

## IDENTITY CRISIS

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Members of the Florida Entomological Society, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to have served as your President for the past year and describe some of the society's activities in that interim. As most of the past presidents can attest the office of President is the most expendable. The Vice President (Norm Leppla) has the program to put together, the Secretary (Dr. Frank Mead) is really the glue that holds everything together, the Treasurer and Business Manager (Mrs. Bernie Wojcik) keep the society on a sound financial footing. Other members of your Executive Committee included R. C. Bullock, Ralph Brown, Art Burditt, Carol (Musgrave) Sutherland, W. L. Peters, John Taylor, and Student Representatives David Doying and John Houston. Special mention should be made of the outstanding job turned in by Ernie Del Fosse as Treasurer and Business Manager before his work took him to Australia.

With all of the above people working quite hard, the President really has little or nothing to do. Before you become hostile at me let me read a clipping that Dr. Roy Clark of EPA sent to me on the word—"Nothing."

## IN A WORD

(The New Haven, CT, *Register* reprinted this letter written by Assistant Pressroom Foreman Gil Johnson to his daughter.)

"I'm using this time while I have nothing to do to let you know I have nothing to say.

People tend to look down at the word nothing and belittle its importance; however, it can mean life or death, success or failure, joy or sadness.

Mountain climbers have died when they stepped on it. Parachutists are upset when they pull the ripcord and it comes out. Farmers have lost their farms when they grew it. Ball players and coaches have lost their jobs when they scored it. Women have been whistled at when they wore it as a girdle or bra, and many women make a good living when they dance in it. It's also reason for joy when it represents the sum total of your debts.

It's what you earn when you do it. I have saved it over the years and now have it in my bank account.

It's what you generally learn from a politician making a speech. It's often discussed at meetings, and arguments and fights start over the subject. I often find it in my mailbox and only last night received it from the milk machine.

I could go on but it will mean nothing. I just want you to be aware as you go through life that when you get some time to relax you should think about this subject. Please do not think that I have been trying to give you a sermon because I have nothing in mind. Don't try to thank me. It's nothing."

By far the most serious incident during my term of office occurred right at the outset. Our society's journal, *The Florida Entomologist* was threatened with downgrading by IFAS. It was to be considered a state or local publication and IFAS researchers would not be allowed to count publication in *The Florida Entomologist* for promotion. For your information, 40% of the publications in our journal in the past 10 years have come from IFAS people.

A meeting with Dean Wood led to an agreement that we would prove that we were a nationally known journal with an international following. We, the Society would conduct a survey of prominent entomologists plus all of the department chairman of the 55 entomology departments in the USA. His office also was supposed to conduct a mini-survey of people from our list as well as those of his own.

After 2 or 3 drafts the questionnaire was sent out on 27 January 1979. The response was tremendously successful. By the middle of April we had received back a whopping 44.4% which is phenomenal when professional survey conductors will tell you that 10% is good and 20% is excellent. (I've been arguing for years that entomologists are exceptional people and this only strengthens my contention).

The results of our survey indicate that most entomologists regard *The Florida Entomologist* as—

not quite as good as the *ESA Annals*

slightly better than the *Journal of Economic Entomology*

slightly better than the *Environmental Entomology*

slightly better than the *Journal of Kansas Entomological Society*

superior to the *Canadian Entomologist*

decidedly superior to the *Great Lakes Entomologist*, *Journal of the Georgia Entomological Society*, *Proceedings of the Washington Entomological Society*, *Pan Pacific Entomologist*, and *Mosquito News*.

These results were sent to IFAS in early May so that they could be used by the committees in promotions.

Although the Society should feel proud that it has won a temporary victory at this time, the issue is far from over. Other administrators at other times also are going to raise the same question "Is *The Florida Entomologist* a state journal or not"? If we are to continue to be credited with a national and international reputation we must at sometime in the future consider adopting a new name for our journal—with "Published by the Florida Entomological Society" somewhere in the mast head. Other portions of the questionnaire will be discussed later in the Bull Session.

With Hurricane David threatening to flood some parts of Florida recently I would like to close by reading a poem published in the *Journal of the Eastern Region of the Royal Institute of British Architects*.

#### NOAH WAY

"And the Lord said unto Noah: 'Where is the ark which I have commanded thee to build?'"

And Noah said unto the Lord: 'Verily, I have had three carpenters off ill. The gopherwood hath been on order for nigh upon 12 months. What can I do, O Lord?'

And God said unto Noah: 'I want that ark finished even after seven days and seven nights.'

And Noah said: 'It will be so.'

And it was not so. And the Lord said unto Noah: 'What seemeth to be the trouble this time?'

And Noah said unto the Lord: 'Mine subcontractor hath gone bankrupt. The pitch which Thou commandest me to put on the outside and on the inside of the ark hath not arrived. The plumber hath gone on strike. Shem, my son who helpeth me on the ark side of the business, hath formed a pop group with his brothers Ham and Japheth. Lord, I am undone.'

And the Lord grew angry and said: 'And what about the animals, the male and female of every sort that I ordered to come unto thee to keep their seed alive upon the face of the earth?'

And Noah said: 'They have been delivered unto the wrong address but should arriveth on Friday.'

And the Lord said: 'How about the unicorns, and the fowls of the air by sevens?'

And Noah wrung his hands and wept, saying: 'Lord, unicorns are a discontinued line; Thou canst not get them for love nor money. And fowls of the air are sold only in half-dozens. Lord, Thou knowest how it is.'

And the Lord, in His wisdom said: 'Noah, my son, I knowest. Why else dost thou think I have caused a flood to descend upon the earth?'

