

to get something from the bunches of live willow sprouts that have escaped the grass fires. The attempt always brings a multitude of *Crepidodera helxines* L., or a shower of brown-tail moth caterpillars into the umbrella, and to-day is not the exception. I have occasionally found a few *Rhynchites cyanellus* Lec. among the usual vermin.

My beating stick is any handy dead limb of suitable length, and it can easily be replaced. The blows on the scraggly old dead willows shower down bits of bark and moss with an occasional *Allandrus bifasciatus* Lec., *Acoptus suturalis* Lec., or *Chramesus icoriae* Lec. From the smaller trees I get a score of *Laemophlaeus adustus* Lec. and *convexus* Lec., an occasional *biguttatus* Say or *fasciatus* Mel., *Psenocerus supernotatus* Say, *Orchesia castanea* Melsh., and still more rarely *Pogonocherus salicicola*, *Lepturges querci* Fitch and *facetus* Say. Across the track the alders and fire-killed bushes yield numbers of *Laemophlaeus* and *Molamba* which are barely discernible as minute dots crawling on the dark umbrella. Some of the Cerambycids remain perfectly still on the cloth, and are occasionally picked from the very edge where the least motion would tumble them to safety.

New fields lure me on down the track half a mile more to the woods and meadows, but I must always stop to take a whack at the clump of poison sumac growing by the fence on the edge of the swamp that stretches away to the brook beyond the higher ground. It yields as usual only *Psenocerus supernotatus*, and the chokecherry and red maple are even less productive, although I have taken some good things from the sprouts of the latter, notably *Purpuricenus humeralis* Fab., *Limonius aurifer* Lec. (in Maine), and *Corymbites nigricornis* Panz. (typical *nitidulus* Lec.) once in numbers.

Near the track fire has killed all the large trees of the high ground, and it has grown up with bunches of blueberry, amelanchier and sweet fern. The former yields nothing at all generally, but the amelanchier I have now visited at the most favourable time, and when I have finished with them I have several specimens of the rare *Agilus viaticollis* Rand. and a set of *Saperda candida* Fab. The latter I have never taken otherwise, except once only, when I suddenly saw one balanced on the tip of a dead sprout almost between my legs.

Travelling east again down a wood-road, I visit a few white pines that have escaped the fires. The lower branches of these I am able to reach with a long limb, and almost the first blow brings down a beautiful green beetle, *Chrysobothris harrisi* Hentz, a very welcome find. I collar the trees with renewed vigour when a sharp sting in the vicinity of my collar bone causes me to suspend operations with visions of a ferocious, white-faced hornet probing about my jugular vein. Hastily throwing off my coat and bag I frantically try to dislodge the intruder by tearing open my shirt and getting head down over the umbrella, for entomological curiosity compels me to search out the identity of the insect that has violated the sanctity of my person. At intervals during these manoeuvres, when the clothing binds the insect, it deliberately, but with unexpected moderation, punctures my skin, selecting five different places before it is released and falls to the umbrella; it is a yellow hymenopter whose identity is unknown to me. After arraiging the intruder in appropriate, if not ethical, language the search for *C. harrisi* is continued with one more specimen as a reward. In Maine *Corymbites medianus* Germ., and *propola*