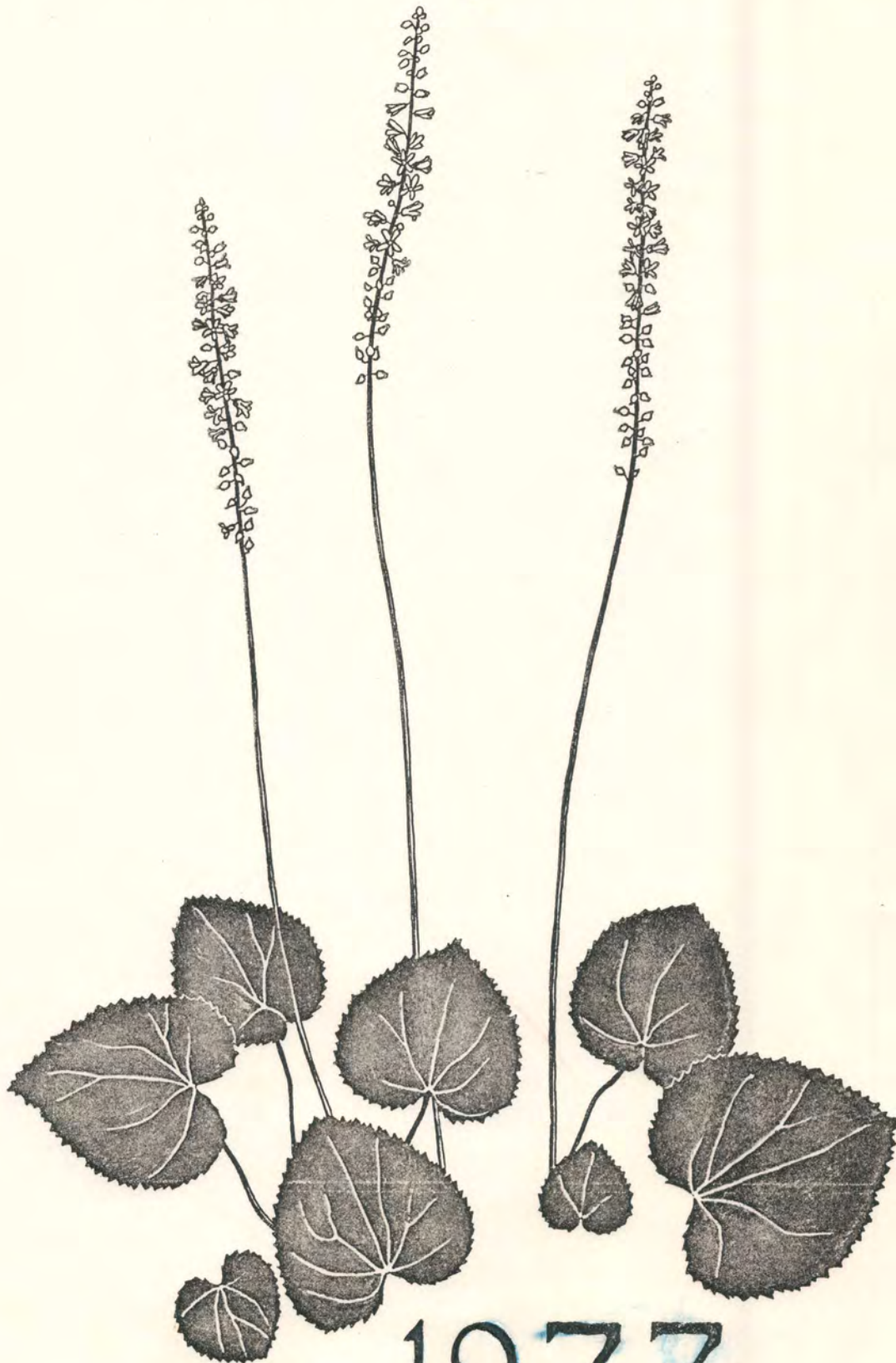


Mountain Lake Echoes



1977

FOR

MISS PEGGY WALTON

October 8, 1908 - February 28, 1977

M O U N T A I N L A K E E C H O E S

1 9 7 7

Editors: Mary Ann Angleberger
 Marilyn Ladd

Administrative Staff:

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Business Manager
Secretary
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The Sheriff

James L. Riopel
Wayne Angleberger
Mary Ann Angleberger
Debby Dubay and Mary Ann Angleberger
Carlton Hite

August, 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

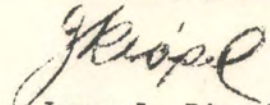
Director's letter continued -

Miller! 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 Mt. 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
Lusinow, Jeffrey
Wallace, Catherine
Smith, DeWitt

Research

McIvor, Carole
Williams, Tim

MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION
DIRECTORY
1ST TERM

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

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 Antartica (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 draperanaldia 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.

ALGAE CLASS - DR. BROOKS

Limericks

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 adhera

If one takes a course in phycoology
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 *Pedostenum* 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 virginicum* 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



Don't You Remember ?

"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 flame 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

Mtn. 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.

ORNITHOLOGY CLASS
FIRST SESSION 1977

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 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 Binocular 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 apples.

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.

ORNITHOLOGY - continued

One class member was observed repeatedly at breakfast consuming multiple bowls-ful 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 Hippoboscids live in his beard"; and who was described as having a "capital apterium"? 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

HAV HEE

?Comedy?

Guy Cohen

John Wampler

Lisa Evans

Kathy Yamamoto

Amy Riopel

Jack Gibson

POEM

David Pervey

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 repaire 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

LAWWILL 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
	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

ZOOL. 593: Evolution of Animal
Reproductive Behavior

Hook, Jane
Nikolaus, Ann
Powell, Peggy
Ryan, Mark
Grimes, N. Deliece

BOT. 585: Reproductive Biology of Plants

Perry, David
Wright, Susan

Research

Varn, Merrill
Hicks, Gail

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

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 (15)
Robin (11)
Renee (5)

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

Catesby - Gail Hicks

Laing Singles - Joe Lankalis
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

POPULATION ECOLOGY

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 projects '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 projects 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 'womped' 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 *Stephanosphaera* 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.

BRYOLOGY

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.

Favorite Class Food	LIVERwort
Favorite Class Flower	ROSE moss
Favorite Class Color	EMERALD Dewdrops
Favorite Class Song	KNOTHOLE Moss Serenade (written for flutes only)
Favorite Class Activity	"bry-o-fights"
Favorite Class Theme	"For some the dainty flower delight But for me - it's a rowdy bryophyte."

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 academicians were Barbara Ballard - noted walking stick thief and beetle discarder, 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 Lankalis (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 (Scrōōbee) 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 buttereetle 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!!!

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COURSES TO BE OFFERED AT MOUNTAIN LAKE - SUMMER 1978

First Term June 11 - July 15

Principles of Ecology	William Odum, University of Virginia
Evolution	Elizabeth B. Conant, University of Virginia
Pteridology	Donald R. Farrar, Iowa State University
Herpetology	Harry G.M. Jopson, Bridgewater College

Second Term July 16 - August 19

Ecological Genetics	To be announced
Taxonomy of Seed Plants	Carl S. Keener, Pennsylvania State University
Invertebrate Zoology	Clifford Johnson, University of Florida
Mammalogy	Charles O. Handley, Jr., National Museum of Natural History