Mountain Lake Echoes

1977
FOR

MISS PEGGY WALTON

October 3, 1908 – February 28, 1977
Dear Mt. Lakers,

I'm writing to you before we go down the Mountain. A very small attempt at doing things differently. I'm always the last to add a note for the Echoes. But, what a different and special summer it has been. Not all the differences were good ones. But, all made 1977 unique, and of course, filled with special memories of good friends together in both work and play. Naturally, not all things were done together. Thank goodness! Last night for example, you folks slept on the grassy banks of our pond, while Mrs. Riopel and I slept comfortably on the yacht, Sequoia, gently rocked by two inch waves and comforted that the most likely leader of any mischievous activities from students, Mr. Guy Cohen, was somewhat committed to good behavior by the presence of his visiting parents. The only discomfort of the evening was to some extent, a dragging anchor (one drain tile) which resulted in our beaching sometime in the early morning and the thought that my shoes carefully placed before disembarking, under the bed were sloshing around in 6" of water which covered the floor.

There have been other differences too. We've been small in numbers so we had to adapt. To pick up the slack in the dining hall Bill Hilton ate 6 portions first term, 2nd term several folks helped out including most notably Jack, Guy and Kathy. Kathy is good at everything, especially eating. We ate cafeteria style which was truly an experience in patience. The only way to get food before yesterday's leftovers was to ignore waiting for the bell and just watch Tim. When he headed for the dining hall that was the time. The only other thing to do was have a friend feed you scraps while you waited. Actually it wasn't really that bad. One day though, I did see three students get through the door between the time I saw the bell move and heard it strike. That was Jack, Guy and Kathy. Being small in numbers does have its benefits, though. Hedwig got lettuce most every day, cats had fish now and then and the dogs ate some too. At least until yesterday when I brought Kelly my leftovers and she growled at me. Other benefits that come to mind: I got to eat 3 of Gail's cookies. We only ran out of water once and everyone could move a bed to a place where the roof wasn't leaking except Dr. Johnston and he gave that bed to Keith.

How quickly it has all gone by. It seems just yesterday that Mary Ann was greeting you at the Mt. Lake sign while Carlton, Wayne and the Service Award folks got things organized—and the Director stayed out of the way. Come and gone are the Salt Pond Mountain Games (Animals 92, Plants 76). A fantastic road race. Congratulations to Gail, Kit, Mitch and yes, you too Sid! And, how about that finish by Guy and Linda
Hiller! Also only a memory now, the dedication of the new Lawwill Dam, faculty supremacy on the volleyball court, Dr. R. K. Burn tall stories in the Salt Pond Follies, a fire drill to convince all that we must not start one, a week’s visit from Charlie Dubay in which I’m certain he contrived daily with my children to drown me, a telephone call from Mrs. Stanton to say that Dr. Stanton couldn’t teach and 17 subsequent calls to find no one else could either, a death-defying capture of a rattlesnake by Dickens, Wayne and Dr. Bell, only feet away from Tommy’s feet on the steps of the lab, and lastly, some will remember Dr. Odum who gave a good seminar, taught some, played a fair game of volleyball but never mastered Riopel Gulch in croquet.

Soon it all will be quiet for another year, the lab empty, the bell hanging still. Then the fall flowers can mate in privacy from Dr. Bell, the insects will have reprieve from the swishing nets of the Byers’ clan, the deer can reclaim their grazing rights, the leaves will pile deep on the lawn and the mice will move back into the cottages. Carlton will have peace on Sundays and some hundreds of miles will separate us. But at least for a time we were here together. During that time I hope you learned much and that the learning was exciting. Plants are indeed fascinating organisms. Animals are too!

Thanks for being a lit. Laker!

Sincerely yours,

James L. Riopel
Director
CLASS LISTS

MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION - 1ST TERM

BIOL. 574: Ecosystem Analysis
Frauen, Kimberly
McIvor, Carole
Riggins, Katherine

BOT. 575: Biology of Algae
Center, Gail
Hicks, Gail
Hoffman, Hilaire
Jones, Gregg
Perry, David
Quinto, Marie
Rodgers, Charlene
Smith, Judy
Seaburg, Kenneth
Yamamoto, Kathryn

BOT. 576: Plant Ecology
Ansell, Christopher
Egghart, Henrich
Goodwin, Janet
Hood, Virginia
Pease, James
Penney, Sally
Steffens, John
Taylor, James

BOT. 583: Field Biology of Green Plants
Batchelor, Marty
Cohen, Guy
Goodwin, Lucia
Grantham, Kit
Kaiser, Jennifer
Karn, Patrick
King, Gary
McKenney, Mary
Smith, Mitch
Varn, Merrill
Wright, Susan
Dubay, Bobby

ZOOL. 586: Ornithology
Chapman, Nancy
Decker, Marshall
First, Fred
Fletcher, James
Gibson, John
Hook, Margaret
Hilton, Bill
Klein, Malcolm
McDearmon, Irene
Nikolaus, Ann
Rusinow, Jeffrey
Wallace, Catherine
Smith, DeWitt

Research
McIvor, Carole
Williams, Tim
MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION
DIRECTORY
1ST TERM

Catesby-Gail Hicks
Hariot-Bill Odum
Maria (Mrs.)
Clayton-Gary Miller
Linda (Mrs.)
Melinda (11)
Jeff (9)
Molly (dog)
Lamonte (cat)
Banister-David Johnston
Keith (15)
Michaux-Guy Cohen
Monte (Mrs.)
Wyatt (3)
Kinzer (8 mo.)
Reed-Jim Riopel
Joan (Mrs.)
David (17)
Amy (16)
Cinnamon
Sinker cat
Shackle
Hentz-Mohr-Austin Brooks
Lucy (Mrs.)
Tim (11)
Laura (8)
Gattinger-Wayne Angleberger
Mary Ann (Mrs.)
Tommy (6)
Dickens (dog)
Sailor, Amos, Andrea & Gracie (rest of menagerie)
Burns-Robert Burns
(orichids, lilies, and violets, a specialty)
Holbrook-Carole McIvor
Don (12)
Mitchell-Ritchie Bell
Maphis-Bill Hilton, Jr.
Sue (Mrs.)
Billy (4 mo.)
Schoew-Bobby Dubay
Debbie (Mrs.)
Sparky (dog)
Caretaker-Carlton Hite
Tenny (Mrs.)
Rich (15)
Robin (11)
Renee (5)
Laing North-Marie Quinto
Laing South-Cinder Goodwin
Eliza (5)
Laing West-Sid Fletcher
James (15)
Laing Northwest-Fred First
Laing Singles-Gregg Jones
Gus Seaburg
James Taylor
Jeff Rusinow
Audubon
David Perry
Chris Ansell
Heinrich Egghart
Jim Pease
Malcolm Klein
Marshall Decker
Jack Gibson
DeWitt Smith
S. Elliott
Merrill Varn
Marty Batchelor
Susan Wright
Judy Smith
Charlene Rodgers
Hilaire Hoffmann
Ann Nikolaus
Kate Wallace
Jane Hook
Kathy Riggins
DeSchweinitz
Gary King
Kit Grantham
Pat Karn
John Steffens
Mitch Smith
Tim Williams
Chapman
Jennifer Kaiser
Mary McKenney
Kathy Yamamoto
Gail Center
Ginny Hood
Sally Penney
Janet Goodwin
Nancy Chapman
Kirsten McDearmon
Kim Frauen
BIOLOGY OF ALGAE

Never before has such a motley crew been led by so fine a captain as Captain Nemo. Captain Nemo, otherwise known as our Mr. Brooks came from an all male college (Wabash) so he started the course with an amazing seven strikes against him. He also managed to finish the two-hour long, "45 min. lectures", above the roar of snores with the aid of but one coke break. The crew was widely diverse - from the old pro and famous wily-red-stalker Gus to the perpetrator of Hil's Hoax (demonstrating the inability to recognize algae in the field). Charlene was getting in practice to work on algae in the frozen wastes of Antarctica (without Gus!). The cries of "Gus come here a minute" filled the air from every corner fully as much as the cries of desperation for Dr. Brooks. Not the least vociferous was Mama Yama (who successfully keyed out only one alga the entire session). Field trips with Boss Aus were another story. Each person had their own duty: Judy collected wild-flowers, David (resident Mushroom Man) collected fungi, Gail H nee C corrected David and generally kept everyone in line, Marie helped Gus track down the moss algae and pond scum as well as recording the entire session on film for posterity, Greg (Navy Man) rowed the boat for collections, Kathy carried the knapsacks with the collecting vials wherever the rest of the class wasn't and last but not least was Gail C whose major function was to appreciate the scenery. We certainly learned a lot - how to have a party with an 8" cosmarium, where to find draperanaladia with mushrooms, that Bald Knob has a rare alga, that freshwater reds do exist, that nothing could be finer than to be with corellina, and that non-plasmolyzing valonia do exist. Ask anyone from the class "What's it all about?" ---ALGAE

IN SEARCH OF THE WILY RED

Oh, wily red!
Oh, wily red!
We know you're there;
We'll search till we're dead.

Oh, wily red!
Oh, wily red!
You're there we know.
Gus said so!

To the bog,
To the pond,
To the lake.
Just how long will this search take

The directions were certainly clear
We go down and down and down and down
And find a curve with a road that isn't there
Look for a stream!
Look for a rock!
Look for a snail
And find wily red attached like a tail.

Oh! elusive wily red!
We found you at last,
Your saccate form flowing past.
There you are in Big Walker Stream
Attached to the snail like an algologist's dream.
Said Mr. Pleo to prim Miss Stephanospheara
'Twould suit my fancy for you to come nearer
She got so excited
   Her colony divided
No longer to her morals did she adhere

If one takes a course in phycology
One must be of solid psychology
From great snapper's backs
To slow sloth's toe cracks
All adversely affect my physiology

There was a little, tiny algae
Who grew in soil of Salt Pond Valley
One day he got scooped up in a shovel
   And oh! Was our poor class in trouble!
We keyed and keyed and keyed
   And finally with consensus of all agreed
To put the little round green thing back
   And turn our efforts to algae possessing sacks.

My pandonina's flagella
   got tangled in furcate netella
Now plakeal inversions
   cause globule conversion
And make him a very gay fellow.
PLANT ECOLOGY

It was in my youth I was traveling toward Bagdad. And slides were playing on the horizon. After losing my way in a grove of macerated chestnuts, I came upon a man who was roaming Kansas performing countless quarter-point analyses. He said he had been wading through streams of Pedostemum in search of a life full of red oak trees, exploding bombs, and good volleyball. We were happily bouncing on small cranberries, playing hangman and discussing nuclear power when I was handed poison ivy and lead westward down a narrow dirt road to the shale barrens. I sat upon the barrens viewing Pinus virginicun and eating bologna sandwiches. Suddenly I realized that this man knew less of the location of Bagdad than I of radiation ecology. Thus, after giving him my favorite teabag I left and continued on my way down the New River, which ran well below Mt. Rogers. While rounding a species area curve I noticed villages of quadrats and line transects, or so I thought. Alas, as I approached I realized it was all nothing more than another grove of macerated chestnuts. Lost again.

Ginny Hood
"THE BALLAD OF FBGP"

Sung to the tune of Sweet Betsy from Pike

Oh! Don't you remember sweet *Cicuta* Sue who worked and she cooked a fabulous stew. The dogs on the mountain they haven't been seen and the folks at the Station are all turning green.

and Don't you remember sweet *azalea* Jenny who took all the flowers till now there aren't any. The hillsides are barren from Blacksburg to Bland and it looks like a locust herd raided the land.

and Don't you remember sweet fly *Poison* Merrill who said "flies at the Station are now in Great Peril". In peril they were but t'was not from Death a population explosion is some peril we guess.

and now we'll consider ole Bobby Dubay whose experiments proved in a curious way that milkweed's a cross between spinach and cow He's certain they mate but he doesn't know how.

and Don't you remember old *Squaw Root'n Mitchell* whose plant was a parasitical son of a Bitchell. A plant without roots, stems, trichomes or hairs he really just came here to wrestle the bears.
"THE BALLAD OF FBGP"

(continued)

and then there was running Rhododendron Kit
who sat in the classroom and drank quite a bit.
He said it was water and he drank it quite fast
but it smelled like cheap bourbon and burned just like gas.

and Don't you remember old Mountain Laurel Guy
whose son's favorite question used to be why.
Now Mountain Laurel is poisonous, and the Station is quiet
as a matter of fact have you all seen Wyatt?

now Don't you remember Azalea Marty
who came to the mountain just for to party.
But the folks in her class were really so strange
she worked in the classroom which was really a change.

and Don't you remember old Cat Briar Karn
we laughed at his project until we did Learn.
His plants were a growing 'bout twenty feet wide
and could swallow 3 tomcats and spit out the hide.

and then we'll consider Sweet Fawn's Breath Mary
whose plants were quite deadly but not quite so scary
as playing with frisbees and beer in the dark
the Station gives her a lesson on oak bark.

and lest we forget there was Viburnum Cinder
whose stay at the Station was so awfully slender.
But who could blame her considering the crew
and the people in charge were a little strange too.

and conium Gary who thought he could sing
discovered quite early a terrible thing
the people who heard him if given a choice
would rather drink hemlock than hear his bad voice.

and who do you think led this poisonous crew,
a fellow of fame to whom honor was due?
Not on your life, it was a creature from Hell
Known on the mountain as C. Ritchie Bell.

He said early on as he oiled his black Lash
"Einstein's a dummy and Shakespeare wrote trash,"
"Them that dies is the lucky ones too
but somehow the dummies all made it through."
Applied Botany

Uncle Ritchie's Big Thumb

Mt. Lake Chocolate Soda

We recommend a 10 oz. glass with the following proportions:
1/5 real chocolate syrup (1 tsp. of rum for flavor)
1/5 milk
mix thoroughly
2 or 3 large spoons of Breyer's Mint Chocolate Chip ice cream
glass should be about 2/3 full

And now the "piece of resistance". With your thumb securely over the mouth of a quart size club soda bottle, shake the contents vigorously (the bottle's not yours). Hold the bottle about 2 - 3 inches above soda glass and roll your thumb ever so slightly to fizz soda (keep term papers, final drawings, and best friends about 6 feet from scene of action). Fill glass to brim with soda water fizz, stir gently, place a large straw along the inside edge of glass and prepare yourself for a botanical delight.

CRB Special: S'Mint Julep

We suggest a fifth of bourbon to make six Juleps. For each Julep use 5 leaves (30 leaves for 6 Juleps) from the tip of a spearmint plant. Bruise (don't pulverize) and mix with 1 tsp. granulated sugar (6 tsp. for 6 Juleps). Add half of bourbon and chill mixture for 3 - 6 hours. When ready to serve add remaining bourbon. Fill dry glasses with shaved ice. Pour Juleps over ice and decorate with a sprig of mint.
Dr. David Johnston, the Ornithology Class of '77 wishes to take this opportunity to express to you our gratitude for the stimulating lectures and field trips and for allowing us to learn, by your teaching and your example, the ways of a professional bird-man. Our ornithological horizons have been considerably broadened by our activities this summer, and we have you to thank for passing along your enthusiasm for things avian.

Your dedication to the practice of bird banding was impressive and contagious; as a matter of a fact, you should know that each member of the class has ordered from Edmund Scientific his own personal (Size 48) ankle band to be inscribed with your return address.

Also, your rendition of the bird wing in flight was so awe-inspiring that after that lecture, ten of the less stable class members were contemplating a trip to Wind Rock for the afternoon thermals!

We cannot over-emphasize the impact that our class field trips played in our overall learning experience, working as we did as a regimented, highly organized bird-watching machine, known collectively as "Birds of a Feather" or the "Black-strapped Binoculared Neck-stretchers".

The group was privileged to accompany Dr. Johnston in single file, squeaking and chirping, down the main street of Newport, Virginia; we were fortunate to be able to amuse the road workers who assembled at Clover Hollow Church to watch us go into action; we learned on one trip how to simultaneously scarf dewberries and watch Goldfinches; and we were proud to be ambassadors of good will to the community by making valuable friend of the nice farmer in the valley who donated the applies.

Additional thanks should also be given to "the chief" for: The generous round-the-clock loan of his son Keith who served faithfully as research assistant, companion and class mosquito; for teaching us about the fascinating waterways of Florida; for his stimulating lecture on the interspecific competition between the two local birds, the Bedthrasher and the Mattress-thrasher; for showing us how to exercise care in the handling of young starlings; for teaching us that a chicken is not a bird, and that it is pronounced CHICKen; and lastly we heard that, at one time or another during the session, each member of the class was in top contention for the GEORGE BROWN Award. The competition was extremely tough this year.

Learning from one’s contact with fellow class members plays no small role in one’s education at Mt. Lake; and many of the exchanges that are made during class or lab have a lasting impact, for instance the following:

We know the meaning of the little X with the line over it, and why birds don't have teeth.

Marshall Decker spent 72 hours in the lab subsisting solely on one BLT and became the first ornithology student to go into torpor.

The class wishes to apologize to anyone who might have been disturbed by the class primal scream. Fred First wishes it to be known that contrary to rumor, he is not the Feathered Flasher and had nothing to do with the above behavior.

Bill Hilton, your T-shirts were an inspiration (I think); and it was good to know Sue - wife, mother, food-bearer. Congrats on your well deserved award.

Jack, we certainly remember with delight the day you found your first Towhee nest. Did you know that someone had found one the day before--under their boot? We decided not to tell you.
One class member was observed repeatedly at breakfast consuming multiple bowlsful of PEP and was suspected of trying to achieve a "riboflavin high" to get her through the day's lecture. Others relied on caffeine; Jane, your coffee cup was a valuable addition to your otherwise stunning wardrobe.

Kirsten, what did it mean when someone asked you if you had "premarital socks"? And have you located any mint around home?

And who was the object of these comments?...."He's the ALBATROSS around our neck"; and "may the offspring of a thousand Hippoboscid flies live in his beard"; and who was described as having a "capital pterygium"? All in fun, of course.

Kate, we hope you have managed to get your breast feathers in satisfactory condition; and you never explained why, in the middle of the lab exam, you exclaimed "ASHMOLE"!

Sid, did she pull it out by the roots when you got home? and are you still out every morning in those fancy Adidas Jogging Waders?

A collection is being taken up by the class to get Malcolm a new watch and instructions on how to use it to arrive on time occasionally.

Jeff, did you really think you could catch that starling in a butterfly net?

One thing about Ann--she could always be found before breakfast, camped out either under Dr. Bell's window, or covered with dew in a sleeping bag somewhere in the vicinity of the pond.

Nancy, we never thought you would take us seriously when we suggested Roasted Robin; but it did cut down on nest cards, didn't it?

Finally, in the words of that famous Alachua County feather-freak:

"One good Tern deserves another."

Summer 1977
SALT POND FOLLIES
1977

1/2 HARMONICA DUET
C. R. Bell

THE TALL TALE TELLER
R. K. Burns

FINAL SCENE FROM 'BORIS GODUNOV'
in Russian, unaccompanied?

PIANO SOLO
The Pink Panther
Laura Downhower

HAW HEE
?Comedy?
Guy Cohen John Wampler
Lisa Evans Kathy Yamamoto
Amy Riopel Jack Gibson

POEM
David Pervy

MAGIC ACT
'Marco the Magnificent'
Mark Ryan

SECRET ACT
Susan & Elizabeth Downhower

RICE KRISPIE SONG
Amy Riopel
David Riopel
Kathy Yamamoto

FAVORITE SONGS
Gary King
HAIR

Written by G. Carlin, recited by David Perry

I'm aware that some stare at my hair,
In fact, to be fair, some really despair at my hair,
But I don't care, they're not aware, nor are they debonair,
They're just square.
They see hair, down to there, say "beware"
And go off on a tear; I say, "No fair".
A head that is bare is really nowhere.
So be like a bear, be kind to your hair, show it you care.
Grow it to there, or to there; or to there if you dare!
My wife bought some hair at a fair to use as a spare.
Did I care? Au contraire.
Spare hair is fair, in fact, hair can be rare.
Fred Astaire's got no hair, nor does a chair
Nor a chocolate eclair.
And where is the hair on a pear?
Nowhere, mon frere.
So now I'll repair to my lair and use Nair
Do you care?
See my beard, ain't it weird?
Don't be scared, it's just a beard.
THE SAGA OF RIOPEL POND
by Monte Jane Cohen & Jack Gibson

There is a lake
Make no mistake
That's been named Riopel
With story here
And story there
That I'll repeat so well

See the director out by the boat
He's trying to teach himself to float
He really had to do his best
In order to pass his scuba test
The truth we hear and you will see
Was that he was surpassed by daughter, Amy
But she alas might have drowned
When she turned the sailboat upside down.

There was a night when one was chosen
To be thrown in the lake and almost frozen
But those who aided in this chore
Found themselves swimming ashore
All of those who got away
Will surely have to face their day.

Entomologists collect their skimmers
While others go there just to be swimmers
But oh my goodness no one knows
How many go in without their clothes
Rumor has it that those skinny dippers
Don't even bother to put on their flippers

But now I end to your dismay
This story which began one June day
And this must be my last refrain
Cuz that darn pond is being drained!
DEDICATORY SPEECH

LAWSWILL DAM

One score and ten years ago, a former director brought forth on this stream a new dam, conceived in cement and dedicated to the proposition that all men must have water. Now we are engaged in a great period of construction, testing whether this new dam or any other dam so constructed and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on the site of that dam. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a monument to those who gave their sweat that this Station might have water.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but in a large sense we cannot dedicate - we cannot consecrate - we cannot hallow this dam - the brave man who struggled here has consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but the Station can never forget what he did here. It is for us who are staying on, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that he has thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from this honored dam we take an increased supply of water to support the cause for which he has given this great full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that this dam shall not have been built in vain; that this Station, under the director, shall have a new surge of water pressure, and that this dam of Ken's, by Ken, and for the people shall not allow them to perish.

1977 NATURALIST AWARD WINNERS

1st  Tim Williams
2nd  Gary King
3rd  Mary Ann Angleberger
4th  Peggy Powell
5th  Joe Rohrer
6th  Pat Karn
7th  Charles Dubay
8th  Ann Nikolaus
9th  Fred First
     Deliece Grimes
CLASS LISTS

MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION - 2ND TERM

BIOL. 572: Population Ecology
Cohen, Guy
Goodwin, Janet
Hoffmann, Hilaire
Hyatt, Renee
Karn, Pat
Pease, Jim
Wampler, John
Weddle, Lisa

BOT. 585: Reproductive Biology of Plants
Perry, David
Wright, Susan

BOT: 587: Taxonomy and Ecology of Bryophytes
Connolly, Pat
Enderle, Karen
Gallagher, Mary
Hicks, Gail
Johnson, Amy
Rohrer, Joe

*ZOOL. 578: Biology of Insects
Ballard, Barbara
Gibson, Jack
Karten, Vanessa
Lankalis, Joe
Patterson, Ken
Scruby, Brian
Smith, DeWitt
Williams, Tim

ZOOL. 593: Evolution of Animal Reproductive Behavior
Hook, Jane
Nikolaus, Ann
Powell, Peggy
Ryan, Mark
Grimes, N. Deliece

Research
Varn, Merrill
Hicks, Gail
MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION
DIRECTORY
2ND TERM

Reed - Jim Riopel
  Joan (Mrs.)
  David (17)
  Amy (16)
  Kelly (dog)
  + numerous cats

Burns - Robert K. Burns
  Historian & wildflower grower

Laing Center - George Byers

Mitchell - Ritchie Bell

Clayton - Jerry Downhower
  Susan (Mrs.)
  Laura (9)
  Elizabeth (5)
  Mitten (cat)

Hariot - Susan Moyle

Holbrook - Randy Thornhill

Gattinger - Wayne Angleberger
  Mary Ann (Mrs.)
  Tommy (6)
  Sailor (dog)
  Dickens ("snake dog")
  Gracie (cat)
  Amos & Andrea (pups)

Caretaker - Carlton Hite
  Tenny (Mrs.)
  Rich (6)
  Robin (11)
  Renee (5)

Michaux - Guy Cohen
  Monte (Mrs.)
  Wyatt (3)
  Kinzer (8 mo.)

Catesby - Gail Hicks

Laing Singles - Joe Lankalas
  Mark Ryan

Chapman - Barbara Ballard
  Janet Goodwin
  Hil Hoffmann
  Ann Nikolaus
  Merrill Varn
  Susan Wright
  Kathy Yamamoto

Audubon - Connolly, Pat
  Jack Gibson
  Ken Patterson
  Jim Pease
  David Perry
  Joe Rohrer
  Brian Scruby
  DeWitt Smith

S. Elliott - Karen Enderle
  Mary Gallagher
  Deliece Grimes
  Jane Hook
  Renee Hyatt
  Amy Johnson
  Vanessa Karten
  Peggy Powell
  Lisa Weddle

DeSchweinitz - Pat Karn
  Gary King
  Mitch Smith
  John Wampler
  Tim Williams
What exactly is Population Ecology? If you had been at Mountain Lake and asked this question the answer you would have been most likely to receive is: "Well, what do you think?" Learning to think and do for yourself was the teaching method used by Dr. Jerry F. Downhower this summer. After several class field project 'Monarda', 'Monarda', 'Monarda', each member of the class worked diligently to complete his project.

Although Jim tried to make 'Peace' with the Japanese beetles his efforts were unsuccessful as many beetles turned blue and flew away.

Some project proceeded rapidly while others moved at a snail's pace. However, through thick and thin Renee was able to get 'Hyattly' significant results. John chose an organism with a little more bite than snails. He had to womp up on the bees before they wobbled up on him.

Since the Bald Knob ponds weren't deep enough for diving, Hilaire chose an organism that could be found in deeper waters. Although she found Stephanospheara more appealing she discovered that crayfish claws are more appetizing.

Pat spent most of his time chasing 'damsels' in distress, even though they usually managed to fly away. Jan continued to 'horse around with mints and always went into the field prepared for wet weather. The 'Good Wind' rock weather gave her the foresight to wear her swimsuit into the field whenever Monarda was concerned.

Although most of the projects were adversely affected by too much water, Lisa's project was dampened by a lack of water due to a drainage project.

Guy found the competition on the volleyball court too intense so he moved to the golf course to watch the competition between the bees and butterflies. However, once there he found the role of observer too boring so he got his needle and went into competition with the insects gathering nectar.

Although Dr. Downhower caught many sculpins he never offered to share these at mealtime. However, thanks to him and Dr. Riopel we did enjoy turtle soup.
This year's students at the Mossy Lake Bryological Station were headed up by "Moss Boss" Sue Moyle of Boyle County, Kentucky. The class members were Karen Enderle (Harrodsburg, Ky.), Amy Johnson (Frankfort, Ky.), Mary Gallagher (Prospect, Ky.), Pat Connolly (Louisville, Ky.), Joe Rohrer (Carrboro, N.C.) and Gail Hicks (Johnson City, Tenn.). The honorary classmate of these students was "Hedwig", Dr. Moyle's 4 year old (guinea pig, that is!). Hedwig (named after the "Father of Beerology") has one claim to fame. She ate Dr. Moyle's only specimen of the rare, rare, incredibly scarce, luminous cave moss. Speaking of food, Hedwig did bite Dr. Riopel's finger when he tried to tickle her chin. Everyone knows a director's finger looks like a carrot.

Field trips were popular with this class. A favorite class prank was to make encountered strangers guess who was the teacher. Bald Knob was a favorite place, especially the day the class found out why it used to be called "Naked Knob". Joe liked the Cascades the best, especially after his encounter with an incubous and succubous there. We never could explain why moss people would have the chiquita banana song as a field theme song.

Everyone could always locate the bryology lab because Chairman Moss-Tse-Tongue's picture arrayed the portal. Visitors were always welcome. If they were lucky, they caught Pat doing the "moss-pickers dance".

The study of bryology certainly was interesting. The students were often times "hypnum-tized" at their scopes for hours.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Favorite Class Food</th>
<th>LIVERwort</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Class Flower</td>
<td>ROSE moss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Class Color</td>
<td>EMERALD Dewdrops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Class Song</td>
<td>KNOTHOLE Moss Serenade (written for flutes only)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Class Activity</td>
<td>&quot;bry-o-fights&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Class Theme</td>
<td>&quot;For some the dainty flower delight But for me - it's a rowdy bryophyte.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This very popular course was comprised of 8 wise students (ah, those poor people who foolishly didn't enroll) and an Expert Entomologist, Dr. George Byers. This 6 credit course was a very profitable investment (Would anyone like to buy 150 families of insects—cheap?). The academics were Barbara Ballard — noted walking stick thief and beetle discarer, Jack Gibson — (practical scientist) — when told varying theories of Red Lights, he scientifically tested them using Chapman's porch; Vanessa Karten (Birthday girl) the 1977 Roach Rearer and Mantis Momma of the year, Joe Lankais (alias Jungle man Joe) the only entomologist (crazy/daring) enough to go swinging on Holiday Inn signs for dobson flies, Ken Patterson — did he ever catch a walking stick? Noted for the tendency to squish bagworms and overlook cicadas, Brian Scruby (Scr66bee) the only entomologist to catch a flying "young" imperial moth and collector of aluminum insects, DeWitt Smith what a STRANGE?! caterpillar (was that a costume or his true form?), and Tim Williams (1977 Naturalist Award winner) a true folk dancer if ever there was one. Dr. Byers, greatest bag worm from the University of Kansas, easily adapted to this motley crew by climbing into a ditch on Minnie Ball Hill and playing in the sand.

Overall this group could be seen regularly whooping it up. While every other course was inside working(?). Dr. Byers encouraged his class to run around through the forest with nets (like/after) butterflies. Or they were inside poking around with grasshopper heads, brains, or digestive systems. Dr. Byers, meanwhile could be overheard shooting the breeze about Rice & Grain weevils and "the lesser of two weevils". Collection of 150 families of insects went by quickly as did the five weeks and everyone made some strong bonds within the class (thank goodness there's a solvent for duco cement!).

As we rode slowly into the sunset we overheard these last remarks.
"Look! a royal walnut"
"No, dummy, it's a luna!"
"I saw it first, it's an imperial"
"Forget it, it's a red underwing and it's mine!"
"Well, you're all wrong—it's a Dobson fly"

REMEMBER THE TIME...
when we gave the kid a bag full of female dobson flies?
in the carry all - hanging out the window with the nets?
we waited for lost hikers, sleepers, etc?
we set traps but only caught 100's of ground beetles?
we spent keying and cursing?
Ken wore his luminous sneakers?
Our world renown Russian pantomimist?
Vanessa wore her orange socks?
We played "she loves me, she loves me not" with crane flies?
We found the glasses, but didn't think that Ann could have lost hers?
Dr. Byers discovered buttereeltle and a flybee?
We went to Blacksburg and only caught ice cream?
We shared together—and will cherish it always.

--Jack Gibson
Ode to Byers & Bugs

Every morning at 7:15
That bell interrupts my pleasant dreams
Of Hymenoptera and the Blue-tailed fly
And I finally cry
I hate it!

There's a man round here by the name of Byers
He said keep those nets out of the briars
He gave us a jar and some cyanide.
And said "Get them bugs!"
I hate it!

Well I took that net into the woods
And it snagged on everything it could
Those thorny bushes didn't like my net.
It made me so upset.
I hate it.

Well one sad day I caught me a bug.
It looked so cute I gave it a hug
My friends I've smelled much sweeter skunks
Than that stink bug.
I hate it!

One day we learned about the compound eye
When I looked thru my scope I thought I'd die
A thousand of them starin' at me
On just one little bee.
I hate it!

We have an oven where we dry our bugs
One day we might even try to dry slugs
You might say that it couldn't be true
Til you smell our crayfish.
I hate it!

Odonata, Lepidoptera
Ephemeroptera, Coleoptera
I get so dizzy goin' thru them keys
It ain't no breeze.
I hate it!

A million questions I have had
I had as many as Wyatt has had
We couldn't do without Dr. Byers
To straighten us out.
I love it!

Have you ever looked close at a damselfly
Or looked at the color in a true bug's eye
I've learned so much I didn't know
I'll hate to go.
I love it!!!

-Brian Scruby-
I{OUNTAIN LAKE ADDRESSES

Angleberger, Wayne & Mary Ann, Rt. 1, Box 76, Mt. Solon, Virginia 22843
Ansell, Christopher, 13012 Thompson Rd., Fairfax, Virginia 22030
Ballard, Barbara, 11217 Hunting Horn Lane, Reston, Virginia 22091
Batchelor, Marty, 7208 Doncaster St., Springfield, Virginia 22150
Bell, C. R., Dept. of Botany, U.N.C., Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
Brooks, Austin, Dept. of Biology, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933
Byers, George, Dept. of Entomology, Snow Hill, Univ. of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas 66044
Center, Gail, 6 Ravine Road, Amherst, New Hampshire 03031
Chapman, Nancy, 1411 Virginia Ave., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Cohen, Guy, Rt. 8, Box 687, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
Connolly, Pat, 1606 Forest Hill Dr., Louisville, Kentucky 40205
Decker, Marshall, 6811 Market Square Dr., McLean, Virginia 22101
Downhower, Jerry, Dept. of Zoology, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio 43210
Dubay, Robert C., Rt. 1, Box 245 C, Amisvile, Virginia 22002
Egghart, Heinrich, 1911 Martha's Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307
Enderle, Karen, Rn. 337, Augusta Hall, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556
First, Fred, 480 Withers Road, Wytheville, Virginia 24382
Fletcher, J. Sid, Box 446, Wingate, North Carolina 28174
Frauen, Kim, #2 903 Rosser Lane, Charlottesville, Virginia 22905
Gallagher, Mary, 6408 Deep Creek Drive, Prospect, Kentucky 40059
Gibson, Jack, 2380 Kingston Road, Charlottesville, Va. 22901
Goodwin, Janet, 2401 Arlington Blvd. #65, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Goodwin, Cider, Rt. 6, Box 361, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
Grantham, K., Old Jonesboro Rd., Rt. 7, Abingdon, Virginia 24210
Grimes, Deliece, 1114 E. Jefferson St., Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
Hicks, Gail, 413 Lamont St., Johnson City, Tennessee 37601
Hilton, Jr., Bill, Rt. 4, Box 24-C, York, South Carolina 29745
Hite, Carlton, Rt. 1, Pembroke, Virginia 24136
Hoffmann, Hilaire, Quarts A USNB, Charleston, South Carolina 29408
Hood, Ginny, Hickory Hill, Woodstown, New York 12498
Hook, Jane, 1203 Hilltop Rd., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Hyatt, Renee, 138 Madison Lane, Apt. 11, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Johnson, Amy, 418 Capital Ave., Frankfort, Kentucky 40601
Johnston, David W., Dept. of Zoology, Univ. of Florida, Gainesville, Florida 32601
Jones, Gregg, 527 S. Harrison St., Arlington, Virginia 22204
Kaiser, Jennifer, 1800 Jefferson Park Ave., Apt. 906, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Karn, Pat, 7715 & Northbourne Ct., Richmond, Virginia 23229
Karten, Vanessa, 1319 Titanla Lane, McLean, Virginia 22101
King, Gary, Dept. of Biology, Gilmer Hall, U.Va., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Klein, Malcolm, P.O. Box 6113, Alexandria, Virginia 22306
Lankalis, Joe, 1 East High St., Coaldale, Pennsylvania 18218
McDearmon, Kirsten, 1019 B Madison Ave., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
McIvor, Carole, 1212 Mowbray Place, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
McKenney, Mary, 4716 Pocahontas Ave., Richmond, Virginia 23226
Miller, Gary, Div. of Sci. & Math., Eisenhower College, Seneca Falls, New York 13148
Moyle, Susan, Dept. of Biology, Centre College of Kentucky, Danville, Kentucky 40422
Nikolaus, Ann, 1501 Winding Creek Rd., Palm Harbor, Florida 33736
Odum, William, Dept. of Env. Sci., Clarke Hall, U.Va., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Patterson, Ken, 110 Joan Circle, Staunton, Virginia 24401
Pease, Jim, Box 176, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655
Penney, Sally, 11307 Stuart Mill Rd., Oakton, Virginia 22124
Perry, David, Botany Dept., Univ. of Maine, Orono, Maine 04473
Powell, Peggy, Draper's Meadow West, Apt. 2909, Blacksburg, Virginia 24060
Quint, Marie, 51-28 Simonson St., Elmhurst, New York 11373
Riggins, Kathy, 3 Greenwell Ct., Lynchburg, Virginia 24502
Riopel, James, Dept. of Biology, Gilmer Hall, U.Va., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Rodgers, Charlene, 8924 Maurice Lane, Annandale, Virginia 22003
Rohrer, Joe, 3-Q Estes Park Apts., Carrboro, North Carolina 27510
Rusinow, Jeff, 2224 Glasgow Rd., Alexandria, Virginia 22307
Ryan, Mark, 7512 Elgar St., Springfield, Virginia 22151
Scruby, Brian, 1730 Jefferson Park Ave., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Seaburg, Ken, 701 Washington St., Apt. 4, Blacksburg, Virginia 24050
Smith, DeWitt, 312 13th St., N.W. Apt. 19, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Smith, Judy, Box 3057, First St. Station, Radford, Virginia 24141
Smith, Mitch, 400 Venable Lane, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Steffens, John, 1021 N. Larrimore St., Arlington, Virginia 22205
Taylor, James, 52 Eastwood, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501
Thornhill, A.R. (Randy), Dept. of Zoology, Univ. of N.M., Albuquerque, N.M. 87131
Varn, Merrill, 31 West Range, U.Va., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Wallace, Kate, 917 Mulberry Rd., Martinsville, Virginia 24112
Wampler, Joh, Rt. 3, Box 52, Broadway, Virginia 22815
Weddle, Lisa, Rt. 2, Box 807, Front Royal, Virginia 22630
Williams, Tim, 319 Alderman Rd., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Wright, Susan, 113 Maple Drive, Madison Heights, Virginia 24572
Yamanoto, Kathy, #1 Valley Rd. Cir., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903
Burns, R. K., Bridgewater Home, Bridgewater, Virginia 22812
COURSES TO BE OFFERED AT MOUNTAIN LAKE - SUMMER 1978

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Term</th>
<th>June 11 - July 15</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Principles of Ecology</td>
<td>William Odum, University of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evolution</td>
<td>Elizabeth B. Conant, University of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pteridology</td>
<td>Donald R. Farrar, Iowa State University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herpetology</td>
<td>Harry G.H. Jopson, Bridgewater College</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Second Term</th>
<th>July 16 - August 15</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ecological Genetics</td>
<td>To be announced</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxonomy of Seed Plants</td>
<td>Carl S. Keener, Pennsylvania State University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invertebrate Zoology</td>
<td>Clifford Johnson, University of Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mammalogy</td>
<td>Charles O. Handley, Jr., National Museum of Natural History</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>