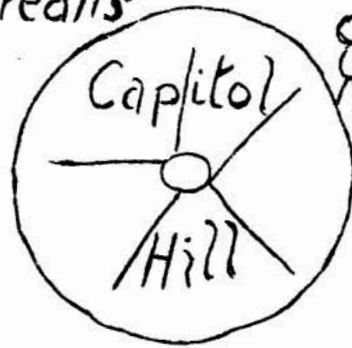


Maryland

THE WASHINGTON NUMBER of Aurora Sporealis

Beltsville Research Center
Phil



Stak
Don (Howdy Senator)
Weiss

N

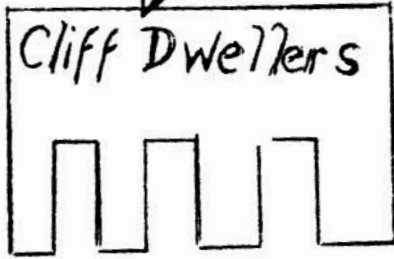
Ambassador Hotel

Hank

WASH. D.C.

Washington Monument

J.A.S.



Legend:

Cliff Dwellers
Stevenson
Weiss
Lambert
Barker
Johnson
Rodenhiser

Arlington Farm
Lefebvre
Graham

Ambassador Hotel
Stakman
Fletcher
(When not commuting to Univ. Farm)

Beltsville
Brierley

Lincoln Memorial

Potomac

Rody

Arlington Farm

Mushroom

Johnny Cam
Tommy
Tobacco
Cereals

Forage Crops

Virginia

Olaf
Ebi

Aurora Here We Come

"The thing we appreciate most from old Old Timers is a letter every few months telling us all about yourself and your work." Aurora Sporealis, Vol. XV, No. 6, p. 9.

You asked for it, Aurora, so here the letters come, ten in a bunch, straight from the Nation's capitol on the north bank of the beautiful Potomac (see front cover) where Lambert sails gracefully by, while Amoldt fishes for what. On the south bank lies Virginia, famous for its "baked ham" and "carry me back" song, as well as for the bowling exploits of Johnson and Lefebvre, stalwarts on the Forage Crops team in the Arlington Farm Duckpin League. Confidentially, they might be good if they were allowed to use a shotgun. The migratory fungus Grahamus Tommeyi passed through Virginia in a cloud of spores while streaking from St. Paul to Florence, S. C., but the spores wouldn't germinate due no doubt to the excessive heat generated by his terrific speed.

Back across the river again, Rodenhiser golfs at East Potomac Park or on one of the courses near his new Maryland home, while Barkar shoots skeet, or does he miss skeet, near his Chevy Chase home. Brierley keeps his waistline down by spading the garden at his home near the University of Maryland, while Weiss combines photography with theoretical politics by taking his camera to Capitol Hill.

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us." We have tried to hold the mirror before ourselves, Aurora, and sincerely hope you and your readers will accept these contributions in the spirit in which they are submitted. We enjoyed the Louisiana "Bullfrog" number of Aurora and hope we have done half as well in a different way.

Sincerely,

The Washington Old Timers

O. S. AAMODT

1. Thumbnail biography: After spending 20 years on the campus at University Farm, it is difficult to remember all that might have happened before that period. There was nothing unusual in the early life of yours truly except the usual boyhood experiences on the farm and in both a country and city school. One year in Mechanic Arts High School in St. Paul was as far as I got before feeling the urge to become a convert to campus life which has prevailed for a period of approximately 30 years. When I first arrived on the campus as a member of the Farm Short Course, the administration was under the direction of Dean Olsen, shortly thereafter to be followed by Dean Woods, then Thatcher, and now Coffey. My chief duties in those early days on the campus was to keep the steam pressure in the greenhouse under control and, incidentally, to push a broom around to provide sleeping quarters in the top of the Horticulture Building, one floor higher in this world than the old quarters of the Section of Plant Pathology. The present mighty Chief of the Tottering Tower was in the throes of cramming for his Ph. D. degree. I don't think STAKMAN ever appreciated that I might have been of some help to him in my dusty position. More than once in the early hours of the morning my activities kept a weary and sleepy head aware of the fact that there was another day coming.

The chief flunky of the Section in those days was a big husky from Sweden by the name of Andy Anderson. Stak's excess of energy needed to be worked off then just as it does today. Andy became the victim and I the referee, and after the bouts were over, me to mop up the debris. Andy did not have much success in spite of his size, so he decided he needed more training on how to throw the devil and became a convert to the ministry. I don't know whether he ever got a return match with the Chief after his improved technic, at least I have not seen any change which might so indicate.

After 20 years of happy associations with numerous, now famous, individuals scattered over the world, I finally broke away in June, 1928, and spent the summer and fall wandering over Europe. Upon my return to the Americas, I reported to the University of Edmonton, Alberta, there to spend 7 years in work and play with that delightful group of Canadians of which so many excellent examples studied at the Tottering Tower. It was a wonderful experience to live with another people with a little different philosophy and methods but not objectives. It was a hard group to tear oneself away from but in May, 1935, I moved to Madison, Wisconsin, where I was designated as Agronomist. There we spent four very happy and profitable years in a very delightful environment. In 1939 the opportunity came to see a little more of this little world of ours and so I and my family moved to Washington, D. C., where we are now located. Washington is a most interesting place and I am looking forward with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm to the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the plant science work in the United States and the opportunities of contacting former members of the Tottering Tower on their home ground.

2. Present job: Principal Agronomist in Charge, Division of Forage Crops and Diseases, Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C.

3. Hobbies: Still believe that fishing is an interesting pastime. Slowed up in participation in sports but still enough energy to bowl occasionally but have not fallen to the level of chasing the little white speck over the green turf. Gardening is still attractive but not very practical or feasible in our present environment.

4. Cherished remembrance: Among cherished remembrances, starting the field work in the spring seems to have been the most delightful activity. Of course, there was the thrill in softball, but this probably had nothing on some of the seminars when it came to concentrating ones thoughts on a single objective.

