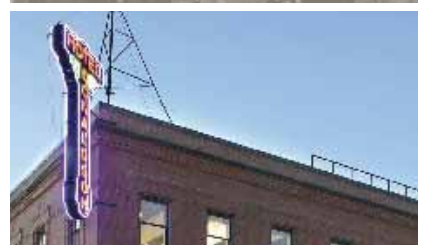
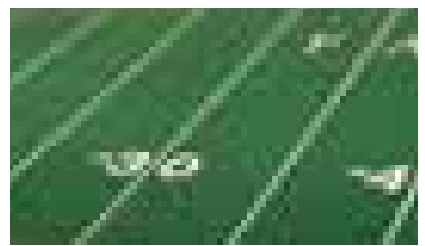


NDSU NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY FALL 2004 magazine



Nick Kelsh, 2002



contents

Editor's note	5
Letters	6
On the cover	7
Contributors	8-9
Career learning	10-13
Franny and Mr. Sandburg A makeup artist and a poet	14-17
Flax The good seed	18-23
A snap First Division One football game	24-25
Seeing the forest Woody plants for the Northern Plains	26-31
Excerpts Robin Roberts	32-33
Consolation college	34-39
Fargo's cool	40-41
Shaping human habitat Essay by Jerry Richardson	42-47

NDSU Volume 5 Number 1 FALL 2004 magazine

Editor

Laura McDaniel

Editorial staff

Char Goodyear

Cathy Jelsing

Dan Koeck

Kathy Laid

Tammy Swift

Art direction/design

Julie Babler

Address changes

Send address and name

changes to:

office@ndsualumni.com

Letters

Unless noted “not for publication,” communications to the editor are considered for publication, often in a condensed version.

E-mail: *laura.mcdaniel@*

nds.nodak.edu

PO Box 5167

Fargo, ND 58105

Fax: 701.231.1989

Volume 5, number 1

NDSU magazine is published twice a year, in spring and fall, by North Dakota State University, University Relations, PO Box 5167, Fargo ND 58105. *NDSU is an equal opportunity institution.*

President

Joseph A. Chapman

joseph.chapman@nds.nodak.edu

Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs

R. Craig Schnell

craig.schnell@nds.nodak.edu

Vice President for Student Affairs

George H. Wallman

george.wallman@nds.nodak.edu

**Vice President for Research, Creative Activities
and Technology Transfer**

Philip Boudjouk

philip.boudjouk@nds.nodak.edu

Vice President and Dean for Agricultural Affairs

Patricia A. Jensen

patricia.jensen@nds.nodak.edu

Vice President for Business and Finance

Richard L. Rayl

richard.rayl@nds.nodak.edu

Vice President for University Relations

Keith D. Bjerke

keith.bjerke@nds.nodak.edu

Tim Byers is a very nice young man. He's from Kansas, but he sounds like a Southerner. He has an endearing humility, a habit of ending sentences with a trailing "... and everything like that" and a nice smile.

He is head fitness specialist at the North Dakota State University Wellness Center. In that capacity, he wrote a small article for the center's January newsletter, beginning with deceptively simple words: "Oprah did it."

Tim's Marathon Training Class. Fifty-eight students and staff signed up, fully intending to meet the surreal goal of running 26.2 miles in the Twin Cities Marathon October 3. Two months into the schedule, about thirty of us paid the entry fee to the marathon.

Presumably Oprah started from scratch, and so could we. But it does seem ludicrous, when the ultimate goal is a 26.2 mile race, to start with 1.5 miles. And nearly keel. And realize, with a dumb feeling, that cement is very hard.

A girlfriend of similar stride and temperament jumped in to be my running partner. We started in March, a dark and cold time, so we actually started on treadmills, indoors. This provided a false sense of accomplishment. Twenty minutes on a treadmill just wasn't that taxing. We began to increase the incline and speed, to feel strong, though mostly amazed that we were showing up at all.

Then came a gentle nudge from Tim. You gotta get outside. That marathon isn't in a gym, on a nice, soft treadmill with a motor doing half your work while you watch television.

And so we ventured out for that first real mile and a half, the humbling experience.

But we did it the next day, and followed the novice/beginner schedule diligently. Each increase in distance met with quite a bit of anxiety, an obstacle more daunting than old knees or not-stretched-enough calf muscles. We continued to honor our training schedule, each day with expressions of fear and awe a bit like first graders in September attempting to cover cowardice with swagger. But, as promised, it became easier.

It's a thrill I can't quite describe. Lots of people achieve all kinds of things more amazing than running a while. Yet it is a thing I never saw available to me. I think of a cross country runner I knew from high school who was disciplined, dedicated, serious. (And so cute.) These are not words I use for me. I still remember who he asked to prom, an athletic girl who was serious and disciplined. Unattainable qualities.

I have to admit, part of the joy comes from the idea that I may at last be prom worthy.

I am not attempting to claim to be disciplined or serious. To be honest, after a fairly easy 15 mile run, (yes, perspective changes that drastically) we let down for about a week, when the fear was not strong enough to motivate, and the legs were sore and tired and heavy. But a week of loafing only six weeks from the race is a good way to get your fear back. A truly disciplined person would not let down. Nor would she not run in the rain, even if the clouds to the west looked very black and like they might begin to throw down dangerous lightning. Tim's niceness wears thin on this point. He is a tiny bit ruthless with people who wimp out of a run in the rain.

I thought pursuing a goal like this would add a dimension to my life, something more meaningful than shoe shopping. I don't mean I would forgo my love for shoes, the uncomplicated fun of trying on a pair of strappy sandals, holding my foot out and tipping it from side to side to admire the lines and imagine the grand places I might go in them. It turns out running opens a whole new world of shopping. The shoes aren't as strappy, but the attire can be quite alluring.

Seven months of training behind me, I still shop. But I have learned a little about perseverance. I have enjoyed the kindness of my friend and running partner, and the sweetness of a husband who rides his bicycle many miles to bring full bottles of water and make sure we're all right. If the race is anything close to as thrilling as the day he and his sons were playing catch in the yard when I came around the corner and they started clapping and hooting, I'll never stop racing.

I have told Tim Byers that he has done an amazing thing. Most of the people in this group are reaching a goal they may never have without his help. That nice humility of his kicks in, he says all he did was open the door. Maybe so. But what a door. Thanks, Tim.

(Written October 1, 2004. Two days before the race.)

Post race report: The course was beautiful, the weather perfect, the view down the last hill to the finish line spectacular, people on both sides cheering, a huge United States flag flown from a St. Paul Fire Department truck ladder. The first 20 miles were easier than expected, the last six, more difficult. I can't wait to do another one.

Thanks for reading.

Laura.McDaniel@ndsu.nodak.edu

letters

It was with great interest and a sense of excitement that I read your last issue and its feature on the “Woolyboys.” First, I must say, it was a pleasure to see Jerry Richardson’s byline in print again. I haven’t seen the movie Woolyboys yet, but I will when it comes around. I was a guest of my old classmates Ken and Jan Promersberger at the Los Angeles film premier of their opening of “Iron Will.” It was an exciting evening, complete with a mix of holiday stars, North Dakota classmates, and Hollywood media. We dropped the Promersbergers off at their hotel at around 1:30 Sunday morning and about three hours later the Northridge Earthquake struck. Jerry mentions in his article that Ken once sold advertising for the Spectrum. I remember him as more than that. The year I was editor, Ken was the managing editor, which meant he ran the business side of the operation. We had a similar goal, but different aims: we both wanted larger issues, him to generate more advertising revenue because it produced greater profit for the sales staff (all SAE fraternity brothers of his, if I recall correctly), and me, because I wanted more column inches for my ambitious reporting staff.

Thanks for featuring two great alumni. Ken and Jan have been doing interesting, exciting things for as long as I’ve known them. Keep your eye on them: in a couple of years, they’ll have something new worth writing about again.

Joe Schneider
Class of ‘65

I am a 1939 alumnus of NDSU. I enjoy receiving the magazine telling of all the new things happening at the university. My education there prepared me very well for a career in engineering, much of it aerospace engineering at a time when aerospace exploration was in its infancy. I am now 88 years old and reside in Akron, Ohio, where I have lived almost since graduating. I would enjoy hearing from other alumni or current students/staff from the university. Thank you.

Donald R. Thompson
Class of ‘39



Nick Kelsh is a renowned photographer and author of nine books. Born in Fargo, North Dakota, he attended North Dakota State University and then earned his degree from University of Missouri's School of Journalism and began a career in photojournalism, which led to a staff position at the Philadelphia Inquirer. He resigned in 1986 to co-found a communications firm, now called Kelsh/Wilson Design, which specializes in the design of and photography for annual reports, university viewbooks, and other corporate and school publications.

Kelsh co-authored the best selling *Naked Babies and Siblings* with author Anna Quindlen, produced photography for a new edition of Rachel Carson's *The Sense of Wonder*, and wrote and photographed *How to Photograph Your Baby*, *How to Photograph Your Family*, *How to be Santa Claus*, *How to be Dad* and *How to Photograph Your Life*.

Nick's photography has earned numerous awards. He is consistently invited, as one of the world's top 100 photographers, to contribute to the prestigious *A Day in the Life* series and his photos are featured on the cover of several of these books, including *A Day in the Life of China* and *A Day in the Life of Thailand*. His work has appeared in most major national publications, including *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, *National Geographic*, *The New Yorker*, *Forbes*, *Fortune* and *Business Week*, and has been used in marketing by such companies as Olympus, Microsoft, Kimberly-Clark, Ikon and SunGard.



on the cover

This photograph was taken in the city of Bangui in the Central African Republic on Feb. 28, 2002.

The woman is a street vendor selling pieces of extremely low-grade coal used for heating and cooking. It may look like a pile of heavy rocks but was actually lightweight, which is why she balanced it on her head so easily.

I liked the symbolism of a woman in a poor, AIDS-ravaged country appearing to have the weight of the world on her shoulders.

The picture was published in "A Day in the Life of Africa." One hundred photographers from around the world documented every country in Africa in one day. Proceeds from this book went to AIDS education in Africa.

contributors



She'd be the last to admit this, but **Deneen Gilmour** is a modern-day wonder woman who deftly juggles full-time graduate studies in mass

communications with teaching four classes, acting as the communication department's internship coordinator and taking care of a family unit comprised of one husband, a 12-year-old son, three "Lost Boys" from Sudan, two very lively kittens and a baby beagle. As a former senior reporter for The Forum of Fargo-Moorhead, she covered the region's devastating floods in 1997, 2000 and 2001 and the story of war refugees who move to Fargo, which is how she learned about the plight of her Sudanese friends.

Bill Snyder's (*Eranny and the Poet*, page 14) bio reads like a smart Forrest Gump's — though Snyder's participation in historic moments was more deliberate. A member of the Class of 1942 at then-North Dakota Agricultural College, Snyder worked in the Little Country Theatre, earned an ROTC Army commission, wrote a column for the student newspaper and made the first films of Bison football and basketball games. World War II took him to the South Pacific, then in 1946 he returned to Fargo and

founded Bill Snyder Films, the state's first industrial sound motion picture company. He was soon off again, headed for East



Africa as a ham radio operator and movie cameraman on the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition. He was fired from the expedition (see full story at www.qsl.net/pa0abm/ghe/00ghe.htm), but stayed in Africa to work for Arch Oboler Productions, later following the company to Hollywood. He was hired as photo director by Fargo's first television station. Six years later he left WDAY-TV to refocus his energy on Snyder Films. Before his retirement, Snyder produced more than 800 industrial films and commercials — including footage of the world's first jet ski and 40 shorts for Disney's Mickey Mouse Club Newsreel. His assignments took him all over the country, and for 20 years he got there by piloting his own company airplane. His collaboration with Frances Bettschen Arvold is a tiny sample of his writings.



David Danbom, professor of history at North Dakota State University, is a regular contributor to NDSU magazine. He has recently published articles

in *Minnesota History* on the history of flour milling at St. Anthony Falls; in *North Dakota History* on gender, marriage and employment in Fargo during the Depression; and one in *South Dakota History* on doing local history.

Tammy Swift, a staff writer at North Dakota State University, (*Tree guy*, page 20, and *Flax story*, page 18) is revered around the office for her talent and sense of



humor, skills also recognized by the National Federation of Press Women. Swift was named first runner-up in the organization's sweepstakes competition for winning four first-place awards. Two of the golds came for headlines in this magazine — "D'oh!-re-mi: North Dakotan Makes Music for 'The Simpsons,'" for an article she wrote about composer Alf Clausen in the spring 2003 issue, and "Science of the Lambs," an article about NDSU researchers' studies on gestational nutrition in sheep to examine diet's effects on human pregnancy, in the fall 2003 magazine.



Terry Steen pinch hit as photographer for the meeting with ABC News anchor Robin Roberts for *Excerpts*, p 32. His photography has appeared in

regional magazines, though by day he is a sales manager at Microsoft.

In 1975, when **Nick Kelsh** (*cover*) took this picture of a bewhiskered **Jerry Richardson** (*architects contribute*, p. 42) wearing his great-great



grandfather's pre-Civil War-dress blue uniform coat, Fargo and Moorhead were celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of their founding. Richardson wore the coat just long enough to have the picture taken. Nowadays, he looks somewhat older than his great-great grandfather.

CAREER LEARNING

Essay by Deneen Gilmour



Jonathan Twingley

Two years ago I had one son, one job and one husband.

Today I have four sons, three part-time jobs, one husband and a full-time course load. I chucked a corporate job to study for a master's degree at North Dakota State University.

The changes defy common sense, the laws of nature and general sanity.

My three new jobs collectively pay \$31,000 less annually than my previous position.

My three new sons, adopted within a two-year span, more than doubled the size of our family, and more than quadrupled our grocery bill. Our new sons are Lost Boys of Sudan, survivors of their country's 20-year civil war, who somehow managed to stay alive after their parents, siblings and 2 million others were slaughtered. They grew to high-school age in a Kenyan refugee camp. In some ways the "boys," as they call themselves, are young adults, certainly in the ways of survival. In other ways, they're childlike – nervous newcomers in a strange land.

Friends asked if I was suffering a mid-life crisis. Not at all. It's more of a mid-life correction. College is a stepping stone to make my world right again, initiating a second career after nearly two decades in the corporate world. In many ways, NDSU is my escape, a bridge from the profit-driven world to the knowledge-driven world. And, truth be told, it's a respite from the beehive-like whirl of four boys at home.

Rediscovering humanity

My dream has always been to transform my journalism career into a teaching career. A few years ago, I began to fantasize about setting myself free and making the leap back to a university. This may sound hopelessly idealistic, but I have found that a life of the mind still exists at the university. Idealism exists. In fact, idealism thrives in some classrooms, departments and offices. A sense of the possible still exists. Students and professors hunger to know more, to dig deeper, to find the answers to the "hows" and "whys" of the world. At the university, many endeavor to seek answers rather than proclaim they already know the answers. People work in tandem for the greater good.

Exercising the intellect

Studying and working in such an environment is rebirth – a fresh way of seeking solutions and viewing the world.

I think of Judy Pearson's social action research class, known by communication graduate students as the highest hurdle on the way to a doctorate. She tosses strangers into a working group for a semester and assigns them a research project that would make NASA engineers quiver. She grouped me with three strangers. Our assignment was to research why college students consume alcohol and propose solutions. We knew

hundreds before us had researched the problem and proposed solutions. We also knew that many students continue to consume alcohol. We cowered, with a question that seemed too huge for rookie researchers.

"How can we do this?" we and others asked her.

"Well, let's see," is her reply. "How can you do it?"

The exchange repeats until students discover their own power to not only glean knowledge from others' academic research, but, indeed, to create new knowledge as a result of their own research.

I think of Mark Meister whose rhetorical criticism class I took because it fit my family's schedule. Walking into the first class session, I had no clue what rhetorical criticism was other than an impressive-sounding phrase. After reading four assigned textbooks, the concept of rhetorical criticism remained elusive. Butterflies flitted from my waist to my throat when he announced we'd each write a 20-page rhetorical criticism by semester's end. Others in the class felt equally lost. Sensing that, Meister messed up his own schedule by conducting two daylong one-on-one, out-of-class writing conferences. Ultimately, he guided some 15 individuals through a confusing process. With his help, my cluelessness became an I-can-accomplish-this attitude.

I think of Paul Nelson, chair of the communication department. He hired me to teach media writing classes. I had written thousands of news stories, but until recently had never taught a college class. I expected Nelson to hand me a syllabus, textbook, packet of lesson plans and lecture notes. I expected him to monitor my classes for the first weeks or months. None of it happened. When I asked why, he said, "You're a professional. Go teach them what they need to know." So I did. So I do.



Jonathan Twingley

Boys and books: The juggling act

From my perspective, earning a master's degree is easier than working for a living. Basically, you buy textbooks, read them, listen to 15 weeks of lectures and write a long research paper at the end of the semester.

School is the easy part. It's the struggle to balance the needs of four boys with the demands of learning and teaching that causes panic attacks. But I have grown a little wiser. For a while, I cooked three separate suppers: A homemade meat-and-potatoes meal, pizza for whichever boy on any given night would turn up his nose at North Dakota farm food, and a Sudanese-type dish such as lueeka (okra) soup.

Add to that 15 to 20 loads of laundry per week, which each boy wants handled to his personal preference. Our all-American son wants his team-logo sweatshirts air dried. Our middle Sudanese son wants his lace-trimmed African shirts hand-stretched (to prevent the cotton lace from shrinking) and then ironed. He also likes his work shirts bleached white, and has a tendency to present shirts for laundering 50 minutes before his shift begins.

Finally, my husband and I realized that each boy was an honor roll student. If they could master book learning, they could master the microwave oven, washer and dryer. Now I cook one meal. Boys who don't like the meal make their own. Each boy washes his own clothes. So far nobody has gone naked or hungry.

Evening is homework time at our house. After supper, my nose is usually in a book – although not one of my own. The Sudanese boys still in high school needed a great deal of help the past two years, such as how to interpret Victorian poetry, decipher new terminology in their psychology textbooks, and wade through dreaded algebra “word problems.”

A 'hot' Saturday night

The greatest challenge has been getting the kids out of the house so I can study. With one headed to junior high, two finishing high school and one college freshman – each with a gift for gab, a gaggle of friends, music machines and cell phone ring-a-ding devices – it is impossible to study with them in the house. However, I have learned that I can read several chapters while accompanying our son to a piano lesson. Another dozen pages can be turned in the immigration office as our Sudanese boys stand

in line for paperwork, or I can read while idling in the parking lot to retrieve carpool kids after church choir practice.

Thanks to weekend hockey games, Sunmart, Hornbacher's and Villa Maria Nursing Home, I've made it to within three classes of earning a master's degree. During the school year, Saturday nights find my husband and son out of town for hockey games. Busy during the week with school, the Sudanese boys spend Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays working at their part-time jobs as nursing assistants, grocery baggers and cashiers.

Saturday evening has become my quiet time to scour research literature and draft my own research reports for class assignments. I savor those moments alone with books, words and thoughts.

The search for answers

Truly, NDSU is my tropical island. It's a place where I escape stained carpets, hungry kids, fights over the remote control, half-done sixth-grade science projects and dirty dishes. In a larger sense, it's much more.

In my 40th year I've discovered why people refer to universities as “ivory towers.” At a university, students and professors are fully aware of the fray all around them – indeed they study those frays – but most don't have to get muddy and bloody in the fray unless they choose. Covering car accidents, deadly fires and floods, I've spent two decades with a sometimes painfully close view of the fray. At the university, my observation post feels much safer.

People in business sometimes remark that academics just don't get it. I've discovered that they do get it, albeit differently, possibly more deeply than many imagine.

For example, as a journalist, I witnessed and wrote about a constant barrage of human tragedy, natural disasters or government skullduggery. I rushed from day to day, deadline to deadline, never slowing enough to dissect the cause and effect of the tragedies. As a graduate student researcher, it's my role to look closer. Ideally, a researcher assesses the problems of the human condition, roots out the causes and proposes solutions. The work is slow, and sometimes it appears progress is so incremental that it's nonexistent.

However, consider the world of research from a third, holistic view of humankind. The best solutions don't occur in haste. Good outcomes rarely follow when someone impatiently fires a weapon, or when a CEO quickly decides to please shareholders by slicing jobs.

Rather, the best solutions often flow from careful, patient study. How long did the Wright brothers try and try again before they created a plane that would fly? How long did Jonas Salk toil obscurely in a lab until he found a vaccine that ended the polio scourge? At this moment, university researchers around the world poke away at small questions, each hoping his or her answers will eventually solve at least some small human problem.

That's what graduate students and professors do every day at NDSU. Eventually, my respite will pass in what my former colleagues call the ivory tower. At two years for a master's degree and three for a doctorate, only four years of my five-year learning vacation remain. Then I choose. I could return to the corporate world, or I could work on the pile of laundry that promises a job for posterity. Ideally, I'd like to stay in academia and seek answers.



FRANNY and MR. SANDBURG

**The story of a makeup artist, a poet
and a pair of TV documentaries**

BILL SNYDER'S INTRODUCTION

I attended NDSU with Frances (Bettschen) Arvold in the 1940s. After graduating in 1941, Franny went on to a 40-year career as a makeup artist for CBS News. She became the favorite of many stars, making up famous faces from President Truman to First Lady Nancy Reagan. Her assignments included a 17-year stint with "60 Minutes." It was Franny's makeup and powder Richard Nixon so famously declined in 1960 before the nation's first televised presidential debate.

When Franny retired and moved back to Fargo, I tried to talk her into doing a book. She was reluctant, because she didn't want to reveal private lives. I told her we could make a few sample chapters and see how they would be accepted by the outside world.

Unfortunately, Franny died before we could do more than this one, short piece. I think Franny would have produced a warm and wonderful book, because she was a warm and wonderful person. CBS News dedicated a room to her memory after her demise; because, I'm sure, the CBS News people all loved her very much.

Following are excerpts from "Franny and the Poet" in which Franny shares her memories of working on location with Pulitzer-prize winning poet and Lincoln biographer Carl Sandburg. It was 1961 and "CBS Reports" did two one-hour documentaries on Abraham Lincoln in honor of the centennial of his election to the presidency.

During days of filming at Gettysburg and later in Illinois, Franny, then 31, and Sandburg, 84, became friends. Here is her story.

FRANCES ARVOLD'S STORY

at Gettysburg, I set up shop in the back seat of a rented auto — on location our documentary company rarely has the luxury of a makeup room with good lighting and a chair for the actor. I only had reporter Howard K. Smith and Sandburg to get ready for the camera. I finished Howard first, and then the program producer poked his head into the car and introduced me to the star of the show. Having studied Sandburg's poems in high school and college, I was excited to meet him.

As Sandburg climbed into the back seat of the makeup "studio" the producer said, "This is our chief makeup gal, Frances Arvold, but everyone calls her Franny."

Acknowledging the introduction, Sandburg smiled and settled down into the seat. He was an old hand at television, so I got right to work.

Actors respond differently to the application of makeup. Some are deep in thought, perhaps trying to remember dialogue lines or contemplating the actions in a scene they are about to do. Those types are usually pensive and quiet, so they don't want to engage in idle chit-chat. On the other end of the scale, there are those who are loose, talkative and full of fun. It doesn't take long for an experienced makeup artist to read where the actor is on the "looseness" scale.

Sandburg began the conversation by asking where I was from, observing, "I'd say you're not a native New Yorker because of your speech." He teased my history from me: I grew up in Arthur, North Dakota; went to college in Fargo; and wound up in New York when I got married. "But that's over now," I said.

"And where, Frances, did you learn your trade?"

"At Max Factor's in Hollywood. We were out there during the big war. My husband was a technical writer in an aircraft factory," I told him.

Sandburg was relaxed and chatty. It was obvious our visits in the makeup car

were going to be fun. I was applying the finishing touches to his face, when the great man said, "Frances, I'm suffering from a slight cold. Thought I'd better let you know."

"I've a good supply of Kleenex, and I'll be right beside the camera," I assured him.

"Think you'll need a lot of them," Sandburg said in his slow measured voice. He had a slight twinkle in his eye.

The weather was brisk when Smith and Sandburg began to discuss the Civil War before the camera. The instant the camera stopped turning, I jumped in with a Kleenex. This continued throughout the day. Every time the camera stopped, I charged in with another tissue.

Sandburg and I became fast friends during that three-day location trip. We talked about many things, including poetry — mine. I have enjoyed reading poetry, and now and then I tried my hand at writing it. After all, I was an English major. Still I was quite overwhelmed

when, back in New York, I received an envelope postmarked Beverly Hills; it contained a letter from Sandburg. It was dated April 21, 1961, eight days after the airdate of the Gettysburg program.

Dear Frances,

At any moment when our show was on the TV screen I expected to see you step up and apply Kleenex below my nose. And they probably said, "We'll put that one in the next one (documentary) for pleasant comedy." Send along more than one poem. And please don't fail me on photographs. Send along one that includes your own good face. We worked on what is generally agreed to be a TV classic, which will be around when we are all under the grass roots unless cremated. I designated the one or two quarts of cinders from my body to go to the house where I was born. Write me about your poems and your work. Everybody loved you. There was a warm and keen fellowship about our crew, all of it good for me. Norman Corwin and I have finished the manuscript of a book we will co-sign when published next fall and its titled "The World of Carl Sandburg."

Female technicians hadn't penetrated the movie and television unions to any great extent, so it was a rarity to have a woman on a news documentary shoot. Again, I was the only female in the troupe when we began filming Sandburg for the second documentary in New Salem, where Lincoln worked as a surveyor, law student and politician in the 1830s.

The autumn Illinois weather was quite cool, the wind sharp and cutting. While I was applying his makeup in my automobile studio, Sandburg asked, "Frances, in your toolkit, is there anything I could wrap around my neck? It's chilly out there."

"Take my scarf," I said. I untied the colorful silk scarf from around my neck and wrapped it around his. He smiled as I finished tying the knot, thanked me and left the auto.

During shooting days, I usually had a few cheese sandwiches tucked aside for a snack. They were just to tide us over in case the filming session went into extra hours. When I first shared one with Sandburg, he was delighted. It became a daily routine to nibble on bits of cheese and bread as the afternoon wore on.

Of course, the presence of a film crew and Carl Sandburg made the local newspapers. It wasn't long after that the Governor of Illinois invited Sandburg to a sit-down dinner at the Governor's Mansion. We had just finished the day's filming when Sandburg asked me to accompany him to the Governor's dinner.

"I can't. I've nothing to wear!" I replied. It was true. When I go on location I travel as light as possible. I take only a small suitcase full of work-type clothing, and I hand-carry my TV makeup kit onto airliners for fear I'll wind up somewhere with lost baggage and no tools.

But the field producer grabbed me by the arm and said, "She'll go with you, Carl." Then he started leading me toward the parking lot. "You've gotta go, Franny," he said.

"But I can't go in slacks," I pleaded.

"You've gotta go, Franny. It'll help us get permission to shoot on restricted locations. The governor can pull the strings."

"I ... I can't ..."

"Time is short, so jump in the car. We're going right down and buy the clothes you need. This, Franny, is a command performance. And Carl insists."

I flew through a downtown Springfield department store, raced to the motel to shower and dress, and then set off for dinner with the governor. It was a memorable evening. Sandburg and the host engaged in delightful conversation. All in all, it was another highpoint in my work with Sandburg and CBS. Whether it helped us get location permission, I can't remember, but it was fun.

Every evening on that Illinois shoot was a joy: eating with the whole crew, accompanying Sandburg on his evening walk, talking with him about poetry, music and what my generation was thinking about.

Our last location was Galesburg, the Illinois city of Sandburg's birth. As I dabbed on the pancake makeup, Sandburg asked, "Can I bother you for another scarf?" As I gave it to him, I wondered what had happened to the one he'd worn the day before.

We parted company in Chicago. Sandburg headed for California and the crew for New York. As we waited to board our airliner, I told to our field producer, "When I arrived here I had a half dozen silk scarves. Now I have only one."

"Don't worry, Franny," he said, "go buy some new ones. Just put 'em on your expense account as props — no list 'em as 'Costumes for Sandburg.'"





flax the good seed



marty Riske is the unlikeliest of candy-store owners.

Tanned, perpetually busy, with nary a spare ounce on his trim frame, Riske looks like he should head a Pilates studio or health center.

Instead, his kingdom is Widman's, a haven of chocolates and coffee tucked in a strip mall south of Fargo's booming 13th Avenue South.

Here, customers can order thickly iced hazelnut cookies, a miniature chocolate bombe filled with mocha mousse or — a Widman's specialty — potato chips dunked in milk chocolate.

But look closer, and you'll find evidence of Riske's healthy lifestyle. The store also sells dark-chocolate hearts, no bigger than a quarter, which are infused with one of the hottest health foods of the 21st century: flaxseed oil.

Widman's sells these healthy valentines, called Heartify, to customers who wish to chase their Belgian truffles with a cholesterol-busting, heart-boosting treat.

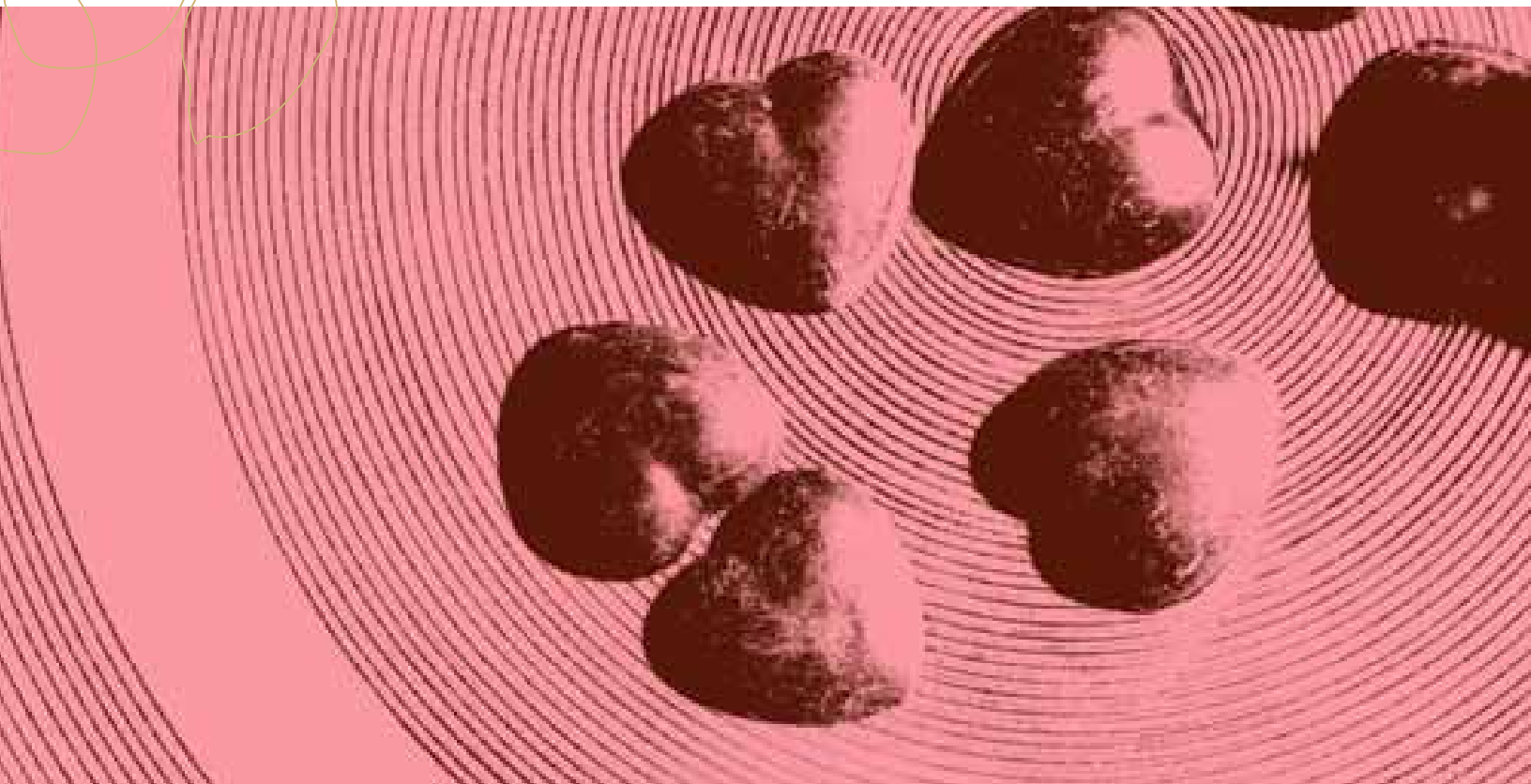
Call it Life by Chocolate.

The beauty of Heartify isn't solely its nutritional punch, impressive as it is. It's also noteworthy as a purely North Dakota-made product, conceived through Riske's ingenuity and the research of North Dakota State University food scientists.

Representing the NDSU camp is Cliff Hall, who believes Heartify is just one example of how flax can be made more palatable. Flax, despite its many disease-battling qualities, doesn't taste great, especially if it's been stored or handled improperly.

Some people like it. But for many Americans — who are weaned on the easy palatability of donuts and fries — it is, at best, an acquired taste. Flax can taste grassy, bitter and paint-like. So Hall and his colleagues have studied the best way to mask its sometimes-pungent keynotes. They're incorporating it into ice cream, pasta, even hotdogs.

They plan to publish their findings in the bibles of the food industry, including the Journal of Food Science, the Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry and the Journal of the American Oil Chemists Society. Once research hits these respected publications, food companies are more likely to take notice. From there, it could be just a matter of time





95% of U.S. flax is raised in North Dakota

before flax-fortified franks start showing up in supermarkets nationwide.

Pretty heady stuff, when you think about it. Still, Hall — a low-key sort with the air of your most unflappable brother-in-law — keeps it all in perspective. “With 95 percent of the U.S. flax crop being raised in North Dakota, I think it’s worthwhile for us to continue the work,” he says. “If I help flax producers to sell more flax, we have helped economic development in North Dakota. I’ve done my job.”



Although flax has been consumed by humans for thousands of years, it is better known as an ingredient in paints, fiber and cattle feed. As early as the 1950s, NDSU’s Jack Carter was extolling the seed’s nutritional merit. He was one of the first researchers in the country to do so.

Half a century later, the former plant sciences chair remains so committed to flax’s virtues that the “emeritus” portion of his title is a strict technicality. As president of the Flax Institute of the United States, he still comes to his office daily to field questions and review research about the production and usage of flax.

Today, we know the tiny flaxseed owes its nutritional wallop to three key ingredients: lignans, omega-3 essential fatty acids and fiber. Lignans benefit the heart and possess anti-cancer properties. Omega-3s, often in short supply

in populations with low-fish diets, promote heart health by reducing cholesterol, blood pressure and plaque formation in arteries. Flax’s soluble and insoluble fibers also aid in cardiac and bowel health.

In response to public demand, food companies want to incorporate flax into their products — but aren’t sure how to go about it, Hall says. “You really have to get to know flax to be ready to utilize it.”

He was more than glad to lend his expertise to a local business like Widman’s. Riske, who has studied nutrition under New Age guru Deepak Chopra, wanted to create a product that combined the healing powers of flax with the antioxidant qualities of dark chocolate.

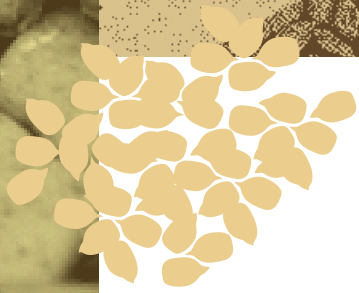
Riske believed after-meal confections would be ideal, as studies show the body prefers to receive its nutrition in manageable microdoses throughout the day vs. one multivitamin.

He had the concept, but not the scientific background to apply it. After initially experimenting with a flaxseed-oil-infused chocolate, he turned to NDSU for guidance. Hall answered many of his technical questions. “They knocked themselves out to help me,” Riske says.

For a while, the team experimented with a chocolate that incorporated actual crushed flaxseed. The result was a crunchy confection, much like chocolate-covered sunflower seeds. But it had one big problem. The seed’s mucilage, a gummy substance, clamped onto teeth like barnacles to a hull.

It seemed logical, then, to return to the flax oil-chocolate combo. With more experimenting, Riske struck gold: an intensely flavored confection, with a silky consistency and a subtle, flax-tinged aftertaste. Three chocolates a day easily meet the recommended intake of 1.5 to 3 grams of omega-3s daily.

Riske launched the product in a January ceremony that included the mayor of Fargo, the governor of North Dakota and other assorted notables. A story by a local TV station had a ripple effect: As NBC affiliates picked up the story, viewers from other parts of the country ordered Heartify.



The clamor has leveled off since then, but the candy is still selling at a respectable clip, Riske says. He hopes to expand Heartify's market via the Widman's Website and new retail sites on the West Coast. He's also developed new packaging: a collector's tin, with a label that emphasizes Heartify's value as a functional food.



It's hard not to feel nostalgic when walking the corridors of Harris Hall.

The university's home to cereal and grain research is filled with the comforting smell of baked bread. The highly waxed tile floors are reminiscent of those you'd find in a 1950s-era elementary school.

Even Hall's laboratory seems a little like a school kitchen, with its commercial-grade oven and a mixer you could use to whip up cookies for 300 of your closest friends.

Today, Hall and research assistant Mehmet Tulbek are concentrating on another piece of equipment — a stainless steel box about the size of a toaster oven. Look closer, and you realize it's an ice cream maker. A very nice one, with no need to add rock salt or to station Dad nearby to crank the handle. A coolant flows evenly and steadily around the chamber where the milk-sugar-flax oil cocktail is churned. The result: One small, perfect batch of ice cream in 10 minutes — a fraction of the time it would take Dad to crank it.

The ice cream maker isn't here to produce daily snacks for Hall and his team, as tempting as that might be. Instead, it's crucial to his research. Ice cream, it turns out, is actually an ideal host for flax. Yogurt, ice cream and other dairy products require cold storage, which prevents the high-oil seed from turning rancid.

So far, Hall's results have been promising. A panel of taste-testers — trained to assess products in terms of appearance, texture and taste — detected the presence of flax only when it reached 15 percent (meaning 15 percent of the milkfat had been replaced with flax oil). In an untrained panel of consumers, the flax-to-milkfat replacement climbed to 25 percent before the majority of tasters noticed.

Flavored ice creams could have even more potential. Chocolate ice cream, especially, masks flaxseed's pungent aftertaste. And if chocolate is mixed with crushed flaxseeds, the ice cream takes on a nutty flavor and texture, much like Rocky Road.

But for research purposes, Hall is concentrating on vanilla, as its pleasant blandness can't camouflage much of anything. "We felt that with vanilla ice cream, that would be the worst-case scenario, and that individuals would most likely be able to determine if something other than milkfat were present," he says.

The food scientist always serves up his ice cream data with a heaping scoopful of precaution. "I'm not advocating eating a half-gallon of ice cream just because it has flax in it," says Hall, who sometimes finds himself debating the topic with dietitians. "But if you want that little treat here and there, and it's a way of getting your flaxseed oil, this is the way to do it."



Yet another way to tame flax's taste is to roast it. This curbs the bitterness, while enhancing the seed's nutty flavors.

NDSU researchers have practically made flax roasting into an art form. In fact, after sampling Hall's work, representatives from a company that sells roasted flax admitted they liked Hall's flax better than their own.

The key, Hall says, is to approach the process as any scientist would. "We roasted with different times and temperatures, we did physical temperatures to see if the oil was degraded, and we did sensory testing on it. That told us the conditions that would give us the best-flavored roasted flax."

Roasted flaxseed could be added to products or eaten alone as a snack food. The only drawback is its size; you practically need a tweezers to pick up a seed. In response, some food companies are examining ways to make the seeds clump together into more snackable pieces.

Even if roasted flax doesn't take off in America, it already enjoys a solid market in Japan.

Hall and his research assistants have tried several experiments with the roasted flaxseed. In one, they've analyzed a specialty oil made from the roasted seed. In another, Tulbek and fellow grad student, Scott Meyers, create a low-carb cookie that contains the roasted seed. The cookies, fittingly cut into bison shapes, taste much like high-fiber animal crackers. Mehmet presented his cookie research, along with plenty of healthy samples, at the American Association of Cereal Chemists student product development competition in September.

"I've been really excited about the roasted flaxseed," Hall says, "because I can see the expanded opportunities."

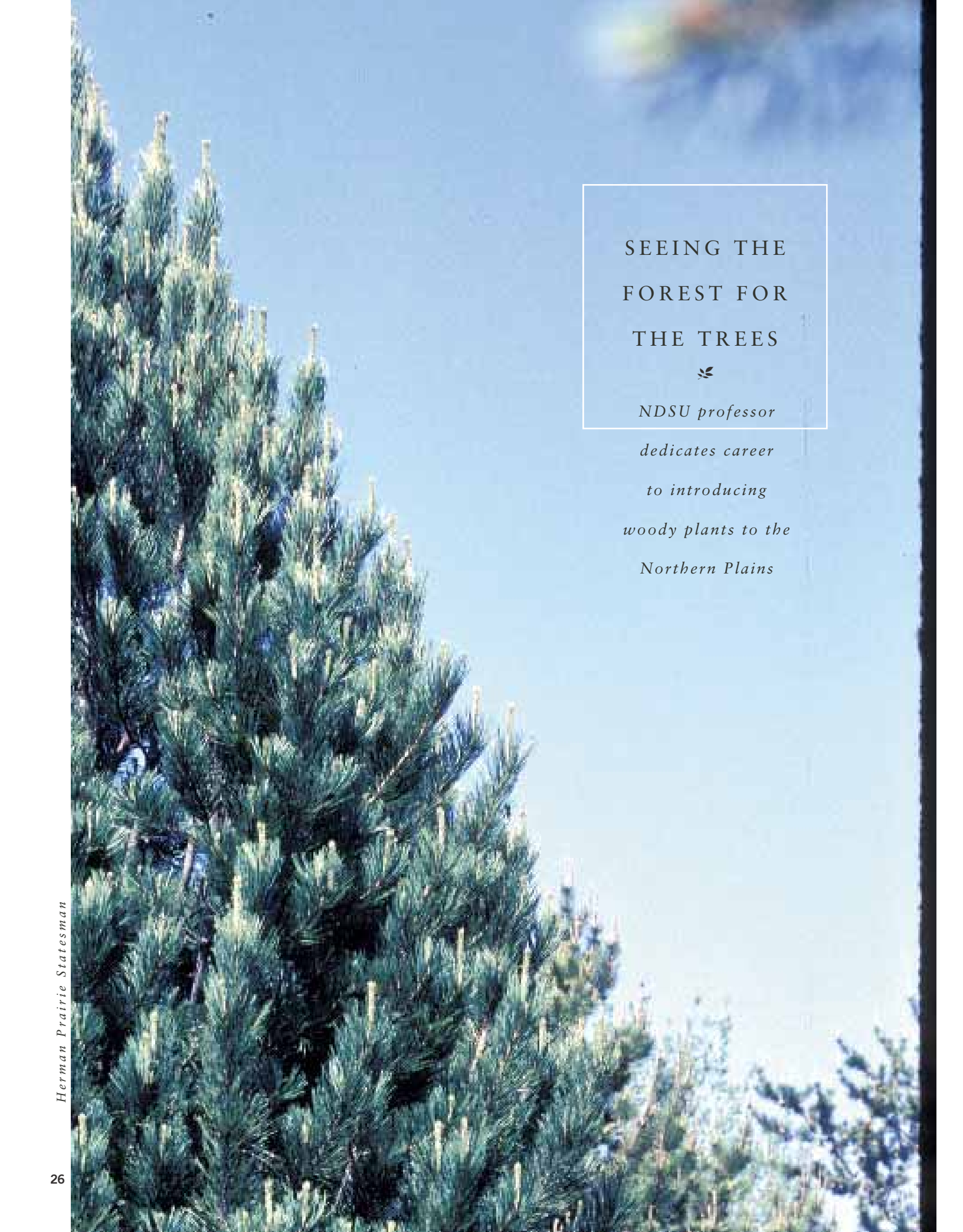
Pasta, chocolate, ice cream, cookies, specialty oils. It's only the beginning. A few companies have already introduced products such as flax-enriched tortillas. And within North Dakota's borders alone, flax gum as a thickening/emulsifying agent and flax as a starch-replacement in low-carb foods are being considered.





A SNAP FOR POSTERITY

The first Division One football game played in North Dakota, August 28, 2004.
A Fargodome sellout watched NDSU's Bison defeat Valparaiso 52-0.



SEEING THE
FOREST FOR
THE TREES



*NDSU professor
dedicates career
to introducing
woody plants to the
Northern Plains*

Ask Dale Herman to pick his favorite tree, and he looks like he's been asked to choose a favorite child.

Admittedly, it's no easy question for a plant scientist who has dedicated his life to the study of trees.

But after some nervous grinning and throat clearing, Herman settles on a pet cultivar: *Herman Prairie Statesman*, a tree fine enough to carry his name.

The *Swiss Stone Pine* was planted at a test site near Absaraka, where it grew into a tall, elegant specimen with dense, emerald-hued needles. The pine won't be available to the tree-buying public until at least 2007. Some of Herman's connections in the wholesale nursery trade wanted him to cut down the tree so thousands of propagation samples could be collected to start a whole new fleet of baby Statesmen. But Herman and his colleagues couldn't stand the thought of sacrificing such a remarkable tree. And so they decided to cut far fewer propagation samples from the elder Statesman, saving it in the process. The pine remains, standing like a stately aristocrat among the other trees in the research arboretum.

Sometimes, you just have to wait for a good thing.



Nobody understands this better than Herman, a professor in plant sciences. He has spent 33 years selecting, planting, evaluating and introducing new varieties of trees and shrubs in the Northern Plains.

It's a job that might have stopped Johnny Appleseed in his bare-footed tracks. The region's temperamental climate, drought concerns and diverse soil and pH conditions do not a forest make.

Consequently, the state's native species of large trees — such as cottonwood, green ash and box-elder — can be counted on two hands.

Yet any plant scientist worth his microscope knows diversification is as important to nature as it is to farming or stock portfolios.

Herman's fear is in developing a "mono-culture," a high population of just a few

different species. Such homogeneity spells disaster if a pest or disease strikes.

To illustrate, Herman points to Dutch elm disease. At one time, 75 percent of the trees planted on many cities' boulevards were elms. When the disease hit, it spread easily from tree to tree. As a result, many city officials remain wary of planting replacement elms.

He is optimistic — in the cautious way that scientists are optimistic — about one of his proposed introductions: an American elm that shows promising disease resistance. But then again, he's excited about all 30 of the introductions he's trademarked since 1986. Like the hybrid oak he hopes will be propagated someday, or the maples that would add some highly coveted reds and oranges to the region's fall palette. It could take years for Herman to fully study and foster these varieties, but he hopes when his career winds down, his students will take up the spade.

If his career ever winds down. One gets the feeling that Herman, a trim and vigorous 66, is as enthused about his work today as he was as a farm boy growing up on the treeless Plains.



North-central North Dakota was different back then, before the heavier precipitation of recent years filled lakes and caused trees to sprout on the prairies.

In the '30s, '40s and '50s, the rolling terrain around tiny Brinsmade, N.D., was dry, sandy and bare. But Dale's parents, George and Elsie Herman, needed to feed their growing brood, so they devoted a whole acre to their vegetable garden.

They had a way with it, too. Tomatoes fattened on the vine; cucumbers thrived; pea pods grew plump and sweet. Some years, Elsie canned up to a thousand quarts of produce.

During the grittiest years of the Depression, George supplemented the family income by planting potatoes, muskmelon, watermelon and pumpkins in the dried-up lake bottom, then selling his produce door-to-door.



Only one type of plant defied the greenest of Herman thumbs. Dale, the youngest of the nine children, watched for years as his family and their neighbors planted saplings in the area's light, gravelly soil. Again and again, the fragile trees died.

Young Dale's resolve took root. Someday, he decided, he would find varieties of trees that could survive throughout the state.

"It presents a challenge," Herman says. "You want to prove nature wrong."

Fortunately, the state's land-grant university offered a robust horticulture program. After graduating from NDSU with his bachelor's in 1960, Herman was accepted into Purdue University, where he earned his master's and doctoral degrees in horticulture.

He returned to his alma mater in 1971 after spending five years on the faculty at South Dakota State University. Almost immediately, he committed himself to the greening of the Plains.

Or, as his life's work is more formally titled, the "Selection, Evaluation and Introduction of Hardy Superior Woody Plants for the Northern Plains."

After 15 years of hard work, Herman introduced his first woody plant: the *Meadowlark Forsythia*, a sturdy ornamental shrub that produces a flurry of bright yellow flowers. Since then, he has introduced new woody plants at a dependable rate of one or two new varieties a year.




Much has changed since Herman's earliest years in horticulture. The inventory of plant varieties has exploded, partly because scientists now covet plant diversity. "They, including nursery men, used to go down the rows and rogue out anything that looked odd or different," Herman says. "Now, if they find a plant that is different from the norm, they guard it."

Interest in landscaping plants has surged as well. The nursery trade views the shift from practical to aesthetic gardening as evidence of a maturing society.

Half a century ago, Americans tended gardens for the same reason the Hermans did: They needed the food. "Landscaping was



Bergeson Prairie Torch



a lilac bush and maybe a box-elder tree,” Herman says.

Today, homeowners tend to view gardening as the meringue on the pie. They watch HGTV, know about the latest perennials and spend thousands of dollars on elaborately staged landscaping.

Northern Plains dwellers are just as interested in aesthetic plants, but they also want durability. The ideal plant must have thick, glossy leaves that also resist pests. It should produce fruits and flowers that are exuberant, but not messy. And it needs to possess both vibrant fall foliage and a tolerance for extreme weather conditions.

As more people become urban dwellers, they also need to downsize their plants. A mighty oak may be magnificent, but it doesn't leave much room for the kids' swing set.

So Herman also introduces compact trees and shrubs that tuck neatly into small backyards.

Verona Prairie Radiance exemplifies all he has worked to achieve. The rugged winterberry tree produces fall foliage that changes according to its soil – red leaves in sandy loam, intense pink in the heavy, black clay of the Red River Valley. In late September, its display of delicate pink capsules split to expose bright red seeds.

Other popular introductions include Herman's trio of birches, which provide the white-as-sugar bark that homeowners covet for landscape appeal. Before Herman's work, few birches naturally fit the area's climate and soil.

Now there's *Varen Prairie Dream*, a paper birch with a snow-white bark that peels away in artful layers year-round, creating extra visual interest; *VerDale Prairie Vision*, an Asian white birch with white bark and blackish markings; and *Fargo Dakota Pinnacle*, an Asian birch with creamy bark.

The birches aren't just showy; they're tough. Bronze birch borers threaten to do to white birches what Dutch elm disease did to elms. The borers' larvae tunnel beneath the bark, causing the trunk to girdle and the tree to die. But after 25 years of study, *Varen* and *VerDale* have both defied the pest.



The original wood samples for Herman's trees come from sources near and far. His *Prairie Expedition American elm* was a lone survivor found among diseased elms along the Wild Rice River. *Varen* sprouted up from a seed source in the Killdeer Mountains, the *Fargo* cultivar from a multi-species birch seedling population, and *VerDale* from an Asian white birch native to western China.

In fact, some of Herman's most successful newcomers have Eastern origins. “Only one area on Earth has similar climatic conditions to the Northern Plains, and that's Asia,” Herman said. “This area includes southern Siberia, northern China and Russia, Mongolia, Manchuria – that region is very akin to climatic conditions here.”

The beauty of Herman's varieties is they survive cold, as well as drought and heat. Their resistance to extremes makes them ideal for marketing in the “intermountain region,” including Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada and Colorado. So Herman promotes his trees at events like the Pro-Green Expo in Denver, where – following a three-year drought – wholesalers are clamoring for stress-resistant landscaping plants.

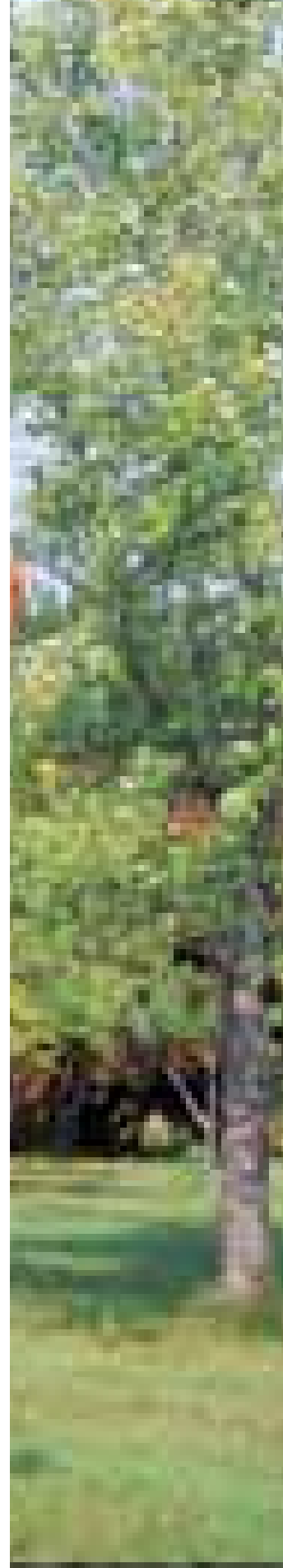
He educates expo audiences with a slide presentation and a three-page handout that outlines the characteristics of his introductions. His vivid descriptions belie his scientific bent: “thick, leathery, glossy foliage,” “creamy-white flower panicles” and “showy, coppery-orange, peeling bark.”

Herman's introductions spark a lot of interest outside of the state. Few can claim so rigorous a testing ground as Herman can. “If it's hardy in North Dakota, it's undoubtedly going to be hardy west of us,” he says.



To this day, the Herman farm remains a green paradise.

Although that's partly because of the increased rainfall, it's also due to the work of Herman's brother Ardon, a 1957 NDSU grad who majored in agronomy



Verona Prairie Radiance



and minored in horticulture. Proving he also possesses the family green gene, Ardon started an arboretum, where Dale unofficially tests some of his varieties.

“We make a lot of comparisons,” the professor says.

The Brinsmade farm has even produced a tree that found its way onto Herman’s list of introductions. The *Prairie Reflection Laurel Willow* stemmed from a super-hero of a specimen that never developed the tell-tale yellow leaves of iron deficiency despite growing for nearly 100 years in high-alkaline soil.

His brother’s spread is just one testing ground in Herman’s well-established network. Besides a research arboretum near Absaraka, there are statewide trials at NDSU research extension centers in Minot, Dickinson, Carrington and Langdon. This allows Herman to test the same trees in a variety of soils and environments.

Herman also works with urban foresters throughout the state, a regional plant introduction station in Ames, Iowa, and national wholesale production nurseries, which propagate his new introductions.

Herman obtains most of his test specimens from asexual propagation, meaning he grows them from rooting cuttings or grafting shoots off the original tree. The result is “offspring” that are identical clones to the original.



Occasionally — as in the case of oak trees — propagation through traditional methods is too difficult, or too slow. In such instances, Herman turns to the laboratory of David Dai, an assistant professor of plant sciences at NDSU.

Dai can grow hundreds of future woody plants, and alter their genetics to suit various needs, through tissue cultures and other biotechnologies. A minuscule sliver of plant material is placed inside a baby food jar-sized container, where it is suspended in an aseptic, nutrient-rich gelatin. The jar is kept under grow lights and precisely monitored conditions, creating what Herman calls “a greenhouse within a greenhouse.”

The samples can be modified any number of ways. Depending on the type of hormone added, the nub of vegetation will either sprout roots or Lilliputian stems and leaves. In some cases, the cells will grow willy-nilly into formless globs. Dai also can attach a new gene — be it for dwarfing, disease-resistance or some other desired trait — to the tiny plant.

When these test-tube trees grow large enough, they are transferred to artificial soil. Dai can propagate millions of woody plants in this way.

“There are only so many tissue-culture labs in the United States,” Herman says. “Dr. Dai is really at the leading edge of this type of work.”

Such methods help expedite the introduction process, but only to a point. The whole procedure demands ample research and patience.

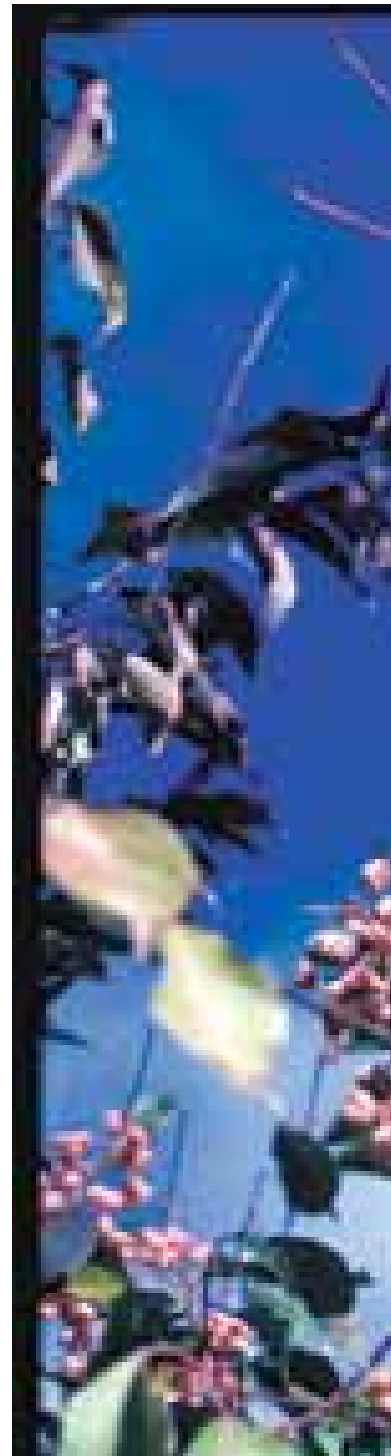
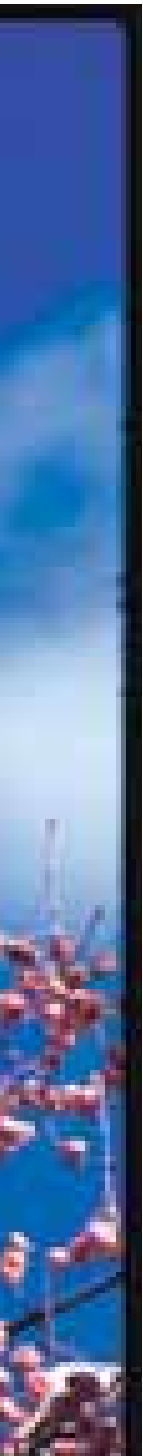
Research, because it can take years to evaluate how a new plant will fare against environmental factors like pests or salty soil.

And patience, because it isn’t as easy to popularize new trees as one might think. The newest petunia can enjoy worldwide recognition a year after it’s introduced, but people often hesitate to try out unfamiliar tree varieties. While annuals will bloom exuberantly just weeks after they’re planted, trees take much longer to reap their benefits — energy conservation, increased property value and long-term landscape beauty.

“How do you get the masses to know about it, so they demand and want to buy it?” Herman says. “The propagators can’t produce something if they can’t sell it. You need money, full-color advertising — you have to market it. I need someone out there full time promoting our introductions.”

And, for the first time, he seems a bit frustrated by the magnitude of his task.

Then again, Herman has already accomplished a few amazing feats in his lifetime. Like finding birches that resist their natural enemies. Or popularizing bushes that look like September in Vermont. Or, most impressively, knowing how to make the Northern Plains a greener and brighter place.





excerpts *robin roberts*

There are at least two famous Robin Roberts in America. One is a Hall of Fame pitcher from the '50s. The other played some college basketball in the early '80s, made history in 1990 when she joined the broadcast staff at ESPN sports network and now anchors the hourly newscasts for ABC's Good Morning America. This Robin Roberts remains as a contributor at ESPN, where she hosted SportsCenter and contributed to NFL PrimeTime from 1990 to 1994.

Her schedule allows for few appearances, but Roberts made time for the athletics program at North Dakota State University she holds in high regard. She was charming and generous as the keynote speaker for a women's athletics reunion, and stuck around for an hour after the event while hundreds of people had pictures taken with her, a thrill for each one.

She did sign one baseball while she was in town, but the autograph seeker knew which Roberts he was hounding.

I don't think of myself as being famous — recognizable because of I'm on television so much and my sports background and now Good Morning America.

We're grumpy sometimes in the morning.

My mother swears that I told her at a very young age 'I'm going to be famous.'

In all honesty I wanted to be a professional athlete. I knew that I always wanted to do something on a grand stage. I didn't know exactly what it was. At first I thought it was going to be athletics but then there's something about talent you gotta have.

I knew I wanted to be in broadcasting and I knew I wanted to be in sports broadcasting which is going to be very limited as a woman of color. I knew there weren't going to be that many opportunities.

I wanted practical experience so I went to the local radio station. You haven't lived till you scratch a little Merle Haggard on a Saturday night.

I was more worried about the first job than anything else. I really truly believed everything could fall into place from there so I went to a small station in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, making \$5.50 an hour, then went to a bigger station in Mississippi, which is my home state, and then Nashville, Tennessee, then Atlanta, Georgia, and then ESPN.

I was always asked to do news everywhere I went. I'm like 'Oh you think because I'm a girl I can't do it.' So it became this badge of honor that I was advanced at ESPN. Plus sports was just like breathing to me.

I talked to Billy Jean King about leaving ESPN and I thought for sure that she'd say 'Oh, you're crazy, you gotta stay,' and she's like 'What are you, an idiot? Go.'

You have to see the big picture. I'm a big dreamer, but you have to focus small. That is what I learned through sports.

Fun. Hm. I knew there was something I was missing.

I'm a Pilates fiend.

I didn't have anyone who looked like me, who was in the field that I dreamed of being in.

My father was a pioneer. He was a Tuskegee airman. That's a pioneer. My mother being the first in her family to go to college and then to go on to be — she was the first woman to serve on the Federal Reserve Board and she was the chair of the Mississippi State Board of Education. So I came from a long line of firsts. So when I said I wanted to be a sportscaster, no one blinked an eye.

ESPN tried to hire me earlier before, like in '87, and I turned them down because I didn't feel I was ready and then I went to a major market in Atlanta and then they asked me again and I happily took the position and that was a first time I was like, hmmm, first black woman hired at ESPN. If I don't do well, they're not going to hire another black woman for a long time and that was the first time I felt a little bit like okay, it's not just about me, I have to do a good job for myself and my family but for others who would want to work here one day — if I don't they would use me as an example so we tried but it didn't work.

There was a lot of press about being the first African American woman and that was pressure. That was the first time I ever felt pressure in my job.

Fortunately we do have a wardrobe consultant. In the morning I bring one thing in and Diane is very good because she has her dressing room full of clothes and so she'll dress around what I bring in.

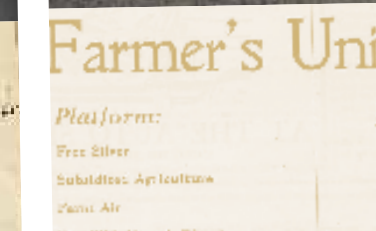
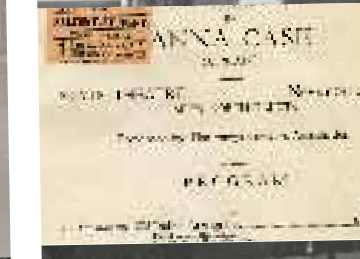
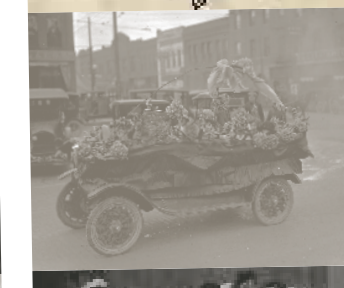
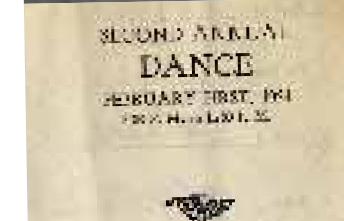
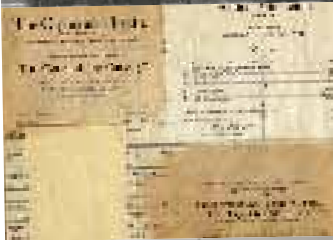


Order of Danes

Don Dennis

Boise, Idaho

Admission



consolation college

Essay by David Danbom

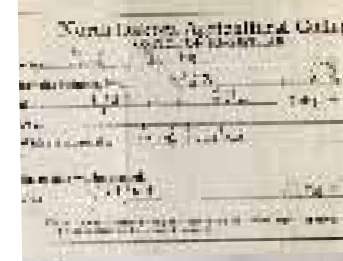
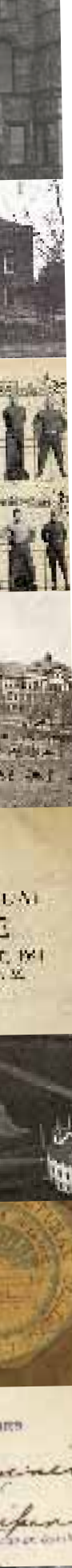
From the get-go, it just wasn't a marriage made in heaven. The relationship between NDSU and the city of Fargo, that is.

For Fargo, the agricultural college was a consolation prize awarded by the constitutional convention when it parceled out the state institutions in 1889. As Samuel Roberts, one of Fargo's delegates to the convention remembered it; the city wanted "something big," such as the penitentiary or the insane asylum. But when the time came to pass out the plums, Bismarck got the

prison and Jamestown got the asylum. Poor Fargo had to console itself with the college.

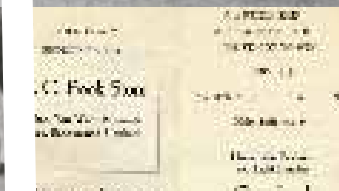
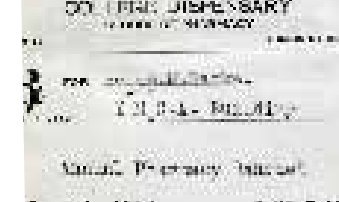
Getting the agricultural college was better than nothing, but there were at least three problems with it. One was that the city already had Fargo College, founded by the Congregationalists in 1887 in what turned out to be a hopeless effort to turn Norwegians into Yankees. The second was that, while everybody agreed that the new state would generate numerous criminals and lunatics, agricultural students were rather hypothetical. And the final problem was that, as the dominant city in the state, cosmopolitan Fargo viewed an ag school as distinctly down-scale. Wouldn't it attract hicks to town, and give the city a yokelish flavor? Damn that Jamestown for grabbing the insane asylum!

The fledgling ag school wasn't too crazy about this arrangement, either. For one thing, it was stuck way out on the eastern edge of the state, in a region whose climate and soil type were different from what prevailed over most of North Dakota. Then there was the problem that, whether Fargo liked it or not, the college was associated with the city in the minds of many North Dakotans. That was a problem in a state in which folks made the sign of the cross when





Over three hundred students (and their parents) gathered in the gymnasium for the first all-Fargo school after a few minutes' assembly. The first school building on the part of the young state in 1907 was built in a grand manner from the fields of grain to the mountains. There they first divided into six groups, from the mountains, the plains and the river.



they heard the word “Fargo,” and considered “Imperial Cass” to be one word. The answer for the AC was to locate itself out in the countryside, a good mile north of Fargo. It didn’t help much in any practical way, but it symbolized the desire to maintain distance.

And so these two proceeded through the years, partners matched by economic interest and political compromise, but certainly not by love. The NDAC strove to maintain its little community, separate spiritually from Fargo even after the city’s growth engulfed it. The job of the AC was to serve the farmers of the state and to educate their sons and daughters in agriculture, engineering and home economics. Too close association with Fargo would only complicate that mission.

For its part, Fargo usually ignored the NDAC except at homecoming, which gave merchants an excuse for a sale, or when there was a big controversy, as in 1937 when Governor Bill Langer tried to purge the school. Nobody downtown thought about doing much for the NDAC or even recognizing it, really, and when somebody did he didn’t get very far. During the 1930s, for example,

As the NDAC broadened beyond its agricultural base, eventually becoming a diverse, full-service university, its relationship to the city changed.

someone on the City Commission suggested changing the name of 12th Avenue North to “Bison Boulevard,” but was shouted down by angry UND alums in the neighborhood. Small wonder the Fargo delegation to the legislature held the NDAC in low regard, usually ranking its funding somewhere between raising the gopher bounty and designating a state beverage on the priority list.

But a funny thing happened to these two reluctant partners. Like spouses in a loveless marriage sometimes

do, they began to substitute mutual respect and regard for affection. They didn’t fall in love, exactly, but they became accustomed to one another, and each came to depend on the other.

As the NDAC broadened beyond its agricultural base, eventually becoming a diverse, full-service university, its relationship to the city changed. It became more attractive to students from Fargo and other regional cities. In part for that reason, its student body became less insular and less suspicious of the city in which it was located. A growing, increasingly diverse, and better-educated faculty and staff appreciated what Fargo had to offer, economically, socially and

Sometimes the most unpromising unions turn out to be beautiful relationships.

culturally. And the urban amenities of the city in turn served as a recruiting tool for new faculty and staff.

Fargo began to see more value in the university as well. NDSU was a major employer — the second largest in the city by the end of the twentieth century — but its economic impact was not confined to staff paychecks and student consumption. The university turned out well-educated, hard-working graduates, many of whom wanted to stay in town. Fargo economic development authorities began to use NDSU to market the city to employers looking for pools of educated — and relatively underpaid

— labor. Then, too, the university was home to a faculty with expertise — sometimes world-class expertise — in such areas of crucial importance to the modern economy as computer science, electrical engineering, biotechnology, polymers and coatings, nanoscience and many more. Suddenly the vision of a Silicon Valley with block heaters began dancing in economic development officials' heads, and NDSU was at the center of that vision.

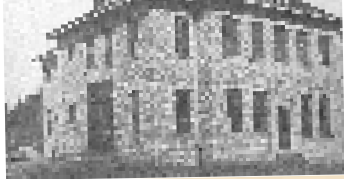
Fargoans also began to see that the university could enrich their lives as well as their wallets. They recognized the contribution NDSU faculty and

staff offered to the athletic scene, to the fine arts, and to the intellectual tone of the city. They came to appreciate the value of the recreational and entertainment diversions offered on campus. They came also to value the expertise that NDSU offered to government agencies, city boards and commissions. Universities make life better and richer for their communities. If you doubt it, just ask someone from a city lacking one.

Almost without recognizing it, and certainly without acknowledging it, Fargo and NDSU had evolved from a distant — sometimes adversarial — relationship, to a symbiotic one. They needed one another, fed off one another's energy, and prospered and grew together. They even got involved in cooperative endeavors such as the Fargodome and Newman Outdoor Field. It remained for President Joseph Chapman to proclaim NDSU a “metropolitan land-grant university.” What had been a contradiction in terms in 1900 had become a reality a century later.

Thus the opening of NDSU Downtown, made possible through the generosity of Doug Burgum, one of the university's many great alums, is as important symbolically as it is educationally. In 1890, the NDAC sought to distance itself from the city. In 2004, NDSU embraces it. Could the city fathers who had wanted a penitentiary or asylum or the early professors who wished to be somewhere — anywhere — else have imagined it? I don't think so, but it just goes to show you how funny marriage is. Sometimes the most unpromising unions turn out to be beautiful relationships.

Photos provided by NDSU Archives



Handwritten notes on lined paper, possibly a list or schedule.



tion.
"Some of you graduates come from other states, but no matter where you live you will have an opportunity to serve," said Justice Christianson. "A man owes a debt to his community as real as that which he owes to his grocer. Wherever you live recognize that debt, and pay it."
"Most of you are North Dakotans and I want to say a word to you in particular. North Dakota needs you and welcomes you with open arms and spreads before you her gifts of opportunity. The community where you live needs you; and remember



Myrtle Lagen
Norma Blockstad
Lorne Nelson
Dorothy Lull

RESERVE OFFICER'S LADY
to
BRIDGE PARTY
Employees Hotel

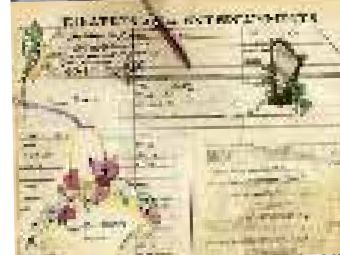
ADMIT ONE.
RESERVE OFFICER'S LADY



SENIORS URGE
TO HELP STATE
Chief Justice Christianson



Table with multiple columns and rows of text, possibly a schedule or list.



Study at home...
at the State...
at the State...



FARGO COOL



TOPIC: How the one-year-old Hotel Donaldson has become an icon of cool, how it surprises non-North Dakotans who did not expect to find such interesting people in such a groovy place.

EXAMPLE: Owner Karen Burgum's been the first stop when the national media come to Fargo.

SUCH AS: L.A. Times, the first to discover the new home of cool, says the city has "quietly, subversively gone trendy." National Public Radio talked about how North Dakota has low unemployment and is adding high-tech jobs, and becoming known for "hipness." NBC's Today Show did a similar piece.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING: The national reporters note that the new Hotel Donaldson is upscale, boutique and would be right at home in New York. The hotel rooms, the bar the dining room, all urban chic. But this place could only be in this region. Bison fur is used to cover some stools, the bar curves in homage to the Red River, the dining room chairs are etched in a pleasing shape to follow the Red River.

BURGUM'S A GOOD SPOKESWOMAN: Colleagues call her the "Godmother of downtown," for adding hip and chic to the locale. Plus, she can talk about the movie without cringing. "I love the Coen brothers," she says, "And I love the opportunity to dispell stereotypes."



Jim Gallop

SHE SAYS WE'RE ALL COOL: Burgum is happy enough that the Hotel Donaldson has become an icon for newcomers to understand the community and the region. “They’re surprised when they walk into the hotel because they had a stereotype,” she says. But her point of view is that the hotel is simply a reflection of the people who live in Fargo and North Dakota. “This project couldn’t be anywhere else because it really is about who we are in this region,” she says, in virtually all of the interviews.

THE LOCAL ART IS THE CROWNING TOUCH: OK, so three years ago, Burgum has a great old building to work with, an architect she’s crazy about, it’s moving along nicely. And yet, for a time, she feels something is missing. “In thinking about what the rooms would look like,” she says, “they didn’t have a soulfulness.” This was troublesome. Her goal from the beginning was to “create memorable experiences”

and so simply pretty and nice would not be good enough. And so she continued to fret, until “that little bit of discord opened up” a great idea: The rooms would be designed around the work of local artists.

THE LUNCHROOM/BAR ALSO IS FULL OF LOCAL ART: The room comes off as part bar/restaurant, part crazy Aunt Nellie’s furniture collection. After the initial shock wears off, the curved lime green chair next to the bright orange bench seat seems just right. And if you get a good seat in one of the booths on the north side, or one of the bison stools, you can spend hours looking at the large mosaic that covers the wall on the hallway to the bathrooms. Mostly tile, some granite, and a few broken coffee cups, it also holds a lava lamp, a Waterford champagne flute, the cover to a cellular telephone. There are paintings, sculptures, a photograph. It’s cool.



Bill Kloubec



SHAPING HUMAN HABITAT

Essay by Jerry Richardson

It was sometime back in the 1970s. North Dakota Gov. Art Link had invited three young architects to present their ideas for a proposed new state heritage center. Here's an approximation of how the discussion began:

Link to Joel Davy, Jim Dean and Don Barsness: "Any of you fellows ever designed a history museum?"

Short answer from the trio: "Nope."

Link: "Neither have I. Let's get on with it."

The result of that brief encounter, plus a predictable mixture of architectural blood, sweat and midnight oil, was one of the more handsome, functional structures on the grounds of North Dakota's capitol.

Colleges and universities rarely pass up a chance to tout the economic value of the contributions they make to their surroundings. But that can be said of virtually any enterprise that employs quite a few people.

What's different about a college or university is

that there are less easily quantifiable but ultimately much more valuable contributions — social, cultural, physical and intellectual — such an institution makes to its surroundings that go far beyond simple economics.

Lectures, plays, concerts and athletic events are obvious examples. Much more important is the annual infusion of human resources — people prepared to contribute knowledge, skills and energy of benefit to the entire community and, in a broader sense, society at large. Such contributions made by graduates of NDSU's Department of Architecture (now incorporating landscape architecture), represent a highly visible case in point.

Steve Martens, associate professor of architecture, (also a graduate of the program) has been digging a bit into NDSU's architectural archives. He has found that over much of the past century, graduates of the department have played an increasingly visible role in shaping the community, state and region's human habitat — the physical surroundings in which people live, work and recreate. Here are some of the things he's found:

Since 1914, when the program in architecture was created, it has produced roughly 1,300 graduates. (Incidentally, as of a couple of years ago, the department's oldest living alumnus was Florence Fleming Dietrich, who earned a Bachelor of Architecture degree in 1930. At last report she and her husband were living in retirement in Arroyo Grande, California.)

NDAC awarded its first degree in architectural engineering in 1922.

Currently, at least 300 NDSU-educated registered professional architects are in practice across the United States and throughout the world, "from Oslo to Malaysia, New York to Honolulu," according to Martens.

About 150 of those are practicing in the Fargo/Moorhead community.

Martens believes the teaching of architecture at NDSU has its roots in the original mandate given America's system of land-grant colleges and universities, which directed them to focus on "agriculture and the mechanic arts." Over the years the term "mechanic arts" evolved into the various engineering disciplines including, ultimately, the present-day program in architecture. The architecture program at NDAC started with a course in drafting, producing either its first graduate or its first enrollee in 1914.

Today, 90 years after those early-day students began their studies, evidence of their achievements is visible throughout the state and region, in the form of hundreds of school buildings, churches, business firms and public structures.

And in downtown Fargo, an architectural renaissance of sorts, is taking place in historic preservation and adaptive re-use

Recent state legislation in North Dakota intended to provide tax

incentives for the restoration and adaptive re-use of languishing downtown business districts, has proved to be a boon for several members of the Fargo/Moorhead architectural fraternity:

Back in 1976 Norm Triebwasser undertook the restoration and adaptive re-use of the deLendrecie Department Store building, the first phase of which had been constructed in 1894.

Julie Rokke, YHR Associates in Moorhead, undertook an extensive renovation and restoration of Fargo's historic Fargo Theatre, which has become a focal point of the city's growing reputation as a "hip" community. Rokke, incidentally, transferred into architecture at NDSU in 1980, and was advised at the time, "Architecture is not a profession for women."

"There were nine of us enrolled in the program that year," Rokke recalls. "We doubled the number of women previously enrolled in the department's entire history up to that point." Today, 165 of the 420 students enrolled in architecture and landscape architecture are women, constituting nearly 40 percent of the total.

Michael Burns, who specializes in historic preservation, orchestrated the restoration of Fargo's Great Northern Depot, turning it into a downtown restaurant/bar and brewery, and most recently has finished work on Doug Burgum's \$1 million-plus gift of the old Northern School Supply Building, which, with the help of the NDSU Development Foundation, has evolved into an \$11 million home for NDSU art and architecture programs.

Terry Stroh effected the transformation of a once-rock-solid tractor manufacturing company which had been sitting, virtually idle, on the city's NP Avenue into headquarters of Fargo's venerable Vogel Law Firm.

And much more recently, a restoration by Karen Burgum of the Donaldson Hotel with architect F. John Barbour.





THE BENEFICIARIES OF THAT SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP LIVE, WORK IN AND ENJOY THE STRUCTURES ARCHITECTS HAVE CREATED

But we wouldn't want to leave the impression that NDSU-educated architects never stray far from home. A quick scan of a few of the department's alumni, particularly those who have graduated in recent years, makes it abundantly clear that they're finding employment throughout the U.S., and increasingly, throughout the world:

Ron Holecek is president of Wimberly Allison Tong & Goo, originally founded in Hawaii, now headquartered in Newport Beach, Calif., and doing business designing resort hotels throughout the world.

In Las Vegas, hardly anyone would consider building what Joel Davy terms "one of those zillion-dollar casinos" without contracting for the services of John Klai and Dan Juba.

Don Powell is a long-time member of Chicago's famous Skidmore/Owings/Merrill, designers of a high percentage of America's high-rise office buildings.

And Robert Graves heads prestigious Flad International, based in Madison, Wis.

SO HOW GOOD ARE THEY?

Obviously, it's the quality, not quantity that's the most important consideration in evaluating the contribution of NDSU-educated architects. In that regard, Martens believes the school's grads have gained a strong and growing reputation for being sensitive to their clients' needs, delivering high-quality structures within available resources. "They follow through well on project management and respond to the environment of the Great Plains region." Because of those strengths, he feels, NDSU grads consistently win a majority of the architectural projects currently being awarded in the area.

SOMETIMES THEIR OWN SEVEREST CRITICS

Architects, as is true with those involved in most creative undertakings, are often their own most vocal critics. Back when the building known in those days as The New Field House (now Bison Sports Arena) was constructed at NDSU, a handful of currently enrolled architecture

students turned out carrying protest placards proclaiming "The Box the University Came In!" It had been designed by one of their co-religionists of a few years earlier and has proceeded to serve the institution with great functionality for ensuing decades. Another major campus project designed by an alum was described by a notoriously crotchety member of the architecture faculty as "a Frankenstein's Monster!"

On balance, however, the jury seems to come down on Steve Martens' side of the equation: that products of the NDSU architecture program are serving society well and, in that sense, fully indicative of the value, beyond simple economics, of North Dakota's State University.

BUT ONE LAST RHETORICAL QUESTION: IS IT A BUSINESS OR AN ART FORM?

Based on the evidence exhibited in the physical landscape of Fargo-Moorhead, North Dakota and the surrounding region, and the fees they charge for their work (usually a percentage of the project's total cost), some of the graduates appear to be doing OK. And as Steve Martens has pointed out, because of the unique relationship that architecture enjoys between being both a business and an art form, few people choose the profession solely with the expectation of making money. And, when they're lucky, the beneficiaries of that symbiotic relationship are the people who live, work in and enjoy the structures architects have created. In this region in particular, they have NDSU and its long-existing department of architecture and landscape architecture to thank for that.

NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
Box 5167
Fargo, North Dakota 58105

Non Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 818
Fargo, N.Dak.