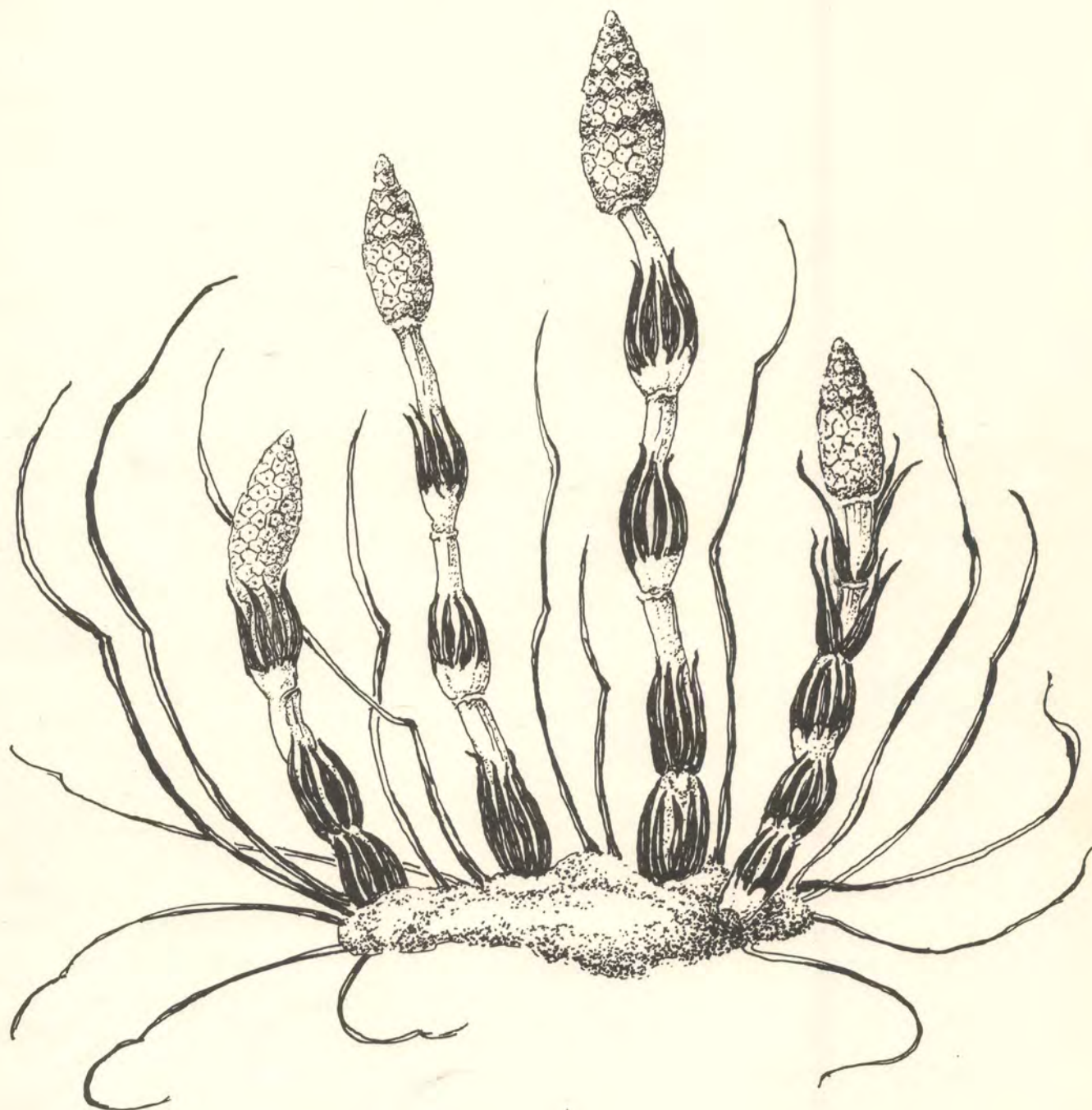


MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES



Volume 29

1966

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Cover: Miss Lucile Walton

Administrative Staff:

Director: Dr. J. J. Murray, Jr.
Business Manager: Charles E. Miller, Jr.
Secretary: Mrs. Marge Solomon
Dieticians: Miss Edith Rowland
 Miss Irene Rowland
Librarians: Mrs. F. R. Trainor
 Mrs. H. F. Heatwole

A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Mountain Lakers:

As we approach the watershed between summers, here is a brief look forward and backward at things remembered and things to come. We hope that our light-hearted effort will see you through the depths of the winter.

For most of you, I expect, the glimpse ahead probably takes precedence. Jim Riopel will be back in the saddle for next summer holding down a dual responsibility. He will try his hand at teaching Plant Morphogenesis in addition to handling the duties of Director. We shall be thinking of him as we float lazily over the coral reefs of Polynesia (ostensibly pursuing our studies of polymorphic snails.)

For the rest, an outstanding staff has been assembled. Perhaps we ought to set it out in nice, neat style:

First term: June 15 through July 20:

Mycology	Dr. Constantine J. Alexopoulos University of Texas
Ornithology	Dr. David W. Johnston University of Florida
Parasitology	Dr. Gene B. Solomon Frostburg State College
Plant Morphogenesis	Dr. James L. Riopel University of Virginia

Second term: July 24 through August 26:

Endocrinology	Dr. B. E. Frye University of Michigan
Entomology	Dr. George W. Byers University of Kansas
Mammalogy	Dr. Charles C. Handley, Jr. Smithsonian Institution
Plant Biosystematics	Dr. C. Ritchie Bell University of North Carolina

Last summer's residents will be particularly pleased to see our erstwhile investigator, Dr. Gene Solomon, joining the staff this year. His wife, Marge, will be back with us

to run the station first term! We also expect Malcolm and Betty Levin back as business manager and librarian.

For our brief look backward, the outstanding event of the summer was that the station opened at all. Those of you who did not visit the Station last summer will not have seen the new facilities provided in the Lewis laboratory by the National Science Foundation and the University. Suffice it to say that the furnishings and equipment fairly gleam. But it was a near thing. We were stepping on the heels of the floor finishers to get in by term time, and some of the investigators had very strange plumbing for the first few weeks. My heartfelt thanks go to those of you who pitched in and dusted chairs and carted furniture and sorted books. Without you, we would never have made it.

Since the end of term at the Station, a new set of contractors have been at work. Riopel (Sr.) and Riopel (Jr.), Unlimited, have undertaken a remodeling operation to house the youngest member of the Mountain Lake staff, Teeny and Carlton Hite's new daughter, Robin, whose arrival livened up our summer. Other plans for the off season include basic repairs in the main lab to remove the hazards involved in the use of some of the "facilities".

Finally, all of you should remember that these days, Mountain Lake never really closes. The Rafinesque lab, with its self-contained kitchen and sleeping quarters, is ready all year round to accommodate those of you whose research interests extend beyond the summer season.

Merry Christmas to you all. See you at Mountain Lake.

Jim Murray

First Term 1966
Classes

Algology

No one will forget the moments of enthusiasm and strive with which the "Magnificent Seven" headed by our famed leader-punster, Dr. Trainor, sought out hundreds of fresh-water algal specimens in the domain of Mountain Lake.

It all began one bright sunny day in mid-June when I heard someone mutter something about "the Nun signing, Shelly." I figured this must have been the living end. Then we met Dr. Trainor - all six of us sitting there shaking in our boots listening to him tell us about the nice little oral tests we would have. Then it was down to work: lecture, lab, projects, cultures, readings, Pringsheim, field trips, and more Pringsheim. After our briefing and introductory lectures, it was off to Sylvatica pond. Now was our big chance to test out those new hip boots we just bought. Fortunately - or unfortunately - some of us never needed hip boots.

Field work probably provided the highlight of our Algology course at Mountain Lake. From the wilds of Big Walker Creek to the mysterious cascades, a diversity of habitats was the name of the game. Henry Lindsey remembers that day out at Big Walker when he discovered that smooth, siphonaceous little alga referred to as Boldia erythrothison on the backs of snails. Then there was that day out near Pearisburg observing some 'Limnological Aspects of the New River' - most of our observations were olfactory. Also, there was the day when Ray Burger was attacked by a 'gila monster' in a tiny bog off the main entrance road. Linda Schupp recalls playing good sport by taking a swim with the rest of the crew (Bob Feller, Ray Burger, Henry Lindsey and yours truly) out at the Cascades much to the awe of Lester and Mrs. Trainor while Dr. Trainor and Shelley were collecting specimens. Henry did manage to find a Lemanea under the waterfalls while scaling the walls.

All of us surely recall our exhibits on visitors' day - I never was able to answer that question about the roots, stems, and bark that was supposed to be on that slide of Fucus. Another unforgettable experience was that boat siesta on Mountain Lake. If I recall, three algologists came back with sore feet.

These were among the many unforgettables of Algology 1966. There are countless others on which this author could write paragraphs. It would readily suffice to say that our five-week experience as algologists was challenging and humorously interesting as well as profitable. Seven student-algologists

will recall with nostalgia those midsummer nights in the lab - sipping coca-colas and classifying the day's 'haul'.

Check your hip boots someday, fellow students; you still might have some dried out Hydrodictyon clinging to the sides...

Samuel Halpern
Algology
Summer 1966

Ecological Genetics

Under the intellectual and field leadership of Dr. D. West, the 12 members of the 1966 ecological genetics course pursued the mimetic assemblage of *P. (Battus) philenor* through forest, briar, railway track and cattle field in around, near and far from the Station.

Blessed with a historically rare clear five-day consecutive period (which lasted many drought-laden days thereafter,) the intrepid 12 plus 1 (Dr. West) captured, marked and recaptured (with grace, agility, and dedication (mostly the latter) the checker-spotted Baltimore. Each morning (after a 50-90 minute lecture) to Farley's pasture--a steep slope, studded with "cow pies" and poison ivy--each afternoon down the dusty Salt Sulfur (stop! there's a mud-puddle club) Turnpike to Little Stony and the other (and larger) population of Baltimores. Pepsis, ticks, an occasional *Papilio*, and wild strawberries occupied time not spent searching for, or attempting to capture the quest of the afternoon.

Also, a prayerful attitude was assumed by all for a brief period while collecting "young, healthy" leaves of clover on the Station lawn and in Farrier's pasture (where it did rain).

Many a happy (if not always fruitful) afternoon was spent along the tracks by the New River where one afternoon there was a record catch of c. 100 *philenors*. (What did you do with them, Dr. West?)

Poverty Hollow - of long-standing fame as the source of the elusive *diana* - (which has an accurate reputation) was another favorite if frustrating haunt of the class. However, another less well-known location yielded two of the coveted creatures. (Awards go to Sherm Hendrix for spotting and Dr. West and Sister Etienne Truchan for the capture). (Other awards go to Ruthie Androvitch for cumulative largest single capture and enthusiasm; Bruce Lipton, Gene Wynn, and Don Lapp - all next in line for largest capture; and Bertha Gruver for attending the 5:00 a. m. vigil in spite of having been attacked by a piece of glass in Mountain Lake several days earlier.)

The field experiences of the ecological genetisists culminated in the voluntary aforementioned 5:00 a. m. watch-the-clothesline-to-see-if-the-birds-take-any-of-the-butterflies episode for which all brave souls promptly appeared (where was Sherm?) While Sally and Carol were steadily bitten and

rebitten for one and one-half hours by the early-morning gnats as they sat motionlessly for the bird attack (which never occurred), the remaining vigilers trekked through Little Spruce Bog on a 'nature walk' (under the tutelage of Dr. West, of course).

Other pursuits of the class (aside from reading in every spare available minute) were moth-catching at night by the old swimming pool, bird watching, trips to town for boy's boots - for the female members of the class - lively discussions (?) with appropriate quotes from Shakespeare supplied by Mark Sherlock, and singing down the Mountain and singing up the Mountain (led by Jim).

Sally Makielski

Herpetology

In the Herpetology class, under the guidance of Dr. Jopson, we became familiar, as the catalogue implied we would, with the taxonomy, natural history, ecology, distribution, breeding habits, and food habits of reptiles and amphibians in general; but emphasis was placed on the herptiles of the Virginia mountains. Our daily routine for the five weeks generally included a lecture in the morning and a field trip in the afternoon. Periodically, excursions were taken in the evening in order to study the night life of herptiles. Also, each student was required to submit a written report on an individual research project. These academic pursuits proved to be most rewarding and provided all of us with much valuable and helpful information which will long be remembered.

Nor will we soon forget the members of the class - Fred "Flat Tire" Brown, "Sweet Sue" Butler, Wayne "Shocker" Ellis, Paul "Immaculate" Garber, Jack "Roommate" Heading, Dick "Dryfoot" Lewis, Ron "Copperhead Hunter" Ross, Jack "Carphophis" Sizemore, Dave "Natrix" Tombs, Al "Chickenstick" Whitt, Butch "Chauffer" Wittle, Bob "Midnight Oil" Zaccaria, our instructor, Dr. "Perpetual Motion" Jopson, and the VIP's who contributed significantly to our activities - Craig "Glutinosus" Adler, Dr. "Turnstone" Organ, and Dr. "Frogman" Schroder.

Will anyone of this group forget

what a carphophis amoenus is?

what a chickenstick is?

Jack Sizemore and his jokes, his Sear's hat, or his love for watermelon?

Paul - the only person who is able to crawl through Tawney's cave and not get dirty?

The only female in a class with 1 engaged and 11 married males?

Fred's flattires and muffler?

Jack's pillowcase with the "lip" marks?

the Sunday afternoon snake hunt at the mink farm which netted one crotalus horridus to the chagrin of all the chickens of the class?

our field trips?

The field trips were usually enjoyable and highly successful with the exceptions of our trip to the Cascades and our trip to the New River for cryptobranchus. But the most enjoyable were our two overnight trips to Bridgewater and to White Top Mountain. Remember the rain, the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, the solenoid, the pepper in the eggs, the gate to Roöger's Mountain, the lungs full of dust, the coke machines, and the endless rides in the state vehicle.

All in all, it was a great course.

L. Wittle
J. Heading

Pteridology

That hardy, fearless group, The Pteridologists, had gathered from many parts to follow their intrepid leader, Dr. Murray Evans of the University of Tennessee.

There was Judy Bryan of Oberlin who ever seemed to wander off on her own and return with more new specimens than any of us and who had come to southwest Virginia to stay - being now at V. P. I.

There was Alice Crooks of Vanderbilt whose enthusiastic botanizing included not only ferns but also a search for the elusive Evergreen Huckleberry.

There was Carl Neidhardt of Gettysburg College who, in addition to trying to discover if the mixed-up lady fern on our southern mountain was a Southern Lady Fern or a Northern Lady Fern, was always ready to organize an impromptu trip "down the mountain", relying on the strains of "My Baby Does the Hanky Panky" to round up a good group for him.

There was Jackie Schroeder of Missouri State who collected wild carrot on our first field trip in the hope that it was spleenwort and decided to rectify that mistake for all time by taking the spleenworts on as her special project.

There was Eleanor Tenney of Richmond who caused a minor crisis in our community by taking the wrong trail at the Cascades and getting lost for a couple of hours while all sorts of search parties were excitedly organized, and whose equipment always included her trusty camera which was ever prepared for a good shot whether of a wild orchid growing alone in the forest or of Alice sliding feet first down an embankment, huckleberry held triumphantly over her head, of Dr. Evans hanging precariously over Bear Cliffs, or of Lloyd directing Carl on changing a flat tire while nine tired, dusty, thirsty fern collectors sat collapsed, watching.

There was Beth Weiland of Southern Seminary who bravely put up with our peanut butter and jelly sandwich lunches but who rebelled at dinner and struck a stand for nutrition by importing her own steaks.

There was our Oklahoman, Lloyd Willis, who nearly broke his neck scrambling up between a cliff wall and the rock slide barrier of the Norfolk and Western Railroad to get at some Pellaea Atropurpurea and whose handling of the state car along

mountain roads could only have been an echo of cowboy blood.

There was Jackson White of Ferrum Junior College who made slides ad infinitum to find apogamy in Dryopteris hybrids and whose memory for the names, life histories and odd facts about almost any plant we could point out to him was a constant amazement.

Last, there was me who progressed from the point of never having seen a hand lens or used a key, and thinking that the fertile stalk of Osmunda cinnomomea was a diseased plant, to being able to roll Cystopteris bulbifera and Dennstaedtia punctilobula off quite easily and have them mean something - though I never did quite seem to be able to make it on time to meals that summer.

These were the individuals; but as a group, we were a person apart - certainly not tireless but definitely persistent and, in a way, gallant.

We followed where Dr. Evans led and that was by no means always a picnic. He had a habit of wanting to see what was up the next ridge or over the next mountain or down in that ravine or under the edge of that cliff.

It made those ferns worth something. Days that we found a new one might have been soggy and wet or hot and stifling to other Mountain Lakers; but to us, they were golden.

It was like being in the Marine Corps or Foreign Legion - hell on shoeleather but prideful, man, prideful!

Sheila Reese