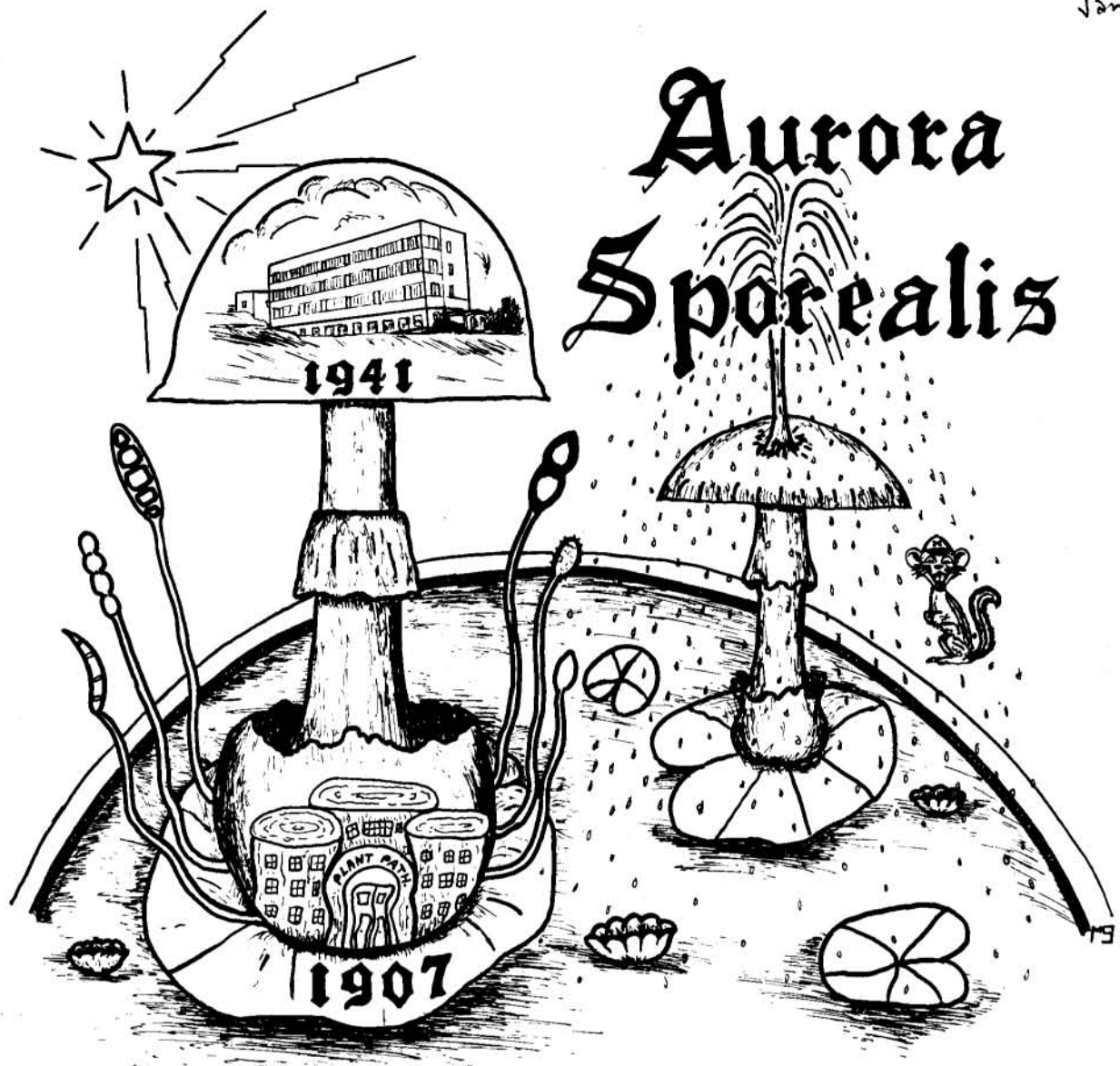


1942-1953

Set  
Jan 53



# Aurora Sporealis

Wherein are recorded the recollections, the ruminations and the raspitations of those who have drunk from the foaming fount of 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

## OLD TIMERS

A Storkgram postscripted the arrival of 7 lb., 15 oz. John Richard PRESLEY, at University Park, Md., on Sept. 24. Candy and cigars served the same purpose for 2300-gram Kathleen HEMERICK, after she had noised her way into the world--the Roman world that is. Before the stork rested, malted-milk-and-barberry expert L.W.MELANDER had graduated into the Ancient Order of Grandfathers (Feb. 20)--truly befitting a Nursery Inspector.

Promoted...in charge of Botany at Karachi University, in April, was Dr. S.Z. HASANAIN. This lean, learned Pakistanian considers it a stimulating opportunity "where each worker shall have the fullest opportunity to contribute his mite at the altar of botany with truth, humility, and self-confidence."

It was "Red clover that lasts" in the Country Gentlemen (March), in which, among others, the work of Kentuckian Lawrence HENSON was featured.

Technical Cooperation Specialist...that is the impressive assignment of St. Paul-born Olaf S. AAMODT. In this new capacity, Dr. Aamodt represents the Bureau of Plant Industry in contacts with agencies responsible for U. S. technical assistance programs in foreign areas where the Bureau has research responsibility.

To Professor W.L. WATERHOUSE was given a testimonial cheque by millers, bakers, and scientists upon his retirement after 30 years of research at Sydney, on cereal diseases and plant breeding.

Congratulations to another Minnesota Ph. D, even if not in plant pathology: this time Malcolm, son of O.T. Freeman Weiss.

Who saw Rockefeller F. J. G. HARRAR on TV? What was the "famous conversation" of F.A.O. HEMERICK's wife Thelma with King Farouk (not an O. T.)?

Fast-moving ex-sec Rosemary McLEOD, civilian employee of the Army on temporary duty in England, breezed through the Twin Cities, telephoned, then flew back to the Realm of 10 Downing Street. Also on-the-move were former Eide-Leach-potato-boy John VAUGHN, who left National Football Champion Michigan State for why-o-why Wyoming; and Frank V. STEVENSON, of the Gattani-Stevenson Smut Duo, from Florida to Milford, Illinois, with the Crow Hybrid Seed Co. Additional examples of Old Timers spinning with the world are "entopathologist" J. G. LEACH, recently returned from Colombia, S. A., and Forager J. Lewis ALLISON--a returnee from Iraq.

Come to Gay Paree, suggests J. PONCHET, of Versailles, who writes that he is "always ready to receive all the Old Timers in Paris. I have now a small car like we have in Paris and I am becoming a driver."

Some work and much fun in Hiji for cane sugar pathologist Chet WISMER and wife Susia. Says Chet, "...seminar (in Hawaii) still going so say Andy ANDERSON and Harry MURAKISHI." Star-short-stop Harry, after 5 years at Hawaii U. is apparently eligible next year for a sabbatical, according to A. Grapevine.

A new tapestry hangs on the cinder blocks of the Seminar Room. Its inscription reads, "Para el seminario de fitopatología de Minnesota. Escuela Superior de Agricultura 'Antonio Narro' Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico." This was presented by Gabriel Murillo and Lorenzo Martínez.

New-Doctor Jim "knuckle-head" LYLE gave the "temperature range--Auburn, Alabama, October 1, 65°F. to 87°F." On October 19 and 20 at St. Paul it was 81°F.--with this difference--that we admit it is too warm!

"Frank A. del Prado, phytopatholoog en Letitia H. Robles, geven U kennis van hun voornemen in het Huwelijk te treden op Donderdag 8 October, Paramaribo,

(Surinam). Gelegenheid tot gelukwensen van 18.30--20.00 uur ten huize van Mevr. de Weduwe J. Robles-Fernandes, Dr. Nassylaan 17 boven, Paramaribo."

The U. S. D. A. sent Chuck LOGSDON as potato pathologist to Alaska this summer; Logsdon sent his furniture; the stork sent baby Onnalie to Minneapolis; the furniture arrived; and Northwest Airlines swooped Mamma Arly, Chucky, and Onnalie to their new home in Palmer. Their own plant path. picnic was held at the proper time in October.

#### TUESDAY AT FOUR

Kasper Bauhin! You mean you have never heard of Kasper Bauhin? And you had History of Plant Pathology? Write that down for next time, somebody. Well, what are the criteria of a true species? And so began another Tuesday Seminar.

During the two hours from 4:00 to 6:05, 6:10, or 6:15 p.m.--or so--a wide variety of subjects can be introduced. The significance of "sweat rooms" and "shingle toe" in the deterioration of stored nursery stocks were explained to us by Dick Burgess (an ex-Maine lobsterman). The use of impinging machines in studying molds in the air was elucidated by Mary Ann Swaebly.

In addition to bringing to us the meaning of coherence in scientific writing, seminar also brings to embryonic phytopathologists the science of other lands. Omar explained how cereal smuts are controlled in Egypt by planting methods. Singh described *Synchytrium* sp. as a pathogen of sesame in India, and rao-lo Yu the breeding work for resistance to blast of rice in the Orient.

While the odor of Heines Blend, London Dock, and five-cent cigars (free ones) competed with an occasional puff of a more acceptable odor from faculty row, *P. graminis* competed with the principles of *U. zeae* and *Gibberella zeae*. As all Old Timers know, the original subject of a paper is frequently lost before too long in Tuesday Seminars. The pro-

duction of mutations in microorganisms by the use of nitrogen mustards evolved into a discussion of mutants of *Gibberella zeae*. The discussion of wetwood in *Populus* sp. somehow became involved in wood structure. Dick Nelson's review of *Stemphylium* leaf spot of alfalfa led to the nature of resistance (with special emphasis on P.g.t.)

The foaming fount is still spewing forth assorted urediospores, sporidia, conidia, and occasional sporangia; and from this potent elixer truth, theories, principles, ideas, and hypotheses are still evolving on Tuesdays at four.

#### COMINGS AND GOINGS

Due to the frequency of "Comings and Goings" during the last nine months, it was thought best to consolidate, and of course first consideration should go to the new Old Timers who have completed at least one stage of the long hard battle. If by chance a name has been omitted, rest assured that it was only an oversight, for no one has been forgotten. We are happy to have had everyone of you here and look forward to your coming back again soon.

#### Goings of new Old Timers

George Failes took a position with AGSCO at Grand Forks, North Dakota, in June. On June 30 George married a local girl, Margaret Syftestad. Since then he has transferred to the Northwestern Milling Co., Minneapolis.

Shosuke Goto, Ph. D., left to take a position at Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah.

Duane LeTourneau, one of the all time home-run stars of the Plant Path. soft ball team, is now Assistant Professor of Plant Biochemistry at the University of Idaho.

Herb Johnson, Ph.D., is doing research for the Green Giant Canning Co. at Le Sueur, Minnesota.

Minoru Aragaki has returned to his work at the Hawaii Experiment Station.

Joe A. Keplinger, M. S., returned to his home state, Maryland, to follow a career of teaching.

Mary Ann Swaebly recently joined the staff of Marquette University in Wisconsin.

George Papavizas, M.S., returned to his position as Pathologist in Greece.

Charles Logsdon took a job with the U. S.D.A. in Palmer, Alaska working primarily on potato diseases.

C. S. Venkataram, M. S., returned to India.

Frances Haglund accepted a high-school teaching position at Northbrook, Ill.

#### Newcomers

Vincenzo Grasso, a visiting professor from Florence, Italy, came to study for six months.

Paul Gustafson, a newcomer, did his undergraduate work at the University of Minnesota in chemistry.

Bill Roberts of the "Lone Star State" with M.S. from Oklahoma A & M, started his apprenticeship on oat rust in Feb.

Antonio Rodriguez arrived from Mexico and William Silverman from City College, N. Y., in March.

June brought other new students, Roy Wilcoxson of Utah, Nagayoshi Oshima from Japan via Colorado A & M, Arthur Elliot from Minneapolis, and Alfonso Castronovo from Argentina.

September, being back-to-school-month, filled office and laboratory space to overflowing. Those who came were Roger Anderson of Augsburg College, Minneapolis; Elmer Hawn from Alberta, Canada; Clark Livingston of Colorado; James D. Miller of Hamline University, St. Paul; P. N. Nair from India; C. Ochoa from

Peru; Theodore Reiling of St. Paul via Iowa State; and J. Carvalho Santiago from Portugal.

#### Old Timers came

James A. Lyle of Auburn, Alabama, Stewart Andrews of New Mexico, Lawrence I. Miller of Tidewater Experiment Station, Virginia, and Edward Andrews of Michigan State all returned to Minnesota just long enough to pick up their Ph.D. degrees. Philip J. Salisbury, of British Columbia, came for his "prelim" in April. Bob Klug, currently teaching biology at St. Thomas College, has returned to continue his graduate work in agricultural botany.

Dr. J.W. Gibler and Dr. N. E. Borlaug, of the Rockefeller Foundation at Mexico City.

Dr. H.C. Young, Jr. of Oklahoma A & M, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Dr. J. E. Mitchell from Camp Detrick, Frederick, Maryland.

Dr. M. G. Boosalis from the University of Nebraska.

Dr. W. C. Broadfoot of Lethbridge, Alberta.

Dr. G. B. Sanford and Dr. A. W. Henry and son John, from the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

M.C. Shurtleff of Rhode Island returned in September to present his Ph.D. thesis.

Drs. I.W. Tervet and H. H. Hotson from Dugway Proving Grounds, Tooele, Utah.

Glen A. Hemerick returned from a tour of duty with the FAO of the UN in Italy.

Dr. W. Q. Loegering from Turrialba, Costa Rica.

Dr. George Fischer from Pullman, Wash.

Dr. M. W. Cormack from Lethbridge, Alberta.

Dr. E. B. Lambert from Beltsville.

Dr. K. W. Kreitlow from Beltsville.

Dr. Lawrence Schaal of Colorado A & M.

Dr. C. S. Holton from Pullman.

Dr. John Vaughn and family from Michigan State enroute to the new job at the University of Wyoming.

Clyde Shumway from Pine City, Minn.

Dr. José Vallege from Argentina, via Italy.

Dr. Glen KenKnight and family of Fort Valley, Ga.

Formerly of the secretarial staff Mrs. Gail Covey and daughter Joane, Mrs. (Tooty) Annexstad, Mrs. Helen (Hermstad) Kudak and daughter, and Mrs. Dorothy (Johnson) Berglund also dropped in for short visits.

Dr. W.D.Thomas and coworkers Reinholt, Post, and Faulkner from Colorado A & M.

Others who visited for social or business reasons include both old and new acquaintances, such as:

Dr. Jesse Livingston, Nebraska; Dr. A.M. Schlehner, Agronomist, Oklahoma A & M; Dr. C.V. Lowther, Beltsville; Dr. James G. Dickson, Wisconsin; Mr. P.M. LeRoux, Union of South Africa via Wisconsin; Dr. M. F. Welch, British Columbia; Dr. J.P. Meiners, Pullman; Mr. John Ferguson and Mr. R. D. Durbin of UCLA, Calif.; Dr. T. C. Vanterpool, Dr. P. M. Simmonds, and Dr. Jones of the University of Saskatchewan; Dean Kumar from India; Dr. George Zentmeyer, Riverside, Calif.; Dr. K. S. Quisenberry and Dr. B. B. Bayles, Beltsville; Dr. Targeson from Boyce Thompson Institute and Dr. Reed from Chipman Chemical Co.; Dr. Alfred Ammann, Duke University.

## TUESDAY NIGHT SEMINAR

Way back in January when Minnesota was blanketed with snow, when the wind came howling out of the North, when the cold seemed to freeze bones, and half an inch of ice covered the windows in the seminar room in Phytobrickhaus erectus, seminar was still progressing in its varied way. Even in the midst of such salubrious weather, some visitors found their way to Minnesota.

H. A. Rodenhiser and E. B. Lambert of the USDA, Malcolm Shurtleff from Rhode Island, Ed Andrews from Michigan, and A. J. Riker from Wisconsin, all gave the seminar a glimpse of their work.

The West was well represented with plant pathologists as far away as Dr. B. H. Choonia of India. George Fischer from Washington State gave the seminar his views on the taxonomy of smuts. He also gave a taxonomy of taxonomists: splitters, lumpers, and splumpers (opportunists). New Mexico send Stewart Andrews, Utah Ian Tervet and S. Goto, Wyoming its head of extension Herman Starr, and North Dakota Irv Schwinghamer.

From South of the border, John Gibler and Alfredo Campos were here to tell us about the midwinter rust situation. Jim (Alabama) Lyle in addition to explaining in detail the derivation of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute "War Eagle" football cheer, gave us an insight into southern agriculture, Kentucky Gentlemen, and Sclerotium rolfsii.

Lawrence Miller of Virginia introduced us to his favorite nematodes and fungi; and a transplanted northerner-- Merle Michaelson, now of Missouri--brought us up to date on stalk rot. Even from north of the border came a representative in the person of Björn Peturson of crown rot fame.

With pomp and ceremony, winter also ushered in a new seminar committee. "Iron Hand Policy" Logsdon--now shivering (happily, we hope) in Alaska--was

replaced by Dick Nelson, Gene Hayden, John Tuite, and F. M. Turk. J. J. Christensen (in long flowing, academic robes) amid words of wisdom from E. C. Stakman, swore in (and shortly thereafter swore at) the new committee.

Research reports were given and papers reviewed ad infinitum. Old faithfuls like rust, smut, and late blight held their own against less exalted competition such as Matt Moore and his yellow and blue dwarf and red leaf. The grain storagers, the virologists, the foragers, the foresters, the mycologists all kept us up to date in their fields.

The week to week progress of P.g.t. was carefully reported, blight was followed as it jumped around the state, T. King told us when the apple scab perithecia were ready to shoot, Leon Wood told us where to find barley diseases, Louise Dsdall told us of the depredations of Botrytis blight of tulips, and Fred Frosheiser where to find exotic soybean diseases.

The papers reviewed embraced subjects as diverse as the philosophy of science, antibacterial substances from apple trees, rice storage problems, serological studies of smuts or "the bunny test," the effect of soil fumigants on fungi, and the problems of propagation of rubber seedlings.

Seminar even heard the mysteries of comparative literature explained by graduate student James Lufkin of the Minneapolis campus. Apparently comparative literature is the comparison of literature on an international scale. Although Seminar is a cosmopolitan group, few pathologists ventured to exercise their usually critical faculties in this field.

Visual education wasn't neglected. The flora and fauna of Maine bogs were beautifully reproduced before our eyes by Dick Burgess. Minnesota snow scenes were shown by Myra Smart, the aquatic plants of Japan by Oshima, Minnesota wildflowers by Bob Campbell and Rhode Island plant diseases by M.C. Shurtleff.

The advent of summer brought its little troubles. Edie warned us that the police were watching U. Farm closely. He had to explain to the police why he was pinching his own tomatoes. Well, if one is to get into trouble with the police about pinching nice looking tomatoes, at least U. Farm is a safe place to do so.

#### LOCALS

Many people have asked where Dr. Stakman has his new office. Doc was away most of the month of July on a trip to South America as agricultural consultant to the Rockefeller Foundation. During that time Chris moved out of his office at the head of the stairs on the third floor, and carpenters and painters moved in. New bookshelves and cabinets were built in to accommodate Doc's voluminous collection of books, scientific journals, and reports. A fresh coat of paint was added, material was transferred to the new office, and all was in readiness for Doc's return.

Old Timers frequently ask how many graduate students there are in the department now. At the present time there are 45 graduate students - 33 are from the United States, 3 from India, 2 from Pakistan, and one each from Peru, Argentina, Portugal, Mexico, Guatemala, Japan, Canada, and Egypt. Many of those from foreign countries speak little or no English when they first arrive. The rapidity with which their English improves always amazes those of us who have to study so long just to be able to read a foreign language for a language exam.

A fire broke out in the Machine Shed, on the flats below the Plant Pathology Building. Though little damage was done to the building proper, two trucks were almost a complete loss and several others were damaged extensively. In the partial loss group was Eagle's new 3/4 ton International pick-up truck. All in all, damage was very light relative to the potential loss which could have occurred--but try to tell Eagle that as he walks to the field house!

??? RETIREMENT ???

Rules and Regulations being what they are, a Professor and Head of Department works like blazes trying to finish the year's work by midnight on the last day of a fiscal year, goes home for several hours of troubled slumber, and wakens next morn a full-fledged Professor Emeritus and Ex-Head, ready to twiddle his thumbs, putter in a garden, fish for the big ones, travel in tropic climes, or settle down for TV entertainment. It is his privilege to throw his teaching instincts in the wastebasket and his administrative abilities to the four winds, and to use his mental faculties for informal "Konversationen."

BUT WHO EXPECTED BIG CHIEF STAKMAN TO FOLLOW THIS PATTERN?

Even the "Retirement Celebrations" didn't quite follow the usual patterns and procedures.

Celebrations began last January at the WHEAT RUST MEETINGS in Winnipeg, Canada, and here is Sax's report of affairs:

Mephistopheles, in a pithy little speech in "Faust", pointed out the relationship between himself and the place where he was to be found. They just can't be separated. A similar inevitable association of place and personality may exist without any supernatural or unpleasant connotations. A case in point is a discussion on cereal rust, and E. C. Stakman. The newest neophyte in plant pathology knows that the two are inextricably intertwined. They were intertwined that way at Winnipeg in January, 1953, at the time of the International Wheat Rust Conference.

Dr. Stakman was Moderator of the panel discussion on stem rust. He was co-author of reports presented. He was the man who asked rhetorical questions from the speaker's platform, and from the audience, and answered them. He was billed by news reporters as "leader of the American delegation" and "the world's top authority on rust." They also mentioned that he was the man who had taught and inspired an imposing number of the 125 scientists from four countries who attended the conference.

Dr. Stakman continued to shine, in various capacities, at a BANQUET TENDERED THE DELEGATES BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. After the formal welcome by Dr. J. G. Taggart, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Canada, and an address, "Milestones in Rust Research", by Dr. K. W. Neatby, "Stak" got in his licks. He spoke of, among other things, problems of research in biology. Problems were outnumbered by "other things." The really important part of the evening program was reached when Dr. J. G. Harrar, acting for Dr. Stakman's many students and colleagues in the United States and Canada, gave a speech paying his tribute to Stak's tremendous abilities and accomplishments in many fields of endeavor. As a material reminder of the sentiments expressed in his oration, Dr. Harrar presented Stak with a gift certificate for luggage he would need in his new duties. Special greetings, on behalf of the Canadians, were added by Dr. W. F. Hanna. As a mark of the particularly high esteem in which he is held, Dr. Stakman was allowed to make another speech, before he was surrounded by all the people who wished to shake his hand and wish him well.

Speech Making can get to be a Habit, so what was more natural than for Stakman to say "Yes" when he was invited to deliver the traditional address for CAP AND GOWN DAY at the University of Minnesota in May of 1953.

"MINNESOTA HAIL TO THEE" was a superb oration. Seniors and their families and friends heard of the vision and foresight in the early days of the state that made possible the educational opportunities in the university throughout the years, of professors whose primary purpose was teaching and students whose obligation was learning, of generous provisions for research, of intellectual opportunities for people of all ages beyond the confines of the campuses, of the far-flung influences of the university in distant corners of the earth.

Shortly after this oration the Plant Path Department joined with Horticulture Department to entertain their respective retiring heads, Dr. and Mrs. Stakman and Mr. and Mrs. Alderman AT AN AFTERNOON RECEPTION ON THE ST. PAUL CAMPUS. The faculty wives of the two departments were the guiding lights who arranged for practically all of the University Farm staff to enjoy a brief relaxation and mighty good refreshments in the Student Union while they chatted with guests of honor.

Days in June were rare, but we persuaded the Big Chief to set aside the 26th for A FAMILY PARTY IN THE CAMPUS CLUB. And by family we mean departmental faculty, secretaries, federal collaborators, barberry men, grad students, Old Timers here on vacations, and a few old friends. One hundred twenty of us ate roast beef together, had fun and a few short speeches, rolled in a new TV for Mrs. Stakman, hauled out a couple of new pipes for E.C.S., and then presented him with four bound volumes of all sorts of letters and family photographs from several hundred Old Timers, Scientific Associates and Educational Colleagues, and Old Friends. Once again Dr. Stakman wanted to make a speech. It was a darn good one too, all about the privileges he had enjoyed teaching and working in the University with all of us who had heeded the call of Minerva and had tried to study.

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE FISCAL YEAR STAKMAN LEFT THE OFFICE AT NOON TO USE A COUPLE OF HOURS ANNUAL LEAVE FLYING TO SOUTH AMERICA. It was the first time he is known to have dismissed a case early. We surmise that he hadn't been able to postpone the July 2 meeting in Colombia.

THE OLD TIMERS were ready for him when he returned from 8 weeks in So. Amer. MINNESOTA DINNER during the A.I.B.S. meetings in Madison, Wisconsin, in September, was the BIG SHINDIG. We dined in Tripp Commons, Wisconsin Union, 141 strong. There were Old Timers galore, several guests from Rockefeller Foundation, and even some new grad students, Clyde Allison, Eric Sharvelle (in absentia), Earle Hanson, and Hank Darling were the steering committee, and Frank Greaney emceed the affair. A pyramid of Egypt at each place announced the OLD TIMERS SEMINAR OF 1953 and told us this tale: Minnesota's Tottering Tower said to the Sphinx, said he, "You stand all alone as a fine pile of stone, but you haven't a thing on me. Sand, wind, storms of the desert, have failed to tumble you down. True, I may totter in winds even hotter, but I yield not so much as a frown. Brick, nails, mortar, and plaster, all will be rubble, I'm sure, but the notion behind, in an Old Timer's mind, remains active, constructive, secure."

The program was tentative, flexible, dynamic, sparked by Greaney as only Greaney can spark. Henry Darling did the "Hi Folks" part and told a couple of good jokes to curdle the coffee cream. There were many interruptions from the floor, as is usual when any Plant Path Seminar begins, but Greaney effectively subdued the obstreperous ones to start the ball rolling with research reports, that is, after the vocal cords were limbered up with a bit of music under direction of Don Fletcher and Walt Thomas.

That deep bass voice of Ralph (Lindy) Lindgren needed no microphone to get across to the seminar the IMPROVEMENTS IN SOFTBALL. From the tape recorder we pass on his report to you:

I come from Sweden where we have many famous men, you bet you, but I have never heard the beat of this man, Dr. E. C. Stakman. The first time someone told me about him, I said to myself that such



stories could only come from California, Texas, or Norway -- if you know what I mean. But when I learned he came from that fine state of Minnesota -- and that his name was Eric Karl Stakman, I knew all the fantastic tales must be true.

You Americans have a saying "If you can't beat them, join them." Dr. Stakman was still a young man when the Joiners started coming, and they have never stopped coming. They came from countries in all directions; yah, I must admit they even came from Sweden. They also started coming from different parts of the United States, including the South in those days when even upstanding Swedish people there were called "Da yankees". Some of those southern fellows stayed so long that they started wearing union suits. The Joiners also came from many kinds of work -- at first pathologists mostly, but soon agronomists, geneticists, foresters, and even a salesman with a Dutch first name.

I first heard about Eric Stakman from a Minnesota fellow who visited my country some years ago. He had been a forester and a pitcher in a game he called softball. Like so many others, he had joined Dr. Stakman and his dept. because the foresters could not equal them in softball. For 3 years after that, he tried to strike out Eric, forgetting all about his degree. But he failed and in many ways was left a defeated man.

After this fellow left, I wondered what it was that made men like Stakman what they are. I came to the conclusion that such a man must have many more talents to start with, must always use those talents very intelligently, and must keep developing new talents whenever they are needed. As an example, I will use this softball game I heard so much about. Eric Stakman started out with exceptional softball talents -- a big chest, fine lungs, a quick eye, sturdy legs, fine coordination, good endurance and plenty of intelligence and experience in sports. He used the talents fully, but, when a game was close, he developed and used new ones.

For instance, he would crowd and bend over the plate, fooling the pitcher to throw the ball outside. Then, to confuse the pitcher more, HE WOULD STAND WAY BACK, EXPAND HIS CHEST OVER THE PLATE AND LET HIS CHEST FALL JUST AS THE BALL CAME. Of course, these balls came inside the plate. Only one other man on the team was able to use this last technic and that was a tremendous Canadian named Broadfoot. But Eric taught some variations of it to one other fellow -- a fine Swedish man named Melander whose chest was big but kind of low. Even with all these talents and technics, the games would sometimes be too close for comfort. For these occasions, Eric developed a talent that was later to be called the "raspberry" from the sidelines. AFTER ONE INNING OF THIS RASPBERRY, the other pitcher usually would be throwing the ball over the backstop, the catcher mumbling, fielders bumping into each other, and the umpire keeping track of things on a blackboard. Many of these technics, I understand, became part of softball, but by that time, I bet you, they already were old-fashioned for the Stakman team.

One more talent should be mentioned because it often is the one that separates the champion from the others. To have many talents and to use them fully is not quite enough; a champion must have a driving force, supported by a reserve, that can always bring him and his team into the lead. In one close game, for instance, Eric and two others had just hit home runs when a fellow named Rodenhiser came to bat. He was a tricky batter but not a long one. It was a surprize when he hit a triple, the first one in his life, and he was feeling mighty good as he stood on third base, where Eric was now coaching. He turned to his coach with a big grin and this is what he heard: "Rody, you need more batting practice, you just broke up a good rally." Well, what do you think happened? The next time at bat this slim fellow hit a home run over a big ice house. So you see, for that moment he was given that SPARK AND RESERVE FORCE

that Dr. Stakman must be able to call upon whenever he needs it.

I am sad to say that in America, as in Sweden and everywhere else there are always some who try to make the great men seem smaller. For instance, you sometimes hear that Gustavus Adolphus had close Norwegian friends, Franklin Roosevelt always sang "Home on the Range" but never mentioned that it had a mortgage on it, and Ike Eisenhower's two best golf shots are his practice drive and 4th putt. In Eric Stakman's case, I have heard it said that this pitcher I was telling you about often threw the ball easy for the third strike. This was supposed to make the catcher, a fellow named Christensen, so mad that he would throw down his glove, stamp his feet and even throw the ball at the pitcher when he wasn't looking. I can tell you this isn't true, because my information came from the pitcher himself. Anyway, this fellow Christensen, who I must admit is said to be a tremendous catcher, was a DANE -- so you can draw your own conclusions.

Blank Space  
reserved for  
Missing Link - -  
Shah Vel's  
account of

Life History of Elvinia stakmani  
But

Emcee Frankly Green called for  
New Student Impressions from  
El May Ham  
(Sweet Girl Grad Student)

People ask why I came to Minnesota to do graduate work when all my family thought Ohio State, right near home, was the logical place to go. Persuading them that Minnesota was the best place to study plant pathology has taken time and explains why my graduate study was so LONG DELAYED! I had heard so much, from so many different sources, that your Dr. Stakman was so stimulating a teacher and so very broadly informed-- he would teach anywhere at any time of day or night, on any subject-- that it appeared impossible for students not to absorb, even with eyes half closed and ears only half open. I was SURE that I would not be able to put my heart into my work if I went to Ohio.

There are echoes of his teaching from way back in his student days! A man who lived next door to us in Ohio had previously run a boarding house for students in St. Paul. After reading so much about Dr. Stakman in the newspapers recently, this man recalled the day their hired girl had come to his wife in the kitchen, EYES ALL BIG, and told her that the new student boarder, Elvin Stakman, had been talking to her about her religion and RAISING QUESTIONS WHICH SHE COULD NOT ANSWER. The girl asked, "Is he a priest?"

LATE ONE NIGHT there was a fire on the campus -- this I heard from my Aunt Phyllis, whose second husband was godfather to a baby born to one of the former plant path secretaries-- and because of the fire they were looking for the night watchman. By checking his stations, they finally trailed him to the plant path building, where they found him in the head office with Dr. Stakman, who was giving him GERMAN LESSONS!

Another important point in favor of Minnesota WAS the fact that your Professor Stakman is more open-minded than most about women in science. I remembered that my Aunt Mary Anne Swaebly took graduate work at Minnesota and asked her why she chose this Department. She said they studied RELATIONSHIPS here. That reminded me that I had met one of the former laboratory helpers, who said that Dr. Stakman had been quite successful in finding husbands for most of the women graduate students and even some of the secretaries. At many places they think it is a WASTE OF TIME to train women in scientific work because they often do get married and do not use their training....He also was always in favor of his men graduate students getting married AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE!

My brother Alonzo was in Japan during the occupation, acting as aid to General MacArthur at the time a group of scientists from this country were there -- including, as you may guess, your Dr. Stakman. After lunch, at which MacArthur was host, he and Dr.

Stakman talked on and on, so deep in their discussion that they were oblivious of anything and anybody. My brother wondered what they were discussing until he was asked to bring to them a reference book on the Napoleonic wars. From the way the argument developed, it was my brother's private opinion that the General might not now be FADING AWAY if he had taken the advice of the Professor. ....As the group was leaving, my brother said, he heard the General tell Dr. Stakman not to forget to send him the book he promised on Jesse James and the Younger Brothers....Here definitely was ONE member of my family who favored my coming to Minnesota!

And what this amazing scientist can do with words is just out of this world. On a train out of Dublin, a geologist from New Zealand encountered Dr. Stakman--he remembered meeting him at the Pan Pacific Science Congress in Australia--this fellow is my botany adviser's brother-in-law--and they got to talking about names. The geologist said he had always disliked his name; it was Harry Ziegenbeinopolis. Thereupon your Professor proceeded to tell him that the name indicated he was of Portuguese stock but that probably his family had lived in a city (from the opolis) on a peninsula in the interior of China shaped like a leg (from the bein) of a goat (from the Ziegen). Sure enough, this was all true, and thereafter the geologist said he felt better about his name and loved to tell people about the town his family came from, on a peninsula shaped like a hairy goat's leg....It really is amazing what your Professor can do with words, as you know: give him Lebensraum to start with and he will end up with claustrophobia.

The deciding vote in favor of my coming to Minnesota, however, was cast by my uncle St. John, who had what he considered a big farm in Rhode Island until he read in CORONET MAGAZINE this May about the 35,000 acres which Dr. Stakman operated in Minnesota. Any man, said he, who can manage 35,000 acres must really be something!

#### OLD TIMER

JOSE VALLEGA

From down Argentine way  
was rather brief

in what he had to say:

On behalf of all the South American students, Dr. Stakman, I shake your hand.

A BIG BRAZO for  
VALLEGA AND STAKMAN  
followed this speech  
and added the dramatic  
touch to Seminar.

Along came a big fat cigar and behind it was Mike Boosalis, straight from Nebraska prairies, ready to step up to the mike and to expound on numerous and sundry QUESTIONABLES thus:

I felt honored when asked to say a few words to this distinguished group of Old Timers for my teacher and my friend Dr. Stakman. When I was first asked to make this talk I was greatly surprised and also somewhat puzzled as to the reason the committee had selected a person such as "little old me." After a period of astute reasoning on my part, however, I realized that the reason for this selection is that Doc and I have so much in common: We are both plant pathologists; we are both paid-up members of Phytopath--at least I hope you are, Doc; we both enjoy smoking a good cigar; and although Doc may not admit this, morphologically speaking we are both built closely to the ground; and above all both believe in the CONCEPT OF PHYSIOLOGIC RACES.

With your patient indulgence I would like to take a few minutes to relate some anecdotes concerning the lighter side of Doc that my fellow students and I noted during our graduate days at Minnesota from 1945 to 1951. Gad, just think of it--six years as a graduate student at Minnesota!

This era of 1945 to 1951 I loosely refer to as the "DECLINE OF THE SOFT-BALL EMPIRE". The real old timers among us this evening recall that the king of sports in the department of plant pathology from about 1918 to about 1945 was soft ball under the able tutelage of Dr. E. C. "500 plus, minus batting

average " Stakman. With the return of the hardened soldier boys following World War II, this old man's sport of soft ball was overthrown and replaced by such rugged athletic events as golf, picnic outings, reading, bowling and fishing. These new endurance sports did not replace soft ball, however, without a bitter struggle from the old guard--Stakman, Christensen, et al. The old timers continually cast disparaging remarks concerning all of the newer sports and were constantly undermining the efforts of the new guard to replace softball.

For example, one means by which the OLD GUARD attempted to overthrow the new regime was to ask the participating athletes of golf to give the scientific name of all species of grasses grown on golf courses and to list in alphabetical order the parasites attacking these grasses. Because such diseases were not listed in Doc's paper "Plant Diseases are Shifty Enemies," the golfing athletes could not answer; wherefore they were severely castigated and informed that they had no business participating in these new sports they knew little or nothing about. The new era of sports was not to be overthrown so easily, however, for its proponents studied intensely and soon learned all about all of the present and potential shifty enemies of golf, fishing, bowling, etc. Ever since this the new era of sports has been allowed to rule without further comments from the old guard.

During these years, also, one of the first questions that Doc would ask all new graduate students aspiring to become great plant pathologists was, "For heaven sakes, WHY DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A PLANT PATHOLOGIST?" I well remember that such a question took me by surprise and looking Doc straight in the eye -- for I have already alluded to the fact that Doc and I are about the same height, I answered "Sir, I want to go into the field of plant pathology because of the short hours and the good pay." To my consternation Doc did not like this answer and was about to admonish me for such an attitude. But after explaining to him that I came from a tired, old

restaurant family which had to work 16 HOURS A DAY with little or no pay, Doc apologized to me -- well he did not exactly apologize but said something about "sticking to the premise". I believe it was after our little talk that Doc mended his ways and started to put in 18 hours of work each day instead of his customary 17½.

As all of you know, during coffee hours at Minnesota Doc would frequently lead the discussions involving a multiple of subjects of great, little, or no importance. I'll never forget the first time I heard Doc expounding at one of these coffee hours. I distinctly remember that the topic being discussed concerned the attributes of the Republican and Democratic Parties. This was indeed a red letter day, a most thrilling moment for me and one that I will never forget as long as I live. It was at this time that I was made aware of the fact that there WAS a political party besides the Democratic party. But what was even more amazing was the fact that the Republican party had admirable and desirable attributes and even had strong hopes of someday coming into power. I can remember secretly laughing at the time at such a possibility. But, as you all know, ANOTHER OF DOC'S PREDICTIONS has come to pass.

As a new graduate student I was briefed by the older and wiser grads that one of the toughest subjects in plant path was SEMINAR. I was informed that one had to be alert in this class at all times and had to be prepared to answer without hesitation questions pertaining to all subjects of great, little, or no importance. As I remember it, I was on the verge of throwing in the towel after the first seminar, for the questions asked by Doc and his staff had lived up to all the rumors. One of the first lessons that we learned in answering Doc's questions was that one had to refrain from giving DOGMATIC ANSWERS, further that one would do well to ask for clarification of the question before answering. In this connection I recall the time Doc asked a student how many bacteria there are in one ml. of milk. The student did not want to answer

the question because he did not know the exact number -- as you know, ladies and gentlemen, this type of answer was always considered an excellent means of avoiding questions of this type. But as was usually the case, this particular student did not beg off so easily, for Doc continued: "Well, o. k. for heaven sakes, take a guess as to the number of bacteria there are in one ml. of milk -- are there 2, 4, 10, 20, 36, 46 or 85 million? Come on say something!" After 20 minutes of spasmodic guessing the student was nonchalantly informed that he was way off in his guesses, for the question did not specify whether the milk was sterile or unsterile. After much hair pulling and wild gyrations the student finally admitted defeat; and, in addition, ladies and gentlemen, he gave up milk. But all was not in vain, for this student learned a great lesson from all this. During his prelims, when a committee member asked him how rust overwinters, the student casually lighted a cigar, leaned back, expelled several rings of smoke and retorted: "Sir, are you referring to stem rust of wheat or to rust on metals, and if you are referring to stem rust of wheat, which of the 230<sup>+</sup> physiologic races or as many races as you want to look for would you like to have me discuss?"

It is an obvious platitude (you don't mind if I borrow this phrase do you, Doc?) it is an obvious platitude that Doc is a great champion and advocate of PIPE SMOKING. He had made it perfectly clear that a scientist, especially plant pathologists, should not smoke cigarettes because the smoke given off by this method of smoking interferes with the worker's eyes whenever he attempts microscopic work. This is of course no problem for the pipe smoker because he can't get close enough to the microscope with a pipe sticking out of his face; consequently he dispenses with all microscopic work. While at Minnesota I noted that many of the cigarette smoking graduate students were converted by Doc to smoking

a pipe. In addition to the claim made by Doc that smoking a pipe is more healthful, pipe smoking had another advantage for the graduate students. After my first 4 years at Minnesota I observed that the students who smoked pipes were not asked as many questions in Doc's classes as the non-smokers, the cigarette or cigar smokers. The reason for this became obvious after careful scrutiny. For everytime a pipe smoker anticipated that Doc was about to ask a question he would immediately become involved in the ritualistic process of lighting his or her pipe. I swear, ladies and gentlemen, that many of these students took as long as two hours TO GET THEIR PIPES LIT. In the meantime, of course, Doc would never be so discourteous or indiscreet as to ask a question when one was in the process of lighting a pipe. Recently many of the old timers have stated that all this was at times a distinct disadvantage. You would be amazed at the number of pipe smokers who, having retained this habit after graduating, GO THROUGH LIFE without answering a single, solitary question.

I know that all of you, and particularly Dr. Stakman, realize these tales were told in jest and that they were exaggerated beyond recognition in some instances. It all just proves that along with our hard work we plant pathologists like a little fun -- or, as Doc has so frequently stated, "When you work, work hard; and when you play, play hard."

In a serious vein now, on behalf of all the old timers, I wish to congratulate Dr. Stakman on the immeasurable success he has attained as an inspiring teacher, an indefatigable scientist, as a wise and diplomatic administrator, as a faithful civil servant, and as a helpful friend. We wish you, Dr. Stakman, continued success and happiness in whatever the future holds. You have been and will continue to be an inspiration to all of us. We are indeed, sir, HONORED TO HAVE KNOWN YOU.

From the top of the Western Hemisphere  
and from the long-gone days in Ye  
Old Tottering Tower came the  
inimitable Dixon Lloyd Bailey with  
words for some of the thoughts in  
the minds of all of us:

May I first of all offer a word of consolation and of hope to the "New-timers" in our midst, who must be feeling neglected if not discouraged. Perhaps you will never be able to stage a SEMINAR such as we have experienced tonight but, I promise you, if you will just sit back and relax, unfortunately you will, almost without knowing it, one day find you have achieved the comfortable complacent status, commonly designated as "the Old-timer". To those younger Minnesotans who have appeared on our current scientific programmes I would offer my sincere tribute; they have been eager, purposeful, keen and imaginative and I have been proud of every one of them.

But, about this seminar episode, in spite of its hilarity, I seem to have detected a minor overtone, not at all related to our efforts at community singing. I think it was because the seminar was reminiscent of some that occurred when Stake was not there and that brought us under the cloud of realization that all the seminars henceforth are going to be like that-- Stake is not going to be there. While I have no doubt they will still be excellent, they can never be the same as they were when Stake was there. Talk to any Minnesota graduate you like about his Minnesota experience and without exception you get the same assessment - highlighting much that was excellent, IT WAS THE CONTACT WITH STAKMAN THAT WAS UNIQUE. First and foremost, of course, was his utterly unique mental endowment that spawned basic period-making contributions to phytopathology and brought such magnificent returns to his own and every other cereal growing country in the world. To none more so than to Canada. Some 25 years ago when Canadians were being desperately hard-pressed by stem rust, Stakman did much to convince them that the case was not hopeless, advised them as to what could and should be done, and when, in no small measure because of his influence, the Winnipeg rust research laboratory was established, it was staffed initially so exclusively with Minnesota-trained pathologists and geneticists that it was dubbed for many years "Little Minnesota". Moreover, during the years that have intervened since then, he has returned to us a succession of trained Canadian cereal pathologists in whose hands our cereal disease investigations have to a large extent rested. While we modestly admit we sent him good men, we gladly proclaim that he sent them back to us far better men, not merely well trained, but inspired with scientific ideals and ideals of service that made them productive scientists and leaders in the field of cereal pathology.

Associated happily and unusually with his mental prowess Stakman had a marvellous facility of expression which made it easy for him to convey his second-mile vision to men of lesser minds, without it losing its power to inspire them too. His experience also has been unique and he is very much a part of all that he has met. Yet, here again he has a singular gift for letting the inexperienced see a problem through the arch of that experience, as though it were his own. To do so was a stimulating experience; it helped you grow. Finally, he remains the only really brilliant man I have known who is genuinely interested in average men. How plodding and slow even his brighter students must often have seemed to him and yet how

gladly he suffered all of us! He gave us generously of his time; he became interested in us as individuals; we came to know the intellectual giant as a man who did not even bother to hide his feet of clay; and through the years we have thought of him first of all as a friend.

That then is the Stakman I salute tonight - a real intellectual giant who has done more than any other individual to make phytopathology as scientific as it is today; who has made effective and inspired contributions beyond that field in biology, agriculture and education; who has contributed a real spark of his inspiration to more students than even he will ever realize; and who has nevertheless not lost the common touch but demonstrated a capacity for friendship that ignores everything but the individual. Now he changes his emphasis and leaves us more than a little desolate, aware for the first time just how much we have depended on him and how much we are going to miss him in his accustomed place. However, if, as I pray, the years will just keep on being kind to him, I know that decades hence we will recognize this less as a closing of one chapter than as the opening of a new one, with still finer more broadly sweeping contributions yet to come.

Keep one eye cocked for the future

Is good Yankee philosophy; so HERMAN

(Alonzo Rodenhiser) a revealer of

EXTRAORDINARY? CONFIDENTIAL? TOP SECRET

had these words to say:

DR. STAKMAN--

This banquet is one more in the chain of many held in your honor during the past several months. It is true that it has been more or less informal, but certainly there is no lack of sincerity on the part of the "Old Timers" and friends here tonight in expressing to you their appreciation for all you have done for them as a friend and teacher over these many years. On a number of these occasions you have received various tokens of appreciation for your many contributions to plant pathology and science, and world agriculture in general. There have been others similarly honored and for some there have been established prizes and awards in their names, such as the Jacob Erickson prize for outstanding rust research and the Emil Christian Hansen medal and prize. It has been the wish of your students, "Old Timers", and friends in science and industry that a similar suitable memorial be set up in your name.

It is our pleasure to announce tonight that this group has contributed funds which will make possible the establishment of the

#### "ELVIN CHARLES STAKMAN MEDAL"

and monetary award, to be presented annually to the scientist making the most outstanding contribution in research in the field of cereal diseases.<sup>1/</sup> The details of administration have not been completed, except that the headquarters for the award and fund will remain at the University of Minnesota, and that a nationally known committee of five, which will include yourself and the Head of the Department of Plant Pathology and Botany at Minnesota, will be responsible for the administration of the fund.

For those who receive this award in future years it is our hope it will be an inspiration to be of service to all mankind as you have been.

<sup>1/</sup>Actually, the field has not been definitely delimited; it may be narrowed or broadened, depending on the judgment of the award committee.

We think the  
BIG CHIEF STAKMAN was  
getting twenty winks  
about this time, but  
wakened enough to ask  
and demand the OPEN SPOT on the program,  
which was definitely, irrevocably limited  
to 10 minutes unless  
there was a vote of  
confidence. He got it.

Premier Greaney, Old Timers, future Old Timers, and all those who have or will associate, familiarly or otherwise, with Old Timers!

There is within me a sense of unreality and a feeling of disorientation. I enjoyed thoroughly the clever and fine things that have been said and the eloquence with which they were said; it has been A GOOD SEMINAR, and I enjoyed it as I enjoy all good seminars. But until someone whispered "Get up and say something, YOU; they've been talking about you," I didn't quite realize that it was really me about whom you were talking. I enjoyed your cleverness and wit, and I appreciate the kind, generous, and charitable things that you said. I hope some of them are true; I wish they all were.

Allusions have been made to my athletic record, my attitude toward matrimony, and my ignorance of labor legislation. THE RECORD IS ENTITLED TO THE TRUTH.

My best batting average in soft ball was 623; plus or minus a little; and it was never lower than 360. For three consecutive years I never struck out, either in games or in practice. And I didn't have much practice because the coach always said, "Let someone else bat; you don't need the practice." What are they laughing at, Mr. Premier? They want corroborating evidence? All right, did you ever strike me out, Flor; did you, Lindgren; did you, Rodenhiser? There you are: Harold says "nope"; Ralph says, "I never did"; and Rody says, "No, but I didn't have to, because you never hit the ball out of the infield." All right, Rody, I didn't have to hit the ball out of the infield. The way you fielded your position I could always get to second base on an infield tap. Well, now, maybe that isn't strictly true, but if you had been a slower fielder than you were, it could have been true. Anyhow these three honorable men testify that they never struck me out. And just think about what great pitchers they were! What are they laughing about now, Mr. Premier; I didn't say anything about my fielding! May I extend my remarks in the record?

"Well, we'll have to CONSIDER that;  
maybe, if they are TRUE and not TOO LONG."

OF COURSE they will be true, and just why this "too long" business? What are they laughing at, Greaney--I mean Mr. Premier?

For the record, and not to boast, here is the PREMISE. It is the last half of the 9th inning in a championship game. We are ahead by one run and our enemies have the bases loaded with one out. Bill Broadfoot, a converted outfielder, is pitching, and I, a converted batter, am playing right short. Bill says to me, "Now play this ball right." He pitches, the batter hits a long, high foul to the bank to the right of and way beyond 1st base. I run, at an angle of 30°, with 2nd base as the apex of the triangle. I climb the bank, with my back to the ball, I describe a helicoid spiral, stick out my hands in supplication, and there the ball sticks in the fielder's mitt that



we didn't wear in those days. Every runner could have scored after this spectacular catch because I was so surprised that I couldn't have thrown the ball if the runners had run, but the runners were so surprised that they couldn't run, so I modestly returned to my position, kissed the ball and tossed it to outfielder-pitcher Bill. Two out, bases full, and we are still one run ahead. Pitcher Bill pitches, side arm, but the situation is so tense that nobody but me notices it. The batter swings and hits the ball 55 feet high back of the pitcher's mound. It's Bill's ball, but he folds his arms, looks straight at me and says, "You take it; you did pretty well on that last one; you've got plenty of time; this ball won't get back to earth for, well, let's see, I'd say about 2 seconds. That ball never did reach earth; I cradled it to my bosom until the umpire raised both hands and yelled, "BATTERZOUT, GAMEZOVER!" We win, 14 to 13, Sounds like a football score, but in those days softball and football sometimes got sort of mixed up. Maybe I'm a little mixed up too; maybe both of those plays were not in the same game, but it is only by piecing together all pieces of information that we get the whole truth.

Somebody intimated something about UMPIRE BAITING. I never did! All I ever tried to do was to help the umpire improve his powers of perception and decision--in the right direction. The teaching habit, and respect for principles--that's all!

Anyhow, we had some great softball teams. It was fun to play for fun and it was fun to play every play and every game to the limit. It took a better team to beat you Old Timers, and sometimes you beat better teams. You were never outfought. And maybe there is some virtue in the "good old college trye", whether in athletics or in science, or in any other worthwhile activity.

It has been intimated that I MALIGNED MATRIMONY, but I never did. The institution is well established and should not be abolished; it even has its TUES. But when and with whom to enter into the institution is a serious question, especially for scientists and other creative intellectuals. It can be a make or break contract. Had my advice ever been asked, I would have said, "Just be sure you are not in the emotional state where every goose looks like a swan and every lass like a queen, to paraphrase a couplet from 'When all the world was young lad and all the grass was green.' " The danger is not in the greenness of the grass but of the prospective contracting parties. I would have said, "Don't jump too fast and too far from one love to another; you said you loved Minerva and now you want to love Venus too! just don't let them pull each other's hair!"

But my advice regarding either marriages or mirages was never asked. Sure some of you asked me whether you could see me LATE AT NIGHT when no one else was around and when you thought my resistance was low. But, with varying degrees of diplomatic circumlocution, you always betrayed your intent to get married, even when you tried to hide your intent in a question. Anyhow I learned a lot from you about the indirect approach, and it was fun watching you maneuver. You didn't fool me and I guess I didn't fool you. I appreciated your courtesy in telling me, and it was interesting getting a vicarious preview of some of you wives who are here tonight. Sometime I'll tell you what a wonderful plea some of the boys made for you. Some of you certainly were determined to land your man, as I heard it. Even 2 mas and pas pressured some of these boys so hard that the boys couldn't bear to disappoint them. What filial devotion is represented here tonight! Although my advice was never really asked, I gave the stereotyped summary: "Just be sure that you and she and her ma and pa and your ma and pa are all sure that this affair was arranged in heaven." And the stereotyped answer was "Yes,

indeed (occasionally "yes, sir"). They all know it." Then sometimes followed a list of brothers, sister, cousins, and a varied assortment of "in laws" who knew it too! Evidently nothing was left to chance; it was all like an experiment so well planned that the desired result was known beforehand.

But look at the RESULT: could anyone beat this group of wives? Better not; wife beating is bad. Despite that fact that some of you boys caused concern by butterflying around, you chose well when you chose for KEEPS. And this I have often said when you were not around.

Labor laws to limit hours of work and age of workers? If any of you wives were ever told that it was my fault seminars lasted so long and that it was officially necessary to work in the laboratory late at night, lets get the record straight. Attendance at seminars never was obligatory, only strongly ADVISABLE. All of the staff tried to make them short, but what could we do when your husbands asked us a lot of questions that took a long time to answer? And, as concerns late night work, it was always my contention that a person could accomplish more by working from 4 to 8 in the morning than from 8 to 12 at night. Really though, research is not a perfunctory operation. To accomplish much requires much time and effort. Research is for the ZEALOUS, not the apathetic. And many people here tonight, men and women, deserve credit for having fostered the spirit of zealous research in the Old Tottering Tower and in "Phytobrickhouse erectus."

Well, you don't want me to talk all night. This is one time when I should keep still. But I want to make a confession; you surprised me. For at least once I had no inkling of your intentions, so my remarks are too long because they are not precogitated. But several sentiments I do really want to convey.

No one could listen to what you have said about me without amusement, pride, and humility. Whether or not you really meant all of the kind things I appreciate your saying them. They put wine into my head and a funny feeling into my chest. The Department of Plant Pathology and Agricultural Botany of the University of Minnesota is a great institution, but no man made it great. It is a synthesis, a synergistic organism, It has unity in diversity. All of you, and the Old Timers not here, have helped make it what it is. And you are all different. You have different interests, different aptitudes, different skills, different abilities, and different personalities. You are individuals and some are individualists. I hope your individuality has been and always will be respected. Creative thinkers, resourceful investigators, and good teachers cannot be patterned in a standard mold. There are many kinds of things to be done in a Department like ours. And it is an obligation to try to find out what each individual can do best and then give him a chance to do it. Dean Freeman acted on that principle when he founded and guided the Department. And everyone on the Staff has tried to keep and carry out that policy. But the unity is attained through COMMON IDEALS: the highest possible ideals of sound, basic, and useful research; the ideal of doing the best possible teaching and learning; the ideal of serving humanity; the ideal of fairness and helpfulness to the Institution and to everyone in it.

But this is no valedictory. I no longer have certain responsibilities, but I certainly hope I still have certain privileges. At any rate I'll insist on them unless someone can insist harder than I can. And the greatest privilege will be to continue to learn with you and from you. But I'll tell you a secret. When the school bells start ringing next fall, I'll realize that I no longer have the obligation to go to class and try to help learners to learn. That will probably sometimes hurt a little. But it will be a grand experiment to find out how people in the Department act when they can tell me, "It's none of your business."

This is not retirement; it is a change of duties. I'll miss the duties that I have had, but I am happy that they have been transferred officially to the Great Dane, J. J. Christensen, because he and others on the Staff have already been discharging many of them for a long time. The Department is in GOOD hands.

No man could have had a greater privilege than that of working with all of you and the many who are not here. I learned more from you than you did from me. And I want you to know that I appreciate it in the deepest depths of my chest. Thank you for tonight and for the many nights and days through the many years. I love you all; God bless you.

Well! Well! Well!  
Flabbergasted! We  
had always thought  
Big Chief was so  
wide-awake! But,  
then came the Rebuttal!

Mr. Premier, may I speak again? I'm sorry, but I made no mention of the "Stakman Award" -- or whatever it was that Dr. Rodenhiser, of Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Minnesota, and Washington, D. C. said. I thought you were pulling my short leg; I thought you were fooling, until the lady beside me said, "You're ASLEEP, you didn't say anything about the AWARD!" Well, what could be expected? First, I'm a so-and-so and a stupid. I still thought you were spoofing until Helen Hart frowned -- as only the former Editor of Phytopath. can frown -- looked me sternly in the eye, and said "They meant it; it's true; SAY something!" All I can say is that I expected the award would be a kid's baseball bat, a large bucket to catch pop flies in, or an alarm clock to remind me that I once kept a class overtime. If, though, you are serious about associating my name with some sort of encouragement for productive scholarship, I am pleased beyond expression. Heaven knows that the world needs scholarship and the leadership that should go with it. I'm proud of you for wanting to encourage it, and my chest is pressing my ribs with swelling pride to think that you want to associate my name with anything connected with scholarship or research. Can I contribute, even if my name is attached? How could anyone HELP loving a bunch like you!

~~Editorial Committee~~

~~Louise Dosdall~~

J. J. Christensen

James E. DeVay

Laura M. Hamilton, chairman