

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE WILD Ass stamps o'er Omar Khayyam's head and ventures, through the *Berkeley Gazette*, to suggest some poetic improvements:

OMAR KHAYYAM said:

"I think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar
bled."

Today he would say:

"I think that never blows so red
The rose as where 'Class A manure was
spread.'"

Class "A," produced by coquettish cows, is the champagne of fertilizers, and available through Berkeley Fuel and Supply Co. (Home Garden Headquarters).

FLORIDA

THERE'S at least one lotus eater left, reveals the Kingston (Jamaica) *Gleaner*:

Man living entirely on fruit seeks furnished room on place on which large variety of fruit is grown. Give full particulars and specify kinds of fruit grown, cost of room including fruit supply. P.O. Box —, Coral Gables, Fla.

GEORGIA

THE MOORESVILLE (N. C.) *Tribune* stumbles over Rip van Winkle, 1941 style:

From out of the hills of north Georgia

last week came a letter to the Attorney General of that State from a justice of the peace by the name of U. M. Millsaps. The letter was in the form of a request for a copy of the code of the State. The elderly justice . . . closed his letter with this comment: "If the law hasn't changed since 1895 I don't need no new books. I can go ahead with what I've got."

ILLINOIS

EDUCATION note in the Chicago *Tribune*:

BILL — You don't have to take 4th year over again. Hurry home. DAD.

IOWA

OUT HERE they graduate the hard way, according to the Blakesburg *Excelsior*:

Richard Selman arrived home Thursday evening and is spending this week recuperating from his last days of college. He left Monday for Des Moines.

KANSAS

ADVERTISING achieves an ultimate and adds an afterthought — a highway sign near Hoisington proclaims:

YOU CAN ALWAYS DO BETTER
AT CHILDS FUNERAL PARLOR.
LOWEST RATES IN HARDWARE
AND FURNITURE TOO.

MASSACHUSETTS

A BAY STATE police force bares its claws, as reported by the Boston *Post*:

Meowing and scratching at the rear door of a Mattapan apartment with unusual feline similarity, Special Officer Harold Jacobsen, early yesterday, gained admittance to an illicit rendezvous of a middle-aged man and woman and arrested the couple on morals charges.

NEW YORK

SEX APPEAL can do its bit in the struggle against capitalism, suggests the *Daily Worker*, under a pulchritudinous fashion sketch:

The above outfit is in equally good taste for a picket line, a union social or a movie date.

WEST VIRGINIA

THE Braxton *Central*, organ of Braxton County, gets in a plug for the salubrious community of Widen:

Personals:

Major Crumpecker, head of the West Virginia State Police, visited Widen recently.

Major Crumpecker died last week. Governor Neely of West Virginia visited Widen recently.

Governor Neely is in a Fairmont hospital at this writing suffering a face ailment.

SOUND effects take their place in the liturgy, according to a churchyard bulletin near Sutton:

"Hell and All Its Fury"

Come and Hear Our New Organist

POESY alights at Buzzardtown and takes her bow in the Braxton *Central*:

O. B. HYER'S
CARPENTER GANG

Foreman O. B. Hyer, with a little grin,

Next, Bill Richardson, with a dimpled chin;

Laco Hyer next, who is turning gray,

Next Bailey Rexroad, with little to say.

Then Virgil Riffle, next we see,
Charley Cutlip next, busy as a bee.
Then comes John Hyer, slim and tall,

Last comes Jim Hoard, who beats them all.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

CANADA

THE apex of frankness is achieved in the columns of the Winnipeg *Tribune*:

JONES — A WOMAN COULD MAKE A FOOL out of you in three days. Why not visit Madam Sedonia, colored futurist? She can reveal your future. Now reading at Posie's Café.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Career of the Mosquito

THIS is an interim season. The tremendous Spring stir of earth life has quieted, and there have not yet appeared many evidences of the next great process in the seasonal cycle: the wheeling bird flocks and foraging chipmunks and blooming goldenrod that are the tokens of the autumn. This mid-summer time is a very quiet season, a kind of rest between the tremendous rhythms of renascence and subsidence, a drowsy season when birds sing seldom and small mammals keep close to the cool earth of their lairs and the lives of almost all wild things are slowed and somnolent under the glaring sun. Nearly the only activity that persists unabated in this hot drowsy noon of the year is the activity of the insects: the cicadas that drone monotonously in the dusty-leaved treetops, the grasshoppers that feed by millions and make their rasping music in the sun-baked fields. Particularly, now, is there one ceaselessly active insect that intrudes into the consciousness of all of us, however unmindful we may be of

other creatures and happenings. It hums persistently around us in these humid dusks and breathless midnights, making a tiny shimmering of sound that is perhaps the most characteristic voice of this comparatively voiceless season, and it extracts ingeniously from us a good many drops of blood. In the midsummer season now, the interest of all of us, even the most oblivious, must now and again be enlisted by the natural history of the mosquito.

The tiny humming insect whose dancing flight makes so omnipresent a sound in our hot summer darkness begins its life as an infinitesimal egg, elongate and rounded at the tips, that is joined with a quantity of other eggs to form a kind of microscopic raft. The little egg-group is deposited by the female mosquito, hovering and seeking in the warm dusk, upon the surface of water. The water she seeks out must always be smooth and sheltered — the quiet surfaces of little pools apart from the main current of slow brooks, or the