

## MISCELLANEA

### THE DR EDWARD EASON COLLECTION

The British myriapod collection of the late Ted Eason was recently donated to the Hope Entomological collections, Oxford University Museum of Natural History by his daughter Mrs Daunt. There are approximately 1000 spirit preserved specimens, plus a large archive of reprints, manuscripts and original artwork.

We also have other collections, including the material of R.S. Bagnall and G. Newport.

Anyone wishing to visit or use the collections please contact me at the address below:

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### SOME LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

#### (CONTRIBUTED BY PAUL HARDING/MARK TELFORD)

This bloke was getting on a bit and living alone, and was very sad and lonely. So he went to the pet shop and asked the assistant for a pet that would keep him company through his twilight years whilst not needing too much care and attention itself. The shop assistant said 'I have just the thing, quite special you know' and produced a cardboard box.

Inside was a millipede. 'What's so special about that?' asked the man. The assistant replied 'It's a talking millipede'. The man was mightily impressed and bought the myriapod.

Back at home the guy thought 'let's see what this is all about then' and opened the box. He asked the millipede 'Shall we go to the pub then?' but got no reply. He asked the question again but still his new pet said nothing.

He sat back and pondered his acquisition and considered taking it back to the pet shop, but decided to give it one more attempt at least. Looking into the box he asked again 'Are we going to the pub then?' The millipede replied 'Alright, for Christ's sake, I'm just putting my shoes on!'

## BOARDED BY CENTIPEDES.

An account comes from New York of a strange adventure which happened recently on board of the schooner Lucy T. Harvey, which was sailing from Port Prince to Philadelphia. The schooner was manned by a crew of negroes. She had left Port Prince some days, when the captain and the crew were all surprised to see the deck invaded by hundreds of centipedes, insects whose bite is as dangerous as that of scorpions. They succeeded, however, in killing them all with boiling water. Some days later the steward ran from the hold with cries of terror, saying that it swarmed with centipedes and scorpions. Some of the crew provided with lanterns descended into the hold, and the insects, frightened by the light, came on deck by thousands. The sailors, again frightened, sought refuge on the masts, and the captain could not make them descend. For two days the centipedes swarmed on the deck, and not one of the sailors would take the risk of quitting his refuge. A Newfoundland dog who was chained in front, having been bitten, died in a few seconds. The captain and the mate, who remained at their posts, tried to destroy the insects by placing here and there pans of burning sulphur, but they only killed hundreds, and there were still thousands. At last a tempest, which under other circumstances would have been thought a great nuisance, arose, and the sea swept the deck, and soon the insects which had not been carried off by the waves died of cold. The schooner had a cargo composed of wood for building, and cedar, of which much was wormeaten, and in the interior of which the centipedes had probably made their nests.

From the Tavistock Gazette, 18 March 1887