

Lec., and *Harmonia picta* Rand. are common fruit of the white pine, but not here. I have taken *Rhinomacer elongatus* Lec. in numbers and *Dinoderus subsriatus* Payk. sparingly by beating cut pine tops when the needles were dead enough to fall.

From these trees I wander through the red maple saplings, speckled alder and blueberry bushes to the edge of the meadow with its gently-waving grasses and tangled cranberry vines. I recline at ease on the soft grass on the bank of a slowly flowing brook, and watch the crows silently flying to and from their nests that I know are hidden in the woods beyond. *Dineutes* and *Gyrinus* are whirling and spinning on the water at my feet. The tiger beetles, *C. repanda* Dej., are hunting on the patches of white sand of the further bank. To the right is a grove of waving pines, the green of their needles contrasting pleasingly with the darkness of their trunks; in front of me are tall chestnuts and oaks; to the left of the green meadow is traversed by the brook that disappears in a sudden bend behind the oaks and chestnuts. Many happy hours have I spent beside this brook, and again I recall the day I swept *Leptura deleta* Lec. from the Spiraea blossoms almost within the shade of the murmuring pines; the time I almost got *Leptura subhamata* Rand. on the same flower, and the plant which bore it is now within my sight. How I pawed around in the dead grass on hands and knees on the soggy meadow bottom for a full hour after the elusive specimen, and with what regrets I finally gave up the quest. And so each spot recalls some entomological event that is again enacted as I dream beside the winding stream. A spotted turtle goes pawing his course down along the bottom of the brook and reminds me that I must be on the move, for it is nearing noon, and although the rain still holds off it will not spare me much longer.

I must try the grove of young pines half a mile further on for I have found that pines and other evergreens along the edges of a wood are the hiding places of many beetles in cloudy weather, and even in sunny weather after 4 p.m. or before 10 a.m. I have also had wonderful luck sweeping *Alnus incana* bushes in Maine at sunset, taking many rare things in numbers, such as *Elaeër sanguinipennis* Say, and *semicinctus* Rand., *Cardiophorus convexulus* Lec., *Meianotus leonardi* Lec., *Corymbites hamatus* Say, *Lyctus striatus* Melsh., and *opaculus* Lec., *Saperda obliqua* Say, and *lateralis* Fab., *Oberea pallida* Casey, *Agrilus pensus* Horn and many other lesser lights. By beating *Alnus* sprouts when the sun was shining in the afternoon I once took many *Dicerca caudata* Lec., *Eupristocerus cogitans* Web., and *Oberea pallida* in Maine. In Massachusetts I have had no such good luck with *Alnus*, and can only record *Anomala lucicola* Fab. *Harmonia similis* Rand. and *Adalia frigida* Schn., all of which are rather uncommon in this locality.

Down the brook, ignoring the fine sweeping grounds on either side, I hasten on towards the rocky hill fringed with scattered pitch pines and topped with small oaks, hickories and well-browsed hazel bushes. On the south slope is an open grove of young white pines that should well repay a visit. The first tree gives me a regular shower of *Dichelonycha albicollis* Burm. and *Glyptoscelis pubescens* Fab., both of which are well-known products. A thorough canvass of the trees yields nothing else, but a barberry bush in flower drops an *Elaeër collaris* Say into my umbrella to lighten the disappointment.