



Mountain Lake ESCUDOES

MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES

1968

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A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Mountain Lakers:

Once again we pause in the midst of the bustle of the fall semester to bring you the lighter side of Mountain Lake '68. This year it looks as if we might even get the Echoes to you in time to supply Christmas addresses.

Looking back on the summer from the vantage points of Mount Fuji and the Island of Moorea, my impression is that it was a happy session, with a good deal of contented hard work going on in the lab and in the field. My thanks to all who helped foster the community spirit.

Looking ahead, our new kitchen is beginning to assume tangible shape. After a brief delay, which resulted from the now-familiar gap between estimates and bids, the work is going forward apace. Our long-suffering kitchen staff will soon be spared some of their old problems with the makeshift facilities of the past.

As I pass over the reins to Jim Riopel, I find that he has already rounded out the staff for next year. You who come back in '69 will find a broad selection of courses to choose from:

First Term: June 12 through July 15

Entomology	Dr. George W. Byers University of Kansas
Ornithology	Dr. David W. Johnston University of Florida
Plant Ecology	Dr. Frank McCormick University of North Carolina
Vertebrate Endocrinology:	Dr. B. E. Frye University of Michigan

Second Term: July 17 through August 21

- General Ecology: Dr. Maurice Brooks
West Virginia University
- Invertebrate Zoology: Dr. Horton H. Hobbs, Jr.
Smithsonian Institution
- Mycology: Dr. Constantine J. Alexopoulos
University of Texas
- Plant Biosystematics: Dr. C. Ritchie Bell
University of North Carolina

We won't be there for the whole summer next year, but I hope that the Murrays will be in and out to greet all of our old friends on the hill.

Merry Christmas to all!

Jim Murray

First Term 1968
Classes

Algology

Andouinella, oh don't you cry for me, for I'm going to Corallina with a Banqia on my knee.

- Louisa: "Oh my god, oh my god! Everybody, come look! My Scenedesmus is having babies - it just went pop!"
- Kernel: Now take it easy, Louisa, the Scenedesmus knows what it's doing. Mother Nature has done this before. You'll be all right, won't you, Louisa?"
- Gail: "Oh, gross!"
- Dr. Trainor: "Great!"
- Candy: "Turns me on!"
- Dorothy: "My Heavens, ya ya ya yeah!"
- Lloyd: "Question!" Louisa, do you have Fragellaria on the list?"
- Louisa: "<5, >5, <20? But then you might have but moreover, I hesitate to say this because one never knows - oh, I don't know!"
- Dr. Mudd: "Chuckle, chuckle - ah huh, ah huh!"
- Lea: "Welllll, we must be consistent with our data to get a true representation of the weekly number of diatoms in the polluted and none-polluted areas of the New River above and below Pearis-burg."
- Dr. Trainor: "Sure, Lea, but don't forget to ask your Tabellaria. Everybody take a drop of this culture of Gonium from Indiana. By the way, did you ever Oedogonium?"
- Gail: "No, I never did, but if I ever do I'll be Chodatell-ya."

We ate, dreamed about and studied pond scum and sea weed for five trying weeks. The mornings were filled with brilliant

lectures which were, strangely enough, algae-oriented - always interrupted by mail call. After hearing from civilization, we settled into our daily routine of lecture, lab work and field trips - which usually resembled the above dialogue.

The supreme question we asked ourselves was, "Why did we study Algology?" - Because we Chara lot. Did Nitell-ya?

Algae, Si! Pteridophytes, No!

Dorothy Strong
Candy Jarrett

Invertebrate Physiology

Once upon a time near a sparkling lake in the beautiful mountains of Pembrokia dwelt seven dwarfs and their darling Snow White. Working with Snow was always a big diehl, so every morning at 9 the dwarfs would gather in the playhouse singing "Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go, but where's Sleepy?"

The dwarfs had initially found it necessary to form the Society which Kneeds Unlimited Nose Klips (SKUNK for short) - parasites across the hall - ha!

As work continued, Snow sometimes tried to instruct the dwarfs in various arts and crafts: "You just push this little haarr through one end of the hydra.." Success was often scattered.

"Now when I was with Jenkins..."

"Did you see Fred's activity level on the kymograph drum-- of course I always name my cockroaches."

Some days Snow led the dwarfs out to play in the woods and the fields: "The Cascades? Can Harold come too?" "Who doesn't like to grub? Sneezy?!" "You can't play unless you pick up the cockroaches, Bashful." Animals were collected on these field trips - and recollected each morning - "What do you mean a crayfish in the library?"

And then there was the field trip to D. C. land - wine, women, song and comfortable seats.

Some of the dwarfs had come later, from far across the sea, to play in the mountains. They were just like the native dwards, we think. Too bad Happy and Doc were only passing through.

The story would be incomplete unless you ask:
 Sneezy about the mother instinct.
 Sleepy about Washington on \$50 a day.
 Dopey about his interest in embryology.
 Happy and Doc about the land of the Sunkist oranges.
 Bashful about...just ask.
 Grubby about the nerve of some oscilloscopes.

And they all lived happily ever after.

Malacology Mumble
(Reflections from a bottom-viewer)

As the dust settles on the volleyball court, as the snail shells are gathered up, as Monty screeches down the hill, as the last Unionidae shell is packed gently away, this guru of the malacology class sets down a few recollections of this summer's activities.

We shall begin with the first day. As part of his introduction and also as a means to know how he should orient his course, Dr. Burch asked each of his three eager students to describe the Phylum Mollusca. Soon Dr. Burch's countenance fell as he gazed upon the stunned and bewildered faces of these students as they stared back at him mesmerized by their inability to respond.

After this initial trauma, the class got to work with the greatest alacrity. We were soon to realize that a malacology course is a salubrious experience. At the end of our first field trip, we had one exhilarated professor, three exhausted students, and one thoroughly satiated Taiwanese.

These frequent field trips gave Monty ample opportunity to practice his Grande Prix driving techniques. But one day he met his match. Dr. Burch beat Monty by five minutes on a race to the Cascades.

Mr. Wu developed his own species of Vertigo this summer. This was found one day on a return trip with Monty on the Mountain Lake Road. On arrival at the lab, we astute malacology students classified it as Vertigo upsetum viscera.

Several field trips were taken to the beautiful New River. There, in a discussion of freshwater snails, we learned that not all freshwater snails are pulmonates and that they do not necessarily like fresh water. Said water was tested personally by Dick and he deduced from his experience that polluted New River mud is slippery.

One of the most exciting experiences of the year was the discovery of a new species of flying snail. The class named it Burchium wuia lakum. Please refer to Figure 1.

These next few remarks should be placed under miscellaneous comments. We benefited greatly and uniquely in this malacology course. We are some of the only malacology students who have had an Anglo-Taiwanian phonetic course in systematics. Ernie and Monty learned Chinese chess. Mr. Wu's snail call reached the "Top Ten" in Southern Appalachia, and we understand Motown

is trying to sign him to a contract. Ah-so and Hi-Hi have reached a new height in colloquialism popularity among malacology students.

As we close, we shall see what everyone is doing now that the summer session is finished. Dr. Burch has returned via Texas, Istanbul and Singapore to his more sane graduate students at the University of Michigan.

Ernie, who proved to be the most agile member of our class as he was quite proficient in placing his metatarsal bones in the anterior opening of his alimentary canal, was last heard from studying the snail nervous system in Gun- Ho province, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Monty is teaching driver's education at Kent State and is making plans for the Pike's Peak run next summer. Mr. Wu is Monty's co-driver and occasionally still finds another Vertigo.

As we go our separate ways, this guru heads back to his job of educating and probing minds--greatly refreshed and looking forward to another summer of friendships, intellectual stimulation and volleyball.

Ah-So,

Dick Travis

All questions regarding the flying snail should be sent to Dr. John B. Burch at the University of Michigan.

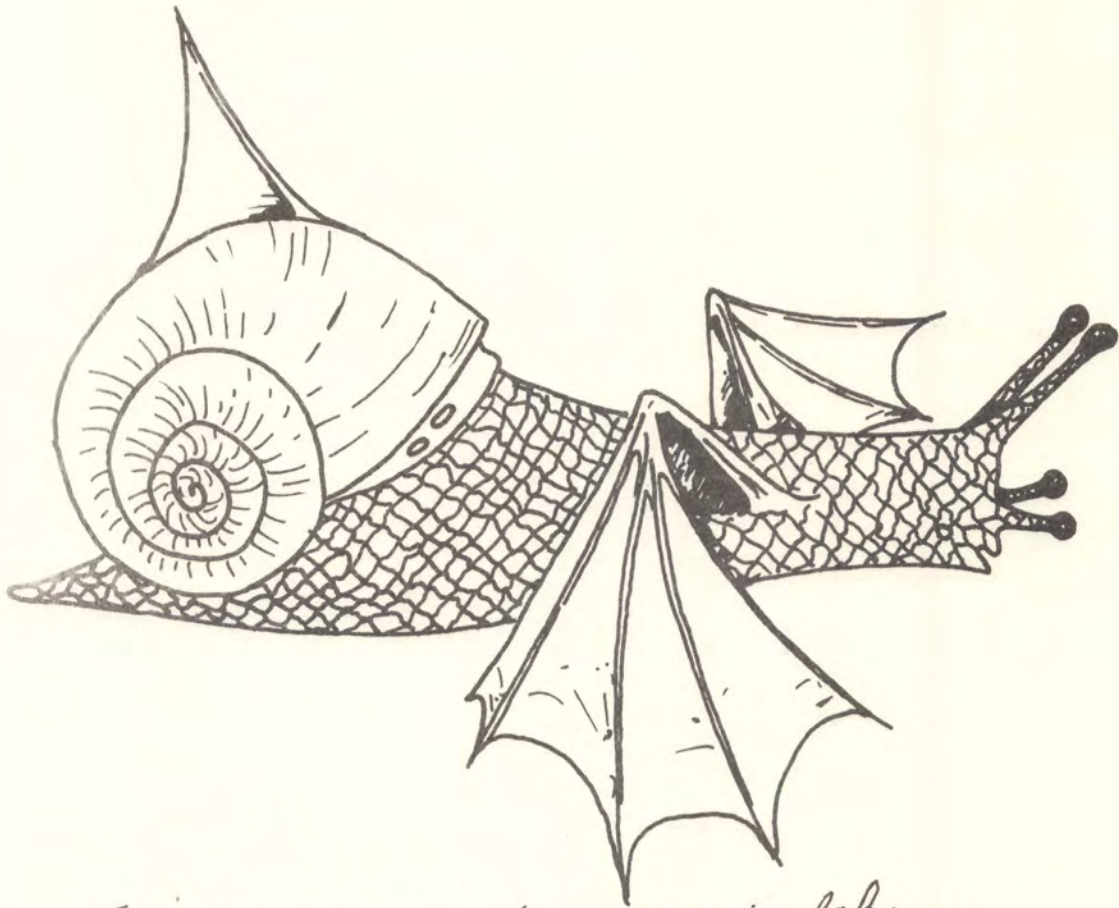


Figure 1 Burchium wuia lakum.

Pteridology

The ferns of Giles Co. Dr. Wagner led us, his butterfly net held high and full blown (evidence of the high speed at which he traveled). We usually couldn't see Dr. Wagner; his khakies blended well with the forest; we kept an eye on that white butterfly net bobbing in the distance. He was somewhat like a human locomotive - head held high, cigar puffing, going at top speed. Dr. Wagner, "Say, that's elegant." David just spotted another rare hybrid. Dave was the class photographer; hey, Dave, stop snapping the flowers, the ferns, baby, the ferns.

Field trips were great! Mrs. Wagner was there in her jungle hat trying to slow Dr. Wagner down when she wasn't counting Ophioglossum pepper. Buddy's voice still echoes at Mt. Rogers, "Don't stop short like that again, Trudy, or you'll be wearing a size 10½ on your back." That, of course, was Trudy's reputation as the last one down the trail, but she proved her value with that marvelous four-hour plant drier.

Alice, the gimp, or in some circles known as Miller's other pair of eyes, helped Miller drive the carry-all--Stomp! Stomp! Miller finally found where his talent lies though, whistling with no hands! Others seemed to find their talent, too--like Bill for instance--a faint cry from the distance, "Hey, Dr. Wagner, orchids, over here;" or--scene: White Pine Lodge, small stream-- "Dr. Wagner, this is the way you do it." Splash! Drip, drip.

Then there was Lieu. Berp. He found a new use for Brill creme. Well, anyway he'll never have dandruff on his teeth! Lieu's interpreter and heteroblastic side kick, Dick, never could take the easy way up those cliffs. It seemed like he hung by his fingernails, but you knew that couldn't be true. Let them fingernails grow, boy. The life you chew may be your own.

Dr. Wagner really put the pressure on. Lynn had to give up her job as waitress and missed her graduation from Penn State. Some of us knew how to cope with this high-powered stuff. Frank got the highest grade on his own notes. Frank had a problem with spelling, though. He thought car was spelled "kah". Who could forget Peggy leaning over the microscope with her passion for blowing bubbles from bubble gum and then reminding Dr. Wagner that the waitresses had to be at the kitchen at 12:15 when it was in reality 11:15. Henry, the American with the British accent, had this thing about the calculator. He also had a knack for getting "lost" and being "found" sitting in the car. Then there was Sandy - she was known in the dining hall for her extremely short skirts. But, then one day surfer Tony came from Hawaii and swept her off her feet - then she was known for her extremely long skirts.

Second Term 1963
Classes

Herpetology

The Herpetology class this year consisted of different subspecies of the species, Homo sapiens; the indigenous American variety of H. sapiens coexisted very well with the foreign British variety and Anglo-American relationships changed considerably!

Surrounded by Desmognathus fuscus (or was it D. ochrophaeus?) and multitudinous assorted Herps. we studied the taxonomy and life histories of amphibians and reptiles. Aptly described by Linnaeus (1707-'88) as "These foul and loathsome animals, abhorrent because of their cold body, pale color, cartilaginous skeleton, filthy skin, fierce aspect, calculating eye, offensive smell, and terrible venom." (Mmm! Do we wish to disagree?)

Most afternoons were spent on field trips to different parts of the surrounding area.

We learned many things from these such as: not to search for salamanders among the poison ivy; not to believe implicitly the directions of certain respectable learned lecturers (regards the pond that strangely disappeared); not to let Bill and Dave begin their never-ending arguments (which ranged from the correct way to put up an ex-army tent to the Federal war in Nigeria). There were two overnight field trips - one to the mist-covered Mt. Rogers in the south. Here Gill, the only female member of the expedition had the luxury of her own private tent (some luxury!) The second trip was up north to the Allegheny mountains and Shenandoah Valley. Both these overnight trips were enjoyed by all.

The nine o'clock lectures were a call for early morning rising. Something that our two campers, Tom and Fred, didn't approve of! However, with the help of the Datsun they made the four-mile journey up to the field station in ever-decreasing time.

Also included in the course were the individual projects. The activities of the students can be expressed in a few words: Gill sacrificing frogs and praying for miracles; Dave wandering round ponds at dead of night to the accompaniment of croaks; Bill and the education of salamanders; Tom and Fred turning ever more rocks and stones for the view of a salamander; finally, Lyford, the snake charmer who tried by devious methods to get his snakes

to eat, invariably ending with the chant, "Eat, you damn snakes!"

The highlight of the course was the capture, with only the help of a car seat belt of a sizeable specimen of the timber rattler, by Dr. J. Murray, Jr. *Crotalus horridus horridus*!

In conclusion, we would like to express thanks to our professor from Bridgewater College, Dr. Jopson, for making the course very enjoyable.

Gill Matthews, Dave Bourn and Bill Phillips

Ichthyology

Ours was the smallest class of the semester. The three members, John Caruso, Ron Chambers and Lloyd Willis, spent most of their time chasing upstream after our boss, Dr. Woolcott, who never knew when to quit.

Our seining technique started out pretty bad, but we gradually improved with the exception of Mr. Caruso who switched in the middle of the course from waders to a snorkel. Although his seining wasn't too good, he did do more eye-level viewing of fish than anyone else.

Mr. Willis was last seen chasing that prize, Notropis cornutus that we were going to keep down Potts Creek. And Mr. Chambers has finally decided that a seine works much better with the lead line down.

Although the three of us will take back much knowledge of fish, all Dr. Woolcott will take back with him are three large Moxostomae callosum (Suckers) which he calls Ron, John and Lloyd.

John H. Caruso

Mammalogy

NEWSFLASH: A record-breaking season was completed by Zoology 207, better known as Mammalogy, on August 15, 1968 at Mountain Lake, Virginia.

All of the mammalogists definitely felt that the trapping success was due to their excellent technique. But as one non-mammalogist stated, "Oh, well, it is only a population explosion!" To this statement, all mammalogists replied, "Boo!"

Under the leadership of Dr. C. O. Handley, Jr., a class of nine students spent an exciting, exhausting, sloshing, and non-sleeping five weeks. To emphasize this exhausting existence, just check this official class schedule - 0500 to 2400. From 2400 to 0500 was designated as "sleep time" but, according to "Chug-Chug" McGlasson, "This was a time of nightmares about the reconing and trapping experiences!"

No one will ever forget the reconing of Castle Rock area - especially since this was our first endurance run. This trip is still quite vivid to Les and Bob who kept insisting, "We want a flat habitat." To this, the world-traveler Handley replied, "Fine, both of you have Big Soft sleep (bog) as your first trapping area." So Les and Bob went sloshing waist-deep through their perfectly flat area for three days. Although everyone completed this obstacle run on their first or second breath, "Short-cut" Barger continued and maintained first place in speed-walking throughout the season.

The second-week highlight was a chipmunk-catching record established by Mimi Striatus and C. C. McGlasson. Also, after out-foxing the mischievous trap-springing culprit (Trappii flippii), the Bear Cliff trappers, Oliver and Hughes, set a new Neotoma floridana record. However, "Chuchin" Charlie made the mistake of admitting that he sacrificed one of the Neotoma with a blow to the skull. "Boo," replied the startled professor, "You could damage the skull that way!" The climax of this week was a trip to Washington, D. C.

The male members of the class resided at Buddy's Flophouse. This plush pad was described as such because the students were always flopping at the end of their daily, exasperating hike through civilization - the Zoo and U. S. National Museum.

No day would be complete without Dick, the habitual borrower. You understand that he is classified as a borrowing mammal and not a burrowing mammal. Borrowing was one thing Dick could do without exhibiting his "I.D."

Despite the fact that four class members successfully skinned spotted skunks without rupturing the scent gland, a dubious aroma prevailed in the mammalogy lab over the last week-end. "Mumbling"

Gene kept questioning, "From where is this odor coming?!?" Much to his horror, he discovered that he was the sole owner of "Maggot-tail", the ground hog.

As a reward for attaining a five-week per cent trap success of 9.6, the class was treated to a jaunt through both Pighole and Tawny Caves. Much to the amazement of the caving mammalogists, the electrical system throughout the caves was on the blink that day. "Out, man, out!"

Even though the entrance to Pighole Cave had been previously described as unusual, "seeing is believing!!" A small opening, through which all members of the caving party did pass, led to a muddy slide. This particular slide terminated at Pleistocene guano of bat origin. Shouts of "Guano, Guano" echoed throughout the cave.

Tawny Cave also had its share of excitement, especially the slippery walkway. As we groped along this rigid topography, we were warned by our fearless leader not to fall to the right. All were very happy we had not slipped since we were walking along the edge of a monstrous drop-off of unknown height.

To culminate this cave excursion, the class set a bat trap line, mist nets; at the exit of Tawny Cave. "TAG" Charlie, "Chug-Chug" McGlasson, and "Flophouse" Buddy attempted to catch a few winks before the advancement of Tawny Cave's bats began. Their attempt was rather fruitless since "Mumbling" Gene could not find a suitable seat. During this "rest" period, our "Batman" Handley was out gathering orchids.

To you who have not been mammalogists under the instructions of Dr. Handley, we bequeath this warning, "Don't forget to blow your brains!" "Yeah! Boo! Yeah!"

Class Members:

"Short-cut" Barger - C. M. (Monty) Barger
 Bob - Robert Fisher
 Les - Lester Hart
 "Chuchin'" or "TAG" Charlie - Charles Hughes
 Dick, the habitual borrower - Richard Lisi
 "Mumbling" Gene - Gene Long
 Mimi Striatus - Mimi Maclin
 "Chug-Chug" - Mary McGlasson
 "Flophouse" Buddy - James Oliver

Professor:

Dr. C. O. Handley, Jr.

Charlie Hughes and Gene Long

Dr. Keener's Taxonomy Class

Where have all the flowers gone? At least at Mt. Lake, most species ended up in Dr. Keener's class making our lab the most pleasant-smelling of all! By the end of the term, it became obvious that Dr. Keener would have to search high and low for some unknown plants to give us for the final. But he managed to find six - one of which turned out to be a real unknown - an algae! We consisted of Trudy Jenne, Marge Solomon, Malcolm Levin, Miller McDonald, Margaret Connell, Lorrie Harvey, and Bill Overton - a varied group in background but united in its search for angiosperms and in catching colds.

Our numerous field trips were always accompanied by Malcolm and Miller's cigars and pipes - effective devices to keep the flies away - but the conclusion was soon reached that "what this country needs is a good 5¢ cigar!" Marge carried her inevitable plastic bag for blueberries to make her homemade wine - um, good! Frequent stops were made along the way as Malcolm would see a swallowtail, or hawk-eye Bill would spot a rare plant (remember the Carolina Hemlock he recognized at 500 feet!) Phlegm, we were told by Malcolm, was what one acquired in the throat during a cold. Whenever Dr. Keener had an unknown to be keyed out, somehow or other it always managed to end up in Trudy's bag - Trudy could never figure out why! There is one unknown which Margaret will never forget and that is a three-leaf plant called poison ivy. (Hey, what's this? Poison ivy? Oh No!) Meanwhile, Bill was so engrossed in his collecting that we had to beep the horn to call him back to the carry-all. Our trip to Buffalo Mountain was a rigorous one; having to climb a steep roadway made one very hungry, only to find that the cooks had made an onion sandwich for dieting Margaret.

Diets! Our class was constantly on a diet, but one would never know it. We had frequent stops at local general stores where we had apples, ice cream, diet Fresca and Coke, 2 for a penny candy, and Miller's unforgettable sour pickles. Our thanks to Dr. Keener who more than once treated our class at breaktime - we appreciated it.

Our last trip was a wonderful finale to the course - St. John's Creek Valley. A water-shed project was our first stop where Lorrie just barely missed stepping on a copperhead - the big one that got away - thank goodness! Then we went on to climb a steep shale barren which called for mountain climbing procedures. Later the tired group stopped at a local store and learned the latest political gossip of Craig County - "the land of the free." Dr. Keener's enthusiasm for botany and his interest in us, the students, made the course both enjoyable and profitable. We even discovered a new use for Fresca bottles - they make excellent vases!

Lorrie Harvey and Marge Solomon

THURSDAY EVENING SEMINARS

First Session:

- June 20: Nutrition and Morphology in Scenedesmus
Dr. F. R. Trainor
University of Connecticut
- June 27: Hybridization, Evolution and Taxonomy
in the Ferns
Dr. Warren H. Wagner
University of Michigan
- July 3: Morphogenesis in Cordylophora
Dr. Fred A. Diehl
University of Virginia
- July 11: African Schistosome Vectors - A Problem
in Medical Zoology
Dr. John B. Burch
University of Michigan

Second Session:

- July 25: Ecology of Bats in a Tropical Forest
Dr. Charles O. Handley, Jr.
Division of Mammals, U. S. National Museum
- August 1: Density and Demography of Semiaquatic
Salamanders on Potts Mountain, Virginia
Dr. James A. Organ
City College of New York
- August 8: Variation Within the Percid Fish Species,
Percina notogramma (Raney and Hubbs)
Dr. William S. Woolcott
University of Richmond
- August 15: Possible Zoonoses of Helminth Origin at
Mountain Lake
Dr. Gene B. Solomon
Frostburg State College

SUNDAY EVENING SEMINARS

First Session:

- June 16: Costa Rica and Hawaii
Dr. W. H. Wagner
University of Michigan
- June 23: Life in Tahiti
Mrs. J. J. Murray
- June 30: Snail Hunting in the Philippines
Dr. J. B. Burch
University of Michigan
- July 7: Life in Taiwan
Mr. Shi-Kuei Wu
- July 14: A Chance for Change - Head Start Program
in Mississippi
Mrs. Marian Mudd

Second Session:

- July 21: The Arctic
Dr. Charles C. Handley, Jr.
Division of Mammals, U. S. National Museum
- July 28: Poisonous Plants
Dr. Carl S. Keener
Pennsylvania State University
- August 4: The Physiographic and Ecologic Aspects
of the American West
Dr. Harry G. M. Jopson
Bridgewater College
- August 11: Whales and Porpoises
Dr. Charles O. Handley, Jr.
Division of Mammals, U. S. National Museum

MALACOLOGY GUEST LECTURES

- June 28: Molluscan Cell Culture
Dr. Vera King Farris
University of Michigan
- July 2: Genetics of Mollusks
Dr. Charles S. Richards
National Institutes of Health
- July 5: North American Freshwater Pelecypoda:
Evolution, Distribution and Taxonomy
Dr. William H. Heard
Florida State University
- July 8: Chromosomes of Mollusks
Dr. C. M. Patterson Morgan
University of Michigan
- July 9: Systematics of the Heterurethra
Dr. C. M. Patterson Morgan
University of Michigan
- July 12: Continental Drift
Mrs. Sharon McDonald
University of Michigan and Michigan State
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