



MT. LAKE

ECHOES 1974

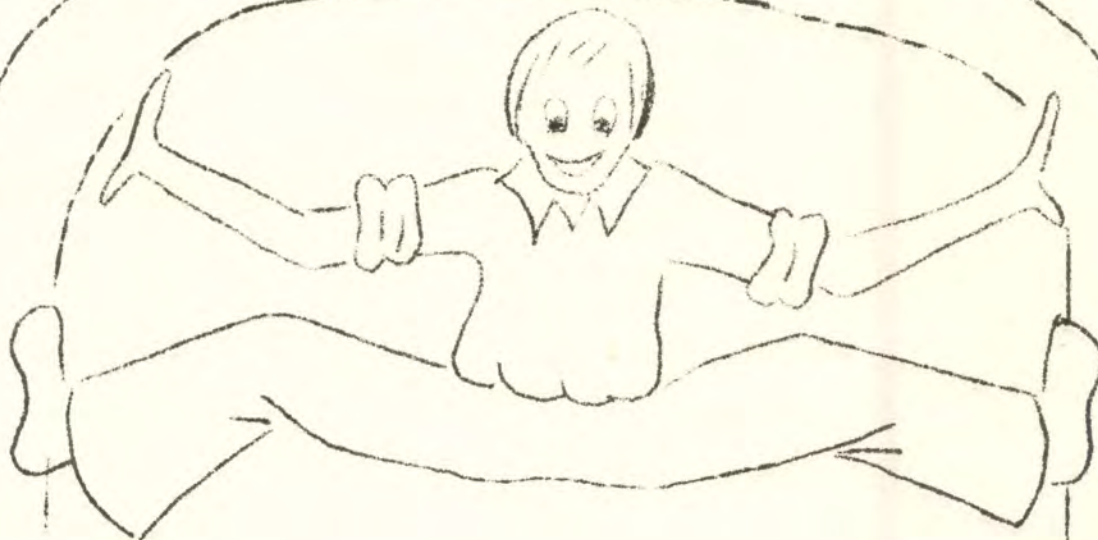
MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES

1974

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Secretary:	Mary Ann Angleberger
Librarian:	First Term: Maria Odum Second Term: Barbara Stephenson
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All Things To All Men:	Carlton Hite
All Things To All Women:	Teeny Hite



Dear Mountain Lakers:

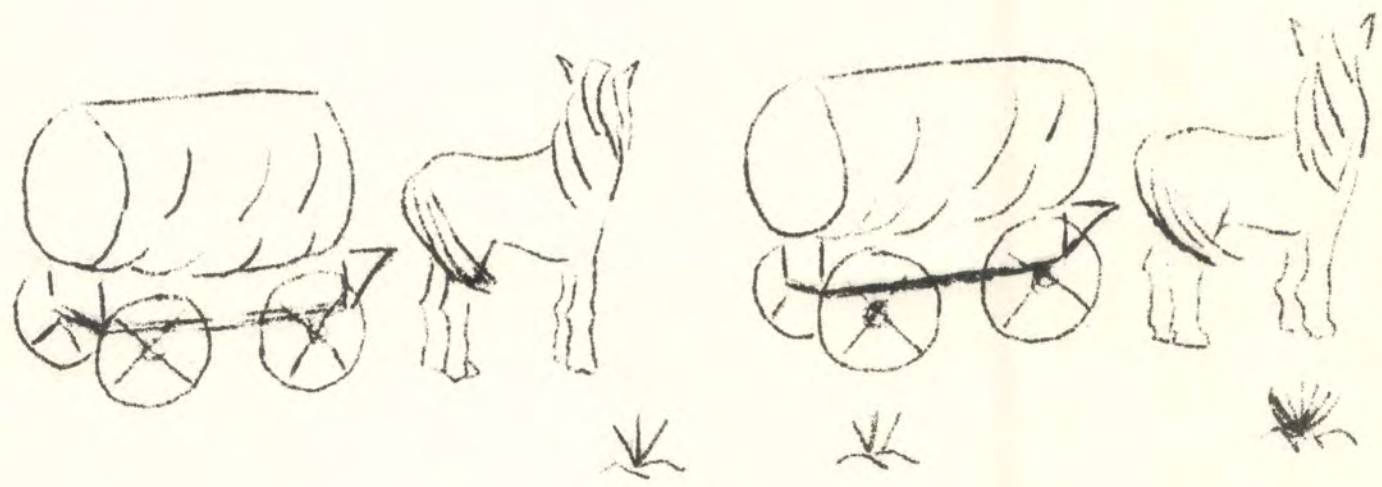
As I stand here looking down on you all from a great height, my thoughts travel back over a summer full of interest, action and excitement. It was a full house and you were a lively crew, whether it was a trip to Mt. Rogers or Clark's Cave, a seminar with Captain Ecos, or just Christmas carols at (?) in the morning.

I dare say that none of us will forget the events, coming as if from another world, that spelled the end of the Nixon administration. They will always be associated in my mind with this past summer.

As I wind up my year as director, and set my sights on six months leave in England, I pass you over to the Riopel regime for the coming summer. He has assembled a fine program and an outstanding staff. We will see you all up there next August when we return from sabbatical.

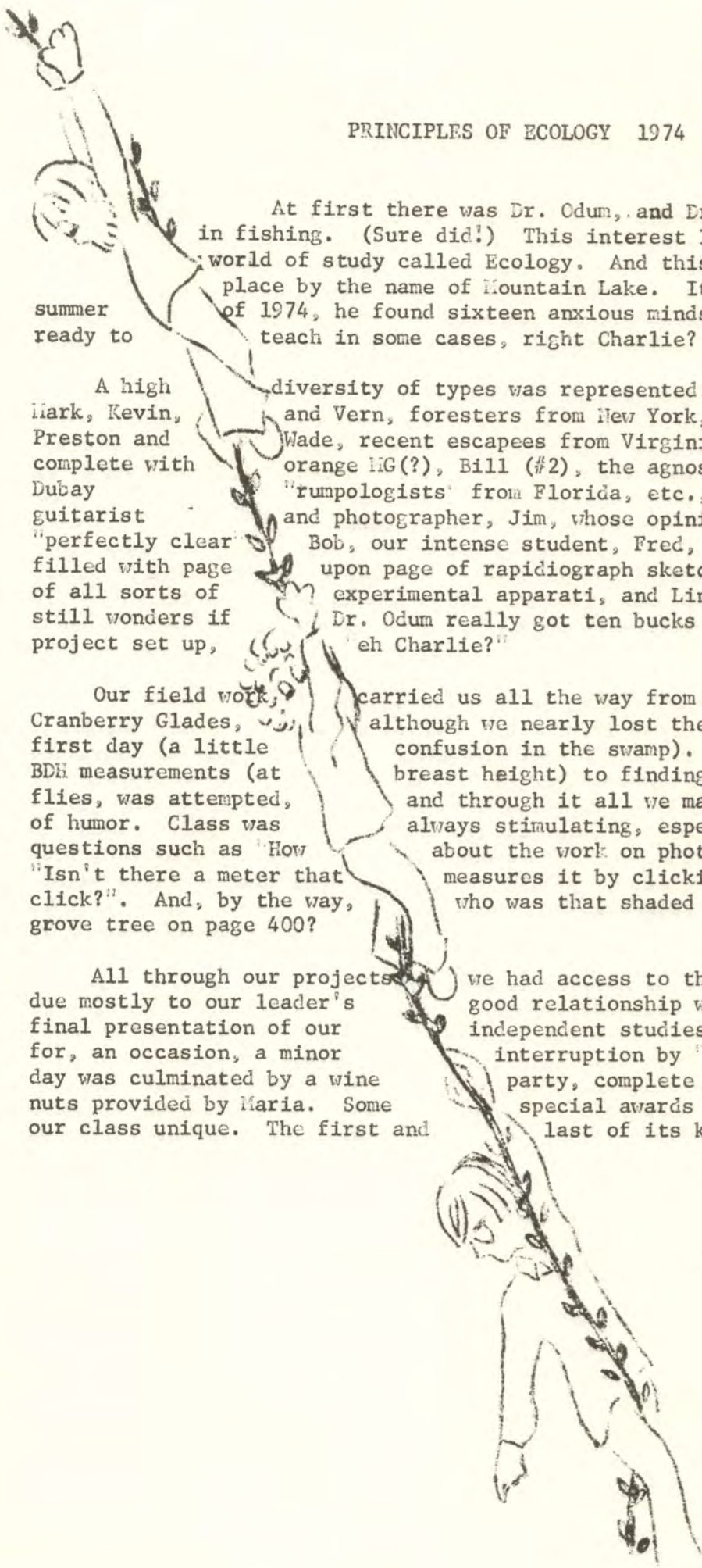
Have a good year.

Jim Murray



OUR LEADER

PRINCIPLES OF ECOLOGY 1974



At first there was Dr. Odum, and Dr. Odum took an interest in fishing. (Sure did!) This interest lead him to a wonderful world of study called Ecology. And this world encompassed a place by the name of Mountain Lake. It was there, in the summer of 1974, he found sixteen anxious minds, ready to learn and ready to teach in some cases, right Charlie?

A high diversity of types was represented: the three muskateers, Mark, Kevin, and Vern, foresters from New York, Chris, our ex-bartender, Preston and Wade, recent escapees from Virginia Tech., Al, movie buff and complete with orange MG(?), Bill (#2), the agnostic crayfish fan, the Dubay "rumpologists" from Florida, etc., Kent, our Mississippi guitarist and photographer, Jim, whose opinions were always made "perfectly clear" Bob, our intense student, Fred, whose notebook became filled with page upon page of rapidograph sketches, Lucy, great inventor of all sorts of experimental apparati, and Linda, from the U of R, who still wonders if Dr. Odum really got ten bucks for that exam field project set up, eh Charlie?"

Our field work carried us all the way from Bean Field Mountain to Cranberry Glades, although we nearly lost the "roar" of our group the first day (a little confusion in the swamp). Everything, from getting BDI measurements (at breast height) to finding pigment ratios on dead flies, was attempted, and through it all we managed to retain our sense of humor. Class was always stimulating, especially with Bill (#2)'s questions such as "How about the work on photosynthesis in caves?", and "Isn't there a meter that measures it by clicking, you know, click, click, click?". And, by the way, who was that shaded fellow holding up the mangrove tree on page 400?

All through our projects we had access to the entirety of the library, due mostly to our leader's good relationship with the librarian. The final presentation of our independent studies was very formal except for, an occasion, a minor interruption by "some fool's dog". That day was culminated by a wine party, complete with natural fruits and nuts provided by Maria. Some special awards were presented which kept our class unique. The first and last of its kind at Mountain Lake.

Linda Phillips



#### MOSSES AND, ER, LIVERWORTS OR THE KEY TO MOSSES IS NOT A KEY

A really wierd thing happened to me a while ago. I took a course in mosses...and liverworts...and hornworts...and, well, let's not discuss the rest. It was all a real education.

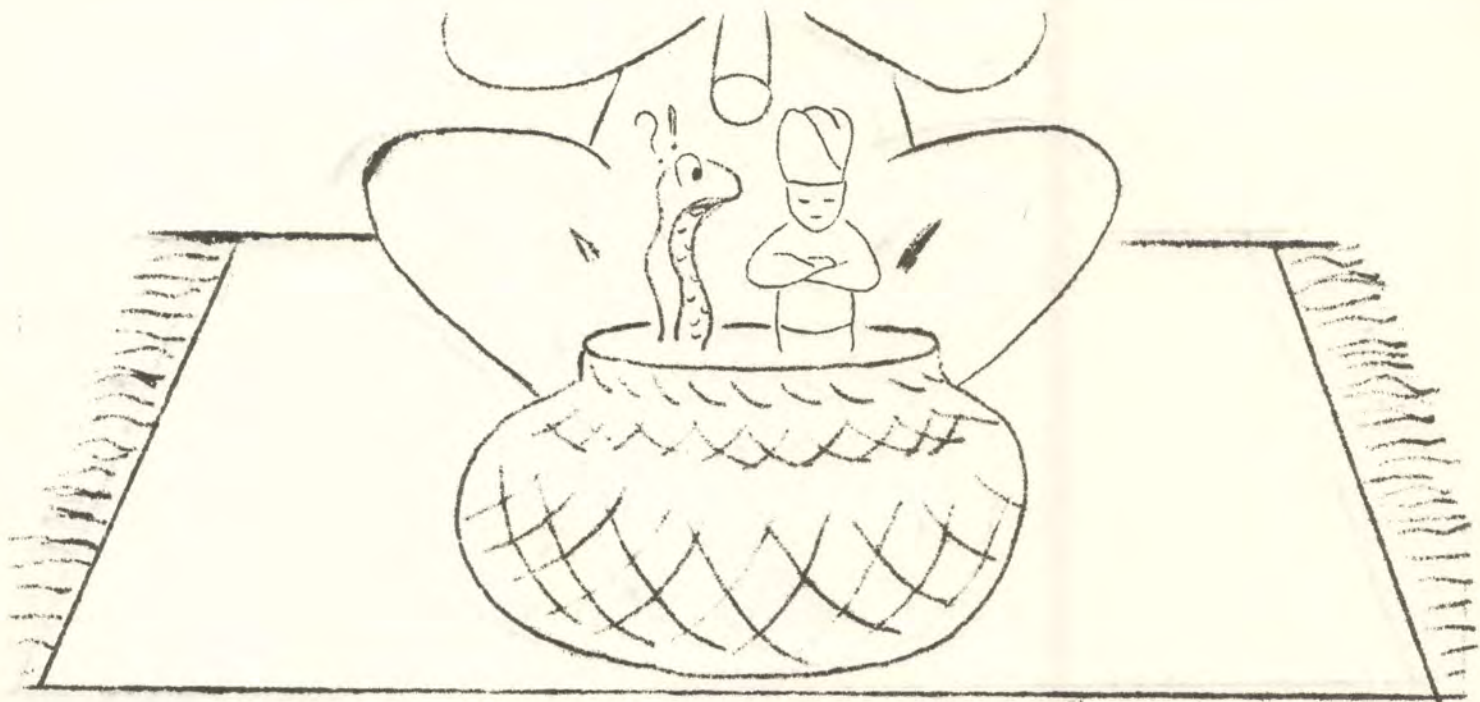
"Should I, Ken?"

"Guess you better, John. Gotta blame somebody."

Okay, here we are, the Bry guys of Mt. Lake. Heading off the list is Dr. David (Moss boss) Breil followed by his devoted (read "demented") students Elizabeth (Charlie, what's a moooss?) Henderson, Pat (While you're up get me a beer) World, Ann (Miss Newport) Stoneburner, Charlie (What, this ligh's burned out again?) Werth, Ken (Y'all sure talk funny down here) McFarland, Joe I (the Polish emperor) Jaworski, Joe II (the Lithuanian wonder) Lankalis and myself, um, er, oh yeah, John (the Dutch rebel) Bazuin. Seems, too, like we oughtta throw in Sue Moyle for a little extra seasoning.

We learned many fascinating things in the course. For instance, it turns out that keying goes much faster when you're drinking Busch, the state records are much more easily obtained when you're drinking Busch (ask the Polish emperor), that time passes faster when you're drinking Busch, that field trips are much more enjoyable when you're drinking schnaps, that...you get the picture. The Temperance Union had nothing on us.

This whole learning experience was capped off by a trip to the sea in which we never saw the sea. In fact, it wasn't supposed to be a trip to the sea. Do you see? I mean, if you saw what I see you wouldn't see the sea, either.



#### HERPETOLOGY

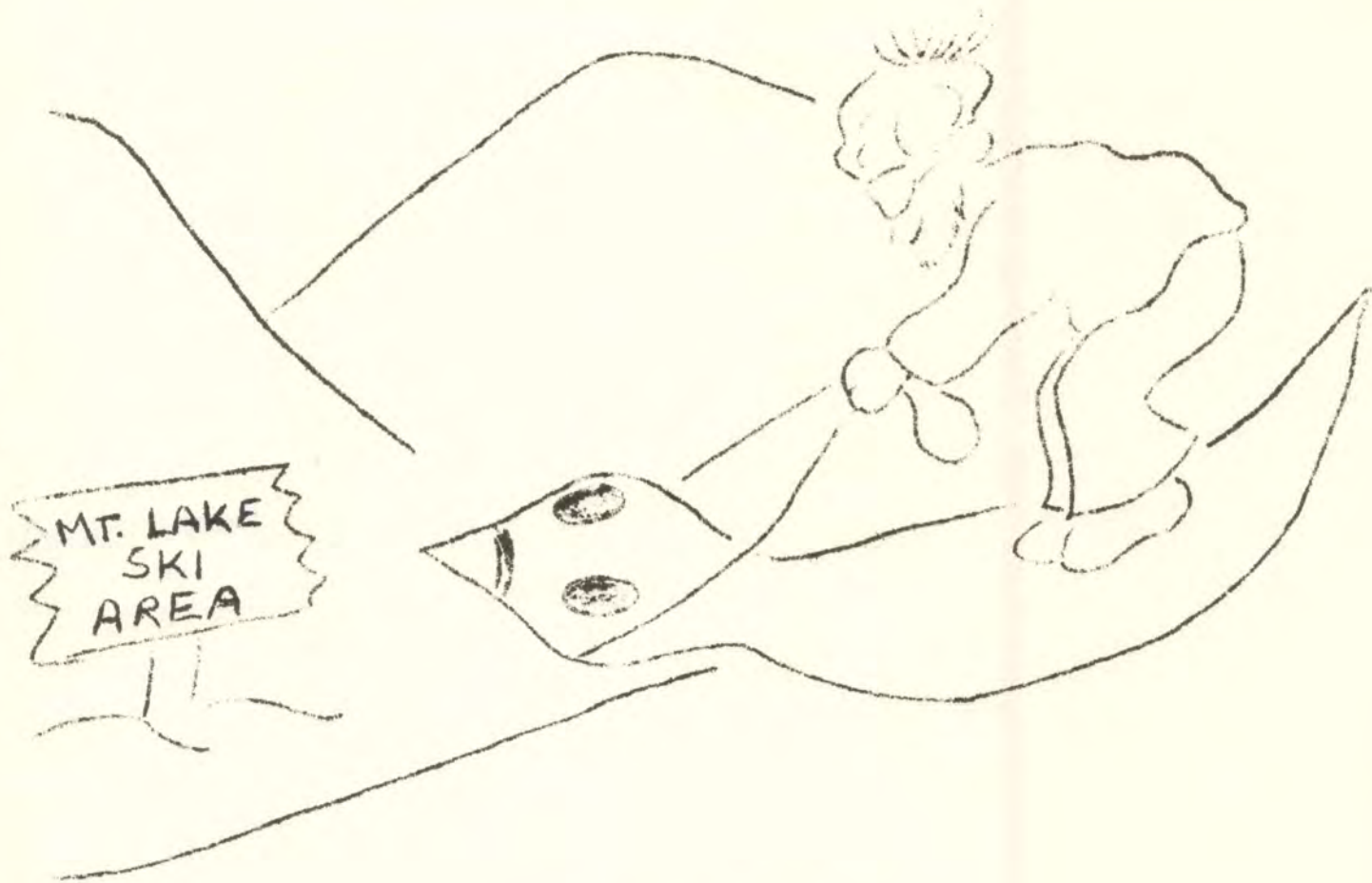
As we sit here at summer's end remembering what came before, everything begins to blend together...I don't like spiders and snakes and ravioli and fried socks, but I sure do like wading in cow ----- after cricket frogs and other such nonsense. Whoop-whoop and they all came running. And of course don't forget to change the water under the bonnet, but throw the "fruit punch" into the asparagus bed. Can we please stop and get some candy (and ice cream!)?

By the way, Toy, what's the most popular spot pattern in the boudoirs of Sylvatica this year? Isn't it cute - it has big eyes. And John's English charm really grabs you.

We regret that we didn't make Dr. Jopson's track team although we sure did try. But Rom was first place in broad jumping over rattlesnakes, but Deliece doesn't sound like a rattler to the rest of us.

The Shenandoah Mountain population was on strike, but we would like to thank Doc, Freddy and Victor for a great course.

"How can I keep track of 100 traps--I can't even keep track of 2 socks!"



#### INVERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY

Collecting leaf litter and anything that moved from under rocks, the "Inverts" got lost just off the Rhododendron Trail on their first day at Mountain Lake. This did not diminish their zeal for invertebrates, however, because they roamed over many areas - Twin Springs, Ferrier's Pond, Little and Big Stony Creek, the Cascades, and the Chesapeake Bay.

Dr. Fred Dichl headed this illustrious group with Teresa Wright, Laurie Weston, Pam Welch, Inez Shirley, Liz Severson, Sue Ridd and Stuart Findlay following closely behind. Our two day field trip included a look inside the Smithsonian's lower chambers, courtesy of Dr. H. Hobbs. Thousands upon thousands of crayfish ranging in size from several centimeters to almost a meter lined the shelves. From there, the "Inverts" traveled to Deltaville (IWC Marine Biological Station), where Pam was initiated to her first night of camping including a lightning show and a torrential downpour! Inez earned the title of Champion Fiddler Crab Catcher getting elbow deep in the swamp mud catching those "mercy darn" crabs.

As Stuart would say, "the sawdust smoldered" in our brains, but all in all, we had a great time. Thank you, Fred!





#### AQUATIC ECOLOGY

Ah, to live the life of an aquatic ecologist. Yes, that's right folks. It all happened in the summer of THE Resignation (...easy Inez). The first class meeting saw 14 eager and smiling students greeting Dr. George Simmons, Jr., the man who was to become their beloved 'Captain' and inspiration during the next five weeks.

After a brief introduction, the class members began loading up the vehicle and trucked off the mountain to learn ten easy steps in collecting macrobenthic organisms, developing the Mt. Lake Shuffle, and generally getting wet from - you know where - down. We never did examine what was collected that day, but it's just as well because the next few weeks found us gathering all the squirmies and swimmies we could get our little forceps on. We were into it up to our eyebrows. Usinger, Pennak, Ward and Whipple, and Findlay were all a great help to us in keying. It has been said that one really doesn't have to be able to tell the difference between a dog and a deer to identify aquatic insects.....right Stu!

Three days of preliminaries including a sterling lecture by Dr. Hobbs on the subject of crayfish, and we took on our lenticular biggie of the summer....Smith Mt. Lake. This venture was designed to acquaint us with equipment we would use later in the course. The Pullman Dredge was tough to operate and Bill Rorer went out on a limb several times trying to get it up. Bob did a great job at the wheel of the marina tub. The motor refused to work despite Al's efforts to fix the broken gas line. After a sunny visit and swim at a tire reef, we headed back to the Station.

Our diurnal migration study of Mt. Lake began one morning as a bitter pill for Sue Ridd. She was somehow enticed to chew tobacco for the first, and, perhaps, the last time of her life by none other than Dr. Simmons. The British Navy even got in some oar practice. No one except maybe Charlie Dubay and Valerie really knows the midnight episode of how the perch of Mt. Lake began eating the moon. Despite a few shennanigans and loads of fun throughout the day and night we somehow managed to get all the data gathered, processed (thanks

## AQUATIC ECOLOGY (Continued)

to Sarah's computer) and into presentable 'Kook-el' form for a seminar. Claudia did a remarkable job as chairperson for the seminar and it seems that all we could conclude was that the Roth-Neff monster was fouling our gear and that more sampling and testing needed to be done.

Rain-filled trips to the New River and White Rock Branch, a cry of "I've found a water-bear", and a prophetic Freudian slip by Dr. Simmons of "a considerable amount of organic matter is going to be PRESIDENT" were all lulls of silence compared with the scheming and careful planning for Dr. Simmons's seminar.

Our road gang attire stirred mixed emotions within the auditorium that evening, but somehow our antics were outdone by an outstanding talk on low-cost housing. We were, indeed, a class team really committed to hard work, persistent studying, and loads of partying. We were ready for our most demanding task of the summer, the loticular biggie called the Jackson River.

"We're going to close you down", was a no-no statement in Covington. Shouts of "kickers, are you ready?" and "who forgot the sewage sampler, Bill?", were perhaps only surpassed in impact by that CRASH! of the black wagon into the brown rock by none other than the redhead Chris. Three stations sampled and no sight of Mr. Bayerly's brigade. What luck....we had won a beer!

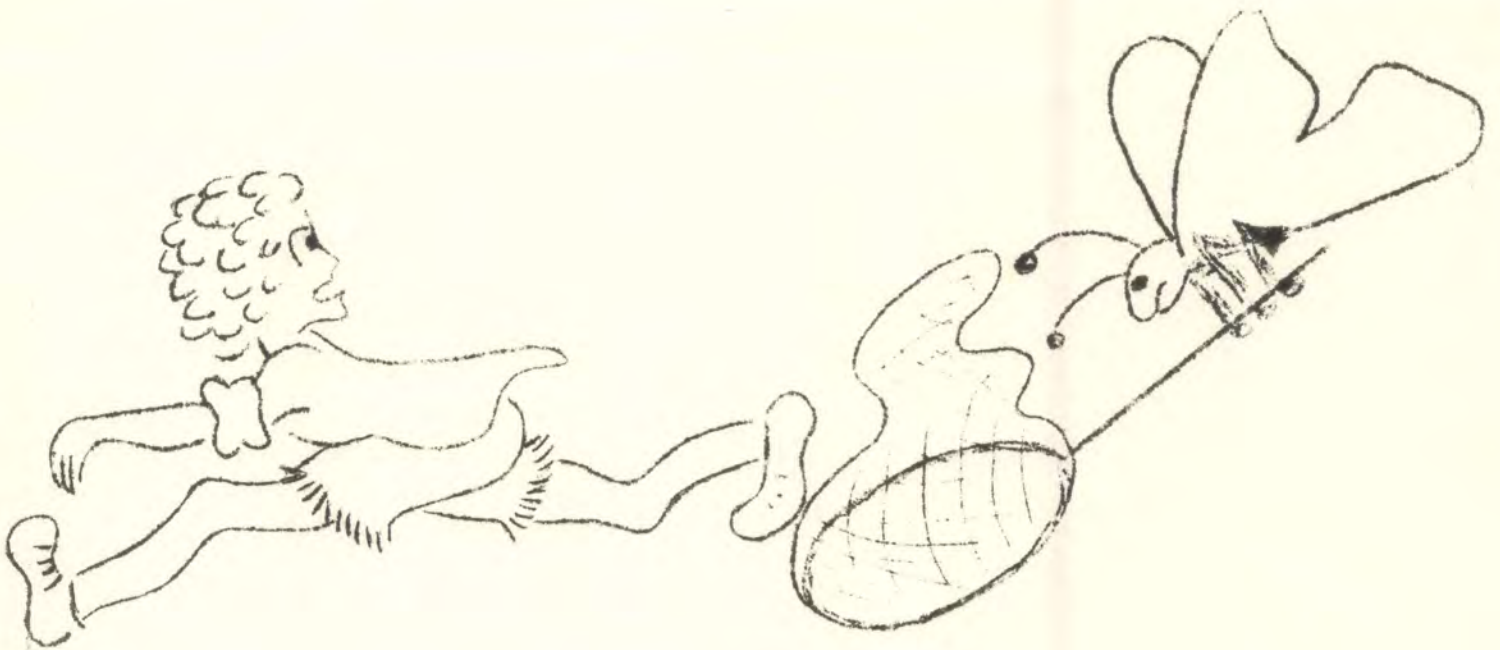
Special awards need to be extended to many more than the individuals listed here. Mrs. Nicely was, indeed, just that with her john which kept an uncomfortable few from having to fool Mother Nature. Ginny was the bravest female in the class with her aggressive sampling in deep and dangerous waters. Chris had a near miss with wetting her bodice, but the mighty James got her in the end.

The three days of sampling was far more pleasant than the massive washing, picking, counting, keying, and tabulating that was to follow. Everyone gave their all and were more than ready for the party at Dr. Simmons's cabin.

It is difficult to say who was the life of that party, but Tom's suggestion of charades uncovered some splendid talent. Who would have guessed that the handful of soil produced by Dr. Simmons was in reference to the land from Alice in Wonder...? Mike Sledd's rendition of "Hombre" was just too much. John Lacey was in rare form, as always, and kept hoping to pull from Claudia's hat his favorite small book...Rape and Pillage in a Foreign Country. All the fun seemed to be over before it began. Everyone was extra careful to not over imbibe as all of our minds had to be alert for the final seminar and Westvaco's Mr. Bayerly.

Bob took the honors of chairperson and conducted an unbiased presentation of an outstanding study we were all pleased and proud to be part of. During our five weeks together, we developed close friendships, had great fun, learned more about aquatic ecology, and left with a bit of sadness that it was all ending. Time would pass, we would go our separate ways, but we would look back to the summer of '74 and remember those cherished moments when our time together was, indeed, no joke.

Jim Ballard



## ECOLOGICAL GENETICS

### Spermatophores

Wade, Father of SASFO, drove the roads one day,  
With Toy, butterfly sidekick, who suddenly did say,  
"Diana! Diana! Diana! I feed you no hopper of tricks,  
My eyes have seen the glory of her bursa copulatrix."

Superbly precedent, they leaped from their coop,  
Harmoniously flew an inverted loop  
Crossed over the road with confidence  
And jumped for you across the fence.

In wonderment we waited, Sue's immigrans we baited,  
With Peggy's pink pill bugs curling up in terror,  
At last the pair returned, with glaucus ill-fated,  
Friar Toy then informed us that it was a standard error.

### Expertise

Roger's caught a Buckeye, Peter's caught a Grayling  
But big Roger and big Peter can't catch a thing!

### Cyanogenesis

Pace and pick, step and pick, pace and pluck, stop.  
Mash, mash, dribble, cribble, drip drip, drop,  
Burn them crisp, burn them brown, burn them very hot,  
Burn them in the incubator, leaves Ac or not.

ECOLOGICAL GENETICS (Continued)

Halisidota

Moths in my pant, moths in my shirt  
Moths for fish bait, or squashed in the dirt,  
Plain in the trap, plain on the bark  
But the one on my nose has Pat's orange mark.

Thesis

Hypothesis: Coadaptation is not openly permitted at Mt. Lake Station.

Date: Come Lord Ford and feed your hungry parrots,  
Bobby's in the clover, Roger's in the carrots,  
Margie's Monarda is introgressing slightly  
And multiple matings are occurring nightly.

Discovery

One David Desmognathus Hyla Plethodon Sceloporus  
Found black reptiles with body scales so very lepidopterous  
He knew they must have crossed with Biston in a fearful panic,  
A brand new polymorphic now industrial melanic.

An Arsenic Trip

Dear Dr. West led us on a spree,  
Plants deftly sampled from A, B, C, D, E,  
Although each cutting soon we set in water clear to soaka  
We saw the rugged rootlets turn to gooey tapioca.

A Couplet for A Team

Long hours daily on their project toiling  
Preston and David are salamander boiling.

Peter Mehring

Attention:

Anyone finding in their soup one pair of hiking boots, brown, size 9 with one broken lace\*, please notify Joe Jaworski. They have been missing one week.

\*details given so as not to confuse other boots found in soup with mine.



#### PLANT TAXONOMY

Plant Taxonomy started out with a popsicle. These icy delights seemed to play a very important part in cementing together Taxonomy and Butterflyology. Each trip was never without an abundant supply of popsicles and butterfly nets.

Classtime was well spent; not a second was wasted. There even came a time when we thought of bringing bag lunches to lecture so we could eat in class because the noon break was decreasing rapidly but thankfully the term ended before the break did!

Then there were those field trips that stick out in ones mind as either extremely painful, enjoyable or wet. The one field trip that seemed more painful than the rest was the caravan to Clark's Cave. The beauty of this place was spectacular and so was the poison ivy. I know of one person who kept falling into the ivy because his footing was so treacherous that to stand upright was impossible. The beauty of Clark's Cave was also darkened by a garbage dump which we had to crawl through because the slope was so steep that standing erect was impossible. We left Clark's Cave with tears in our eyes, tears not because of sorrow but from skinned toes to lost glasses. There were however no tears in the eyes of the Mammalogy class on our departure for we had sprung half of their traps while surveying the area.

On the way to the Station a fieldtrip to a barnyard could not be overlooked. (Dr. Wagner called the barnyard a meadow but we all know it was a barnyard.) This is where Bruce took a fall in the mud, quck, water, meadow muffins and whatever. He came up not smelling like a rose. All of the group smelled so bad that we had to stop and wash in a river before we returned.

We also left our mark on a bog. Now helping to restore a disturbed habitat is no easy job but 20 pairs of stomping feet made the difference. Also, as some remember that was a good place to get stuck.

PLANT TAXONOMY (Continued)

Taxonomy was sure some class. Never to be forgotten was Dr. Wagner's interpretation of an insect pollinating an orchid. That lecture should have been rated XX!

All in all the course was interesting, unpredictable and riotous say nothing about X-rated. All hoped that a test a day would keep the doctor away but to tell the truth he just kept coming back.

Joe 1

A dark and forboding cloud of libellous slander hovers over the virtuous and temperate residents of Laing Singles. Contrary to the allegation in the second term Mt. Lake Directory, the Laing Singles Bar is not open 24 hours a day. We recognize that we are at an academic institution. The bar is closed from 9:00 to 9:15 AM for classes. Any further such allegations about our personal habits and practices will necessitate investigation by our newly acquired lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach.

TOASTS FROM TAXONOMY

Drink to the grasses  
that all look alike.  
Drink to your feet  
that got sore on a hike.

Drink to the term end  
a chance for a breather  
Drink to your grade  
A, B, C, or neither.

Drink to the oaks  
those promiscuous trees.  
Drink to the stings  
left by the bees.

Drink to the pines  
with their leaves bound in fascicles  
Drink to the Prof.  
who downed many popsicles.

Drink to your projects:  
one flop after another  
Drink to our leader  
One hell of a trucker.

Drink to the note cards  
pack after pack.  
Drink to the nights  
you never hit the sack.

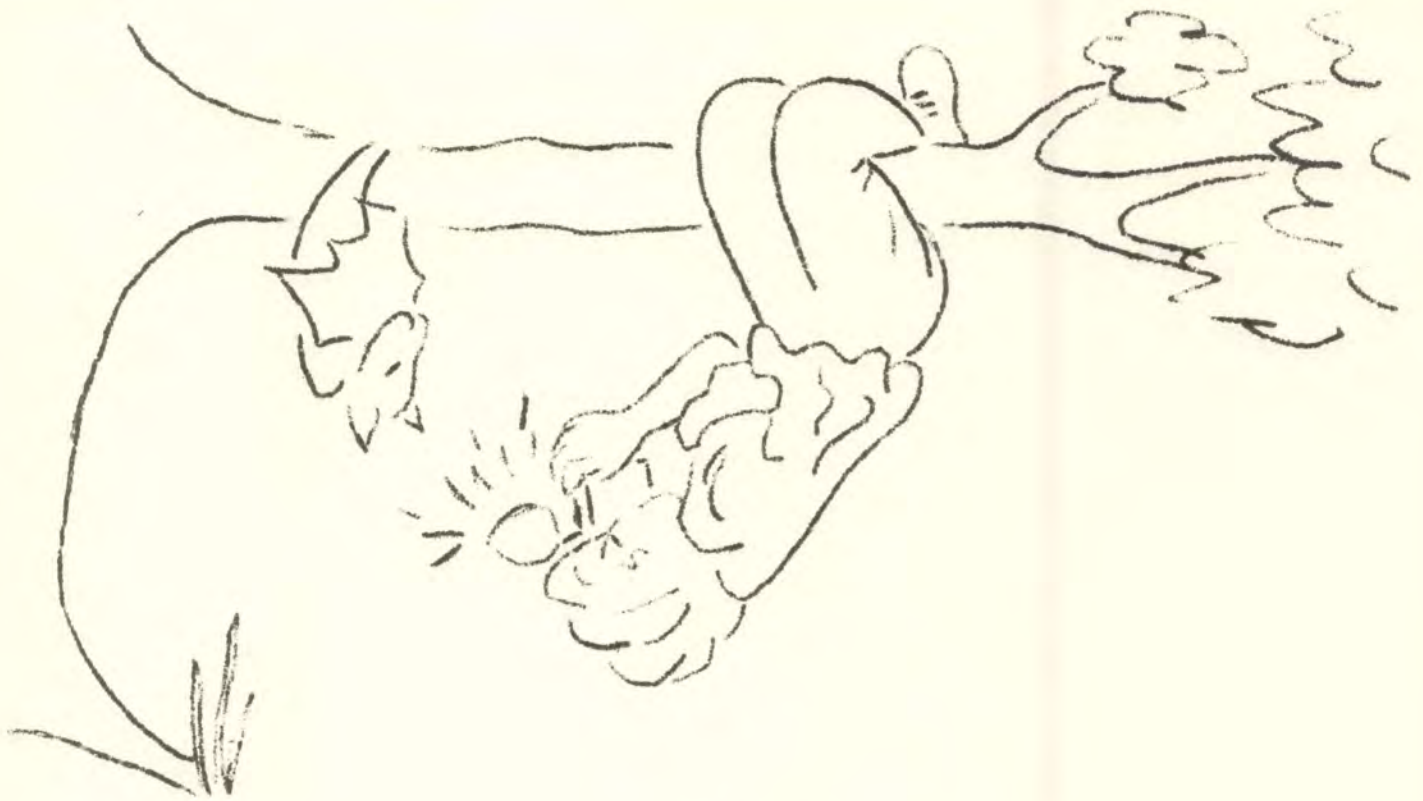
Drink to your lab  
neat, neat, neat, neat.  
Drink to violet candy  
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.

Drink to the ragweeds  
the hybrids and all  
Drink to the barnyard  
when Bruce had a fall.

Drink to Lankalis,  
never on time.  
Drink to the mountain  
we had to climb.

Drink to the Gensing  
some plants we did find.  
Drink to aquatics,  
wet boots all the time.

Drink to the field trips  
the wetter, the better,  
Drink to Dianas  
those evasive critters.



#### MAMMALOGY

The Mammalogy Class of 1974 was a mottley group. - What can I say? Looking back certain images come to mind.

Black station wagons barrelling down D.C. highways. Fred in the lead with Sheri close behind, running lights that were red long before either of them got there (the lights are easy to miss though, on the street corners aren't they?). Having a gleeful chase despite irate commuters, at least until a tail pipe dropped off, or until it got dark and the dash was no longer visible (Ah, but what did that really matter - the speedometer was broken.) And all the while Chris whistled and made wisecracks; Bruce sang, and Mark sang "rubber-baby buggy bumper", but the window. Frank, though was probably the most popular one of the crew, being able to drown out most of the inane conversation by his radio. It was on this same trip too that Vicki was going to attempt to "present" (posteriorly, that is) to a mandrill at the zoo. But don't worry your ischial callosities over it, Vicki, it couldn't have worked anyway, for you had neither red lipstick nor green slacks.

Our camping expedition provided even more entertainment. With Mark as our pepo in residence, and Bob as our gourmet connoisseur (mushrooms - his speciality). No seriously - Bob, of all the mushrooms in the woods - ANGEL OF DEATH? Really. Actually despite the frivolity there was one serious problem that arose. - What to do with Neal when he got the Coca Cola delerium tremors. It was solved with a quick trip to Williamsville.

And then there was also the frightening experience Judy had at the john - it was later discovered though, that the 2 big eyes she mistook for a giant rat's, were really Mark's; dressed in his furry opposum pajamas.



MAMMALOGY (Continued)

Incidents in the lab were more typical of the summer in general however, like Marie's singing seminar and Bruce's prize skunk-skinning. It was obvious that everyone enjoyed themselves, especially Mary who is planning to borrow the money to buy her own set of 100 traps, in order to sample the small rodent populations around Charlottesville.

THE MAMMALOGISTS ANTHEM

The manatee ladies sing this song, dugong dugong  
The Manatee race track five miles long, dugongidae  
Going to swim all night, going to swim all day,  
I bet my money on the mammal with six-cervical vertebrae

\_\_\_\_\_ part two:

We wish you a peromyscus, we wish you a peromyscus,  
We wish you a peromyscus and a sorex dispar.  
Microtus we bring to Handley our king  
We wish him a peromyscus and a sorex dispar

Hickson & Stinson 1974 Mt. Lake

Found - Last Tues. morning:

On trail between girls dorms and lab--one pair of ladies "lollipop" briefs,  
size 5.

Contact me---Pat World

CLASS LISTS

Biology 200: Prin. of Ecology

Ballard, James W.  
Blanchard, Fred H.  
Brown, William Chris  
Clark, Albert A.  
Dubay, Charles I.  
Dubay, Robert C.  
Hazel, Wade N.  
Moorhead, Kent  
Newman, James Preston, Jr.  
O'Neill, Kevin M.  
Pegau, Lucy Byrd  
Phillips, Linda L.  
Rist, DeVerne L.  
Rorer, William E., Jr.  
Tardiff, Mark F.  
Willis, Robert D.

Botany 208: Biology of Mosses

Bazuin, John B., Jr.  
Henderson, Elizabeth G.  
Jaworski, Joe E.  
Lacey, John M.  
Lankalis, Joseph A.  
McFarland, Kenneth D.  
Stoneburner, Ann H.  
Werth, Charles R.  
World, Patricia G.

Zoology 204: Herpetology

Barton, Sheri A.  
Ceperley, Laura E.  
Grimes, Nancy D.  
Hendry, Virginia A.  
Shober, E. Reiman  
Thomas, Sarah H.  
Tucker, William T.

Zoology 210: Invert. Zoology

Findlay, Stuart E.  
Ridd, Susan E.  
Severson, Helen E.  
Shirley, Inez O.  
Welch, Pamela A.  
Wright, Teresa H.  
Weston, Laurie

CLASS LISTS

Biology 221: Aquatic Ecology

Ballard, Jim  
Berman, Claudia  
Clark, Al  
Colburn, Bob  
Findlay, Stuart  
Hendry, Ginny  
Kestner, Valerie  
Lacey, John  
Ridd, Sue  
Rorer, Bill  
Rudy, Christine  
Shirley, Inez  
Sledd, Michael  
Thomas, Sarah

Biology 222: Ecological Genetics

Clapp, Roger  
Dubay, Bobby  
Hausfater, Sue  
Hazel, Wade  
Mehring, Peter  
Morris, Marguerite  
Newman, Preston  
Reznick, David  
Tucker, William  
World, Patricia  
Powell, Peggy

Botany 202: Tax. of Seed Plants

Baum, Robert  
Bazuin, John  
Brown, Chris  
Ceperley, Laura  
Edwards, Elizabeth  
Grymes, Charles  
Hueston, William  
Jaworski, Joe  
Lankalis, Joe  
Marx, Paul  
Minter, Donald  
Phillips, Linda  
Smith, Vicky  
Stephenson, Steve  
Werth, Charlie  
Williams, Bruce

Zoology 207: Mammalogy

Blanchard, Fred  
Barton, Sheri  
Grimes, Deliece  
Hice, Neale  
Hickson, Mark  
Kocyan, Marie  
Racino, Judy  
Rosenberg, Bruce  
Stinson, Chris  
Stuart, Mary  
Wallshein, Vicki  
Walton, Frank  
Willis, Bob

MT. LAKE DIRECTORY - 1ST TERM

CATESBY	Mrs. Inez Shirley	HENTZ-MOHR	Fred Diehl Norma (Mrs.) Lisa (age 14) Susan (age 10) Tracey (age 8) Michael (age 6) Charlie (cat)
HARIOT	William Odum Maria (Mrs.) & librarian Orso (dog)		
CLAYTON	David Breil Sandra (Mrs.) Peter (age 7) Ben (dog)	GATTINGER	Wayne Angleberger Mary Ann (Mrs.) Tommy (age 3 3/4) Dickens (dog) Kelly (dog)
LECONTE	Miss Lucile Walton Miss Peggy Walton (historians)		
BANISTER	Miss Lucy Byrd Pegau	LAING NORTH	Sue Ridd
WASHINGTON	Miss Nina Estep Miss JoLynn Bruce (cooks) Mono (dog)	LAING CENTER	Randy Rutan Lois (Mrs.) Glenn (age 3) Dawn (age 5 mo.) Drumm (dog)
CARETAKER	Carlton Hite Tenny (Mrs.) Rich (age 12) Robin (age 8) Renee (age 2 3/4)	LAING SOUTH	Rom Shober Rommy (age 15) Robert (age 11)
SCHOEW	Jim Ballard Anne (Mrs.)	LAING NW	Bobby Ackerman
MAPHIS	Susan Moyle Hedwig (guinea pig)	LAING WEST	Jim Chapman Jenette (Mrs.) Robert (age 2 1/2)
MITCHELL	Harry Jopson Eope (Mrs.)	LAING SINGLES	John Bazuin Bobby Dubay Charlie Dubay Tom Kenefake Bill Rorer Charlie Werth
REED	James J. Murray, Jr. Bess (Mrs.) Joe (age 8 11/12) Tiki (age 6) William (age 2 11/12) Charlie (dog)		
BURNS	Dr. Robert K. Burns - gardener, orchids, lilies and violets a specialty		

MT. LAKE DIRECTORY - 2ND TERM

CATESBY	Mrs. Inez Shirley	GATTINGER	Wayne Angleberger Mary Ann (Mrs.) Tommy (age 3 3/4) Dickens (obese dog) Kelly (real dog)
HARIOT	Charles Handley Darelyn (Mrs.) Benjamin (age 7 mo.) Specs (dog)	LAING NORTH	Neale Hice Susan (Mrs.) Jennifer (5 11/12) Jeffrey (age 7 3/4)
CLAYTON	Herb Wagner Florence (Mrs.) Margaret (age 16) Bambi Wolf (age 16)	LAING CENTER	Randy Rutan Lois (Mrs.) Glenn (age 3) Dawn (age 6 mo.) Drumm (dog)
LECONTE	Miss Lucile Walton Miss Peggy Walton (historians)	LAING SOUTH	Bob Colburn Marilyn (Mrs.) Jon (age 2) Eric (age 3 1/2)
BANISTER	Mike Sledd Sylvia (Mrs.)	MICHAUX	George Simmons Susan (Mrs.) Nathan (age 7) Pepper (dog)
WASHINGTON	Miss Nina Estep Miss JoLynn Bruce (cooks) Mono (dog)	LAING NW	Bobby Ackerman
CARETAKER	Carlton Hite Tenny (Mrs.) Rich (age 12) Robin (age 8) Renee (age 2 11/12)	LAING WEST	Jim Chapman Jenette (Mrs.) Robert (age 2 1/2)
SCHOEW	Jim Ballard Anne (Mrs.)	LAING SINGLES	John Bazuin Bobby Dubay Charlie Dubay Tom Kenefake Bill Rorer Charlie Werth (Bar Open 24 hrs. a day)
MAPHIS	Susan Moyle (flutist) Hedwig (guinea pig) Sue Hausfater		
MITCHELL	Steve Stephenson Barbara (Mrs.)		
HOLBROOK	Ron Hanawalt Alice (Mrs.) Heather Bill		
REED	James J. Murray, Jr. Bess (Mrs.) Joe (age 9) Tiki (age 6) Willy (age 3) Charles Darwin (dog)		

1974 DIRECTORY

Ackerman, Bobby--333 14th St. N.W., Charlottesville, Virginia 22903  
 Angleberger, Wayne & Mary Ann--603 Green St., Bridgewater, Virginia 22812  
 Ballard, James W.--7401 Eastmoreland Rd. #216, Annandale, Virginia 22003  
 Barton, Sheri--600 Brandon Ave., #18, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903  
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 Bazuin, John B.--Box 32, Great Falls, Virginia 22066  
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COURSES TO BE OFFERED AT MOUNTAIN LAKE - SUMMER 1975

First Term      June 12 - July 15

Entomology	Dr. George W. Byers, University of Kansas
Ornithology	Dr. David W. Johnston, University of Florida
Plant Ecology	Dr. Gary L. Miller, Eisenhower College
Taxonomy of Flowering Plants	Dr. Lytton Musselman, Old Dominion College

Second Term     July 17 - August 19

Plant Biosystematics	Dr. C. Ritchie Bell, University of North Carolina
Invertebrate Ecology	Dr. George E. Stanton, Columbus College
Vertebrate Ecology	Dr. Charles G. Yarbrough, Campbell College
Mycology	Dr. Meredith Blackwell, University of Florida