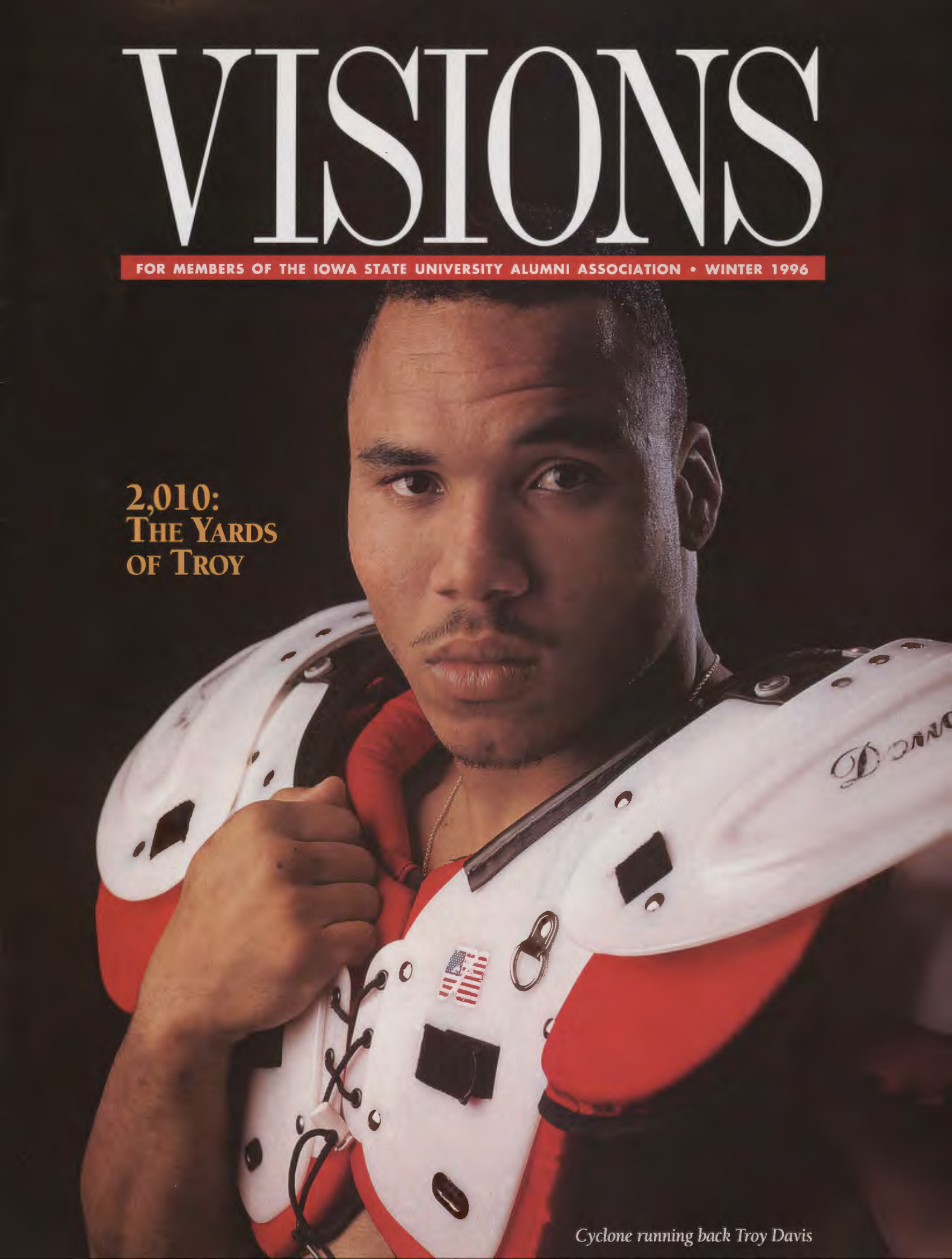
VISIONS

FOR MEMBERS OF THE IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION • WINTER 1996

2,010: The Yards of Troy



Cyclone running back Troy Davis

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LINE UP

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BY DAN DAVENPORT

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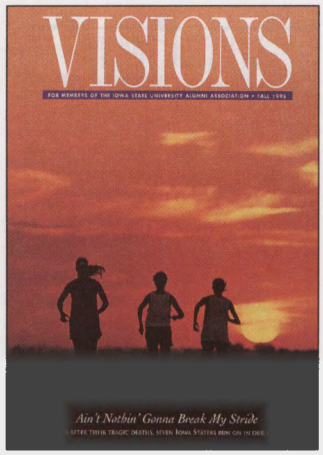
LETTERS



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; fax to (515) 294-9402; e-mail to dgibson@isuadp2.adp.iastate.edu.

Shining, still

I am an avid reader of several newspapers and periodicals and I have never been so compelled to write a letter to the editor. I have always enjoyed reading VISIONS, but it wasn't until I read "Jogging Memories" *(Fall 1995)* that I fully appreciated its quality.

I was deeply touched by the profiles of the seven individuals whose lives were tragically lost in the 1985 plane crash. I was overwhelmed by the seemingly senseless loss but equally inspired by the fullness of their lives. I was fortunate to have shared one race with these individuals. It was a race in which all seven outclassed me but welcomed me, not as a competitor but as a fellow enthusiast — the human race. Their pursuit of excellence and joy in living should serve as beacons to all.

Each of the writers should take tremendous pride in the tributes they wrote. Their skills, evident in the writing of each story, and compassion, which underscored each piece, should be a source of tremendous pride and satisfaction.

Tom N. Hughes, '82
Grafton, Wisconsin

Take out the garbage

After reading the Fall 1995 story on Ed Droste *("What a Hoot!")*, founder of Hooters restaurants, I can't help but feel disgusted to have graduated from the same institution.

THE TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY TEAM WAS WHAT I WOULD EXPECT FROM IOWA STATE. THE STORY ON ED DROSTE WAS NOT. YOU DRAW ATTENTION AND PROMOTE IT, AND MAKE IT APPEAR THAT IT IS OK TO SELL PRODUCTS THROUGH WOMEN.

Writer Dan Davenport asks, "Don't everybody's college memories include an Ed Droste?" Although I graduated well after Droste, my memories certainly do include memories of men like Ed Droste, and I avoided them like the slimy plague they were.

Since Droste has such excellent marketing skills, perhaps he could find other equally insulting themes for more chains, and defend them all as delightfully politically incorrect. How about one called the infamous "N" word, where all the waiters and waitresses could serve you in black face? Or perhaps one on a Catholic theme. Call it "Fisheaters," focus on a meatless menu, and the guys could all wear papal hats and the women nun's habits.

... Feel offended yet? Well, that's exactly the way I feel about Hooters. I hope if Droste ever has the occasion to give money to Iowa State (and why do I have this feeling it wouldn't be for scholarships in women's studies?), or in any other way participate as an alumnus, the institution of which I am so proud would turn him down for he what he is: A man who has all the scruples of a charming pimp with a very big profit margin.

Veronica Fowler, '84
Ames, Iowa

How could you devote four pages to Ed Droste's antics? Let him have his "breastaurants" but don't bother me with the disgusting details. Who will be featured next, an exemplary ISU entrepreneur who owns a chain of Gentlemen's Clubs?

If this is the kind of garbage you intend to feature in future issues, please remove my name from your mailing list. "What a Hoot!" is an embarrassment to Iowa State University and an insult to women everywhere.

Shirley Scheider Fitzpatrick, '56
New York, New York

Your feature on Ed Droste as a successful ISU graduate was far afield from my idea of what VISIONS should be. This is a man who openly attributes his success to the beautiful, bosomy, scantily clad girls he hires as waitresses in his Hooters restaurant. You devoted four pages to him while giving a mere one-

LETTERS

half column to Roy and Bobbi Reiman's gift to ISU of $1.4 million for the Reiman Gardens — a pitiful admission that success is exploitation of young women and promotion of plenty of beer.

Please, let's pursue excellence in education.

Helen Dahlberg Wilson, '44
West Liberty, Iowa

I was disappointed in your selection of subjects in the fall issue. The tribute to the women's cross country team was what I would expect from Iowa State. The story on Ed Droste was not. You draw attention and promote it, and make it appear that it is OK to sell products through women. (Oh, but it's OK — they are making such good tips — only $2 per hour pay.)

I am looking forward to future articles which are thought-provoking and that have better taste. I hope you are up to the challenge.

Diane Stacy, '82
Brighton, Iowa

At one time I had considered rewriting my will and leaving a small endowment to Iowa State University. NO MORE! ... "What A Hoot!" is appalling. Dan Davenport's article is in extraordinary bad taste. I am embarrassed that a magazine for the Iowa State University Alumni Association would even consider it for publication, let alone feature it.

Ellen Beach Brush, '52
Glenview, Illinois

We recently received our Fall 1995 copy of the VISIONS magazine. What a shock! After reading an article written by Dan Davenport, about Hooters and its founder Ed Droste, we don't care if we ever get a magazine again. We saw the article and thought, "Please don't tell us this man is an ISU graduate." We decided that the story must redeem him in some way. Perhaps he would in fact have some morals or regard for the women he continues to exploit for his own financial gain. Certainly the editorial staff would not print a story that would glorify his character and lifestyle. How wrong we were.

Why do we care that he had a low GPA, drinks beer, makes millions and knows how to "work a room"? Are we supposed to want to be like him? Certainly you can't think he should be a role model for anyone? How about the fact that his business and everything he says it stands for offends so many people? He is simply making money by exploiting women and is laughing all the way to the bank. He has shown no remorse and refuses to change his behavior. As Mr. Davenport wrote in the article, "It isn't for nothing that Hooters inspired a new category of the food service industry: The 'breastaurant.' and "... A restaurant named after a nickname for women's breasts succeeding so brilliantly in the politically correct, how-dare-you 1990s."

Well, Iowa State, how dare you! Shame on you for thinking this is newsworthy and something intelligent people want to read about. Certainly there are more worthy stories to be covered in your magazine. Are you really that desperate for articles?

I BELIEVE A STATE-FUNDED INSTITUTION HAS TO ACCEPT MORE ACCOUNTABILITY TO ITS CONSTITUENCIES THAN A PRIVATE ORGANIZATION ... I WISH MR. DROSTE SUCCESS. I WISH A PUBLICATION FUNDED BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION HEIGHTENED AWARENESS AND BETTER JUDGMENT.

For the first time we are embarrassed to be associated with Iowa State. That in itself is a difficult concept to believe from two such loyal graduates. As undergraduates we were both Cyclone Aides for the orientation program. I was a student ambassador and Jay was vice president of his Senior Class. After graduation I worked as an admissions counselor for the university and after moving to Indiana, Jay served as president of the [ISU Club in Indianapolis].

How disappointed we are with your choice as an editorial staff. We will certainly throw this copy into the trash where it belongs.

Martha Hahn Dziwlik, '87
Jay Dziwlik, '88
Indianapolis, Indiana

The fall issue of VISIONS has been sitting on my nightstand for a month as I wrestled with my thoughts. I believe in the First Amendment. I believe a person has the right to choose [his] own career path. I believe a state-funded institution has to accept more accountability to its constituencies than a private organization.

Last homecoming, 1994, I was aghast at an advertisement on Cyclone football featuring the ISU football coach for Hooters. Now I pick up my copy of a publication for alumni to read what appears to be a P.R. puff piece justifying the prior nonsense. I'm embarrassed and a little angry.

I wish Mr. Droste success. I wish a publication funded by the Alumni Association heightened awareness and better judgment.

Cheryl Gruetzmacher Gordon, '77
New York, New York

Un-raiser

As an undistinguished alumn[us], I noted with pride that the "Bonfire of the Humanities" story *(Fall 1995)* used in the caption "Field Marshall." In behalf of all Marshalls I thank you for the undeserved honor.

Insincerely,

Gordon W. Marshall, '50
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(Editor's note: According to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, *marshal and marshall are acceptable spellings.)*

Carrie's House

ISU PHOTO SERVICE

It was a perfect day to honor resilience. The rain and the chill enveloping the Iowa State University campus Oct. 6 sent hundreds of spectators and celebrants scrambling for umbrellas, winter coats and mittens. It was a day they had anticipated for months, and mere climatic obstacles would not stand in their way. They met adversity, and they responded.

Fitting was their gathering site — Carrie Chapman Catt Hall, a building that henceforth will celebrate nothing if not fortitude in the face of adversity.

Seventy-five years earlier, 1880 Iowa State graduate Carrie Chapman Catt had led the successful fight for the women's vote. It was a painful, decades-long struggle. In an age where women and dozens of other groups still fight to claim all that is rightfully theirs, ISU had made a bold statement in renaming and renovating one of its leading landmarks. "This building," President Martin Jischke said that day, "is a symbol of Iowa State's commitment to equality."

So is the very ground visitors walk on. For the dedication also served as the public debut of the Plaza of Heroines, a collection of more than 2,500 bricks inscribed with women's names. Iowa Staters, men and women alike, bought the bricks for $100 each to honor the women who work every day, Catt-like, to make better lives in their families, their neighborhoods, their world.

Mary Louise Smith (top) and members of the League of Women Voters stepped in to honor Catt.

Catt Hall — built in 1893 as Agriculture Hall, later renamed Botany Hall and affectionately called "Old Botany" for the last six decades — will house the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the Department of Philosophy and the Carrie Chapman Catt Center for Women and Politics. The building was abandoned in the '80s and essentially condemned by the fire marshal, but a $5 million renovation has restored in it both the grandeur and the workaday efficiency incumbent in a building named for Catt.

Iowa State dubbed the preceding week of celebration "Voices of Influence." It included a series of chautauquas — a sort of tent theatre reminiscent of the Catt era — and speakers the likes of noted columnist Molly Ivins.

Leading the "Iowa Women and Politics" chautauqua and honored on that final day was Iowan and former National Republican Party Chair Mary Louise Smith. ISU has launched a campaign to raise $1 million for The Mary Louise Smith Chair in Women and Politics.

Speaking at the event, the 81-year-old said her "heart is full of gratitude, pride and appreciation. ... It's been a great birthday [for the 19th Amendment]. You don't have many parties like this."

12,000 hands, one task

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN LAMPE

THE INSTITUTION CURRENTLY known as Iowa State University has been in the education business since 1858. Thus it is understandable that one would be stingy with superlatives to describe the historical import of any one endeavor's role in a 138-year timeline.

But nobody's sparing the superlatives in describing Succeeding With Students.

"First of its kind." "Ambitious." "An unprecedented dialogue of discovery."

Planners say the program is the most exhaustive faculty and staff learning program ever undertaken at ISU. It certainly had an exhaustive goal: Enroll every one of the 6,000-odd university employees in three- to four-hour sessions over a four-day period in November.

The premise: In an era and state in which competition for undergraduate students is growing ever fiercer, universities must scrutinize their every fiber to determine how they can better recruit, retain and serve their students.

"We have a new strategic plan that says our first goal is to support undergraduate education," says Steve Richardson, director of the Center for Teaching Excellence and chair of the Succeeding With Students steering committee. "Yet that strategic plan can be a dead document if all of us — whether we're groundskeepers, faculty or secretaries — don't see how we fit into that plan, how we can be part of helping our students and this university succeed."

Thus on each of the four days, some 150 discussion groups of 10 employees each gathered to gain some consensus on the proverbial big picture.

The university hired Root Learning, a Perrysburg, Ohio, firm that produces interactive learning products for businesses, to conduct the program. Root has directed similar efforts to major corporations such as Harley-Davidson and Pepsi, but had never worked with a university.

The discussions centered on three issues:

•The higher education environment.

•Iowa State's funding system — where the money comes from, where it goes.

•Students' view.

"We have asked some serious questions about Iowa State's primary function — preparing students for successful careers and for life as productive members of society," Richardson says.

Dateline DC

More honors for McCracken

ALUMNUS EDWARD R. MCCRACKEN, ALREADY REGARDED BY many as the mastermind of one of the world's most innovative computer companies, learned he'd climbed even further into the stratosphere recently when he walked to the mailbox:

Inside was an invitation from the White House.

In October, President Clinton invited McCracken over to present the 1966 ISU graduate with the National Medal of Technology. The annual medal is considered the highest honor awarded in the country for technological advancement.

McCracken is chairman and CEO of Silicon Graphics, Inc., (SGI), the California company that has been at the frontier of 3D visual computing. SGI equipment and software has been used to create visual effects in numerous hit movies, including *Jurassic Park* and *Forrest Gump*.

Alum to head BLM

THE WHITE HOUSE RECENTLY CALLED UPON ANOTHER ISU graduate, 1984 Ph.D. recipient Michael P. Dombeck. In July, President Clinton nominated Dombeck to serve as director of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management.

Seaworthy recipients

THE NATIONAL OCEANIC AND ATMOSPHERIC ADMINISTRATION (NOAA) recently honored two ISU alumni:

•Charles Caillouet Jr., who earned his Ph.D. in 1964, was part of a team earning the NOAA's bronze medal for its work in a U.S.-Mexico sea turtle research and conservation program.

•1975 master's degree recipient Philip Michael Payne won the Administrator's Award for outstanding contributions to NOAA's environmental stewardship mission.

FOLLOW-UP FILE

The Duchess of Dance

VISIONS

▲ Betty Toman in 1988.

FOR DECADES, BETTY TOMAN'S name was synonymous with dance at Iowa State University. In December, campus officials took it one step further: They named their dance studio after the longtime instructor.

Toman *("Gotta Dance!" Spring 1988)* retired in 1988 after 40 years on campus. In December, the university held a ceremony to officially name the Betty Toman Studio Theater and Dance Studio.

This is a woman who has said world peace could be achieved if we simply could get all the leaders to dance together. Who danced with a startling grace but focused on teaching because, she says, "I always wanted to teach dance, because I wanted to share it."

The dedication was highlighted, appropriately, by a performance by a local troupe of senior citizens directed by Toman.

Alumna heads new archives

TRUDY HUSKAMP PETERSON, A 1967 ISU GRADUATE and former acting archivist of the United States *("For the Record," Summer '93)*, has been named executive director of the Open Society Archives in Budapest, Hungary.

Peterson says the society's primary goal is "preserving and making available for research use historical materials that further the understanding of post-World War II events in the region, as well as human activities around the world."

Cost containment

THE RATE OF GOING UP IS GOING down.

In October, the State Board of Regents approved the smallest tuition increase in 15 years for Iowa's three public universities.

In-state, undergraduate tuition and fees will bump up just 3.5 percent in 1996-97, an increase of $92 over the current year. That puts tuition and fees at $2,666 for Iowa undergrads. Non-resident tuition was raised 5 percent.

GARY CLARKE

Much in Common(s)

OUT ARE THE CONVEYOR BELT AND stainless steel silverware. In are egg rolls and subs.

The Memorial Union commons, a bastion of tradition for much of its seven decades, is undergoing a striking, $5.8 million facelift *(above)*. Students will be able to graze at a modern fast food court that includes franchises of five national chains and a local coffee shop.

Since last fall, workers have been renovating some 25,000 square feet of kitchen and food court space. Union officials hope much of the work is completed in time to greet the students upon their return from semester break later this month.

Rhyme and Reason

WOULD YOU SUBSCRIBE TO A new literary review titled *Migration Routes*? Stephen Pett didn't think so. But he liked the concept, the mood, that the phrase captured. So the English professor dug around until he came up with a term that's both more meaningful and more pleasant to the ear:

Flyway.

Nice, no? According to a book called *The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America,* flyways are "... those broader areas into which certain migration routes blend or come together."

Flyway, published by ISU's Department of English, replaces *Poet & Critic.* Pett immediately made two conspicous changes, adding fiction and non-fiction to the poetry, and adding an author's commentary to accompany each piece.

Readers of the premier issue *(above)* found an essay by *Thousand Acres* and *Moo* author Jane Smiley. Call it yet another perk of sharing a water cooler with a Pulitzer Prize winner.

To receive *Flyway* thrice per year, send $18 to 203 Ross Hall, Iowa State University, Ames, IA 50011. Two-year subscriptions are $32.

YOU'LL FALL FOR THESE

THOUGH WINTER HAS YET TO SHOW EVEN THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF weakening, already Iowa State University officials are planning beyond the spring, beyond the summer, to autumn 1996.

A campus' most special time of year requires no small amount of preparation.

- The fall will kick off when the Cyclone football team celebrates a return to its roots. Literally. On Sept. 7, the ISU Foundation and Department of Intercollegiate Athletics will officially dedicate the Jacobson Building and the new grass turf on Jack Trice Field. The 21 seasons played at Cyclone Stadium since the dismantling of Clyde Williams Field all have been played on artificial turf.
- On Sept. 21, the Foundation will hold its annual Order of the Knoll celebration at Hilton Coliseum.
- Homecoming '96 is scheduled for Sept. 27-29, highlighted by ISU's football game with Missouri.
- On Nov. 2, the Cyclones will host Kansas as the centerpiece of Parent and Family Weekend.

For information on university events scheduled for this fall or any time of year, call the Iowa State Alumni Association at (515) 294-6525.

TOP 10

TOP 10 IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY NEWS STORIES FROM 1995:

10. Rookie Coach Tim Floyd takes Cyclone basketball team to NCAA's second round.
9. Football Coach Dan McCarney leads ISU to three victories after 0-10-1 1994 season.
8. Alumnus Thomas Hargrove released after being held hostage by Colombian rebels for 11 months.
7. Reiman Gardens dedicated south of Cyclone Stadium.
6. ISU completes and begins implementing new strategic plan.
5. 1995 graduate Lia Pierson named ISU's fifth Rhodes Scholar.
4. Troy Davis rushes for school-record and nation's-best 2,010 yards, finishes fifth in Heisman Trophy balloting.
3. Hixson Opportunity Awards anchor $26 million President's Scholarship Campaign.
2. ISU helps celebrate 75th anniversary of 19th amendment by dedicating Carrie Chapman Catt Hall.
1. President Clinton and Vice President Gore visit ISU for National Rural Conference.

Ranking: VISIONS staff.

Hoop dreams come true

THE STATE OF IOWA MAY NEVER AGAIN SEE THE LIKES OF SUCH A talented, home-grown basketball-playing duo. Now they're trying out their act on the National Basketball Association.

Fred Hoiberg and Loren Meyer, the leaders of an Iowa State University team that advanced to the second round of the NCAA Tournament last March, have cleared their first major NBA hurdles: Making the 12-man roster. Meyer, a 6-foot-10 center drafted in the first round last June, was a lock to stick with the Dallas Mavericks. Hoiberg, a 6-foot-4 guard snatched in the second round, had a little more work to do. Typically, he didn't shy away, winning the final spot on the Indiana Pacers' opening-day roster last November.

Their success made for a glorious start to the season for Iowa State faithful. No less than four former Cyclones — an all-time high — opened with NBA teams: Jeff Hornacek (Utah Jazz), Victor Alexander (Toronto Raptors) and the two rookies. (Jeff Grayer, who played several seasons with the Milwaukee Bucks, Golden State Warriors and Philadelphia 76ers, was not on an NBA roster at this December writing.) For comparison, Hornacek was the lone former Iowa State player in the league when he broke in with the Phoenix Suns 10 years ago this fall.

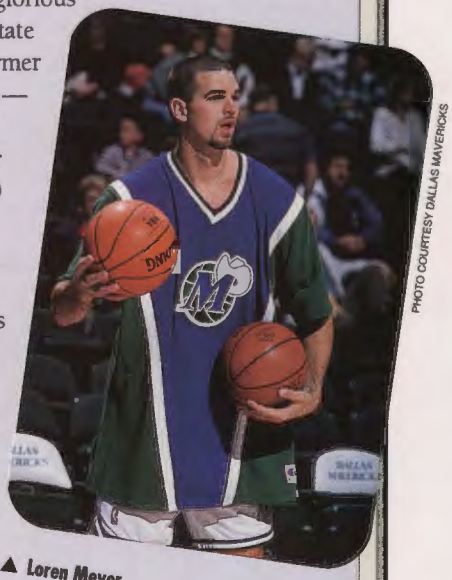


PHOTO COURTESY DALLAS MAVERICKS

▲ Loren Meyer

New Cyclone Skipper

GENE SMITH WENT TO HIS BULLPEN TO FIND THE Cyclones' next baseball coach.

In November the ISU director of athletics named Lyle Smith, an 11-year assistant in the Iowa State program, to succeed Bobby Randall as head coach. Randall resigned in September to accept the top job at the University of Kansas.

Smith, who received his Iowa State master's degree in 1985, was principally responsible for recruiting and coaching the ISU pitchers.

Swans of a different color (for now)

Two more of Iowa State's favorite fowl have changed their feathers. First it was Cy who changed his look.

Now Lake Laverne's most famous denizens, Lancelot and Elaine, have changed species.

After decades of hiring mute swans to play the role of the lake's royal couple, Iowa State's Liberal Arts and Sciences Council last fall brought in a pair of trumpeters to celebrate the lake's long-awaited rejuvenation. Though the youngsters look strikingly different these days — trumpeters are gray for the first year or so of their lives — the biggest change is their very existence on campus this season. For the first time, Lance and Elaine will ply Laverne's chill winter waters instead of shipping out to the comforts of indoor living. Laverne's 1995 restoration included the addition of aerators to the lake's west corner, allowing the swans an ice-free home throughout the winter.

The LAS Council, which, by tradition, oversees the handling of Lancelot and Elaine, teamed with the Iowa Department of Natural Resources (DNR) to bring in the cygnets as part of the state's 2-year-old trumpeter swan restoration program. The majestic birds — North America's largest waterfowl — are native to Iowa, but, because of intense wetland drainage, disappeared from the state in 1883. In 1930 just 69 trumpeters lived in the entire lower 48. DNR Swan Restoration Coordinator Ron Andrews says the program's goal is to establish 15 pairs of wild trumpeters in Iowa by 2003.

Because ISU's pair eventually will be rendered permanently flightless by a process called pinioning — and thus will remain at Lake Laverne — they obviously won't be counted among the wild trumpeters. But Iowa State and the DNR hope the couple spirit their progeny to the corners of the state and beyond. The mutes — which are not native to the U.S. — never reproduced.

Iowa State and the Department of Natural Resources hope the couple spirit their progeny to the corners of the state and beyond.

After the trumpeters gain their predominately white feathers this winter, Andrews says campus bird watchers will notice a few other differences:

- Particularly during the March-April nesting season, trumpeters tend to wander more than their stay-at-home predecessors. Thus the DNR held a session to prepare campus security personnel and various handlers on how to keep the swans out of harm's way. A semipermanent fence will keep the birds in the aerated section of the lake during the winter and in the nesting season. That section includes a new island that Andrews hopes becomes the nesting site when these two begin breeding at age 3 or 4.
- Trumpeters, as their name suggests, trumpet. The mutes, of course, are known and named for their silence.
- Trumpeters have black bills; the mutes, the familiar orange.

"We know the tradition of the swans at Iowa State," says Pat Schlarbaum, a DNR wildlife diversity technician who, along with LAS Council members, is closely monitoring the newcomers. "That will make the campus an extra nice focus for people to use the trumpeter as a bridge to appreciating wildlife and their natural requirements."

Helping chart a new millenium

SINCE TAKING OVER AS IOWA State University president four and a half years ago, Martin Jischke has talked early and often about making the institution the No. 1 land-grant university in the nation.

Last fall, he gained yet another perspective for doing so.

Jischke was named to the new Presidents' Commission of the Twenty-First Century State and Land-Grant Universities. The National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges (NASULGC) organized the commission, with funding from the W.K. Kellogg Foundation.

Jischke was among 20 presidents invited to serve. "I am pleased to have this opportunity to join a group of colleagues to help design the land-grant institution for the 21st century," he says.

The commission will focus on four key issues:

- the new VISION 2020 project begun by Kellogg's last year to study food, agriculture and nutrition needs for 2020;
- the role higher education must play in improving pre-college education;
- improving service to at-risk youth;
- and improving outreach education.

Minimizing Quacks

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN LAMPE

VETERINARY MEDICINE PROFESSORS have seen it a thousand times:

Students enroll in ISU's College of Veterinary Medicine because of an intense love for animals. It isn't until they graduate and move into practice, however, that a time-worn veterinarians' amorphism smacks them between the eyes:

Every patient comes with a human attached. In essence, there are two clients to please. Pity the upstart vet who arrives at this realization too late.

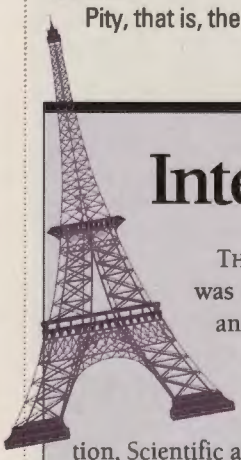
Pity, that is, the young vet who skips Gene Deisinger's class.

Deisinger doesn't know a Sheltie from a Shetland; he's a psychologist at ISU's Student Counseling Service. He'd used that expertise to consult with medical students regarding their bedside manner; the jump to tutoring would-be Doolittles, he says, was small indeed. "Whether you're a patient or the person attached to the sick animal, you're looking for the same things: A sense of connection, trust, continuity," Deisinger says.

He passes those on to about 45 students every spring in Vet Med 490: Clinical Communication and Listening Skills. Among students, the course is universally known as "Bedside manner for vets." Role-playing, Deisinger says, is a critical component to the elective course, whether it involves a farmer worried about an epidemic raging through her confinement building or a cop fretting over his poodle's apathy. "There are different reasons for owning animals, but when they come to a vet, the value of the animal is pretty constant," Deisinger says. "[Veterinarians] must understand and respect that value. The bottom line is the same for them as for people doctors:

"The consumer wants a health professional who cares."

International leaders to Jischke: Merci!



THE OCCASION was the 50th anniversary of the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). But for Iowa State University President Martin Jischke, a separate one-year anniversary also had significant import.

In November, Jischke led a delegation to Paris to celebrate UNESCO and to study first hand the progress of the International Institute for Theoretical and Applied Physics (IITAP). The joint venture between Iowa State and UNESCO was hatched a year ago with two primary goals:

- Foster peace through collaborations between U.S. scientists and colleagues in developing areas of the world in the joint pursuit of excellent scientific research and teaching. These joint efforts will build bridges of effective communication between the U.S. and other nations with diverse cultures.
- Empower scientists of developing areas to carry out advanced research and teaching in their own countries in order to strengthen the science and technology infrastructure of their regions.

"UNESCO officials and ambassadors indicated our efforts in IITAP are viewed as extremely important to UNESCO and a very successful venture," says Jischke, who met with UNESCO Director General Federico Mayor and ambassadors from China, Egypt, El Salvador and Israel. "They are exceedingly pleased with the institute's accomplishments to date, and enthusiastic about its future."

IITAP already has drawn hundreds of scientists to Ames for workshops, symposia and research projects. At any one time, Jischke says, eight to 10 international scientists are working on campus.

The institute also has overseen a number of cooperative projects, including the establishment of Central America's first astronomy observatory, at the University of Honduras. "These long-term projects help develop personal and institutional friendships that further the causes of science, education and peace throughout the world," Jischke says.

Jischke says potential future projects discussed in France include expanding Iowa State's Women in Science and Engineering program to include international partners.

Pandora's Box

Carolina Cruz-Neira

FOR YOUNG COMPUTER SCIENTIST, IT'S HIP TO BE SQUARE IN THE VIRTUAL WORLD

MILLENNIA AGO, MAN ventured out of the cave and forever altered the course of human evolution.

Three years ago, man — actually, a woman — returned to the cave. Computer visualization hasn't been the same since.

The woman in question — the baseball cap perched atop her computer monitor proclaims her "cave woman" — is Carolina Cruz-Neira, a rising star in virtual reality at the Iowa Center for Emerging Manufacturing Technology (ICEMT) on the Iowa State University campus. She is largely credited with developing "the cave" — despite its primitive moniker arguably one of the most thrilling and highly evolved ventures into the virtual world. After helping design and build the first cave while a Ph.D. student at the University of Illinois-Chicago, Cruz-Neira chose ISU over a host of suitors. Her primary charge: Build what her boss, ICEMT Director Jim Bernard, says will be "the finest cave in the world." As of VISIONS' December press run, the Spaniard was planning to debut her latest cave as early as this month.

The project — carrying a $750,000 price tag — involves funding, equipment and expertise from ISU's Institute for Physical Research and Technology (IPRT), the Office of Naval Research, the Carver Foundation and Silicon Graphics, Inc.

Before we go further, for those of you living in a cave the last few years — the dark, dank, bear-inhabited variety — a mini-primer: "Virtual reality" is an endeavor whereby computer wizards like Cruz-Neira create "virtual environments" from nothing more than hardware, software and gray matter. In the most recognizable operations, users don some sort of headgear and perhaps a glove and peer into the cargo hold of the space shuttle or the innermost chambers of the human heart. The world is interactive; that is, when observers, say, look to the left, their view shifts accordingly.

Whereas many scientists have focused on bulky apparati that fit helmet-like over the user's head, Cruz-Neira and her UIC compatriots took VR to the literal sense: Not content just to show operators the virtual world, the cave lets them establish residency there. ISU's new cave consists of three 12-foot x 9-foot walls and a 12-foot square floor — each a projection screen — into which virtual denizens walk.

CRUZ-NEIRA'S DREAM IS THAT CAVES WILL BE THE VENUES WHERE SCIENTISTS CURE CANCER, WHERE SURGEONS DEVELOP NEW LIFE-SAVING TECHNIQUES, WHERE OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS LEARN TO DRIVE WHILE CREASING ONLY VIRTUAL FENDERS.

But this is no I-Max in a box. Wearing a glove and a set of glasses only slightly bulkier than standard-issue shades, you can step into worlds as microscopic as the human bloodstream and as vast as space itself. Cruz-Neira's dream is that caves will be the venues where scientists cure cancer, where surgeons develop new life-saving techniques, where our sons and daughters learn to drive while creasing only virtual fenders.

"There's no *the* answer in the virtual environment," says Cruz-Neira, "but [the cave] is a good answer for a lot of problems." Because, unlike most virtual reality scenarios, the cave:

•doesn't require participants to wear bulky headgear;

•can accommodate more than one person at a time. "A physics teacher can bring in members of a class and explain gravity," Cruz-Neira says. This feature also allows a virtual guide to, say, take future doctors on a blood vessel fly-through. "On your own, it's too easy to get lost in virtual space," she says.

•allows participants to mix real and virtual objects. Install a genuine DC-10 cockpit into a cave and put your pilots through a flight simulator all but indistinguishable from the real friendly skies.

PHOTO COURTESY CAROLINA CRUZ-NEIRA

Cruz-Neira has helped lead the computing world — and now Iowa State — into the closet.

ICEMT's Bernard says these attributes give the cave "potential for remarkable new research in all kinds of areas. This is certainly the most exciting thing we've tried yet in the visualization business."

He and Cruz-Neira say ISU offers an almost unique environment for the cave to bloom. Virtual reality "is steeped in collaboration," says Cruz-Neira, a former classical ballet dancer who discovered computers as an undergrad in Venezuela. Her expertise in computer science and electrical engineering allows her to build and operate a cave, but leaves her ill-prepared to, for instance, provide the chemical and biological information necessary to build a virtual environment in which a drug's effects on the HIV virus can be seen. Iowa State's strength, Bernard says, is application of technologies. Using a professional baseball analogy, he says, "We're maybe double-A in visualization and major league in applications. Carolina is definitely a major leaguer in synthetic environments. She brings a tremendous ability to reach out to other scientists across campus."

And around the world. Another of Cruz-Neira's strengths is her ability to connect these virtual reality systems to powerful computers around the globe. Because the computing demands of some of the programs are so vast, she must be able to tap into other facilities' hardware. A December trade show in San Diego showcased Cruz-Neira's networking acumen. She coordinated the operation of a "portable cave" that ran a real-time molecular design simulation from a computer in suburban Chicago. "We're still far away from doing everything in real time, because the data needs are so tremendous," she says. "The things I'm working on, dreaming about, I might not see happen in my lifetime."

Perhaps not in the real world. But virtually speaking, you never know. ◐

Yard

GARY CLARKE/ISU ATHLETIC MEDIA RELATI

Work

By Dan Davenport

CYCLONE FANS GOT QUITE A RUSH WATCHING THEIR LITTLE BIG MAN RUN FOR 2,010 YARDS AND A SHOT AT THE HEISMAN TROPHY

They are among the great career moves of all time:

FDR conceives the New Deal.

Elvis gyrates his hips on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

And Dan McCarney keeps Troy Davis at Iowa State University.

If you are among the considerable band of Cyclone football fans dizzy with expectation for next season, you shudder to ponder life without the little man known simply, aptly, as "TD." Even McCarney, the ISU coach, allows, "I don't want to think about" life without the fifth man — and first sophomore — in NCAA Division I history to rush for more than 2,000 yards in a season.

Davis shocked pundits when he left his hometown Miami to play football at Iowa State in 1994. He reportedly was the best back coming out of Florida since the great Emmitt Smith — and he was going to play at ... cross country powerhouse Iowa State?

Shock No. 2: Then-Coach Jim Walden gives freshman Davis the ball just 35 times all season. It was as if he had brought in Pavarotti to pull open the curtains.

Homesick, slow to acclimate to Midwest winters, steamed that he wasn't good enough to play for a team that didn't win a game, Davis gave serious thought to shipping out. And it was far from a "He goes or I go" scenario; even after Walden's departure and McCarney's arrival, Davis' 1995 zip code was anybody's guess.

Thus McCarney's first task was every bit as delicate as it was important.

How important?

With his little-engine-that-could, nation's best 2,010-yard season, Troy Davis has become the heart of not just a football team, but, perhaps, of an entire program's long-awaited resurgence.

But let's keep perspective. One could argue that, with or without Troy, the Cyclones win two games in 1995 (they actually won three). Two-and-nine, 3-8 — both are improvements on 1994's 0-10-1; but neither would have bowl scouts clogging up Elwood Drive. It is perhaps the factor Heisman Trophy voters found most compelling in making him fifth in the balloting last month and thus the first 2,000-yard rusher not to win the award: If he's so good, why did his team go 3-8?

In all candor, Dan McCarney would be the first to offer that the '95 Cyclones had, at best, a mediocre offense. The Men of Troy were sixth in the Big Eight Conference and 65th nationally in total offense. They were fifth in the conference and 58th nationally in scoring. Heismanesque, no.

But 1995 was more about will than wins. For 11 weeks — starting with Davis' 291-yard explosion against Ohio University on Aug. 31— an unmistakable electricity surged through Cyclone Stadium. It was a wave this institution hadn't seen outside of Hilton Coliseum for 15 autumns, maybe more.

Yes, McCarney's arrival had a role in that. Change stirs optimism. But fans pay to see players play — particularly the once-a-decade franchise players who send your heart racing every time they drop into a three-point stance. That is what Troy Davis means to Iowa State University football. There is a galaxy of hope stuffed into this 5-foot-7¼, 184-pound dynamo. No matter how many touchdowns Nebraska or Colorado racks up on you, optimism is reborn with every kickoff. No matter how many games you've lost, the adrenaline surges every time tiny No. 28 toddles down the runway.

JIM HEEMSTRA

AS TROY CHURNED UP THE YARDS (LEFT), DEVOTED STUDENT NUMBER-CRUNCHERS KEPT A RUNNING TOTAL IN CYCLONE STADIUM'S UPPER DECK.

"I don't remember people anticipating the 11th game of the season quite like they did [in '95]," Tom Kroeschell, ISU's director of athletic media relations, says of Davis' quest to reach 2,000 yards in the finale at Missouri. He needed 170, and got 180, thanks to a breathtaking 41-yarder on his final carry of the season.

For long-suffering Cyclone football fans, fall Saturday mornings dawn with a crackle in the air:

Troy might go for 300 today.

Looking back from January 1996, it is tempting to call Dan McCarney's retainer of Davis the quintessential no-brainer. But this hindsight, as is usually the case, is vision-impaired. On Thanksgiving 1994, the day after he was named coach, McCarney knew only that Davis was a heralded prep out of Miami Southridge High School, that many people thought Walden underutilized him, that he ran 35 times for 187 yards and that he had a 99-yard kickoff return for a touchdown in the season finale at Colorado. "You can't look at a kid with that kind of history, never having seen him play, and say, 'There's a 1,000-yard rusher to build my entire team around,'" McCarney says. So yes, McCarney knew from the outset that keeping Davis was critical. But it wasn't until last March, McCarney's fourth month in town, that he earnestly began to realize how critical. And how catastrophic losing him could have been.

"There aren't many guys anywhere who can do the things Troy can do," says the coach, "so that first practice, that first time we saw him, we instantly had a pretty good idea that this young man was going to touch the football. A lot."

But 345 times for 2,010 yards?

"Of course not," McCarney answers. "You can't expect that or plan that for anybody. But the more he played, the more it became obvious that getting him the ball gave us the best opportunity to make plays."

The 2,000-yard buzz started in week four, after Davis scorched Nevada-Las Vegas for 302 yards. Eighty-nine more the next week against Oklahoma gave him 1,001 and made him the first sophomore to pass 1,000 yards in five games.

The 89 was to be his lowest output of the season. In what can only be called laughable, one Heisman voter wrote in a national publication that among Davis' numerous negatives were those 89 yards vs. OU. That is a smokescreen. Cynical media types — pardon the repetition — don't want to admit they voted for anybody but the best player in college football. Davis may or may not be the best. But he was fifth in the voting — the first 2,000-yard rusher not to win — because he is a sophomore playing on a 3-8 team with no football history and no national following. And it was far from an East Coast/West Coast snub: Though on nearly everybody's All-American team, Davis didn't even garner Big Eight Conference Player of the Year. That went to Nebraska quarterback Tommy Frazier.

Nonetheless, in the heady days leading up to the Dec. 9, ESPN-broadcast Heisman award ceremony, Davis repeatedly told reporters that he would win the coveted prize. Two days before he left for New York City — where he met his parents, Eular and William Webster — he prepared his acceptance speech.

So was Davis crushed when he was fifth in the voting, and Ohio State's Eddie George won the Heisman? Predictably, no. He shook off like an arm tackle the thought that finishing fifth somehow meant that he had put together anything less than a stupendous season. "I'm still proud," he told the Des Moines Register reporter who traveled to Manhattan to cover Davis' three-day trip. "I'm not disappointed to finish fifth. I want to try even harder next season. I can't slow down on my pace because I want to keep on piling up the yardage. ... I'll be back in New York City at next year's ceremonies."

Carrying Troy's Cleats

THE NEXT FIVE ON ISU'S ALL-TIME RUSHING CHART:

Blaise Bryant
1989
1,516 yds.

Dwayne Crutchfield
1980
1,312 yds.

George Amundson
1971
1,260 yds.

Mike Strachan
1972
1,260 yds.

Dexter Green
1977
1,240 yds.

Eular Webster isn't sure why her son picked Iowa State University. But though she loves him so, she remains tickled that he left Miami. "There's so much violence, drugs in schools, everything," she says over the phone. "Troy never got into any trouble, but I knew it would be better for him to be far away." Even when he called home every evening after practice that first fall? "Even then. Oh, I missed him. But a mother knows what's best for her child. I knew he was where he belonged."

Though this is a woman who once forbade her son to play football, and couldn't afford to travel to Iowa to watch him, Webster knows of what she speaks. If Davis enrolls at hometown University of Miami, he very likely bombs. The Miami Hurricanes succeed as much with their trash talk as their talent. You score a touchdown, you yank off your helmet and taunt your opponent. Such acts, gobbled up like M&Ms by the TV camera, are fast becoming a blight on college athletics.

Taunting is not in Davis' makeup. "I knew from way back Troy was a different kid," Eular Webster says of her and William's rearing of Troy and their six other children. "We just taught him the usual things — to give older people respect, to stay out of trouble and away from drugs, that kind of stuff. He was always serious about these things. He was always serious about everything."

Thus, after long TD runs (he and Frazier led the Big Eight, with 16), his teammates often had to hustle to the end zone to celebrate with him before he unceremoniously pitched the ball to the official and trotted to the sideline. "I always wanted the game, I always wanted to win, more than anybody," Davis says. "I guess that's probably what makes me more serious than anyone out there."

A foot shorter and 150 pounds lighter than many of his foes, possessor of no more than adequate speed, Davis needed much

more than raw physical skill to rush for more than a mile. He needed a lust for physical contact. He needed the intuitive sense to know tacklers' movements before they knew them. He needed enormous emotional stamina. He needed guile. But after each game, it was as if he hung such traits in his stall along with his shoulder pads and helmet. His elusiveness on the field is equaled only by his accessibility off it.

Kroeschell remembers the day ESPN reporter Suzy Kolber was in town to talk with Davis for a piece to be aired on the popular *SportsCenter*. Yet another Iowa State first. With the interview time drawing near, Kroeschell, knowing Davis never blew off a media request, peeked out the window. There was Troy, padding across the parking lot, his only dress suit slung over his shoulder. (He would buy a second suit for the Heisman ceremony.) "I immediately thought of [brash former Oklahoma linebacker Brian] Bosworth wheeling up in a sports car and colored hair," Kroeschell says. "Here's the nation's leading rusher, walking up with a backpack full of books on one arm, his suit over his shoulder. He doesn't have a car."

But that's not to say he's not into self-expression. Before coming to Ames, he had "T.D." tattooed into his grapefruit-sized right bicep. Days after his 302 yards against UNLV put him over 1,000, he had a

AP/MARK LENNIHAN

DAVIS (FAR RIGHT) JOINED (FROM LEFT) TOMMY FRAZIER, DARNELL AUTRY, EDDIE GEORGE AND DANNY WUERFFEL IN EYING THE ULTIMATE COLLEGE FOOTBALL PRIZE.

bulldog tattooed over his left pectoral. The dog, representing the "Mad Dog" attitude McCarney had instilled in the team, had its own 'too: 1,001.

Then there's the "T" and "!" engraved in his gold-plated front teeth. A dual feat of dentistry and bravado, no doubt. But there's one problem: The stoic Davis rarely smiles wide enough to flash his message.

Therein, perhaps, lies the most compelling reason why Davis is so popular in Iowa. Yes, he's a born-and-bred Miamian — for proof, he'll tell you about huddling with his family while Hurricane Andrew relentlessly battered his home in 1992. But his constant praise for his offensive line, his own workmanlike blocking ability and his refusal to boast all reflect a humility that is as much a part of Iowa's tapestry as its rich soil. At no time was that more evident than on Dec. 2, the day after it was announced Davis was a Heisman finalist. At halftime of ISU's basketball game with the University of Richmond, Davis nervously strode to center court. He was unceremoniously dressed in jeans, tennis shoes and an untucked polo shirt. For more than 10 minutes, Kroeschell detailed Davis' accomplishments, pausing after every sentence for raucous cheers from the 10,000-plus fans in Hilton Coliseum, most of them on their feet. The more Davis fidgeted, the more they screamed. There stood a consensus All-American, capturing an audience as few before him had. Yet surely he found the Nebraska defense less daunting.

"Troy never really wants to talk about himself," says teammate, friend and fellow Floridian Ed Williams. "What [reporters] see, that's no act. He's always been that way. Two-thousand won't change that."

Is this another reason why Davis was a distant also-ran for the Heisman? Perhaps. Kroeschell, like any decent publicist, launched the Heisman Hype early, mailing weekly Davis updates nationwide. But Davis was painfully nonchalant about the award. But when asked point blank who should win the Heisman, Davis did not demur. "In two words, who deserves the Heisman most?" he was asked by one of the estimated 40 reporters mobbing him on the field after he went over 2,000 in Columbia, Mo., on Nov. 18. His response: "It's me."

The politically correct response would have been to praise the competition. To say it's an honor being considered for college football's greatest individual award. Not Troy. "It's me."

Of course it wasn't him, but his fifth-place finish did nothing to diminish the fact that Davis' run for 2,000 yards was arguably the biggest story in the history of Iowa State University athletics. No Cyclone in recent memory has done more to author a story, Kroeschell says. There were the press conferences every Tuesday at noon. The individual interviews every Tuesday and Wednesday evening after practice, in person and on the phone with reporters from across the country. The interviews after every game. The unending autograph requests — not one going unfulfilled.

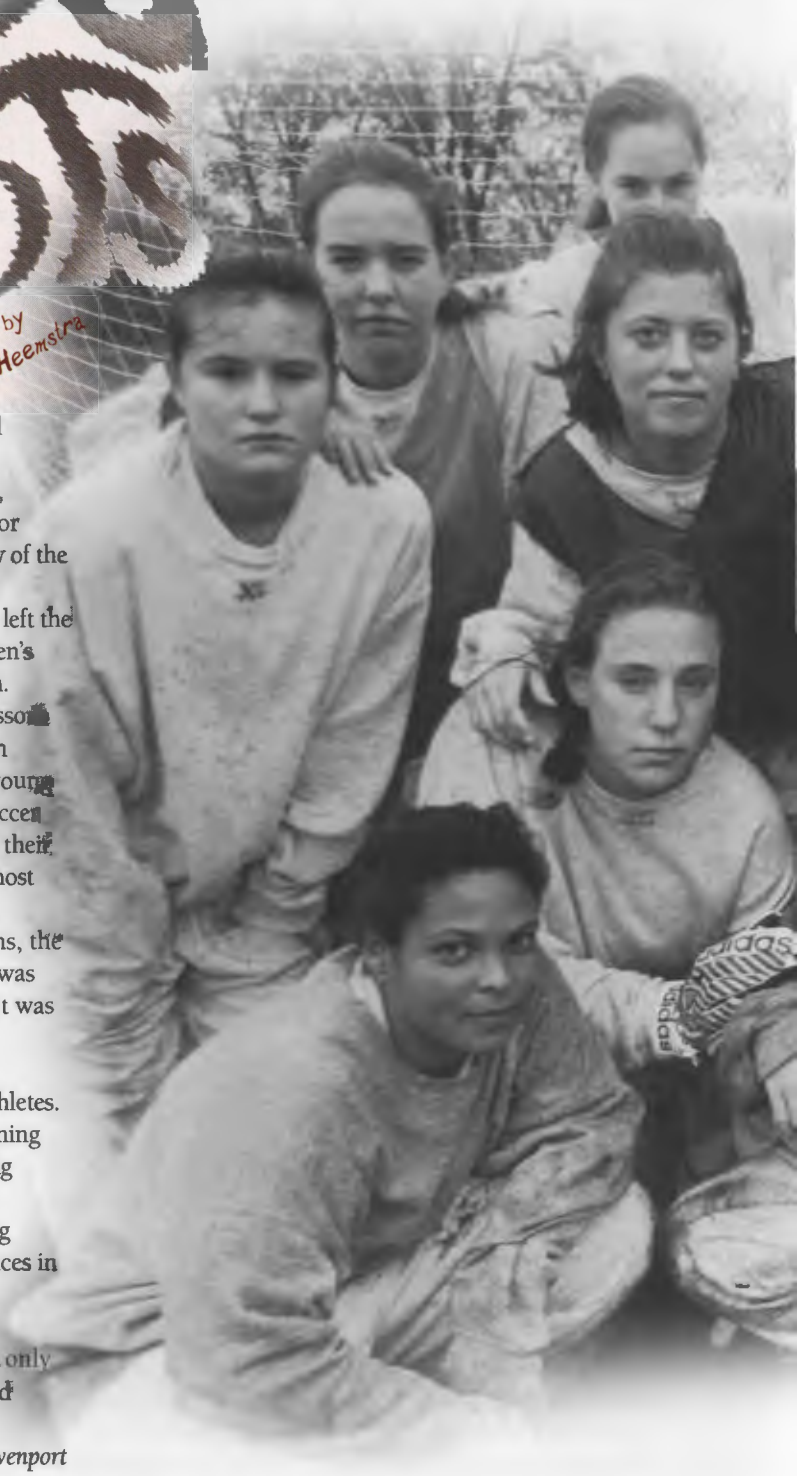
Davis' run was bigger than any bowl game, NCAA basketball tournament or national title. Bigger because it wasn't an event but a three-month journey played out in the national spotlight. Bigger because it fell like soft rain on a parched program.

This is a 20-year-old who lives to compete, who has matured enough to see the import of maintaining decent grades, who naturally dreams of pro football and its millions while pondering a career working with children. For now, outside interests must give way to studies, football and his (mostly Floridian) friends. If his brother, Darren, another diminutive but marvelously gifted running back, decides to come to ISU next fall, Troy's scope will narrow even further. Family, future, football, all in one compact package.

Per his mother's wishes, he honors commitments, stays out of trouble, respects his elders. And when he darts over, around or through bewildered tacklers, he carries more than a football. He carries hope. If that and 2,010 yards aren't enough to win the Heisman Trophy, so be it. For, as Troy Davis himself would say, "It's me." ◐

GRASS ROOTS

Photos by Jim Heemstra



There's something about building that lifts the heart.

Amish farmers gather to build a barn. A pair of cardinals build a nest for their young. A toddler builds her first block castle.

There is hope in building. There is hope and promise and exhilaration in creating something needed, something that will touch and enlighten the spirit.

But there is also anxiety. To build is to risk. It is to say to the world, "Watch me — I am creating something worthy." But what if I am a poor architect, and my creation crumbles in the wind? What if I grow weary of the task? What if nobody likes my work?

Cathy Klein knows the exhilaration, and the risk. Last summer she left the security of somebody else's creation — the Creighton University women's soccer program — to come to Iowa State University and build her own.

Coaches who bemoan so-called "rebuilding" challenges can take lessons from Cathy Klein. From nothing but institutional backing and her own resolve, she assembled the pieces — balls and nets and uniforms and young women. Her players were an assortment of decent athletes and club soccer players — not one earning a nickel in scholarship money. In enduring their three-month season, these 20 women became, in Klein's words, "the most bona fide committed group of athletes I've ever come across."

Competing largely against other upstart programs and club teams, the Cyclones won five of their 12 games, including their last three. "It was steady improvement," Klein says. "It was commitment to process. It was never say die."

She knows building this program into a legitimate NCAA Division I contender will mean forsaking many of these survivors for top-level athletes. With a full year's recruiting time, her goal for the signing period beginning next month is clear: Use 11 scholarships to attract the best soccer-playing students she can find.

But she will not turn away from the inaugural group — her building blocks. "I'll find room for these kind of people," she vows. Study the faces in these photos. Note the tenacity, the determination, the clarity of focus.

Their reward for weeks of bruised shins and searing lungs? Not financial gain or the favor of their peers, but, in Klein's words, "the only thing that should matter in college athletics: The joy of learning and contributing and growing."

They have built, and building is enough.

—Dan Davenport

Their goal behind them: Members of ISU's first soccer team at season's end.

Christina Whitehead
clearly has the right head
for soccer.

The game plays on, as trainer Julie Fleenner attends to a forlorn Amy Marshall.

Teammates give Ellen Reich a hands-on welcome into the starting lineup.

There's drama afoot as Jocelyn Nordstrom (15) dribbles upfield...

...then celebrates high-handedly with Tawnya Miller (17).

An advantage to starting from scratch: Cathy Klein had no shoes to fill.

Within the Confines

TWO'S COMPANY, OR TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT? ALUMNI PEN THEIR STORIES ON DORM LIFE OVER THE DECADES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK MARTURELLO

In 1947 I was cubicled with two others in Stange House of Friley Hall. Radio was one of our main sources of entertainment and advertising. In the latter case, many companies presented jingles to tout their products. Pepsi-Cola's was one that was well remembered. It went something like this:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces that's a lot,
Twice as much for a nickel too,
Pepsi-Cola's the drink for you!!
Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel,
Trickle, trickle, trickle, trickle,
Pepsi-Cola's the drink for you..

That company was offering financial rewards for interesting advertising gimmicks. Some of us concocted the idea of showing an avid Pepsi-Cola consumer drinking the product in the shower.

I managed, even with the rather humid, shower-stall conditions that fogged my camera lens, to capture just such a moment.

We submitted it, along with a caption, to the Pepsi-Cola company. However, neither the anticipated, and hoped-for monetary reward, nor even a written "thank you" resulted!

Richard L. Sanner, '49
Clemson, South Carolina

1965 for me was the Beatles, Vietnam, and five freshmen girls scrunched into two rooms in Birch Hall. We shared a suite with a bathroom between a double and single room. I shared the single room with Mary. Mary hated everything about college and most especially our room. She had her clothes on two huge racks in our room. She wouldn't put them in the closet because she thought the closet was dirty. She had a tag on every hanger stating which item of clothing was to hang there. Mary had a candy dish on our dresser with a sign on it that read, "If I had wanted you to have some of my candy, I would have offered it." Mary's 3x5 card file, [cataloging] all her possessions, gave the rest of us roommates much entertainment. When Mary was gone, we would try to match her things to the cards, e.g. four 27-inch shoestrings.

My freshman year was wonderful, as we five girls from varied backgrounds cried, shared, laughed and grew. We formed lasting friendships. I loved them all — even Mary, who dropped out after her sophomore year.

Marsha Vroman Mott, '69
Clear Lake

Larry, a junior mechanical engineering student, was my roommate in the fall of 1982. I will never forget the day I returned to our dorm after marching band practice to find him re-cooking a food-service pork chop on an electric skillet he had brought from home expressly for that purpose. His fear of disease-bearing meat was overshadowed only by the Venetian blinds in the rear window of his Buick.

Mark Walter, '85
Des Moines

I recall a new roommate was given my opinion of the gentlemen housed at Alumni Hall, including one of my particular favorites, prior to an "exchange." She subsequently decided that the man mentioned was a catch. To my knowledge, they are still married.

On occasion I have been blessed with wisdom from unknown origin. One evening after returning from a date, I discovered that my roommate had taken 10-12 aspirins as an attention grabber. In an attempt to limit this tactic to the virgin voyage, I decided to play detached. Feeling confident after a chat with the infirmary staff that she would be awake the rest of the night but suffer no long-terms effects, I related the facts to her. I then requested that she spend the remainder of the night in the house den so I could sleep, as I needed to be working at 7 a.m. It worked!

In fond memory of this portion of my learning,

Shirlee Wadsley Hawkins, '74
Maple Grove, Minnesota
(who lived with nine roommates during 12 quarters and a summer session)

1946 — Oak Hall — ground floor. My roommate always went to bed before I did. While I studied, she slept. Smart girl.

One night, quite late, I though I'd have some fun and light a firecracker I happened to have. I threw it under my desk and *wham!* The concrete floor and brick walls made the sound so great it scared me as much as

my roommate. I was so embarrassed by what I'd done that I jumped into bed and pretended someone else had done it. Of course I gave myself away — every door in the corridor had opened except ours! I had an understanding roommate — she didn't even ask me to move.

June Williams Sudduth, '50
Tucson, Arizona

In the late '60s and early '70s, I was living in Foster House, which was then an all -boys dorm house on the north end of Helser Hall. My roommate was Andy Waller from Poynette, Wisconsin. Andy was a defensive tackle on the football team. While on the football field, he had a rather nasty personality, which served him well. But off the field, he had a gentle side and was easy to room with.

One beautiful day we were hiking at the Ledges State Park when we came across a young child crying hysterically after cutting a foot on glass in one of the creeks. Andy rushed to the creek and picked up the child. Within seconds, Andy had reassured the youngster that things would be OK, and the hysterical child was reduced to wimpering.

The last time I saw Andy was about 10 to 15 years ago in Cyclone Stadium. He was entertaining people in his section by stating that the new stadium was "the house that Andy built." People all around us were laughing as Andy took bow after bow for his play on Babe Ruth and Yankee Stadium.

Bill Reding, '71
Colfax, Iowa

In 1937-38 there was a shortage of housing for women students on the campus, and the top floors of the Union were assigned to transfer students—in my case, four to a room. By the time there were two bunk beds, four desks and four chairs, there was not much room for people.

My 18th birthday was in January and I looked forward to sharing the event with my roommates and friends. But when the time came to go to dinner, not a soul was around. I waited until the last minute and then went alone, feeling very rejected and sorry for myself. As I approached the dining room, one of my roommates appeared. We went to another room with a dozen people, a beautiful cake with candles, and the strains of "Happy Birthday, Marian." I was overwhelmed with this much attention after feeling so dejected. They had even remembered my favorite cake was angel food.

I still remember the "warm" feeling I had for those wonderful roommates then; the feeling returns whenever I think of it. It was good then as well as now to know that someone cared.

Marian Singer Cocks, '40
Bayside, California

I met Allison my sophomore year (her freshman) at Iowa State. After digging deeper into what else we had in common, I realized I had found my twin in genotype! Farming backgrounds, all sports, boyfriends, foods and more.

We decided to share a room the next fall and began making plans for all the parties we'd throw and people we'd have over. I went home with her to visit her farm and she came home with me to visit all the friends I talked about.

In the spring of '90 we began our search for an apartment. Things started well and we had so many good times I probably couldn't count them if I had 100 years to do it. We laughed about fun times until early dawn and cried (over a tube of raw chocolate chip cookie dough) about getting dumped by the latest fling. Allison was not only my roommate but my best friend and confidante. There were so many things she taught me, from good taste in clothes and men to being a true Cyclone.

But then it began to grate on my nerves that Allison was always sleeping on the couch when I came back from class, or complaining of being so tired, or having a headache when it was time to do dishes. But, my feelings would pass, because she was still my best friend.

In the fall of '92, Allison moved back into a different apartment with different roommates. I'd graduated, and had realized I would be home with no one to help me eat chocolate or rake men over the coals. My phone bill was gonna break me, and I was losing the best wardrobe I'd ever had. Two months after I graduated, Allison walked up the aisle in a bridesmaid dress at my wedding.

Shortly before Thanksgiving I received a call from Allison. I knew in a matter of seconds that something was wrong, but figured it was man trouble. What she had to say was something I'll never forget. "Kathie, I don't know how to say this, but I have a brain tumor." The air just seemed to squeeze from my chest and I couldn't get it back. All the moodiness, headaches and tiredness she had been experiencing came back to me in a blur.

It was malignant. The Saturday after her surgery, some friends and I went to visit her in the hospital. She looked great! It was Allison, minus a head of hair. What a little trooper. Spunky as always and bright as a butterfly. The nurses commented that they couldn't keep her in bed because she was always up wandering in the middle of the night full of energy.

Numerous surgeries, medications, treatments and months later, Allison was still in that same hopeful frame of mind. Her body ballooned; her face was twice its normal size. But it was still my buddy Al inside. The next fall she went back to ISU to complete her last semester in ag business and started out strong, but the stress was too much. Her short-term memory just wasn't there, and the pain started to return. Her parents moved her back home to live. Reality was hitting home for me—Allison was going to die, soon.

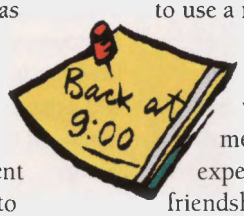
In May 1994, I went to see Allison for the last time. Allison's voice was probably the only part of her I recognized, but it was enough to make my heart soar at hearing it. Though she could not hold a conversation, only answer questions and a bit more, she still had that spunky side to her. I often wonder if she really even knew me at all.

July 11, 1994, will always be a sad day for me. It was the day Allison, my best friend and fellow Cyclone, passed away at the age of 23.

If I could go back and have her name printed on my diploma, I would do it. No one wanted to be an ISU grad more or strived harder to earn it than Allison.

Kathie Scott Oberman, '92
Clinton, Iowa

It was the fall of 1979, and I was leaving my hometown of 18,000 to go, as my father was so kind to point out, to a school that was bigger than our town. Additionally, I was about to leave the privacy of my own room and the lack of need to share because I was an only child. But, I was thrilled!



As my family pulled up to Linden Hall that August day, a student had already begun to unload—and she was toting a huge coat rack. I thought, who would bring such a thing? What about the poor people who have to live with that ? Sure enough, that coat rack belonged to my roommate Cathy, and would provide us with much entertainment.

The three of us could not have been more different if we tried. Maggie, a local girl who wanted to be a teacher and believed everything had a place; Cathy, the engineering student who did not study and got As, and had never cleaned anything before; and me, Ann, who started as an art student, and perceived myself to be the one who lived in moderation, in the middle of the neat queen and the slob. So different, and yet, we could not have been better matched or loyal to each other.

It became a rule that you left a note when you were going somewhere—we were more protective of each other than our parents had been. We were so loyal that when Maggie discovered nodules on her throat and was not allowed to talk above a whisper, we developed our own sign language so that we could communicate with her.

In our final weeks together we sat down and listed things we didn't want to forget about our time together. In perusing the six-page list today, memories came flooding back of those days in Linden where Maggie and I had a party for Cathy because everyone in her book had died, where I learned to share clothes and secrets, where Cathy learned to use a mop (but never did it very well). It is so hard to put into words the visions and memories, the learning experiences and friendships, the events that changed and formed my life and made me who I am today. It was a special year. Let us cherish all of the memories, and be forever friends.

Ann Dickinson, '83
Santa Monica, California

For four years, in two dorms (Welch and East Linden) Carlson and Miller were a team. We did some crazy things, learned a lot about our disciplines and developed a friendship which has carried us through more than 30 years.

A fond memory occurred during the winter of 1960 or '61. Our room in Welch Hall faced the president's home, the Knoll. One evening a beautiful soft, deep snow fell. The temperatures were not in the biting sub-zero range so often encountered in the frigid central Iowa region. Ally and I, tired of studying, looked out our window at the beauty of the snow on the lawn and trees and decided to go for a walk. We exited the front door and were drawn to the pristine snow on the banks of the Knoll. Impulsively we jumped into the snow and created two "snow angels." We carefully left the spot, hoping our tracks could not be traced. For several days those "angels" greeted the multitude of women (yes, the campus, not just the dorms, was segregated!) who trekked westward toward the Union. Even today when it snows that special, glittery, "fake" snow, I am reminded of that tranquil evening, the fun and friendships of our ISU dormitory days, and of my lifelong friendships.

Mary Miller Hoy, '64
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The high point in my house [east of Lake Laverne] came each fall with cold weather, when the coal train headed for the power house in the northeast corner of the campus. On the curved track behind the house, somebody had soaped the tracks, and betting was vigorous on how many wheelspinning tries it would make.

Richard A. McEwen, '40
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

My roommate in my sophomore year (Livingston House, Helser Hall) was nicknamed Kermit, for his deep fascination with the Muppets. Kermit slept in the bottom bunk and insisted on sleeping with a large floor fan running.

Kermit had a peculiar method of waking up. When Kermit's alarm rang, he literally leapt out of bed, his bedspread airborne, leaving the covers to float lazily back down like a parachute.

One morning, the alarm rang, Kermit leapt from his bed, and I heard:

- a loud clatter as Kermit jumped into his own fan;
- a long string of obscenities (very un-Muppet like)
- and finally, the door slamming as Kermit stomped down the hall to take a shower (limping, no doubt).

Henry Moritz, '85
Wichita, Kansas

In the Fall of 1944 nine special freshman girls — plus others — moved into the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity house because the Navy men were occupying the girls' dormitories. Some unique chemistry drew us together. We were all away from home for the first time and learning to manage by ourselves. We lived there until around Thanksgiving when we were able to move into Roberts Hall. We walked to classes together, went on dates and picnics, to mixers and formal dances plus all the other activities on campus. We teased the housemother, wrote to our servicemen, did some "matchmaking" and tried to see how many sailor's blues we could shed our fuzzy sweaters on! We bought friendship bracelets with each of our names on the links and called ourselves the Chain Gang. We took pictures of each other in crazy poses and did all the silly things young girls did.

We started a "round robin" letter in 1948, and it continues today. Two have died — one in a plane crash with her husband, the the other from leukemia. We are: Phil Beck Ross, Jeanne Doty Cady, Ardath "Mickey" McCombs Cohran, Mary "Tinky" Tinkham Cowguill, Kathy Wise Fouchea, Maxine Robertson Haney, Barbara Connelly Heidel, Mary Jo Overholt Peterson and Carol Little Towle.

Jeanne Doty Cady, '48
San Diego, California

In the fall of 1981, Paul Ruby and I had just moved in, and Paul wanted a raised floor. It was efficient use of space and it was cool.

Our neighbor, Dan from Sioux City, was a scheming senior with way too much time on his hands. He saw an opportunity and wired a speaker through a hole in the wall into our room and placed it under the floor (which was used for storage). At a very low volume, he would wait until around 1 a.m. and play a recording of scary sounds. It was something you'd here on Halloween (screams, heartbeat, hideous laugh, etc.), and he played the tape every few nights for what seemed like a month.

Paul slept like a rock, but I usually heard it. Unable to figure out where the spooky sounds were coming from, I wasn't scared, but I did think my mind was playing tricks on me and perhaps college was not for me. I told Paul and he also thought I was losing it. Finally one night I woke him and he freaked. Now I was scared. We actually left our room (in our underwear), allowing Dan to achieve his goal—he'd scared the pants off of us.

Chris Galor, '85
Aurora, Illinois

Jim was a brilliant EE major who started at ISU at age 16. In the electricity phase of our early physics courses, Jim had perfect scores on all of tests including the final. Jim was always trying to improve his academic performance. He had read that when we sleep, we go into a deep sleep early and a light, dream-phase slumber later. Jim felt that the latter phase was a waste of time. So he asked if it was okay with me if he broke his sleep up into two four-hour periods. This way he would get two deep-sleep periods — sort of a Super-Sleep Plan. I'm sure he wondered why nobody had thought of this before. I agreed.

He was as considerate as he could be. We went to bed at the usual time that first night but he had set his alarm clock to go off four hours later. As soon as that alarm sounded, he snapped awake, and shut it off. He then quietly got out of bed, propped up a piece of plywood to block out his desk light, and started studying. I went back to sleep. He got his other four hours of sleep later in the day.

I don't remember how long this experiment lasted. I did notice a change in him very soon. The alarm rang longer each time. He became confused and clumsier than usual. I think he started having real doubts when, while setting the plywood in place, he dropped it on his foot. He admitted defeat a few days later when his alarm started ringing — and ringing. He slowly got out of bed and limped across the room. He woke up listening to a ringing in one ear, hearing a dial tone in the other, and standing there with the phone in his hand.

Norman G. Larson, '66
Amarillo, Texas

In my senior year I roomed with an electrical engineering student named Bill Mueller, who had trouble getting up for 8 a.m. classes. He had an alarm clock but sometimes went back to sleep after it had quit ringing. Commercial clock radios either were not yet available or were unaffordable, so Bill devised his own clock radio. The materials used were a mechanical alarm clock, a radio with a toggle switch, a piece of string and small glass milk bottle.

One end of the string was tied to the toggle switch; the other end was tied to the bottle. The alarm was wound and the windup key was stopped in a horizontal position. The string was stretched across the windup key and the milk bottle was hung over the edge of a desk.

When the alarm went off the windup key would turn and the string would slip off of it. This permitted the milk bottle to fall enough to jerk the toggle switch into the "on" position and activate the radio. The contraption worked beautifully.

William E. Hamilton, Sr., '38
Wheaton, Illinois

Kent loved trucks, especially big over-the-road semis with sleepers and other creature comfort features. He had pictures of trucks all over the walls of our room.

One night Kent had a girlfriend up to the room after an evening on the town. His date was dressed to kill and appeared to have romantic intentions toward Kent when they arrived back at the dorm.

Unbeknownst to Kent, we had placed a miniature radio transmitter, built by a couple of upper class EE majors, in a dresser drawer in the room. With the transmitter on, anyone in Wilson Hall could hear what was said in the room by tuning to the proper frequency on their FM radios.

After Kent and his date entered the room, radios all over the dorm were tuned in to their conversation. His date started making passes at Kent almost immediately, but Kent wasn't catching any of them. All he could do was talk about trucks. He described the trucks he had pictures of, trucks he drove, trucks his dad had. After almost an hour of this, his date could take no more and she asked to be taken home.

A couple of years later, after Cunningham House had moved to Larch Hall, I walked past a loaded hog truck parked outside the women's dorms on Richardson Court. I commented to the guys I was with that Kent must be picking up his date to take on a delivery. They couldn't believe anyone would take a date for a ride in a truck pulling a load of hogs, but sure enough, after a couple of minutes, Kent and his date came out of the dorm, hopped in the truck and drove off.

Allen J. Palmer, '73
Long Beach, Mississippi

After Kent and his date entered the room, radios all over the dorm were tuned in to their conversation.

Ryan's Hope

WHICH WAY TO THE WHITE WAY? ASK DENNIS RYAN

IF BEING ENCOURAGED TO break a leg offers an actor good luck, might we assume that somebody, somewhere, told Dennis Ryan to walk in the path of a freight train?

How else to explain the 1988 Iowa State University graduate's Broadway debut last fall? At age 29, with a phenomenally average résumé — you might've seen his Tylenol commercial — he lands an understudy's job, sees the actor leave the show and is offered the role. Is Broadway losing its touch, or what? Isn't this the same diagonal stretch of pavement that's supposed to carve up the likes of Dennis Ryan like a Ginsu?

How else to explain it than as a wildly lucky break, right?

Well, maybe.

On Oct. 1, Ryan opened in the uproarious new play *Moon Over Buffalo* at the Martin Beck Theatre in Manhattan. With extensive training in drama and the classics at Iowa State and later the University of Delaware's Professional Theatre Training Program, Ryan did not come to *Moon* as a comic genius. But that's not what he's being paid to do eight times a week — not with a redhead named Carol Burnett already claiming dibs on the role.

Set in a theatre in 1953 Buffalo, N.Y., *Moon* mines Burnett's comedic wizardry to its depths. Ryan and everyone else are there to assist the excavation. Burnett and co-star Philip Bosco play an aging, egocentric couple yearning for one last grasp of the theatre grail — in this case, roles in the great Frank Capra's next project. A full moon indeed beams over this bunch; it is left to Ryan, as the frenzied manager Paul, to bring a shred of sanity to the lunacy that includes: a drunk, philandering never-was of a leading man; his senile, hard-of-hearing mother; Burnett's bug-eyed, over-the-top bleating woman; a pregnant ingénue, and the stranger zigging through scenes in a Patton uniform.

In its opening months, the play, written by the highly regarded Ken Ludwig, drew largely favorable reviews and played to consistently solid houses.

All of which brings us back to luck. Ryan barreled through a gauntlet of ISU Theatre parts with an aplomb not seen before or since. At Delaware, he flourished in a series of classical roles. He shined in several daunting regional theatre roles. He furrowed his brow for Tylenol. But to make the

Carol Burnett (in Phil Bosco's embrace) leads a cast including Ryan (center) and Randy Graff.

JOAN MARCUS

leap from there to a spot in Burnett's shadow — why, Capra himself couldn't have written a more unlikely tale.

But several who've watched young actors stress that Ryan's luck came only in his being there when the door inched open. It took his every fiber, the experience of every role he ever played, and then some, to kick the door off its hinges. To dismiss his ascension as beginner's luck is to perform an injustice — to the man and the art. As Emerson wrote, "Shallow men believe in luck."

"You hear a lot about luck, about circumstances," says New York director Jack Going, who worked with Ryan in three repertory theatre plays. "People make their luck. ... There is something — I can't exactly describe it — something very positive about [Ryan] that produces these kinds of results."

Where to start? The leading-man looks? (All original parts.) His lithe, 6-foot-2, 180-pound frame? (Down 35 pounds from his beer and pizza days at Iowa State.) His exhaustive training? His born-in-the-prairie (Des Moines) work ethic?

None of the above.

Let's start with the real man-bites-dog story: Dennis Ryan, Broadway Hunk, is remarkably, unbelievably, spectacularly ... nice.

Let's face it: With the chiseled jaw, the melt-platinum voice, the talent on loan from Burton and now the Broadway credit, this is a guy you really wouldn't at all mind hating.

"HE'S THE RAREST THING YOU CAN FIND: A LEADING MAN WHO CAN ACT. AND AN ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIC GUY. I'LL BE VERY, VERY SURPRISED IF HE DOESN'T HAVE A REALLY SPECTACULAR CAREER. NOT A GOOD CAREER — A SPECTACULAR ONE."

So say you made arrangements to visit Ryan in his tiny fourth-floor walk-up in Brooklyn. All the way up, step by step, you prepare yourself to loathe the man. Fate has unleashed a Jimmy Carter smile on this guy. Human nature harboring the green monster that it does, you despise him for it.

Then you round the final landing, head up the final flight, and find ... Sir Lancelot at the top of the stairs. He holds a steaming mug of coffee in his left hand; he smiles easily and extends his right hand to you. He's wearing faded jeans, a maroon dress shirt untucked over a forest T-shirt and sandals, no socks. He could walk onto the set of *Friends* and somebody would hand him a script. The scowl drifts from your face. Within seconds your mind is grinding away on two thoughts: Where was I when this guy was looking for an agent, and, Could I freeze you until my daughter turns 25?

The guy is that bloody nice.

"He is as close to the perfect young leading man as you can imagine," says Going. "Looks, charm, technique. This is the guy directors want to direct and mothers want their daughters to marry."

Adds Sanford Robbins, director of Delaware's Professional Theatre Training Program: "He's the rarest thing you can find: A leading man who can act. And an absolutely terrific guy. I'll be very, very surprised if he doesn't have a really spectacular career. Not a good career — a spectacular one."

Ryan, ever grounded up on the fourth floor, will hear none of it. "You have to remember," he says over a square of coffee cake a few hours before he'll take the subway under the East River to the Martin Beck Theatre on 45th Street, "this is my first time here. I'm not a part of Broadway history." Burnett is. Ryan knows she has hinted at leaving *Moon* in January. He knows this show begins and ends with its ear-tugging matriarch.

He's asked if that worries him, if he fears that, in Major League Baseball parlance, he might have "a cup of coffee" on Broadway — that is, he'll get this taste, the show will close and back down to the minors (regional theatre) he'll go. "Yes, I know that could happen," he says. "If [so], I'll go back to my temp job doing computer graphics. And I'll have had this great experience, this exposure. If that happens, I can only say, 'Poor me.'

"People have worked 50 years and haven't gotten this break. I got a gift. To get arrogant would be an insult to the craft and to all those people who've come before me."

The guy is as sincere as a cocker spaniel and twice as loyal — to himself and his art. Despite his glee at landing the Paul role, before signing he insisted that he be given time off in June to marry his fiancée, Kim Sebastian, herself an experienced actor who shares the Brooklyn walk-up. Sebastian worked in L.A. for six years, landing roles in numerous series and several movies, before returning to New York. "You don't have to be a veteran to know that [show business] is consuming," Ryan says. "If you sacrifice your soul, it will eat you up."

Don't get him wrong — since climbing to the stage as a Des Moines high schooler, Ryan has known its intoxicating lure. This is a man who says, straight-faced, that he wants two Oscars, a Tony and an Emmy by 2000.

Refreshing chutzpah or sheer delusion? Before choosing, know this: When Ryan came to New York in 1992, he gave himself until age 30 to make his break. If he hadn't found success by then, he would leave and put his business degree to work.

Moon opened Oct. 1. Ryan turned 30 Nov. 18. Call it good karma (as Ryan does). Call it hard work paying off. Even call it fate. But call it dumb luck, and Dennis Ryan just might break your leg. ◐

Not a Hoot

By Kristin Gerhard

Kristin Gerhard is an associate professor of library science and chairperson of the ISU Committee on Women.

I WAS DISMAYED TO READ THE ARTICLE FEATURING the entrepreneur behind Hooters Restaurants ("*What A Hoot!*" *Fall* '95). Not only was the topic inappropriately offensive, but the article was shallow and superficial. It was not up to VISIONS' usual standards. As an organ of the Alumni Association, VISIONS has done a good job of highlighting the accomplishments of both alumni and alumnae. It has a responsibility not to denigrate and not to support the denigration of any group of Iowa Staters. In this respect, the decision to publish an article on Hooters sadly failed the women of the Iowa State community.

Why would the Iowa State University Alumni Association give space to a discussion of the success of a restaurant chain that makes its money by hiring women for the shape of their bodies and dressing them in revealing clothing? The purpose of the article, I was told, was to highlight a successful alumnus.

The article describes the cornerstone of Hooters Restaurants as "good food, good beer, beautiful girls," and opens with a photograph of a group of skimpily dressed "Hooters girls" surrounding Ed Droste, the alumnus being featured. He is described as living in a dream, "watching the girls go by." But Ed Droste is not living my dream, nor that of most women — and he's not living the dream of many caring men.

According to the article, "Ed Droste just might be the most successful 2.3 GPA Iowa Stater ever." I do not consider Ed Droste an ISU success story. Yes, he has made a lot of money. But so have many other Iowa State alumni and alumnae. Surely a profile of an alum who has earned success without using women's breasts to do it would have been a more appropriate use of space in an official university publication.

The university administration has in place a diversity plan whose goal is to make the campus a better place for all students, faculty and staff, a place where we value our differences as well as our sameness, a place where we are each treated as a person of worth. Highlighting an Iowa State connection to Hooters does not further this goal. Hint: Women are people.

We have to ask, then, how the implicit message of the story affects the wider community's view of Iowa State. This article tells us first that women's breasts are more important than their brains. That the shapes of their bodies are more important than research they do to improve nuclear power plant safety, to develop artificial intelligence or to produce new and healthier foods. That it doesn't matter if women students are employed essentially as sex workers if it pays the tuition.

VISIONS MISSED THE BOAT ON THIS ONE. THERE IS NO JUSTIFICATION FOR PUBLISHING AN ARTICLE ABOUT AN ALUMNUS WHO EXPLOITS WOMEN — PARTICULARLY YOUNG WOMEN, THOSE SAME YOUNG WOMEN IOWA STATE IS HERE TO EDUCATE.

It does not serve the young women who come to our campus to learn and develop successful careers when we give implicit approval to the idea that it's acceptable to treat women as objects, decorations (male) crowd pleasers, as long as one makes money doing so. (In Ed's own words, "We know the girls are the thing. They're the sizzle.")

Recently, results of a survey on campus climate were released. The level of sexual harassment reported by faculty and staff was unacceptably high. The publishing of an article extolling Hooters gives an erroneous impression to alumni and alumnae reading this publication — the impression that the university administration will not stand behind its own policies and goals as it strives to improve the campus climate for all women. It brings a sense of futility to those facing sexual harassment.

VISIONS missed the boat on this one. There is no justification for publishing an article about an alumnus who exploits women — particularly young women, those same young women Iowa State is here to educate. Playboy does a more than adequate job of providing that sort of fare. At Iowa State, we want to provide these women students with the opportunity to grow to their fullest potential; to bring all their talents to their careers, communities and families; to be educated to do meaningful work. And we want the young men we educate to treat women as they themselves would like to be treated — with respect. ◐

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