

University of Minnesota
Department of Agriculture
University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.

Division of Entomology and Economic Zoology

4th Newsletter

December 15, 1942

To the Alumni of the Armed and Related Services:

Dear Alumnus:

December is upon us with its wintry blasts. Many of you at the moment wish you could enjoy such "luxury". However, we of the older group prefer milder weather. Yet it would be hard for us here to visual Christmas without cold and snow. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing we can only hope that your work continues to be interesting and in the end will come to a successful conclusion. It must be a nice feeling to know that you are contributing something directly to the war effort. We here feel that we are contributing, but less directly.

It is a little lonesome around here with so many graduate students away: but Chen and Sun and Fan and Hughes have their "noses to the grindstone" and this week John Standish showed up to continue his research work. The undergraduate college courses have kept up to the number reported in the last letter. The School of Agriculture courses have a very small attendance. The Insect Pest course and one in Beekeeping were so small that they were cancelled and the sections in School Biology are hardly more than enough to warrant carrying on. Because of the farm labor shortage and the calling of the 18 and 19 year olds there has been at least one cancellation per day during the fall term of School.

In the State Entomologist's Office Aamodt and Nelson and Hanson have been kept more than busy. We had to lend some time to the governor's office for a farm help survey. Fortunately, the grasshopper problem is so reduced that only a skeleton force is necessary. No graduate student help is available for carrying projects that have been going on for the past few years. Ed. Thomas who was on grasshopper work here this summer is now in St. Louis working on Parlatoria chinensis scale survey for the Bureau.

On November 19 and 20 there was held here, at the request of several workers from other states, a conference on the control of insects in stored grain. Seed inspectors, pest control operators and entomologists from Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Manitoba and Ottawa, Canada were inattendance -- about forty in all. Dr. Shepard was in charge and we think much good was accomplished. At least every one seemed to go away well satisfied.

The most important part of our division is still functioning perfectly. (I refer, of course, to the office force.) Mrs. Karow as "head man" makes things run smoothly and the cooperation with the state office force is excellent.

With best wishes to you all.

Sincerely yours,

Herbert C. Barnett, October 26, 1942 - Division of Parasitology and Tropical Medicine, Army Medical School, Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C.

"With the coming of a new class in tropical medicine, I have been reassigned once more to work in medical entomology and malariology. This new class is unique in that we have three colonels in it as students. Another innovation [innovation] has come from the Surgeon General's Office which is issuing a set of Strong and Stitt's 'Tropical Medicine' to every student. This is one time I really wish I were a student myself."

"We are about to start a large scale program of mosquito identification on material collected in the southern army camps this past summer. How much of this we will actually be able to do is still problematical, but at present it is planned that I am to have quite a portion of this project."

Daniel Benjamin, October 18, 1942 - PhM 2/C, Hospital Staff, U. S. Naval Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island.

"We shipped out last week and got here on the 16th. This is a very different place from Great Lakes, both from a climatic and every other standpoint. Jess Douglass, who worked under Dr. Eddy and myself are shipmates."

Alfred A. Bertagnolli, November 26, 1942 - Present address unknown.

Kretzchmar reports that while he was in Edgewood he received a letter from Bertagnolli who happened to be stationed at the same place in an Officers Training School. He was receiving his commission the week of November 26, if all went well, as an officer in the Chemical Warfare Service of the Army. He fully expected to be sent overseas soon after he finished the course.

Candidate A. W. Buzicky, November 9, 1942 - Company I, Class 6, Platoon 2, M.A.C., C.C.S., M.R.T.C., U.S. Army, Camp Berkeley, California.

"To date I am about half way thru the course in O.C.S. Here. We expect to graduate about December 19 and will get a 10 day furlough immediate following so will be home over Christmas at least. We have no information yet about future assignments but I will make every possible effort to have Georgiana with me at my new post. I have been quite disappointed not to hear anything from my Sanitary Corps application yet but November 20 will be 4 months it's been pending so there may be an outside chance that I may hear yet. I sincerely hope so. I didn't want to spend all my time in the service as a non-com, so registered for this school. It certainly is not an easy way to get bars in this manner as a tremendous amount of information is thrown at us - which requires practically all our spare time to absorb. So far I've been doing quite well. At any rate I'm learning one hell of a lot about the Med-corps and the U.S. Army."

Ensign Richard H. Daggy, (M. C.), U. S. N. R., Cub 1 Hospital, Base Button, Postmaster, San Francisco, California

No letters to the Division have arrived, but through the courtesy of Richard's parents the following excerpts from letters to them are included in the Newsletter. Almost no mail has reached Daggy since he arrived in the South Pacific. You might all try your luck and write him a letter to see if you have any better success in getting it to him than his parents do here in St. Paul.

"August 10, 1942 - Expect I'd better tell you about my experience as a hospital patient for two reasons - one, it gives me something to write about and two, it meant that I was left behind by my outfit which may be of some interest to you when you hear news broadcasts and read

the headlines. One month ago today I had a small working party loading medical supplies and equipment on one of the ships. We had a rather heavy load on an 'overgrown coaster wagon' about 12 feet long and 6 feet wide. It was a rather cold, rainy day - as a result we had to get the supplies under cover. While pushing the wagon, one of the front wheels hit a board on the dock. This threw both front wheels, jerking the handle out of one of the men's hands and hitting me across the instep. The heavy load and the speed at which we were pushing gave the handle and in turn, my foot, a pretty good swat. At first it stung a little and seemed almost numb, but I had no idea that it would bother me more than a few hours. I hobbled aboard a nearby ship and had an X-ray taken in the sick bay. Luckily there was no fracture. By this time, my foot was a little swollen so I hobbled ashore on crutches and an ambulance took me back to the hospital where I had been a boarder for the previous month - diagnosis - contusion on right foot, or in other words only a severe bruise. That night it was quite painful - I was even given morphine for the pain. The next day they put a plaster of Paris cast on it for protection. At the same time all was confusion here in the hospital. A new Navy unit was taking over the hospital and our group was shoving off again. They left me to board ship the next day and I thought I would come aboard a few days later. But an order came out that prevented any one on a sick list from joining the group shoving off. Hence I was deserted by my outfit - now I don't know whether I'll ever join them again or be transferred to another group. I should know next week."

Richard Daggy, October 3, 1942

"Quite a lot has happened since I last wrote. First of all, they decided my foot was broken - not just bruised! In fact three bones were cracked - so I wasn't dis-charged from the hospital for activity until a week or so ago. However, I was able to get about regularly and lived a life of ease for some time but all that has changed now and I must say I'm almost thankful for the broken foot - it got me the kind of job I've wanted ever since I first applied for my commission. I've been detached from the Marine Corps back to a Navy unit for which I am very thankful. If it hadn't been for the broken foot and meeting the right man in the hospital I might have been a misfit for the duration. My transfer involved quite a long ocean trip by plane. You can imagine what a thrill my first plane ride gave me - a thousand miles across water - then a day and a half stop during which I met a good friend from U. of Minn. days - Tom Larson - a student in forest entomology when I was lab. assistant for Hodson. Very much of a surprise to meet him out here. The next day another plane hop. By now I am an experienced air traveler. Have only been here a day and a half - but I'm very sure I'm going to like it very much. The men in the unit are all very fine and have gone out of their way to make me feel at home. There's even another entomologist with the group so I will be able to talk the same language. He's away at present at another station but is expected back in a week or 10 days. I'm very anxious to meet him. In the meantime I've been getting acquainted with the country - quite different from where I've been since mid-June and becoming acquainted with the work and with the assistants. Am looking forward to enjoying the work and contacts here very much."

Richard Daggy, October 11, 1942.

"It hardly seems possible that I have been here a little over a week already - the time really does fly. Since I last wrote I have had a chance to see much more of the island on which I'm located at present. You've seen these pictures of the South Seas in the National Geographic - jungles, natives, coral reefs, coconut palms, brilliantly colored parrots and other birds - well, we have them all here. In fact, I'm living in a coconut grove high up on a hill overlooking the ocean. I'm still attached to a hospital

unit although I must be sure to add, not as a patient. The entire hospital is located in a large coconut-palm plantation. No, I haven't been hit on the head by a falling one as yet - but, of course, have cut into them to drink the milk and eat some of the meat. In fact, when you're out in the field, hungry as well as thirsty - a coconut does the trick. The natives are very black, dress in not much more than a brightly colored 'dish towel' and have the peculiar habit of bleaching their hair with something that turns it reddish-brown. It's a peculiar sight to see a very black native with blonde hair! So, at least, you can get some idea of where I am not and that may be of some comfort. Saturday afternoon I took my first horseback ride! Some of the places where our malaria mosquitoes breed are quite a distance to walk and since there are no roads in many places, the only means of transportation is horseback. So it had to be done - even though I could hardly move on the following Monday, because of the stiffness of my legs, etc.! We galloped and trotted while I tried to hang on with both hands - in brief, it was quite an experience. I'd like to try again after I recover more completely! The other entomologist here is Kenneth L. Knight who took his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois last summer. I had met him several years ago at the University Farm - and he is a good friend of Carl Weinman's as well. We both know quite a few of the same people and I know it's going to be a lot of fun working with him. The malaria control unit will probably move from island to island wherever the malaria problem is encountered. Other entomologists will probably come out in the near future - won't it be a surprise if they happen to be some of the fellows we know."

Richard Daggy, October 18, 1942

"The first part of the week Knight and I took a trip to the north end of the island to make an entomological survey there. We traveled in a car over roads that I never believed possible. A good many places reminded me of home - that is if you tried to drive a car from the middle of Pigs Eye slough, up thru the swamp and then straight up the hill - of course you'd have to push the trees aside to get a car thru, but then it may give you some idea of how we traveled. Nevertheless, it was a thrilling and beautiful trip even though the roads were a long way from superhighways. For awhile we traveled thru plantations of coconut palms - some of the largest and most beautiful I have seen to date. These plantations, when well kept, are really beautiful - miles of tall, straight coconut palms set in a park-like expanse of green grass- and usually the brilliantly blue Pacific at the far end. Then we left the plantations and headed into island jungle - huge trees with peculiar stilt-like roots - banyan trees which send down roots from their branches to the ground beneath until they form such a tangle that you can't tell one from the next. Vines of all kinds train from the trees and choke the trunks. Some of them are 6-10" in diameter - so don't compare them to grape vines back home. Plants of all kinds grow attached to the tree trunks. Large ferns seem rooted in the crotches of branches 30-40 feet from the ground - and orchids too, although I haven't been lucky enough to find any yet. The road led thru the woods down into creek beds and up again - some grades so steep and tortuous you'd never think the car could make it, but we did. Every once in a while we'd see a small flock of these brilliant red and green parrots go screaming from one tree to the next. And pigeons - three kinds, and like no pigeons you've ever imagined. One is pearly brown with the most brilliant velvet-green wings imaginable, another is quite large - slate-blue in color, and the third is a beautiful pale velvet blue-green. Even the chickens here are wild! A long time ago, no one knows how long, some chickens were liberated on the island and have gone 'native'. They're much like pheasants now - the roosters with a very beautiful plumage. When you drive thru the woods and hear them crow, you expect to see a farm around the next corner. Knight took a shot at one but missed. He saw some others but they were so wary that we missed even getting close. Some of the boys have caught some of the

chicks and hens and now raise their own chickens. They tame quite easily after being kept for awhile. In crossing the island the road goes up and up over a range of hills and down again to the other side. Coming down was a magnificent view of several smaller islands and the blue Pacific - one of the beauty spots of my travels so far."

Richard Daggy, October 26, 1942

"Still waiting for a plane to go to my new destination, but some excitement is reported so I expect my departure will be delayed a few days. In the meantime, I thought you might enjoy an account of the initiation we received coming across the equator. When we first arrived in New Zealand in mid-June we weren't allowed to even say we were in the South Pacific or had even crossed the equator. You know, of course, that we left from the east coast and knowing at least the general region in which we're located at present, it's easy to see we must have come thru the Panama Canal on our way. The trip thru the canal was one of the big thrills of the journey 'down under'. We left early in the morning, took most of the day going thru and arrived on the Pacific side in the late afternoon - a most interesting day. Gatun Lake was especially beautiful, high hills and the mountains in the distance, covered with lush green tropical vegetation. Some of the men claimed to have seen some monkeys. I didn't, but we did see some of the brilliantly-colored tropical birds as we passed thru. Some parts of the Gatun Lake trip reminded me of some of our trips on the Mississippi below Red Wing - probably the steep green hills on either side reminded me of the valley walls at home - and we did twist and turn seemingly following a 'river channel'. We passed thru some of the miraculous cuts as we neared the Pacific side - every one has probably heard of these cuts as remarkable feats of engineering, but you must see them in order to really appreciate their magnitude. One cut actually seems to go thru a mountain! After passing thru the cuts, we passed thru the locks and were lowered to the Pacific level at Panama City. We docked here for about an hour before shoving off - New Zealand bound! All of us were sorry not to have had a chance to go ashore while we were in Panama - but from the day we boarded the ship in the States, we weren't allowed off until we reached our destination. It rained three times during the trip thru and in the intervals between the rains it was sizzling hot! I don't think I'd care to spend the rest of the war in Panama - if that day was a sample of the weather we could expect!

"Crossing the equator a few days out of Panama was an experience I'll never forget. The actual crossing wasn't known, of course, until we were told, but the initiation ceremony, no one could forget! We crossed the equator on the 29th of May, and shortly after every one received a subpoena from Neptunus Rex to appear before his court. I was charged with the serious offenses of being a 'pollywog' and of impersonating a bug chaser! - neither of which I could deny. By the way, a 'pollywog' is one who has never crossed the equator (that makes you all pollywogs). Once having crossed the equator and being duly initiated you become a 'shellback'. All that day, the few 'shellbacks' of former crossings took great pleasure in describing all the tortures of the initiation procedure to come the next day. Initiating some 5,000 pollywogs in one day was a man-sized job! It began early in the morning and lasted all day long. I was surprised in the morning to hear a pounding on my cabin door, and when I opened it, I was grabbed by an escort of husky police in fancy dress and taken to the Court of Neptunus Rex - the howls of some of those before me gave me a little idea of what was in store. By this time I began to mentally thank myself for having the foresight to remove my watch, wallet, and other valuables - and began to wish I had worn old shoes! We were first brought before the Royal Scribe and Royal Judge who read the charges aloud and properly checked off our names (no one was missed, you can be sure!). Being discreet, I pleaded guilty with

the others and every one was sentenced by His Majesty, Neptune to kiss the Royal Baby's belly! The Royal Baby, by the way, weighed about 250 pounds! Luckily for our aesthetic sense, the Royal belly was covered by an undershirt! Next we were taken to the Royal Doctor, a part played by one of the corpmen [corpsmen] in my company who had been across previously. A tablespoon of some vile-tasting concoction was forced down our throats - the awfulest, foulest-tasting stuff you can imagine - then to add insult to injury, we were asked if we liked it! If you said 'yes', you were given 'seconds' for your appreciation. If you dared to say 'no' you were given a second dose to change your mind. So you see there wasn't much choice!

"Then the Royal Barber had his turn. Armed with clippers he proceeded to take small samples (but deep ones) from various parts of the top of your head. Luckily I escaped with only a small notch cut in the back of my neck. Some of the other Ensigns weren't so fortunate. One of them, who had rather long hair anyway, had a wide swath cut straight down the middle of his head - it almost looked like a lawnmower had gone thru! After the barber was thru, some of the weirdest haircuts imaginable appeared that evening at mess - and lasted for weeks afterwards. Hair taken off on just one side, or just in the front, or in scattered patches. The Royal Barber certainly showed great originality - no two were alike!

"After our 'hair cut' we were sent sprawling on our hands and knees down a gauntlet of shellbacks armed with paddles - and were liberally soaked with sea water en route, and our rears lustily paddled by enlisted men who no doubt enjoyed the rather novel experience of getting their officers in just such a position! At the end of the first line; the Royal Devil waited to shock us - but literally! - with some kind of electric shocking device. We were then forced thru a canvas tunnel about 20 feet long - thru which we were forced to crawl on all fours - all the while being sprayed in the face with sea water from a hose directed at us from the front end. At least the bath washed off most of the black, sticky oil that the barber plastered us with after he was thru! At the exit of the tunnel about 20 more paddlers were anxiously waiting their turn. They laid to with much gusto as we crawled or rather shot thru them on our hands and knees. At the end of the line, the last two picked us up and set us on our feet - our initiation was over! Now we, too, were 'shellbacks'!

"Needless to say, going thru the gauntlets took much less time than this description - I don't ever remember moving so fast in all my life! My posterior was sore for days, and every one was very cautious about sitting down at chow that night - and my knees were black and blue for days!

"Quite a strenuous initiation, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything! Wait until I cross the equator with a new batch of 'pollywogs'!"

Richard Daggy, November 16, 1942

"Have been busy the last few weeks getting our malaria control laboratory ready for occupancy and training my crew of eight in mosquito control work. By the time the rainy season begins, we hope to have our organization working smoothly. By this time, I'm firmly settled in my new living quarters here at this base. Our large tent is located in a coconut grove on the side of a hill overlooking the harbor. We keep all sides of the tent open to catch every breeze (and use nets to keep mosquitoes out!) - so far we have been very comfortable. The nights are usually cool enough to use a blanket - quite a surprise to me since we are so close to the equator."

"A big beetle 2 inches long just flew in the tent with two bright green 'headlights'! No I haven't been drinking! Two large green areas on each side of his head give off enough light to read this letter in the dark

- I just tried it! To add to the peculiar looking things in this part of the world, I'm growing a moustache!

Donald Denning, November 23, 1942 - C/o State Health Department, 207 Civil Courts Bldg, New Orleans, La.

Denning was transferred to New Orleans about November 5 and the following is the first letter received since he established himself in New Orleans.

"This is our 8th day in New Orleans. Aside from my new work the three most interesting aspects are: several visits into and through the old French Quarter; an afternoon spent in Audubon Park, one of the finest Parks I have ever visited; and a morning spent in City Park, also very scenic and interesting. We like New Orleans but as yet haven't become used to their strong coffee! There are around 8 large projects in all portions of the state, with about 50 professional men and 400 laborers employed. In the summer the total will be about twice that. Louisiana ranks second in the number of control projects and men employed. I have assigned to this area to work with Griffiths (Ph.D. Entomology Kansas; past 4 winters in Zoology, Fargo), on the Salt Marsh problem. We have a laboratory set up in the hospital of the Higgins Shipyard. This former shipyard will soon be manufacturing airplanes and will employ about 50,000. It is built in the marsh, and in the past Aedes sollicitans has been a big problem. The salt marsh of the Mississippi River delta is tremendous in size and can be covered only with a large motor boat. Our job is to locate the heavy breeding areas of the marsh. We have a lot of work to do and I do not anticipate having any idle time on my hands."

Master Sergeant Edwin Dery, H & S, Company 487, Engineer Water Supply Battalion, Camp White, Oregon.

We have not heard from Dery since the last Newsletter. Hope we may have something regarding him in the next.

H. Rodney Dodge, October 31, 1942 - U. S. Public Health Service, P.O. Box 1095, Macon, Georgia.

Rodney is now ready to receive congratulations and in return will send cigars and candy to al who apply. He was married to Marguerite Gilbertson on the 29th of November at Stoughton, Wisconsin.

"Well tomorrow is November and I'm still receiving goodly samples of larvae and adults in the daily mail. When these collections cease I'll still have the majority of the season's light trap collections to identify, plus all the culicine males, chiefly Culex, which I have not been able to identify as I go along. If the winter season is long enough I'll be lucky to finish this and get in my annual leave too. I'm toying along with a larval key, based on characters discernable at low magnification. I'm making most of my determinations at 9 diameters, so my reasoning is that if separation of the different species can be done on relatively macroscopic characters, that the characters used can be made into a workable key, avoiding, insofar as possible, reference to the pecten, comb and head hairs. It's a little harder with Anopheles, where specific differences are more minute, but I find I can name them with about 90% accuracy at the low power.

Frank C. Fletcher, December 1, 1942 - 18 Upton Park, Rochester, N.Y. Army address unknown.

I have been drafted and am entering the Army on the fourth of this month. It seems that I will not get my job at Ward's back when I return so in all likelihood will have to hunt up another."

Lt. (1st.) Ashley B. Gurney, November 15, 1942 - Station Hospital, Camp Crowder, Mo.

"As described in the Newsletters the Minnesota Alumni engaged in service are certainly getting around a great deal, aren't they, and I feel like a stay-at-home, down here in Missouri where all is safe and sound and mosquitoes not especially bad at that. Daggy must be setting the pace for seeing distant corners of the globe. I confess that my attentions paid to mosquitoes were slight until last spring, but I have had a fine time with them this summer. Thirty-one species were taken at Camp Crowder or in the vicinity, which isn't so good as the boys get in the southern states or as the Minnesota list but it seems fairly complete for our restricted area. Earlier seasonal collecting next year and more attention to certain specialized collecting may add a few species. All things considered the season's work has been very broadening. The mosquitoes did not represent a serious economic problem, but provided some experience in their control, as well as acquaintance with the taxonomy and biology of a group almost completely new to me. With the coming of fall has appeared the need for work with bedbugs and roaches and their control, as well as enough other subjects to constitute an interesting variety."

Philip Harden, 1914 Amelia Street, New Orleans, La.

Harden must be so busy chasing mosquitoes that he has not had any time to write. Maybe the mosquitoes will lay off during the Holidays and we will hear from him.

Private John D. Hitchcock, 216th General Hospital, Camp Forrest, Tenn.

No word has come from Hitchcock since the second Newsletter. We hope that we may have something to report regarding him by the time the next Newsletter goes out.

Major William Jellison, September 25, 1942 - A. P. O. 629, Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

"India - When the Yunnan-Burma Railroad project was abandoned following the fall of Rangoon and Lashio, all of the Medical Commissions were flown to India with the exception of Dr. Marget. He stayed at Kunning [Kunming] as physician for the A. V. G's and remained after the Army replaced them. There were some hopes of going home but the commission's services were offered to the Army in India. Members were reassigned to posts throughout India. Fisk is at one end. In company with H. A. Johnson, Senior Sanitary Engineer, I am at the other end of the Trans-India route. Our Station was recently described in the Saturday Evening Post (August) by Edgar A. Snow. This entire region is a mosaic of tea plantations, rice paddies and jungle. Across the Brahmaputrat River foothills of the Himalaya Mountains will be seen when it stops raining. (There has been nearly 100 inches this year). There is much of beauty in this region. Rice culture is fascinating; today the first heads of rice were seen in the lush green fields. After seeing how important the rice crop is I have watched it grown almost as carefully as the natives who planted it and worried with them when the water level was too high or too low for favorable growth. It is an Entomologist's Paradise except for the moulds, ants, booklice and roaches that not only eat the specimens but eat the covers off of books. Paper, metal, leather and everything else disintegrates rapidly. This seems to apply also to people who do not appear to keep even with alcoholic preservation.

Private Thomas H. Johnson, Jr., November 11, 1942 - Co. C., 8th Med. R. T. C., Camp Pickett, Va.

"I have arrived at the training center where I am to receive my basic training. From the Reception Center at Fort Snelling I was assigned to a

Medical unit. Besides the basic military training my work will be primarily in first aid, putting up medical tent hospitals and movement of wounded troops."

Ensign G. Kretzschmar, November 26, 1942 - 203 Custom House, U.S. Coast Guard, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The days have been passing swiftly by. I spent a month at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland learning all about gas warfare and then I came back to Philadelphia to resume my duties here. I happen to be writing this letter at 4:30 a.m., believe it or not. In addition to the other duties I have right now, I have to Stand Officer of the Day duties every now and then for a twelve hour stretch. This is my night on and how they can drag out. I shall probably spend my Thanksgiving Day giving thanks that I can stay in bed and sleep awhile. I had hoped to get a leave around Christmas time but it seems that it will be nigh impossible as things stand right now. The office force is quite shorthanded and leaves will not be forthcoming for quite some time. I expect to be blessed with this O.D. Duty quite often for the next month or so."

Lt. (j.g.) Horace Lund, November 6, 1942 - Naval Air Station, Elizabeth City, N. C.

"I have rather remote hopes that I may get home for Christmas - but on the other hand, I have been unofficially warned that since entomologists are evidently scarce in the Navy (witness the reopening of the list for further applications), I had better have my shorts and sandals ready for tropical service. I like it here very well, but it is expensive."

John T. Medler, October 31, 1942 - 802 North "S" Street, Porterville, California

Letters have been received from Medler regarding entomological matters but no contribution has been forthcoming as yet to the Newsletter regarding his work with this Public Health Service.

1st Lt. H. E. Milliron, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

We have not heard from Milliron since he entered the Army September 1. Here's hoping we may have a letter from him by the time the next Newsletter goes out.

H. Page Nicholson, October 19, 1942 - 300 Essex Building, U.S. Public Health Service, Norfolk, Va.

Page spent one day in Washington during October working with Dr. Alan Stone on black flies. Denning reports that he had a fine visit with the Nicholsons at Richmond, Va. during the malaria conference there.

Martinus Oosthuizen, September 3, 1942 - College of Agriculture and Experiment Station, Potchefstroom, Union of South Africa.

"Our thoughts and energy are solely occupied by this war and how to win it. Only by the total defeat of Hitler and his Satellites can we ever hope to have a safer and better world to live in and to raise our children. When I left for America in 1930 I was prejudiced against anything that was English. As you know ours is a nation which lives in the past and never forgets any wrong done to our ancestors. Today I am fighting in the same camp with these people whom I had previously despised. Furthermore I am so enthusiastic about our cause that I work during the daytime and drill during the evening. The entry of America into the war has changed what to most of us looked like a lost cause. Many of my countrymen prefer to fight at the side of America. As you will see I am still stationed at Potchefstroom, carrying on as best I can. The Department of Agriculture has now agreed to

release all its civil servants, i.e. those who want to join up for full-time military service. They have, however, not notified us of this decision, but we're hoping for it most anytime now. My family is keeping fit. We have a daughter Helene, 4 years old, and a son, Davie Marias, who is 2 years old. After the war I hope to bring my family to the States for a real 6 months holiday. I still think it's the grandest country that I've ever been to."

Lt. (j.g.) Calvin E. Pederson, November 30, 1942 - Malaria Control Laboratory, U. S. Naval Air Station, Trinidad, B. W. I.

"The last couple of weeks we have been very busy moving into a new laboratory and getting all our equipment and furnishings arranged. The result has been that I have had no time for any correspondence, but we do have what we call the coolest, best planned, most completely furnished and arranged unit on the whole base. It is the result of a long struggle and lots of inconveniences in being kicked from one place to the other, but now we are in a place which we can rightly call our own and be proud of. Since coming to Trinidad I have met Komp, Ray Shannon, Downes, et al. Commander Magath spent considerable time with us on his two stop-overs here, not so long ago. He is with the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the Reserve personnel division. He is just one of an almost endless number of Minnesota men who come thru this station. Our area really takes in much more than just Trinidad. Now that we are getting more or less adjusted in our new quarters, I hope to visit the other places which come under our jurisdiction. There really isn't a great deal to choose between Trinidad and P.R. as far as being stationed on one is concerned. But if I weighed everything carefully I'm inclined to think that I would decide in favor of Trinidad. The native labor, climate, etc. all add up to about the same, but there is no comparison between the two when it comes to considering them from the naturalists viewpoint. The floras might not leave much for either faction to boast about (the tremendous assortment of all kinds of plant forms in both places is almost inconceivable to a temperate zoner), but P. R. is no match for Trinidad when it comes to animal life. Pritchard and Pratt will bear me out when I say that insect collecting in P. R. is near being both unfruitful and 'disgusting'. There are no mammals (except for the mongoose and a few rodents) and birds are rather few and far between except in some of the mountain woodland. Here in Trinidad it is quite the opposite and there is an abundance of South American forms. I could go on for pages telling about the hundreds of forms present here, many of which have already been housed at one time or another in the cages and pens behind our field shack. No, I find life here to be far from dull and besides the things I have mentioned, the natural beauty of the area around us is about the most beautiful I have yet seen."

Lieutenant Harold T. Peters, November 21, 1942 - Station Hospital, Camp Pickett, Va.

"The first part of this month I was advised that I had been assigned to the head-quarters of the Third Service Command at Baltimore as of November 15. On that day I was to report there. That day I merely signed in and had returned to the offices on Monday when they reassigned me to the Station Hospital here at Camp Pickett. In other words I moved from one side of the camp to the other via Baltimore. The permanency of this assignment is not known although it is as permanent as the rest of the Army personnel is at the present time. The Third Service Command includes the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia and unless there is action above their heads I will be here until the war is over. Camp Pickett isn't such a wonderful place to be, but considering the Army camps as they must exist I suppose there could be plenty of places that are worse. This time of year there is no mosquito problem here so they have decided to use me in the laboratory and shelve my entomological and parasitological training. At present I am working in the Genito-Urinary Clinic and will be doing

microscopic examinations of slides for gonococcus and spirochaetes. With the advent of warmer weather in the spring I will no doubt be engaged in the control of mosquitoes around this camp."

Allan G. Peterson, October 25, 1942 - State Board of Health, Jackson, Mississippi.

"Everything here is going well. However it's quite lonesome with Katherine up in St. Paul. She rather plans to stay here after Christmas. I am tentatively planning to take a two weeks annual leave at Christmas time in which case I will stop in and say hello."

Major C. P. Philip, December 4, 1942 - Virus and Rickettsia Division, Army Medical School, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Philip passed through St. Paul by airplane on this date en route to Hamilton, Montana for two weeks work at the laboratory there. He reports that in July he was on a six weeks reconnaissance trip to Jamaica and since that time has been stationed at the Army Medical School in Washington, D. C. He expects to return there at the end of two weeks.

Harry D. Pratt, October 10, 1942 - U. S. Public Health Service, San Juan, Puerto Rico

"Pritchard has been doing quite a bit of field work since he came down here, and I have been doing more office work, teaching, and routine identifications for the various projects. We may soon begin to do some interesting airplane dusting for mosquito control in mangrove swamps, something along the lines so well established by the TVA authorities. I have been working as time would permit on a mosquitoes of Puerto Rico, with adequate keys and illustrations. Of course, I don't know if I'll ever get it finished but it is the best way to learn the significant characters.

"I am gradually building up a good library of mosquito literature and other things allied to our work. About a month ago I was raised to Associate Entomologist so I feel like I can continue adding to my library. It is only when you get away from a big library like Minnesota's that you really appreciate the privileges of using a real library. In this respect, of course, I am very fortunate in being located in San Juan. Dr. W. A. Hoffman of the School of Tropical Medicine has treated me almost like a son since I first came down here. I have the use of all of his very considerable library and collection and in addition the very good library of the School of Tropical Medicine. I have been doing some interesting work on the nocturnal habits of albimanus, the important malarial vector throughout the Caribbean. Briefly, my Mulatto assistant and I have been sleeping in an unscreened house under bed nets next to a stall containing a horse. The horse acts as bait for mosquitoes preferring animal blood, and we stimulate the olfactory sense of any which are androphilous. Thus far we have picked only 14 albimanus out of our bed nets, so you may expect to hear that we have tertian malaria almost any time. In an animal bait trap across the road from our experimental house last week some 3280 albimanus were collected, which will give you some idea of the problem down here. Worse than mosquitoes (as far as we personally were concerned, however, are the sand flies (Culicoides furens). They infiltrated through our mosquito bars like the Japs did in Singapore, but then they began swarming under nets. After two nights of the work we looked as if we had a bad case of smallpox, with at least five bites per square inch of face, hands and arms, and legs. We used chloroform to dull the itching (since we could not use an insecticide and do the experiment) but those 12 hours under the mosquito bars during the night we ran the experiments were really sumpin!"

A. Earl Pritchard, U. S. Public Health Service, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The only news we have from Earl is that contained in the above letter from Harry Pratt. However, we are still hoping that Earl will break down and write.

Candidate Don Quimby, November 17, 1942 - Officers Candidate School, Camp Davis, N. C.

"As you can tell by the address, I'm on my way to North Carolina. Had a few days 'lay over' en route so I am spending them in Chicago. Mary is here with me and we are getting a few glimpses of the city. Today we visited Brookfield Zoo and tomorrow I will try to get out to the Field Museum."

Private Morris Rockstein, November 5, 1942 - Barracks 250, 17th T.SS., Chanute Field, Illinois.

"We are now on a seven-day shift week, with each class having a different day off (ours is Monday). The main purpose is to distribute the transportation population more evenly rather than have a concentration of train-goers on the week-end. Since Elaine has been granted a few weeks vacation and I have been given a special privilege pass for maintaining my average, we are able to see lots of each other before and after classes. With the possibility of my being shipped out, not too far away, this little breathing spell is really very welcome. Although the work is becoming routine by now, we are slowly becoming weather-conscious and even the intensity of the ten-weeks course does not prevent the school from turning out fairly decent observers. The in-station training (all practical application of our present lecture and laboratory class) of a month at a regular station - only two or three weeks off - seems very promising. However, the instructorship is still in the offing, although there is talk about having only civilian instructors out here. You probably have read in the papers that we are moving, as a school, to Grand Rapids, Michigan. That will take place after my graduation and will only affect me if I stay on as instructor."

Captain Philip C. Schroeder, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Phil is stationed at the Main Campus of the University with the R. O. T. C. He has hopes of an assignment before too long.

Ernest R. Tinkham, Co. B, 55th Bn., M.R.T.C., Platoon 3, Camp Barkeley, Texas.

No news from Tinkham since the last Newsletter. We hope to have news of him by the time the next one is sent to you.

1st Lt. Franklin G. Wallace, 1st Medical General Laboratory, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Lt. Wallace was home on furlough for almost a week the latter part of November. Apparently this furlough was a premonition that his outfit would be sent overseas but he does not know where. The members of the Zoology Department and Entomology Division enjoyed a luncheon at the Coffman Memorial Union at which Lt. Wallace imparted to us a number of his experiences.