

SECTION OF
PLANT PATHOLOGY

A U R O R A S P O R E A L I S

Vol. II, No. 3.

October, 1926

A Journal

Wherein are recorded the recollections, the ruminations, and the rasperations of those who have drunk from the foaming fount in the Department of Plant Pathology of the University of Minnesota and who now spout forth in divers ways.

Let the fount foam and never run dry,

Let the spout squirt and never lose power.

Published by the Seminar Committee, aided and abetted
by many others.

The Committee: Helen Hart

H. A. Rodenhiser

W

Congress of International Plant Sciences

A plant science congress was held at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, August 16 to 21 inclusive. There were almost a thousand people in attendance, and they came from many parts of the world. In the pathology section there were representatives from Germany, Holland, Italy, England, Australia, Canada, Esthonia, and Minnesota. The Minnesota delegation was one of the largest of the foreign delegations. Germany probably was second. Such notables as Klebahn, Appel, Wollenweber, Hollrung, and other representatives of the Reich were present in all their pristine glory. They all said it was a glorious meeting except for the absence of Schaumender Gerstensaft. Your correspondent counted 16 near beer bottles on the table in front of Dr. Appel one night. This, unless I am mistaken, is one of the most concise and eloquent descriptions of the human soul in agonized travail. The British delegation was present in full force. Butler, Ramsbottom, Carleton, Rea, and Miss Wakefield were there, and spoke English. A proposal was made at the beginning of the sessions that each participant in the discussion be permitted to use his native language. It was adopted. Nevertheless, the members of the Minnesota delegation spoke American. Their action was loudly applauded by those who understood nothing else. The following were present: Beach, Jehle, Schneiderhan, Valleau, Bisby, Bailey, Barker, Fogelman, Larson, Weiss, Newhall, Kirby. Beach's smile has not worn off; Jehle is still as optimistic as ever; Schneiderhan is voluble; Valleau is critical; Bisby is affable; Bailey is sarcastic; Barker is polished; Fogelman is disputative; Larson is placid; Weiss is scholarly; Newhall is friendly; and Kirby is energetic. Stakman also was there. Fogelman still smoked a pipe with the same svelt lines as those possessed by the one he had when he was here. Maybe it was the same one. Your correspondent tried to find out, but the wind was blowing in the wrong direction and no definite conclusions could be drawn. The pipe, however, was drawing well. Barker looked a little drawn, maybe on account of the tropical climate in Haiti. However, he seemed happy, contented, and intelligent. Bisby, as usual, had his picture taken with all of the good looking girls at the meeting. (See Plates 1 and 2, pictures of the mycologists and pathologists.) Bailey was about to be drawn to the altar; consequently he was continually drawing deep breaths. And, in spite of many questions, nobody could draw him out. Schneiderhan drew many laughs by his witticisms. Some of his conversations about white mule were only partially intelligible to those of us who have specialized particularly in plant science and not in animal husbandry. Well, the editor says there is enough in here about white mule and etc. Anyway it is pretty near class time and there are some quiz papers to correct and I see a white Schimmel which is better looking than a white mule - anyway you look at it, so your correspondent will say Goodbye. Maybe we will pick some more of the Minnesota delegation to pieces next time --maybe, if the Ed will furnish the space and the Muses the inspiration.

The Minnesota Dinner

A phytopathological meeting without the proverbial Jones Dinner has not been seen in recent years. Let it be said here that we were not trying to "keep up with the Joneses" neither were we canonizing mortal flesh. The occasion for this will come in due time when Freeman Weiss plies a good Gillette on that adventitious stubble found here and there under his smeller.

For those who use a pipe and Aurora Sporealis for an hour's amusement and meditation, we wish to remark, that on the occasion of the Plant Science Congress held at Cornell, eleven full grown men gushed from the mythical fountain described on the title page of the wild west wind aforementioned, gathered around the festive board to munch their daily bread and particularly to chew the eternal fat of yesteryear.

It was Barker's idea. Barker craved food and company after having lived on bananas and bamboo sprouts and associated with niggers whose idea of a good time is to throw a full fledged revolution in which a new president is hatched. We always think of these new presidents as wearing a stovepipe hat, no shirt but in its place a wide yellow and red sash tied around the ample rotundity of the midsection just a leg's length from some patent leather shoes with buttons and white spats to give the proper swank. How about it Barker?

The food was not so good. Folks don't seem to cook "Vittles" properly north of the Mason-Dixon Line. If we had thrown that party in this old town of Winchester from which the Pennsy hauled 17,000 barrels of fine apples during the past twenty-four hours, the food question would have been settled with one grand gastronomic gesture and we don't mean maybe.

Stak, who was there in the active role of Pater Familias, was expected to start things off with an appropriate "Vater unser", but he uttered nary a word of pious intent. The power of his voice and the holy thunder of his mind had been nearly all shot in his excellent effort that morning before the phytopathological section of the Congress. He threw his prepared paper into the waste basket and we were expecting him to do a Magnus Johnson and tear up at least a few shirts, but he told me afterward that he had brought only one with him and that the Manhattan strains, numbers 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 16 which other hosts carried, were not transferable to him in his present H-ion reaction. The H in this case stands for heller as used by Will Rogers in Berlin the other day - "Ein dunkel und ein heller."

Every living soul around that table was asked to give his experiences since leaving Minnesota. Words of great wisdom now fell. Snappy experiences were told. The various pathological home runs on native and foreign sand lots were registered. We found out just why Chesterfields satisfy. Dr. Valleau gets 100 per cent of mosaic by simply handing Miss Nicotiana Tabacum a Chesterfield. She does not roll her own. No siree, that seductive dame does not believe in Blattrollkrankheiten. The writer, who works at golf and pathology, played nine holes with Dr. Hursh against Orton of the Boyce-Thompson Institute and Wingard of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He modestly

admits that he had to do most of the dirty work to trim the enemy. After hearing Hursh relate the trials and tribulations of all those who study in the shades of Pasteur, we could understand why he did not flail the ball long and straight. There might have been a few hold-over cankers to prevent the proper "follow-thru." Old Geoff Chaucer should have been there to get a modern version for a new set of tales. He could have kept his good wife of Bath because there was none present of that persuasion. There were, however, the tales of Barker, Bisby, Bailey, Beach, Larson, Fogelman, Weiss, Hursh, Valleau, Schneiderhan, and Stakman.

The last mentioned closed the dinner with a few well chosen remarks uttered in the spirit of the reunion; he pointed out the ideals which Minnesota men in phytopathological work must strive to hold high and expressed the hope that a closer connection might be developed between the men who have gone forth from the Department and those who work at Minnesota, through the agency of Aurora Sporealis. It was the unanimous sentiment of all present that the occasion would have been heightened had Doc. Freeman been there. He was missed, just as many others were. Why not have a general gathering of the clan at the A.A.A.S. Meetings at Philadelphia this winter? Minnesota has sent out men who have been doing useful scientific work in their spheres. Fortunately we have not and probably never shall develop a "Minnesota uber alles" complex in plant pathology. That is totally unnecessary and may be left with comfort for other schools. There is much good in keeping a proper touch with events at home and Aurora Sporealis does this most admirably. Tell Doc Freeman to come to Philly and to bring his war clubs with him. We know the professional at the Merion Cricket Club and there will be a chance to sink a few long ones and to cuss a few longer ones.

F. J. Schneiderhan
Winchester, Virginia
September 15, 1926

By the shores of Lake Cayuga, Brainy men were
gathered there;
Scientific dissertations rent the stillness of the air,
Minnesota had her quota, and we stirred up quite
a row;
But you should have heard our Felix when
some halfwit hollered; chow.

Visitors

After attending the Botanical Congress at Ithaca, several distinguished visitors from foreign countries deigned to stop and inspect the "Plant Path Gang" at University Farm. Two plant breeders, Professor Edmund Malinowski of the Institute of Genetics, Skierniewice, Poland, and Doctor Alois Tavcar of the College of Agriculture, Zagret, Jugoslavia, were the first to visit us.

Later we entertained Doctor Marie Löhnis of Scheveningen, Holland; Doctor Otto Appel and Doctor H. W. Wollenweber of the Biological Institute, Berlin-Dahlem, Germany; and Mr. Arnold Scheibe, Plant Breeding and Plant Protection Institute, Munich, Germany. At a luncheon, given in honor of this group, Doctor Appel discussed the organization of phytopathological research in Germany. On the second day of their stay, a field trip was made to a Minneapolis tie-treating plant, the University fruit farm at Zumbra Heights, and the sub-station at Purgatory Swamp.

The last of September we enjoyed a visit from Dr. Van Slogteren, who is in charge of bulb investigations at Lisse, Holland. He gave an interesting lecture on the details of his work in controlling the nematode disease of bulbs, and his brilliantly colored slides of the bulb fields were beautiful to behold.

"I'll stake my last Eagle on Minnesota," said Chris as he placed his bets on the Michigan game.

Doctor S. J. Wellensiek, Plant Pathologist at the Agricultural College in Wageningen, The Netherlands, holds an International Education Board fellowship. (Doctor Wellensiek told us that Holland was only a province in The Netherlands -- did you know it?) He has worked on the diseases of clover and the genetics of Pisum and will be at Minnesota for nine or ten months studying plant pathology and plant breeding. Mrs. Wellensiek is also a botanist and has registered for three of the stiffest courses on the campus, Plant Path. I, Mycology, and Genetics. The Wellensieks are well prepared for life with the Plant Path. gang inasmuch as they render our "Clementine" in their own language.

We understand that Doctor Tedin stepped over the Mexican border in order to partake of a couple of hot tamales and to rest his fallen arches for a few moments on a type of brass rail now extinct in these United States of America. He had a heluva time convincing the intelligent customs officials that he should be allowed to re-enter this country.

Can you imagine the conversation that ensued? Ja sure.

News from Tedin himself! He sends his consolations and hopes that we win the all-university championship. He says his batting average is still .250 (litres of C₂H₅OH).

"You're a Freeman," said the judge, placing his Broadfoot upon the Flor'as he Rose to congratulate the prisoner.

SEMINAR

And the animals came in two by two! They filled the room and still kept coming! A double row around the wall was started and still they came! Chairs were imported from neighboring rooms and, with scientific squeezing and packing, thirty-four students were stowed away in the Seminar room for Stak's barrage of questions in Seminar. Remember way back when there were about six people taking Seminar?

We started off with a whiz bang this fall and decided upon a "Control" program, involving the ins and outs of eradication, protection, and immunization. You see we studied quarantines last spring and presumably know all about that method of controlling plant diseases. This year, in addition to the topic of the day, an exhibit is provided each week so that one may shuffle up the stairs about an hour before class starts and absorb a little extra knowledge. One week Bill Broadfoot and his K.Y.T.S. Club put on an exhibit of mushrooms, which have been more than plentiful this fall. Another time the epidemiology forces had an exhibit of the wild grasses and the Berberis species which entertain our friend, Puccinia graminis. Next time - who knows? We'll put a balcony around the room if you'll all come.

E.C.S.- Where would you go to find a good specimen of Lentinus, Mr. Wallace?

Peewee - Th' herbarium.

Nobody wants to brag or boast, but just listen to this! We have twenty-two graduate students majoring in Pathology. Ten states are represented and we have recruits from Canada, from China, and from Holland. We're just stating facts.

MYCOLOGY

Mysteries of the fungous flora revealed every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon by E. M. Freeman, Ph.D., and Louise Doadall, Ph.D. Eleven have started on the mycological journey in spite of the fact that dyed-in-the-wool fundamentalists object to Doctor Freeman's lectures on phylogeny. All have navigated safely the Myxomycetes and are now struggling with Saproclernia and Olpidiopsis. Remember way back when G. R. Bisty expounded mycology?

METHODS

Methods class is engineered by J. G. Leach, formerly of Tennessee, now of Minnesota. One dozen apt and eager pupils are at his beck and call. Almost all of the microscopes on the campus have been calibrated and every piece of glassware is filled with some queer sort of media. Research may come to a standstill if worse comes to worse, but we are hoping that the efforts of the class will soon be diverted to other lines.



'Tis time to put away childish summer revelry and return to earthly things. It is a painful process which must be undertaken gradually and with due consideration for the benumbed mental state of the individuals concerned.



Weekly treatment is advised, the most appropriate tempus being 9:30 Sonntag morgen when the victim is in a reverent and spiritual mood. At Minnesota the weekly dose consists of one field trip or Pilzausflug where the patients are supplied with woods and with mycological field charts and ordered to "go to it." Within five minutes the return to earthly things is complete! Apres deux heures every stagnant mind has been caught in throes of mighty upheavals and is able (?) to grasp the most minute and extremely delicate structures of the fungous flora. Before the season ends there should be an abundant supply of expert and seasoned mycologists.

Mr. Ralph Nelson and Mr. Ralph Lindgren spent three and a half months in southeastern United States in the employ of the Office of Forest Disease Investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture, making a survey and deterioration studies on chestnut blight. During this work, they visited the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, and Georgia.

Mr. Lindgren, when interviewed by a cub reporter of the Aurora Sporealis, stated that he enjoyed his work very much. He was greatly impressed by the suspicious characteristics of the natives and the poor quality of the east Tennessee moonshine. He spent a night and a day in Walhalla, South Carolina, and said he was astounded by the progressive spirit of this city. He noticed an air of excitement and expectancy pervading the entire population but did not know what it was all about until he returned to St. Paul and learned that Doctor H. D. Barker, Plant Pathologist of the Haiti Experiment Station, had returned to his home town after an absence of several years.

Mr. Nelson left the city before he could be interviewed, but Mr. Lindgren states that Mr. Nelson became very friendly with the natives of the southeastern United States and that he expects to make his home in Ashville, North Carolina during the following year. He has accepted a position as assistant pathologist in the Office of Forest Disease Investigations and will be working on chestnut blight at the Appalachian Experiment Station.

P E R S O N A L S

Mr. C. V. Kightlinger of Cornell is taking the place of Doctor A. W. Henry, who is in Europe on an International Education Board fellowship.

Fellowships from the American Cyanamid Company are now being held by Bill Broadfoot and Lyle Jackson. Jackson takes the place of Harold Flor, who recently accepted a position at the University of Louisiana.

C. George Anderson (Big Andy), who just returned from Puerto Castillo, Honduras, is holding one of two fellowships granted this year by the Minnesota Cannery Association for the study of corn diseases in the state. As a running mate Big Andy has H. H. Thornberry. "Thorny" received his M.S. at Kentucky last year and is now working on another fellowship granted by the Minnesota Cannery Association for the study of pea diseases.

The National Research fellowship held by Doctor Ezekiel of Maryland has been extended for another year. Doctor Ezekiel has the problem of culturing rusts.

Mr. Chih Tu of Tsing Hua College, China, is at present holding a Caleb Dorr fellowship in our department. Mr. Tu also holds a scholarship from his undergraduate institution. After completing his work for the Ph.D. degree at Minnesota, Mr. Tu will spend a year studying in Germany, after which he will return to China to take up his work in plant pathology.

Doctor James F. Martin and Mr. Gilbert B. Posey paid us a visit during September. Both Doctor Martin and Mr. Posey are on blister rust eradication work for the United States Department of Agriculture.

Our foreign friends haven't forgotten us entirely. Once in a while they take time to send us a post card or two. Gavriel Proytchoff sent greetings from Tirnovo, Bulgaria, and Bela Husz from Budapest, the most beautiful city of Europe. Most of us plan to call on them some day when we happen to be passing through Europe.

Doctor Louise Dodsall, Mycologist, returned to University Farm after spending the first half of September at Itasca Park making a study of the fungus flora of the Itasca Park region. The work this year was devoted to Agaricales, which, according to Doctor Dodsall, were very abundant. Nine or ten species of Cortinari, new to Minnesota, were collected. Amantia tomentella was also found for the first time in Minnesota usual.

Another bird has flown from the nest! H. H. Flor has accepted a position in the Department of Botany in the University of Louisiana to work on root-rot of that succulent, dulciferous crop (Saccharum officinarum) down there.

Jean MacInnes is fast becoming one of the most cosmopolitan members of our family. After experiencing Bostonian culture, New Orleans society, and European travel, Jean has decided to settle down in little old New York for the winter.

Two members in the department with the name Johnson! How strange! Miss Adelia Johnson from Fargo, North Dakota, and Mr. Howard W. Johnson from Ohio State are taking graduate work at Minnesota.

Little cupid twanged his bow,
Miss Loftus got her Hansen.
Bailey made the solemn vow,
Now I'll bet he's dancing.
Husz and Craigie also fell,
Cupid sure is raising Hell.



Each year it has been the business of the "Aurora" to chronicle the passing of one or more shining stars from the firmament of single blessedness. The season 1926 is unusual, yea, unparalleled in the havoc wrought in the ranks of the unsuspecting. Stricken in the very flower of youth and at a time when great things from each were expected. Bela Husz of Budapest, D. L. Bailey of Winnipeg, Irene Loftus still of Doc Freeman's office, and J. H. Craigie, Winnipeg, fell in turn by the shafts of cupid.

Vers Libre

O ***** in the skies,
2 thee my iiiiiiiiii
Turned heavenward.
2 meteors race
And - through ,
Turned earthward.

ToJaas's
New
Green
House

It pays to persuade! Three times we have to ask for a little wooden box the size of a pound of butter in which to seclude an index for touring periodicals; every other day for several months we have to point out the urgency of our need for a modest little chest of six small drawers for the library index; anything larger would be preposterous presumption. But along comes Tolaas, the Tremendous, Titanic, Terrifying Talker, and before the issue is even nosed about among the gossips of the Q.C.F., those experts on all mushroom-growths, there springs from the face of Nature the beginnings of a great big beautiful glasshouse - for a potato index!

An indexed potato in a three-thousand dollar greenhouse must feel so important that he is likely to swell up and bust. Here he came out of a hill with his brothers, who were jumbled unceremoniously into a paper bag with only a number on it, and evidently on account of his superiority is sent to the city to college. He is registered for courses in the glasshouse under the family number, which is beautifully engraven in purple on his epidermis. There he is given intelligence tests, and if he doesn't show any weaknesses and doesn't succumb to the temptations of campus life to which he is cruelly exposed - especially mosaic-imbibing - his registration papers will be sent back home, and the inmates of the family bag will be spoken of in circles of the spud-elite as one of the First Families. Their motto will be "People in Glass Houses don't Transmit Disease." If they live up to it, some of the progeny may even become members of Congress.

A Few Concepts in Plant Path. I

1. The bacteria belong to the Ascomycetes.
2. The yeasts belong to the slime molds.
3. Most plant pathogenes belong to the Bryophyta.
4. The Basidiomycetes are the lowest order of fungi.
5. * * * One concept that got across to the foresters * * *

* * * * BACTERIA DO NOT ROT WOOD * * * *

* * *

6. The eggplant belongs to the family Cruciferae. It does but it doesn't. Now its an egg of another color; no longer scrambled. Ask H. A. R.

Stak and Pete are talking at the "elementaries." The above results show that Stak was able to put across at least one thing. Before the quarter is over we are willing to wager that the fifteen Ags and seventeen Foresters will have revised a few of their concepts.

As Others See Us



Our Mycologist's Heaven