

Miss Hamilton

AURORA SPORREALIS

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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

W. C. Broadfoot

H. A. Rodenhiser (Chairman)

The Emil Chris Hansen medal, which is awarded every three or four years to the author of a distinguished publication on some microbiological subject, was awarded to Professor Doctor Elvin Carl Heinrich Immanuel des Stakman in 1924. Professor Sørensen of the Carlsberg Laboratory in Copenhagen, Denmark, the President of the Board of Trustees, presented the gold medal and two thousand Kroner on May 8. The American consul at Copenhagen doubled for Stak and received the honors.

Our own Minnesota gang (past and present) gripped opportunity by the forelock and celebrated the occasion by dolling up the professor in a brand new doctor's gown (yards and yards of black silk poplin and blue velvet). Some of you old students heard about the plans long before Stak got wind of them. We had our assembly on May 10, kidded Stak for a while, and then Dean Freeman brought out the gown and the following epics.

MERELY A GOWN

"Woven from the sympathy and acknowledgment of
his pupils" -- Bela Husz.

To Dr. E. C. Stakman
- - - -

Merely a gown for our Ph.D.
But especially made and designed
For a lover indeed of wisdom and truth
An explorer in realms of the mind.

Proudly we join in this token of love
Teacher and comrades of old,
Students, disciples, and neophytes
Seeking new leaves to unfold.

Spun from the fibres of countless gifts
His generous zeal has wide spread,
Wove in the loom of our gratitude
With a good wish in every thread.
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Now here's the low down on the gang that bought a brand new gown
To help Doc Stakman celebrate his winning of renown.
From Minnesota's icy clime to warm Australian stations
The list of the conspirators looks like a league of nations.

Since charity begins at home, or so the tale relates,
We'll start our list with those that live in our United States.
And first of all we'll have to show the members of the crew
Who started out in this old State and stuck right to it too.

There's Seed Potato Tolaas and Helminth Christensen
Trametes pini Lindgren and Gibberella Peterson.
There's Aamodt diploid double A and Big Carl Anderson
Each name so far, it's obvious, is typic Minn'sotan.

There's Helen Hart, Collenchyma shark, and Lepiota Dossdall
And peripatetic Raymond Rose, State envoy pathological.
And strange but true, a barbarian the which is Tub Melander
Is aided and abetted by the plutocrat, Don Fletcher.

Here's Ostrom, our great bird man, who pursued the flying spore
But recently he got married and flies not any more.
From somewhere near Anacka came a guy named Allison
And last of all Doc Freeman who's been here since the year one.

The crew that represents the other states of our old U.S.A.
Of which same states there's just eighteen -- and that's no small array.
Maine's rock bound coast sends Bonde, the spud mosaic fancier
And Rodenhiser saw the light and hiked out from New Hampshire.
And Valteau got so lonesome in his old Kentucky home
He sent a kid called Thornberry with a pathologic dome.
From old New York comes Kightlinger, migrating from Cornell.
From all the tales he tells of home I guess it's just as well.
New York sends Jean MacInnes too -- she's got a brand new name
But Ashton's just a synonym and no just claim to fame.
Al Newhall left Cornell to live in old Ohio state
Whence Howard Johnson -- not a Swede -- but only just sedate.
Now South Carolina's not just famed for distances 'tween drinks,
It also has globe-trotting Hursh who speaks before he thinks.
And also Nelly Nelson, a doctorer of trees
He just got out of here in time to miss the last big freeze.
Virginia sends one Schneiderhan, expert in applejack
And Jones whose wealth in apples makes a most imposing stack.
Here's Bulger, a barbarian from South Dakota state
And Delia Johnson proves that North Dakota's up to date.
From Michigan comes Parson -- there's nothing in a name
And Hecker lives in Illinois -- he may not be to blame.
From way down Louisiana way where floods of water pour
Comes fair-haired Charley Holton and golf expert Harold Flor.
In Florida the natives are full of pep and zeal
They know their citrus fruits are safe because of Jimmy Seal.
Missouri's justly famous for corn cob pipes and mules
And now old Hoerner's showing them some new commercial rules.
Our Mississippi Bamberg and Person look like twins
And old man Powce Wallace abets them in their sins
Ezekiel comes from Maryland to make rust grow on agar
The dope that he hands out to them prohibitionists would stagger.
From Oregon Phil Brierley has sent some friendly greeting
Ralph Cotter from Wyoming is right here in the meeting.
The U. S. list we'll now complete with Washington, D. C.
Where Freeman Weiss and Lambert are holding forth, you see.
And now we will disclose to you all those conspirators
Who even now are dwelling or come from foreign shores.
The simplest thing for us to do and thus avoid some labor
Is to start right in and tell you of our very nearest neighbor.
From Canada we can present a very goodly crew.
At least we'll tell you where they're from but not just what they do.
There's Connors gone to Winnipeg, and I can't tell, by heck
If that burg's in Alberta or if it's in Quebec.
Ontario we're certain of, and that's 'cause Dixon Bailey
Is a Path. Prof. in Toronto, 'least he left for there just lately.
Saskatchewan sent Broadfoot who lived in Saskatoon
And thinks that sulphur dust on wheat will make old P. grow swoon.
Alberta's represented by a Caledonian pair
I think that Henry's Scotch and dark and Sanford's Scotch and fair.
In Manitoba's capitol which some call Winnipeg
There's more than one conspirator who gaily shakes a leg.
Margaret Newton and Guy Bisby and pycnosporic Craigie
Thorvaldur Johnson's also one, and add to that our Greaney.

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And now to give you all the rest we'll have to cross the seas
 And for fear you may get bored we'll be brief as we can be.
 From Germany old J. & Seash has joined our merry band,
 And Wellensieck sends greetings from our friends in old Holland,
 From Hungary Bela Huss recalls remarks on nicotine
 The which were oft disputed by our Swedish friend, Edin.
 From the islands of the Philippines, Sa niente joined the crew
 And China sends a sturdy lad in the person of Chin Ma.
 And way off in Australia J. Hynes has joined the gang
 And when Noble merely heard of it, he signed up with a bang.
 From Russia came old Mose Levine with just about four nickels
 And now he's got more bio forms than H. J. Kowitz has pickles.
 When Hanna joined our motley mob we'll say lest you forget
 The empire now is in the fold on which the sun ne'er sets.

THANKS!

Also liebe Kinder, I feel foolish but happy. They kidded me all right. I couldn't get the drift of the meeting at all, and, after the gang had taken a few personal pot shots at me -- and made several hits -- I thought I was in the gulf stream. At least I was engulfed in speculation, completely bushed. I thought I had violated the Anti-Smoke Ordinance and was being reprimanded by Doc Freeman, who enforces it so zealously. But soon a glimmer of understanding began to sneak into my mind and I thought: "Aha, more monkey business"! The bunch hasn't changed much, you know -- good boys and girls, most of them -- but they don't make much allowance for Professorial dignity. Don Fletcher presented a tintype bearing my signature--which he got in a perfectly legal but pretty slick manner--and suggested that it be hung on the wall. Then, some wise cracker pulled a fast one: he moved that the picture be kept and the original be hung. Now I ask you, is that a way to treat a man who weighs 135 pounds--when there was not even a thread running through the meeting? Then finally Doc Freeman started fanning the wind about my not attending ceremonial functions, all wound round about with celestial robes. Many disparaging remarks were made about my clothes and I was on the point of remarking sweetly, "Aw sheddup, I've heard enough of that at home"! From out an old gunny sack came a silk and velvet gown; and it came in my direction. I thought it never would get to me, past all the hungrily covetous eyes along the way. But it did; and I was invited to try it on. At first I thought it was only a friendly loan, but, in the crude way we have in the Middle West, the bunch told me to keep it. For once it was not necessary to tell me something twice. Well, anyhow, I tried to make a speech of acceptance but I didn't get along very well: I was thinking too many things to talk. Can any of you imagine me thinking rather than talking? Well, I'm thinking again and can't write. I really didn't deserve anything like that from you, but I wish every one of you could realize how much it means to me. Merely a gown? Well, I have it, I always will--its the one thing that I will not pawn, and I want to wear it when I finally go to make my investigations beyond the River.

E. C. S.

E. C. S. made the alleged address at Recognition Assembly. He said he couldn't understand why it was called Recognition Asseribly because he was so puffed up with his new gown, which he wore in public for the first time, that he didn't recognize anybody at all.

