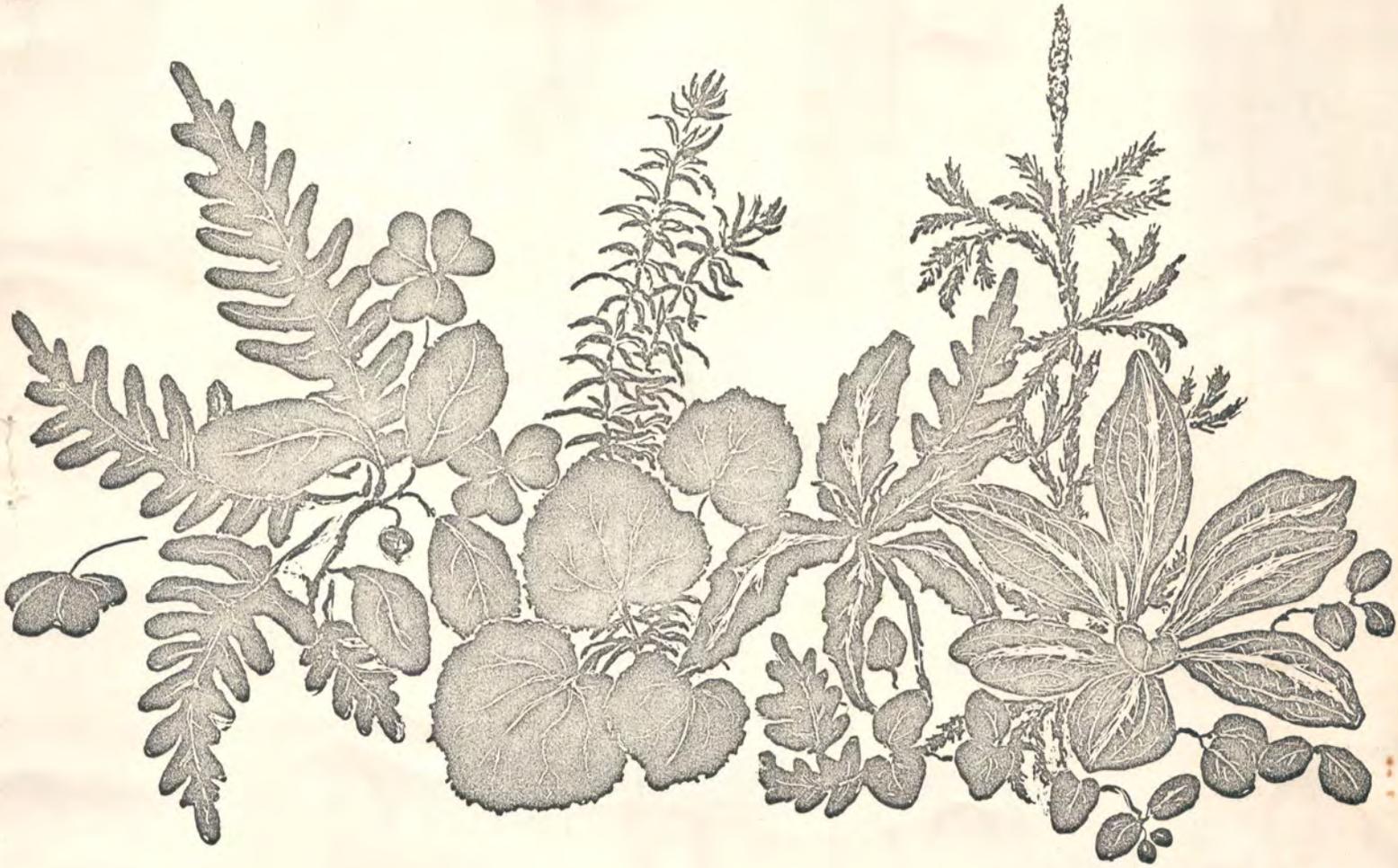


MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES



MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES

1967

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Second Term

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A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Mountain Lakers:

Every year the staff publishes the Mountain Lake Echoes. As many of you know, it is composed of brief commentaries, mostly by the students, of their experiences at Mountain Lake. I'm told not all experiences are recorded here. Still, the Echoes reflects a great deal of the life at Mountain Lake. I hope you will all enjoy reading and re-living your Mountain Lake summer.

Our staff photographer, C. Ritchie Bell, has made it possible to have some pictures with this issue. I hope the pictures have not faded by the time you have received your copy. At least, you should look at them right away. My correspondence course in photography did not cover copy work. Incidentally, the real answer to what Gene Solomon said in his picture is suggested by the photographs below it. "Say, Gene, how about a nickel game of lawn ball after lunch?"

My best wishes to you all for a pleasant year.

Jim Riopel



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ENTERTAINMENT

Gene B. Solomon

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First Term 1967
Classes

Mycology

CLASS SCHEDULE:

FIELD TRIPS: any time psychotherapy needed for frustrated mycologists.
(Moonlight nights are great for slime molds.....)
Reference: Marion Kellner, 1967.)

We dwelt among untrodden paths plucking mushrooms from the crannied rocks...except they were usually slime molds. Jay Scheetz was the slime molds' boast. He gained the fame as the man who sniffed down forty-seven slime molds and failed the course for not turning them in on red velvet. Miller McDonald, a lad always looking for the lepricons, was always finding something rare. There was the day he found Alice Kellogg sitting with great malice upon a saddle fungus. Alice took things seriously and was prone to identify with her fungi. As she exclaimed, "I encyst, I encyst!!!", Dr. Alexopoulos gave her an understanding smile....ALICE IN FUNGI LAND. Sally DeMott had a great appreciation for the free love of the fungi but she never shunned her friend, IMPERFECT JUDY. Judy Francis tried to understand those forms that lacked a sexual stage (all mycologists know that the sexual stage is the perfect stage) and for her efforts in this imperfect sterile land - the wasteland and wastebasket of mycology - she became the greatest on the imperfects. Bill Billard was an evangelist of the french mycological text - 'Never deny sex to any organism.' Bill talked to his imperfects every day and actually convinced his Penicillium that it was the only way to live. A few weeks later he found Penicillium in the perfect state. Mycology field trips were full of mysteries. We always wondered what had happened to Aaron Blair until we got back to the car.

LECTURES: Every time we asked a question. (Example: early morning)

We said: Prophet of mycology, in quest of the fungal most, Long have you searched the logs in quest of your slime molds....speak to us of the fungi.

He said: THE FUNGI SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

We said: Gazing after the slime mold that carries you away into the mist....it seems but yesterday we met under a mushroom.

OUR RAREST SPECIMEN: Dr. Alexopoulos.

Ornithology

Dr. David Johnston was our fearless leader as we tip-toed through woods and fields in search of our fine-feathered friends. Indigo buntings were most frequently observed, especially in areas where natural trees were plentiful.

Hammus alabamus, Crackobolus decombabulatus, Parus carolinensis birubripectoralis, and Grifflesnatchus virginianus were also sighted often.

Whenever we tired of looking at birds, Our Leader gave his famous call; and we looked at deer instead.

Wind nor rain nor dark of clouds kept the ornithologists from their appointed rounds. To quote DWJ - "Birds do not crawl into holes when it rains!"

Certain members of the group developed incubation patches, (others had capital apteria), and at least one decided that a man would have to be ravin' mad to keep birds as pets.

During the first half of the session, many birds were banded, but that gave way to ringing after the Fourth of July.

We learned to take the bad news with the good from Our Chief, e. g., "Bad news - the only food we have for the field trip is peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Good news - we have an ample supply of these."

It was a GREAT course - from soup to nuts. We all have pleasant memories and a bird skin, and everyone knows what a "zed" is.

Question: What did the birds say as the ornithologists approached?

ANSWER : Here come the elephants.

Bird-brains: Rich Butt, Bill Carter, Jo Ann Evans, Iyford Greene, Eddie Jones, Vic Layman, Kay Smithwick, Mike Stevens, John Thompson, Joe Zapotoczny, Dave Briscoe, Alastair Ewing, Hugh Ford.

Parasitology

Ah...yes...here we are at Mountain Lake, studying parasitology under the guidance of the Genus Solomoni (not to be confused with genius).

The class made extensive studies of the parasites of local animals. Lynn Callaway and Dot Tyler studied trematodes with respect to host specificity in amphibians of the genera Plethodon and Desmoanathus. Seeking out Trypanosoma lewisi, Mack Welford, Mary McGlasson, and Mimi Richardson attempted to trap elusive hares. The hares proved to be more elusive than the trapping abilities of the parasitologists who eventually settled for Peromyscus leucopus and Peromyscus maniculatus. Larry Lenz, Chris Katz, and Jim Killinger attempted to isolate Trypanosoma cruzi from the blood of Procyon lotor, Spilogale putorius, Mephitis mephitis, and Marmota monax. Due to a weak stomach (?) and the request of Dr. Riopel, an open air site of operations on Spilogale putorius and Mephitis mephitis was hastily removed from the lab to the far end of the parking lot. We cannot understand why nobody liked us!

A question in the minds of the entire class was how can we account for the high rate of Trichinella spiralis in the caged animals fed on meat scraps from the dining hall? Was it natural infection or induced infection?

Some memorable statements which became impressionistic were:

"Don't rush off...come sit awhile and rest yourself."

"Well, Dorothy, did you bring back the salamander book?"

"Where is everybody? It's 1:30!"

"Whose turn is it to clean the rabbit?"

"There will be no smoking in this lab...anybody got a match?"

"Ah, yes, see the little Strongyloides."

"...the wonderfulness of the aroma!"

All in all, the class worked hard, learned many concepts, and became familiar with laboratory techniques and procedures of the parasitologist. So it was a good course - not a great course - but a good course.

Jim Killinger

"Sex Life of the Gladiolas"
 (Plant Morphogenesis)

Our class consisted of eight distinctive personalities, who all lent their "talents" to our classroom hours. Our days were filled with such interesting sidelights such as John Pinnix's First Annual Fourth of July 20-mile Race to Newport, Dr. Mudd's scepticism about everyone's projects, and Mr. Warner's classic answer to the question - "What is a funiculus?" - "It is what connects the pea to the pod." Believe it or not, Mrs. Janners (otherwise known as "Marty") did make it through the course without a pointer in her microscope, much to Dr. Riopel's sorrow. On the musical side, John Caruso's whistling (with an Italian slant) Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G Major helped us all maintain our sanity. (?) Madeleine Baliet's enthusiasm about her pea roots was just too much for Dr. Riopel's microscope lights. We were all amazed by the "horrendous" results obtained by Linda Bennet with her research project - a whole rhizoid! Buddy Oliver actually revolutionized the study of plant morphogenesis by actually doing field work. Then we know that some people just grow too old to run, don't we, Dr. Riopel?? Also, according to F. C. Steward, it is not what's up front that counts....it's just being there!

Nevertheless, we all found the course to be stimulating and rewarding. Perhaps the most important factors in completion of the course were the humor, sharp wit, and fine leadership of Dr. Riopel.

John Caruso
 John Pinnix

Second Term 1967
Classes

BIOSYSTEMATICS FROM THE INSIDE OUT!

As I sit tap, tap, tapping away at the text for Dr. Bell's new book, the door to the office is open, the door to his classroom is open, and I hear all kinds of goodies that I thought you might get a kick out of. Now of course, some of my "inside information" is acquired while washing up the monstrous numbers of slides and miscellaneous disks in the classroom, (they've got all the soap in there!) and that's really at the heart of the subject.

As a class, the individuals get along quite well - in fact, the couple in the back lefthand corner (you know who I mean!) get along exceptionally well -- one would think at times they were "attached" to each other. Then there is the couple in the front righthand corner who are "just pals" (we think), but then those boys at UVA are suave, esvelt and debonaire - plus being hustlers at pool, tossing for Cokes, volleyball, pingpong and "chess?" Who knows???

Now the pair of true scientists of the class are the Tennessee and Georgia boys who are really steamrolling it out -- to convince Chapel Hill that it isn't the only school in the South! Good Luck boys -- I'm from Carolina!!!

I don't hear much out of the boys up near the blackboard -- in fact, they're not around much; and I can't quite figure when they got all the information for the reams and reams of data that Buddy is so willing to show anyone willing to look -- now tell me -- how much is one impressed by looking at reams and reams of data without one single "accompanying data sheet???" It sure is neat to have your wife do your typing for you too! Poor Henry can't even get near his own typewriter!

I think we have covered the members of the class now - woops! I forgot my sweetie pie and his partner. Boy, now there's a pair of hardworking kids. I come up to the lab at 8:30 and there they are hard at work...Henry counts the stomates and Dot (not me!!!) files her fingernails until time to get a coke. Things have changed recently though -- now I can't find Henry at all and Dot is surrounded by graphs, papers, data sheets, papers, data sheets, graphs, calculations, etc. etc... and the information is really pouring out. Have you tried to use the calculator lately???. Why, she has 378 different ways of interpreting the same set of leaf measurements and can't figure out which is the right one ... Help! Dr. Bell!! The sophomores shall rise again!!!

Now that brings up an interesting subject -- just where is Dr. Bell???? You can count on his being around in the mornings between 9 and 11 because he requires everyone to be at his lectures. Why is that? I've heard (and this sneaked out through two closed doors) that the lectures are all in his new book!!! When the lecture material is taken care of, in one fashion or

another, it's zip....he's gone. Knock, knock, knock...."Is Dr. Bell around? He told us to measure trichomes this afternoon....what's a trichome look like?" Well, I'm sorry....Dr. Bell is out playing bee....bumblebee that is !!!

You know he has been pretending he is a bee all summer until last week when he found out the "true bee" has something he doesn't....he knows what all you need to be a bumblebee now!!! Pollination has resumed as before with the added protection of having a dissecting needle tipped with formic acid just in case a rival pollinator should appear on the scene of operation!

Sometimes when the frustrated students are mounting their leaves right side up and can't find the stomates, they come timidly up to the door and tap gently. I hear this even happened to the Tennessee and Georgia boys -- Now really - I thought youall knew better!!! No answer from within...the professor is churning out descriptions so fast he doesn't hear a thing.... but, by suppertime, I know how many he's finished, and you know how many he's finished, and he knows and she knows and Buck knows and Charlie knows!!! Why if it weren't for the book's deadline, we'd never know how many descriptions were done??? And if there were no book, he'd say, "Well, find out which way you should mount the leaves....the experience is good for you....that's how botanists are made...." Really???? I'm going to be a zoologist when I grow up!!!!

Dot Wilbur

Entomology

Entomology's more fun than science! ... Portrait of the Entomology Class of 1967: two Scots, a Yorkshireman, an imp from Israel, a Puerto Rican parasitologist, to give an international flavor, and a middle-age drop-out red face, sometimes from Florida sunshine... "They're picking on me again, Mr. Mumaw" ... Cincinnati Dancing Pig ... New York platonic pair ... prima donna pencil sharpener ... "There are three ways to get peanut butter off your finger..." ... led by the crew-cut Kansas-Korean crane fly catcher ... to the tune of "Sweet Genevieve" ... accompanied by "There's Harold, now."

See no weevil

Hear no weevil

Speak no weevil

C. R. Bell (honorary member of the
class of 1967)

Entomology - only course at the Station with a floor show.

"Go, Bug" ... "It's mi-idy purdy down yonder in southern Puerto Rico" ... "Pick a number between 1 and 14" ... "Whot is this little beast?" ... Jo Ann's sleeping again ... "Hold it! There's a crane fly" ... "Harold, do you know what 'ubiquitous' means?" ... My light's gone out ... This is unidentifiable ... Stomp! ... the moon over Mountain Lake, and a moonlight view of the valley ... "Kay?... Harold, you didn't get stuck again!" ... "Hoo-Hah!" ... "Somebody's taken my beetles, and they were copulating!" ... Crash! ... Crash! ... Not another vial, Ya'el! ... Set 'em up in the other alley ... "Mmmmmmm Doggies!" ... "Don't bump the Berlese funnel." ... "What fancy hind legs." "Why, thank you, Dr. Byers" ... "Squeat!" ... "One in a thousand? I'll trade you a Japanese beetle for it!" ... "Get it, Fang!" ... Remember the day Glen never showed? ... and the pudding party at Limey Lodge? ... Entomologists have talents that don't show, such as balancing an insect net on one finger while walking along the road ... then there's the dance you can see only by peeking through the window ... the class whistling "Rule, Britannia" every time Hugh came in late ... Which war - W.W. II, War between the States, or 1776? ... Did Gary ever get an unexpected visitor at University of Kentucky ... the only class with a three-man soccer team ... Dr. Byers' hat: quelle chapeau! ... "It's not in your key; try Borrer & DeLong ... the Entomology lab: first lights on in the morning, last ones out at night (or in the morning again), and never a quiet moment in between! ... How many families do you have, so far? ... and at the end, four exams in five days!

CHEERIO!

Mimi Maclin and Ya'el Lubin

Environmental Endocrinology

Between afternoon field trips (including swimming!), moonlight frog hunts at fecal pond, and group therapy art sessions on the blackboard, the members of the E.E., under the direction of B. E. Frye, actually did do some lab work. The class experiments generally demonstrated various methods of hormone bioassay. Our work with rats clearly showed the effects of the thyroid hormone on the size of the thyroid gland. Adrenalectomy on mice sometimes were not too successful, but the low survival rate did permit us to see the effects of adrenal steroids in stress responses. Experiments with frogs and toads were successful - once we caught the darn things, that is. How do you tell the difference between a frog and a toad? A frog urinates as soon as you pick it up; a toad waits until it's catheterized (maybe!) The water balance experiments with toads certainly was time-consuming, wasn't it, Bev?

And then there was the day our professor mentioned that he would accept bribes - and actually did! Of course, Dr. Frye did make the best sections on the freezing microtome. And his directions for performing adrenalectomies and other operations were so explicit. "Now, class, you make a delicate incision from here to here ... sissars ... scapel ... foceps ... cotton ... haemostat... Oh, dear ... more cotton ... pray class ... shroud. And who else but E. E. would castrate rats to music? Alloxan treatments were given to rats, but they all died ... oh, well, another experiment down the drain. And who will forget the dead mouse that stayed in lab for a week simply because no one would throw it away for fear of ruining an experiment. Perhaps someday we will really finish writing up our lab reports.

The seven members of the class and the professor exhibited various stimulus-response hermenal relationships as may be summarized by the following figure: (of course, it may not be summarized!)

<u>Scientific Name</u>	<u>Common Name</u>
Beverly Marcum	Fecal Foot
Bob Zaccaria	The Surgeon
Larry Lenz	The Hunter
Carolyn Pruett	The W. Virginia Aborigine
Jack Kille	The Pituitary Ripper
Chris Katz	The Assistant Hunter
Ronnie H. Rose	The Executioner

- The Big Gland
B. E. Frye

Figure 7-1. Solid arrow indicates definite stimulus to students to work. Broken line indicates a feedback...but it just never seemed to work.

Some of our favorite sayings:

Ye thu?

Well, ah, what can I say?

It's all relative, negative feedback you know.

I was a teenage orchidectomy.

Hey, did anyone inject the rats today?

Will we ever get done?

Mammalogy (or Handley's Hike and Hunt 530)

"Do I have some volunteers for the bog?" Our crafty professor asked as we approached the end of the trail. If anyone had doubts as to the requirements of the class, that first day surely confirmed rumors that mammalogy was a course to be remembered, for a variety of reasons, some of which I hope to recall for you.

Said volunteers (victims) failed to see the analogy of the name "Big Soft Sleep" with the floor of the bog, or maybe it was the layer of mud (occasionally to the waist) which dulled their senses. Small mammals likewise seem to favor other environments, for only a shrew, two frogs, one salamander, and a lot of an's could be drawn to the oatmeal generously endowed with salivary juices.

And who says that Bear Cliffs are difficult to negotiate. Some of us witnessed three men scaling the side (from bee-ridden-log to top) in ten seconds flat. And, of course, there was the rat that "got away." However, none can deny that Barry and Linda had a golden touch with those museum specials with which no one else could compete.

The third week brought none other than Bald Knob. And everyone knows there are no rattlesnakes on Bald Knob. President Johnson would have been proud to see nine of his healthy American citizens scamper up the face of the mountain just forty yards behind their professor, who gazed down to count survivors one by one.

The final week of trapping brought an assortment of events, like frost bite, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches atop Butt Mountain, even fewer mammals, organization at last, no more skunks, a run on Walker's Mammals of the World, and no more five o'clock mornings.

But fear not, this could not end with no mention of the trip to the caves. Pig Hole was our first adventure, we thought that it might be the last as we watched the opening being plugged by a "greater" member of the class. Dr. Handley again "pulled us through" with no mishaps. Tawny's Cave provided a good layer of mud to those who may have previously escaped. We all showed great faith in our leader even when he left to "check his bearings." Those peanut butter and jelly sandwiches were almost sufficient to renew our strength for the mist net episode. Remember the "big ones."

Seminars during the remainder of the week gave everyone a chance to catch up on lost sleep, so we went home rested and with appropriate trophies from the session.

A few quotes, which must be left for posterity's sake: "I'm getting addicted to oatmeal...Let's get organized...I really didn't hit the scent gland... It wasn't that we couldn't find the traps, we just couldn't find the bog... This is fall, frost is to be expected...Blow the brains out...Where there is a biological station, there should be biological smells...There seems to be a

disparity...That specimen is only 30 mm longer than it was alive...Am I bipedal or quadripedal...and there seem to be fewer small mammals in the area this year...

Class members: Linda Bennett
Esther Coleman
Alan Forbes
Barry Guthrie
Victor Layman
Mike Stevens
John Thompson
Patsy Vlkojan
Mack Welford

THURSDAY NIGHT SEMINARS

First Session:

- June 22: Dr. Constantine J. Alexopoulos
University of Texas
The Plasmodium Slime Molds
- June 29: Dr. Stewart Neff
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Phytophagous Diptera (Scataphagidae) in Virginia-
Emphasis on Mountain Lake
- July 6: Dr. Don Benson
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Tissue Transplantation in the Urodeles
- July 13: Mr. Kraig Adler
University of Michigan
Diel Activity in Some Nocturnal Terrestrial Sala-
manders (Genus Plethodon)

Second Session:

- July 27: Dr. George Byers
The University of Kansas
The Evolution of Wings in Insects
- August 3: Dr. David W. Johnston
The University of Florida
The Physiological Aspects of Lipid Deposition in
Migratory Birds
- August 10: Dr. Charles O. Handley
U. S. National Museum
The Ecology and Behavior of Tropical American Bats
- August 17: Dr. C. Ritchie Bell
The University of North Carolina
The Evolution of Flowers

SUNDAY NIGHT SEMINARS

First Session:

- June 18: Dr. David W. Johnston
University of Florida
Topic: Alaska
- June 25: Dr. Gene Solomon
Frostburg State College
Topic: An Off-Beat Tour of Mexico
- July 2: Dr. R. K. Burns
Bridgewater College
Topic: The Opossum
- July 9: Dr. Herman O'Dell
East Tennessee State University
Topic: A Biologist in Puerto Rico
- July 16: Dr. Charles E. Miller
Ohio University
Topic: Aquatic Phycomycetes

Second Session:

- July 30: Dr. C. Ritchie Bell
University of North Carolina
Topic: Travels through Japan
- August 6: Dr. George Byers
The University of Kansas
Topic: Collecting Insects in Mexico
- August 13: Dr. Charles O. Handley
U. S. National Museum
Topic: Portrait of Tropical American Bats
- August 20: David Briscoe, Hugh Ford, Alastair Ewing
The University of Edinburgh
Topic: Scenes from Scotland

SPECIAL SEMINARS

- June 28: Dr. William D. Gray
Southern Illinois University
Topic: Population and Protein
- July 11: Mrs. Marian Mudd
"A Chance for a Change"
Movie presented by the Child Development Group
of Mississippi
- July 12: Mr. Dwight Chamberlain
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Topic: Some Vocalization in the Crow
- July 19: Dr. F. C. Steward
Cornell University
Topic: Morphogenesis of Single Cells

SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

First Session:

Slave auction presented by Stephen Elliott

Bon fire

Scavenger hunt presented by Shanty Town

Bingo Party

Second Session:

The Movie So Dear to my Heart

A New Year's Eve and Christmas Party (Santa Claus portrayed by a prominent North Carolina botanist)

Camp fire and songfest

Bingo party

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