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A DAY'S BEATING.

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The rosy dawn of this early June morning has been followed by dull gray, clouds which, slowly massing across the sky, presage rain for the afternoon. A good day for the beating umbrella both for catching beetles and for shelter on the way home.

My preparations for a day in the woods are generally made the evening before, or I am sure to forget something in the hurried morning start. A large, wide-mouthed bottle for the bulk of the catch and several small vials for the minute things or paired specimens that should be kept separate, filled with alcohol (denatured is just as good for the purpose), are deposited in pockets convenient for instant use. A small cyanide bottle for specimens whose colour will not stand alcohol, and a large cyanide jar for Lepidoptera or other insects interesting to brother collectors, are placed in side pockets or in the corduroy bag that is slung over my shoulder. This bag contains: a large knife, a trowel, a drinking cup, a fine wire strainer of five inches diameter for dipping up water beetles, an old pair of gloves to protect the fingers when much collecting is done under stones, two or three tin boxes to which I transfer Lepidoptera and Hymenoptera as soon as they are dead (to prevent rubbing), a white cloth with loops at each corner to hold two diagonally crossed sticks which will keep the cloth spread so that it can be used in place of the umbrella if that instrument collapses (as often happens) at the most interesting point of the capture. I also have a net that fits into the bag, made of brass wire leaded into a brass union, which in turn is screwed into a brass increaser; into the larger end of this a stick can be screwed and fastened by a tack through a hole drilled in the rim of the increaser. Nets of several sizes or kinds can be carried along, and at once interchanged by merely screwing them into the increaser. Last but not least I make sure that my forceps are in the sheath that is pinned on the inside of my coat at the most convenient height for hurried seizing.

Thus equipped I hasten down the side streets to the railroad tracks that lead to Sherborn town. Half a mile brings me to an interesting swamp beside the track and, although within a stone's throw of a busy foundry, I am seldom able to get past it without investigating its possibilities. In this swamp all the wood has now been cut off but a few old willows, and the dead and dying bushes and young trees often yield some very good things. It is here that I take *Pogonocherus salicicola* Casey, and the species was determined for me by its describer from specimens that emerged from dead twigs collected from these willows.

Splashing through the ankle-deep brown water I cannot resist an attempt