



For many, time-management lesson is long overdue

BY KEVIN DOBBS
Argus Leader

You wake up early to read the newspaper at, say, 6 a.m. After three cups of coffee and a half hour of waiting, you find yourself full of caffeine, swearing to cancel your subscription if that delivery person — whoever that might be — is late just one more time.

A manager calls a mid-morning meeting, insisting you attend. But by noon, there still is no sign of the boss. Turns out, the boss' boss called a meeting which, typically, ran late.

It's now 1:30 p.m. Skipping your lunch hour, you made an appointment for 12:15 p.m., yet

Late arrivals strain working, personal relationships — and can make you sick

your doctor — mysteriously, mad-deningly — hasn't shown up. So it goes.

In every corner of life, someone is running late and other people are left waiting, bemoaning their reliance on the rest of the world. It's an issue of chronic lateness — not a personal matter but an interpersonal one.

"For a lot of people, it seems there is never enough time in the day," says Darcy Sherman-Justice, an education services manager at Avera McKennan Hospital in Sioux Falls.

But people such as Sherman-

Justice who help others with time-management say it's never too late to find time for punctuality. Nor is there a good excuse not to, because, they say, few stressors are greater than that of senselessly wasted time.

In fact, measuring the cost to others is seemingly never ending. If, for instance, there are 20 people in a meeting waiting 20 minutes on one person, you have to multiply that 20 minutes of lost time by 20 people. Then, of course, there is the matter of those 20 people becoming 20 minutes late for their next meet-

ing. And so on, and so on.

"Most people never fully share their frustration and resentment if you are always late," says Cheryl Richardson, author of "Life Makeovers," a book about how to better manage time. "But people will certainly draw conclusions about the type of person you are based on chronic lateness. At work, you lose credibility. In relationships, there is a diminished level of intimacy."

Moreover, there are notable health ramifications. There is a condition called "adrenal

burnout," which Richardson describes as "overtaxing the adrenal glands by stressing" over tardiness. Essentially, a person's adrenaline and primary stress hormones are consistently raised beyond healthy levels, wearing on the body and its immune system.

Researchers are linking increased stress hormone levels with insomnia, depression, chronic fatigue, even a heightened tendency to get sick.

By extension, people afflicted by an inability to manage time get worn out emotionally, too,

absorbing stress induced by criticism from colleagues and disappointment from family and friends.

"We become so stressed, we lose touch with ourselves, with what we're capable of doing, and we become sick," says Christopher Aesoph, founder of the Aesoph Group, a Sioux Falls consultancy that, among other services, provides time-management training.

"There are some real serious outcomes with trying to live with so much on our plates."

A study of 690 working people by New York consulting firm

See **PUNCTUALITY**, page 3F

Celebrating Grandpa's service

Aging veteran's memories, Memorial Day march help granddaughter understand scope of WWII

BY JENNIFER SANDERSON
Argus Leader

My grandfather has always been a great teller of war stories.

I have not always been as serious a listener, though what he has to say reveals, in part, the history of an era I cannot comprehend.

The very real possibility of forever losing those personal histories has put World War II back in style. Films and books recall soldiers' heroism along with

the home-front's shoe rations. Efforts to raise memorials are gaining momentum, but mortality threatens to outpace the push as we lose veterans

every day.

I see it in Conde, my hometown of 200, where fewer veterans gather each Memorial Day. Most, like my grandfather, fought more than a half-century ago. A few from the Korean and Vietnam battles fill in the rows during the 21-gun salute, helping World War II survivors who no longer can work their rifles.

Still, the celebration there has remained a constant. The indoor program has moved from the Municipal Building to the high school gym, but children continue to read aloud their prize-winning American Legion Auxiliary Americanism essays. Band students, indignant at being called back after their first weekend of summer-break freedom, march to the cemeteries. The ladies in the auxiliary wear stars-and-stripes scarves with their white blouses and navy slacks. Names are read, guns are fired, "Taps" is played. Those too young for the band gather up smoking



WORLD WAR II MEMORIES: Lewis Barondeau (from top left) is pictured in June 1942 at Camp Walten, Texas, before shipping out to the battlefields of Europe. Three years later, he'd see the results of the Holocaust in person at a concentration camp halfway between Hanover and Berlin. His military service offered him a chance to see the world, including Nice, France.

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

shells from the grass and blow across the tops of their hollow chambers, creating a lonely, low whistle.

This year, one of my Memorial Day constants will change. At the age of 81, my mother's father, Lewis Barondeau, has decided this will be his last in the program. It tires him, more emotionally than

physically. These past few years, he's taken part to show his gratitude for coming home safely and to atone for surviving when others didn't.

"I march in Memorial Day for the young men that didn't make it," he says. "Nine thousand on Omaha Beach, and about the same at the Battle of the Bulge."

Some of those men, he knew and served with. Others, he only knew of. A vast number he never met, but they had fought and died with a purpose, and that requires payment, even from a stranger.

This weekend, my family pays its own tribute. We'll go to the program and the cemeteries as always, but we'll be joined by relatives from North Dakota, Missouri and Maryland.

My grandmother, Clara Barondeau, will welcome their four children under one roof, and with them, all but one of their nine grandchildren. We'll eat cake to mark both Grandpa's service and the lone great-grandchild's first birthday.

Grandpa will bring out his divisional pin and the emblem marking him as a U.S. Army driver and

See **GRANDPA**, page 3F

1973 energy crunch fueled clash with Gov. Kneip

The continuing national conversation over gasoline prices and energy policy reminds me of the major-league fight I had with the late Gov. Dick Kneip over his response to the oil embargo back in 1973.

I shouldn't call it a fight. Reporters and governors don't fight. That would be unseemly. Perhaps I should say we had an animated discussion. It would be fair to say that Kneip did a good share of the animating.

The discussion came during the near hysteria of that troubled period, when the oil-producing nations ganged up on everybody, lines formed at gas stations across the country, people began to learn the meaning of R-ratings for insulation, and sales of pint-sized hatchback cars with tiny engines soared.

I had my house insulated that year. I had to repaint afterward, to cover the round holes in the siding where the crew blew pink insulation into the walls. Similar holes marked many Pierre houses that year.

State government took some conservation steps, too. For a time, if my memory is accurate, the lights that shine on the Capitol dome at night were turned off. That might not have affected visitors to the city, but to those of us who live in the neighborhoods around the state Capitol, it was more than a little eerie to look across the lake late in the evening and see only a looming shadow rather than a spotlighted dome.

Kneip recommended all the things that were in vogue at the time: carpooling, more walking and bicycling to work, lower thermostats, maybe even sweaters. His recommendations are what prompted the memorable discussion we had.

I wrote a story for The Associated Press about his energy-saving measures. In it, I mentioned that Kneip drove a state-leased Lincoln from the executive mansion to the Capitol building for the news conference, then drove to the Pierre airport to ride a state airplane to Sioux Falls for another news conference. The television stations didn't routinely cover Pierre in those days, so if a governor wanted TV coverage, he went to Sioux Falls, Rapid City or both. Still, I thought back then, if the message was energy conservation, perhaps the jet fuel was an unnecessary expense.

Kneip didn't appreciate the commentary. He invited me to his office when he returned to Pierre, and we exchanged views. He said my story undermined his effort to get a message of energy policy to the people. I said I'd simply written what he'd done that day.

I suggested his message might have gotten more play if he'd issued a statement, stayed in town and eliminated the driving and flying. He said it was important that the message reach the television cameras.

Even if that were true, I said he could have walked to the Capitol. He said, and I still can see his face as he said it, "That would be hypocritical. Everybody knows I don't walk anywhere."

"Then you're telling everyone to do as you say, not as you do," I said.

"I'm asking citizens to do whatever they can," he said.

We argued a bit longer, and we were both angry when I left his office. The anger faded quickly, though. It wasn't easy to stay mad at Dick Kneip. He was great at getting angry, but he was lousy at staying that way. Even an oil embargo couldn't keep his grin away for long.

Reach Terry Woster at 605-224-2760 or twoster@mldco.net



TERRY WOSTER
Prairie Life

Books, films bulge with 'last good war' stories

BY BOB MINZESHEIMER
USA Today

They were survivors, perhaps the ultimate survivors – not of a television game show, but of the Bataan Death March.

They called themselves "ghosts," abandoned after the largest surrender in U.S. military history.

They had marched 70 miles through the Philippines, while those too slow or weak were bayoneted by Japanese soldiers or died from dysentery and lack of water. They had survived more than three years in a hellish prisoner-of-war camp.

But by early 1945, the 513 men, mostly Americans, still alive at Cabanatuan prison camp were giving up hope. They had heard that prisoners were being executed as the Japanese retreated from the U.S. Army.

That's the backdrop of an old war story that Hampton Sides, a 39-year-old adventure writer, stumbled upon. His "Ghost Soldiers: The Forgotten Epic Story of World War II's Most Dramatic Mission" (Doubleday, \$24.95), out recently, is part of the renewed interest in a war that ended 56 years ago.

The outpouring of new books, TV specials and movies – Hollywood's big-budget "Pearl Harbor" debuted Friday – is inspired by a belated sense of gratitude for a



passing generation and nostalgia for what has been called "the last good war."

The new surge of interest began in 1998 with the Steven Spielberg movie "Saving Private Ryan," followed by Tom Brokaw's best seller, "The Greatest Generation," a one-two punch that unleashed what Brokaw calls a "flood of memories."

For Father's Day 1997, not one book about World War II was on the USA Today Best-Selling Books list. Last year, there were four, including two by Brokaw.

This year's \$135 million war movie, "Pearl Harbor," re-creates



DAVID JAMES / AP

The 1998 movie "Saving Private Ryan," which starred Tom Hanks (from left), Matt Damon and Edward Burns, helped spark interest in stories from World War II.

the day that lives in infamy – Dec. 7, 1941. Brokaw, who tonight narrates a two-hour National Geographic special on Pearl Harbor on NBC, notes that in 1991, the 50th anniversary of the attack wasn't treated as big news. But Brokaw predicts that the 60th anniversary this year will be "an enormous event – the last big anniversary a lot of veterans will live to see."

Saying "the stories keep coming," Brokaw is out with his third book, "An Album of Memories:

Personal Histories from the Greatest Generation" (Random House, \$29.95).

Best-selling historian Stephen Ambrose has the illustrated children's history "The Good Fight: How World War II Was Won" (Atheneum, \$19.95; ages 9 and up) due this month, and "Wild Blue: The Men and Boys Who Flew the B-24s Over Germany 1944-45" (Simon & Schuster, \$26), due in August.

Ambrose notes that for years the focus was on the Vietnam

War.

"Books like 'Dispatches' and movies like 'Apocalypse Now' reminded us of the mistakes we have made," he says. "As a people, we have wrestled with Vietnam's legacy for many years, as was and is our duty. Now we want to remind ourselves of what we have done right. Our involvement in World War II was us doing right."

In September, HBO will be showing a 10-hour miniseries based on Ambrose's "Band of Brothers," which follows one unit through the war.

Movie producers have optioned both "Ghost Stories" and another new book by a young adventure writer – Doug Stanton's "In Harm's Way: The Sinking of the USS Indianapolis and the Extraordinary Story of Its Survivors" (Henry Holt, \$25).

Other books due by Memorial Day include "Kilroy Was Here: The Best American Humor from World War II," edited by Charles Osgood (Hyperion, \$22.95), and "Wine & War: The French, the Nazis & the Battle For France's Greatest Treasure" by Don and Petie Kladstrup (Broadway, \$24). Robert Cowley, editor of "No End Save Victory: Perspectives on World War II" (Putnam, \$32.50), says his collection of 45 essays disproves the notion that "most of what needs to be said has been said."

BIRTHDAYS

Derald Deal

Derald Deal of Sioux Falls will celebrate his 80th birthday with an open house from 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, June 3, at the VFW, 3601 S. Minnesota Ave.,



Derald Deal

His children will host the event. He requests no gifts. Greetings may be sent to 1615 E. Seventh St., Sioux Falls, SD 57103.

Lydia Radel

Lydia Radel of Sioux Falls will celebrate her 99th birthday with an open house from 1:30 to 4 p.m. Sunday, June 3, at Trinity Baptist Church, 2400 W. 18th St.



Lydia Radel

Her family will host the event. She requests no gifts. Greetings may be sent to 3415 W. Norie Place, Sioux Falls, SD 57106.

Lois Oyen

Lois Oyen of Crooks will celebrate her 80th birthday Monday, June 4.



Lois Oyen

Greetings may be sent to 46857 256th St., Crooks, SD 57020.

Wilhelmina Jorgensen

Wilhelmina Jorgensen of Viborg will celebrate her 80th birthday with an open house from 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, June 3, at the Viborg Community Center in Viborg.

Her family will host the event. She requests no gifts. Greetings may be sent to Box 245, Viborg, SD 57070.

More birthdays on 5F.

EVENT

Parent series

South Dakota Parent Connections hosts its Parent Information Series on the Digital Dakota Network. "Special Education Law and the Individualized Education Plan" will be 5 to 7 p.m. Wednesday at Southeast Technical Institute. Pre-registration required. To register for free workshop, call 800-640-4553 or 361-3171.

Grandpa: 'I was very lucky to get back' from WWII

Continued from 1F

mechanic. We'll pass around his bronze star, awarded for driving beyond the call of duty and achieving expert-combat infantry status. He'll show us the model of the Queen Mary, the ship aboard which he received the 50 Years Medal from the government of France, his father's country. He'll slowly shake his head as he says, "I was the only guy left from my unit. Not too many in the whole division." He might even show us the captured Nazi flag signed by the men who couldn't make it to the Queen Mary.

For me, the beginnings of understanding Grandpa's stories lay in his photo album. Along with smoldering buildings in towns I'd never visited and military vehicles long since discontinued, the black-and-white images showed something familiar: his face.

If he'd followed orders, he wouldn't have those photos to share. Cameras were allowed only in special circumstances, and few of those fit a private in the Old Santa Fe Division, the 35th. But as his unit swept through the rubble of near-deserted cities, he says he and his buddies "liberated" cameras from homes, stashing the undeveloped film in their gear on the chance they'd make it home.

'Eighty percent of people don't know anything about World War II. The old ones are dead, and the young ones don't want to know.'

Lewis Barondeau

"Two men shootin', three men lootin'," is what they called it," Grandpa says.

Taped in the album's pages, alongside the photos, are postcards he sent home to Grandma. They're streaked with thick, black marker blotting out names and places that government censors deemed too detailed.

Some things even he dared not put in his letters. His landing at Normandy on D-Day, June 6, 1944, is one of them.

"We were a holding division in a way, there to give tank protection," he says. "They were getting the shit pretty well kicked out of them already when we got there."

The Battle of the Bulge, that December in the Ardennes Forest of Belgium, is another.

"We lost a lot of men there," he says. "We never had the clothes for such cold weather."

The following spring, he'd take photos to document the losses of war. Nearby was the town of Gardelegen, pronounced in a way that, when I was younger, led me to mishear it as "Guarder

Legion."

There, about halfway between Hanover and Berlin, my grandfather saw the charred bodies of more than 1,000 prisoners that the German SS had marched into a country barn, then nailed in and set afire. The political, military and religious captives had supplied slave labor in factories that produced warplanes and other weaponry. As the Allied forces advanced, the German SS moved the prisoners farther north, and when the train cars carrying them could go no farther, the soldiers ordered them walk to Gardelegen.

"They'd heard we were coming to liberate the Jews," grandpa says. "In the time they had, they killed as many as they could, rather than turn them over to us."

The people in Gardelegen claimed they didn't know anything about the massacre, he says, but how could they not hear it, not smell it?

"We made those Germans bury all the Jews. They had to put them in the ground together.

Nobody knew who was who."

My grandfather was 21, not quite three years younger than I am now, when he went to war. He did as the law said: He took his physical, and he went where he was sent.

"I said, 'If a guy lives a week, he's lucky,'" he says. "It got to where you didn't even worry. Why would a guy? They shot at you with machine guns and rifles and tanks and anything else they had. When that happens, you don't worry. You just go."

Today, he says, few try to

understand what the war was like. The business of aggression has become almost surreal, a remote-control battle on a computer monitor.

"Eighty percent of people don't know anything about World War II," Grandpa says. "The old ones are dead, and the young ones don't want to know."

He hopes the proposed memoirs, long overdue, can change that. And, for one last year, he'll do his part to make it happen.

"We were all young kids then, 18 to 24," he says. "I go in memory of them. I was very lucky to get back."

We were lucky, too, Grandpa.

Reach reporter Jennifer Sanderson at jsanders@argusleader.com or 575-3629.

Punctuality: Tips help trim tardiness

Continued from 1F

Pace Productivity found nearly half complaining that the amount of time they had was often sorely disproportionate to the volume of work their jobs demanded.

Fortunately, there are steps people can take to combat habitual lateness and start enjoying the benefits of being on time.

Most important and perhaps most obvious, eliminate some nonessential tasks and activities from your day.

"The most common misperception about time management is that if we get better at it, we'll be able to do more in the day, do more faster," Aesoph says. "But it really has nothing to do with getting more done faster. It has everything to do with getting done what needs to be done and then actually allowing a little time in the day to reflect on what you've done."

"We're all tempted to do every task that comes across our plate," he adds. "But you have to have the courage to prioritize."

Indeed, he and others say, it can be as simple as dropping one regular responsibility. Maybe it's giving up golf league, not serving on a volunteer committee, or even standing up to your boss at work when you simply cannot take on one more project.

In the long run, says Richardson, your boss will value a fair amount of good work over a lot of sloppy work. "Too many people overpromise and underdeliver," she says.

In essence, be willing to risk disappointing a few people to show up on time for the rest of your life.

Of course, in the working world, that is often much easier said than done – especially when you consider the proliferation of meetings, Richardson writes in

her book.

There are, she says, too many people in too many meetings for too long. There is work that goes undone because you're in a meeting or waiting for someone else to emerge from a meeting to tell you to come into a meeting during the time you're supposed to be doing the work planned from a previous meeting.

All of which gets further compounded when someone arrives to a meeting late.

But, says McKennan's Sherman-Justice, you can at least prepare for this by building buffers into your schedule. If setting a lunch date, you may instinctively schedule it at noon. Instead, make it 12:30, giving yourself an extra half hour with which to maneuver.

"Allow just a little extra time,"

she says. "Like it or not, you'll probably need it."

In any given day, of course, there is a finite amount of time. If you have more things to get done than time allows, no amount of common-sense suggestions from consultants and counselors will help.

Work expands to fill the time allotted to it. The key is to determine how much work – or play – you can successfully manage in a reasonable amount of time, and then stick to it.

As one respondent to the Pace study put it: "If you don't control your time, it will control you."

Wire services contributed to this report. Reach reporter Kevin Dobbs at kdobbs@argusleader.com or 977-3924.

PROPERTY OF THE MONTH

Jim Dunham, CCIM
Direct: (605)330-9408

RIVER CENTRE
Office Building

First Class office space for lease in Sioux Falls' newest, premier Downtown office building. Underground, heated parking; first class finishes. 25,000 sq. ft. of space ready for tenant finish.

Call (605)339-9400 or (800)844-9816

www.dunhamcompany.com
230 S. Phillips Ave., Suite 202, Sioux Falls, SD 57104

Blood Plasma Donors!
Earn Up To \$300 In 30 Days!

1025 N. Minnesota Ave • 332-3311

June 3rd 2001

SUPER SUNDAY!

Spring into a new career

Jobs will be full bloom in the Argus Leader's

Super Job Section on Sunday, June 3rd.

You'll find one of the LARGEST employment sections of the year blossoming with pages and pages of job opportunities, including full-time, part-time, professional and managerial, in a wide range of fields and careers.

Employers, if you need to fill a job, call today to advertise..331-2345

argusleader.com
Argus Leader
See what's in it for you

