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

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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 Seminar Committee, aided and abetted by many others.

The Committee: Helen Hart

H. A. Rodenhiser

A. W. Henry (Chairman)

AURORA SPOREALIS

* * * *

Notes from the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory at Winnipeg

Having all drunk deep and wise or otherwise of the bubbling fountain (see title page of "Aurora") of knowledge which gusheth forth from the Section of Plant Pathology at University Farm, the Minnesotans here attempt to assuage their thirst - not at the fountain head, 'tis true, but at the way-side brooks. A weekly seminar is held, pathologic and genetic subjects being taken up alternately. Besides the members of the laboratory staff, a goodly number of the college faculty attend. This seminar meets on Monday. On Friday of each week we have a review of current literature in Genetics and Pathology. For practice in mental gymnastics, Dr. Goulden gives a class, during the winter term, in Biometry.

In addition to these activities, the "rust men", as they are called locally, took up the study and practice of furniture-moving, not so much from a desire to acquire an exact knowledge of the art, but rather of necessity; for the task of lugging heavy laboratory desks and boxes of stationery and the numerous knickknacks appertaining to a laboratory down two or three flights of stairs was not clamorously bid for by others. "But not half of our heavy task was done" and no "clock struck the hour of retiring" when this stage had been completed, for all this furniture and galvanized seed boxes and glittering rows of beakers and flasks so nicely arranged in front of the Horticultural building had to be transported over to their permanent home. Fortunately most horses are taught to do what they are told to do and their driver, if carefully handled, will tell them to do what you tell him they are supposed to do. At any rate this seemed to be the way, for after some strenuous exertion, the last test-tube was finally delivered in front of the new building. But how is one, or a dozen, for that matter, to engineer a 12-foot desk from a 5-foot wide hallway into a room? That was easily determined: take it outside and shove it through a window. Simple little devices of this nature, so readily conceived and so easily executed, expedited the placing of the weightier matters tremendously. If the particular desk did not accommodate itself to the room into which it was first introduced, it was just chucked out of the window again and put in through another into another room. A few recalcitrant bits of furniture had to be dismembered before they could be persuaded to enter. One, an irredeemable heretic and destined to destruction, was consigned to the flames. As for the smaller articles, they were assigned to rooms by lot. Whatever number was drawn from the hat as they passed through the outside door determined whether they went to the store room or to the library or elsewhere. This was found to be a very convenient and satisfactory way of apportioning the articles for each room. At this late date it is gratifying to report that with circumspect ambulation one may penetrate to a depth of one fathom into any of the larger rooms, the one designated "library" excepted, in which "confusion worse confounded" prevails. What gallant feats of arms (mostly arms, not much head) were displayed during this supreme endeavor will most probably be never recorded in the annals of history, but they are

indelibly written on our hearts. Most of us now suffer from leaky valves in the left ventricle.

By way of recreation, curling claims the largest number of devotees. The Eaton trophy for this season was won by the rink of which Mr. Johnson is 'lead' and Dr. Goulden (Minor Plant Pathology) is 'third man'. Mr. Gordon, one of our number but as yet not personally known to most of the readers of "Aurora" is 'second man' in that rink. A sport more thrilling appeals to Dr. Newton and Dr. Bisby. The former had conclusively demonstrated that the center of gravity is always uncomfortably low, and the latter is quite thoroughly convinced regarding the impenetrability of matter, acceleration, and momentum, and a few other trifles. It was during one of his spectacular demonstrations on the bank of the Red River that he suffered severely as the result of concussion. Two reports regarding the accident have been circulated: One that he hazzarded a ski-jump over the top of a willow bush; the other that during a rapid descent of the river bank he resigned the direction of his feet to an uncertain fate. The more puritanical and those versed in holy writ wag their heads and mutter. "The wicked stand in slippery places". But such an attitude is unchristian and should be deprecated and shall here be reckoned as unworthy of further consideration, except to observe that it is grossly unfair and illogical to make a generalization like this from one specific incident. After a thorough investigation of the whole matter, one is convinced that all the above-mentioned explanations are quite inadequate and, in a sense, trivial. A far more reasonable view, the one authorized by Dr. Bisby and the one seen and attested to by several spectators standing at the top of the bank, is that he attempted to do a hand-spring from his skis during the descent, after the manner of a circus equestrian, but overestimated his speed and underestimated the height of the bush with the result that it was with some difficulty he extricated his body and not until after he had received several bruises and epidermal abrasions.

AN APPEAL FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR FRONT

The semi-annual visit of a representative of the Building and Grounds Department to the Fourth Floor Front inspired one of the inhabitants to the following poetical effervescence.

It seems to be the custom for the gang that makes repairs
To send a member of its crew a stumbling up our stairs,
With measuring stick and note book, to make extensive notes.
I guess we're going to get a hook on which to hang our coats!

Twice every year this personage with measuring stick appears,
He gives us the once over, then he calmly disappears,
And we wait, and wait, and wait, and wait and wait, but all in vain,
The days and weeks and months pass by; My gosh! He's here again!

There must be some intention on the part of those who know,
To do some decorating on our walls not white as snow.
We ask of them to do it soon, for wouldn't it be wise
To satisfy our wishes, before age dims our eyes?

We are not at all impatient, but the years are drifting by
And we'd like a little action, so we raise this plaintive cry:
If you cannot decorate our walls, as we'd like to have you do,
Why send your man four times a year, instead of only two!

A. G. T.

Drafting Quarantine Laws

February 23 and March 2 were crimson letter days in the historic annals of Plant Pathology. They are to this young and oozing science what the 17th of May is to Norway. They mark a lurid epoch in the steady flow of progress of plant pathology. All of the ills of the world soon will be cured. Plants will grow with the luxuriant lushness of the marvellous rain forests on the rich alluvial soils of the tropic Amazon Valley. No longer will they have to compete with the insidiously pernicious plant pathogenes which sneak, snake-like, into the country under cover of night: in the darkness of the inner bark of nursery stock, in the utter blacknesses of the center of particles of soil on tulip bulbs, in the cavernous depths of an unsuspecting potato tuber. The pathological millenium is staring us straight in the face: a beneficent biological balance has been struck, or soon will be. The impassioned pleas of Senator William Weeping Willow Broadfoot, Herman Hard as Hickory Rodenhiser, the gentleman with the soft cottony voice, the flowing locks, and the shimmering socks, from Mississippi (Lilting Lily Wallace), and the keenly incisive insight and rapier-like verbal thrusts of Senator Greenwood Sapling Greaney M. C., convinced the Plant Pathology Seminar, temporarily lending their services to the Government as a legislative body, that plant salvation could be attained only in the cleansing flood of a stringent plant quarantine law. There was a terrific fight on the floor of this classic legislative assembly. The tide of battle swung first one way and then the other. The Goddess of Victory now perched on the shoulder of Senator Puffing Paul Peterson B.E.H.C.¹ from Wind Canyon, and now on the broad and classic dome of Senator Cy. Ammo-Phos Flor from the pineries of northeast Minneapolis. Like all ladies, Goddess Vic was fickle and vacillating. Oratorical broadsides were hurled from one side to another. One gas barrage after another came roaring through the ambient atmosphere. The hurricane of words and ideas tore pailfuls of pinfeathers from the screeching American eagle whose aid was invoked ten thousand times by the embattled senatorial gladiators. One hundred and seven and a half amendments were offered to the bill. The vote on 106 $\frac{3}{4}$ of these resulted in a tie - a tie tied so tight that even Herculea Hart could not untie it. Finally the presiding officer, who serenely maintained his mental equilibrium and dignified decorum in a most miraculous way under these soul-trying circumstances, composed the differences and brought order out of chaos by whanging the table a terrific whang with his gavel and telling the bunch where to get off at. In this commendable undertaking, he was greatly aided and abetted by Senator Henry Clay Thompson, who, with mellow and mellifluous words, held out the olive branch, from which he squeezed oil to pour on the troubled waters. As a result, the tumultuously turbulent billows of discord and dissention subsided into an almost tropic

1. Brewer Extraordinary of Hard Cider

calm - but not without considerable eddying and the shooting of 15 or 20 waterspouts. After the doldrums it required considerable prodding and the firing of several blank cartridges to stir the animals up again. The arguments were less pungent and the speeches less raucous during the second session, but - well, anyway we got a plant quarantine act with real mastodon's teeth in it; and we've got two million dollars¹ with which to enforce it². Long live the plant quarantine and Quarantine King Bill Marlatt!

Personals

In acknowledgment of his contributions to scientific knowledge, Dr. E. C. Stakman has been elected to membership in the Imperial Society of Naturalists of Halle, a society several hundred years old and which has a very distinguished membership.

Mr. W. F. Hanna, we are glad to report, returned from Europe last fall and is now studying under Dr. Robert Newton at the University of Alberta. The greater part of his time was spent at the Imperial College, University of London. But he had the good fortune also of spending several months at Heidelberg University in Germany. Mrs. Hanna was sufficiently improved in health to return to Canada with him.

Ralph Lindgren is the latest addition to the staff of our division. He is a graduate of the College of Forestry at Minnesota and expects to concentrate his efforts on Forest Pathology.

The following from Minnesota attended the rust conference in Washington, March 18-25: Dr. E. C. Stakman, Dr. J. J. Christensen, and Messrs. R. U. Cotter, E. B. Lambert, and L. W. Melander.

Dr. W. N. Ezekiel, National Research Fellow in Botany, and Miss Sarah Ritzen of Minneapolis, University law student, had set the day for their wedding. Later they decided to move the date up, and accordingly on February 15 Dr. Ezekiel was missing from the lab and Miss Ritzen likewise from her classes. When Dr. Ezekiel returned from purchasing his ticket to Heaven, all the rice blessings the preparation room afforded were showered upon him. The Ezekiels are at home at 827 University Avenue S.E., Minneapolis. X

Godspeed was said to Lawrence Schaal with Tea. We all stood 'round and wished him better than pot luck with his Colorado potatoes. Doctor Leach sent him off with some good advice on the method of approach to a potato, and Mr. Schaal's adieu to the tea-drinkers was so good that we shall long remember him if but for his oratory alone. X

The marriage of Miss Betty Bushnell and John Frederick Lange took place on the 19th of September at Colfax, California.

1. In the bill.

2. Porfirio Diaz, the greatest Mexican of them all, hasn't signed it yet.

Mail Bag

Dear Editor:

I wish to assure you that I have enjoyed all the issues of your internationally known magazine. It has enabled me to keep informed on all the marriages, engagements and other non-important events which take place quite frequently.

In all seriousness I wish to say that the Plant Pathology Division at the University of Minnesota is the most -----(left to the imagination of the reader).

I have postponed my marriage again. In the meantime, I decided to devote my spare time to Boy Scout work. Scout activities are interesting and I have had some good experience. The boys are all bright and very intelligent (this abnormality is due to the fact that most all the boys are sons of University of Illinois professors).

It is my intention to keep you informed in regard to myself from time to time.

With the kindest regards to all,

Yours sincerely,

(signed) Gordon C. Curran

Washington, D. C.
February 25, 1926

Mr. A. G. Tolaas
Potato Expert, Artist, Tennis Star, etc.
and Grand Councillor of Q. C. F.
U. Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota

My dear Mr. Tolaas:

Most Honorable Grand Councillor:

Back in the golden days of 1925, it was always a mystery to me, this Q. C. F. in the mysteriously shaking Building of Plant Pathology. But my surprise was still greater, having received your kind notice of the "most exclusive Honorary Society of Scientists now in existence" dated December 4, 1925. Besides an honor I regard it as the latest proof of friendship of the members of Q. C. F., being admitted to the membership, and I beg to submit my application for a cosmopolitan membership of the Society in question. As required, I am enclosing the answers to the questions communicated with me, hoping they will meet the complete satisfaction of the Board of High Inquisitors. I willingly promise not only to uphold the beliefs and traditions of the Order, but to keep good friendship with all its members.

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the decision of the Society and wish to send my best regards to all its members.

Very truly yours,

(signed) Béla Husz
Cosmopolitan member in spe
of Q. C. F.

Monrovia, Liberia
December 27, 1925

Dear Doctor Stakman:

Work is progressing nicely and large areas of jungle lands are being cleared. Liberia is well suited for rubber growing.

Best wishes to all for a happy new year.

(signed) William Peel

Athletics

Prospects Bright for Another K. B. Championship

St. Paul, Minn. March 15, 1926. (Special lease to "Aurora Spærealis")

It is rather early to make predictions as to who will sign the dotted line on the cup when the kittenball season draws to a close in late spring. However, since no department other than Plant Pathology has had the privilege of putting their picture on the cup, we might as well put our money on the present champs for a repetition of their work of 1923, 1924, and 1925.

The writer has just completed a tour of the various spring training camps of the league teams and from observations gathered, the odds point towards Chief Stakman's crew. There are no holdouts to date, and the team of last year is practically intact. The loss of Seal, who was sold to Miami, will be felt but the team will be strengthened by the signing of Lindgren, former star pitcher of the Foresters and Wallace, the Babe Ruth of the league. The team will be made up of veterans but every consideration will be given the youngsters who are to have a trial this spring. Big George Anderson, heavy hitter de luxe, who has been wintering in Honduras, has wired Chief Stakman that he will be unable to report before July 1. Andy didn't state why, but we hope it isn't because of any family obligations.

Practice will be impeded because of several members attending the rust conference in Washington, but we are hoping that all will return safely and in "good condition" for the opening of the season. It has been rumored around the stove-pipe league this winter that Manager Coolidge of the White House team has been anxious to sign "4½ fingered" Christensen to catch for his team. Many followers of Plant Pathology are somewhat worried for fear that "Chris" will remain in the Capitol

after the conference. Before departing for Washington "Chris" denied that he had made any deal with "Cal."

Visitors

Dr. H. B. Humphrey was in the Twin Cities during the week of January 2 to 8 and conferred with members of the Section and addressed the Plant Science seminar on January 8 on the subject of "Agriculture in Eastern Canada".

Mr. D. J. MacLeod of the Dominion Plant Pathological Laboratory, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, was a visitor in the Department on January 5. Mr. MacLeod is working on the blackleg disease of potatoes and was interested in the work being done on the disease in Minnesota.

Prof. A. H. R. Buller, Professor of Botany, University of Manitoba stopped over for a day's visit on his way back to Winnipeg after attending the Kansas City Meetings. He spoke before the Plant Pathology seminar on "Spore discharge in Tilletia".

Dr. Buller returned to the University of Minnesota a few days ago as the guest of the Minnesota Chapter of Sigma Xi. He gave a public lecture on March 10 under the auspices of the Society on "Carnivorous Plants" and another on March 11 before the Plant Science Group on "Experiments on Sex in Mushrooms". We enjoyed his addresses and his limericks. Our worthy Dean succumbed to the limerick contagion as evidenced by the following lines used in introducing Dr. Buller:

"Do you know that the Gastro myceti
Have guns which shoot far and which shoot high
Without powder or heat
They'll shoot twenty-five feet
There's a sport that puts fun in the fungi".

E.M.F.

On February 1 Mr. J. Boyle formerly of the Oregon Agricultural College and more recently graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, now agent in the Office of Cereal Investigations, U. S. Department of Agriculture located at Fargo, stopped over on his way to his headquarters and conferred with the plant pathology staff about flax and small grain diseases.

Choice Bits

PeeWee Wallace: We are very religious in the South--even our Mormon missionaries walk from one town to another for penance.

Dr. Freeman: Maybe they are in a hurry.

Nellie: Didn't you know I was a twin? My twin brother died when I was a baby.

Chris: How do you know it wasn't you who died?

EXTRA! Indications are for a scrap among the members of the fourth floor front. Either Tolaas has got to buy tobacco that we can borrow, smoke, and enjoy, or buy his own matches.

Windy days have subsided. Chris got rid of it during the "Bug Club" meeting last week.

Colds are the prevailing malady among the tottering towerites. "Kill all cure all" is being dispensed by Messrs. Stakman and Peterson.

Automobile side-lights and tin reflections

Wallace from Mississip. recently spent his hard-earned money for a car of the same breed as Melander's. There are ways and means!

Dr. Stakman was seen the other day riding with a Dodge demonstrator. What does it all mean?

Last year Bill Broadfoot covered most of the United States and Canada with his Leaping Lena. This winter he sold it for more than he paid. And now Bill and Flor own all the Ford coupes in the Division of Plant Pathology.

Nelson in addition to acquiring a wife, has taken unto himself a new Ford roadster.

P. S. Pete said he would have a Ford if it weren't for his wife and three children.

P. P. S. Tolaas is still walking to and from the Fourth Floor Front. Anything to keep from getting fat.

P. P. P. S. Reduction in size of Melander expected! ! ! Reason: It is feared that while in Washington, D. C., he will be obliged to use his pedal organs considerably.

New Societies

"What's New to Science" Club

A test tube falls to the floor. It breaks. Rodenhiser takes notes on the process and the result. His scientific discovery is reported to his fellow lodge members in "What's New to Science". They acclaim the contribution to knowledge and put a star after his name on their books.

A corn plant puts forth roots into the earth to the length of six inches. Upon the roots is found Gibberella saubinettii by Peterson. Another worthy contribution!

A child plays with the cork from a cider jug. Later the child is observed jumping off the bookcase. Observer Christensen.

We hope Broadfoot's contribution to the Lodge will be as noteworthy.

"Know Your Own Toadstool" Club

Know ye All: there came into Being recently a New Club, and they call it "Know Your own Toadstool Club". The founders of this original Order among scientists were R. Ebullient Christensen and R. Wyde Broadfoot, Peaceful President and Sedate Secretary most respectfully. Their Motto is:

Look down and not up
If you must look up,
Look up the trunk of a tree
Or anywhere a Mushroom may be.

Earnestly they entered the Work: they deemed it a high and noble privilege to be Allowed to test out the Toxicity of Toadstools. Now, at the beginning of a New Season for Growing Things, a halo of Intense Fervor seemed to surround the Toadstool Toadies and they gathered unto themselves Two new disciples. From out the Wide World they attracted into their Group Romping Rodenhiser and the Terror Tu. Truly a mushroom-like growth. One Dollar was contributed to the Cause by the Young Followers; they were Initiated immortals; they were Taken unto the Board and Fed the Intimate Initiation Supper; and Now Four Members hold the Banner aloft on their March to that Utopia for Plant Pathologists where Every one finds a New mushroom Every Day and can Remember the Name thereof. They cry aloud unto the World "See the Mushrooms First"! May their Zeal Increase "in season and out of season" until we can plant a Psaliota o'er their Dust.



A collecting trip in Australia