

## OLD TIMERS COLYUM

How FAMOUS are the OLD TIMERS?

1) In the soft drink parlor of the Hotel Estacion, Buenaventura, Colombia, sat a blond Inquiry = Canadian, name Olson, occupation oil geologist. Knowledge of Spanish good. Memory for toasts good, but I hope he reads this sometime just to see how good his memory is. In any case, good enough to know Guthrie Sanford, Bill Cormack, A. W. Henry, Larry Tyner, and certain others at the University of Alberta. The blond Canadian was from Calgary, had attended the University of Alberta, and at least knew the Old Timers by reputation.

2) Scene: Hotel cafe, Hotel Bolivar, Lima, Peru.

Time: Late at night. Occupation: Pleasant.

Personae dramatis: 6 officers from a Canadian destroyer and 1 Old Timer.

Conversation: "Where you from? Zats? Do you know so and so and so and so and so? Heck, yes!

Officer No. 1 knew Bill Newton, Dr. Margaret Newton's brother. Officer No. 2 knew the bunch at Edmonton. Officer No. 3 knew Dr. Margaret Newton and Bill Broadfoot when they were at the University of Saskatchewan, this officer's home having been in Regina and some of his schooling having been obtained at the University of Saskatchewan. Also knew Gordon Brown, friend of Bill Broadfoot's. Officer No. 4 knew everybody at the Rust Lab, as he was from Winnipeg. Officer No. 5 at least knew of Dickson Bailey and Ibra Connors, as this officer was from Eastern Canada. Just to complete the record, Canadian Officer No. 6 knew Racicot, and Officer No. 7 was an Englishman from London who knew R. Ruggles Gates, not unknown on the Minnesota campus, as he has made speeches here and is a cousin of A. G. Ruggles.

Batting percentage for the Old Timer involved, 1000 per cent, a little lower than usual but nevertheless fairly satisfactory considering the lights, the weather, moisture conditions, and other environmental factors.

3) Place: English Club, Lima, Peru.

Performers: An English cotton expert from the West Indies and one O.T.

Conversation: Cotton improvement. Outstanding example cited by Englishman = Henry Barker's cotton improvement work in Haiti

4) Place: American Legation, Quito, Ecuador

Participants: Secretary to the Legation and 1 O. T.

Conversation: Rubber seeds from Haiti. Secretary to the Legation stated rubber trees had been saved by Henry Barker and himself. Development of the drama indicated that Mr. Drow, the Secretary, and Henry Barker were old friends.

5) Place: San Ramon, Peru (East of the Andes)

Scene: Street

Personae dramatis: A Peruvian who spoke English and one O. T., whom the Peruvian recognized as being American from the way the O. T. spoke Spanish.

Common Experience: At Hacienda Urquiza, near Queretaro, Mexico.

Common acquaintance: Sr. Urquiza, who had spoken to the Peruvian about the visit of Sr. Uckelberg to that section of the country about a decade ago!

6) Place: Tenguel, Ecuador

Actors: Superintendent of United Fruit Co. banana plantation and 1 O. T.

Time: Thanksgiving Day (at least one of them)

Common acquaintance of Mr. Superintendent and O. T.: Mr. Ashby, formerly Director of Imperial Bureau of Mycology. Common acquaintance of Mrs. Superintendent, who was originally from Grafton, New South Wales, Australia, and O. T. = Dr. Robert J. Noble, and some of the other people in agricultural work at Sydney.

Looks as if the ayes have it!

"Greetings," wrote the GIBBS on November 6 "from the wind blown (and by repute, fly-blown) lands of the Falkland Islands." The sheep, for which recommendations were made in the last Aurora, are now strong enough, according to GIBBS, "to run away as you approach them. This seemed to surprise some of the shepherds." Is it modesty that attributes this improvement to the open winter, or is it the new hand at the helm? But they took time off from progress to listen to the Minnesota-Northwestern football game, which reached them between 6 and 7:30 p.m. The Washington game was reported in the Sunday Times, says GIBBS. He took a horseback trip around the west island, where it is 40 miles or more between settlements and a guide is essential in the absence of real roads or tracks, and found that "some parts are not unlike stretches of northwestern Wyoming to look at...tho the peat soil here is much wetter and softer."

Wyoming speaks for herself, through DR. H. G. STARR, who sent "Greetings to all members of the Department" on January 10. Do you think Gibbs is making invidious comparisons, Dr. STARR?

Sr. José VALLEGA sent Christmas wishes from Buenos Aires, which were received too late to be included in the last issue. Since Sr. E. Carlos Stakman returned from South America, we all want to see these countries ourselves. (Remember the day, Dr. Vallega, when you took four Plant Path secretaries to lunch? Each one of them is looking forward to the time when she can return the favor, and take to lunch four caballeros or gauchos!)

Good wishes for Christmas also came from Sidney and Frances DICKINSON, Linnett Hill, 213 Huntingdon Road, Cambridge.

A report comes from England that is confirmed by none other than the bridegroom himself to the effect that Jack WESTERN has taken unto himself a wife! Congratulations on your marriage, Jack, and all our best wishes!

Bill HARLAN, according to Aurora's new reporter, Dr. "Rody" RODENHISER, left Japan on February 16 enroute from Afghanistan to the home of the Tottering Tower. We predict his tales will surpass those of Wild Bill Hickock of pioneer western fame and even equal some of the adventures and hair-raising escapes of jungle-rider ECStakman!! We have no information regarding BILL's plans, but hope to see him before too long. FLASH! Bill settled in Sacaton, Arizona, for the moment.

All of the early Old Timers will be happy to learn,--altho not surprised--that Dr. Dixon Lloyd BAILEY, charter member of the Q. C. F., now of the University of Toronto, has lost none of the verbal pungency for which he is so justly famed. Listen to this excerpt from a letter to an Old Timer written in January:

"We are disappointed, but not surprised, to hear that Mr. Watson decided not to invite trouble by leaving the States. Those Americans, as you may have suspected or been told before, are a queer people, with altogether exaggerated notions as to the desirability of the country in which they live, as compared, say, with Canada. These are reflected in the immigration barriers they throw up against us, when in very truth we couldn't be induced to go south of the border for longer than a visit. Queer people, and nowhere more so than in that well-buffered middle section ... I was very sorry not to get to Philadelphia, but we have three English evacuees with us ... However, after this war I'll get a bicycle and be at the next meeting that is as close as the last one.  
"With my best wishes to...any mossy-backed old timers that I know ...

Yours, sincerely,

BAILEY

Lew ALLISON (Dr. J. Lewis), of the Division of Forage Crops and Diseases, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, stationed at Madison, Wis., also has been given the rank of assistant professor in the Department of Plant Pathology there. Hi, Prof!

Indirectly we learn that Lawrence HENSON, one-time Chairman of the Seminar Committee in the T. T., has been working on grass diseases. But for all we have heard from him directly, he might be working just to make the turf softer to lounge about on! This is an earnest plea for more news, HENSON.

Thomas LASKARIS reports that he enjoyed a reunion with Old Timers at Philadelphia and promises to produce a thesis by spring. (Just before Principles-of-Plant-Path class recently, ECS asked the same librarian-clerk who led Klebs Lasikaris into the office last year in response to his request for Klebs, and this time she realized it was the book he wanted!)

John E. MITCHELL continues to thrive in Louisiana, stating that the work is "interesting, different, and plentiful." His research is done under the direction of Dr. J. Dufrenoy, of France, who is now at Baton Rouge.

At Lafayette, La., Dr. Milton F. PETTY recorded the weather on January 8 as "partly cloudy--66° F." At St. Paul it was 31° F. with a wind from the northwest of 18 miles an hour. Nevertheless, Petty received a letter from the North which, he stated, "certainly did warm my heart...I received my diploma today but the realization that everything has been completed is almost incomprehensible." Readers may not remember that he handed in his Ph. D. thesis and assumed the bonds of matrimony all in the self-same week last summer. At Southwestern Louisiana Institute, PETTY is building up a plant path and botany library and herbarium, and says he misses, among other things, the "seminars, bull sessions, and visitors from everywhere."

Late in January, Old Timers in Washington, D. C., gathered together to eat fish and tell fish stories. Present were Barker, John Stevenson, Rodenhiser, Lambert, Lefebvre, Phil Brierley, Howard Johnson, Arnold, Weiss, and Stakman. Also present was G. H. Coons, but if we called him an Old Timer he might think we were just being familiar!

At Barberton, Ohio, in early February, Donald de Zeeuw, Conrad Olson, and Herb Johnson edified Ed Emeritus\* by demonstrating the ways in which they are applying science to the solution of practical problems in producing chrysanthemum cuttings and mushrooms. Although time was limited, there was much gratification in seeing evidence that Yoder Brothers are putting scientific principles to work and that three Old Timers are participating in the process.

(\* Ed Emeritus should mean Ed because of merit; in this case it is Ed Em N. F.- because of nonfeasance in office.)

#### Comings and Goings

1. Dr. R. H. BAMBERG went to the hospital in Bozeman, Montana, for an emergency appendectomy. Two days later he was working, although still in bed, and said, "This is no place for fun."
2. Dr. E. C. STAKMAN expects to accompany Donald G. Fletcher on a rust-collection trip in Mexico about the middle of March. ("Far off fields are greener" - Ed. note.)
- 3.a. On February 2, little John Theodor, weight 9.25 lbs., came to live at the home of Gladys "Kelly" KEILMAN, of Los Angeles. John is the second F<sub>1</sub>.
  - b. On February 24 a daughter made three in the Arthur Lucki home. The Lucki mama is Irene Razicki, formerly of the Barberry office.

- c. "Introducing myself" reads a card on the bulletin board. "My name is Janet Elizabeth. Born February 13, 1941. Weight 8 lb. 14 oz. My parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis ALLISON.
- d. Announcing the arrival of Robert Charles, weight 7 lbs., March 15, to make happy Mr. and Mrs. Glenn KENKNIGHT, of Stockdale, Texas.
4. Dr. E. C. S. is scheduled for a Sigma Xi lecture in Missouri soon after he returns from Mexico. ("A rolling stone gathers no moss" -- Ed. note)
5. Dr. "Chuckie" HOLTON is reported to be traveling from Washington in the West to Washington in the East and will stop at St. Paul enroute.
6. ECS has a date with the Barberry Boys at the annual conference to be held in Chicago late in April, after he returns from Mexico and goes to Missouri and gets back. ("All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" -- Ed. note)
7. "The LAMBERT family is going to try to come to St. Paul about the middle of September," says Ebi, "if our present plans work out." He is coming to see the \$50,000 funiculus of Phytobrickhouse erectus.

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#### VISITORS

- R. M. Caldwell, Agricultural Experiment Station, Lafayette, Indiana  
H. H. Flor (and the Mrs.), Agricultural Experiment Station, Fargo, N. D.  
N. T. Merrill, California Forest and Range Exp. Station, Berkeley, Calif.  
W. L. Popham (The barberry Man), Washington, D. C.  
S. C. Salmon, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C.  
C. P. Shunway, Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Minnesota

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#### MINNESOTA PERSONALS

DOCTOR I. A. WATSON took leave of Tottering Tower with his new degree on January 23 for a short tour of the West Coast and sailed for Australia on February 5. We are sure that the inmates of T. T., both past and present, wish Watson the best of everything in his new work in Australia.

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Learnin' claims only one victim this term in the person of Norman BORLAUG, who took his M.S. exams in February. Thesis topic: Red Stain of Box Elder

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H. G. LACHEMUND again journeyed from California to spend the winter quarter with us.

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Three new members occupy desks in the "CANYON":

Albert ISAKSSON, hailing directly from Colorado and indirectly from Sweden, is here for the winter quarter. He graduated from the Agricultural College at Alnarp, Sweden, in 1921, came to this country in 1925, and for the past fifteen years has been associated with the Great Western Sugar Co. at Longmont, Colorado.

John MARTLAND is also here for the winter quarter, before returning to the Minnesota Valley Canning Co. He got his B.S. from Rhode Island State in 1938, and has had previous graduate work in Plant Pathology at Virginia Polytech, under Dr. "Dutch" Harrar.

J. Walter HENDRIX, who hails from North Carolina, comes to T.T. with a B.S. in Forestry from North Carolina State and an M.S.F. in Forest Pathology from Yale. At present he is straightening Eide out on potato diseases.

David GOTTLIEB and Albert ISAKSSON successfully hurdled the language barrier in January and passed the German exam.

Miss Ruth ANDERSON suddenly and recently transferred her stenographic activities from Melander's barberry office to a Civil Aeronautics office in Washington, D.C.

Miss Louise ROHRS has also been transferred from Melander's office to a high secretarial post with the Western Regional Laboratories at Albany, California. She has already made the front page of an Oakland newspaper, where a picture appeared showing her supervising the initial step in a \$200,000 project.

Miss Murle K. LEIN comes from Mr. Popham's office in Washington to replace Miss Rohrs, and Miss Zona BARNISTER, of Wabasha, Minn. replaces Miss Anderson.

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#### 8 P.M. ON THURSDAYS

Jan. 9/41 -- Doings of the Christmas holidays were recounted with great glee. Those who had gone to the meetings in Philadelphia reported on their various experiences. Tommy King and Eric Sharville shone in the limelight this is directed only upon those who can successfully purloin hundred pound sacks of peanuts from the pride of Cornell's plant pathologists. Watson showed color pictures taken during his bus trip around the country; some of them were of pathological significance, but most were intended for the "home folks", who still think a "Greyhound" is just a dog. The seminar concluded with a farewell tea for Don deZeeuw, off to take a job with Yoder Bros. in Ohio. In reply to numerous orations and eulogies, Don remarked, "When I say I have nothing to say, I mean it" .. and sat down.

Jan. 16/41.--The chair was taken over for the last time by Irvine A. Watson, Ph.D.; his parting contribution was a lucid discussion of his thesis problem, which left even newcomers with the impression that they had learned something. The seminar broke up early, so that Dr. Watson could be escorted to his train in style. When his train pulled out, he was loaded down with the best wishes of the 31 people who had come to the station, and with numerous candy bars, ten-inch cigars, and Love, True Detective, and other suitable scientific journals from the novelty counter. His Australian confreres may be a little surprised at his taste in reading matter, if he should happen to keep any of the magazines for souvenirs.

Jan. 23/41.--A mysterious telegram from the "water boy", E.C.S., from Washington, kept the seminar guessing for several hours. Its significance was finally determined by one savant, who decided it didn't mean a thing. Papers were reviewed for the first time in the winter quarter, and a heated discussion arose over Clyde Christensen's remarks about chinooks. Carl Eide still thinks "there aint no such animile", so far as speed of temperature change is concerned. The evening was topped off with four physiologic races of doughnuts, and an explanation by Weston J. Martin why some Louisianians say "woik" instead of "wulk" for "work".

Jan. 30/41.--For the first time, the seminar realized its own importance to individual members. Just before 8 p.m., an explosion occurred in Green Hall, followed by fire, and by firemen searching for Green Hall. In front of the plant path building, they asked Chen-Tong Tsiang to guide them to the conflagration. The dauntless pathologist replied, "Sorry, I have to go to seminar", and turned down the chance to

ride on a real red fire truck...at least twenty male members of seminar would have given their all for such a chance, but Chen-Tong was adamant; "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not seminar more!"

Feb. 6/41.-- Dr. Stakman came back, to receive a boisterous and sincere welcome from the seminar. With the aid of illustrative material pasted around the walls, and various commentators outlining the high points of the preceding six months, the errant big chief was brought up to date on the activities of the department. In return, he outlined some of his experiences during his South American travels. Outstanding was his crossing of the Andes in Peru; everybody else in the party got "altitude sick", but the Big Chief just kept smoking his pipe, to show it could be done.

Feb. 13/41-- (No good copy)

Feb. 20/41.--Albert Isaksson, a newcomer from Colorado, talked about Sweden, his home until 1925. Like others of his adopted countrymen, he managed to put in a few plugs for Colorado, and several for sugar beets, his "bread and butter". The Scandinavians in the department cooperated to put on a smorgasbord feed after the seminar, and succeeded in pleasing everybody and impressing some, who had not eaten Swedish food before.

Feb. 27/41.--E.C.S. passed out cigars that were so good, even Tervet took one, after being reassured by the chairman that he could rest his head on the chairman's lap later, if necessary. After the discussion on the papers reviewed was finished, the seminar was invited to give its opinions on the causes and possible cures for the conspicuously bad English used by some of the undergrads, some graduate students, and even several members of the faculty. Opinions were given. The situation was adjudged so serious that the formation of a "Word A Day" club was suggested. The idea was enthusiastically taken up by some of the newer members of the department, who have since used their dictionaries as regularly as the Pilgrim Fathers did their bibles.

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#### BOOKSHELF

See Jan. Phytopath. for Bakker, Halton, Lorenz, Valteau; and for LeClerc on Minnesota work. See Jour. Amer. Soc. Agron. for Chilton (with Garber) re seed treatment on forage legumes. See Can. Jour. Res. for Sanford and Cormack on H. sativum. See Ore. Cir. of Inf. 236 for Hoerner's advice on a rosen-potash spreader for spraying hops. Then see the Feb. Phytopath. for Blaisdell (with Wellman), for Rodenhiser (with Maxwell), and for T. Johnson.

Eide spouts on a muskmelon in Dec. Minnesota Hort., and Sharvelle sprays (we assume) for raspberry anthracnose in March Minnesota Fruit Grower.

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#### HOME DEFENSE

Eide, Tervet, Moore and Hanson all gave talks at the Annual Branch Station Conference which was held at University Farm the early part of January.

The members of the T. T. were well represented on the Farm and Home Week Program which was in session Jan. 20-25. The following talks were presented:

1. C. J. Eide: 1) Diseases Affecting Vegetable Crops; 2) Potato diseases
2. A. G. Tolaas: Potato varieties.
3. Earle W. Hanson: New developments in root rots.
4. M. B. Moore: Black point of cereals.
5. C. M. Christensen: Common diseases of farm woods.
6. Eric Sharvelle: Spraying berry plantings.
7. J. J. Christensen: Diseases of hybrid corn.

A. G. Tolaas and R. C. Rose attended the Crookston Farmers' meetings the last week of January. Tolaas also recently talked at a conference of South Dakota potato growers at Watertown. Just to keep pace with The Chief and all of his newspaper popularity, pictures of both Tolaas and Rose appeared in the St. Paul Dispatch recently. They are at present busily engaged in arranging details for the "Two Carloads of Exhibits" on better methods of producing and handling the potato crop. The exhibit cars will visit towns in most of the important potato-growing areas in the state in the next month.

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#### 4 TO 6 ON TUESDAYS

The plant path. seminar grew in popularity this quarter. On the average, about sixty graduate students attended each session. The agronomists seemed determined to crowd the plant path majors out of the Tottering Tower on those afternoons. Long before four o'clock they were complacently seated in the most comfortable and advantageous positions. Since such popularity must be deserved we feel highly complimented.

In Dr. Stakman's protracted absence, Little Chief J. J. Christensen accepted the task of running the seminar very seriously. With the very first session J. J. showed his mettle. From him we received the now aged admonition of thorough preparation and punctuality. Hardly a month passed by, however, before the Big Chief was back and again at the helm. Yet the seminars still go on. Naturally they are halted now and then by an interesting discourse on the history or the origin of man by our recently returned traveler.

No general topic was chosen for this coming year. Consequently, the subject matter ranges far and wide. In one paper, "Fungi in Geologic Times", the origin of the Eumycetes was traced back to the Silurian period. Another member of the group introduced us to modern researches on the "Acquired Tolerances of Plants to Viruses". The varied interests of the members are well reflected in the following list of papers which were given:

1. Intergeneric and interspecific crosses in the smuts.
2. Influence of disease on the distribution of economic plants.
3. Physiology of parasitism in the cereal root rots.
4. Black point of wheat.
5. Recent developments in sorghum diseases.
6. Carbohydrate nutrition of fungi.

Very few Tuesday afternoons seem complete without a critical comment by Clyde Christensen to set us off on a more acute analysis of the subject in hand.

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#### SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

In the past A. G. Tolaas has predicted that ring rot, spindle tuber, or the perverseness of potato growers would drive him mad. Last week he was seen cutting out paper dolls - and mumbling! He claimed the dolls were for a demonstration on a potato train, but a psychologist could probably explain everything.

Incidentally, Tolaas has a new tag-printing machine to speed up operations. It swallows strips of tags at a tremendous rate, but makes a noise like a trip-hammer, occasionally disturbing the solemn deliberations of the seminar across the hall.

As of yore, Stak's hat and rubbers parked in the hall outside of the office indicate, to people who wish to see him, or who wish to see the girl and not him, that the Chief is in.

Past-acting-head J. J. Christensen, wandering around with a relieved expression on his face, announces that he is doing research again.

Signs of spring: Eagle is working on the little white cards that are used to decorate the field during the summer. Eagle has that gleam in his eye that indicates he is anticipating changing his G.H.Q. from the green house to the fieldhouse.

After making a superhuman effort, and holding 3rd place in the league for a week, the bowling team decided that Stak wasn't taking sufficient interest in them

and started playing for fun again. Some of the younger players have found that it's even more fun on Fridays and Saturdays, when various co-eds are playing. The thing this humble columnist would like to know is why should they pay to play when they can watch free and really do it right.

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### MINNESOTA SPORTS

You poor suckers are having a new sports editor foisted upon you beginning with this issue of the Tottering Tower Rag. In the past it has been very noticeable that the Aurora sporting policy has been one of extreme braggadocio in all things appertaining to Minnesota athletics. This form of vanity will no longer be continued; instead, you will be able to read on these pages the plain and unvarnished facts as events occur and without any refurbishing of the sordid details.

A recap of the football season shows that Minnesota was darned lucky to win at least three of its games, and one may assume that they won't be victors in more than three quarters of their games next fall. (????????? - Ed. comment.)

Minnesota teams appear to have reached their peak at some time previous to this winter. Present and former T.T. advocates of the "win or no count" system will be greatly cheered by the performance of the skiing team, which is the only U. of M. team that has won all of its contests this season; but its only opponent was Wisconsin. Even the rifle squad lost a decision, thereby causing some anguish to followers of Minnesota sports. However, it didn't count, so once more this team is boasting of its unblemished record. Now it develops that the shooters of "fowling pieces" have run into a rival they couldn't lick. The first team was thrown out of the William Randolph Hearst matches because they didn't play according to the rules. The basketball five found the opposition a little too tough and dropped half of their warmup games. In the first conference tilt Minnesota piled up an early lead, couldn't stand prosperity, fell apart at the seams in the second half, and allowed Iowa to chalk up a 41 to 34 win. So it went throughout the schedule until the final game; once more the Iowa Hawkeyes clubbed Minnesota into submission by a score of 46 to 39, thus ending the season with seven wins and five losses for a three-way tie for third place in the league. The hockey sextet had its fine record of last year marred and scuffed by two ties, three losses, and loss of the championship. The gymnastic team managed to lose two of its four matches, while the grunt and groan squad only suffered one defeat and one tie. The track team also was beaten by two outfits, Wisconsin and Illinois. Minnesota's title hopes in swimming went gurgling to the bottom of the pool at Ohio in the first splash party of the season. Some wins were then racked up until Iowa spoiled another Minnesota record by sinking the merman plenty deep. Finally, the squash team has yet to win a game this season.

Sports have come into their own in the Tottering Tower this year. Hart, Downie, and the Vaughns have industriously plodded their weary ways through the snowbanks between here and the Fulham Apartments. A favorite form of exercise on Sunday afternoons has been a trek to the new building. For some peculiar reason the return path seems to lead directly past the girls' dormitory — pourquoi? Tossing of the bull has once more come to the fore with the return of our wandering boy. Some mention has already been made about a kittenball team for this spring, and a frantic search for a pitcher has been instituted.

One of the few bright spots that is still reminiscent of the glorious tales of yore is the condition of the Plant Pathology bowling team. This outfit is definitely having fun and has met some great opposition. We are no longer proselyting and, consequently, all the players are amateurs who are enjoying the stiff competition. We are undergoing a pleasant season on the New Union alleys. The playing personnel included such notables as:

<u>Player</u>	<u>Average</u>	<u>Player</u>	<u>Average</u>
Young -----	144	Downie -----	105
Preston-----	140	Martin -----	105
Darling -----	136	Rose -----	97
Shema -----	123	Blide -----	96
Darley -----	109	Tervot -----	79



An afterthought prompts me to mention that the Plant Pathology bowling team has done well and merits your support in this new field of endeavor. Stak has been modest as a shy violet, and nobody has yet seen him kogling. Will some of the Old Timers kindly send us a sure fire formula that will get the chief out on the alleys? In the first half of the split season we had a strangle hold on the collar position, with a record of 12 wins and 30 losses. At the start of the second half we hiked up our britches and began knocking over a few pins. At present we are basking in the glory attendant to fourth place. One sorry detail remains to be brought before you; some of the boys, such as King, Kornkamp, Andrews, and Martland, have deserted our ranks and are out wildcatting with a team known as the Orphans.

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#### MUDDLIN' THRU WITHOUT THE CHIEF

Great the sorrow, loud the lamentations when, last July, our Chief announced his intention of deserting us for a six months' Jungle Junket. Pleadings, persuasions, and expostulations of staff and students were in vain. Possible complete demoralization of the entire system of research and teaching, due to lack of direction and inspiration, and even collapse of the very Tower itself because of the inevitably lowered interior pressure, were calmly disregarded. His country called; his path was clear before him (barring such things as lianas, llamas, snakes, fallen trees, and other debris); he seen his duty, and he done it.

A chief pro tem was appointed immediately and with a minimum of fuss or ceremony; a two-foot pile of manuscripts that had been accumulating on his desks for 10! these many years, were polished off during the noon hour and sent to the publishers. Students and staff were separately and collectively admonished in a final forceful sermon, an already dilute tea was further diluted and embittered with tears, fond farewells were shouted, and off he went. Auf Wiedersehen! Glückliche Reise.

Contrary to secret but nevertheless generally held expectations, the following morning dawned - as usual. Bright sun, clear sky. In spite of this good sign, there was a certain uneasy tension in the air - intangible, unexpressed, but painfully evident; the same feeling that must have prevailed among the poor sailors had Columbus suddenly walked back to Spain over the waves, leaving them to sail on alone over the edge of the world to an unknown but horrible fate.

As that first dreadful day wore on, the tension increased. People gathered uneasily in small groups, talking cautiously, their voices low, still fearful of a nameless but impending doom. Others sat fidgeting aimlessly at their desks, mouths hanging slightly ajar, vacuity in the eyes, with the forlorn and pitiable demeanor of dogs deserted by their master, not knowing where to go or what to do. Fitful bursts of typewriter clatter came out of the Office, but the usual busy continuity of noise was interrupted ever and again by half-suppressed sobs. The janitor swept the same hallway six times. Everyone left early, with many a quick and surreptitious backward look as if expecting the shuddering walls to cave inward because of the changed pressure differential.

And so a week passed. Routine began to approach normal. Cultures that had lain quiescent began to mutate in a tentative sort of way; Race 56, which had steadily lost virulence over the first few days, began to pick up again. Eide typed out three reference cards and relaxed slightly. Chris even sat down once, for just a short moment, in the Chief's own office chair, but sprang up quickly as it creaked. In the Canyon, timid beginnings of arguments again smote the ear spasmodically. They were without real force or feeling, but definitely encouraging. Familiar words and phrases, such as "experiments" - "you're a liar" - "field plots" - "snut counts" - "that's precisely what I always have maintained" - "Race 19" - "the hell you say" - were heard, almost reminiscent of old times. The fledglings had not then given up all hope, but were still trying their wings. An agnostic who, surreptitiously and from afar, had observed the research field, reported that plants were growing, breezes blowing, diseases developing almost as in normal seasons. This was definitely encouraging, although still to be regarded with suspicion as embodying more of wishful thinking than of fact. A bold emissary sent out by the Division of Agronomy and Plant Genetics appeared one day on the fire escape outside the third floor office

window to ask if it was true that we intended to carry on. Miss Saline told him, smiling prettily through her tears, that we hoped so, that we would try. Miss Johnson, who was to be married soon anyway, said she didn't give a damn. The Agronomist whispered he hoped everything worked out for the best and slid down the Potentilla vine.

The first test period, so to speak, ended with the Literature Seminar the following Thursday. When the cards announcing the Seminar were tacked up, the sky took on an ominous cast and grew darker as evening approached. Deep rumbles of thunder rolled across the earth, sharp and vicious lightning split the lowering clouds. In spite of the obvious anger of the heavens, which many took as an evil omen, there was an unexpectedly good turnout at Seminar - partly because the people felt safer huddled together in a group than isolated and separated at their various homes and rooms. Some even brought their children. Everyone, even the children, had literature to review, some few had veritable stacks of periodicals dating back for several years, and there was a certain sense of elation that suggested, "Now, by gum, we're really going to review it!" O optimistic youth, how glorious are thy dreams!

As seminar got underway, the lurid lightning flashes became almost continuous, the sharp roar and crash of thunder shook the building. Frightened, and forgetting their newly born hope, many members began to hide their literature. In a sudden movement of quiet, Wright, intrepid in his chairmanship, snapped his suspenders defiantly, dealt the table a killing blow with his gavel, and without further preliminary, shouted, "If there is no discussion we will get on with the Literature Review." Scarcely had he uttered this infamy than a tremendous flash seemed to rend the very sky in twain, there was a deafening roar, the lights went out, the walls rocked. Destruction was at hand! Retribution! At the moment when all seemed lost, Cotter hollered, "Puccinia graminis tritici" in a stentorian voice, and dusted himself and those near him with ascospores. Loogering, no less quickly, shouted the names of the 13 different hosts, while at the same time Dr. Hart shrieked out the numbers of the 187 physiologic forms. Chris, who had been knocked dazed to the floor, rose to the occasion and to his feet and bellowed, "WAS A MATTER OF ACTUAL FACT!" The thunder subsided, the lights came on, the storm died away. Quick thinking and courageous action had saved the evening, and the Department.

It was decided, however, to work into the literature review gradually at future seminars, and after Wright and several others had been revived, Chris took up the remainder of the evening with terse, prepared discussions of "The Sins of Graduate Students", "Geology of the Unknown Regions of Tibet", "Epidemiology of Stem Rust", "Mohammed's Contributions to Christian Morals and Literature", and "Chinook Winds", topping it off with an analysis of the coming football season. After being implored for some time he also consented to flex his biceps, and the seminar was considered a great success, quite like old times in fact. By ice cream and cake time the members were positively jovial, Tsiang and a few others had returned from their hiding places, and literature was reviewed until 9:30, when the meeting adjourned, everyone relieved that the crisis was over.

From that time on the old spirit was again in evidence. Research went on apace, day and night. Phenomena of disease were discussed hotly, and at length in the halls and observed briefly and occasionally in the field. New fungi were found and identified, old ones were re-identified. Our lives again were occupied with argument, discussion, study, investigation, and thought, usually in that order and as in a diminishing series. Old projects were closed, new ones opened. Progress was in evidence in all fields.

New students poured in, following the examples of old students. Chris hired a new, pretty and efficient stenographer (Miss R. Miltich) whom we hope to keep for some time, barring accidents or acts of God. The football team won all its games, numerous degrees were granted, a new building was begun, seminars became more crowded than ever, the weather of winter was surprisingly mild and uniform. To a certain extent, of course, this smooth functioning was due to force of habit and to impetus previously imparted; partly to efficient organization, partly to raw courage and determination. Whether we could have got through another 6 months as easily and effortlessly, we do not know, but we freely doubt it. Certainly we were all genuinely glad to welcome back our Chief and to turn over the Department to him, with all the responsibilities, privileges, and perquisites thereunto appertaining.