



The glowworm



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Happy Holidays!

As with past years we will endeavor to entertain with the final Gloworm of 2004. Here's wishin' all a great holiday and a blessed new year!

A few years ago (1996 to be exact) at one of our 4-H Entomology Camps, Mr. Stanley Wise wrote a poem about one of our campers. It is presented here:

Carrie and the Dragon Fly

She swings with fury and with all her might.
Try as she will, he eludes her in flight.
She doesn't give up, she pursues like a fox.
Stopping to think, to plan and to plot.
She cautiously moves through the weeds and the willows;
Stealing and stealthing her way through the shallows.
She hides in the waters edge and crouches down low.
Silently and patiently waiting 'til he comes around slow.
Then suddenly! Like a spring that is sprung, she pounces.
She flails, she flops and she even flounces.
She swings like a batter in the final inning,
Thinking out loud, Ah Ha! Now you're bound for that final pinning.
She slowly peeks in her net, only to find
Leaves and sticks and pieces of vine.
She is tired and hot and is ready to quit.
Then help arrives bringing hope and new wit.
An older more experienced catcher comes to her aid.
They sit under a bush and plot her next daring raid.
Advice is given and the older moves on.
She has new energy to try again on her own.

From out of nowhere he flies past in a haste!
Flaunting his pointed tail, right in her face.
She fights and she feuds and swings in confusion.
This demon! This devil! This diving delusion!
She's angry, she's mad, and she's got thoughts of a swatter.
She says, "I'll get even with you! You son of the water!"
She thinks about a 12 gauge shotgun with a precision site.
To put holes in his wings, or just give him a fright!
She leaves disappointed, but she'll be back next year to try,
So continues the story of Carrie and the dragonfly!

Carrie did continue to try and became quite proficient at catching dragonflies and other insects, as well; but she'll always remember Mr. Stanley teasing her about all the swipes she made in her attempts at catching the elusive dragonfly at Paul B. Johnson State Park during the summer of 1996.

Camp has given inspiration to other pieces in times past. It is a great time for really enjoying good friends and great experiences and some folks are adept at remembering that on paper.

Entomology Camp has always focused on learning about insects. We attract both adults and young people and strive to introduce them to nature's classroom.

Mr. Reggie Rose came to camp in 2004. The following is his contribution.

The Joy of Learning

The prospect of learning is a gift afforded only to mankind. We never stop the process of learning. Only mankind has the intellect to apply learning. For animals, learning is only applied to instinct.

As a young person, we often look at learning as something required, and it seems distasteful and something forced upon us by parents or other adults. As we grow to adulthood, we begin to realize that learning can really be interesting, indeed ENJOYABLE!

This past summer I enjoyed the unique experience of ENTOMOLOGY CAMP. Thirty-five teenagers and adults spent five days of new exploration into the world of insects. How enjoyable! Once again, as a 65 year old senior adult, I was reminded of the joy of learning.

Learning affords us the opportunity to improve our intellect and the possibilities of teaching others, be it in the classroom or at home.

Often we deny ourselves a learning opportunity for nothing more than feeling uncomfortable. The act of taking ourselves out of our COMFORT ZONE is an act of learning in and of itself. It has been suggested that only when we remove ourselves from our comfort zones can we really improve our experience and make ourselves available to teach others. The more often we are willing to forget our discomfort, the more focused we become in learning.

Teaching others to learn new things is the second great gift to mankind.

Consider what has been discovered the last 100 years and the possibilities that lie ahead. We have only begun!

Philosophy comes in many forms and can often be entertaining. Consider these verses:

Dr. Blake Layton often quotes this short verse –

**Big bugs have little bugs
Upon their backs to bite'um
And those little bug s have lesser bugs
And so on *ad infinitum!***

Anon

Dr. Jack Reed contributes these pithy limmericks:

**There was a little chigger,
That wasn't any bigger,
Than the head of a very small pin;
But the bump that he raises,
It itches like blazes;
And that's where the rub comes in!**

**Said the flea to a fly in a flue,
Mr. Fly what shall we do?
So said the fly to the flea,
"Mr. Flea let us fly!"**

So they flew through a flaw in the flue!
(Say that one 5 times quickly if you can!)

Martha Paulos published a little book called **InsectAsides**. The following verses are exerts from some of the poetry in that book.

Can you guess which `critter' Christopher Morley was talking about here:

**Do you linger little soul
Drowsing in our sugar bowl?
Or, abandonment must utter,
Shake a shimmy on the butter?**

**Do you chant your simple tunes
Swimming in the baby's prunes?
Then, when dawn comes, do you slink
Homeward to the kitchen sink?**

**Timid roach, why be so shy?
We are brothers thou and I.**

**In the midnight, like yourself,
I explore the pantry shelf!**

Edward Lear writes:

**There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!"
It's a regular brute of a bee!"**

Herbert Mitgang's **Insects noir**:

**Mine can bite, yours get bitten,
By bugeyed flies, I am smitten,
In the realm of living thingies,
Cherish God's small bugs and beasties.**

Well known poets often used insects as subject material. Consider William Wordsworth's

to a butterfly

**I've watched you now for a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly! Indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! – not frozen seas
More motionless! And then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!**

**This plot of orchard-ground is ours
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wing, when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!**

**Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.**

Christina Rosetti gives us
the caterpillar

**Brown and furry
caterpillar ina hurry,
take your walk
to the shady leaf, or stalk,**

**or what not,
which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly!**

And Ogden Nash talks about

**the ant
The ant made himself illustrious
Through constant industry industrious.
So what?
Would you be calm and placid
If you were full of formic acid?**

This is the 12th year I have shared the *Gloworm*. We've not always turned one out every month, but in 2004 this will actually make the 13th issue. (We had a post-camp special.)

We mail to more than 600 folks and really enjoy hearing from you. Here's hoping that all have a merry and blessed Christmas and a great 2005.

First order of business in 2005 is to get the Bee Essay finalized and mailed. Deadline is January 15, 2005.

My contribution:

**Chasing bugs always brings me cheer,
I like it so much I do it all year.
Lookin' under leaves and turning over logs,
Getting flies off cows and fleas from dogs**

**Bugs and beetles along the ground
Various habitats is where they're found
Find'em at the lake and in the muck,
On flowers and sometimes in my truck.**

**Swip'em with a net; grab'em by hand;
Catch that prize anyway you can.
Might even trade if you have two,
And the trader is one of the crew.**

**Being a bug chaser and still getting paid
We buggy guys really got it made!
So when we think of the blessings we get**

**I'm still
countin'
haven't got'em
all yet.**



Happy Buggin'

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