

Hosdall

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

Vol. III, No. 3

September, 1937

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)

## EDITORIAL

The summer is past. There will be no change in editorial policy. Obviously not. There never has been a policy. For one can do with nothing what one will; but add nothing to zero and zero is nothing but zero still. Even so we are no worse off than many newspapers. We know our editorials are as devoid of meaning as are many elementary pathology quiz papers. But many newspaper editors do not recognize such limitations. Being extroverts rather than introverts, they carry their animadversions to the extent of pernicious perversion: garbled facts and vacuous ideas. And many scientific papers we have read recently come in the same category. The authors start with a point and then their statements fly off in a helicoid spiral. Many published ideas are Helicosporium-like, both in conception and execution. And so is this editorial. Well, this has been a nice visit. Goo bye folks.

## FOLLIES AND FABLES OF 1927

1. Seal still thinks there is a relation between "plusieurs" and plus fours.
2. Tu thinks it essential to get a wilt proof fiber flax, in order to keep the morale of golf pants up.
3. Melander still thinks that rust on barberries is related to red sea weeds. You have to dig deep to get it.
4. Thornberry thinks that peas develop pods only when they are overfed.
5. Wonder if Rodenhiser still thinks the Cruciferae deserve the iron cross.
6. Christensen still seems to be of the opinion that a rust hound can become a Great Dane, if he works hard enough.
7. After a hectic summer in the field, we all still think that Eagle is a bird.
8. Doc Freeman still thinks that golf is a siren calling.
9. Tolaas still thinks that Irish Cobblers are not to be trusted: they have such squinty eyes.
10. Anderson still thinks a Ford can zigzag up a hill propelled by nothing but Honduran explotives.
11. Peterson still thinks that the best way to cure fire blight is to talk a limb off the tree.

12. Levine still thinks there is a specialized race which has not yet been run.
13. Miss Hamilton still thinks that some contributors to "Phytopath" are neither literary geniuses nor belong to the literary genus.
14. Miss Hart still thinks professional phytopathologists should be able to cite literature approximately as accurately as the average undergrad.
15. Aamodt still thinks the double cross is the best way to beat the rust.
16. Peewee still thinks cedar rust is a German imperative.
17. Cotter still calc'lates he can make three-tenths of a cent a hundred miles on his Chevrolett - if he runs far and fast enough.

The titian-haired editor (fcm.) says "Sheddup." Strike me pink! - And blarst the oditor! But I godda sheddup. GOO BYE.

P. S. The editor said, "Well, don't tell  
Everything you know  
Even if it's so."  
And so farewell. Freedom of the press? Hell!

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136 Hamlet Gardens  
Ravenscourt Park W. 6  
London, England

Dear Aurora:

Please note the above address. The name is significant, but does not tell the whole story. There are 210 of them; we sleep and eat in No. 136. The gardens are there (all in window boxes). W. 6 refers to a district of London. It might as well also indicate that we are six miles west of the Imperial College and the same distance northeast of Kew Gardens. It takes about 30 minutes to reach either place. The park is real! A nice large one with tennis courts etc. only about two blocks distant. Nice for the kids! It took four days' walking, two large blisters, and a pair of half soles for me to find this place, but a letter will be delivered promptly for a two cent stamp!!

London is an ancient and historic city. We see beautiful antique furniture everywhere and have some in our flat, - especially in the kitchen and bathroom.

There are lots of customs that interest one from the states. About one-half the men wear derbies or "bowlers", black short-cut coats and black trousers with white pin stripes. Everyone carries an umbrella. The standard way of hailing a bus is to wave your umbrella. Before I bought mine I couldn't understand why so many busses passed me by. It seems to rain here every night, some time between midnight and 6:00 a.m., and it has rained three or four times during the day for the past seven days. It seems that you can expect a rain anytime without warning. I never understood the origin of the cane-wearing custom before, but it is plain that an Englishman in a climate where umbrellas are not needed constantly would not know what to do with his hands. Hence the cane.

Dr. Paine's laboratories are very nice. They are well equipped with the usual apparatus and spotlessly clean. The floors are hardwood and waxed. There is hardly any dust in London. I suppose it rains so much that it is all washed away, - and everything is paved for miles and miles. Outside of a stroll in the Park yesterday, I have not put my foot on real soil since I have been in London.

I have been sampling the wares dispensed by those restaurants "licensed to serve liquors of all kinds." I have by no means exhausted the list, but I have found several with merits. I can't say much for the ale that seems to be so popular. If they served it "on ice" instead of lukewarm, I think it would be O.K. Will report again when I am farther down the list.

The one thing we miss the most is ice water. It isn't to be had. At the hotel last week Mrs. Leach asked for some cooler water. The waiter brought some from another table saying that it would be cooler because it had been standing longer, adding that it was "rather warm as it came from the tap, but cooled off on standing."

There are not very many automobiles in London, other than taxicabs and busses, and most of the privately owned cars remind me of the miniatures used by Mut and Jeff; about one-half the size of the Whippet. "rubatubs" are common, and some "three wheelers."

I have not been out of London yet but expect to make a few side trips soon.

The ocean trip came up to all expectations. Alice and I escaped seasickness altogether, but the rest went below. Poor Margaret Ann was sick practically the whole way. The mustard plaster came in quite handy -- to stop a leak in the port-hole when the sea was rough. Enough bunk for once.

Please appoint someone to write me the news and gossip of the department. How did the rust epidemic pan out?

Regards to everyone.

J. G. Leach

P. S. I forgot to mention the most unusual thing that has happened since I left St. Paul. I received a letter from my old pal, H. D. Barker!

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Jimmy Seal, one of the old timers, but late of Florida, arrived in St. Paul the first week in August to take his final Ph.D. exam. The "doctor-to-be" is the same old longfellow and still swings a wicked mashie after all his practice hacking away at coconut palms. Dr. Seal returns to Florida in September.

Harold Flor has been visiting his family, friends, and golf courses in the Twin Cities this August. We were glad to see that the Louisiana weather hasn't killed our promising young pathologist, golfer, pitcher, etc., etc.

Doctor and Mrs. G. B. Sanford folded themselves into a car this summer and spent six weeks up and down around and over the west coast. They took in all the national parks, dropped over into Mexico a couple of times where they took "chances" at the Foreign Club in Tijuana, followed the shifting sands of the

Mohave Desert, and had their Turkish baths in the Imperial Valley. Incidentally, they gave the once over to all the experiment stations, universities, and state agricultural colleges in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, Oregon, and Washington. Seventy-eight hundred miles on a gallon o' gas, more or less.

Bill Peel, who has been with the Firestone Rubber Company in Liberia for the past two years, dropped in a few weeks ago. Peel spent the greater portion of his leave traveling in Europe, so he didn't stick around here very long. Peel feels the call of the tropics and is on his way back to Liberia.

Ray Bulger dropped in for a "hello" a few days ago. Ray says that at present he is surveying for pheasants, as he, Rody, and Peewee are planning a big hunt out near Brookings when the season opens, October 15.

Three new members this fall and all single men! Doesn't look so good for the married men's kittenball team. C. S. Holton, '27 Louisiana State University, Ray Banberg, '27 A. and M. College, Mississippi, and Lee Person, '26, Mississippi A. and M., will be initiated into Minnesota ways and wherefores this fall.

Leo Hinos, '28, Mississippi A. and M. College, has been assisting Peewee in the greenhouse this summer. He aims to come back again for graduate work, provided "the Lawd is willin' and the boll weevil doesn't git the cotton."

Wonder if the flood is responsible for the invasion from Mississippi and Louisiana?

Jean MacInnes submitted to eternal bondage this summer when she and Herbert Ashton took their vows in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton will be at home at 320 East 57th Street, New York City.

William R. Brown of Edmonton, Alberta (Hanna's and Sanford's old stamping ground) has been with us this summer. He has been applying his training in Biochemistry to finding out why smut produces hypertrophy in corn. Brown will be back next summer to finish up the job.

Speaking of Hanna: he is coming back this fall. He has been to nearly every place of note in the world and has 'most every kind of degree there is, but he is coming back to the "Tottering Tower" for another.

In the latter part of June, Lyle W. R. Jackson left for Washington, D. C., to take an appointment in the Office of Forest Pathology. He is working on damping off of coniferous seedlings. Jack says it is an even "heat" between the hot sultry weather and his "parasites" at the Hotel Y.M.C.A.

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Dr. J. Peklo of the Czech Agricultural College in Prague, Czechoslovakia, spent six weeks at Minnesota studying the plant diseases of this region. Dr. Peklo is a fellow of the International Research Council.

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## FOREIGN MISSIONS

Our staff of guiding hands in the dark mazes of plant pathology was full of missionary zeal this summer.

First to leave for the field was The Parson, full of the gospel of the dirt a barberry bush could do a farmer in Kansas and Missouri. Mounting his puffing truck horse, borrowed from Melander's stables, he stepped out for the wilderness of Oklahoma. Thus it was until the hour of midnight of the day his loan of the tin steed expired, when, lo, from out the cornfields of Iowa he emerged. He's done his duty now and has stayed home the rest of the summer keeping house for his landlady. He can be seen with a pucker of worry between his eyes, muttering at odd moments, "Was it today, or yesterday, that I should have fed those gold-fish?"

Our prophet Moses next fared forth, armed with a Vulgate edition guaranteed to answer satisfactorily to each and every uniform rust nursery shepherd such questions as why the end plant of the third row had four more pustules than the plant in the same spot last year. His mission of inspiration took him to flocks in the Southeast, in New York, Indiana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Ohio, North Dakota, Chicago, Colorado, Illinois, the Black Hills, Wyoming, Michigan, Kansas, and now to Duluth. Most of his time, however, was spent in a study of the grasses of Chicago.

Last Sunday we saw Brother Cotter out "picking daisies" with his wife. To the initiated, however, it would probably seem that he must have been collecting sunflower rust.

The canneries of Minnesota were the special province of Big Andy. Corn is now his favorite vegetarian dish. On a recent trip to Le Sueur, a steep hill interfered with the breathing apparatus of his Ford. From side to side it staggered, propelled to the brow of the hill apparently by the force of expletive alone, for when Andy looked for pathological symptoms and signs of moral back-sliding he found there was no gas. Another one of those "physiological conditions" of Pete's.

Pete, by the way, felt it his mission to visit the House of David somewhere in Michigan. He also has been looking after the razzberries in Minnesota nurseries. We overheard just a bit the other day when he was talking about his travels: "...I always take a dozen or so two-quart jars with me, Doc..." Possibly for balm of Gilead? But even when he is at home, the word is spread far and wide.

And then our greatest of preachers -

Into the far East went he  
Into the Kingdom of Whetzel  
On down to Penn State next  
Back through Ohio then  
Volleyed and thundered  
Nosing out news about barberries  
Making us famous!!

Through Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois -  
Shaking hands, slapping backs, bringing cheer to the  
downtrodden  
And grins for the sorrowful.  
Traveled our Jonahs.

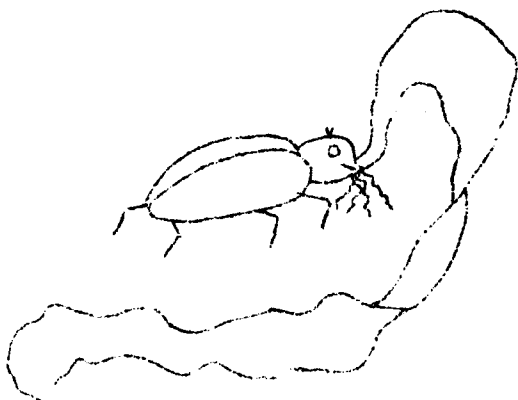
Ebee, our French convert, felt a call to the fertile fields of the Red River Valley early in August. Brothers Stakman, Christensen, and Rodenhiser (the zealous smut hound) accompanied him to help hold down the car. Anyway, it took them two days to get to Crookston, so Chris and Rody were discarded. And when they got to the Valley more valuable time went while Stakman got lost in a reverie about "what a big flat lake this must have been."

The Doctor himself toured South and North Dakota and Eastern Montana at the time the rust was getting bad and his disciples, the barbarians, were being tortured anew with doubts as to the truth of their new religion. Brother Cotter escorted him to Brookings, where Brother Bulger took him in tow to Aberdeen, and turned him over to Brother Yocum's tender care. After half of Montana had been rapidly and violently upheaved with true evangelical gusto, Brother Yocum had to admit the Doctor was a tough one. He had covered the same territory with bishops from the Washington office, all of whom had been killed off. Just why he wanted to kill them off isn't entirely clear.

Thus endeth ONE Chapter in the history of the mobility of missions.

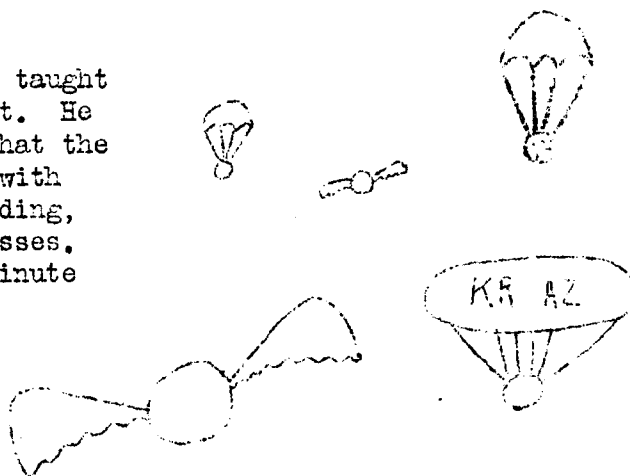
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#### ECHOES FROM THE "PRELIMS"

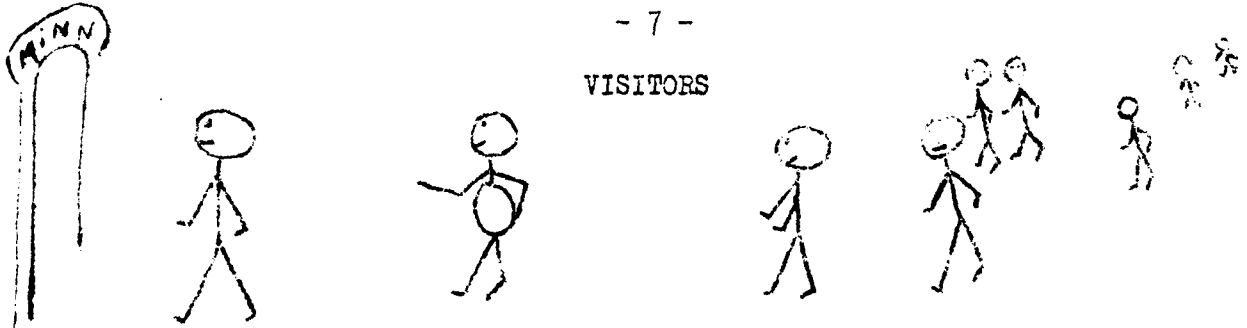


Melander has accomplished something which defied the combined talent of the mycological denomination for many years. He got the red seaweeds out of the sea onto the land. Not only that, but he made parasites out of them. He got a big but torpid seaweed onto a small but active water beetle; the beetle flew from the sea to the land, and, hocus pocus presto change, with one wave of Melander's wandlike hand the Rhodophyceae became the Laboulbeniales.

Not to be outdone in ingenuity, Johnson taught the sperms of mosses the use of aircraft. He was so firmly impressed with the idea that the Monoblepharidiales were the only order with motile sperms that swimming, or even wading, was out of the question for those of mosses. Ergo: they took to the air. After a minute Johnny took a little air himself.



VISITORS



- Professor Karl Ludwigs, Hauptstelle für Pflanzenschutz, Berlin-Dahlen, Germany.
- Professor J. E. Faull, University of Toronto, Canada.
- Dr. A. G. Johnson and Dr. H. B. Humphrey, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D.C.
- Dr. C. R. Orton, Boyce Thompson Institute, New York.
- Dr. George Bloem, University of Halle, Halle, Germany.
- Dr. Victor Talanoff and Valentine Talanoff, Institute of Applied Botany, Leningrad, Russia.
- Dr. Vladimir Skoric, College of Agriculture, Zagreb, Jugoslavia.
- Professor Charles J. Magee, Department of Agriculture, Sydney, Australia.
- Dr. H. H. Hirt, Syracuse University, New York.
- Dr. E. W. Ranker, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C.
- Dr. V. A. Pesola, Central Experiment Station, Telkkola, Finland.

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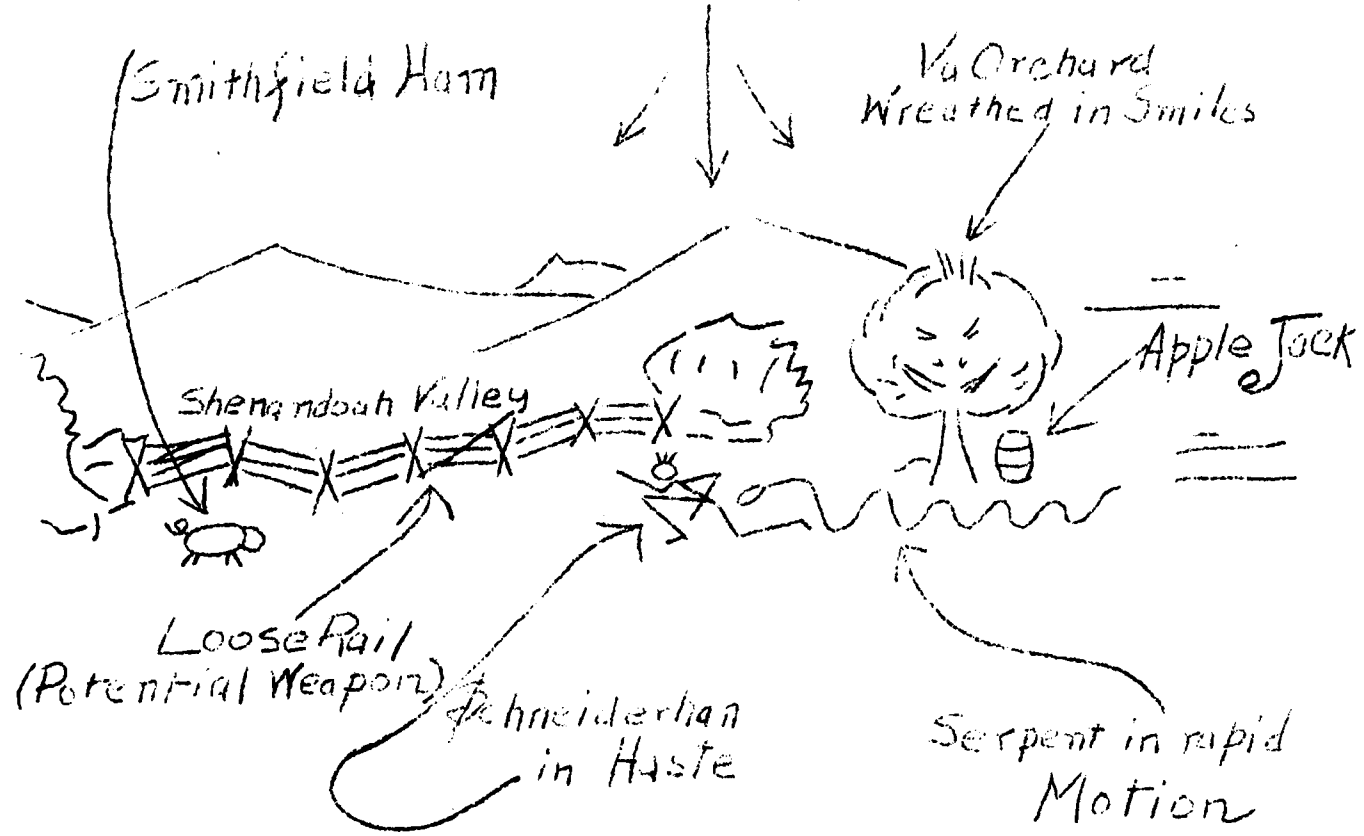
VACATIONS

- Mose spends his in Pullman cars, breaking the mileage record of the Notre Dame football team.
- Doctor Dosedall spends hers on the North Shore of Lake Superior where the whitefish have frosted toes 364 days every year.
- Rody spends his in Massachusetts, where he can have pie for breakfast and Boston beans every Saturday night.
- Laura Hamilton and Helen Hart spend theirs in Glacier Park, where miles are miles and there are always a couple more of them.
- Johnny spends his in Ohio and you could guess why if you saw the photograph on his desk.
- Andy spends his on the farm pitching hay and doing chores. Do you believe this?
- Chris spends his at Itasca, training to defend his title of "King of the Mushrooms!"

And the rest of us just sit and wait  
Wondering when we can "vacate."



# The Blue Hills of Virginia



## BIG GAME HUNTER GIVEN CHASE BY BLACKSNAKE

Winchester, Va. - Aug. 6 (Special) - Felix J. Schneiderhan, Pathologist of the local field laboratory of the Virginia Experiment Station, seasoned as a big-game hunter in the wilds of Minnesota, had the fight of his life late yesterday in a Frederick county apple orchard when he came upon a blacksnake of the blue racer species. He was without weapons when the snake sprang. There was nothing to do but run, and he did, with the snake following closely. Several times he could feel the reptile lashing his legs and trying to coil its blue-black body around him. He finally reached a fence and with one of the rails dealt the snake a blow that broke its back. The racer measured 5 feet 1 inch.

Reprinted from the Winchester Daily News

Special edition

This space reserved for  
 Peter's Writup of the  
 Fair Exhibit