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Editorial - Man and Whose World?

Now that the tumult of a centennial year for Canada is over, it is perhaps no longer picayune or churlish to ask this question in public. Last year man, sponsored by Canadians, raised his standard on a tiny island wrested from the swirling waters and swarming caddis flies of the St. Lawrence River and declared that the world was his. Nobody challenged him; or if they did he never heard. The title "Man and his World" is bad enough; but when this is interpreted as it was: "Man and His own World" when, in other words, man looks upon the world as belonging to him and upon nature as producing *for* him, the voices of biologists must be raised in protest.

Admittedly, I am criticizing from ignorance for I never went to Expo 67. I was sufficiently nauseated by such literature and publicity relating to it as reached me.

If this is man's world, man's own world, then man has a lot to answer for, for ownership carries with it responsibility for control. Man then, must accept the blame for hurricanes and earthquakes, floods and tornadoes, as well as the credit (if any) for atomic bombs and spacecraft, for the Empire State Building and the Pyramids of Giza. Millions of dollars worth of mutual admiration will not help him in this task.

I was told that insects were to find a place among the exhibits in this centennial celebration, but it transpired that all that was meant was insecticides, and valiant efforts were made to ensure that the otherwise ubiquitous caddis flies did not show their genae at the party. They might have reminded man that in his world the waters of the St. Lawrence still swirled; that beneath them the case makers would continue to make a case for themselves as owners of at least this stony substrate.

A centennial, naturally, looks back a hundred years and surely it might at least try to look forward a hundred years too, rather than a mere twenty as on this occasion. Its twenty year vision had its blind spots. Perhaps in another ninety-nine years there will be an opportunity

to focus on some of these, to draw attention to a few of man's mistakes and his many unsolved problems. A second centennial celebration drawing attention to the fact that though God maybe in his heaven everything is not all right with man's world would be more accurate, more interesting, and in the long run more profitable. I hope my great grandchildren will visit it. I hope the caddis flies will visit it; even if they have to be trapped on arrival and served as caddisburgers to my great grandchildren and others. Better to build the flesh of men, than give a bellyache to fish.

This is no more man's world than an orange belongs to the coccid whose stylets probe its peel more deeply than man's machines probe the earth's crust. Man and *whose* world then? It is surprising that in a country so rich in religion as Canada, God's spokesmen raised no finger on His behalf; perhaps there was a conflict of interests between Gods. And what about the money men? Was there no banker or billionaire whose claim could rival that of the rest of the human race? Where was the voice of women? And where that of the little green men whose flying objects remain, like so many caddis flies, unidentified?

Brian Hocking