

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

Vol. III, No. 2.

May, 1927

A Journal

Wherein are recorded the recollections, the
ruminations, and the respirations of those who
have drunk from the foaming fount in the Depart-
ment 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

W. C. Broadfoot

H. A. Rodenhiser (Chairman)

Svalöf 4.5.1927

My dear Dr. Stakman:-

Every now and then I get a few "personal news" to send over to Minnesota. I had thought to be able to bid you welcome to Svalöf, and to have a chance to receive you here. I was engaged as an extra assistant with the special job to take care of our summer-visitors, especially the foreign ones. I now have a job at Stockholm. I suppose you'd call it assistant professor, although there is no teaching whatever --at the department of agricultural botany of the government's Central Experiment Station at Stockholm. It is the same old institution where Jacob Eriksson and, after him, Henning has been professor. Now the head is a plant physiologist, Lundegardh. Lindfors is associate in plant pathology, and I am to be the slave of the place --if anybody is able to make me a slave.

I hope you will keep on sending me Aurora under the new address:
Centralanstaltens Botaniska Avdelning, Experimentalfältet, Sweden.

Hoping to hear something now and then from Minnesota, and that I will see some of you even in my new place, I send each and everyone of the old bunch my best greetings.

Yours, very sincerely

Olof Tedin.

Harold Flor, the loquacious gentleman way down in Louisiana, reports that his country is a fertile field for mycological and pathological investigations. Minnesota mycologists think its all propaganda to get our mycology class to go down there on a field trip. How could the poor mushrooms live in all that water? Flor has been finding plenty of nematodes in rotted sugar cane roots, but he can't always make them behave the way he wants them to. Give them time, Harold.

Jimmie Seal hasn't forgotten us either. That long, slim baseball player is still doing his stuff as a plant pathologist in the paradise of Florida. In between golf and tennis he's been getting dope on Phytophthora and Phythium and coconut rots and spore measurements and germination and temperatures and humidities and soils and drawings and photographs and what not. Unless he gets too tangled up in his data, we expect him to return to Minnesota about the middle of June, play a little kittenball with us and take his exam. We're waiting for you, Jimmie.

Minnesota Visitors

Since the last issue of the Aurora, we have been honored by the visits of two of the foremost plant pathologists of the country. On February 24, Dr. G. H. Coons delivered a public lecture at the University under the auspices of the Graduate School on the subject, "Some Aspects of the Fusarium Problem." While here, Dr. Coons spent considerable time in the department laboratories and his criticisms and suggestions were the source of much inspiration to many of our aspirants to phytopathological fame. Dr. Stakman "threw" a smoker for Dr. Coons, and during the evening most of the important problems of the day were settled in the time honored way.

On April 7, Dr. H. H. Whetzel gave another of the above mentioned series of lectures. His subject was "The Relation of Plant Pathology to Human Welfare." We have always strongly maintained that plant pathology is the greatest thing on earth, but we never really believed it until we heard Dr. Whetzel. On the strength of his address we were almost ready to sever our relations with the University and enter private practice as a Plant Doctor. The big jump in the curve of industry of the department following Dr. Whetzel's visit would make an efficiency expert fish out the lubricant and oil his calculator.

Dr. W. J. V. Osterhout delivered the most recent of this series of lectures on May 4, and his subject was "Cellular Physiology." It was a very pleasing lecture and gave us all something to think about. Although Dr. Osterhout did not honor the department with a visit, we attended his lecture en masse, and, as a result, we are all taking special pains to see that our condensers are not punctured.

Dr. G. R. Bisby made a flying visit to St. Paul on April 20. We couldn't stop him or keep him very long, because he was on his way to Hawaii and had visions of the beach at Waikiki and the palms of Honolulu and all such things which do not usually concern an ordinary plant doctor. We managed to get some of the Winnipeg news from Dr. Bisby and now it's up to you folks in Winnipeg to write and tell us the rest.

Dr. J. H. Martin of the Office of Blister Rust Control spent a few hours at the laboratory late in April. The blisters on the white pines in Minnesota are so entrancing that we expect Dr. Martin to return again.

Mr. G. C. Mayoue, the state barberry leader in North Dakota, made a flying visit to St. Paul on Saturday, May 21.

Sulphur Dust Twins

C. V. Kightlinger has tentatively accepted a position with the Niagara Sprayer Company. He will be in charge of sulphur dust investigations. As you all know, "Kight" was the first to show that sulphur dusting would control black stem rust.

Bill Broadfoot has also accepted a Niagara Sprayer Company fellowship and expects to carry on a rather extensive dusting program at Crookston, Morris, and University Farm.

New Members Since Our Last Issue

Paul John Peterson, February 14
Herbert Mordecai Ezekiel, February 23

Shirley Lois Cotter, April 4
Helen Elizabeth Connors, May 23

Some flew east,
Some flew west,
And some flew straight to the hornet's nest.

Howard Parson has flown straight to northern Texas and Oklahoma in his trusty Ford truck. He started out with an authorization from the U. S. D. A., two oranges, a couple gallons of gas, and lots of enthusiasm, expecting to meet up with some rusts on the way. No use waiting for the pathogenes to invade our territory when Parson is so anxious to meet the enemies on their own stamping grounds.

Don Fletcher has flown to Missouri and Kansas. He expects to make a surprise attack on Puccinia from the left flank, while Parson navigates the southern camp. Don is an old hand at tracking rusts; they never escape him.

Melander has been flying here and there and everywhere, dispensing information to the weed inspectors in almost every county in Minnesota. That noxious weed, Berberis vulgaris, must be eradicated at all costs, even though it costs Melander a little sleep, some indigestion, and several puffs and grunts.

Andy and Thorny flit back and forth between St. Paul and Olivia, Watertown, LeSueur, Plainview, and Dodge Center. One day they plant corn and the next day they plant peas. Minnesota Cannners' Association couldn't get along without them. Soon we expect them to set up private practice with this advertisement, "Tell us all your corn and pea troubles. We sympathize."

J. G. Leach is making his annual pilgrimage to Crookston, Minnesota. He's hot on the trail of the bugs that live on the plants that furnish a home for the germs that cause the disease that's known as blackleg.

Stak has been using his wings again just to keep in practice. On March 14 he fluttered down to Wisconsin to tell them all about "Physiologic Specialization in the Fungi." An Aurora reporter reports that the entire Wisconsin Plant Path. staff and seven-eighths of the Graduate School attended the lecture, although it was held in one of the hottest rooms of the University on one of the hottest nights of the season. They argued until 1 a.m., and then Stak had to run for a train.

The next day Stak flew (this is not exactly accurate for the train was only a local) over to Rochester to look over the Mayo Foundation and to see how the other sort of doctors did things. Again he told them all about physiologic specialization in the fungi and a few thousand other things. We were afraid the hospitality might be so great as to induce Stak to switch from a plant doctor to a regular M. D. However, he's too busy being a plant doctor for that, so he returned to us.

The Iowa Academy of Sciences decided that they wanted to know something about physiologic specialization in the fungi, so on May 5 Stak went down to Iowa City to tell them a few of the things he knew about the subject. He didn't stay long enough to take in all the meetings, because he had to get back so as to start off on other trips.

WUXTRA

ELECTIONS

WUXTRA

Sigma Xi has elected three plant pathologists to membership: Dr. S. J. Wellensick, J. M. Wallace, and L. W. Jackson.

Howard Johnson has been elected to Alpha Zeta, honorary society of Agriculture.

"I didn't want my boys to become German Profs
I had them here to learn to doctor plants!"

A wail upkommt from the slender Halz of Herr Professor Emanuel de Stakman. He had viele Jahren getoiled in trying to teach his Studenten Phytopathologie, and here they were, listening with avid Ohren to offers of professorships from the Deutsche Department! They would him leave just when they brains enough get to know that Buchweizen not a white book is! Herr Stakman threatens all his hairs to out tear.

Last October most of diese deutsche Studenten knew kein Wort von Deutsch: nun kommen Sie alle from the main campus back with Stück Papier to show they read German! But Himmel, they are so gut at guessing, is it any vonder? When die Frage is asked, "Was ist Ziegenbock?" --somebody quick remembers that "ziehen" is to draw, so Mr. Johnson says drawing book, Mr. Nelson hazards ox, Miss Hart says drawbridge. So many good guess! Such intelligence! These Studenten should go far. They should be able a language from one Wort to build. One of the dumm members der Klasse looks up Ziegenbock and finds out it is a billy goat! So der Lehrer had not one Ziegenbock, sondern drei goats!

Mr. Johnson astounded the Herr German Professors; Mr. Melander and Mr. Nelson were able to the examination pass before they the course finished; Rodenhiser, Wallace, and Broadfoot now use Deutsch as a means of relaxation for their pathological Kopfs. Surely these Wednesday nights, with their

Hier a Pflanze,
Da ein Pflanze,
Everywhere erkrankte Pflanzen

will go down in the Annals!

But no one can console der sad Professor Stakman!

A fungus foray was made on Sunday, May 15. The number participating was not very large, but neither were there very many fungi, so that, numerically, things were about "even steven." The weather had been associating a little too intimately with the North Pole; consequently very few fungi had risked sticking their heads above the surface of the ground. Some enterprising members of the party soon made this bit of deduction and applied the inductive method to the problem. If the fungi wouldn't come to the seekers, the seekers must go to the fungi. Subterranean investigation revealed the presence of enormous numbers of Arachnopeziza. A few morels also were collected, but we didn't notice anyone limping with the gout the next day. One of the members of the party discovered a crow's nest, which turned out to be filled with robin's eggs. His defense was that it was a mycological trip -- not an ornithological one. However, the verdict was that while ignorance may be bliss, it is no excuse under the law.

Seminar this quarter deals with all, or almost all, the pathogenic fungi. The Big Chief was overheard when he made a little remark about the memories of his seminar students being in a pathologic condition. It does not seem to be a case of hypertrophy, but has all the symptoms of atrophy. Which control methods shall we apply -- exclusion, eradication, protection, or immunization? None is effective so far.

The Afton Foray

Dean Freeman's Mycology class held its first spring foray at Kelly's Conlie near Afton on Thursday, May 5. The party of fourteen left the Farm at 11:30 and reached Afton in a famished condition about an hour later. Roasting beef steak and boiling coffee soon filled the air with odors far superior to the highly advertized "Omar Aroma." After an hour of picknicking, a start was made up the conlie with the Dean leading the way and pointing out the things of interest. Farther along the party divided, half climbing the ridge on either side, and worked through the stand of white pine and paper birch along the summit of the ridges in search of the aecial stage of blister rust. Only one small infected branch was found. Late in the afternoon the two parties reassembled and the return to the "Tottering Tower" was begun.

Coon Lake Jaunt

Defying threatening storm clouds the adventurous embryo mycologists took off from the Ag Campus at 11 o'clock Thursday, May 19, on a non-stop run to the environs of Coon Lake. After a healthy repast of burned steak, fried potato chips, baked beans, and cooked Scandihooonian liquor, the search was begun for prized specimens of anything of interest. The harvest obtained by many of the intensive searchers warrants a serious consideration of their names by those masters of mycological collections, the "know your toadstools." A second stop was made in a swampy region where many new plants were seen. The group returned to the Farm in time to attend a lecture in the Chemistry Auditorium on the Main Campus.

Peridermial and Geraniol Poetry

Read this with the proper emphasis and you'll see how poetical the scientists in U. S. D. A. are getting: "Peridermium kurilense Diet. on Pinus pumila Pall. and Peridermium indicum n. sp. on Pinus excelsa Wall."

And as further proof of a poetical strain deep in the heart of every scientist, we advise you to look on page 203 of the Science News Letter for March 26, 1927. Freeman Weiss, imbiber from our own foaming fount, has spouted forth the "Geraniolorelei." The sadness of the lyric is overwhelming; tears came to our eyes as we read the lines. And to think that such beautiful art was commercialized! (The poet was awarded a prize of five beans for his creation.)

Corn smut, oat smut, stinking smut too.
Fifty-'levan strains of smut
And every one is new.
Head smut, kernel smut, flag smut too.
We've got so many forms of smut
We don't know what to do.

The station lab is filled with biologic forms and physiologic strains of smuts. It might almost be called a smutorium. The millions of smut races are transferred at regular intervals by a large corps of scientists. All transfers were very successful until someone in the Fruit Disease class liberated a few spores of Penicillium -- and then -- Oh My! --What Havoc! *** // xxx --- """" ***. The danger is over now and our five billion smut strains are safe, but for awhile the situation was alarmingly acute.

"The Charge of the Lath Brigade"

Oh, the cards, the tacks, and the laths,
The cold, the mud, and the rain;
With weather at zero it's hard for a hero
From language that's rude to refrain.
With porridgy muck to the knees,
With sky that's a-pouring a flood,
Since the worst of our lacks
Are not pains in the backs
Planting the cards,
 the tacks,
 and the laths.*

*Ack. to R. S.

"Forward, the Path Brigade"

With all their stakes displayed,
O'er across Larpenteur, continued the charge.
Stakes to the right of them,
Stakes to the left of them,
Stakes far behind them
And the big "Stak" in front of them.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
All biologic forms,
Marked by their numbers.*

*Ack. to A.L.T.

Believe It or Not

16,001 stakes, including a Stakman;
32,500 tacks, including taxes;
20,000 envelopes (imported manila);
16,000 cards, including calling cards;
Blue prints and finger prints, too numerous
 to count;
Are being used in waging relentless warfare
against plant pests on forty-two acres of
land scattered at all points of the compass
in the state.

Monsieur Eebee Lambert' still goes about in a misty daze but we expect him to recover his poise and alert interest as soon as he has passed his final oral exam for a Ph.D. Eebee has been very much concerned for fear the University would manufacture another higher degree before he could obtain his doctorate. A man really should have a little rest between degrees.

James Merrill Wallace, alias Peewee, and Lyle Wendell Jackson, Jack for short, are once more carefree and happy. Passed their German exams, written exams, and final exams. Now all that they have to do is rent caps and gowns and walk up the aisle to receive an M. A. from the President of the University.

Kitten Ball

Skipper Stakman and crew are sailing high and dry

Well, gang, Plant Path. is off again and it looks as if the good ship is gonna' have another successful journey. There will be two cruises this year. The first one has started and simply means a circumnavigation of the Farm Campus. Seven stops are called for but to date we've sailed by three of them with just a mere slowing down. When this trip is completed, the old boat will refuel, pick up anchor, and sail for rougher seas. We don't know what stops are called for but the skipper, captain, and whole dern crew are working hard for a non-stop trip.

The results so far are as follows:

Plant Path.	26	--	Ag. Economics	0
" "	22	--	Animal Industry	0
" "	18	--	Agronomy	6
" "	24	--	Biochemistry	2

Watch all issues of this paper for the rest of the scores.

-- The Team --

The team suffered only two losses from last year's lineup. Flor, first baseman, and Nelson, third baseman, are absent on account of duty in foreign fields, i.e., Louisiana and North Carolina respectively. Since they had served faithfully and efficiently for five years, they were retired and placed on the pension list for disabled Kitten ball players. We hope that they will discover the Fountain of Youth and that the warm, sunny days will limber up their age-worn joints and they will return to us in the future with a good supply of base hits in their systems.

We say most of the above to make the boys feel good, but, in order not to give the other readers the wrong impression, we'll add that these boys probably couldn't win back their positions should they return --and here's the reason --

On third base we have Johnny Johnson of Ohio --A second Hienie Groh, and on the opposite corner, -- none other than "Big Andy" Anderson, the "Honduras Banana King," or was it "Avocado"?

Other new recruits are Thornberry, the Kentucky Shiek, and "Alphabet" Jackson of the Minnesota Forestry College. The rest of the veterans are going strong. Lindy is pitching as of old and Chris still attempts to catch. The other fellers, Fletcher, Broadfoot, Wallace, Rodenhiser, Aamodt, Larson, Melander, Lambert, and Parson are there with the goods. Stakman is coach and is showing his ability gained after long years of coaching the tiddly-winks team at Mankato. "Swede" Peterson of mosaic fame is manager. Peterson won his letter by playing the position of loud speaker on the debating team of the International Correspondence School. Both men are proving their worth.

Plant Path. Bldg. has St. Vitus Dance

The old Plant Path. building shakes more and more every day. We have reason to suspect that the vibrations are aggravated by Melander, Johnny, and Rody who are shaking in their boots at the prospects of preliminary exams.

MAN U Championship
 Ay Campus Championship

Wow! We got a lot of those
 Climb higher
 Get the other one

Here's a nice one Doc

