

Miss Hamilton

AURORA SPORREALIS

Vol. V, No. 2

March-April, 1929

A Journal

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

Let the fount foam and never run dry,

Let the spout squirt and never lose power.

Published by the ~~Editorial~~ Committee, aided and abetted

by many others.

The Committee: J. G. Leach
J. J. Christensen
Helen Hart, Charwoman

SPRING IS HERE!!

As we made this announcement just before going to press, our departmental pessimist warned us that was only the crouch preceding the spring. To settle the question we appointed a squad of special detectives and sent them out to hunt for clues.

Here's what they found. We'll let you be the judge.

Traffic sergeant L.W.M. was the first to report with the following:

1. Big Chief promenading on Sunday afternoon without an overcoat.
2. Chris putting window panes in jeopardy by trying out potential kittenball pitchers.
3. Smoke from melting paraffin.
4. Rody orders Ceresan.
5. Hatless Mose reading a newspaper on his way home.
6. Abie Tolaas speeding up his Mosaic tests of Triumph potatoes.
7. Rose running seed treating demonstrations thru the western counties. (We hope he catches a few of them. Eds.)
8. Kightlinger endeavoring to make hops "hop".
9. Greaney returns to Winnipeg.

Special deputy H. H. of the plain clothes squad reported next. Here's her collection:

Colds in de heads

Theses

Rody's car has been washed and Chris's Ford has emerged from its winter snow bank.

The annual supply of paper bags has arrived. On with the Field Work!

Windows washed. (This is a joke. Eds.)

Laura Hamilton has new rubbers.

No more galoshes, - Mud.

Doc Freeman is thinking about morels. (Spelled with an "e".)

Melander has another car.

Rod skipping rope in the office.

Sergeant Holton of the Purity squad brought in these:

1. Rody ordering a new topcoat.
2. Lee Hines contemplating buying a "collegiate ford".
3. Lee Person using the street for a garage.
4. Rody counting flax seed.
5. Doc Chris and Barny Peturson practicing kittenball.
6. Rody inquiring about the road to Mora.
7. Bamberg taking his girl to church last Sunday.*
8. Carl Eide's botany students getting sleepy during a lecture. (We don't count this one.)
9. Stak limbering up with a kittenball bat.
10. Bamberg buys a pair of "low cut" rubbers.

*We have a special detective on this job.

Spurloch Chris and his man Rody of Smutland Yard were the last to arrive, but they brought in the bacon. They were awarded the prize, a handsome bouquet of spring onions. The prize will be presented with due ceremonies April 1.

Here's the Masterpiece.

1. 20 pounds of tacks, 25,000 card labels, 30,000 stakes and 4 boxes of shotgun shells for use in the Gopher State have been ordered.
2. Every mail brings pounds of Ceresan, Smuttox, Uspulun, Germisan, Semesan, and Dupont Dusts 1 to 95.
3. "Ya, well, we'll either have to cut down on the field work or manufacture some more money." Later — "Ya, well, with our lack of money everyone will have to pitch in and help put the stuff in the ground."
4. "Now, Miss Hart, Cotter, Holton, Person, Bamberg, Peturson, my text this spring will be as in the past - these are due May 6 and remember you can't write them overnight."
5. Doc Freeman as usual heard and saw the first Byanocitta cristata which he labelled Planesticus migratorius. His mistake was revealed by more observing members of the Q. C. F.
6. Sneezes and sniffles by those who have already subjected the long reds to paradichlorbenzine.
7. Leach has purchased a new Chev, Melander, not to be outdone, exhibited a new Chev Six, Chris threw away a few more bolts and soldered another fender on the Galloping Bedstead, Stak is listening for a new knock, and Person and Rody are thinking about washing off the mud from last year.
8. Migration northward has commenced. Doc Freeman is back from Cuba, Greaney is leaving for Winnipeg, rust specimens are coming in.

9. The appearance on the scene of Symplocarpus foetidus starts the Seminar Committee a-thinking. We can already smell the hot-dogs and coffee, and we almost hear discordant sounds from Stak. trying to get some one to sing with him "The Bullfrog in the Pool" or is it "Auch der Lieber Augustine".*
10. Raspberries, it's snowing! - in fact, it's a blizzard. (So Johnson and Yount are leaving for the South).

*Ye Editors assume no responsibilities for the correctness of quotations from foreign languages.

One of the promising young members of our detective force developed a severe case of spring fever and became quite delirious as indicated by the following extract from his ravings.

"Far away
On the first floor back of the Tottering Tower
I hear a light, airy, crackling, sputter'
Softly like snowflakes
In an April shower
Suddenly! a Flash!
With a crescendo like fireworks
On a fourth of July.
Then a tingling of the nostrils
And a smarting of the eye
Some smoke, and a cough,
And it's "time to retire"
Holy tomcats, Eagle turn down the gas,
The Paraffin's on fire."

After all the evidence was in we didn't know what to do so we consulted our old friend, Rudyard Kipling, who has always been sort of a Col. House to us. After some deliberation he advised us after this manner:

"If you can't pass an open window without stopping,
Or refrain from saying, "Ain't this some day",
Or replying "you bet, it sure is topping",
Or thinking up some other foolish thing to say.
If you see kittenballs in your microscope,
And toasted wieners on every slide,
Instead of spores, and hyphae and other dope.
And it hurts like heck to stay inside,
If Eagle gets restless and smashes some glass,
And the paraffin gets hot and starts to smoke,
If Rody sits dreaming of a certain lass,
And Freeman comes 'round with a golf links joke.
If Chris works crossword puzzles on paper blue,
And he seems quite happy and tries to sing,
Then, my friend, you'd better get up and turn to,
Because, believe it or not, it's a sure sign of spring."

The moral of all this is that the time has come when it should not be necessary to dust the soles of your shoes with Semesen to keep down the Rhizopus.

This welcome bit of news arrived a little too late for the last issue. But it still has some historic interest so we include it here. Some of our readers will remember Ralph as a promising candidate for a place on our kittenball team. Many of his admirers say that with a few more years of practice he would have developed into a first-class pitcher.

Dear Aurora:

I finally find myself settled in the old stamping ground just in time for the Mardi Gras. (I didn't arrange it that way either.)

New Years' Greetings now are rather belated but like the Scotchman I want to wish the editors of the Aurora Sporealis, its few contributors, and its many readers a happy and successful New Year for 1929, 1930, and 1931; and as for the Aurora itself "May its spout squirt and never lose power,
In spreading news from the Tottering Tower,
May it continue to fume, and boil, and foam
And gush over with tidings from our old home."

About three months ago I left this Creole infested section for the valley of the Sunmaid raisins in the region of Fresno, California, where I was to assist in establishing some chemical control experiments for the prevention of blue stain in sugar pine lumber. Short stops were made in between in the wind swept deserts of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and in that western town of real estate sharks, publicity agents, and movie folks. After completing my work at Fresno, I returned to San Francisco for several days where I visited the forest pathology offices, District forest offices, California Forest Experiment Station, and the University of California. Incidentally I accidentally bumped into two former foes of ours on the kittenball field as I was walking through the library building of the University at Berkeley.

From San Francisco I went by bus over the Redwood Highway to Portland, Oregon, and I believe that this was one of the most awe-inspiring drives that I have ever taken. These majestic monarchs of the forest make a person feel rather insignificant and helpless. At Portland I visited the offices of the forest pathologist, and then travelled to the Palouse country where I spent a day with Dr. Hubert and others at the University of Idaho. Then back home, a visit to the Tottering Tower where building improvements and new faces had wrought changes in the short time that I had been away. A few days there only, and then six weeks at Madison, Wisconsin, where the natives have the utmost respect for our football team but treat our basketball quint with contempt. From Madison to Indianapolis where, as one of the guests who was to attend the American Wood Preservers' Association meetings at Louisville, I viewed the city from both a taxi window and the cockpit of an airplane. Finally, a few days attending some very interesting meetings in the city of fast race horses, and then back to the flea-bitten land of the muddy waters. I arrived here just one day after Dean Freeman had been in New Orleans on his way to Havana, and I certainly am sorry that I missed seeing him.

Well, as for the future, I guess I'll continue my survey of southern sawmills, with reference to their stain problem for a month or two more, and then it is the intention to establish some chemical control experiments on a commercial scale at several of these mills. I haven't had a chance to see Johnny, Flor, and their wives at Baton Rouge yet, but I hope to get up there in the near future.

Sincerely,

Lindy

This space reserved for the letter
Dr. Henry promised to write.

REACTIONARY FROM SOUTH MAKES STARTLING ADMISSION

In what was undoubtedly the most startling and revolutionary statement ever heard within the walls of the Tottering Tower in a farewell speech before plant pathologists and others assembled at a send-off for Greaney, Yount, and E. M. Johnson, the latter conceded to us — in all graciousness and in the face of muttered dissent from other Southerners — laurels for hospitality!

He also praised the "spirit" which is provided at Minnesota.

Greaney demonstrated his fluency**, and Yount, of Ames, Iowa, being somewhat less outspoken than the other guests of honor, was dignified and complimentary. With their going, we are losing temporarily three interesting men and the equally interesting atmospheres of Canada, of Kentucky, and of the rolling prairies.

**All remarks stricken from the record.

One of our Washington correspondents has given us the following inside dope on the recent big doings in the Capitol City:

Dear Aurora:

Tell all the Hooverites in the office that we finally got the old boy inaugurated. It was typical inauguration weather, if there is any such kind, fog interspersed with rain drops. Occasionally the drizzle ceased to drizzle and poured for a change. It was at one such moment that I stumbled over Big Andy. (Note: I use the term "stumbled" merely in a figurative sense.) He had come down just to see that rarest of phenomena, a New Englander giving up something. Coolidge surrendered the presidential chair with a smile on his face. (It was the general concensus of opinion that he was smiling.) Real sporting of the old bird I thought.

Big Andy didn't see Coolidge at all on account of Mrs. Coolidge. She came along to smile for Calvin in case his smile failed him. Andy said it all when he stated, "Hell, Pete, with a wife like that even I could be President".

I could detect no change in Andy.

There have been no other visitors.

Regards to the gang,

P. D. Peterson.

Dr. Verplancke is now sojourning at Boyce Thompson Institute. He reports that the Institution is big, the problems are big, and that there is a big crowd there. We hope Dr. Verplancke has a big time and gets a big inspiration.

Big Andy begins one of his letters as follows:

"Due to the strenuous life of attending shows, hockey games, prize fights, basketball games, poker, and bridge parties and other forms of making Whoopee!, I really haven't had time to answer your letter of January 18."

Apparently Big Andy is having a big time in the big City.

Society Notes

The mycology class recently celebrated the bicentennial of the naming of the genus, *Aspergillus*. The guests gathered in the Herbarium at the usual time. Dean Freeman, the famous proponent of the esthetic influence of *Aspergillus* and other fungi, delivered the address. He dwelt at length upon the high state of culture enjoyed by the Ascomycetes. He gave some interesting pictures of the every day life of some of the most distinguished families of this well-known group of fungi.

Many members of the class remembered Dean Freeman as a fluent speaker who addressed the class earlier in the quarter.

At the close of the ceremonies a short social period was enjoyed and several games were played. One of the most interesting was a guessing contest. Miss Dossdall distributed questions in sealed envelopes. Answers were to be in by the end of the week. All contestants are to be rewarded according to the accuracy of their guesses.

Style Notes for Spring

The Great Dane, Chris, selects a red and white necktie,
The brunette Tu is partial to chanel red.
Melander and Verrall chose perky bow ties,
Lee Person has a dizzy cerise and blue one.
Rody borrows a plaid one from Bam,
Holton is entranced by red, white, and blue.
Stak wears one with dignified stripes.
Tolaas probably intends to get a blue one to match his eyes,
And Greaney sports a wicked blue-green pocket kerchief.

Dean Freeman, recently returned from an extended visit in Florida and Cuba, refused to be interviewed but has given out the following carefully worded statement.

"Found one (at least) educational bone to chew on in the Everglades of Florida; to wit: We are all geographically and botanically provincial. It would be a real contribution to the liberal education of every prospective plant pathologist to browse for three months among the palms, live oaks, and mangroves of the sub-tropics.

You get a real thrill at meeting this new and bewildering array of acquaintances of the plant world, which you have known only on the pages of textbooks.

Examine this one under the high power of your microscope: The world contains over 1700 species of palms with a myriad of uses, and our provincial acquaintance is limited to a few paper imitations in the lobbies of hotels.

Every budding and indigent pathologist should spend one quarter of study in the far south. When you get thru laughing that off, try this one. I believe it will become a possibility for the bud who has sufficient ambition and an anatomical structure which denotes an extensive alimentary equipment. You can get an especially good haw-haw out of this when I add I am really serious about it. Cuba is all wet!"

This is pretty good, Dean, but we did hope to hear the inside dope about Sloppy Joe's and the brass rail.

In an unguarded moment the Dean let this bit of statistical information fall.

"Havana has 6500 saloons and 6800 policemen."



Rumors are prevalent that Kightlinger is thinking of registering for the course in Art Appreciation. We wonder if his choice of a color for the new shelves in his office had anything to do with his decision?

Believe it or Not

1. March 21 was the first day of Spring.
2. Our windows are being washed.
3. Mose has not described a new physiologic form since the last issue of Aurora.
4. Melander's new car was not new. It had been run 200 miles.
5. Our New Plant Industry Building houses only the Division of Biochemistry.
6. We are all enthusiastic and hopeful about the coming kittenball season.

Correct these sentences

1. Dr. Stakman: "Go ahead and get everything you need for the field. We have plenty of money in the budget."
2. Eagle: "I hate to leave the prep room and start work in the field."
3. Miss Hart: "I am writing my thesis now, but it doesn't take much time."

Philosophical Possibilities

A Tragedy in one act

(Guess where)

<u>Time</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Characters</u>
Thoisday even	Seminar salon	Phytopathologists, present and future.

An intellectual: Well, now, where does this Cassuarina belong taxonomically?
How primitive is it?

A plant doctor: Oh, it can't be so very primitive.

Some one: You're wrong, for I'm sure that it is very primitive.

Intellectual: Let's look it up. Who'll get a book?

Everyone rushes for a different book.

Some one else: It's not so primitive as it might be.

Intellectual: Well, how primitive?

Some one else: Well, it's on page 49 in this book.

Order regained in 10 minutes

Some one reports on a paper by Sanford and Broadfoot

Intellectual: Sanford and Broadfoot? What! Have they busted into print?

Some one (very seriously): Yes, they have. And their collections were made south
of the Saskatchewan River. Does anybody know where that is?

Plant doctor: Must be in Saskatchewan.

Some one: No—~~_____~~Alberta.

Some one else: Did the authors say anything about alternate hosts for that rust?

Some one: No, not in the summary.

Plant doctor: Which strains of rust did they have?

Some one: One or either. I haven't found out yet.

Intellectual: Why don't Puccinia glumarum grow in Minnesota?

Plant doctor: (kinda gazing on the snow outside the Fenster): Too warm! It's
a cool weather rust.

Some one: Yes, it's a cool weather rust. Grows in Arizona and Mexico and in the
Imperial Valley.

Some one else: Yeh! Must grow at night and take its siesta during the day.

Everyone agrees so the chairman

brings on the refreshments.

Dale Chapman and Frank Kaufert, our youngest foresters, have stepped from the constant path of devotion to Aurora. They say only for the spring and summer, but spring is when a girl needs devotion. Frank has gone to the Pacific Northwest Experiment Station at Portland, Oregon; and Dale will be with Lindgren at the Southern Forest Experiment Station, New Orleans. While they are away, Aurora and her playmates look forward to their return in the fall.

THE MOLDY GANG TO SEND ANOTHER ENVOY TO EUROPE.

Chris doesn't believe all the tales that Leach, Henry, and the rest brought back from Europe so now he's going over to find out for himself. In other words, the morning paper of March 25 announced to the world that Dr. Christensen was one of the chosen few to receive a Guggenheim fellowship for the next year.

The question as to whether fungi mutate as readily in Europe as they do here has been bothering Chris and the Guggenheim fellows for some time so he's going over to try and solve the problem. Much of his time is to be spent with Kniep at the University of Berlin, but Brown and Brierly in England, Chodat in Switzerland, and Liro in Finland will have a portion of it. Undoubtedly, the Great Dane will not pass up the land of his ancestors and probably Sweden and Norway will be looked into.

The last seminar of the winter quarter! Johnson was on the soap-box delivering an oration on white ants which were neither white nor ants and giving us choice bits of rhymed verse:

Big fleas have little fleas
On their backs to bite 'em.
Little fleas have lesser fleas
And so on --ad infinitum.

After Johnson had settled all soil problems, Melander philosophized on the deterioration of the straw stacks in the Red River Valley. Nitrogen, phosphate, temperature, moisture, combines et cetera were discussed and it all ended when Tubby suggested that some one had oughta put some "head-work" on the problem.

The students in "History of Plant Pathl" are frightful heathens. Not one knew when the Protestant Reformation started. Maybe they won't admit that there ever was such a thing.

Certain members of the Section recently purchased new suits at a bargain. They were guaranteed to be made of all wool yarn of highest quality. Now that they have received the suits they agree that it was all a good yarn and well told.

In a School of Agriculture course in animal physiology taught by a member of the Veterinary Division, the following question was asked in a quiz: "What is pathology?" 75% of the class answered "diseases of plants".

Howard Johnson has registered for post graduate work in the School of Experience according to a recent letter:

"I am kept very busy with my teaching, but I enjoy it and am learning a great deal. I have charge of the Freshman botany this year in Prof. Moreland's absence and teach a lecture and laboratory section using Sinnott's text and lab. exercises. In addition I teach a course in histology and physiology combined and assist Dr. Edgerton with the work given in plant pathology and mycology. That doesn't leave me a whole lot of time free you can bet.

Sincerely,

H. W. Johnson.

We hope his students learn something also.

The winter quarter is done and the mycology class has been through the Ascomycetes. Dr. Freeman proved himself to be the alpha and omega of the course by giving the first and last lecture. He will never leave again, however, because in addition to being sick for two weeks upon his return, he found that out of the wreckage after the substitute's tutelage only six of the seventeen promising young mycologists remained to take the third quarter.

(This may not be so bad as it sounds, Perhaps it is just another sign of spring. Ed.)

VISITORS

B. B. Mundkur, Assistant Cotton Mycologist for the Bombay Government, Department of Agriculture, India, who is working on the wilt disease of cotton in the Cotton Research Laboratory, Dharwar, India, visited our Department on March 21 and 22. Mr. Mundkur is on leave of absence for advanced study in the United States, working under Dr. I. E. Melhus at Iowa State College of Agriculture. Mr. Mundkur expects to stay in this country until June, 1930. We enjoyed his visit very much and hope he will return to visit us again before returning to his native country.

Donald Berron, graduate student in Plant Physiology at Ames, accompanied Mr. Mundkur. Mr. Berron made a rather hurried survey of the Plant Pathology and Plant Physiology labs and then caught the Local for his home near Alexandria, Minnesota.

This one wins the solid gold hand-engraved stop watch.

"Attempts have been made to prevent plant diseases by treating the seed for almost three centuries".

Bamberg. (in seminar paper)

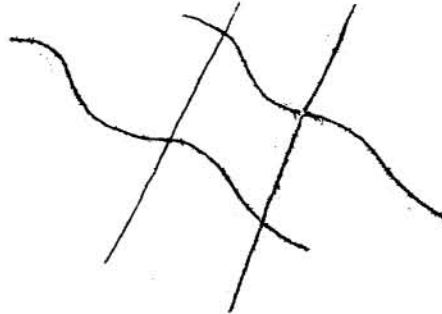
This is what we would call a courageous attempt. Wouldn't it be heart-breaking to find we had to repeat the experiment?

EXTRA! XERR! CIGARS AND CANDY.

Another budding plant pathologist sells himself into slavery—the married men's kittenball and soccer team signs up another entered apprentice. Rody gets a pal who can sympathize with him in his troubles!

All of which is another way of saying that Carl J. Eide has gone and gotten himself engaged. The lucky young lady is Johanna Larson of Somewhere in Wisconsin.

Carl, we admire your nerve and Aurora wishes you and Johanna your full measure of happiness, and we are looking forward to the day when we can welcome you as a full-fledged member of the Married Men's Soccer Team.



Have you noticed the intense gloom pervading the office force? It was first noticed the day following the announcement of the engagement of Miss Anne Morrow to Col. Charles Lindberg.

In the Spring the old gang's savvy
 lightly turns to thoughts of

