neither Mike Poellet nor his company, JMP Golf Design Group, rolls off the tongue in this country quite the way Palmer or Nicklaus do. But my, is he ever known on Pacific Rim fairways. He has carved exquisite courses out of the most rugged mountains of Japan and sand dunes and snake-infested swamps in Malaysia. He has "superimposed" them on gently undulating links areas of coastal China. In his 25-plus years designing courses in Asia, Poellet has, project by project, gained a nearly unmatched reputation for this ability to "see" golf courses where others see only rocky mountainsides and dense jungles.

"It's a gut feeling, what hits you when you stand and look at the raw land," says Poellet, who earned his ISU landscape architecture degree in 1966. "Some areas, for example, are configured in such a way that you can slice off the top of a mountain here and fill in there and all of a sudden you have nice terrain for a golf course."

JMP has worked in Japan, China, Thailand, Malaysia, Taiwan and Indonesia as well as France, Hawaii and California. It is talk of China, where the private golf industry is only now awakening, that most elicits Poellet's zeal. He is credited with opening the modern era of golf in China a decade ago, with an 18-hole course in Beijing. "The emerging middle class in Asia, especially in China, is an amazing phenomenon," Poellet says. Among his 30-40 projects in the works is an 18-hole course on Vietnam's China Beach.

Though he has managed to conduct this dizzying array of work without learning foreign languages, Poellet has out of necessity become an ardent student of cultures. In a preliminary walk-through of a site for a Japanese course several years ago, he mentioned to his client that he might want to move a particular tree. "We walked about the length of one hole, turned around and came back — and the tree was already gone," he marvels. "[In the U.S.] there would've been committee meetings and delays, but not in Japan. Learning their style has been amazing."

Golf-crazy Asians likely say the same of Mike Poellet.

Window of opportunity

Think of Mary Martel as Rhoda Morgenstern without the whine and the wide-mouthed best friend downstairs. Mary — Martel, that is — and Rhoda both do windows.

Not with Windex and rags, but with mannequins and colorful fabric and a childlike wonderment.

Martel is the Midwest regional display manager for F.A.O. Schwarz, arguably the country's most well-known upscale toy company. The 1986 ISU graduate creates signage and oversees development of shop concepts for displays in F.A.O.'s 10 Midwest stores. Had you visited F.A.O. in Chicago — Martel's home base — or Minneapolis' Mall of America or Dallas or Kansas City recently, you might've noticed her "Raining Cats & Dogs" display of stuffed animals. Or her Cubs baseball display starring a huge stuffed yellow bird named Harry Canary. (Mrs. Harry Caray called Martel to express her

TIM SEED

Mary Martel

delight at that one.)

It's what Martel calls "a dream job" for a woman whose only collegiate display experience was building Veishea floats for Alpha Phi sorority. In fact, she says it was that very work that helped her nail her first job in the window dressing business — with The Limited. Her portfolio still laced with float photos, she later moved to F.A.O. Today she describes the work atmosphere "just like college, without the beer."

An obvious sign of a successful display will be a report from a store manager that "a toy is just blowing out of the store," she says. But there are more subtle hints, as well. "Sometimes," she says, "I'll get a big thumbs up from a little boy or girl as I'm finishing a display. That's a good sign, too."

Freedom fighter

Every day, Ahn Tran works to help the United States secure its Navy ships the way it secured his personal freedom a decade and a half ago.

The 1987 Iowa State electrical engineering graduate and Vietnamese refugee is a project manager in the Department of the Navy, working with private contractors in procuring components for the Close-In Weapon System (CIWS) used on U.S. ships. The $4 million systems act as the last line of defense against enemy fire. The CIWS — first used in 1980 but continually upgraded — can fire 4,500 20 mm rounds per minute.

Tran sees it as perfectly fitting that he now toils for the government that paved the way for his escape from persecution in Southeast Asian hell.

"I was 13 [when Saigon fell] in 1975," Tran says. "I have many memories." They include watching South Vietnamese soldiers flee from the Communists, tossing their empty rifles like ballast. They include seeing his father pack for a 10-day visit to a Communist "re-education camp." They include his pain and confusion over his father's failure to return in 10 days, 10 weeks, 10 months. They include the day, in 1978, when his father was released, so sick that he died less than a month later.

Would that his immigration to the U.S. in '80, his citizenship six years later and now his well-paying job and comfortable Virginia home be enough to wipe away those recollections. But there are too many reminders. Principally, four — three siblings still in Vietnam and another in a Malaysian refugee camp. Tran has helped his mother and three other siblings reach the U.S., and continues to financially support them. Rescuing his other siblings has thus far proven difficult. "When I was at Iowa State, I would send money — $50, $100 — from my student loan at the beginning of the semester," he says. "Then I would have no money by the end. But that was OK. I loved to study, but every time I sat down to think, I would worry about my family.

"The living conditions are terrible [in Vietnam]. If you have a job, your salary might buy two kilograms of meat per month. You might make some money by making belts or sandals from old tires. There is not much hope."

Tran, predictably, supports the U.S. government's role in Vietnam, as well as the recent lifting of its embargo on the country. "America did the moral thing before, and [normalizing relationships] is also a moral act," he says. "I hope it will protect people like my family."

In the meantime, the young man who knows what it's like to lose freedom continues to help his new country protect its hard-earned liberties. ◐

LEN RIZZI

Ahn Tran

No Down Lineman

Above, Team Nelson, (left to right): Heidi, Brittany, Lyndsay and Karl. Right, Karl the Giant

KARL NELSON LOST HIS FOOTBALL CAREER TO CANCER, BUT TO HIS FAMILY, HE'S NOW MORE OF A GIANT THAN EVER

A CANCER RECOVERY REACHing five years with a clean bill is sort of like a marriage passing seven years with its fidelity intact: Both could fall apart tomorrow, but, statistically speaking, the future looks pretty bright.

As he chats on the telephone in his New Jersey office just hours before a summer visit to his doctor, Karl Nelson reflects on his seven-year obsession with the future. Trouble was, before the July checkup found him free of the hideous malignant lumps that had twice invaded his huge body, he was always looking into a dense, black fog. But all of a sudden, with one trip to the clinic, the sun has sliced through the murk. Nelson can see clear to the other side.

JERRY PINKUS (2)

What a glorious sight it is.

Grand success on the collegiate football field, stunning academic achievement and wide National Football League acclaim are not bestowed on the weak of body or spirit. Yet Nelson, now two bouts with Hodgkin's disease, 50 pounds and six years removed from NFL glory, has never been stronger than he is today. He has been carved like a Christmas goose. He has been sewn together like a rag doll. He has seen his raven hair tumble out in clumps. He has felt both his child kick inside her mother's womb and the terror of not knowing whether he would hear her say da-da. He has shouldered more weight than that of the fiercest National Football League defensive line. And the best news of all, he has lived to tell about it. Today he is an insurance executive and broadcaster stronger of character and truer of heart than at any time during his decade-long football career.

"It sounds crazy, but [Hodgkin's] was very good for me," Nelson says from the Paramus, N.J., offices of the National Insurance Associates, where he sells and services 401(k) accounts on commission.

It took two rounds with the disease for Nelson and his family to see it that way. The first time doctors discovered a lump in his chest, in August 1987, he reacted predictably: The minute the fist-sized mass was cut out, he began a fervent battle to return to the New York Giants offensive line. With research telling him

there was a 40 percent chance the malignancy would return, he bulled his way through 43 radiation treatments and an unrelated shoulder operation. His wife, Heidi, and daughter, Brittany, then 2, provided crucial support, but football was his rock. This was, after all, the only Giant to play every offensive play in the 1986 season, which was capped by New York's winning Super Bowl XXI. Practically everything he had done, everything he had dreamed of, since high school in DeKalb, Ill., involved football. No wonder that, within days of the diagnosis, Nelson declared to friends gathered at his home that he would return to the team by midseason. "Nobody was addressing Karl's cancer," Heidi said in a July 1988 Sports Illustrated article. "Damn it, all of you!" she remembers screaming at the group."Stop denying that this is cancer. We're talking about Karl's life. Who gives a damn about football?"

Her husband, for one. Throughout the grueling treatments he viewed his doctors as coaches. His therapy was his training camp. Punishing workouts in the first half of '88 had him ready for that summer's real camp, during which he regained a starting job. Ironically, it wasn't cancer but a freak, on-field knee injury that ended it for Karl Nelson. He never started again. Feeling fatigued late in the season, he went to his doctor. A lump was found, a test was done. Cancer was back.

This time there was no talk of football. Two days after he began seven months of chemotherapy, Heidi gave birth to Lyndsay. "The second time, the doctor wanted to know if I wanted to play again, because that would affect my treatment," Nelson says. "I said, 'Football doesn't matter any more. Let's get me healthy.'"

Once again the treatment wiped out the cancer. This time when he returned to Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J., it was to provide commentary for a New York radio broadcast. He's stayed in the booth, earning wide praise for his incite. To fill his weekdays he opted for insurance over putting his 1983 ISU industrial engineering degree to work. He's remained highly visible in New York, in demand as a motivational speaker and a spokesperson for a variety of foundations. He wrote of both football and medical battles in his 1993 book, *Life on the Line*. He volunteers for an organization supporting sick children, offering his home phone number to allow them to talk to him for inspiration several times per week. "They seem to really find that important, that this Giant football player has had that tube in his chest, he's lost his hair, gotten sick," Nelson says. "It's funny. Nobody would want to get sick like I did, but it's brought me notoriety, opened doors. As a speaker, it strengthens my message."

It has also strengthened his sense of family. "The second time around, my motivation was all family," he says. "Now, I might be doing 37 different things at once, but I make the time for Heidi and the girls. They want to be around their daddy now. I know, looking into the future, that's not always going to be the case."

Ah yes, those frightful creatures called daughters. To most fathers, pondering their trek through adolescence and beyond is more frightening than taking on the NFL's most vicious linebacker: Braces. First boyfriends. First heartbreaks. First cars. First fender-benders.

And Karl Nelson is looking forward to being there for every second of it. ◐

SPORTS BRIEFS

HARRIS BAN NOT LIFTED ... In a cruel twist, the International Amateur Athletic Federation in July ordered that former ISU hurdler Danny Harris would have to resume his four-year ban following a positive 1992 drug test. Earlier this year, USA Track & Field had reinstated the 1984 Olympic silver medalist after he had served half of his suspension. But the IAAF said in July that USATF had no right to reinstate Harris, and that the four-year ban would stick.

WHAT A TRIP ... ISU's men's swimming coach hasn't lost his stroke. In July, Trip Hedrick set two world age-group records in the United States Midwest Senior Championships in Minneapolis. Competing in the 40-44 age group, Hedrick set new world marks in the 100-meter butterfly (59.96) and 100-meter freestyle (55.26). His record in the 'fly is more than a full second lower than the previous mark.

DAVE ... Associate athletic director Dave Cox ended a 15-year stay at the university in July when he accepted the AD position at the University of Nebraska-Omaha. Cox worked with virtually all ISU sports during his stint in Ames. Second-year Iowa State AD Gene Smith says he doesn't plan to fill the position, in part because of his department's ...

... BUDGET CRUNCH ... In June, Smith announced that his department would be forced to carry a $350,000 budget deficit into the 1994-95 fiscal year. In beginning his efforts to implement $1 million in cost-cutting measures, Smith said in July that the university's plans for fielding a women's soccer team would be pushed back to fall 1995. The $200,000 President Martin Jischke had allocated now will be used for deficit reduction. Smith had announced last fiscal year that adding soccer and dropping men's tennis and gymnastics would allow ISU to comply with Title IX requirements regarding gender equity. Until soccer is established, Iowa State will offer 19 varsity sports.

HE'S GAME ... Jim Hallihan wasn't chosen to lead the ISU men's basketball team, but he has maintained his ties to Ames and Iowa State. In July, Johnny Orr's 12-year assistant was named the executive director of the Ames-headquartered Iowa Games. He'll be responsible for the sports festival that draws about 20,000 participants to Ames each August. Hallihan had fervently pursued the head coaching position before Smith gave the job to University of New Orleans Coach Tim Floyd.

Fall of a Sparrow

(Editor's Note: The author's 19-year-old son, Jason, was killed in a car accident in 1989.)

THERE IS MUCH I AM UNSURE ABOUT, BUT I AM sure about reality. The ache I feel every day is real. I keep wishing Jason could be with me. I want to watch him mature; I want to see what kind of an adult he becomes. Just before he died, Jason admitted that he had started listening to some of my records and liked much of the music from the late 1960s performed by Paul Simon, Jimi Hendrix, Carole King, Eric Clapton. Since his death I have listened to his tapes and I have learned to like some of the music he enjoyed … Robert Palmer, Yellowjacket, Wang Chung, Gypsy Kings. I want to talk to Jason about this music, and about the books he's reading, the ideas he's puzzling over, his plans for next year.

… I have been thinking about an episode from the television series *Twilight Zone,* one of Jason's favorites. The groups of people from the future who engage in [time travel] are given strict instructions not to stray from a specially constructed "path" because if they destroy or change anything it could have disastrous consequences for the future. One man does stray from the path, but it appears that there is no damage. The group returns to their own time, and are dismayed to discover that it has been altered significantly for the worse. … In the end, the man takes off his shoe and finds a crushed butterfly on its sole.

Perhaps Jason liked the show because he wanted to believe that every person was of some significance in life, including him. One of his favorite films was *It's a Wonderful Life,* which is clearly a parable for that principle, but if he believed this, why didn't he act on that belief? Why didn't he guard his life more carefully? Why wasn't he more alert to danger? I know his death will affect the future. Whether or not he achieved his dream of making movies, Jason would have been a positive force in the world. … Now that possibility is gone.

When I have visited Jason's grave at the cemetery, I see so many monuments with no more than names and dates on them — a vast field of stone with blank spaces, the mute voices of the dead. What did life mean to them? What did they learn? What did they dream? Why didn't they tell us on the stone placed over them? It was their last chance to say something. At the head of Jason's grave is the family monument with his picture on it. Above his picture is the line from [Garrison] Keillor's essay, "When you look at the stars, you don't think small." Below his picture is the business card he designed for his imaginary film company and his company's slogan — "Films for fun, not for profit." It's not much, but it's something. It suggests a life filled with dreams and plans.

… When I first started writing about Jason, I remembered the Biblical passage concerning the fall of a sparrow: "Not one sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's *consent*" (my emphasis). I wanted to make God responsible. Although I refused to believe in a God who would intentionally maim and murder human beings, … an omnipotent God could prevent evil and must at least *consent* to the evil that is done. If God existed, then God must have consented to Jason's death and I wanted to know why!

… Sometime later I was told that the King James rendition of this passage … did not refer to God as a monarch *consenting* to the fall of a lowly sparrow, but suggested that God falls with the sparrow, that God suffers with us. This made more sense to me, and this was a God I could accept. This God was not responsible for Jason's death; Jason was. For a moment of carelessness he paid the highest price.

… [The passage] suggested that we do not pass into oblivion like a stone cast into the ocean, to be swallowed up with barely a ripple to testify to our passing. Each human life matters to God. This was the point of the gospel song which Garrison Keillor sang during the "sound check" before the benefit [concert he performed in LaCrosse, Wis., to raise $25,000 for a scholarship fund in Jason's name]:

I sing because I'm happy.
I sing because I'm free.
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He's watching me. ◐

ILLUSTRATION BY HOLLY WIEDERIN

By Kent L. Koppelman

Kent L. Koppelman is a 1979 doctoral graduate of Iowa State University and a professor of education at the University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse. This is excerpted with permission from his recently published book, The Fall of a Sparrow *(Baywood Publishing Co.).*

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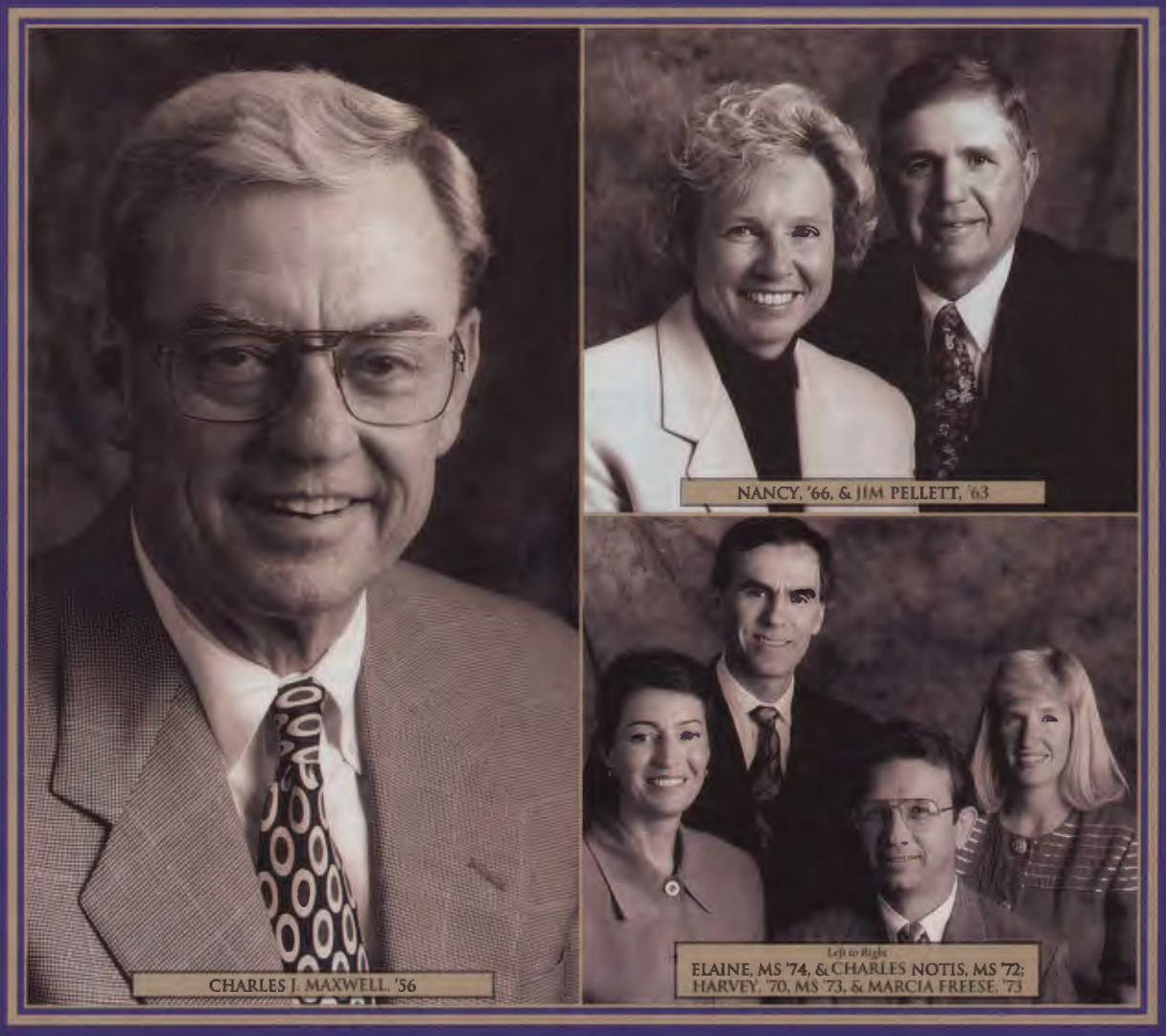

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