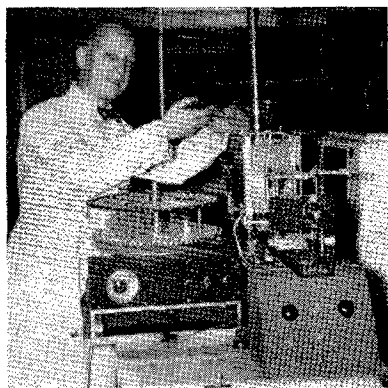


# Minneapolis Meeting Triggers New Laughing Water Poem



R. T. Holman

R. T. HOLMAN (1947), Professor of Physiological Chemistry at the University of Minnesota and part time poet, is the author of the poem, "Hiawatha's Meeting," which commemorates the 37th Annual Fall Meeting in the Land of the Sky Blue Waters.

Dr. Holman has a strong proprietary interest in the Hiawatha legend. He at-

tempted Hiawatha school in Minneapolis, swam in Lake Nakomis, played in Minnehaha Park, and venerates Longfellow as his favorite poet.

Ralph was delighted by the epic poem, "Hiawatha's Lipid," which appeared in the July Journal, but was dismayed with the thought that H. M. Sinclair, an outlander

from Bonny England, should usurp the privilege reserved for Americans of writing about his beloved Hiawatha. Brooding and sorrowful, as he describes in his poem, he

"Went then to the darkened cavern  
To inhale more power, drink inspiration  
And continue contemplation."

From this background we have "Hiawatha's Meeting." Now taking tongue out of cheek, we add that Professor Holman, in addition to being a first class poet, is a respected member of the scientific community. He was a pioneer in application of displacement chromatography to fats. His major research interests are nutritional properties of fats, especially essential fatty acid metabolism; methods of lipid analysis; oxidative deterioration of fats and the role of lipoxidase in fat chemistry. Author of more than 140 publications, Dr. Holman is Editor, *Progress in The Chemistry of Fats and Other Lipids*, and member of the Editorial Board of *Journal of Nutrition*.

As his parody grew, it became easier to see parallels between scientists in general and some of Longfellow's characters. And while he did not write with specific persons in mind, the poem obviously touches all of us in some way, for we have human foibles and peculiarities which are presented in the poem in exaggerated form.

## *Hiawatha's Meeting*

By the shores of the great river  
Where it plunges o'er the cataract,  
Near the falls of tumbling water  
Which the Paleface Priest of Prayer  
Found in journeys of discovery,  
And where later generations  
Of the multiplying paleface  
Built their mills, machines of grinding  
Mills for grinding corn and wheat seeds  
Wheat for bread and corn for muffins;  
Near the stream where Minnehaha  
And her father, Arrow Maker,  
Lived in tepee, worked in quiet  
Broken only by the sighing  
Of the treetops, lofty treetops,  
And the splashing of the water  
Of the falling, laughing water  
And the song of birds in treetops  
Songs of friends of Hiawatha;  
Near these landmarks of the country  
Of the ancient redskin country,  
In the land of the Odjibways,  
Only ghosts of the Odjibways  
Haunt the streams and lakes and forests,  
Only memories of campfires  
Rise as smoke to meet the blue skies,  
Rise to Gitchie Manitou, the Maker.

Now the paleface tribes and peoples  
Are yet loath to lose the memory  
Of the valiant red Odjibway,  
Call the places in this country  
By the names of famous redskins.  
Call the trails and lakes and woodlands  
By the names of long-gone redskins,  
And the camps of wooden tepees  
Rows and rows of wooden wigwams  
Bear the words of a dead language.

In this land of Hiawatha,  
Land of Lakes and Camp of Waters  
By the shores of the great river  
Gathered chiefs and magic makers  
From the lands of the horizons.  
Some with squaws and some with freedom  
Some with braves and their young helpers  
All were welcomed to the pow-wow  
In the Land of Lakes and Camp of  
Waters.

With the West wind, Mudjekewis,  
And with Wabuns gentle East wind  
With the North wind Kabibonokka,  
And with Shawondasee's South wind

Came they riding on the heron,  
Great white herons, sailing flying,  
Singing, screaming, like an arrow  
Over clouds and mountain passes  
To Land of Lakes and Camp of Waters.

In a large and stately wigwam  
Near the center of the campsite,  
Mighty chiefs and magic makers  
Gathered for their council talking.  
Gathered first within the cavern  
Below the great and stately wigwam,  
Where the darkness clothed the chieftains  
So they could not see each other.  
Where the noise around about them  
Forced them to their concentration,  
And the dark gave inspiration.  
Drew forth first their pipes of smoking,  
Tobacco sticks and fire pouches,  
Lit the sticks and pipes with fire  
To illumine thus the cavern.  
Drew the smoke and gathered wisdom  
Thought great thoughts; and spoke  
great phrases,  
Words of magic, tales of wonder  
Telling other chiefs and tribesmen  
How they mixed their magic potions,  
Paints and medicines and lotions.  
How they cooked and steamed and  
burnéd,  
How the mixtures boiled and churnéd  
Before the mighty medicine was ready.

Then they sat about in circles  
In a pow-wow over glasses,  
Glasses filled to overflowing  
With the juices of the fruits,  
And glowing from the fire water,  
Chief and brave gained inspiration,  
Thought new thoughts and ever greater,  
Spoke words of wisdom growing deeper,  
Told each other how they gathered  
Harvests, wampum, wealth and honor  
For themselves and for their tribesmen.  
How the profits, ever greater,  
Gave them stature in their homelands  
How the magic in the cook pot  
Bartered wampum for the company  
So that braves became then chieftains  
Who could sit in contemplation.

Then they gathered in the morning,  
Went into the halls of learning,  
Heard the speeches of the fledgelings,  
Of the youths and braves and learners,

Those whose youth and vigor gave them  
Energy to pass their elders  
In the search for truth and knowledge,  
Those whose clarity of thinking was not  
clouded  
With the accumulation of the aged.

Thus, Iagoo the great boaster  
Rose and bowed, addressed his brothers.  
On and on he spoke, inspired  
By the wisdom of his own words,  
Pleased to tell each precious detail  
Of his work in repetition  
To enhance his reputation.  
Long past his time, he took another's  
Lest his hearers miss his meaning.  
But the hearers missed the meaning,  
For the music of his sing-song  
And the droning repetition  
In the darkened hall of learning  
Lulled to slumber braves and chieftains.  
Until applause rose up to meet him,  
Ovations from the drowsy hearers  
Thankful that he ended speaking.

Then Wabena, mild magician  
Spoke his tale, did gently utter  
Words of truth that told a story  
Brought from listeners praise and glory.  
More accustomed, unlike his brother,  
To doing deeds than boasting of them,  
His heart did flutter, his voice did stutter,  
And yet the words that he did utter  
Were to the point, and were well stated.  
So when he finished the group debated  
On his work, and he, though young,  
Was the name on every tongue.  
For he, yet youthful, had been truthful.

Then they quit the halls of learning  
And they gathered in the evening,  
In a social pow-wow mixer,  
Mixing people, noise and liquor  
So that speech may flow more freely,  
And that braves and chiefs, now strangers  
May with mirth engender friendship.  
So that hostile, warring chieftains  
May with smile and hearty handshake  
Show a temporary friendship.  
So that friends apart since school days  
May renew their bonds of friendship.  
So that chiefs who came with women  
Could parade their squaws and show them.

(Continued on page 46)

## Hiawatha's Meeting . . .

(Continued from page 16)

So that chiefs who came with freedom  
Could with freedom gaze upon them.  
So that braves with little wampum  
Could relieve their thirst and hunger.  
Yet through all the noise and shouting  
In the dark and smoky cavern  
Filled with people, packed with people,  
So they scarce could move or wiggle  
Friendship, joy and mirth o'er flowing  
Filled the cavern, set hearts glowing.

When the morning sunlight beckoned  
Rose the braves and minor chieftains,  
Gathered in the hall of learning,  
Sat in rows to hear the wisdom  
Spoken to them from their elders  
Who had most success with magic,  
Those whose medicine was strongest,  
Those who persevered the longest  
In the search for truth and wisdom.  
One by one, these mighty prophets  
Rose and spoke then to their brothers.

Great Chief Wabun from the East land  
Rose, and coughed, and gently sputtered,  
Spoke low and slow the words he  
muttered,

Drew his pictures on the white wall,  
Upside down upon the white wall,  
Spoke of one thing—showed another.  
With his back toward his brothers,  
Told the secrets of his magic,  
How he mixed, how he compounded  
Grease and oil in certain measure,  
Blew with air the boiling mixture,  
And the mixture thickened, darkened,  
Took the form of its container  
Thus from oil, and thus from mastic  
Wabun formed a polyplastic.

Thus if mixed in correct measure  
Oil and grease become a treasure.  
And the young braves, listening, listening,  
Bending forward, uncomprehending  
Were full of wonder at his ending  
Mystified, confused, bewildered  
By the Great Chief Wabun's logic.  
Were the braves impressed so deeply  
That no question dared they ask him.  
Thus he ended with his speaking  
And he squatted down in pleasure  
For having not disclosed his treasure.

Then rose in turn Chief Mudjekewis  
From the West, Great Mudjekewis,  
Told his tale of long experience,  
How he fished the Big Sea Water  
Caught fish in hundreds, then in  
thousands.

How he squeezed them 'til they trickled,  
Gave forth oil in flowing measure—  
Truly this was *greater* treasure.  
His oil of fish was evil smelling  
Curled men's noses, stopped their  
breathing.

So Mudjekewis blew the fish oil,  
With superheated steam he blew it,  
Caught the evil smelling vapors.  
In concentrated form he captured  
Medicine strong and drops so mystic  
That amulets and nostrums cryptic  
Touched with it did then forever  
Repel spirits, bugs and people  
Such magic had no equal!  
The applause that from the hall did rise  
To Mudjekewis was no surprise.

Shawondasee thin and tall  
Speaking in a Southern drawl  
Told his tale of wonder,  
Magic medicine and thunder  
In his testing, trying, proving  
He had learned the secret brewing  
Of the body's foods and liquors.

How the meat and corn and barley  
Of men's food dissolved so slowly,  
How it liberated power,  
How it permeated muscle  
How sugars and amino acids  
And Hiawathianic acids  
Formed magic fuel of the body.  
But of even greater magic,  
Was another wonder lipid  
Glistening, waxy and insipid.  
It was found in all the organs  
Every tissue cell and fluid  
Of the body did include it.  
Thus the universal lipid  
Must be mighty wonder magic,  
Cholesterol the wonder substance  
Thus must be the key to knowledge  
Of the workings of the body.  
So to strengthen thus his thesis,  
Shawondasee did then measure  
Cholesterol and all its cousins  
In the blood and in the liver,  
Found a magic strange conversion  
Of cholesterol to acids,  
Acids strong and acids bitter  
Crystals that do softly glitter.  
Thus had Shawondasee,  
Gently blowing Shawondasee  
Revealed at last his secret magic,  
Magic of far greater power  
Than his predecessor's magic.  
Was so sure it was superior  
That he left the hall of learning.  
From the hall, he proudly striding  
Followed by his braves and cousins  
Went then to the darkened cavern  
To inhale more power, drink inspiration  
And continue contemplation.

From the North, Kabibonokka  
Rose and smote upon his bosom,  
Beat his bosom and the table  
To impress the braves and chieftains  
With the message of his story.



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Kabibonokka's braves and helpers  
 Had within their many cookpots  
 Warmed and cooled the oils and greases  
 From beasts of field and seeds of grasses.  
 And in magic manipulations  
 Had separated from each other  
 Oily and the greasy acids.  
 In one fraction of their potion  
 Had they isolated with devotion  
 Acids pure and acids oily,  
 Examined them with wondrous logic  
 With their instruments of magic.  
 Passed them through their ground sand  
 columns,  
 Spread them out on sheets of parchment,  
 Protected from the air they spread them,  
 Lest they oxidize to pieces.  
 Then they oxidized to break them  
 Into pieces even smaller.  
 With purple poison and with ozone  
 Cut the molecules to pieces.  
 Thus had mighty Kabibonokka  
 Shown and proven then the structure  
 Of the wondrous fatty acids.

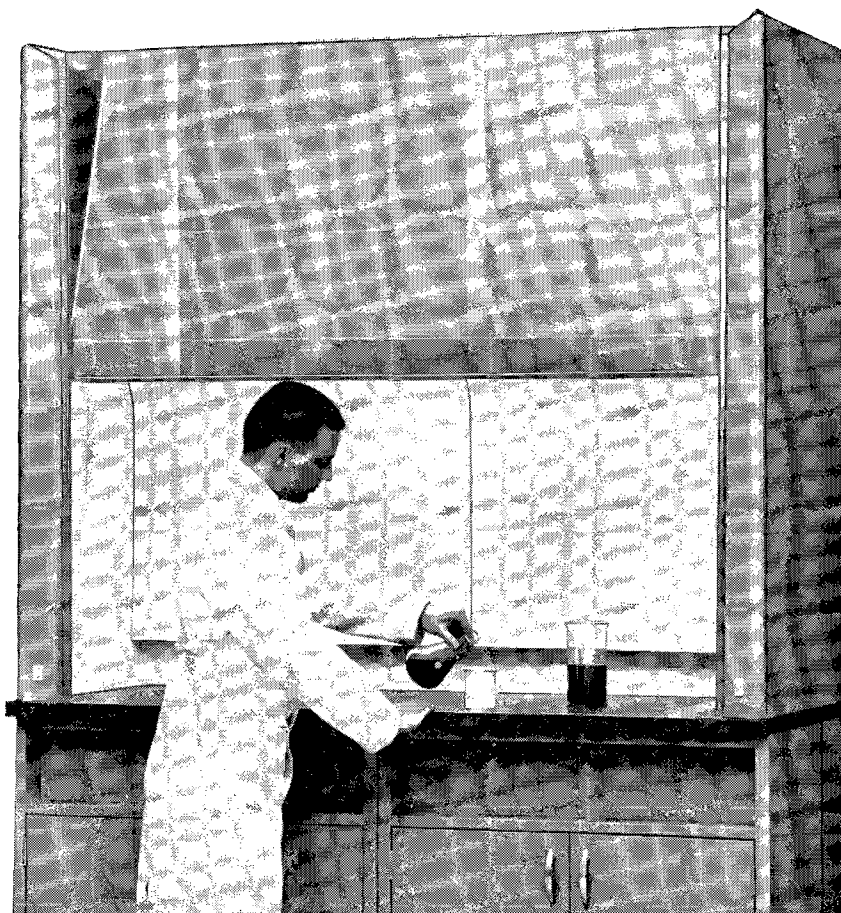
Polyunsaturated acids, clearly,  
 Were the secret of all nature.  
 Universally they found them  
 Like cholesterol they found them,  
 In the cells of all of nature.  
 Fragile were their molecules,  
 Sensitive to air and ozone,  
*Much* more difficult to handle  
 Than cholesterolic lipids.  
 Therefore polyunsaturated acids  
 Are *the* key to all of nature!  
 So could no one ever question  
 That Kabibonokka's honor,  
 As discoverer of the magic  
 Of all nature, was the greatest.

Thus the braves and chiefs assembled  
 Heard the wisdom of the four winds.  
 Learned what is the most important,  
 Greatest treasure, wondrous magic,  
 Key of nature, greatest secret.  
 But the four conflicting versions  
 Confused the braves and minor chieftains.

Up then rose Chief Hiawatha  
 Cleared his throat and started speaking  
 Out of inspiration, speaking,  
 Out of inspiration gathered  
 In the darkened lower cavern  
 Where great chiefs make contemplations.

"Should you ask me what these  
 meanings,  
 Should you ask me, I should tell you  
 That the four conflicting versions  
 Are the blowing of the four winds.  
 Only winds from four directions  
 Over one great pleasant landscape.  
 Should you ask me what the secret  
 Which the most important magic  
 Should you ask me, I should tell you  
 That the four great magic secrets  
 Are the petals of one flower.  
 Each alone is naked, useless,  
 But together make a flower.  
 Should you ask me, I should tell you  
 That the four conflicting magics  
 Are but trees within the forest  
 Are but parts of one great picture.  
 Thus the wondrous polyplastic,  
 And the smelling fishy vapors,  
 And cholesterolic lipid,  
 And unsaturated acids,  
 And anteiso *trans* oleic,  
 Hiawathianic acid,  
 Are but the forms of *The Great Lipid*:  
 Magic lipid, nature's secret,  
 Universal greasy fluid  
 That oils the cells of Mother Nature.  
 So it is you all discovered  
 Each a petal of the flower,  
 Each a portion of the secret.  
 It is not the fatty acids  
 Nor cholesterolic lipid

(Continued on page 54)



## New Neutral Oil and Loss Determination Calls For New Laboratory Safety Standards

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(Continued from page 47)

That mark the change of Seasons  
In the man and in the woman,  
But it is the magic lipid  
New among the lipid classes:  
Hiawathatidic acid  
It is called to give me honor,  
For the honor of discovery,  
For the simple recognition  
Of the forest through the treetops,  
Of the flower from its petals.''

Then the braves and chiefs assembled  
Rose and gave him all their honor.  
Praised the prophet Hiawatha  
For his all-pervading wisdom.  
Gave him medals of great honor  
Feathers golden for his bonnet.  
Chose him Chief of Chiefs in council,  
Chose him Chief of next year's council,  
So that braves and minor chieftains  
Might grow wiser from his wisdom.

Then the council of the mighty  
Closed its meeting, left the campfire  
Turned their faces toward their homeland,  
Happily they turned them homeward,  
Left the Land of Lakes, the Camp of  
Waters.  
But they left with inspiration  
From the cavern, dark and smoky,  
From the upper hall of learning,  
From the speeches of the four winds,  
And the wisdom they had gathered  
At the feet of Hiawatha.

RALPH H. HOLMAN  
The Hormel Institute  
University of Minnesota  
Austin, Minnesota

• Referee Application

Second Notice. M. M. Phillippe, Shuey & Co., P. O. Box 663, Savannah, Ga., has applied for a Referee Certificate on oil cake and meal. The Chairman of the Examination Board should be contacted by interested parties wishing to comment on this certification. Please write to N. W. Ziels, Chairman of the Examination Board, Lever Bros. Co., 1200 Calumet Ave., Hammond, Ind.

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For further information, write: Dr. R. E. Demon, 1753 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 12, Ill.

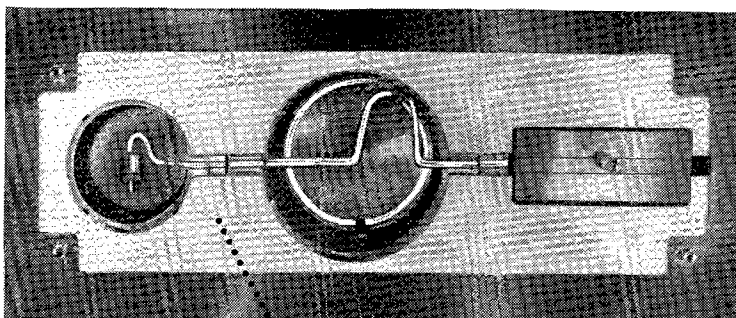
Fatty Acid Report

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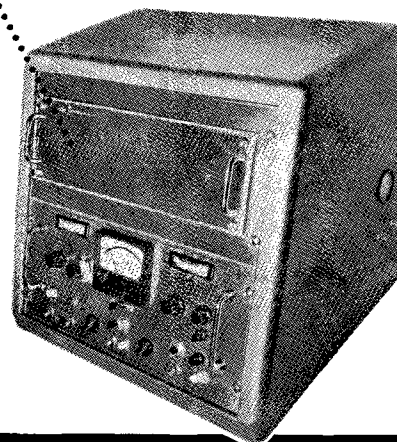


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