

Mr. Hemsley himself contributed a poem that was set to music by his friend Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops. Speeches at the dinner were as irreverent as the poet's own "S.P.C.A." sermons:

I'd like to hear a sermon done
On the general theme of the prodigal
son
But slanted anew—
From the point of view
(And on behalf)
Of the fatted calf.

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"Stuart Hemsley," lamented one of the testators, "will be sorely missed in Boston." "On the other hand they may catch up with me and take more accurate aim," Mr. Hemsley shot back.

The Consul General's retirement to Toronto should give pause to editors of a dozen magazines now that he has more time than ever to cast his mischievous barbs. How much more frequently will he spot such titles as that which appeared in the "*Mosquito News*" (below) and other items (right)?

Notes on a Male *Aedes Aegypti* Whose Terminalium Failed to Rotate

O muffle the drums and mute the lyre;
Sing a dirge-cum-epithalamium
For an *Aedes* mate who failed to rotate
His vital, though small, terminalium.

To us this rotation may seem a bit odd:
Though a simple mosquito positioning,
For you or for me it would take a
degree
Of adjustment, and months of
conditioning.

But enough of asides. The fact still
remains
That mosquitoes as husbands aren't
ratable
If when put to the test they haven't
the zest
To show they are fully rotatable.

Are these, you may ask, indisputable
facts
Observed by a trained entomologist?
Or has somebody picked a few obiter
dicta
From a specialized Peeping-
Tomologist?

I really don't know, but I thought you
should hear
The latest about terminalia.
And I hope you have got a soft little
spot
In your heart for a notable failia.

—*The Atlantic*

Doctors Report That Spiders Spin Slower After a Morphine Dose

Will you walk into my parlor? (said the spider to the fly);
'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did contemplate.
Actually, the whole place is a shambles—an arachnidean mess—
But nowadays, Fly, I care about housekeeping less and less and less.
Anyway, come into the garden, Maud,
for the black bat, night, has come back again.
And that's the way I like it, Maud,
half-light and half-truths.
Me for the drowsy numbness, for inky visions floating off
to a nebulous infinity on foggy and uncertain clouds.
Stomp your feet as you come, Maud,
and try to shake loose some of those inevitable dewdrops;
for when jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty whatnots,
those pearly blobs give off prismatic reflections
that are damnably hard on the eyeballs.
Time was, Maud, when I would have rolled
you up into an anticipatory pie—
a silken, gift-wrapped, postprandial tidbit.
But not anymore.
Peace on Earth and Goodwill to all Flies is my motto.
Maud, I have some Stuff here
which, taken at the flood, leads on to all sorts of things.
But, first, a word from our sponsor.
Observe this giddy habitation, this dubious domicile, unstuck
from a mooring far, far away up in the top left-hand corner.
And a stitch in time saves the whole caboodle,
As Mother used to say, interminably.
Darest thou, Maud, now leap with me into this unholy mess
and swim to yonder point, and there with gossamer thread
knit up the ravell'd sleeve of something or other?
But on second thought maybe you should do this thing alone,
for this anthropomorphine person isn't what he used to be.
Here, my buzzing beauty, my pygmy vivand air conditioner,
take this thread and fan yourself with afterburners
to the site of the circumferential mishap.
And, Maud, I shall ready a Little Something against your return.
For I know a bank whereon the wild time flies,
and there, running repairs made, heavy-lidded and recumbent,
we shall grow our hair long, sleep in our clothes,
whisper measured obscenities to the passing proletariat,
and sniff our way down the soft, silent river of oblivion.

—*The Atlantic*



Canadian entry for clean air car race

An innovative low-pollution car, designed in the University of Toronto's faculty of applied science and engineering, will compete with vehicles from U.S. colleges this August in a transcontinental smokeless car race.

Officially known as the "1970 Urban Car Competition," the race is scheduled to start from the Cambridge campus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on August 24 and will end at the Pasadena campus of the California Institute of Technology. The race will take nine days to complete and will include Toronto as the first of six stops.

The propulsion system of the Cana-

dian car is described as an "electro-propane hybrid." It will have two distinct sources of power that can operate together or on an either/or basis.

The propane engine of the U of T car can be used to drive the car or charge its standard lead-acid batteries. Alternatively, and where zero pollution is the aim, one or both generators can operate as propulsion motors.

The competition is divided into three parts. The first consists of a series of short events which emphasize performance. The second part is the transcontinental journey, and the final part consists of emission measurements in California.

