

NDSU NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY ■ FALL 2002 magazine





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Editor
Laura McDaniel

Editorial staff
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Unless noted “not for publication,” communications to the editor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@
ndsu.nodak.edu*
PO Box 5167
Fargo, ND 58105
Fax: 701.231.1989

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PO Box 5167, Fargo ND 58105.
NDSU is an equal opportunity institution.

President
Joseph A. Chapman
joseph.chapman@ndsu.nodak.edu

Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs
R. Craig Schnell
craig.schnell@ndsu.nodak.edu

Vice President for Student Affairs
George H. Wallman
george.wallman@ndsu.nodak.edu

**Vice President for Research, Creative Activities
and Technology Transfer**
Philip Boudjouk
philip.boudjouk@ndsu.nodak.edu

Vice President and Dean for Agricultural Affairs
Patricia A. Jensen
pjensen@ndsuent.nodak.edu

Vice President for Business and Finance
Richard L. Rayl
richard.rayl@ndsu.nodak.edu

Vice President for University Relations
Keith D. Bjerke
keith.bjerke@ndsu.nodak.edu



editor's note

The privilege of being a magazine editor provides a plausible front for meeting people you might otherwise not. You get to sit in their offices or homes for an uninterrupted block of time and ask about things that might normally, say at a cocktail party, not seem acceptable. (I don't think I've ever been to anything that correctly would be termed a cocktail party, which I suppose amplifies the point.) For this issue, I spent an hour with now-retired English professor Richard Bovard. He is not a new acquaintance but previously we'd mostly exchanged good-hearted barbs. During the interview, we went a little deeper. He put into words so nicely his goal as a teacher: he hopes students will like what he likes, perhaps even love what he loves.

Our job is to make it seem like you are sitting across the table enjoying the interview, hearing these pearls of wisdom first hand.

Thank you for reading.

laura.mcdaniel@ndsu.nodak.edu

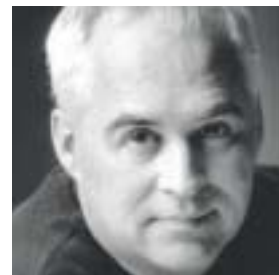
contributors



Kathy Freise



Tammy Swift



Dan Koeck

Her father's snapshot of **Kathy Freise** once was that she's a vagabond with a knapsack who didn't know a good, solid job when she had one. By extreme contrast, one might note that inquiring minds want to know and she's got too much curiosity to stay in one place for long. Neither does her justice. Her career began as entertainment writer for the *Forum of Fargo-Moorhead*, but she quickly grew restless, changed jobs, completed a master's degree in English at North Dakota State University in 1992, got another excellent job at then-Moorhead State University that she liked until she was lured away from North Dakota by the promise of green chile and the doctoral program in American Studies at the University of New Mexico. She teaches, studies, writes (hoping to

finish her dissertation on memory and public art very soon) and works at a small Web development company that also sells area rugs. She may be reached at kathy@netchannel.com.

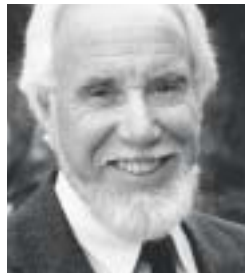
It's one of life's sweet, little ironies that a reluctant scholar like **Tammy Swift** now spends the majority of her days at a university library. Swift — who spent considerably less time in NDSU's library while pursuing a mass communication degree there in the mid-'80s — joined the staff as a writer right after Labor Day. As such, she now occupies a very white office in the library's basement. Swift previously spent 12 years as a newspaper reporter in Dickinson, Bismarck and Fargo, most recently as feature editor and humor columnist



Jonathan Twingley



Catherine Jelsing



Michael Lyons



Kent Kapplinger

at the *Forum of Fargo-Moorhead*. She lives in suburban Kragnes, Minn., with a crazy dog, an irascible cat and a husband.

Dan Koeck, a native of St. Paul, Minn., has a bachelor’s degree in photojournalism with a minor in history from the University of Minnesota. He was a photographer at the *Minot (N.D.) Daily News* from 1984 to 1992 and joined NDSU in 1992. Koeck’s assignment work has been published in *Sunday Times of London*, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, and other national and regional publications.

Jonathan Twingley is an illustrator in New York. His work appeared on the cover of *NDSU magazine’s* inaugural issue.

Catherine Jelsing made her debut as a writer for *NDSU magazine* in the spring 2002 issue, under the *nom de plume* Catherine Bishop. She enjoyed the work enough to join the staff and use her real name.

Although he claims not to like country music, **Michael Lyons** could make “On the Road Again” his personal anthem. Since retiring from the NDSU history department nine years ago, he has spent as much time as possible traveling. He has visited Turkey, Russia, Belarus, San Marino, Slovenia, to name only a few. Mike taught European history

at NDSU for 21 years and served as department chair for 17 years, even though he admits he hates administration. He is revising his book “World War II: A Short History” for a fourth edition.

Kent Kapplinger is an assistant professor of visual arts at North Dakota State University, where he directs the Printmaking Education and Research Studio. His work has been exhibited in England, Japan, Slovenia, Spain and throughout the United States. He has received fellowships from the Woodstock School of Art in New York and the Vinalhaven Press in Maine.

letters

Just a short note to respond to my own letter (p. 7 ... spring issue). Somehow the meaning of the next to last sentence became inverted. It should read “ ... I understood being spit at in the face by a Cameroonian man. ”

David Nelson

Jerry Richardson’s article on Katherine Burgum was brilliant and well deserved. Please permit me to make one correction. The Litten residence was 1134 N. 3rd St. Warner did not move to 1045 N. Broadway until the late ’40s, several years after his marriage to Betty Baillie. One other note. Horace Mann school was a grade (1-8) school, not a junior high.

David L. Litten

Your article on “Lowell and Inge” in NDSU magazine Spring 2001 p. 14 seems to err. No Helsper was “first territorial governor of Minnesota.” The article here seems totally confused. In what sense is Sept. 17 “Helsper Day in Minnesota.” Bison Chips!! Please correct your error!

**Dr. D.L. Ouren
Glenwood, Minnesota**

North Dakota to New Mexico: Expecting letters and getting a number

I left North Dakota with a road atlas that placed maps of New Mexico and North Dakota on facing pages. While starting graduate school was ostensibly my reason for moving, I've realized that metaphorically finding my way across a couple of pages might also have had something to do with it.

That was in 1996, when the film "Fargo" was circulating and its title had become familiar, if quizzical, to most people I met here in New Mexico. Inevitably, there were comments about my accent not matching Marge's, or about matching it more than I might realize. And questions flew about is it really that flat/snowy/filled with buffets.

All the habits I associate with the expatriate's experience have taken place since: noticing North Dakota license plates and feeling entitled to a good long gaze at the car's occupants. Tracking floods, blizzards, proposed state name changes. Having ongoing debates about whether corn from North Dakota or New Mexico is best (no question, the former).

I've settled in, calmed down about the wonders of hot springs, green chile, the desert. I've started to notice how parts of this state look like parts of my home state; I'm not as quick to point to how they look different. Thinking about this shift in my way of seeing inevitably reminds me of my visit to an optometrist a few years ago. She tells me that my vision has become worse — more or less the same news I've heard since I was eight years old, when my demonstrations of how I couldn't read the wall calendar interrupted the family dinner.

"Read the smallest line on the chart," she says. I speed through a line of letters except one, which I can't make out. E? P? F? "It's a number," she says, and immediately, I see a 3.

I expected letters and I got a number — an experience that echoes finding these two states across the staple from one another. The juxtaposition first points to the differences, the stark surprise of a 3 and a P on the same line. Gradually, though, the coexistence starts to make new sense. Viewing the



maps side by side, I learn more about where my fondness for each lies, where my memories for both lodge.

This does not mean that I am prepared to recant any of my opinions about North Dakota's wind chill. What it means, more likely, is that I've become ready to understand more of what I remember and appreciate about my 30-plus years in North Dakota. What I've learned is that the place is with me still, even though I've shifted physical and psychic terrain.

No big shock, these developments. People move, people remember; I'm interested in the ways that remembering shifts, deepens. Tennyson may have been pondering something similar when he wrote "I am a part of all that I have met." Indeed I am — in ways that extend well past some of what I miss about North Dakota: the northern lights, finding cool summer lawns at each turn, seeing friends I've known for decades. It's tempting here to turn nostalgic — perhaps that's what all of remembering is, after all — though that is not exactly what I am getting at.

A recent example comes quite close to explaining my sense about how memory eddies about. Last Sunday, Garrison Keillor — who, after all, does remembering better? — spent part of his radio monologue describing a character who left Lake Wobegon for New Orleans. Thinking about her friends at home, she realizes "I will always know you."

That's it, this recognition of carrying something along, not as cargo but as treasure, and the relief that it needn't be abandoned, left behind. Instead, it can be moved into with abandon — headlong, liberated, let loose. In the time I have thought about this piece of writing, I have let myself loose into memories about North Dakota and NDSU in particular — many of them already recorded in email, holiday cards, phone calls that include "Remember when ..."

I remember: Jean Strandness telling me of course I am a feminist, I just don't know it yet. Paul Homan patiently waiting for me to struggle through French verbs. Muriel Brown walking me

... this recognition of carrying something along, not as cargo but as treasure, and the relief that it needn't be abandoned, left behind. Instead, it can be moved into with abandon — headlong, liberated, let loose.

through Chaucer just once more. Tom Matchie's enthusiasm for Louise Erdrich's novels.

Because they come to me so quickly once I start, I realize that I am not yet through with these and other memories of the campus. I may never be. Toni Morrison says about remembering: "A little bit here that you don't understand ... until you get some additional information; a slice there and you don't know how significant it is. What happens to you on Thursday morning, you may not know how important that little event was for 20 years."

True, I may not know, now or in 20 years, but I do know those experiences travel with me as I have moved, from one state to another, from student to teacher. I've had remarkable exchanges in the classroom here — students turn in papers about film, being a woman, art, television, wicca, body image, being a man, AIDS, Jewish mysticism, baseball. Others bring projects: a quilt, a painting, a set of cartoons, blueprints of homes in the future, a live dance performance. We collaborate, we talk; it's a process formed, I think, from my best educational experiences, which started at a small country school outside of Bismarck.

I can't steer students' remembering; the gorgeous fluidity of memory prevents that. But I hope that if students recall our classes, they remember the day we all tried (unsuccessfully) to clap out flamenco rhythms. Or the day that a class member showed us the history of the tattoos on his body. Or the day that we talked quietly together about what it might mean to die now and in the future. Maybe, in those moments, I can help them see a 3 when they expect to see a letter.

We come together in the classroom, the sum of thousands of individual experiences heading across the map together for a moment. Do students' lives change because of a few hours each week? I can't guess. My life does.

In "A Natural History of the Senses," Diane Ackerman writes of researchers' attempts to dissect the distinctive tone of a Stradivarius violin. They've found a thin layer of pozzolana, a volcanic ash from Cremona, Italy, where Stradivarius lived, that he most likely used as a strengthening agent. While the ash may affect the instrument's tone, it is not quite explanation enough.

Ackerman describes: "Many violinists and violinmakers insist that a violin played exquisitely for a long time eventually contains the exquisite sounds within itself. Somehow the wood keeps track of the robust lyrical flights. In down-to-earth terms: Certain vibrations made over and over for years, along with all the normal processes of aging, could make microscopic changes in the wood; we perceive those cellular changes as enriched tone. In poetic terms: The wood remembers."

There it is again, this notion about ways in which experience accumulates and how it gets tucked away to be played out later. If nothing else, memory is resolute — which is not to say it's accurate. A character in Larry Woiwode's "Beyond the Bedroom Wall" takes a sleepless nighttime journey down the street of his boyhood town: "There's a memory of mine, real or imaginary ..." That sentence is the one that started me thinking years ago about memory and how its shapes and traces form my life.

In cases of personal, mostly private memory like the kind I'm considering here, real or imaginary doesn't matter. That is, I'm not certain that precise details in my memories of North Dakota matter most: just how flat, just how snowy, just how many buffets. What counts, I think, is the way in which I find myself in them, regardless of where they happen to emerge.

No memory exists if it doesn't exist in the present. My present is here. And I'm attached there, too. Still. And perhaps in ways I don't yet understand. But I expect that those ways might reveal themselves with the slightest insistence, the lightest tug of a staple upon a page.

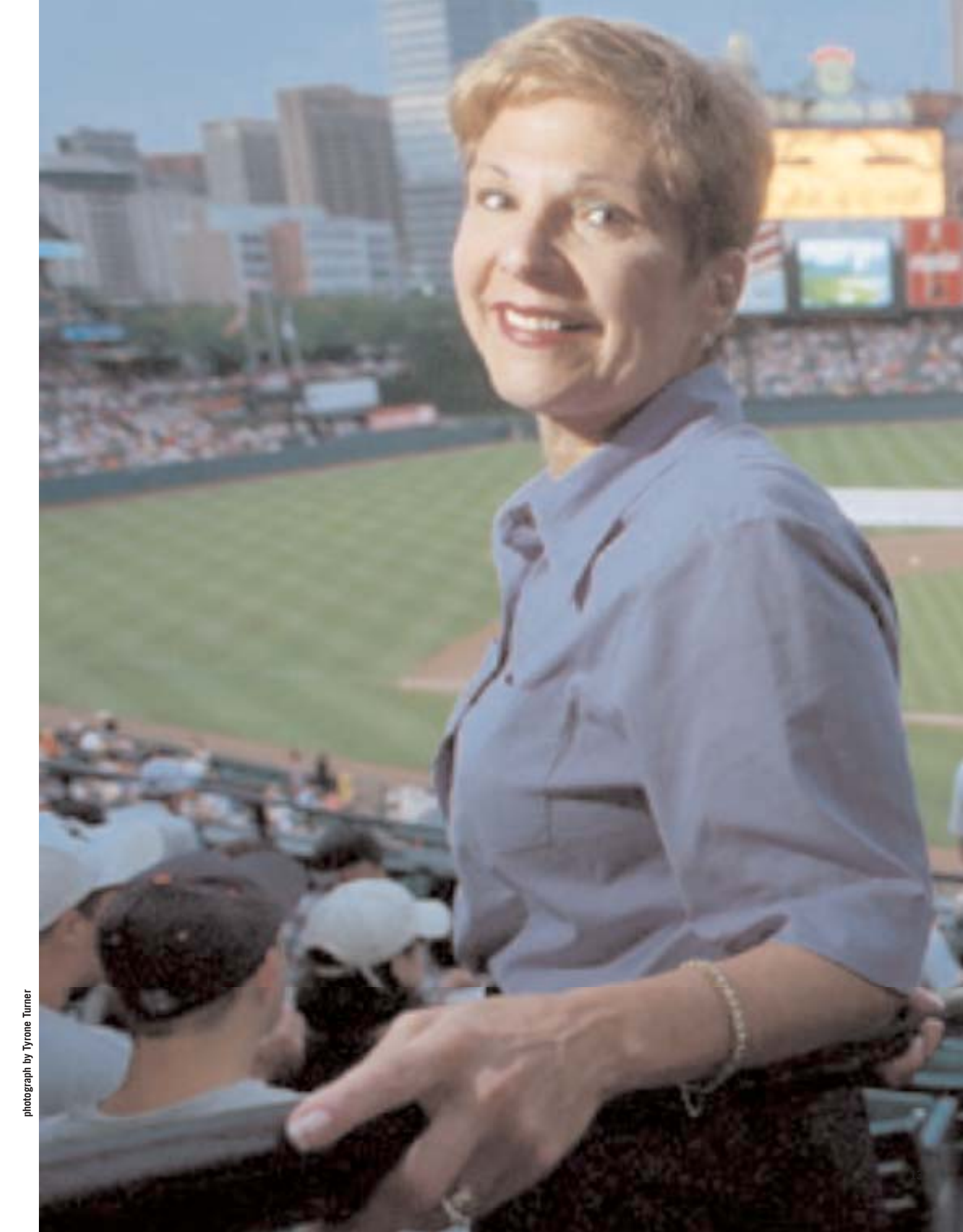
The road atlas I use now has New Mexico facing New Jersey. North Dakota faces South Dakota. I cannot begin to imagine where those pages might lead. — Kathy Freise

For love of the game

LUCY CALAUTTI STEPPED OFF THE GREYHOUND INTO A MARCH BLIZZARD, LEARNING THE MEANING OF A 28-BELOW-ZERO WIND CHILL FOR THE FIRST TIME. A NAVY VETERAN FROM QUEENS, IN 1968 SHE WAS AN UNLIKELY IMMIGRANT TO JAMESTOWN, N.D. BUT MUCH LIKE HOMESTEADERS DRAWN BY THE promise of land and opportunity, Calautti came because Sandy Boyum — the only other woman in her squadron — had described North Dakota as the most pristine, clean, beautiful place in America. Not many weeks earlier, the freshly discharged women had gone to New York, ushered by Lucy’s parents, eager to have their daughter home. But a garbage strike was in process. “The place was a pit,” Calautti recalls. “It was the middle of winter and yet when you walked outside, everything was gray and black and covered in soot.” An incredulous Boyum asked, “Why would I want to live here?” And she left for home.

The events that followed would link Lucy Calautti to North Dakota forever. She didn’t know then that she would spend the next five years in Fargo, attending North Dakota State University, feeling her political oats, getting married, having a child, and graduating with a master’s degree in English. She didn’t know then that she would become inextricably involved with two of the most influential men in the nation’s capital, two men dedicated to the best interests of her adopted state. She didn’t know then that she would engineer one of the biggest political upsets in North Dakota history. And she didn’t know then that after 20 years of federal service in the Navy and on Capitol Hill, she would become a lobbyist for Major League Baseball — the dreamiest job she could ever invent.

The dream job comes with a corner office in one of the most prestigious law firms in Washington. The city has been Calautti’s home away from home ever since 1987, when she went to work as House chief of staff for former state tax commissioner Byron Dorgan (D-ND). When she took leave in 2000, she and Sen. Dorgan had logged 27 years together in public service. Reminders of that relationship dot the walls of her office and desk. There’s a picture of her and Dorgan in the Dodgers’ locker room, bats poised for home runs. She’s the petite, tanned woman in the fuchsia suit, smiling with her arms around Dorgan; her husband, Sen. Kent Conrad (D-ND), and Rep. Earl Pomeroy (D-ND) at her retirement party. “It’s my team,” she says.



photograph by Tyrone Turner





“I am not just a fan. I am a maniac fan.”

—Lucy Calautti, on baseball

Gesturing toward a pyramid of plastic-encased baseballs piled on her desk and a framed Trygve Olson cartoon on the wall, Calautti explains, “This is my little baseball shrine.” The Fargo *Forum* published the cartoon, featuring Charlie Brown and Lucy on the pitcher’s mound, when Calautti started her new job. “Look Charlie Brown,” Calautti reads aloud, “you’re a phenomenal loser, why don’t you give me a chance to save the game.” The caption below reads: “Lucy takes the mound for Major League Baseball.” Her brown eyes sparkling, Calautti says, “It showed North Dakota was proud of me.”

From her office, we walk on plush carpets, through a wide hall covered with rich, wood paneling, past a magnificent floral arrangement into a circular conference room. “Oh isn’t this nice,” she says, casting an approving glance at individual bowls of cut fruit, bagels, cream cheese, bottled juice and waiting coffee cups. Even though she requested the breakfast fare, she seems slightly surprised and very appreciative. “They are so wonderful here,” she says, and then pours the coffee.

Calautti is the only executive at Baker & Hostetler who is not an attorney. As Major League Baseball’s director of government relations she reports to commissioner Bud Selig, who is based in New York. Her office is in Washington, because she wanted to live in the same city as her husband, because it’s where she needs to be to do her job, and because the firm’s managing partner, Bill Schweitzer, also is on baseball’s payroll. “So I have access to all of these wonderful attorneys, who are specialists in everything from anti-trust law to copyright law to labor law, so I don’t have to be a lawyer. With my background I can strategize on how to work with the White House, how to work with Congress, how to work with the different departments of the executive branch. It’s absolutely wonderful.”

In casual conversation, Calautti’s devotion to the game overshadows the politics of her job. “You’ve got to keep this in mind,” she says earnestly, “I am not just a fan. I am a maniac fan.” One does not have to look far, however, to see the stakes are high, very high. “With a roster of A-list owners and lobbyists,” reported *BusinessWeek Online* in December 2001,

“baseball is better positioned in Washington than any other sports league. Owners gave candidates more than \$3.9 million in the last election cycle, according to the Center for Responsive Politics, and MLB recently formed a political action committee. Its nearly \$1 million lobbying payroll includes Lucy Calautti, wife of Senate Budget Committee Chairman Kent Conrad (D-ND), and William H. Schweitzer, an attorney for the Republican National Committee.”

Calautti presents herself as singularly interested in the sport, a crusader for the national pastime. (“I feel like we are on the side of God here,” she says.) At present, Major League Baseball’s chief objective is to convince the players association that the best thing for them and for the game is revenue sharing. The goal is to even out revenues and make it possible for smaller clubs to hire ballplayers who can beat the big market clubs, she says, “so that in every small- or medium-sized city in America — that has a baseball team — the fans can hope and dream that their team will win the World Series. Right now,

that's impossible as long as there is this competitive imbalance. Of all the things I work on, that's the most important thing."

Principled, passionate and pragmatic, Calautti has accomplished much both for her adopted state and for herself in the past 30 years. She's vibrant, physically fit, smart, articulate, laughs easily, and displays an honest blend of confidence and humility. "I used to be impulsive," Calautti says, telling how she "ran away" to join the Navy, not telling her parents, and how — when she ditched a medical photography job in New York to follow Sandy Boyum to North Dakota — she just got on a westbound train, not even bothering to pack a bag. "The less mature you are, the more impulsive you are," she says, "and I think I've grown. I would no longer characterize myself as impulsive. What I would say I have is a great sense of adventure."

When Calautti stepped off that bus in Jamestown, it was not love at first sight. Her love for North Dakota grew as she moved in with the Boyums, enrolled at Jamestown College, was treated with warmth by everyone she met, and finally witnessed spring on the prairie. The only thing Calautti had to change was schools; even with the G-I Bill, she couldn't afford tuition at a private college, so she enrolled at NDSU, and fell in love all over again. NDSU was fertile ground, a place to express her views and exercise her political muscles. She helped start the state's first public day care center on campus. She married Tom Maluski at Steele, N.D. — took his name, gave birth to their son Ivan in Fargo, and wrote a witty column for *The Spectrum* called Women's Lib, addressing issues like female stereotypes in the military and the demeaning milieu of female office workers.

"What was really happening for me was that several things were congealing," Calautti says. "The women's movement, civil rights and protesting the war. ... I got involved in the women's movement in a big way, and I mean a very big way. I started NOW (National Organization of Women) in North Dakota, and with several other women started the National Women's Caucus in North Dakota." Through these organizations, Calautti helped get the Equal Rights Amendment ratified in North Dakota. "We were the last state in the nation to ratify it," Calautti says. "In other words, we got it done." It was her first indication that she was living in a place where the sky really was the limit.

"Being a very ambitious person, it is true that I have never had an impediment to getting ahead in North Dakota," Calautti says. "North Dakotans appreciate someone who is ready to roll up their sleeves and work hard, and not fake it. And that's me. And I've been rewarded time after time in North Dakota. And that's why I know I love it."

Calautti joined the Navy in the early 1960s for three reasons: she was a patriot, her parents couldn't afford to send her to college, and she wanted to write. But instead of making her a journalist, as she had hoped, the Navy trained Calautti as an aerial photographer. Once she got to NDSU, however, there was no keeping her typewriter still. "I can honestly say," recalls English Professor Bill Cosgrove, "that the recollection that comes to mind is the Faulkner thesis she wrote. How driven she was, how self-motivated."

Calautti's career, he says, became "one of those magic stories" teachers love to follow.

After graduation, Calautti planned to teach high school literature and someday, perhaps, work on her doctorate. But it was not to be. First, there was an unfortunate run-in with a superintendent, who rejected her application because "we hire only male English teachers so they can coach." Aware of the ins and outs of Title VII, Calautti presented her rejection letter to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. And she got what she wanted: a job offer (so she could turn it down) and an apology. Then there was a brief teaching stint in the Fargo Public Schools, but her first real job after college, was writing for then state tax commissioner Byron Dorgan.

Calautti was hired in 1974 to translate state tax law into understandable language. She loved it, but what put her "in heaven" was using the knowledge and skills honed by her master's degree to supply her boss with pithy quotes and anecdotes for his speeches. That year Dorgan made his first bid for Congress. To run his campaign, he hired Kent Conrad, a young North Dakotan who had just finished his MBA at George Washington University. Calautti found Conrad "awfully young," while she says Conrad wondered what Dorgan saw in "this leftwing, out of touch person who wears combat boots." But as time went on, Calautti and Conrad began to respect each other's work and became friends.

When Dorgan ran for Congress again in 1980, Conrad, who had



Rep. Earl Pomeroy, Sen. Kent Conrad, Lucy Calautti and Sen. Byron Dorgan

since completed an MBA at George Washington University, ran for state tax commissioner and won.

Calautti, who had resigned her post with the tax department to work full time on Dorgan's campaign, stayed in Bismarck to run the new congressman's state office and raise her young son. That campaign, Calautti says, "helped prepare me for the biggest challenge of my life, and that was running Kent's U.S. Senate race in 1986. That was the biggest challenge, let me tell you, that was something."

The play-by-play of Conrad's 1986 campaign is a blend of politics and courtship. Conrad challenged veteran Sen. Mark Andrews for the seat he'd held for more than 25 years. Conrad, now divorced, asked Calautti, also now



"they are my team"

divorced, to be his campaign manager. The campaign focused on the economy, Andrews' vote for a "disastrous" farm bill, and a call for change. With less than a third of the funds Andrews had to spend, Conrad's camp worked 18 to 20 hour days, made homemade ads, and relentlessly shared Conrad's plan to get North Dakota and the nation's economy moving again. "When we won," Calautti says, "it was the story of the year in North Dakota, perhaps the story of the decade. Listening to national television commentators and reading the newspapers, it was like 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.'" This "Mr. Smith," however, did not go to Washington alone; Calautti became "Ms. Smith" on Valentine's Day 1987.

Calautti would never again run Conrad's campaign. "He can afford to hire someone now," she says, besides the roles of campaign manager and wife are quite different. One must be a relentless pusher, the other a nurturer, and when it comes to her husband, Calautti would rather be the latter. "We've been a team," she says. "Jean Guy (wife of former Gov. Bill Guy) has said it to me many times, 'Lucy, you've found the secret we found. In a political marriage you really have to be a team to make it work.'" Family is a top priority. Calautti is just as likely to brag about



Conrad's daughter, Jessie, a straight-A student at Harvard who recently earned her master's at Cambridge, as she is her son Ivan, who works as an environmental activist saving old-growth trees on public lands in the Northwest.

The couple also is absolutely unified in their love of baseball, although for Conrad that means watching one game a night, and for Calautti it means watching two or three. Even before baseball was her job, Calautti and Conrad would wait for the last vote in the Senate and race off to Baltimore to see the Orioles play, or take vacations to spring training camps or fly to Puerto Rico to watch winter ball.

Calautti's early life tells like a baseball fairytale. Born on Aug. 12, 1946, she came from a working class family. Her mother worked as a bookkeeper and her father was a chandelier maker. Her dad loved baseball and shared that love with his daughter, frequently taking her to games at nearby Shea Stadium. When her parents were working,

she'd come home to an empty apartment, the game on TV providing comfort and companionship. She'd wait up late for her dad so she could tell him the scores and share savory details of the games. And when the Yankees made the World Series in 1964, 18-year-old Calautti and her little brother stood in line at Yankee Stadium for bleacher tickets. Her only childhood career aspiration was to own a team. "I had no idea of how I was going to get that done," she says, "but I wanted to own a baseball team. That's how I would go to sleep at night. I'd get sleepy picturing it ... who I'd put on first base, who would be my general manager. It was really something."

In some ways it's surprising Calautti does not own a baseball team. Just about every other goal she's set her cap for she has achieved. The secrets of her success are tenacity, high standards and a readiness to jump into the trenches to work alongside her troops. Jenifer Urff, a Bismarck native, worked as a legislative counsel in Dorgan's House and Senate offices for a little more than two years. "Lucy is an extraordinary person in terms of being able to take control and make things happen," Urff says. "For a lot of people who go to work for Lucy, it's hard at first, because she never makes excuses and she doesn't easily accept excuses. It's difficult, but it's a great environment for learning how to be successful both on the Hill and whatever career choices people make." In a Calautti-run office, Urff says, the staff quickly learns that while good efforts are appreciated, "it's the results that count."

Happiness also counts big in Calautti's book. "One of the things I've always done," she says, "is I've done things that make me happy, and the rest has taken care of itself." Recalling her brief stint as a medical photographer in New York, she says, "I realized for the first time in my life, 'I'm not happy.' It only took about three weeks to figure that out. I don't allow myself to be unhappy for very long." When she became discontent working

as Dorgan's chief of staff in the House, she left and ran her own consulting business for a year and a half. Then, in 1992, she managed Dorgan's campaign for the Senate, he won, and she became his senatorial chief of staff for the next eight years.

"I loved that job," she says. "First of all (in the Senate), you have more control. You have a larger staff you supervise. You are able to work on and influence a lot of issues. When some terrible things happened in North Dakota, like the terrible floods, I really felt I was able to help ... I was able to be helpful to Byron in ways that would have been harder for me as a staffer in the House." As chief of staff, she managed nearly 30 people on Dorgan's personal staff, plus the leadership staff, plus his committee staffs. She monitored policies and had a role in planning them. And she kept Dorgan's political house in order, doing everything from hiring his cam-

two months later, she spotted Commissioner Selig at an All-Star game in Fenway Park. "I went down to where he was sitting and my heart was pounding, I mean it was pounding. I was almost hyperventilating. I introduced myself and said, 'I have many years of experience in Congress, may I call you about something.'" Selig said yes. The next week she called him. And the rest is history.

True retirement will come some-

"I've done things that make me happy, and the rest has taken care of itself."



paigned team to making sure the books were kept properly. "We had a good close working relationship over many years," Dorgan says. "I would start a sentence and she could finish it; she would start a sentence, and I would finish it."

The only blight in all Calautti's public life befell her one night in 1990. She was almost inside the door of her Capitol Hill home, when a man chased her, knocked her down, put a gun to her head and started dragging her toward her car. Knowing bad things would happen if she got into the vehicle, in monotone she lied, "Oh, I locked the keys in the car." Angry, the man shoved her down the sidewalk. Twisting from his grasp, she ran into the street, let out a bloodcurdling scream and leapt into a stranger's car. The attacker pointed his gun at the vehicle and then ran. Calautti, adrenaline churning, told the driver to follow him. And they did, ducking each time the gunman took aim, but did not shoot. When the assailant jumped a fence, they dropped the chase.

Eventually, Calautti was able to identify her attacker in a police lineup. There was a trial and the man — an escapee already serving 25 years for rape — was returned to prison. Fighting, pursuing and prosecuting her attacker all helped Calautti bring closure to the traumatizing event. "But to this day," she says, "I look over my shoulder."

Hitting the 20-year mark of federal service got Calautti thinking about a new adventure. But she didn't know what that would be, until one night, visiting with Conrad, she mused, "The only other thing besides you and our kids and grandson that I have passion for is baseball." Whispering for effect, she says, "Baseball. 'You know,' I said to him, 'I've got to get a job in baseball.'" She put together a plan and started her "campaign." About

day, with a big focus on her 8-year-old grandson, Carter, who already is a frequent companion as Calautti travels to baseball games across the country. As for her bright, hard-working, increasingly powerful husband, Calautti says he's got a great job and has no designs on the White House. "To be chairman of the budget committee," she says, "it's like he was born to do that." Conrad also continues to gain seniority on the finance and agriculture committees. "So you see," she says, "there are plenty more challenges for him in the Senate."

It's the challenges, the politics, family and baseball, that make for eclectic, impassioned conversation around the Calautti-Conrad dinner table. "It's just as much fun to talk about his Medicare amendment as it is to talk baseball," Calautti says, "because that's kind of how we are."

—Catherine Jelsing



excerpts

richard bovard

Teaching was one of the best things I could think of doing with what I loved. I thought law school would be boring so I decided to go to graduate school.

I got along well with students. For a long time it was fairly easy. We had a shared passion of a number of other things, civil rights and Vietnam war protests and the Rolling Stones.

Teaching for the kind of success you'd like to have, to have an impact (that somebody will love what you love, like what you like and will work hard and prosper because of their working hard), you reach 10 percent maybe. But often that's enough.

I always liked what I was teaching. I had a passion for what I liked (novels, plays, poems).

I no longer ask students what they read. I try to make connections to the movies that they're seeing.

You have to be able to have at least some respect for the students, to believe that they have a certain amount of rights, I think, in class, to be ultimately successful.

I believe that a syllabus had to be detailed, thorough, no tricks for students, no surprises, no pop quizzes. It all had to be there. It was my responsibility as a teacher. Their responsibility as students was to read the syllabus.

Students are very literate in pop culture, they're very literate in visual culture. Sure, I'd like them to read more. I'd like them to use English more effectively and correctly, but toward the end of my life I just wanted them to use it consistently. I don't care if my colleagues or even my communications specialist friends abuse it as long as they're consistent. A consistent error is sufficient.

I had first year students in my last year who were as good as any first year students I'd ever had. Maybe not as many of them, but I still had some very good students.

The dilemma as the teacher is to try to convince them that you're helping them. The dilemma is that you are judging them too because you will eventually grade them and they see the judging often more than the helping.

More than once I've had students who half seriously have said that the paper looked like it had died, it bled so much. Over the years I tried to stop using a red pen.

That is one of the consequences of not reading much. You eventually don't write very well because you're not used to dealing with ways in which people express themselves in print, in words.

As a humanist, I tend to believe that human beings are all we know about and they are more important than anything else.

You forget what you're going through in a humanities course because you have this material and you understand that you're supposed to think of it as important and valuable but you're not always told why it is.

As a humanist I knew that power was illusionary and therefore as an administrator I didn't try to keep secrets, didn't try to withhold information that everybody needed to know.

I was a teacher and an administrator, that was what I did, not who I was.

If you have spent your life as a teacher and administrator you have spent your life among people constantly talking, communicating, and silence in retirement is good.

began working at NDSU as a professor of English in 1972, and chaired the department from 1981 to 1991. He was interim director of NDSU Libraries from 1997 to 2000, interim dean of the College of Humanities and Social Sciences from 1995 to 1996, interim director of the Division of Fine Arts from 1994 to 1995. Bovard earned his bachelor's degree in English at Kalamazoo College in Michigan, a master's degree from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and a doctorate in English from the University of Denver.

Fig. 3,





big
things
very small packages

In the palm of his hand, Brian Morlock holds what looks like the innards of an entire computer. It's got the green board with the ziggy lines, a round thing that's probably a battery and a little rectangle that could be the processor.

In fact, even though it is only 2 inches by 2 inches, it is the giant version of what it will be. This is a computer, the first iteration of a multi-functional wireless sensor. After a variety of sensors — acoustic, thermal, chemical, infrared, biological — are fitted to this model, the next step is to design it to be the size of a grain of rice. Oh, and it needs to cost only pennies apiece to produce and be able to operate for years on ultra-low power.

The faculty lead on this project, Joel Jorgenson, can tell you exactly when the research and design started — May 13 — and how long it took to complete this fully-functional model — three weeks — and all future deadlines. He knows the date each of the four graduate students was added to the group and the design engineer hired for the project, when the two labs were fully equipped. He is matter-of-fact about both the expectations and the timeframe, confident in his team, but the pressure is surely on.

This is one of several new projects at North Dakota State

University funded by the Department of Defense and in partnership with private research and development companies. In this case, NDSU has divvied up the work with Alien Technologies, a Silicon Valley company that brings some serious proprietary information to the mix. Results and deadlines are serious business.

All told, NDSU expects \$80 million to \$100 million in DOD research contracts in the next few years. The impact is being felt on the campus in the form of new graduate assistantships, new high-end staff positions, faculty positions, and an additional building at the new Research and Technology Park.

Much publicity surrounded the initial announcement of NDSU's foray into the nanotechnology arena last August. Throughout the ensuing months, NDSU administrators took turns carrying around the demonstrator 1-inch vial. They took every opportunity to pull the bottle from their shirt pockets, give it a little shake and tell that those tiny flakes are actually 100,000 computer chips. People at NDSU are clearly thrilled to be right smack in the middle of this movement.

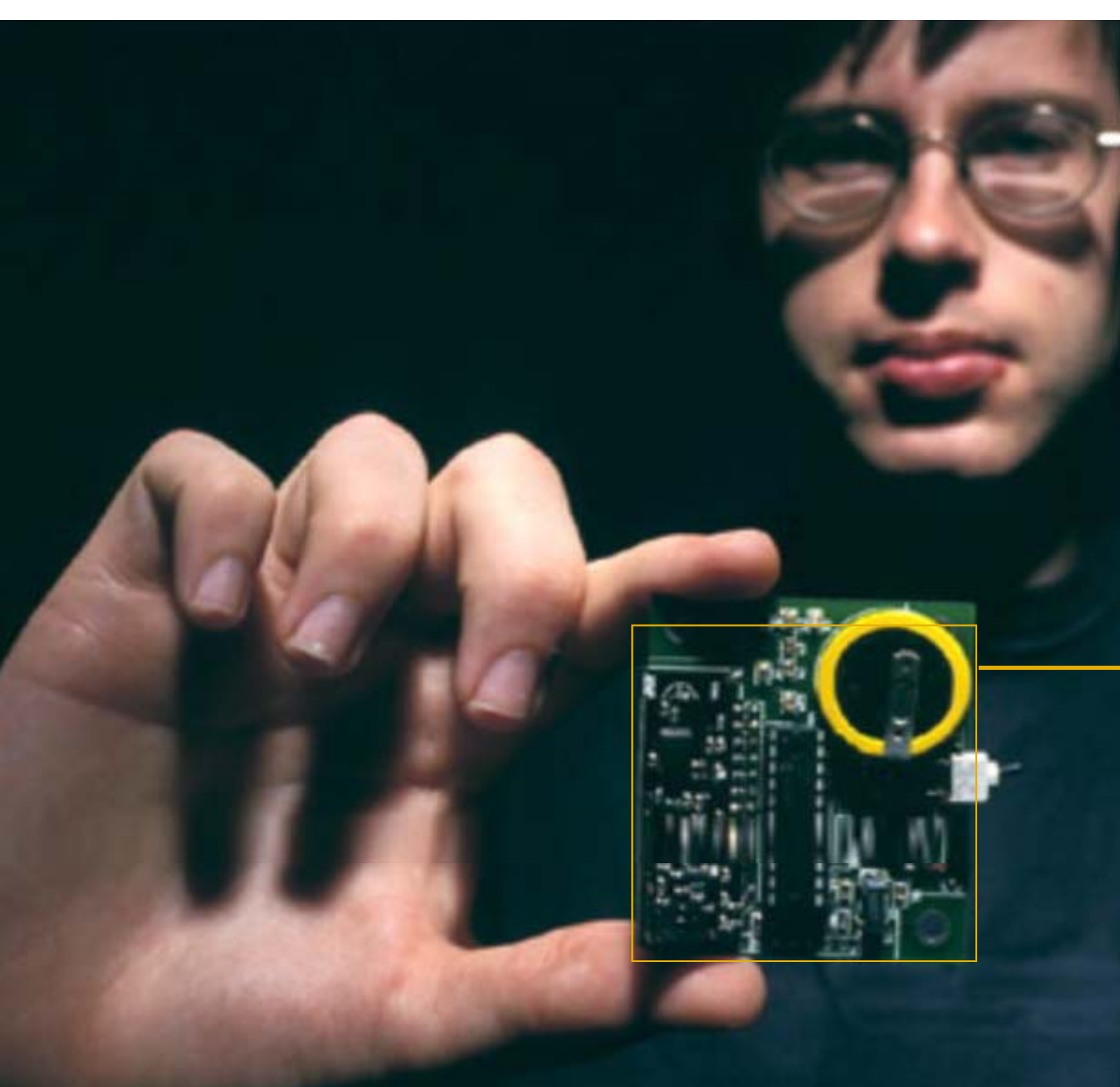
Little did Morlock know he'd be doing this level of research and development. When he graduated first in a class of 17 at Tuttle-Pettibone

High in 1998, he only knew that on the family farm he found it “interesting” to fiddle with electronic equipment and the home computer. In 2002, Morlock was pondering his options as he completed his bachelor's degree, “waffling” between applying to graduate schools and finding a job. The industry openings were mostly in controls, though, and his interest lies in digital design. As is often the case, his answer came by chance, when he attended a seminar Jorgenson delivered to recruit graduate students to NDSU.

Just a couple of years ago, the Brian Morlocks of North Dakota and this region would have had to go away to places like MIT or Berkeley to do this sort of work on designing components this small and that use low power.

Now Morlock is integral to the team developing electronics that could, literally, change the world.

The sensors are being developed on DOD's dime for specific military uses, but will adapt to everyday life in extensive ways. Just as the quartermaster supply officer needs to know which cans of soup are getting old and should be shipped out for use, a supermarket can track and rotate stock. Every item at the store can have a sensor that tells the consumer how long it's been there



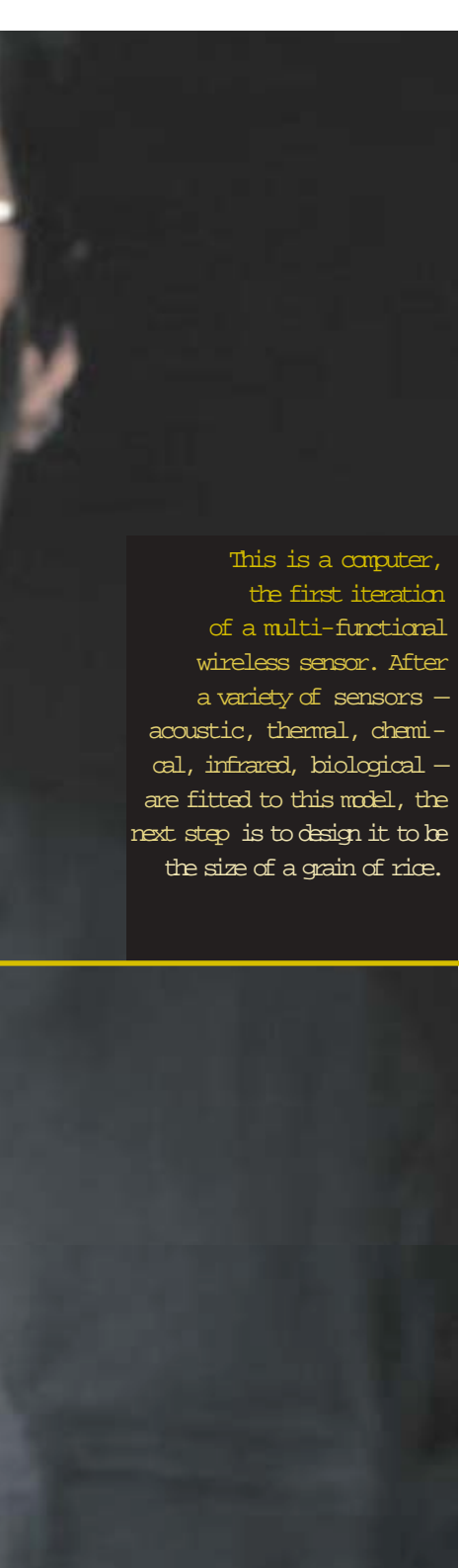
and to what temperature variations it's been exposed. When shoppers are done filling their carts, they simply will exit past a receiver that reads all of the sensors and tallies the bills. No more lines, no more shoplifting.

The antenna on the sensor communicates with a remote computer via radio waves, currently twice per second at 100-plus feet away. Jorgenson describes the concept of the very small sensor keeping in touch with the receiver "like two people with one flashlight," a helpful analogy for the general population, known

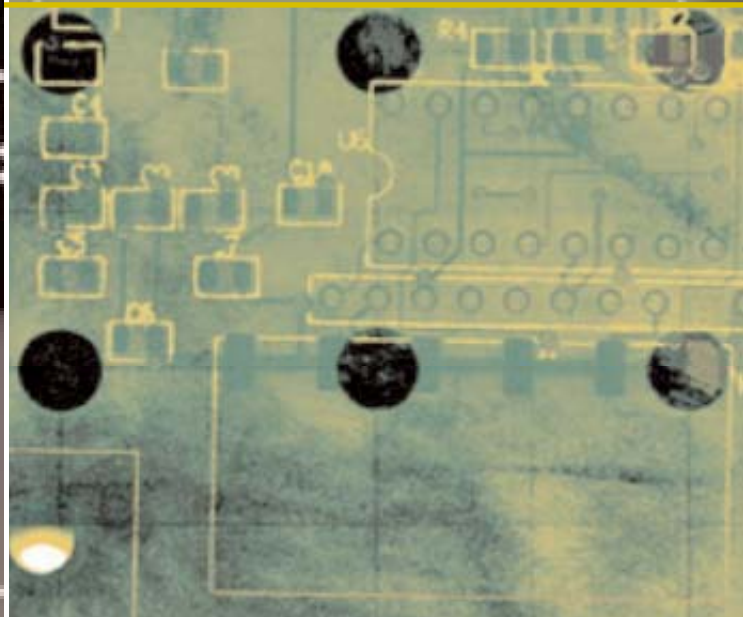
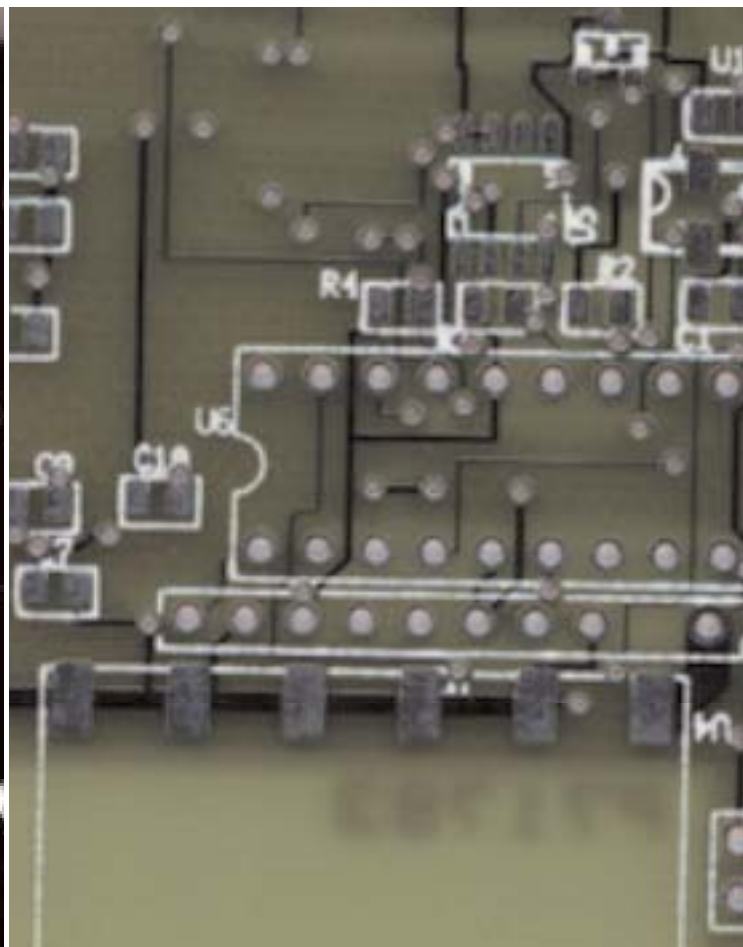
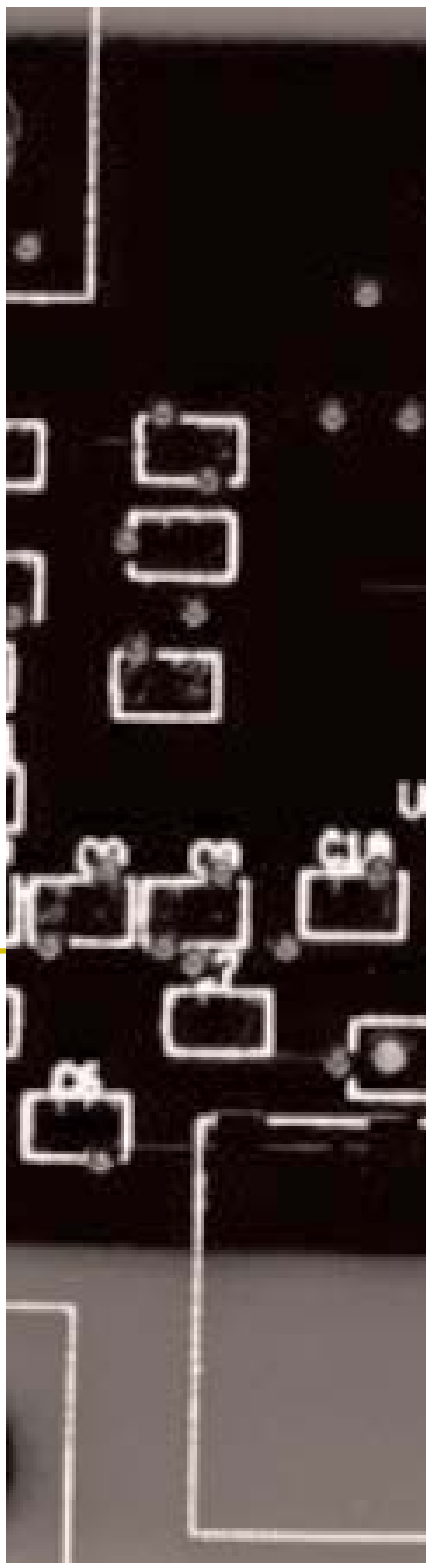
in the field as backscatter modulation. "One has a light and the other has a mirror and either reflects or doesn't reflect the light." The receiver has the flashlight and the sensor has the mirror to reflect data when queried.

Jorgenson says the tricky part about the project is meeting both the requirements of very small size and low power. The tradeoff in design is getting information only as often as needed, since that helps save battery power.

As group leader, Jorgenson, at 37, has 10 years of industry experience along with several years in the



This is a computer, the first iteration of a multi-functional wireless sensor. After a variety of sensors – acoustic, thermal, chemical, infrared, biological – are fitted to this model, the next step is to design it to be the size of a grain of rice.



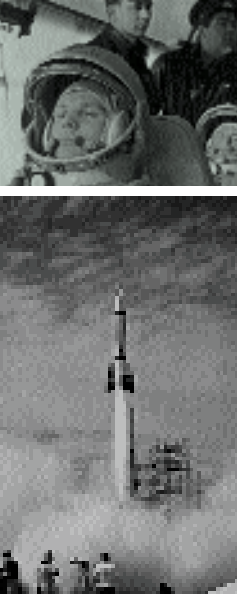
classroom. Local and national companies have been calling, as well as other scientists in the North Dakota University System. Journal articles are in final preparation stages and a patent transmittal form is on file. A number of North Dakota manufacturing companies are in touch about customizing sensors, and people from Minot, North Dakota, and Minot State University have invited Jorgenson for a second round of talks.

The group, now splayed around campus in two temporary labs — one in the basement of the chemistry

building and the other on second floor of the electrical engineering building — eventually will join together in 2,500 square feet of the university's second new building at the Research and Technology Park.

Groundbreaking for the building was in September.

—Laura McDaniel



THE RIGHT STUFF

Once upon a time, when Bob Challey was 12 years old, the Russians launched a dog named Laika into space. In 1957, it was the stuff of little boys' dreams — a rocket, a pooch and a star-specked sky.

About the time Challey entered Fargo's Ben Franklin Junior High, cosmonaut Yri Gagarin completed the first manned space flight. In 1963, when Challey graduated from Fargo Central High School, Valentian Tereshkov became the first woman in space. And in the midst of Challey's chemistry studies at North Dakota State University, Alexei Leonov walked in space.

In 1969, when Appollo 11 astronauts walked on the moon, Challey was a graduate student at the University of California-Berkley, working on a NASA-funded project. The leader of Challey's research group was a would-be-Nobel-Prize-winner-wanna-be-astronaut. The professor accomplished neither, but he did have a research instrument on Mariner-6 designed to gather data on the Martian atmosphere. As a research assistant, it was Challey's job to analyze that data. Challey enjoyed the project due to its practical nature and his long-time interest in space exploration.

After completing his master's, Challey stayed in California and started collecting buildings. He's been in real estate ever since. As an owner, investor and manager based in Walnut Creek, he has interests throughout California and Washington. Apartments mostly. Some commercial and office buildings.



“A BUNCH OF ASTRONAUTS AND THEIR FAMILIES WERE TRYING TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE, BASICALLY, WHICH IS KIND OF SAD. THE GOVERNMENT HAD ALLOWED THEM TO DO THIS AND EVEN CONTRIBUTED SOME OF ITS ARTIFACTS, BECAUSE IT WAS STRAPPED FOR MONEY. ... THE CATALOG ITSELF HAS PAGES AND PAGES OF SPACE HISTORY. IT’S ALMOST A TEXTBOOK ON THE RUSSIAN SPACE EFFORT.”

“My wife says I collect everything,” Challey said in a telephone interview from their summer home in Lake Tahoe. He can’t even name all his collections: wine, art, trading cards (he started with airplane cards at age 7).

“Along the way, in the early ’90s, I’d been buying stuff through Christie’s and Sotheby’s and word got out that there was going to be sale of Russian space artifacts,” Challey said. “A bunch of astronauts and their families were trying to make enough money to live, basically, which is kind of sad. The government had allowed them to do this and even contributed some of its artifacts, because it was strapped for money. ... The catalog itself has pages and pages of space history. It’s almost a textbook on the Russian space effort.”

Challey jokes that his wife, Sheila, wouldn’t let him bid on the 5-ton spacecraft, but he was determined to purchase something significant, and he did, both in this auction and one that took place a few years later.

He procured a food packet from the world’s first manned space flight, provided by Gagarin’s family. He also got autographed pictures, a letter describing the space flight, a duffel bag of clothing, mission patches and other smaller items. Challey’s top bid also brought him the high-altitude flight suit Leonov wore on the trip home from the first space walk. With lacings that run up the sleeves, along the inner and outer leg seams and up

the chest, it looks like a costume from a sci-fi movie. But this is the genuine article; Leonov autographed it before he sold it.

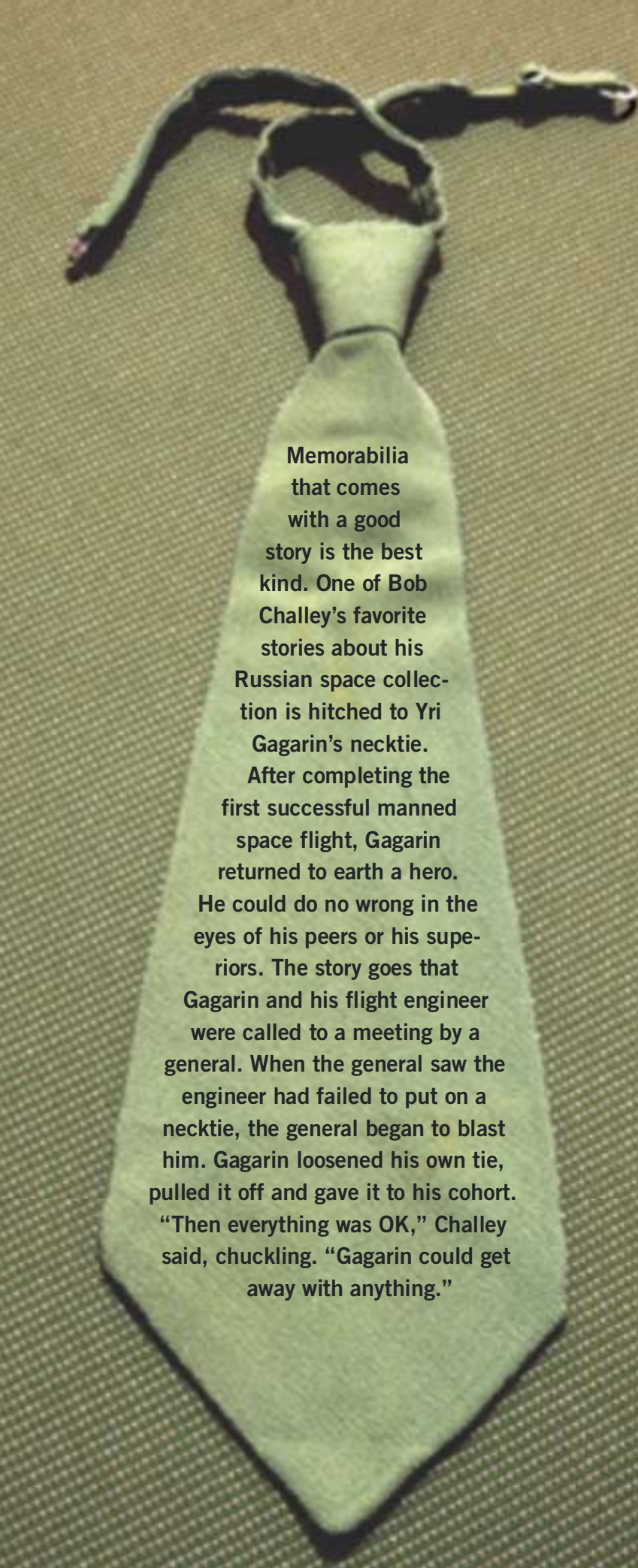
Challey delights in telling stories of the astronauts, especially harrowing spacecraft landings in Siberia, where Russian cosmonauts braved hazardous conditions to hide their missions from American view. One of Leonov’s many flights nearly ended in disaster when he crawled out of his spacecraft and was attacked by a bear. Leonov survived, but Challey said that afterward Russian scientists created a new multi-purpose piece of gear that could function like a shotgun.

Some years passed and Challey realized he didn’t have the place to properly store, much less display, his Russian space collection. When he heard Warren Diederich, a fellow member of the NDSU Development Foundation Board of Trustees, was opening an air museum in Fargo, it gave him an idea. Perhaps Diederich would care for these treasures and share them with the public. After all, the Smithsonian had been interested.

So was Diederich.

And that is how the Fargo Air Museum got Challey’s Russian space collection. And while it’s unlikely an auction will ever again be devoted entirely to Russian space memorabilia, Challey — ever the collector — said, “If something came up again, I’d buy it and ship it to Fargo.”

—Catherine Jelsing



Memorabilia that comes with a good story is the best kind. One of Bob Challey's favorite stories about his Russian space collection is hitched to Yri Gagarin's necktie. After completing the first successful manned space flight, Gagarin returned to earth a hero. He could do no wrong in the eyes of his peers or his superiors. The story goes that Gagarin and his flight engineer were called to a meeting by a general. When the general saw the engineer had failed to put on a necktie, the general began to blast him. Gagarin loosened his own tie, pulled it off and gave it to his cohort. "Then everything was OK," Challey said, chuckling. "Gagarin could get away with anything."





Barb and Gerald Anderson. Gerald is an associate professor of history at NDSU.

MY HUSBAND YAM HERO

So we are in Barcelona, and my wife Barb and I walked to the Museum of Contemporary Art. Well, it was Tuesday, and it was not open that day. The Plaza around the place was almost deserted except for a couple of teenage punks riding bicycles. One of them swooped near us and Barb gasped. I thought they had run over her foot. But no, they had grabbed her purse, a macramé thing that she had properly hung around her neck and shoulder. It didn't contain that much money, but it had our digital camera and all the pictures we had taken of Toledo, Cordoba, Granada, etc. The kid broke the strap and was riding away. When I realized what was happening, forty years melted away and once again I was an outside linebacker. Like Mercury, wings sprouted from my heels to match the wing tips on my shoes. I started gaining on the bandito. I knew I couldn't keep that up indefinitely, so I launched into my best flying tackle. I hit the kid and knocked him off his bike. I landed on the bike and slid across the sand. He popped up and I popped up and I was screaming at him that if he wanted his bike back he had to give up the purse. (Of course, this was in English, as I was not calm enough to represent my position in Spanish.) He finally hurled it back at me and came at me menacingly with something in his hand. I knew it wasn't a gun, but it could have been a knife (actually, I think it was, curiously enough, his cigarette lighter). Well, we glared at each other for a few seconds and then I threw his bike back at him. I looked down to see that I was covered in dirt and blood from both elbows and knees. There were a few worthless men at an outdoor bar who observed this, and I limped to them. They provided a few appropriate “tsk-tsks” and then some women (as always) came to my aid and we got gauze and disinfectant and tape etc.

DRESS PANTS: \$40 WHITE SHIRT: \$25 OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK LIKE A HERO IN FRONT OF YOUR WIFE: PRICELESS

— Gerald Anderson



GETTING UNDER THE SKIN:

replacing diabetes shots
with painless 'insulin watch'



Jagdish Singh devotes many of his waking hours to searching for clever ways to penetrate a formidable barrier: the layer of dead skin cells covering the human body. The outer shell of densely packed cells, which under a microscope resembles a hound's-tooth coat of interlocking shingles, forms a natural suit of armor against invaders. That protective mechanism, which evolved over millennia, is good if the attackers are harmful bacteria or toxins in the environment. But it's an obstacle if the intruder is a dose of medicine. Medical science has long had an answer, of course, for piercing the body's outer wall: the needle. The hypodermic syringe

is more than a prickly nuisance, however, for patients who must cope with diabetes. Diabetics must carefully monitor their blood-sugar levels and take insulin shots — sometimes multiple shots — daily. Failure to take their shots when needed can cause serious illness. Or even death.

Singh, a professor of pharmaceutical sciences at North Dakota State University, is working with colleagues to develop a better way for diabetics to receive insulin: by absorption, instead of injection. True, it's now commonplace for smokers trying to kick the tobacco habit to wear a nicotine "patch," and some birth-control therapies can be delivered in the same painless manner. But there's a problem. The handful of drugs that so far can be administered via the skin patch involve medicines comprised of small molecules. Insulin, on the other hand, is a polypeptide hormone, an elephantine molecule of amino acids that can't pass through the skin's small doorways without lots of sophisticated manipulation. Or, as Singh says, with a scientist's penchant for dry understatement, "The delivery of the big molecules is a problem."

To enable those ungainly insulin molecules to sneak past security, Singh is working to perfect a technique, called iontophoresis, which combines two steps. First, it uses what are called chemical enhancers to enlarge the

openings in the skin by extracting fats and proteins that are part of the protective top layer of skin cells. Then, with the door chemically opened, a very mild electrical current is employed to push the insulin through the doorway. The nudge comes from repulsion created by two identically charged electrical electrodes in a device that looks much like a wristwatch. (Singh's work involves the chemical and biological processes of drug delivery; others are developing the device.) So far, Singh's research has produced promising early results in tests involving rabbits and pigs that have been induced to develop diabetes. Animal subjects have received adequate doses of insulin without showing adverse side effects. "We find very encouraging results," Singh says. Someday, he adds, "We have to see whether it will cause skin irritation in humans. In animals it has not."

More animal tests are needed, however, before clinical trials involving human patients can begin. His research to date has been funded by the prestigious National Institute of Child and Human Development. Singh has applied for additional funding from the National Institutes of Health to continue testing. He hopes clinical trials can begin in two or three years. Singh brims with optimism based on the results so far, and the technique's demonstrated success. "I don't see any reason why it shouldn't work," he says. He has published results of his foundational

research — Singh has published more than 100 peer-reviewed research papers, reviews and book chapters in his career — and the pharmaceutical industry is eagerly watching to see what develops. "I think money is going to start flowing in this direction."

Dr. Juan Munoz, an endocrinologist at MeritCare Clinic in Fargo, has been following Singh's work, and has agreed to participate in the clinical trials. He's impressed with the early results and, like Singh, convinced that the technique is sound. If successful, delivering insulin by means of an "insulin watch" would be a great improvement over the pincushion therapy of daily injections — especially among patients who hate shots, or those who forget to take shots on schedule. Munoz says he's encouraged by the early animal tests; both rabbits and pigs have thicker, tougher skin than people do, he notes. "If it works for rabbits and pigs, it should work for people," Munoz says. Other new means of delivering insulin — including a nasal spray — are flawed because it is difficult to reliably administer an adequate dose, Singh says. And an "insulin watch" could deliver a dose over a longer period of time for patients with acute diabetes.

Meanwhile, on another research track, Singh is working toward developing gene therapies that he hopes someday will prevent diabetes in people who are genetically susceptible, such as American Indians, who have much higher

rates of diabetes than the general population. He is working with two doctoral students on a therapy that would use plasmid-DNA supplied by Aldevron — a Fargo biotechnology firm founded and heavily staffed by NDSU graduates — and Interleukin-10, a protein made in the body that stimulates the immune system. The idea would be to prevent damage to the pancreas, the gland that produces insulin, a vital hormone that enables the body to regulate sugar and other carbohydrates.

Singh's initiatives to treat and perhaps even prevent diabetes are part of a broader body of research aimed at developing novel techniques for delivering drugs — a quest that began almost by accident. Originally, when growing up in Varanasi, a large city in northern India near the Ganges River, he wanted to be an engineer. Then, during his undergraduate studies, he developed an interest in biology, and considered medicine. Ultimately he decided he would be a research scientist who would develop new medicines instead of practicing medicine. His earliest work involving skin absorption therapies began at the University of Otago in New Zealand, studying under Michael S. Roberts, an acknowledged leader in the field. He continued his studies under Dr. Howard Maibach, a prominent dermatologist at the University of California, San Francisco, before accepting a position at NDSU in 1994. (Both mentors continue as



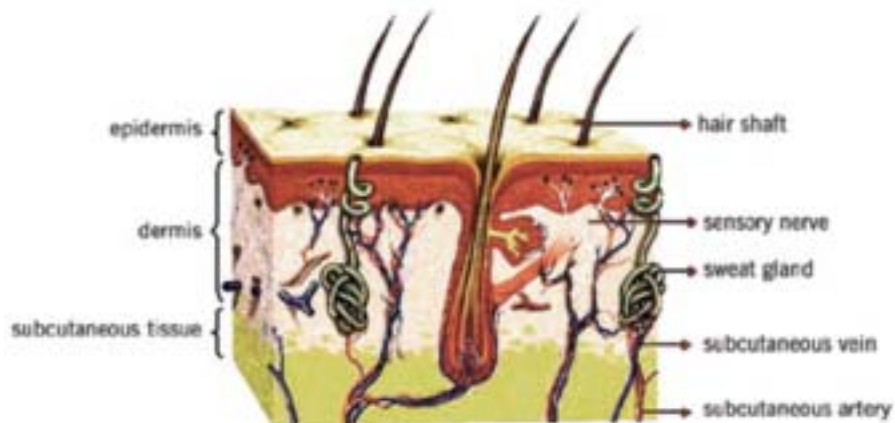
collaborators on Singh's work to deliver insulin by skin absorption). Singh passed up lucrative opportunities in the pharmaceutical industry to come to NDSU because he wanted to teach. He felt at ease, because he came from a farming region in India, and quickly developed a rapport with his students. Singh was named teacher of the year three times in the College of Pharmacy, and twice was honored as the college's researcher of the year. This year he received NDSU's Waldron Research Award in recognition of outstanding research achievement. "I have a home here. You can be very quiet and do your job," the industrious Singh says of the atmosphere at NDSU. "People will help you."

One of those people is Dean Webster, a professor in NDSU's Department of Polymers and Coatings, who is advising Singh's team on developing "smart polymer" coatings for microsphere medicines that would be targeted at the heart. (Singh's idea is to have a surgeon inject the medicine between the patient's ribs — alas, skin absorption isn't possible for all that ails humankind.) The goal is to devise a polymer coating that will protect the tiny, tiny spheres of medicine from dissolving until they reach the heart tissue, where they are needed and release medicine at

a controlled rate for a longer time. The work is very preliminary, Webster says, but should speed up late this year when the university gets a pair of robots that will help with a wide array of experiments at the university's new nanotechnology center. "We are very excited about that possibility," Singh says of "smart-polymer"-coated microspheres. "I hope a lot of good things will be coming out of that."

Oh, he's also working on anticancer microspheres that could be targeted at capillaries in the lungs, and made to release, at a controlled rate, the incorporated anticancer drug at the tumor site. The aim is to increase the concentration of a drug such as Interleukin-2, sparing healthy tissue and thus reducing side effects, while increasing the medicine's effectiveness. Many of the drugs he's working with involve unstable "macromolecules" with short half-lives, making it difficult to control their absorption for optimal effectiveness. It's an arcane but growing field called pharmacokinetics — how drugs are metabolized by the body — and Singh's kinetic energy and optimism have a way of getting under your skin.

—Patrick Springer







GUILTY?

NOT GUILTY?

The boy was on the stand, doing his best.

It wasn't easy. After all, this was a criminal case in which he was the primary witness. The 11-year-old – dressed in a white shirt, tie and khakis – possessed a slight build, light-brown hair and a sweetly guileless face. As he spoke, somehow finding all the right words, everyone in the room seemed to be with him. What a nice kid, they thought. Just like my own son. What a shame he had to go through this.

When the boy finished, he was instructed to leave the courtroom. Several jurors could still see him through the windows of the courtroom door in the hallway outside the court. Those same jurors watched as he high-fived a friend in the hall.

In a slap of the palms, those jurors' trust crumbled. While the perpetrator was found guilty, that child's seemingly innocuous actions almost made a few jury members rethink their votes.

And so it goes in the dramatic stage of the courtroom, where every gesture, expression and, yes, high-five counts. If anyone knows that, it's Ann Burnett, an associate professor in communication and women's studies, and one of a handful of experts nationwide who researches courtroom communication.

Burnett studied the previous case, as she has studied hundreds of other courtroom cases since turning in her doctoral dissertation on jury decision-making at the University of Utah in 1986.

Interested in law since she was an undergraduate, Burnett now works in law offices – sort of. Besides her research and teaching, she also consults for local law firms. In that capacity, she does everything from train witnesses on how to appear credible to conduct mock trials to see how mock jurors view defendants.

What she's found: Details count, as jurors see all. Juries need stories that make sense. And jury members hold distinct expectations for how judges, lawyers and the people they represent should act. Shatter those expectations, and you're in trouble.

"There's a theory in communication called 'expectancy violation theory,'" Burnett says. "If you violate people's expectations too much, you're going to repel them. If you went on a blind date with somebody and they showed up wearing a clown costume ... you'll probably never be able to get beyond that."

The same applies to a judge who looks groggy or the lawyer who dons a shocking pink suit for trial. Jurors are more apt to vote against the defendant who Judge Yawn presides over and Ms. Gaudy represents.

"You can say, 'To heck with expectations, I'm going to wear my red suit, this is who I am, so you're just going to have to tough it out,'" Burnett says. "Well, on the other hand, do you want to win? You've got to play the game."

The game is so essential because jurors often determine guilt or lack thereof very early in the proceedings. According to Burnett's research, many reach that determination by the end of opening statements.

They do so by cobbling together the early facts presented to form some sort of comprehensible story. Naturally, as our gray matter is constantly

“There’s a theory in communication called ‘expectancy violation theory’. If you violate people’s expectations too much, you’re going to repel them.”



“You can say, ‘To heck with expectations, I’m going to wear my red suit, this is who I am.’ On the other hand, do you want to win? **You’ve got to play the game.”**

—Ann Burnett

comparing and contrasting, determining greater and lesser, it will discern which one of those two stories makes more sense. The best story, the most sensible one, usually earns the jurors’ vote.

But a flurry of other factors also sways the people in the jury box. If members of the jury don’t like an attorney, for instance, they are more likely to vote against him or her. Burnett tells of a lawyer who promised the judge they could break for lunch after his closing arguments, which surely would last no longer than a half hour. Instead, the barrister droned on for 60 minutes.

“The jurors were so mad,” Burnett says. “He broke his promise.”

She believes that could be one reason why his client was convicted.

In other cases, jurors will display a laser-like eye for every shortcoming – even something as teensy as a tailoring flaw.

Once, as Burnett interviewed a jury about an attorney who had lost a case, a juror remarked: “I noticed one button on the sleeve of his coat was hanging there, and it looked really bad. He should have had that sewn on.”

Jurors hold the same expectations for witnesses. Burnett tells of a man who came into court sporting the unfortunate combination of a midriff-baring T-shirt and a beer belly. “They had no respect for that guy,” she says.

The defendant’s body language can hold great power as well. Jurors don’t take kindly to defendants who appear deadpan, arrogant or sans remorse.

So Burnett coaches defendants and witnesses for the prosecution, encouraging them to take notes, lean forward and act alert. Such cues tell everyone there they are engaged and interested.

Skeptics might scoff that this coaching is another tool the guilty can use to appear innocent. Not so, Burnett says. “I’m not coaching people to lie by any means. I’m just trying to get them to be effective in the way they convey their information to the jury.”

— Tammy Swift



THEY WERE SOLDIERS

COLLECTING VETERANS' STORIES



Vern Useldinger was home, sick in bed with the flu, listening to the radio when the shocking news seared across the airwaves. Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Thousands were lost. Useldinger lay in his bed and cried. He was sad. He was frightened. He was angry. He enlisted in the Navy.

NDSU freshman Casey Carlson collected Useldinger's story about a week after Sept. 11, 2001. The devastation of 9/11 provided tragic common ground for the elder and his young interviewer, melting 60 years into a single horrified reaction.

The national Veterans History Project aims to gather oral histories from veterans since World War I, with current emphasis on survivors of the "war to end all wars." The impetus comes from Washington, where stories collected will be gathered and stored by the Library of Congress American Folklife Center.

Armed with tape recorders, NDSU students are serving as aides-de-camp to North Dakota veterans interviewing other veterans. It's a project NDSU English lecturers David Martinson and Eunice Johnston and teaching assistant Kim Sjurseth have turned into an "immersive" class that encompasses everything from reading essays on the war effort to taking swing dance lessons. The first phase of the project took place during NDSU's World War II Reunion in August.

There's no such thing as a typical interview. Content ranges from fact relating, to humorous storytelling, to emotional contemplation and even singing. When President



Joseph A. Chapman interviewed former pilot John Donnelly during the reunion, Donnelly sang the president a song about the unwieldy B26, "... It was sad, it was sad when that 26 went down ..." Not that Donnelly ever had much trouble with that plane; from the time Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, Donnelly pined to be a pilot. As a sophomore at NDSU, he enrolled in Civilian Pilot Training, making his first solo flight at Hector Field in 1941. Before his discharge from the Army Air Corps in 1945, he flew 40 missions in Europe.

Because they are ardently personal and may contain what was once kept secret, the interviews have



President Joseph A. Chapman interviews World War II pilot John Donnelly.



historical photos courtesy of National Archives and Records Administration

an off-the-record sort of air. In his interview, former North Dakota Gov. William Guy told a tale of a misfired American torpedo. “It did not hit,” Martinson said, “but the astounding reality is that the ship targeted was carrying President Roosevelt to England.” Roosevelt was on his way to meet Churchill and Stalin at the Yalta Conference.

How different history could have been.

As one might expect, the act of telling can be therapeutic. A former bomber navigator — survivor of four crashes — told Sjurseth he’d kept silent about his combat experience for 35 years. “Finally he hit rock bottom,” Sjurseth said. “He

lost all his money; he went bankrupt.” Only then did he realize what damage the war had done and opened up to his wife. She was the only person who had ever heard his story, until NDSU invited him to the microphone.

NDSU is just scratching the surface of the oral histories stored in the minds of the state’s veterans. Useldinger, former Adjutant of the North Dakota American Legion, has become one of NDSU’s chief interviewers and is engaging other veterans in the story collecting. It’s hoped other North Dakota colleges and high schools will follow the NDSU model and get their students involved. Certainly, there are plenty

of stories to go around. Each factory worker, shipbuilder, dockworker, farmer and Red Cross worker who supported the war effort has a story to tell.

Carlson’s transcript of the Useldinger interview is 12 pages long — a major typing task for any student — but he said it was worth his time because the document serves a purpose. “It’s going to benefit someone. Maybe not today, but down the line,” Carlson said. “It’s the true-life part of the story, the feeling part of the story.”



**THE
GOOD
WAR?**



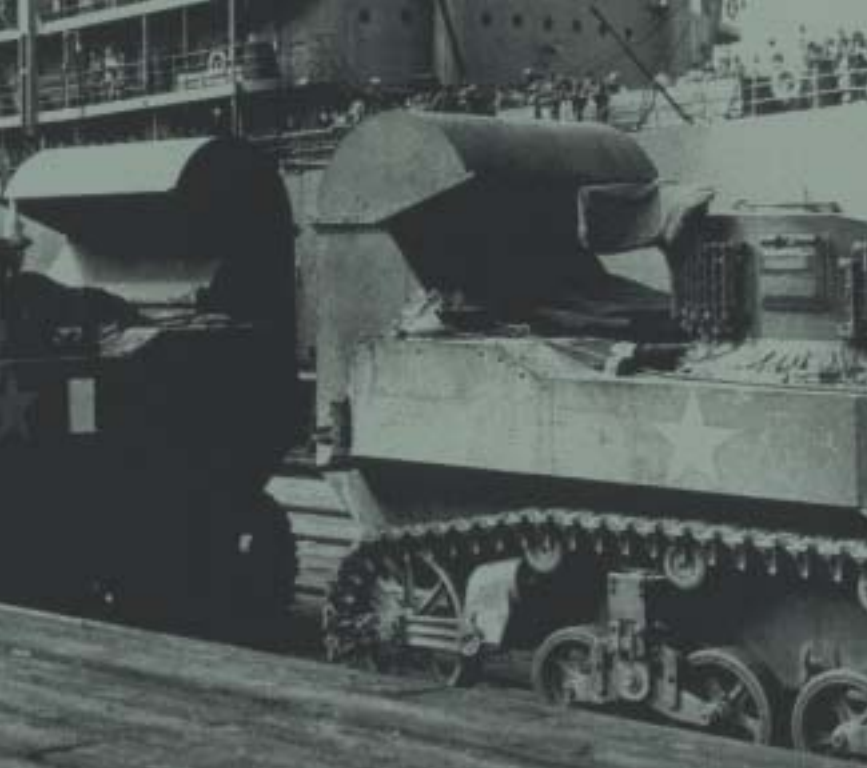
essay

Memories of World War II have loomed especially large since the tragic events of Sept. 11, 2001. Many have compared the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon to the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. The 60th anniversary of the latter also received widespread recognition in the media. NDSU's World War II Reunion last August enabled alumni who were veterans of the war to share recollections of their experiences.

To be sure the conflict was far from a forgotten war before Sept. 11, innumerable books and numerous films and television programs kept it in the public eye. Authors described it as "the good war" and the Americans who fought it as "the greatest generation." Many have attempted to explain its "meaning," not always successfully. To determine the true meaning of such a many-faceted historical process is after all a daunting and perhaps impossible task. A better course may be merely to attempt to answer questions about the nature of the conflict.



pictured top: Newport News, Va., Three soldiers of 756th Tank Battalion await departure to North Africa.
bottom: Photograph from the cover of the April 1943 *Alumni Review*.




pictured above: The light tanks with hoods for landing in water. *right:* 2nd Lt. Edwin B. Olson, 756th Tank Battalion, Third Infantry Division.



ALLEGIANCE TO MY FLAG - - - - ★





For example, was it really a “good war”? In many respects the answer is certainly yes. It ended the nightmarish quest of Adolf Hitler to create a new order in Europe based on German domination and extermination of those peoples the Nazis considered “lesser breeds.” It also ended Japan’s expansion over East Asia and its brutal oppression of the populations that fell under its control. It contributed greatly to the postwar collapse of European imperialism in Asia and Africa and the creation of new states in those areas, although not always with the happiest results. In the war’s aftermath, democracy flourished as never before in much of Europe and parts of Asia, including both Germany and Japan.

But not all aspects of the war were so beneficial. Perhaps as many as 40 million people lost their lives. Many more suffered permanent injuries. Millions were left homeless. Victory also came too late to prevent the mass murder of six million Jews as well as many other victims of Hitler’s perverted racial ideas. Sadly, too, the Allies took no action to impede this slaughter, such as bombing the rail lines leading into the death camps.

The Allied war effort also escalated in vindictiveness and brutality as time passed. This took the form of massive area bombing raids on German cities, firebombing attacks on Japanese population centers, and finally dropping atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Hundreds of thousands of civilians in both countries died.

World War II also shattered the prewar power structure of the world. The United States and the Soviet Union emerged from the conflict as superpowers, towering above all other nations and threatening the possibility of a world split into two rival power blocs and divided ideologically. When the war ended in Europe, the Red Army controlled all of the eastern portion of the continent. Communist governments quickly gained power in the countries under its domination and became closely linked to Moscow. Fearful of Soviet expansion westward, the U.S. responded with measures to bolster Western Europe economically and militarily. Gradually the superpowers found themselves entangled in a form of hostility known as the Cold War. The advent of the atomic bomb added a new dimension to this rivalry — the specter of nuclear war and mutual annihilation.

The Cold War also spread to Asia with the victory of the Communists over the Nationalist government of China in 1949 and the outbreak of the Korean War the following year as well as Communist insurrections in various European colonies, most notably French Indochina. Clearly the “good war” had not created a world of peace and tranquility as so many had hoped.

Were the Americans who helped secure the Allied victory in World War II really the greatest generation? This is a difficult question to answer. It is far easier to apply labels to generations than to prove that one is superior to another. But clearly this one faced a task far

more challenging than those confronting most generations. Its members fought two dangerous enemies simultaneously at opposite ends of the earth. In the Pacific they served bravely in such Godforsaken places as New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. They almost single-handedly defeated the Japanese, although with some help from the British and Australians. They fought just as courageously in the European theater — in North Africa, Sicily, the Italian mainland, France and Germany — although here Britain and the Soviet Union also played major roles in securing victory.

Popular writers often refer to June 6, 1944, the day the Western Allies landed on the coast of Normandy, as the most important day of the war. In a sense, it was, but not as it is frequently portrayed. Contrary to a still prevailing myth, the D Day invasion did not prevent a German victory in the war. The Red Army had already assured Germany’s defeat long before D Day — before Moscow in 1941, at Stalingrad in 1942, and in the enormous tank battle at Kursk in 1943. The true achievements of the men who invaded Normandy in 1944 were to shorten the war significantly and most importantly to prevent the Soviets from overrunning all of Western Europe. Thanks to them, the postwar “Iron Curtain” ran through Central Europe, not along the Atlantic Coast. This was indeed an enormous accomplishment, one that we should revere on its own merits.

—Michael J. Lyons

NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
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