

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 ~~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, Smutttox, 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*

















