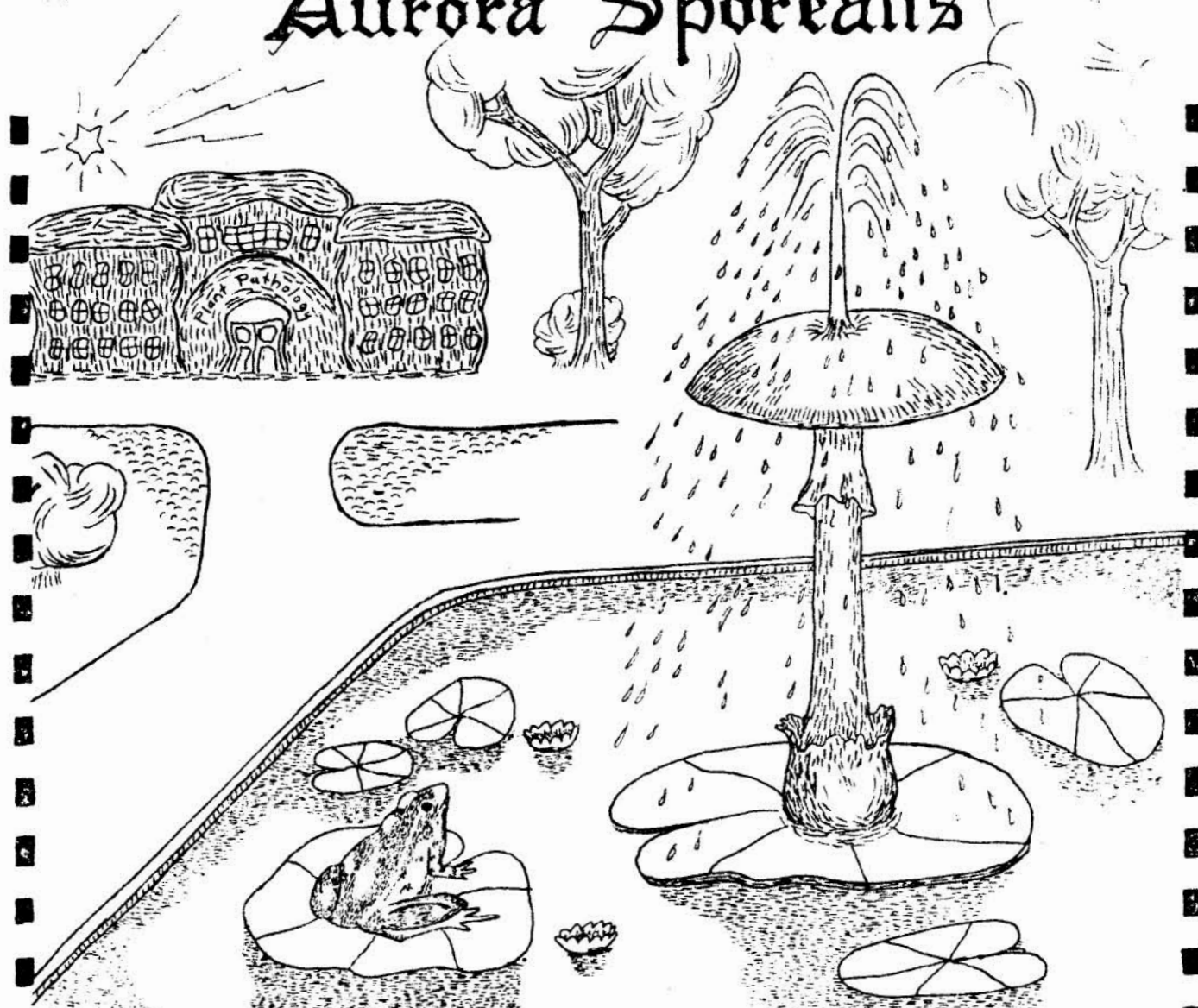


1903  
Aurora Sporealis



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 rundry,  
Let the spout squirt and never lose power.



Editor's Note

It was the intention of the editorial committee that this issue of Aurora should be produced by the Foreign Legion and that every member should contribute something to it. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, this has not proved possible, and we have had to manage without contributions from Cormack and Davies who both left the Department hurriedly and could not be expected to write articles.

An effort has been made to include all the other Legionnaires, but Wang begged to be excused, due to pressure of business, and his smile was so persuasive that the editor felt bound to consent to his request.

The Foreign Legion earnestly requests that, in the years to come, this issue of Aurora Sporealis be not held against it.

\*\*\*\*\*

T. T. Topics

Visitors

Fuat M. Halis, Agronomist from Ankara, Turkey, visited us this month. He has been studying at Wisconsin.

C. T. Wei, who spent last summer at University Farm, also came up from Wisconsin for a few days.

George Hafstad and Lee Hines, back from Liberia, have also dropped in and told us something of their experiences.

Arrivals

Milton M. Evans - arrived from Arizona where he worked with Brown on vegetable crops. Evans took his Masters Degree at Ames and he has published a paper on Sclerospora graminicola in association with George Harrar. He intends to work on wheat diseases here.

E. K. Vaughan - has returned to University Farm after an absence of two years, during which he worked on Soil Conservation projects in the South. He tells us that Phymatotrichum root rot has destroyed many thousands of forest trees in the nurseries. He intends to don the mantle cast off by Clyde Allison and will work on barley smuts.

Dr. Johanna Becker, of the University of Halle, Germany, came to Minnesota early in May on an exchange arrangement. But we are still trying to find somebody who would be suitable exchange material. Miss Becker is known through her researches on rusts. She graduated from a girls' school, from a boys' school, took home economics, got a Ph.D. in Agriculture, helped run a farm, and holds a research position at the University of Halle. During her sojourn at Minnesota, Miss Becker will make investigations of the nature of resistance of potatoes to scab, will attend seminars, get as many ideas as she can regarding Americans and American institutions, and attempt to find enough amusement to fill in her spare time. The Tottering Tower and the foreign and domestic contingents welcome Miss Becker!

### Departures

Clyde Allison has left us to take up a position in Alabama, where he will be studying diseases of tobacco. His farewell tea included a long speech by J. J. (Big Hyena) Christensen upon human pathological diagnosis which amounted to a sermon on the theme "I told you so". Allison bore it with becoming fortitude. We shall miss Allison's pithy remarks in the lab, but we wish him every success in his new surroundings.

I. C. Mason has gone back to Maine, but we hope to see him here again in the fall. He departed, after much cogitation, when the floods were at their height, but he arrived home safely.

Bill and Mrs. Cormack left for Edmonton the same night. Chris, Matt Moore, and some of the gang spent a busy evening seeing the various people off but all were eventually dispatched safely.

Fred R. Davies has left us for the summer to take up work connected with fruit trees in Delaware. He had a hard time convincing the Consul that he was a fit and proper person to enter "God's own Country" but all is well now, and we look forward to welcoming him back to Minnesota next October.

### Scientific

Dean Freeman delivered a paper entitled "In Praise of Parasitism" at the Minnesota Academy of Science meeting, held at Northfield this month. Syed also spoke at the same meeting on "Observations and experiments on diseases of plants in Hyderabad State, India".

### Here and There

Shumway will be engaged in nursery inspection work during the summer.

The super optimist - James Walter trying to grow sweet corn in England! Matt Moore has sent him some "Pickaninny" corn upon which the ears are so low that the gophers stand on their hind legs and eat the kernels. Incidentally, this is the most smut-susceptible variety known to mankind.

No marriages to report this quarter! What's wrong with everybody?

Miss Hart, though still editing as strongly as ever, now spends much of her time measuring light intensities. She has an efficient helper in the person of Mrs. Leister.

Sarmiento is back in the department, and his smile rivals that of Syed.

Doc Leach is now busy with his new duties as College Administrator for the W.P.A. On the strength of this appointment he now has a secretary in the person of Miss Velandar. Since her advent the top floor coffee party has grown considerably.

Spring is in the air in the office, and the place hums with four typewriters. Misses Hamilton, McLeod, and Pearson have now been joined by Miss Jensen.

Syed passed his prelim this month and hopes to have his doctor's thesis well on the way by next Christmas.

Ling is still busily engaged in investigating the private life of Urocystis occulta.

Mason gave us a cinematograph talk on the beauties of Maine which was most appreciated. Syed, also, delivered a lantern lecture which went down well until the operator of the lantern discovered that the camels he showed us came from Egypt. The lecturer denied any intention to deceive, so the company forgave him.

### Skating Parties

The skating gang enjoyed two excellent parties in March. At the first Miss McLeod entertained a very disreputable looking bunch after an evening spent at the Arena in Minneapolis. After admiring the feats of Messrs. Moore and Decker on the ice, we made short work of a goodly pile of "wieners" accumulated by our hostess.

A few days later Miss Hart and Miss Dorothy Harmala entertained more or less the same gang to dinner, after which the party adjourned to the Minneapolis Skating Carnival. As far as we have been able to ascertain, nobody disgraced himself, and everybody spent a most enjoyable evening.

### STOP PRESS!

Letter from Freddie Davies! - He tells us he has arrived in Delaware after a good journey in the course of which he visited Madison, Warsaw, and Pittsburgh. The car behaved itself, probably because Freddie was not going to a hockey match, and everything apparently went well. We look forward to further communications.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Sports Section

Departmental Basketball Shooting. - Another King loses his crown!

Returning from a Spring vacation in North Dakota and feeling secure in the old Minnesota hunting grounds, Champ (for a fortnight) King met some stiff opposition. Downie won from Eagle and held the title for two minutes: Chris beat Downie, and Eagle won from both Chris and Downie, placing him in the final, which he won from King in a close game.

### Kittenball

According to the spectators who were privileged to witness the preliminary workout of would-be kittenballers, the exhibition was considered very c(g)lassical.

The club held its annual meeting at the close of the Seminar on April 23rd. The following officers were elected:

Captain, - Clyde Christensen                      Business Manager, - Earle Hanson  
Honorary Cheer Leader - Miss Louise Dodsall  
Honorary Pitcher (without ball) - V. Syed

The meeting terminated in uproar with J. J. C. endeavoring to drive Western off the plate by means of more or less well directed navel oranges. The proceedings ceased when somebody noticed the lifted eyebrow of Marshall Ward and Dickinson, from his perch on the west wall, was heard to mention something about shaking his isolater.

In the first game, in spite of the absence of the Chief, Plant Path. emerged victorious over the "All Stars" (origin uncertain) by 28-4.



## OLD TIMERS' COLYUM

Well, Old Timers, Mother Earth finally has begun to burgeon under the smiling skies, the glowing sun, and the caressing zephyrs. But she was certainly slow in being aroused from her lethargy. The torpidity of nature and others sometimes is almost unbelievable. The result, late planting, late cols. and whatever may result from that.

## THE LAST ROUND-UP

The heading does not imply that there never again will be a round-up. It is to be hoped that nobody is contemplating his only trip to the skies; "last" only = most recent. Ye Ed, on a recent trip met several of the Old Timers. In New York Leon Tyler and Paul Peterson made a report on their latest activities, including some past ones which Ye Ed had not known about and some which may materialize in the future. After spending the winter teaching at Cornell, Tyler is back at the Boyce Thompson, investigating the Dutch Elm Disease for Cornell, with Dr. Parker of Cornell.

Dr. PAUL PETERSON, "Pete" himself, told us all about sulphur. There is more in sulphur than we had supposed, especially when combined with brimstone. At any rate, we are prepared. Mrs. Pete and the eldest daughter, now a young lady, accompanied Pete part of the time.

In Washington there were several isolated encounters and a big round-up. The following Old Timers graced Washington partly with their presence, according to visual evidence to that effect: Phil Brierley, Lawrence Schaal, Howard Johnson, Ralph Lindgren, Ebi Lambert, H. Alonzo Rodenhiser, John A. Stevenson, Henry Barker. BRIERLEY is at Beltsville, Md., engaged in beautifying ornamentals. SCHAAL will work on potato diseases with Dr. Schultz of the U.S.D.A. in Maine. Howard JOHNSON is still foraging for diseases and their cures among the forage crops. RALPH LINDGREN is doing this and that and some more in Forest Pathology. Ebi LAMBERT is still looking innocent and capturing many ideas from the ambient blue. Henry BARKER is driving a Packard and helping build up an organization for cotton disease investigations in the U.S.D.A. STEVENSON is still bringing order out of chaos in the fungi, and Cal Coolidge RODENHISER was preparing for a trip to Mexico City and beyond, to collect smuts.

Donald G. Fletcher, he of senatorial proportions and proclivities, accompanied Ye Ed on the trip. One of the features was a Red Dog session at Ebies. Scientific principles were displayed in playing the game. It often is said that he who can does and he who can not teaches. This was beautifully exemplified by the result of the game, as Teacher got properly trimmed.

## THE HARRARS AT BLACKSBURG

All three of them are flourishing under sunny southern skies. Dutch himself, Mrs. Harrar, and Cynthia Ann are blossoming like laurels in the woods. Cynthia Ann just celebrated her sixth, seventh, or eighth-month birthday and gurgled her regards to all the Old Timers. Dutch is teaching, researching, and helping coach the track team. He must be getting lonesome.

AFRICA SPEAKS

Africa has spoken orally thru Colonel Lee Hines and World-Traveller Hafstad, both of whom have returned to the U. S. A., at least temporarily. Detailed reports of their animadversions on Liberia probably will appear in another column. HAFSTAD discovered that the best way to see the world was to jump a train regardless of the direction in which it was going and travel until he thought he had seen enough.

Scriptural evidence that MACINDOE AND WISMER are still in the flesh and not only of the spirit came in a letter from MacIndoe in which he states, "This is the fourth month of my return to Labour." Mac and Wismer have become adept at climbing rubber trees and using whatever prehensile appendages they have for shifting position in order to accomplish pollination of rubber flowers. Which provokes the question, "How can a rubber flower be fertilized?" Mac and Wismer are living together in a new house, with a piano and a radio. Mac remarks that his health remains excellent and he finds that he can "take it."

\*\*\*\*\*

FORBES is the present correspondent for Louisiana State. He asks whether there is a place for him on the kittenball team, reports that Atkinson is doing well, Person reports that his thesis is about ready and will be submitted sometime during the summer, and apparently Louisiana has not yet been washed into the ocean by the Mississippi.

PEEWEE WALLACE has broken a long silence. Last fall he was transferred to Riverside, California, and gets his mail in box 752. Peewee already can rhapsodize about the beauties of California. They get the fever fast out there. In addition to writing lyrics about the Golden West, Peewee also makes some comments about curly top of sugar beets, which apparently has not yet been completely exterminated. California certainly must be a Garden of Eden, but the COLUMN bids the unwary beware. There have been reports of serpents with rattles on their tails.

IAN TERVET has become oculist. He is investigating the blind-eye disease of oats in Scotland. Furthermore, he reports that he just had a week's holiday, collecting specimens of rotted potatoes. He says he may manage a few games of golf. Do they play golf with rotten potatoes? Tervet sends his regards to all his friends, and even the alleged friends who insisted on making his farewell speech for him. Which reminds us: Harrar refused to give a lecture on fungi in public, but gave a brief summary in private.

\*\*\*\*\*

KISER HIGH SCHOOL  
Dayton, Ohio

To Ye Present Editor of Aurora -----

Noting that the issue of Aurora coming up has been labeled a production of the Canyon Bunch (I presume the Foreign Legion is yet holding forth there), wouldst permit me to contribute the following news -- rather personal and all that!

Sure, it's a boy! Rather a belated announcement, since he weighed in last December 22nd at Miami Valley Hospital here, at 7 lb. 11 oz., and a stretch of some 22 inches.

(cont'd on next page)

Present statistics --- some  $13\frac{1}{2}$  lb., and 26 in. when in full yawn position. Candid visitors remark in whisper that he looks a bit like his Dad, which makes the Dad quite proud, and about which the poor kid can't do very much now.

Some of you experienced Dads tell me just how soon he can be expected to ask for the car---- or does he have to learn to walk first!

Not much directly personal to report --- still striving with the young idea at K.H.S., with varied results, mostly poor! Have a Biology High School Workbook almost completed for publication, with some attractive offers thus far. Hope to be on the platform at Miami Univ. for Master's sheepskin this forthcoming June.

The wife sends her best wishes to the ladies' auxiliary of the T. T. inmates -- nee their wives.

Our very best regards to all who at the present moment are incarcerated in or about the old Tottering Tower; also to former inmates -- friends and acquaintances scattered hither and yon -- whom we met while there.

We 2 and Wee 1

\*\*\*\*\*

PAUL V. SIGGERS, who managed to survive a sojourn in the Forest Path. laboratory a year or so ago, is still at the Forest Experiment Station in Louisiana in New Orleans. He is registered in absentia for the spring quarter. Welcome back, Siggers, even in absentia.

ATKINSON reports that he had his trial by fire in classroom recently. A girl fainted dead away and fell at his feet. What made her faint?

From CHINA came news that DR. TU is head of the Agronomy Department and Dean in the National Northwestern College of Agriculture and Forestry, Wukung, Shensi. He is breeding smut-resistant millets and hopes to do considerable research. Good occupation for a Dean.

#### SAILING? Sailing, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN

Ebi Lambert caught a comet by the tail. Its a 16-foot sailboat with a jib and mmsl. Senator Fletcher, Ye Ed, and Ebi, the Skipper Himself, on a pleasant Sunday morning when there was a spanking breeze and the waves ran high, tacked against the wind, with the wind, and crosswise of the wind, rounded a buoy at such terrific speed that the water smoked, and brought the craft again safely home. Sailing a Comet is even more exciting than sailing schooners across the bar! But they should not be mixed.

E. C. S.  
(Switzerland ?)

Regular Seminar

Antibiosis still going strong!

Alan Gemmell, all coy and bashful, withheld his outlines until after he had delivered his paper. Bob Cassell wound up the series on antibiosis and was assisted to run the full time by the Chief who delivered a Stakmanian exhortation upon the need for papers to be turned in promptly. In reply to a leading question Mattson observed that his brain child was still in the egg.

Matt Moore kicked off on the subject of "Immunity" and with the assistance from the floor of the house managed to hold out for two full periods - much to the relief of his successors. (Tell it not in Gath - we believe his paper is still unwritten.) Various aspects of Immunity in plants will be discussed this quarter by Western, Decker, Mattson, Kernkamp, Leonard, Gibbs, and Schultze.

Literature Seminar

New Feature !!

Weekly preliminary round table conference on technique (American "technic") conducted by Mr. Gibbs! Discussions have embraced subjects ranging from fixation methods to the care and maintenance of sharp edged tools. Interest has been active though somewhat localised.

Dr. Stakman reviewed literature on the selenium poisoning of animals in South Dakota. Other papers have been reviewed by Wang on millet smut, J. J. C. on Diaporthe die-back of fruit trees, Doc Leach on the relation of crown gall to cancer, and Eide on everything in general.

On April 2, a late entrance by Western at 9 P. M. coinciding with the termination of the technique session evoked envious glances from certain of the assembled stalwarts.

Eide started off on fireblight this time. After we had disposed of him, Miss Dodsall reviewed five papers, including one dealing with the development of fungal fairy rings on the human face, which was greatly appreciated by the English representative. After the fifth paper the chairman remarked that we had apparently arrived at a point of diminishing returns, and he proposed coffee. The proposal was accepted with the usual reluctance.

\*\*\*\*\*

Through the assistance of W.P.A. the Department has been having some technical articles translated from the more difficult languages. The proof reader of these translations reports the following facts new to science:

1. "Both of the Chinese have lost some of their purity in these experiments."
2. "H44 is a brother selection of Hope."
3. "The relations of the parasite and the hostess plant are obscure."
4. "The dirt in the plot was - - -"

Dick, the dish washer, says that the scientist who does not clean up the prep room table after he has used it is a scientist in the worst sense of the word.

\*\*\*\*\*



Quotations - applied and misapplied

Gibbs

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.

Wordsworth

Eide

"And who can tell  
To what red Hell  
His sightless soul may stray."

Oscar Wilde.

Chris.

"There's something rotten in the State of  
Denmark."

Shakespeare

Lee Hines (and many others)

"A tale I could unfold"

Shakespeare

Stak.

"And still they gazed  
And still the wonder grew  
That one small head  
Could carry all he knew."

Goldsmith

Geminar

"We but teach bloody instructions, which, being  
taught return to plague the inventor."

Shakespeare

Last years Mycology class

"Strange to me now are the forms I meet."

Longfellow

Miss Hart

"Alone she cuts and binds the grain  
And sings a melancholy strain."

Wordsworth

Tottering Tower

"The goodliest fellowship of mortal knights whereof  
the world holds record."

Tennyson

The Better 'Ole

"Some corner of a foreign field that is  
forever England."

Brookes

Elaine Velander

"Buddy can you spare a dime?"

(Old Ballad)

Kernkamp

"He said she has a lovely face."

Tennyson

Miss Dodsall

"Kerchief'd head and chin, she darts between  
her tulips."

Meredith

"Christie"

"I thank the joyful juice for all I know."

Emerson

\*\*\*\*\*

An Ode to Duty

From India to America is just ten thousand miles.  
I never looked it up, of course, but got it in the files.  
I used to work with cotton worms, back in Hyderabad.  
Then plant diseases got our crops and made the farmers sad.  
To check these pesky pests I found, I had to know my stuff,  
And so I came to Minnesota where I could learn enuff.

I have had a jolly time with smuts -- here in Stakman's Lab.  
They keep me going all the time like Matthew B. Moore's Cab.  
Their little buds I love to pick and grow in many flasks,  
Though, so they say, I must slow down in this and other tasks.  
I guess the reason why is this -- the boys begrude my glass.  
So when I leave I'll send em some, five hundred in one mass.

When I Leave Minnesota

Now that I have passed my prelim I can reflect with a free conscience upon the blessings that have befallen me since I left India. I mean besides the snow and ice, which I feel are a blessing to no man. Beautiful snow - elephant feathers!! Me for the tropics and their continuous sunshine! Among my regrets upon leaving Minnesota will not be any parting with winter.

I will miss the helpful and friendly spirit of a truly great gang of scientists. Men, and women too, who work hard because they like it. Unselfish, congenial, witty - they go about their business with enthusiasm and purpose. One can't but be happy in such an environment. I will never forget the Big Chief's mid-night salons, Atkinson's competition for the micro-manipulator, Miss Dodsall's field trips, Western's sallies, Davies' car, Harrar's kidding, J. J. C's prize shot in the greenhouse, Eide's rush in the seminar room for a soft chair, etc. etc. etc.

India may be Home Sweet Home but it will be a sad day when I say good-bye to my American friends at the Tottering Tower.

Syed Vaheeduddin (alias Vaheeduddin Syed)  
(Hyderabad India)

Problems of an Exile  
(with apologies to Mr. Nevinson)

Who wants to go home - after having experienced the thrills of America, the temperatures which range to 33.7° F. 'below', the dainty morning slide to work on frozen pavements, the struggle through high piled drifts against wind driven snow, the frozen radiators, ears and hands, the skating, tobogganing, the cuties, and above all the wonderful hospitality of the inhabitants who say they are pleased to see us and really seem to mean it? Why should one leave - when at home 'tis summer, the bathers are becoming painfully sunburnt, and the athletic enthusiasts sweating on their way to work and after it on the tennis court or over their evening paper, where they never say they are pleased to meet you and very rarely are?

Who wants to go home - to forsake the joys and comforts of central heating, air conditioned theatres, "Burly Qs", the luxuriant bathroom in each 'transient' room of the skyscraping hotels (where one rarely 'eats'), or the express "elevators" which whisk you past unseen 'stories' at 700 or more feet per minute? Who would leave these to return to the open fires at home which roast your face while your back freezes, (to say nothing of the ashes to be cleaned up next morning), to the stuffy theatres, hot in summer and cold in winter where in 'enterprise' is restricted to strict censorship and puritanical public opinion, to the humble hotels where the guests "queue up" for the morning shave and go 'down to breakfast' in the 'lift'?

Who wants to go home - where they have seven meals a day and there is a menu one can understand, where 'spots' and 'cocktails' are not confused with 'shots' and 'jiggers' nor with shrimps or fruit juice, where 'drink' can be bought only at a 'Pub' and 'petrol' at a 'pump'? Why go home - when one can enjoy the mysteries of a meal 'a la carte', buy 'licker' (not to be confused with alcohol which is anti-freeze) at a 'store', 'tavern', 'inn', 'night club' or together with 'gas' at a 'filling station'?

Who wants to go home - and leave the convenience of the decimal currency for the ease of L.s.d., rupees, bawbees, sen, yen, and all the rest? Is there anyone with a soul so dead that they would not cast aside the "Roast beef of England", the Haggis of the highlands, or the rice and curries of Asia, to say nothing of the lamb of the 'Antipodes' in order to gorge themselves on a typical American fruit-vegetable-and-meat salad smothered in a dressing of cream?

Who wants to go home - where one's 'leisure' is 'lesure', one's 'auto' a 'car' which has 'gears' and a 'bonnet', a 'windscreen' and 'spanners', and must be driven according to the whims of the 'point policeman', where 'blocks' become 'streets' which are numbered consecutively, where front page newspaper articles are not continued in column 8 page 25, and 'I guess't'would be 'just too bad' to talk of 'penpoints', 'rutabagas', 'cookies', 'sophomores' or of 'getting into trouble' for you would be simply not understood.

J. G. G.  
(New Zealand)

Pertinent and Impertinent

Many and varied have been our experiences in the immediate past. We have seen people come and go, and despite a tear shed in the silent watches, despite the little sob that plucks the heart strings, we still carry on. We have heard Eide slandered; 'gross', 'dissolute', and 'blasé' have been the mildest adjectives used, and despite our firm conviction that one or all, or even more, may be quite justified, yet we feel that such a sudden access of truth to a mind such as his, struggling to see the light, can have nothing but an overwhelming and maybe demoralising effect.

We have witnessed translocations of members of our foreign coterie. The Empire, whose son never goes to rest, has acquired rooms on the new floor. Here at any time of the day one may witness the spectacle of Gibbs working, or Gemmell working, or even Western working, but the dream of seeing all three working at one and the same time is still a dream. Wang has deserted his Foreign Legion room and is now accommodated in another of the new offices, where he is laying bare the innermost thoughts of chromosomes, based very largely on a Freudian concept.

We are now almost assured that Spring is on the way. Has not the Big Chief had a cold and been snivelling for the last few days? We therefore conclude that with his own typical contradictory capacity, he feels that he can not be 'enrheumed' at the normal cold-getting season, and must await a new one such as spring and so has been and done it. From where we sit, we can hear birds singing, we can see gophers (human and otherwise) engaged in their usual Spring past-times, and look!, a couple have appeared on the brow of the Home Ec. Hill and are sauntering down hand in hand. (Of course I'm talking of humans now.)

We have witnessed the birth of a new word. Such a thing happens all too rarely but we feel this is too good a chance to miss. - By Franklin Delano Roosevelt out of J. H. Western - a word, Woopa (For short W.P.A.). All are doing well, but some anxiety is felt for the Sire, owing to complications having set in.

Syed has been and done it again. With all our good wishes he sat and passed the doctor's prelim, and it was only hard work on the part of our Editor which restrained me from christening this paragraph 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back'. Despite the lateness of the occasion we again add our official congratulations in a more permanent form, and trust that this, his Alma Mater, will be remembered even in Hyderabad. (If he had only lived in Burma I would not have had to look that one up.)

This seems to be the season of change. We congratulate our Canadian brother, Davies, on securing a post at Delaware, and assure him that we shall miss his nonchalant expression 'You're crazy as hell', as well as the other lesser misses. However, we are not left with a vacant chair, for has not Miss Becker come to us from Germany, and here again I can let myself go and wish her a very cordial welcome. Miss Becker is here to work on Actinomyces scabies. Now, I don't know a great deal about such things, but from my little storehouse of facts, without which one can't deduce principles, (See lectures on Princ. of Plant Path.), I remember one specific thing about her subject, namely, it smells.

Ye Ed. just said, "Keep it short". Too bad. With more space we could lay bare Miss Dosedall's unwritten agreement as a Ford Saleswoman, Dr. Leach's with Chevrolet Kernkamp's night life; Dr. Hart's secret golf practice; what Davies' car was called by four pleasure seekers who pushed it to Como; etc. However, may we bid cheerio, auf wiedersehen, and auld lang syne with a quotation?

"Come what, come may, tea's at 4 o'clock every day." - Alan Gemmell  
(Scotland)