MT. LAKE

ECHOES

1987
Dear Mountain Lakers,

I guess I’ll think of this past summer as the summer of newcomers to the Station. While, of course there were old Mountain Lakers around, there were also a large number of people who had either not been here before or who had been around for short periods before. We had new faculty: Kerry & Patty Rabenold, Spencer Tomb, Steve Handel, Gordon Kirkland and Keith Carbutt. Bringing in new people to teach courses at the Station has been a deliberate attempt to expand our constituency. I’m sure that exposing new faculty to the Station will broaden the areas from which we attract students. As more students are attracted from larger areas, the quality of the courses must go up.

There were new researchers: Alicia Mathis, Kurt Fristrup, Dave Morton, Lori Stevens, Holly Wagner, Bill Resealits, Dan Cristol and Mike Whitlock. One development that I am pleased to note is that the number of graduate students doing research on their Ph.D. or master’s theses at the Station has increased. By my count seven graduate students were doing research at the Station this summer, up from three or four last summer. In the last summer we have seen the pond wired for sound, the great water-works, various picturesque Alexander constructions, and the milkweed forest. There has been more research activity at the Station this summer than any other time that I’ve been associated with Mountain Lake.

We also had a number of new visitors to the Station and a fairly busy seminar schedule. I believe there were a full twenty scientific seminars this summer. All in all the level of interaction was high and the opportunities for exchange of ideas were great. This sort of atmosphere is, in my opinion, the fun part of doing science and a major reason for coming to a field station in the summer.

The number of soccer and volleyball injuries this summer makes me wonder whether we should offer a course in sports medicine or perhaps orthopedic rehabilitation. As I write this (in the last week of the second session) I hope that the pace of volleyball injuries tapers off or we will have a serious crutch shortage.

I want to thank publicly Marilyn Ladd for her awesome competence. Those of you who have never met Marilyn may not appreciate just how much she does for the Station and probably just would not believe the ease with which she accomplishes almost everything. Of course, anyone who reads this knows what a debt Mountain Lake owes to Wayne and Mary Ann Anglerberger. Some of you may appreciate how much easier these two make your life at the Station; I cannot even imagine how difficult my life would be without their warmth and willingness.

Any compliments on the Station I will be willing to receive; any complaints and suggestions can be directed to next year’s director, Jim Murray. I’m looking forward to being up here in strictly a research capacity next summer, when I hope to see many of you again. Until then, I wish all of you a productive and happy academic new year.

Best wishes,

Braine J. Cole
PLANT - ANIMAL INTERACTIONS
Final Exam - Summer 1987

EXTRA CREDIT (2 pts)

Complete this rhyming poem:

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...

---Jamie Doyle

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...
We noticed something was quite strange
His head looked like a bell
"Take off that silly hat", we cried
But twas to no avail.
He would not listen to our screams
He simply was not well.
Bryan tried to calm him down
This only made it worse
"he little man couldn't be appeased"
He stomped, and roamed, and cursed
-e left him there in that far field
Left him where he fell
While bees buzzed round his bell-shaped head
He waved a last farewell.

---Sarah Forsythe

While walking through the woods one day,
when our Professor Handel did say,
"Where's Bryan this mornin'?"
I said, while I was yawnin',
"He's been asleep for the past two days!!"

---Garren Hester

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...
We found some gold on Hunter's Branch,
and swore we'd never tell.
"Forget the flowers, bees, and buds,"
with a grin he cried,
And as he did his yellow cap alighted down below his eyes.
"We'll spend it all on ice cream!"
we heard, climbing in the van.
And down the road to Blacksburg.
quickly sped our caravan.

Round the narrow curve he raced,
a madman on the loose,
ring in anticipation of a little lemon mousse.
"Ten scoops for each," he said as he was charging for the door,
And then he turned to Sarah, with "One for you, no more."
So with each lick we ate our fortune,
'til there was no more.
And now we're poor biologists,
just like we were before.

---Cyndy Smith

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...
He stopped the class once more
To recite a joke he loved to tell.
It wasn't witty, it wasn't good
In fact, was quite a groaner
Only one brave student laughed aloud
Amidst all the other moaners.
Gobble, gobble, gobble.
Buzz, buzz, buzz,
He looks around, he waves his arms,
He wears his hat of yellow fuzz!

---Kirsten Gates

While walking through the woods one day,
came across a smell.
Red, a tubular bell.
A Cram's radicans we named,
Flowers we had spied.
Apts for a ride.
Nectar on the fly.

With brush and comb and sac he flew
Pollen in her hair
For stigma surface bare,
Before she reached her larva.
And thus we saw on afternoon,
Beneath a cloudy sky,
Pollen on the fly,
Handel, my class, and I.

---Bryan Chaffe

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel in charge,
We spied a Chevre hircus in the hay
Inspecting Cirsium arvense no large.

"O why do you munch compositae,
do tell us Mr. Herbivore."
"Please be precise in what you say:
for I'm an obligate omnivore.
Researching meadow and field today
for the wicked seed predators.
Seed larceny is not my way:
Just give me the prettiest flowers!"

I take them early, just as they bloom,
before they're plucked and crushed in a press
By plant systematist, Spencer Tomb--
for the sake of fickle science.
Or to please a passing fancy.
And though my verses lack philosophy,
be assured of my sincerity
in predating ripe compositae."

So ended the noble Chevre hircus.
Then, quoth much chastened Prof. Handel,
"The woods are lovely and dark with quercus;
Let's quit this field for their sylvan spell!"

---Ed Wesely

[pronounced "Floors", as in "houressweet", Chaucer, 1395]
TITIS IS FOR THE BIRDS!!!

MARY CROWE - Great Blue Heron - long legged & lean
(but what a voice!)

PAUL VEATCH - Wandering Albatross - forever restless
(but they say, he mates for life)

LISE ROWE - Peregrine Falcon - strong female, bigger than males, huntress
(and those fuzzy legs)

CHRIS DALY - Blue-footed Booby - rather uncoordinated flyers
(Boy, what feet !)

MS RABENOLD [PATTY] - Black Vulture - her study love
(rough outwardly, but really very gentle)

MR. RABENOLD [KERRY] - Dark-eyed Junco - his study love
(rather chavinistic little bird)
A Day in the Life of Plant-Animal Interactions

10:20 "Where is my class?"
10:21 "1-2-3-4-5... who are we missing?"
10:22 "We're waiting for Bryan - but not much longer!"
10:25 ... "I'm shutting the door."

The Callwell Field Expedition

Lead by the Fearless Dr. McCoy

It was an afternoon of interspecies face-off, a.k.a. Animal-Animal Interaction

Steve: There's a Brass Toadman chattering.

Janice: You lie!

Steve: What's the matter with you? Why do you keep coughing?

Bryan: Well, I just coughed now because I got a second taste of my lunch.

Steve: True! That's embarrassing!

Bryan: Quick! Bryan's being disrupted by pandemonium!

Kirsten: Bryan: C'mon! Bryan!

Sarah: C'mon! Bygones!

Bryan: Oh, Maybe later.

Sarah: Don't! Don't! In your own time, please!

Steve: They should call this class plant-animal-verse. You know, what kind of vikings do bees get for certain flowers? Intense.

Bryan: That's a great idea.

Sarah: It was a grimy first
"I warned you about this test, and some of you are going to be sorry." Blueberries are the answer to all the world's problems.

She looks like a druggy, but deep down inside she's really a nerd. "How many legs do bugs have?"

— Most likely to be late to his own funeral. An occasional fellow except for an occasional "Be be Ge Ge Ge..."

Best known for, as Steve put it, her "big mouth." Her answer to most problems was "Runaway."

He has been likened to a piece of bubblegum and a backed-garbage disposal. His vocalizations and grunts are a constant annoyance. A winning smile.

The militant biologist. She really likes this stuff. Stay away from blueberry plant 19. Anyone want to go out at night, in the rain, in the dark, through the woods, to collect bugs? Yes... sure...

The little man with the funny hat. He taught us about birds and bugs, moths and gnats, and buzzing behavior.

Our Favorite Herbivore

Carbon & Nitrogen Study Buzzing Behavior!
ARTIFICIAL KEY TO THE PLANT TAXONOMY STUDENTS

by Spencer Tomb

1. Student staminate (i.e. ♂)
   2. Pubescent facial areas obvious, below 5'10''
      3. Pubescence limited to spaces between the nares and the bucal orifice, rarely using the F word, no distinctive accent, corpulent. George Marino
      3. Pubescence not restricted in area, often using the F word and with a distinct Yankee accent, not so corpulent. Sean O'Donnell
   2. Pubescent facial areas removed often, over 5'10''
      3. Often seen lost in space, head in the trees, a "hay bailer" type, no pet goat. Rich Goldworth
      3. Lost, but not in space, head down cast to look at rocks and herbs, not a "hay bailer", keeps a pet goat. Ed Wesely

1. Student pistillate (i.e. ♀)
   2. Ardent conservationist, short hair and maybe a short temper, pained by collecting, likes to look at orchids. Libby Thomas
   2. Conservationist, but not so ardent, longer hair, capable of the slow burn, latent hay bailing tendency, collector of Galium sp. Ann Kelly
There once was a botany class at Mountain Lake. 
For three weeks, not a test did they take.
Then Spencer said, "one should be tried".
So they screamed, kicked, and cried,
For fear that their brains might sink.

There once was a girl from Duke,
That she came to Mt. Lake was no fluke.
Ann is her name,
Botany's her game.
If she doesn't find a thesis, she'll puke.

There once was a boy named Rich,
He claimed Ohio to be his niche.
He prefers looking at trees,
Than being on his knees.
Looking at wildflowers in the ditch.

There once was a student named Sean,
Who could name most plants on the lawn.
Not re-surfaced around the pond,
We thought he and Jenny were done.

There once was a professor from Manhattan,
Who could name all the plants in Latin.
When asked about a sedge,
He got too close to the edge,
Then it was the pond he set in!

Libby is a woman who does care,
About the plants from the ground we do tear.
Some plant she will collect,
But orchids she'll only inspect,
Unless its broken when she gets there.

There once was a man named Ed,
He writes for a paper you probably haven't read.
He started out for a grade,
But geological discoveries he made,
And decided to audit instead.

There once was a professor from Manhattan,
Who could name all the plants in Latin.
When asked about a sedge,
He got too close to the edge,
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Libby is a woman who does care,
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GEOL. NO. 2

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
MOUNTAIN LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION
HERBARIUM

PLANTUS TAXONOMUS

LOCALITY: Mountain Lake Biological Station in the vicinity of Spencer Tomb

ECOLOGY: roadside ditches, fields, cliffs & bogs

OTHER OBSERVATIONS: very vigorous (esp. on volleyball court) can be seen very late at night

George is the last person in this class,
He can now key plants better than bass.
After five years feels like a fool.
'Cause he'll graduate if he manages to pass.
1ST TERM GROUP

STAFF - 1ST TERM
Charlie Werth, Kerry Rabenold, Patty Rabenold, Blaine Cole, Steven Handel, Spencer Tomb

ORNITHOLOGY
Chris Daly, Paul Veatch, KERRY RABENOLD, Lise Rowe, Mary Crowe, PATTY RABENOLD

PLANT TAXONOMY
Sean O'Donnell, Rich Goldsworth, SPENCER TOMB, Libby Thomas, George Marino, Ann Kelly

PLANT/ANIMAL INTERACTIONS
Bryan Chaffe, STEVE HANDEL, Jamie Doyle, Cyndy Smith, Sarah Forsythe, Kirsten Gates
ALLOZYMES WORKSHOP
Richard Bounds, Kathy Lemon, Rich Goldsworthy
Ann Kelly, Bryan Chaffee, Lisa Wellborn &
CHARLIE WERTH
O CHROMOSOME
(To tune of O Christmas Tree)

O chromosome, O chromosome
How faithful is thy mission?
O chromosome, O chromosome
Thou bringest my condition.

You make my eyes brown or blue
My blood group too depends on you
Meiosis brings us something new
Not gained by simple fission.

O chromosome, O chromosome
We've come to know you better
O chromosome, O chromosome
We can decode each letter.

Your adenine must have thyamine,
Your guanine mates with cytosine.
And your messenger pure RNA,
Puts our proteins together.

O chromosome, O chromosome
How sad is thy condition
O chromosome, O chromosome
You must have failed your mission.

My grandpa's gift for singing well
Has gone to some lost polar cell
And so I sing this doggerel
I can do no better.

Lisa is unlike most Kansuens,
She collects gametophytes by the tons.
She's on a field trip,
One day she slammed into Spencer's hip
And was quickly nicknamed BUNS!

There once was a professor named McCoy,
Studying herbivores he really did enjoy,
He decided to curve the test,
Right before his family left.
So Jamie and Cyndy wouldn't kidnap his boy.

There once was a husband and wife from Purdue,
A career in ornithology they did pursue,
While he had relative ecology,
She taught comparative physiology,
All that and the Smokies, too!

There once was a botanist from K Who,
Studying ferns is all he wanted to do,
When asked how many times,
He'd run those darn 'zymes,
He replied, "a million and two."

There once was a professor named McCoy,
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When asked how many times,
He'd run those darn 'zymes,
He replied, "a million and two."
NEW RIVER FIELD NOTES
(Scirpus novae-angliae)

When I dropped into the Eggleston Herbarium two weeks ago to study the liverwort collection, including a rare Marchantia norfolk-southermornia, I found an even rarer plant which had been collected in the 1960's by Dr. Warren H. Wagner, Jr. Although Wagner is an authority on Appalachian ferns, I though his specimen needed further study, so I brought it back to Mountain Lake.

According to Wagner, the fern is a histid clone of a hybrid phenotype, which he described as follows:

"The rachis is stigmatic; the stipe decidually plasticose; and the sporangia sub-silicate. There are punctate indusia."

Since the indusia were dimorphic variables and extremely difficult to analyze, Wagner ran further tests in the electrophoresis lab which showed them to be homozygous and also sympatric.

Field testing in the men's room led to positive identification of a new taxon, which he called *Ajax plasticus* (see drawing).

But retesting by Charles Worth on June 31, 1967 showed Wagner had made a serious omission: the indusia proved to be poly-punctate-antropomorphic. Accordingly, Worth recommended that the new species be listed as *Ajax plasticus*, var. spenceri.

Dr. Spencer Tomb, the noted plant systematist, concurred. He will conduct a state-of-the-art pollen count this fall, thanks to grants from Exxon and the Bluefield Orioles (*Icterus fieldius*).

Traveling to Bluefield the following week, I discovered an unusual member of the New River fauna in the Pembroke Zoological Gardens. It was the pel of a short-beaked avianopteran, shot from a Sycamore tree (*Platanus occidentalis*) in 1755 by General Edward Braddock on his way to Fort Duquesne.

Braddock thought he was in the Potomac Valley; thanks to his mistaken geography, Pembroke has the only extant specimen: a warbler-sized crow of the genus *Symbiosis*.

*Symbiosis brevis* is what Audobon named it a century later, in honor of Braddock's short-lived campaign. Since Audobon "collected" the last remaining bird, he regarded "brevis" as a doubly significant epithet.

Careful study of the drawing (below) shows that the plastic feathers originate from a single, plastic sternum. So complex and fickle are the byways of natural selection, that not a single member of the crow family (*Corvus brachyrrhynchos*) displays this characteristic today.

Examination by the ornithological team of Rabenold and Rabenold has also confirmed that the under-tail-coverts were plastic.

This finding indicates that *Symbiosis brevis* evolved with a companion avifauna, *Symbiosis badmintonius*, but that the plastic tail-coverts, apparently developed in the Holocene, restricted its locomotion. The tail-coverts also impaired its ability to respond to changes in atmospheric pressure.

Abstracting avifauna fact into evolutionary theory, ecologist Steven Hadel describes the demise of *Symbiosis brevis* in an equation: $S_b - 1 = S_b + 1$

Later in the week, at a performance of the Pearisburg String Quartet, I heard and original medley composed for the one-stringed dulcimer. Mr. Sarah Forsythe. While singing a duet with Wimbles, the noted goat baritone. Ms. Forsythe was discomfited when Wimbles ate the sheet music, leaving the stage in a shower of ripe tomatoes (*Lycopersicon esculentum*). These. She learned later, had co-evolved with Pearisburg audiences since the time of King George III.

I have transcribed the music for our Mountain Lake audience *Populus montana* var. *soporiferous*.

DOMICILE ON THE RANGE (REVISITED)

1) Oh give me a home
   where the Dryopterises roam
   and the Vironi solliatus play
   where seldom is heard
   a one syllable word,
   and the skies are not glabrous all day.

2) How often at night,
   when the stars are out bright,
   does Peromyscus leucopus eat my shoes;
   still I would not disdau
   this arboreal range
   and its hydrated oxygen molecules.

3) There are some small birds,
   quite elusive I've heard,
   in the precision of our lab down the hall;
   but if you listen at night
   to their chirping so bright,
   you'd gladly boil them in wood alcohol.

   Illustrations

   1. *Ajax plasticus*

   2. *Symbiosis brevis* (early holocenes)

   3. *Wimbles*—celebrated goat baritone

   4) And what of those snails
   whom the salamanders assail,
   and extract from their calcium ho
   There's an irony there
   for in one small lair
   were disjunct salamander tail b

   5) So that's all my song
   about what went wrong
   in pursuit of pure science serene
   but the mountains yet stand
   with their ancient white sand,
   and the clouds floating by like a dream.

   Chorus

   Home, home on the range
   where the tillas and quercuses
   make shade;
   where seldom is heard
   a one syllable word,
   and the skies are not glabrous all day.
(Goats are excellent "communicators," and will also devour news as fast as it's printed. Wimbles, who shares a barn with two ducks, six chickens, and Frisbee, a companion goat, is no exception.

Three years ago he enjoyed sampling the journals of Appalachian Trail hiker Tim Hogeboom, published in The River Reporter. This summer he's asked me to feed his curiosity about life in the Southern Appalachians by sending a weekly journal.

In warm months Wimbles has no fixed address, but will generally be found chewing things over with Frisbee, near Milanville, PA.)

Dear Wimbles,

I hope you and Frisbee will behave while I'm gone and keep out of the garden.

Last night thunder rolled across the Blue Ridge, lightning flashed, and all the campers ran for cover. When you kick up your heels in the henhouse it creates the same effect.

If the Rockies are "shining mountains," the Appalachians are mountains of shadow. One shadow is that of ancient time, cast by rocks older by far than the Catskills and Poconos. Granites in the core of the Blue Ridge were old when trilobites tested the shallow Cambrian seas 500 million years ago.

The shadows are physical, too: clouds pile up, and sometimes a summer haze which gives the Blue Ridge its name. Watching this endless play of light and shadow you see that no camera can capture it.

Then there's the shadow of man, "Snake" fences carved from chestnut, a lonely cabin in the hollow, an occasional mule pulling a plow; these still exist, but are the work of latecomers.

The first men turned up 11,000 years ago, between 9500 and 9000 B.C. Mastadon may have browsed in the Shenandoah Valley, but moved away as the glaciers retreated into Canada.

These "earliest Indians" were hunters who made spear points like the one I drew for you. Bows and arrows were unknown in the Appalachian valleys until about 900 A.D.

In 9000 B.C. goats were running loose in the wilds of Asia, where Turkey and Iran are today. You guys were domesticated about 2000 years later, but it took Spanish and English navigators to get you across the Atlantic.

In 1987, a small flock of wild goats (released in the last century) still clammers over the rocks of Maryland Heights, where the Blue Ridge pass into Maryland at Harpers Ferry.

Since you and Frisbee like children, here's a final story: In the shadow of the Blue Ridge is the little village of White Post, where George Washington erected a first post in 1750, marking an old wagon road to Greenway Court, just to the south. (His employer, Lord Fairfax, lived, entertained, and fox hunted at Greenway Court.)

On June 13, while many of your neighbors celebrated the reopening of the Roebling Bridge, White Post was having a yard sale day.

Flags flew, cicadas droned in the white oaks, and tables of sale items were everywhere.

For a dime I bought a book called "Mittens Comes to Church," about a kitten who slept in a shoe while the pastor was preaching.

Emily sold it to me (she had pigtails), and her friend, a skinny girl with braces.

"I wish those locusts wouldn't make this racket," Emily said.

"They're not locusts either, Emily! They're cacadas. I mean cacadas. I mean there's a difference."

When I reported that I had a goat at home who'd munch a cicada or two, both girls smiled, and Emily said: "Is he your friend?"
CONGRATULATIONS...

CHARLIE

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

HELEN

TEXAS TECH

AND VAL →
BILL'S WATERWORKS
The final blow to her sanity apparently occurred the morning of August 2, 1987, on the day before, the two other field assistants had left, one, never to return. However, Dr. Alexander believed work had to continue as usual. On the morning in question she and the patient arose at an extremely early hour to begin work on a routine project that usually took only a few hours with three workers. However, on this day, due to several problems with their project, the patient was forced to work straight through lunch. This whole nasty process was repeated at dinnertime at Dr. Alexander's insistence. The next morning, August 3, 1987, the patient was found contaminating her employer's entire population of healthy plants in an attempt to ruin the experiment. She was noticed to have an "evil glint" in her eye and was singing this corruption of a well-known song:

Inch by inch, plot by plot,
Gonna make them die a lot.
Gonna give them fungal spores
Til they all come tumbling down.

Inch by inch, S'iene by S'iene,
God, I need a stiff martini!
God, I need a modern plague
To strike these plants to the ground.

She continues singing this song in her isolation cell.
MOUSSE PARTY
HELD IN HONOR OF:
DR. DAVID McCAULEY
WHAT A CREW!!!

AYNE HUFFMAN, MGR.

WASHINGON

PANZIE, MARY HELEN, JUDY, DONNIE

OFFICIAL BELL RINGER: TOBY

DEIDRA, BETTY & ALLEN
COTTONTAIL PARTY

SHOP PARTY
Given by: Lawrences
Drinks: Screwdrivers & O.j.

MAD HARPER'S TEA PARTY
Given by: Plant Population Biology
Drinks: Long Island Ice Tea & Red Zinger

SEAFARER'S SHANTY
Given by: Anglebergers & Resetaizes
Drinks: Rum Cola & Coke

MAMMALIAN SURPRISE!
Given by: Mammalogy
Drinks: Skull Soak(with & without)

MARDI GRAS
Given by: Community Ecology
Drinks: Mardi Gras Punch & Punch

SALSA ON THE BEACH
Given by: Mt. Lake Research Gang
Drinks: Margaritas
YOU HAD TO BE THERE...

"Aaaaaa! I can see! I can see! Aaaaaa...."

"You sure you're supposed to be doin' that, Spencer?"

"It came from hunting branch."
A DAY AT THE ANT RACES

[AND OTHER DIVERSIONS OF A COMMUNITY ECOLOGY CLASS]

COMMUNITY ECOLOGY

Meg was supposed to have written these
She could have done it with considerable ease
She is to blame if these rhymes are too lane
We hope when she reads them she's pleased.

There once was a pond named Sylvatica
Whose fish were problematica
With rotenone one day we blew them away
And now the fish are erratic.

Castanea was hit by a blight
And gave the ecologists a fright,
So we went out mapping
Though we wished we were napping,
And we didn't find out a damn thing!

To War Spur we went with our Whirl-Paks®
To each acorn we gave a firm crack
If an ant was inside, we smiled with pride
And pride's something we surely don't lack.

To the lab we went back with our ants
Hoping it wasn't just chance
That the ants would compete
Instead of just eat
But instead they crawled into Norm's pants!

On Thursdays we took to the field
Before Mother Nature we kneeled
We came back each day with much more to say
And thus all our concepts congealed.
A FIELD BIOLOGIST
(Ecologicus obscurans)

(One of many specimens observed at Mountain Lake Virginia 1987)

K. Garbutt & Mac
By the old Betula prunus, lookin' eastward to the pines,
A St. Andrews gal is bakin' cause the mountain sun still shines;
For the ferns are clonin' madly, and the bellowin' Bryan roars:
"Come you back and have more coffee; come you back, you sons of whores!"
Come you back to Mountain Lake,
Where Abutilons await:
Can't you feel those bugs a-bitin' while your survey quads you take?
On the road to Mountain Lake,
Where you suddenly awake
When the breakfast bell starts bangin' til you think it's gonna break!
An' I see ol' Paul a-workin' so I know he'll get an "A".
An' Anne is out there joggin' so them pounds'll melt away;
When Captain Keith is tellin' us about that field in Wales,
Where they talk about self-thinnin' and the Poa grows in bales!
But that's all shove be'ind me - it's a hefty trip to take,
An' there ain't no buses runnin' from Pembroke to Mountain Lake;
An' I'm learnin' here in Doswell wat the midwest farmer knows:
"If you rotate corn and soybeans, boy, the velvet-leaf sure grows!"
I am sick of wastin' lab time doin' things that keep me clean,
An' doin' quantum theory with one eyeball on the Dean,
Tho' I sits in my own office, with computer by my side,
An' my students talk of Thermo 'til I think me brains are fried!
Doin' Thermo calculations--
Law! I think me brains are fried!
Ship me somewheres near Huges Chapel, where the white-tail deer still poop,
Where there ain't no runnin' water, an' you sit out on the stoop
With a cold beer in your left hand, and with Harper in your right,
By the old Betula prunus, readin' right straight through the night!

-- Brian Moores
A population biology student
In choosing his matrix was less than prudent
The solution was a pain
Which led him to exclaim:
\[
\begin{align*}
&((x;43\cdot4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a34\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a35\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a34\cdot((-a42\cdot;4x-a55)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+a34\cdot((-a42\cdot;4x-a55)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+a33\cdot((-a42\cdot;4x-a55)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+k(x-a33)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+a25\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+k(x-a33)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+12\cdot((-a42\cdot;4x-a55)-(a42\cdot;4x-a55))
+a21\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a34\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a35\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
+a34\cdot((-a43\cdot;4x-a55)-(a43\cdot;4x-a55))
\end{align*}
\]
Note: The last line of the limerick is the computer generated expansion which was solved by the plant population class to find the finite growth rate of a population mayapple modules.
HOLD IT!

I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS PICTURE!
BRINGING IN THE TRAPS*
(Sung to "Bringing in the Sheaves")

Bringing in the traps
Bringing in the traps
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the traps.
Whether they are Shermans,
Or our trusty snaps,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the traps.

*dedicated to the Adirondack Crew

ON THE GRID AGAIN
(Sung to "On the Road Again")

On the grid again
Can't wait to get back on the grid again
Trapping mammals with my friends.
I can't wait to get back out on the grid again.

On the grid at six
Can't wait to get out on the grid at six.
Handling mammals in the dark and
Not knowing where the van is parked
Can't wait to get back out on the grid at six.
No one knows you better than your garbage man and your hairdresser (Tamar)

Snerbling (ED)

Wouldn't it be neat if we hit a deer? (GLK)

What is cheese food? Sounds like something a cheese would eat (Rob)

Looks like something that would put rabbits into feeding frenzy (GLK)

Never eat anything described as food like...example: "meatlike" or "tastes like real" (Rob)

Rob, you should wear cycling gloves to bed if you really want to impress Yves (Lise)

Before you enthrall us with reproduction... (ED)

I never run into the same door twice (Tamar)

Lipid Cranium (Rob)

Carrion Face (Lise)

I've shot my wad, lecture-wise (GLK)

I'm loosing it (Tim)

My favorite things are setting traplines, skinning animals, blowing brains, checking traps at six a.m., and cleaning green mold out of them (Tim)

I think I'm beginning to like this (Tim)

We're worried about you Tim (Us)

These bags are the best things since sex (GLK)

X amount of time is not X + Y amount of time (Tamar)

12:45 is not a quarter of one (ED)

If flying squirrels had glaucoma they would fly into trees (Tamar)

It's not a temple it's a Chevy! (Rob)

Another day, another deermouse (ED)

What is the fastest mammal there is? (Yves)

What is the mammal with the best hearing? (Yves)

What is the mammal with the biggest feet? (Yves)

Yves, are you a spy for the Guinness book of World Records? (GLK)

First we'll have a little Feet then we'll have a little Head (Lise)

What do you mean by that? (Yves)

People always take sexual meaning when you open your mouth? (Rob to Lise)

Rob writes down everything I say (Lise)

Hey man, I drooled on your picture (Bryan)

Which one? (Rob)

The one of myself! (Bryan)

Take off your shirt and get in bed! (Tamar and Lise)
PLANT POP. BIOLOGY
Brian Moores
Charlene Vohringer
Paul Teese
Anne Zirkle
(not shown)
Bryan Chaffe
Keith Garbutt

COMMUNITY ECOLOGY
John Sullivan
Susanne Travis
Banu Subramaniam
Becky Dunn
Meg Ronsheim
Henry Wilbur
Helen Wilbur
Norm Christensen
Deb Hlavaty
Hiro Asami
Bernie Roche

MAMMALOGY
(clockwise)
Ed Duval
Tim Murphy
Yves Borenstein
Lise Rowe
Tamar Danufsky
Gordon Kirkland
Rob Uy
2ND TERM FACULTY

Blaine Cole, Director
Henry Wilbur &
Norm Christensen, Comm. Ecology
Gordon Kirkland, Mammalogy

(not shown)
Keith Garbutt, Plant Pop.

RESEARCH GANG

Standing: Laura Tritschler, Caroline Heckman, Kurt Frisstrup, Ann Kelly, Blaine Cole, Bill Resetarits, Deb Hlavaty
Sitting: Lisa Wellborn, Alicia Mathis, Charlie Werth, Hiro Asami
Greetings to all of you with long memories. It is with great enthusiasm that I relinquish the chairmanship of the Department of Biology into the capable hands of Michael Menaker and return to the Mountain Lake fold. As most of you know, Mike is an outstanding investigator into the mysteries of circadian rhythms. He could probably cure your jet lag if you would allow him to exchange your pineal for that of a local chicken. Seriously, we fully expect the program in Charlottesville to go from strength to strength under his leadership.

We are also looking toward an exciting summer at Mountain Lake in 1988. We have a star-studded faculty combining the best of past seasons with some new innovations. There will be a strong emphasis on population and evolutionary biology with Dave West giving Ecological Genetics, and Janis Antonovics and Les Real in Population Biology of Plants. Henry Wilbur and Joe Travis will be back for their essential Quantitative Methods in Field Biology. For those of who want sound courses in organismic biology George Byers will do the Biology of Insects and Hubert Keen, Herpetology.

For a long time we have toyed with the possibility of integrating some instruction in geology into the program. Finally we have just the right person to do so. Phil Shelton, one of those people who know the natural world from the Mohorovicic discontinuity up, will talk about the local rocks, plants, and animals in the Natural History of the Southern Appalachians.

We have two unique workshops scheduled. Colin Stine will bring molecular biology to the great outdoors by teaching a Workshop in Mitochondrial DNA, while Esta Johnson will present Techniques and Materials for Scientific Illustration.

Meanwhile all of us hope that you will have a happy and productive academic year and will return next summer for another exhausting and fun-filled season.

All the best,

J. J. Murray, Director
Summer of 1988
DON'T MISS 1988 SUMMER!

It is your privilege to have a seat for the premiere ......

Bring this page for FREE ADMISSION
COME BACK TO SEE

"湖の彼方に"

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( OVER THE LAKE )

Coming soon!

to Quittin' Time Theatre, Mt. Lake Biological Station

Summer, 1988

Date will be noticed on major newspapers

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ASAMI, Takahiro (Hiro)

BAND, Henretta (Retta)

BIXLER, Andrea

BORENSTEIN, Ives

BOUNDS, Richard

CHAFFE, Bryan

CHRISTENSEN, Norm & Portia
Jamey (13)
Mary (11)

COLE, Blaine

CRISTOL, Dan

CROWE, Mary

Daly, Chris

DANUFSKY, Tamar

DOYLE, Jamie

DUNN, Becky

DUVAL, Ed

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Alloz & research
(Audubon)

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(Deschweinitz)

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Nolan/Ketterson assist.
(Chapman)

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(Audubon)

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(Chapman)

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(Elliott)

Mammalogy
(Audubon)

P/A Interactions
(Elliott)
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