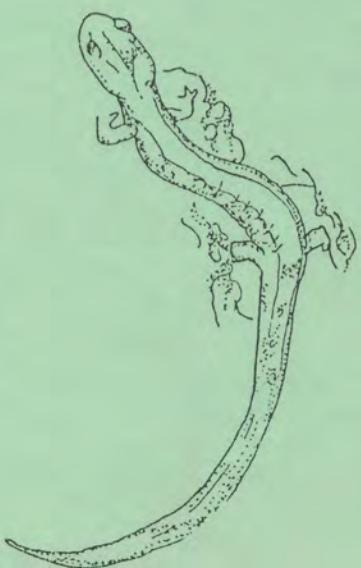


**MT. LAKE
ECHOES**

1987



BIT NET MESSAGE

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 Garbutt. 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 Fistrup, Dave Horton, Lori Stevens, Holly Wagner, Bill Reserarts, 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.

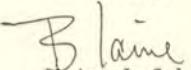
We also had a number of new visitors to the Station and a fairly busy seminar schedule. I believe there were a full twenty scientific seminars this summer. All in all the level of interaction was high and the opportunities for exchange of ideas were great. This sort of atmosphere is, in my opinion, the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

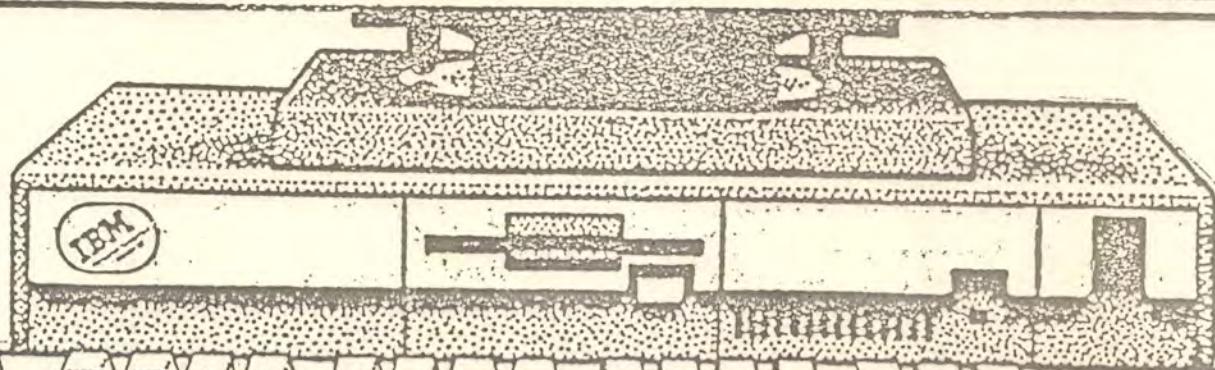
The number of soccer and volley ball injuries this summer makes me wonder whether we should offer a course in sports medicine or perhaps orthopedic rehabilitation. As I write this (in the last week of the second session) I hope that the pace of volleyball injuries tapers off or we will have a serious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


Blaine 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...

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...
I stepped on some seeds that
stucked in my sandal
As I moved about
They loosed and came out
And thus I became a
Seed spreading plant vandal,

---Jamie Doyle

While walking through the woods one day,
with our Professor Handel...
We noticed something twas 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
The little man couldn't be appeased
He stomped, and romped, and cursed
We 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 slipped 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,
sling 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,
with our Professor Handel...
Came across a smell.
Red, a tube-like bell.

A Campsis radicans we named,
Flowers we had spied.
Apis 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 lair.

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 so 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,

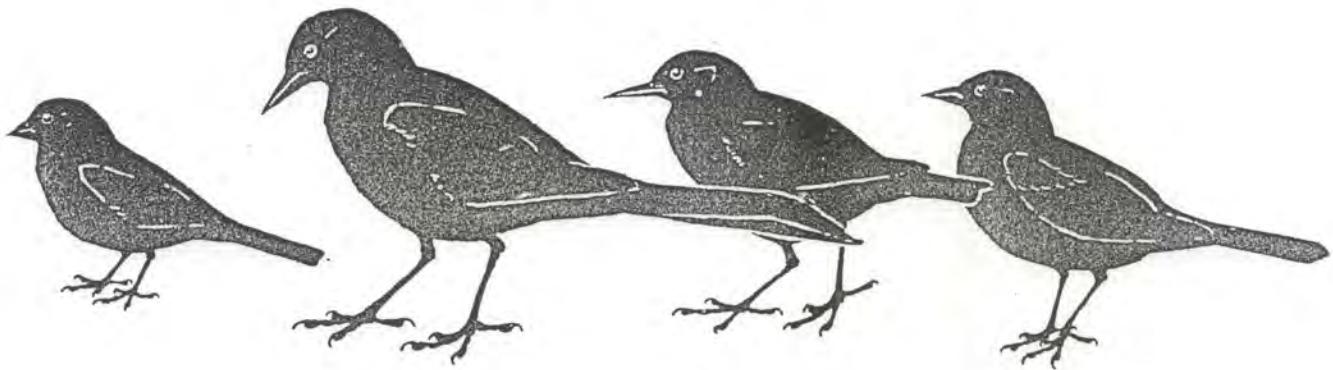
Or to please a passing fancy.
And though my verses lack philosophy,
be assured of my sincerity
in predating ripe compositae."

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
"shouressweet", Chaucer, 1395]

THIS 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

FACE-OFF #1

SARAH "SHE-RAH" FORSYTHE
vs.

THE CALDWELL COWS

THE WINNER IS: THE COWS!

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 CALDWELL FIELD EXPEDITION

LEAD BY THE FEARLESS AR. MCCOY

IT WAS AN AFTERNOON OF
INTERSPECIES FACE-OFF, A.K.A.
ANIMAL-ANIMAL INTERACTION

FACE-OFF #2

GARREN "BUZZ" HESTER
(flesh for fantasy!)

vs.

THE CALDWELL COWS

THE WINNER IS: THE COWS!

FACE-OFF #3

KIRSTEN "THE MOUTH" GATES

vs.

THE CALDWELL COWS

THE WINNER IS: "THE MOUTH"!

The Bog Blog July 14th 1987

Steve: There's a scold Tanager
It's red because it eats
Jamie: You lie!

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

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

Steve: There! That's elderberry!

Sarah: The red stuff?

Steve: Yeah, the red stuff!

Dundewe!
Bryan: Quick! Bryan's
Cyndy: Quick! Bryan's
being digested by Dundewe!
Kirsten: Runaway! Runaway!

Damon: I feel bogged down!

Sarah: Cyndy, it's a trap
on your own half of the
plot! If you kill cross this
line, I'll kill you across this

Bryan: They should
call this class plant-
animal vikes. You know
what kind of vikes do bees get
for certain flowers? Intense.
Like wow, man!

"Damon, I am we smell the forest."
Sarah: There's a grave land.
Bryan: Oh, maybe that's it.



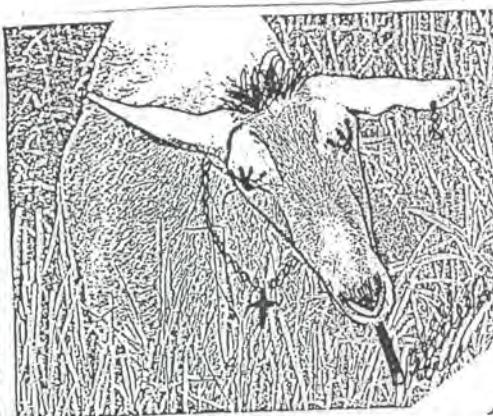
"I warned you about this test, and some of you are going to be sorry." Blueberries are the answer to all the world's problems.



I'm going crazy!
I'm going to
all Jim, called!



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?
Yea... sure...



OUR FAVORITE HERBIVORE

GARRON & ITCH STUDY BUZZING Behavior!



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. A scumbag fellow except for an occasional Be Be Be Be Be...



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 smiling sinner.



The little man with the funny hat. He taught us about birds and bees, mouths and gonads, and 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 buchal oriface, 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 Goldsworth
 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 back.

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.

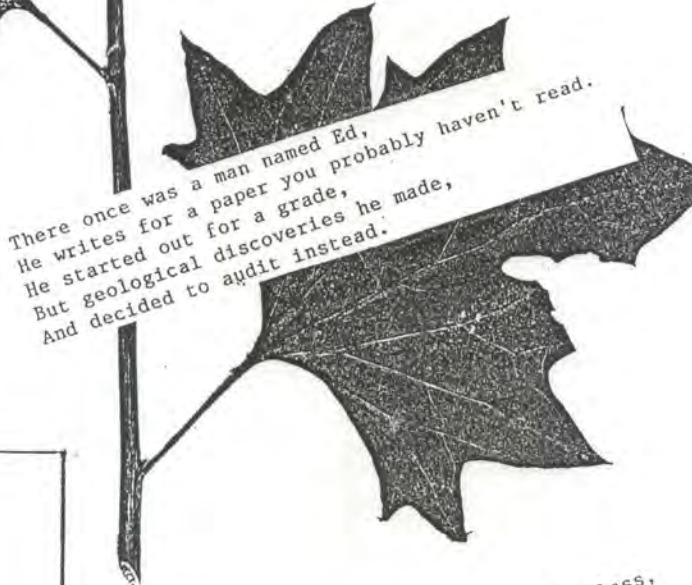
There once was a boy named Rich,
He claimed Ohio to be his niche,
Than being on his knees
Looking at wildflowers in the ditch.

There once was a student named Sean,
Who could name most plants on the lawn.
He disappeared around the bend,
Not re-surfacing 'till the end.
We thought he and Jenny were gone.



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 sat 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.

George is the last person in this class,
He can now key plants better than bass.
After five years of school,
He no longer feels like a fool,
'Cause he'll graduate if he manages to pass.

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

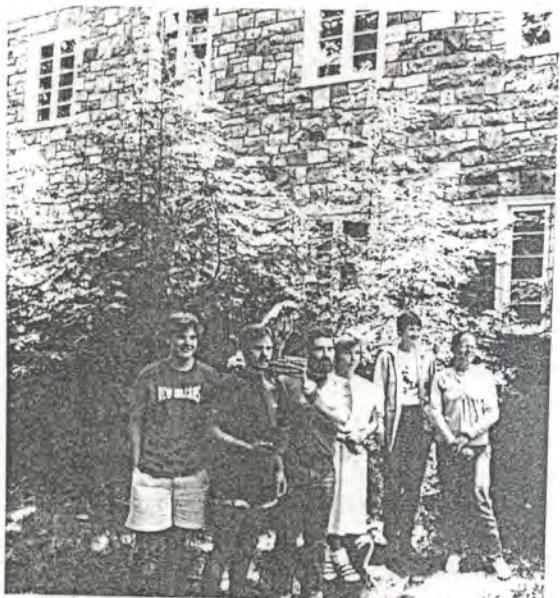


1ST TERM GROUP



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



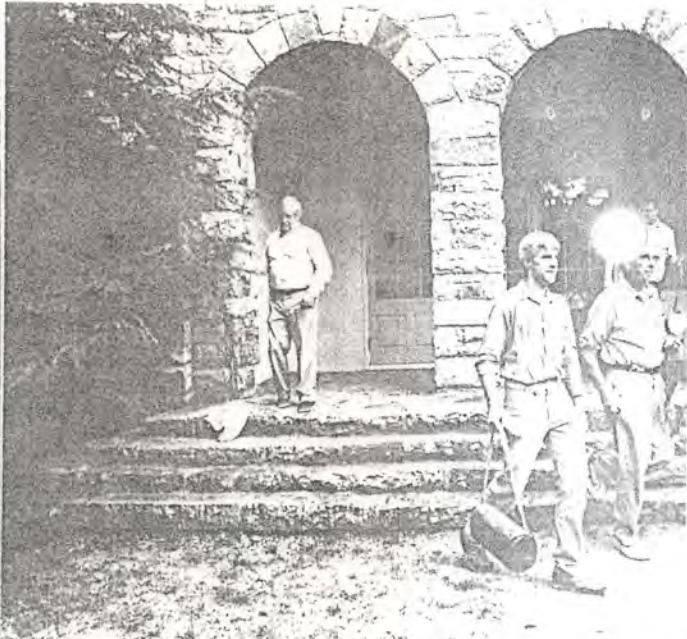
PLANT/ANIMAL INTERACTIONS

Bryan Chaffe, STEVE HANDEL, Jamie Doyle,
Cyndy Smith, Sarah Forsythe, Kirsten Gates

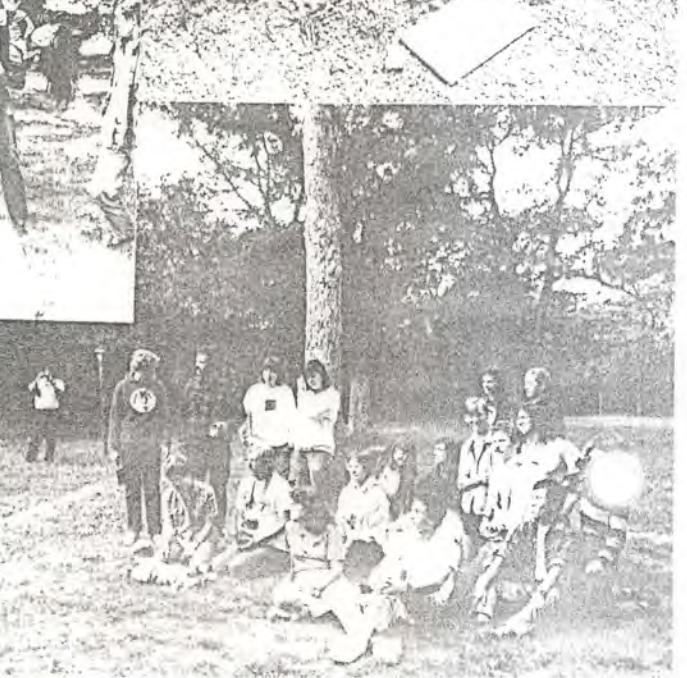


ALLOZYME WORKSHOP

Richard Bounds, Kathy Lemon, Rich Goldsworth
Ann Kelly, Bryan Chaffe, Lisa Wellborn &
CHARLIE WERTH



G
O
T
C
H
A
!



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.

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.

In Charlottesville, Blaine Cole is alone,
In teaching with an organismic tone,
On the volleyball court, he's a terror,
But at Bluefield he committed an error,
So now he's known as "Hands of Stone"!

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

There once was a husband and wife from Purdue,
A career in ornithology they did pursue,
/she taught comparative physiology,
While he had relative ecology,
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.!"

NEW RIVER FIELD NOTES
(*Scriptus novefluviensis*)

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

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

"The rachis is stigilloose; the stipe decidedly 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 plasticaulis. (See drawing)

But retesting by Charles Werth on June 31, 1987 showed Wagner had made a serious omission: the indusia proved to be poly-punctate-anthropomorphic. Accordingly, Werth recommended that the new species be listed as Ajax plasticaulis, var. spencertombii.

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 bluefieldius).

Traveling to Bluefield the following week, I discovered an unusual member of the New River fauna in the Pembroke Zoological Gardens. It was the pelt of a short-beaked avianopteran, shot from a Sycamore tree (Planatus 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 extent specimen: a warbler-sized crow of the genus Symbiosis.

Symbiosis brevissimus is what Audubon named it a century later, in honor of Braddock's short-lived campaign. Since Audubon "collected" the last remaining bird, he regarded "brevissimus" 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 brachyrhynchos) 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 brevissimus evolved with a companion avifaunian, 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 Handel describes the demise of Symbiosis brevissimus in an equation: $Sb-1 = Sb + 1$

Later in the week, at a performance of the Pearisburg String Quartet, I hear and original medley composed for the one-stringed dulcimer by Ms. Sarah Forsythe. While singing a duet with Wimble, the noted goat baritone, Ms. Forsythe was discomfited when Wimble 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 montis var. soporiferous).

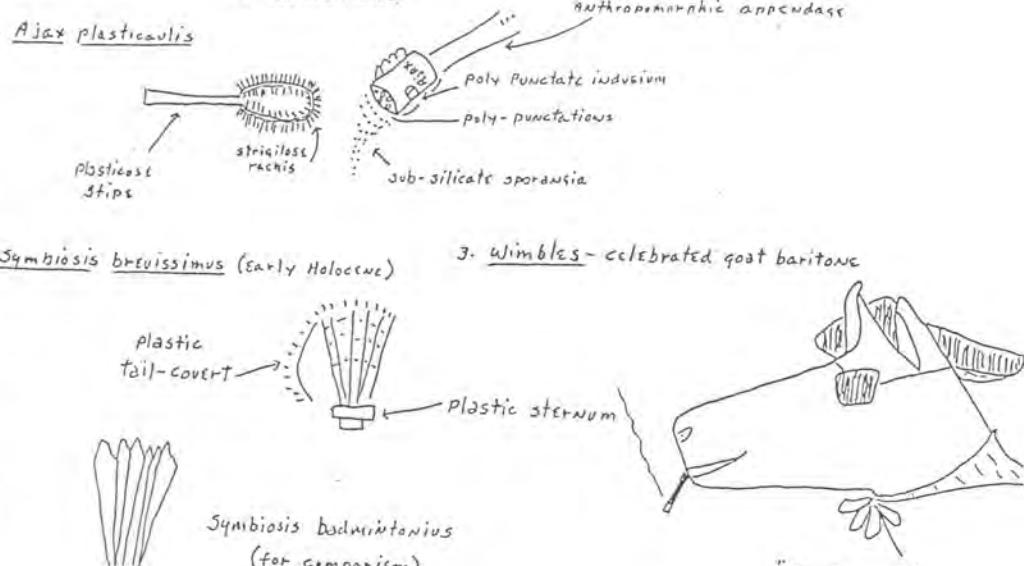
DOMICILE ON THE RANGE (REVISITED)

- 1) Oh give me a home where the Dryopterises roam, and the Vireo solariuses 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 disdain this arboreal range and its hydrated oxygen molecules.
- 3) There are some small birds, quite elusive I've heard, in the precincts 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.
- 4) And what of those snails whom the salamanders assail, and extract from their calcium ho There's an irony there for in one snail 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.

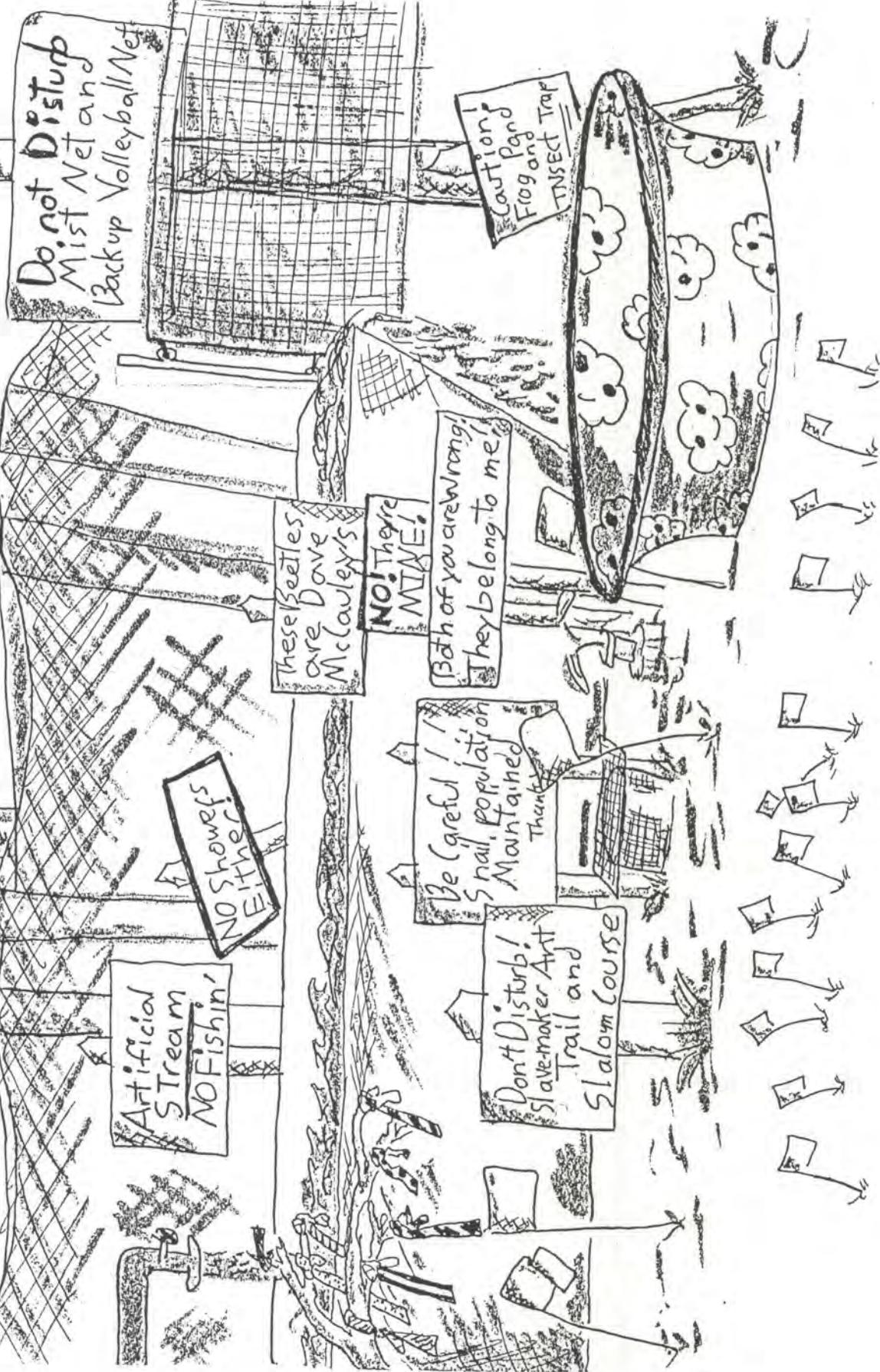
Chorus

Home, home on the range where the tilias and querques make shade; where seldom is heard a one syllable word, and the skies are not glabrous al day.

Illustrations



BEWARE!!!!
Protected Plant Zone
and Soccer Goal



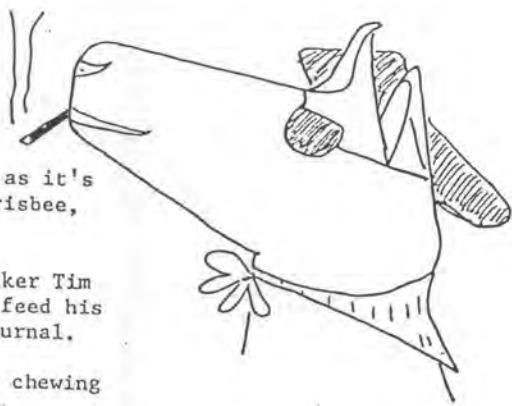
DEAR WIMBLES

An Appalachian Journal

(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., Mastodon 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 cicadas. 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?"

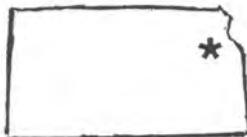
CONGRATULATIONS ...

CHARLIE

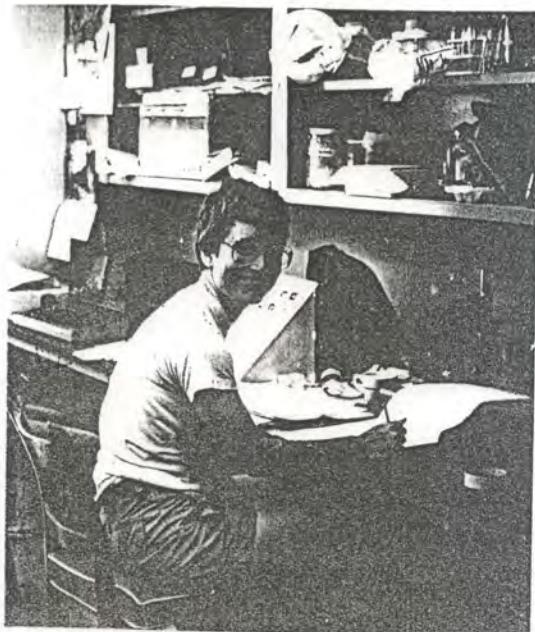


TEXAS TECH

HELEN

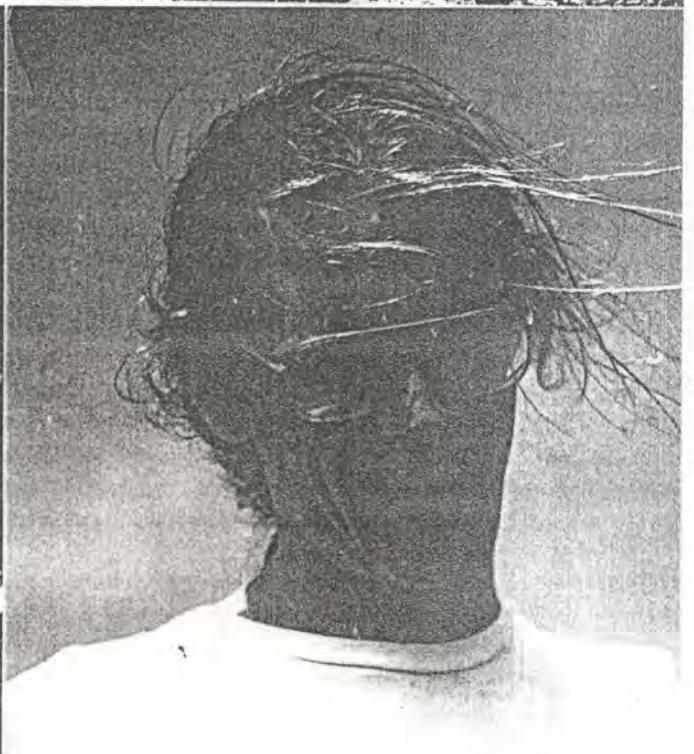


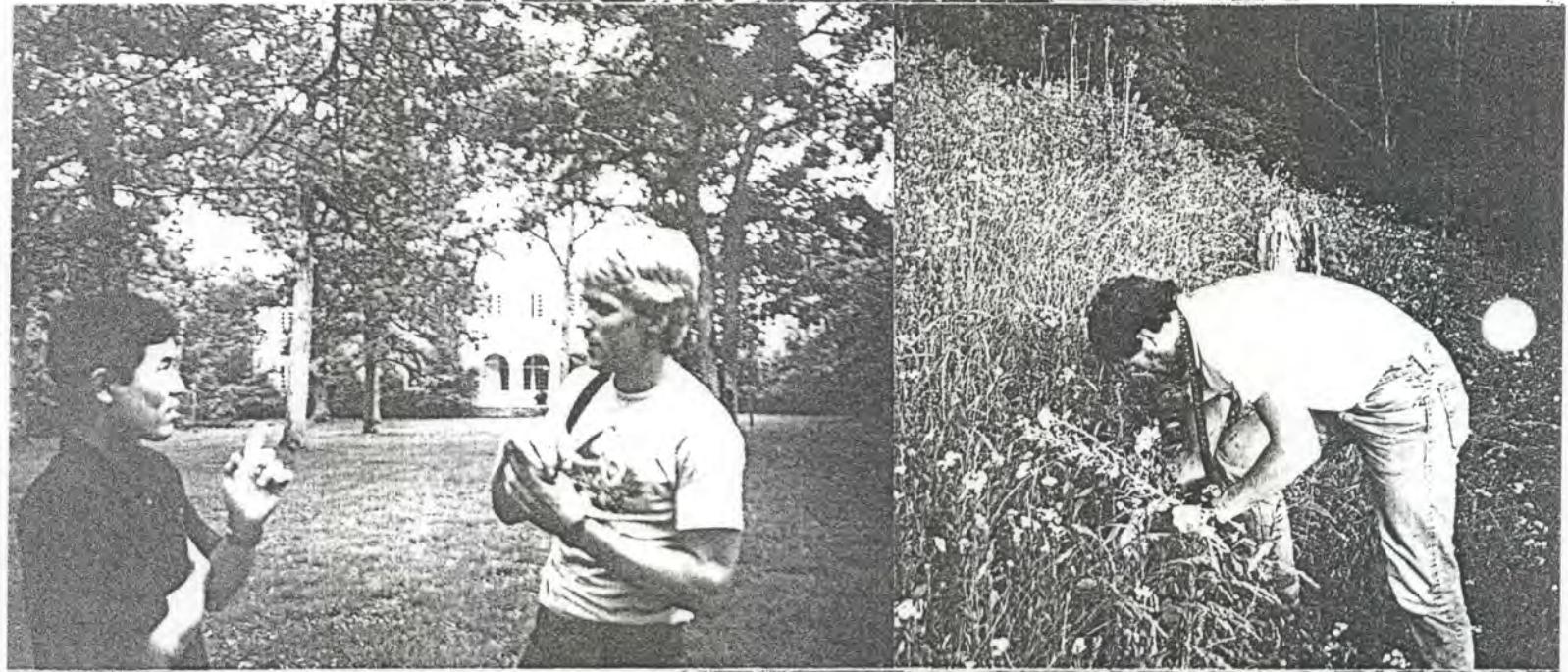
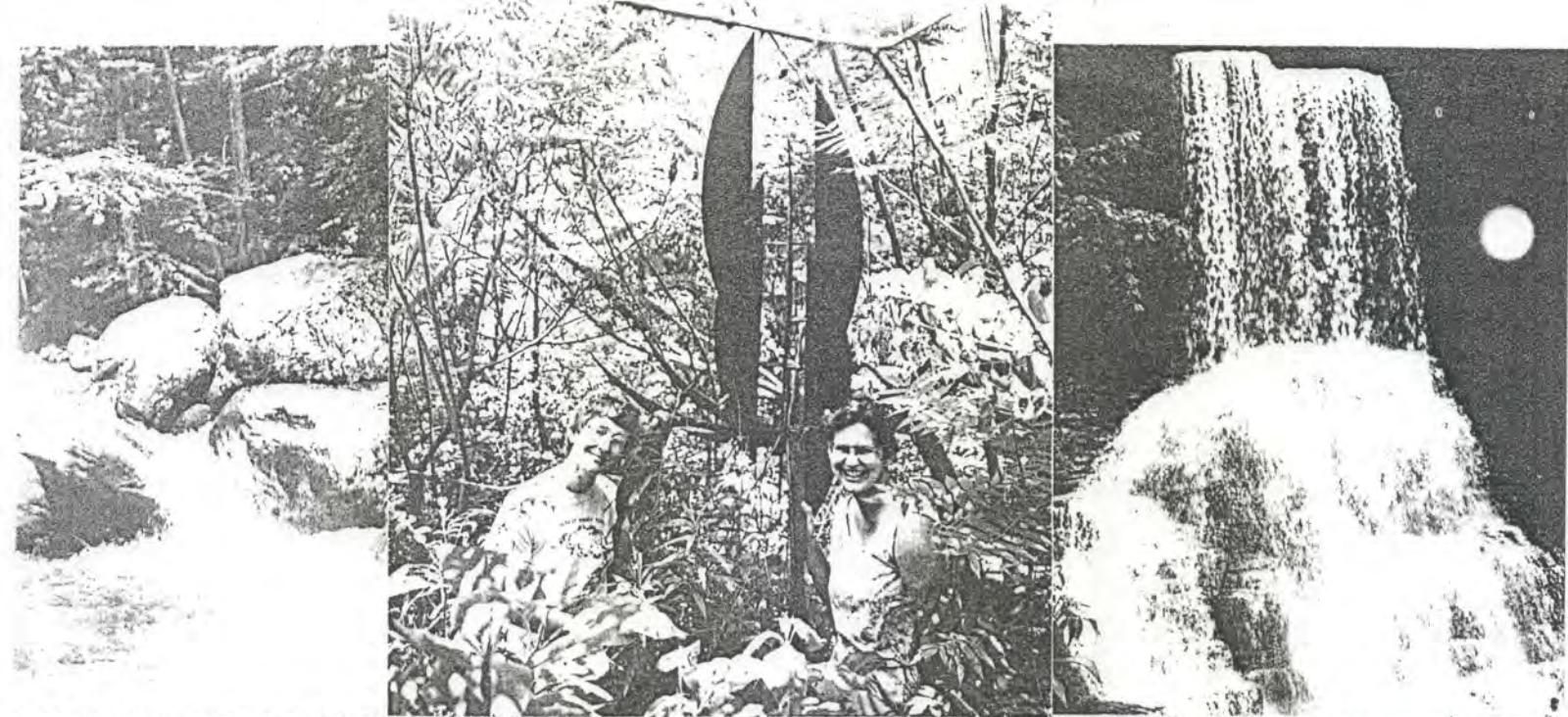
UNIVERSITY
OF KANSAS

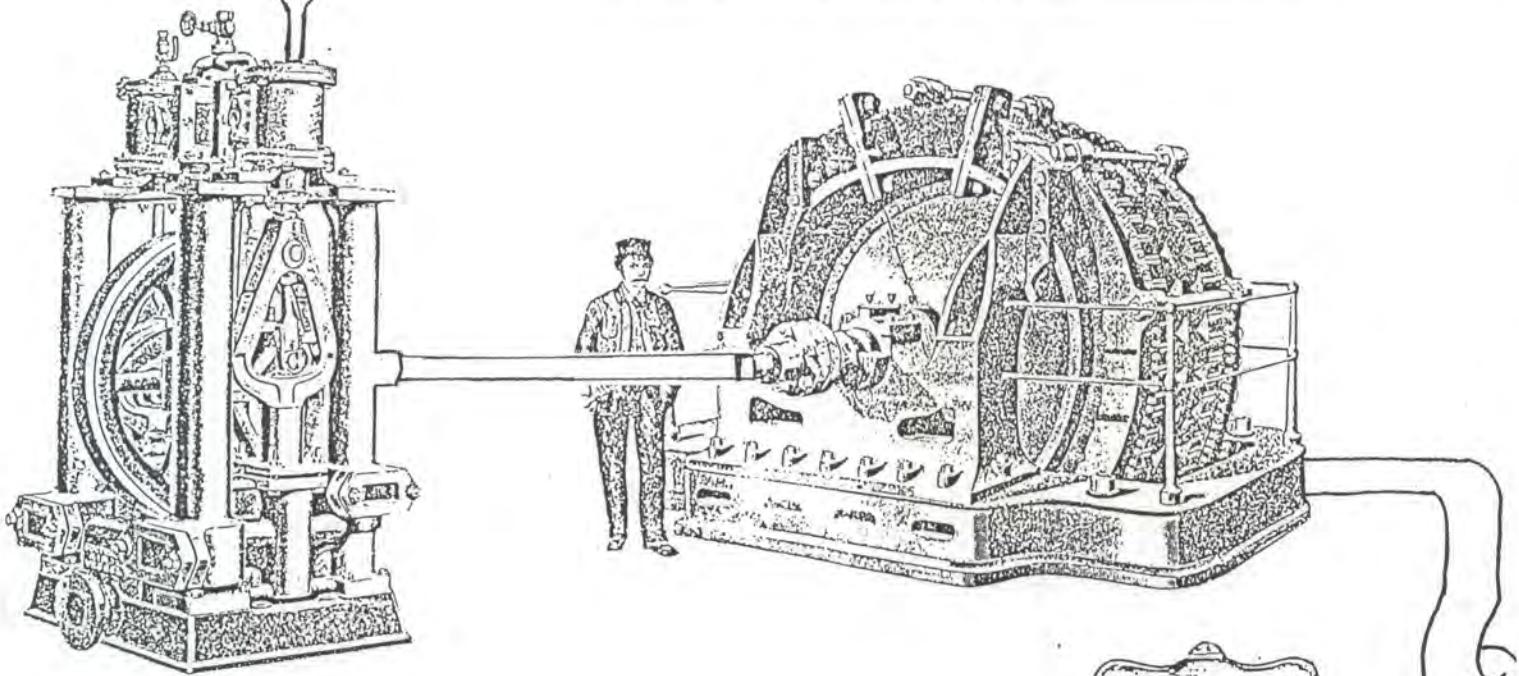
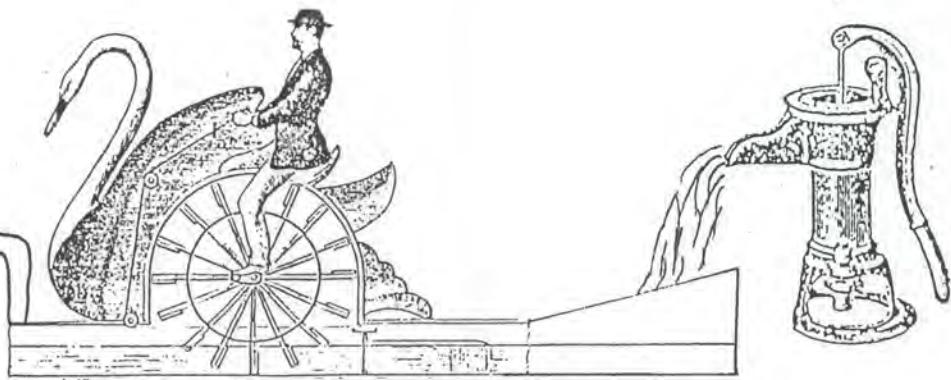


AND VAL ➤

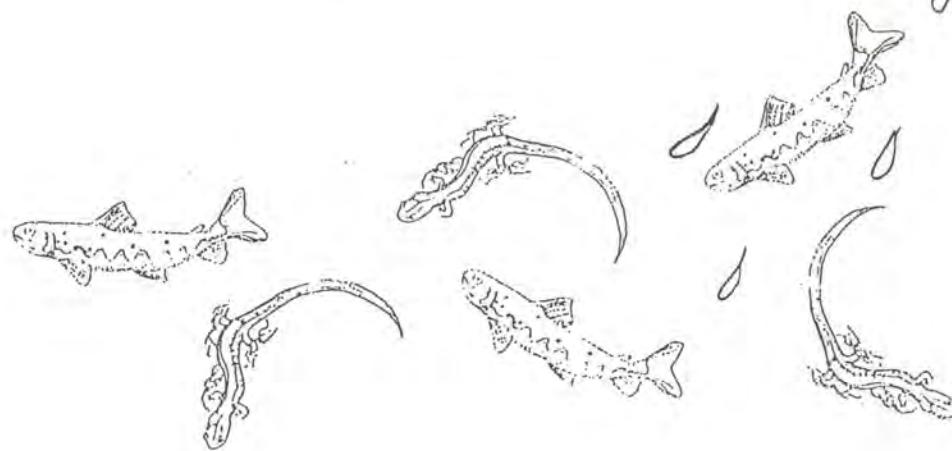
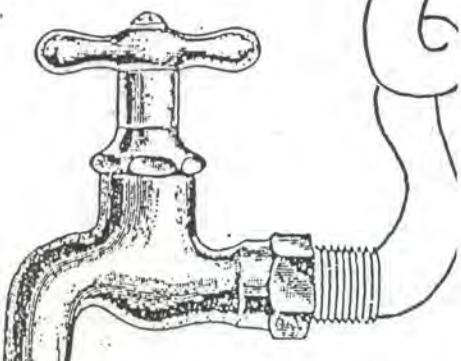
FACES &
PLACES

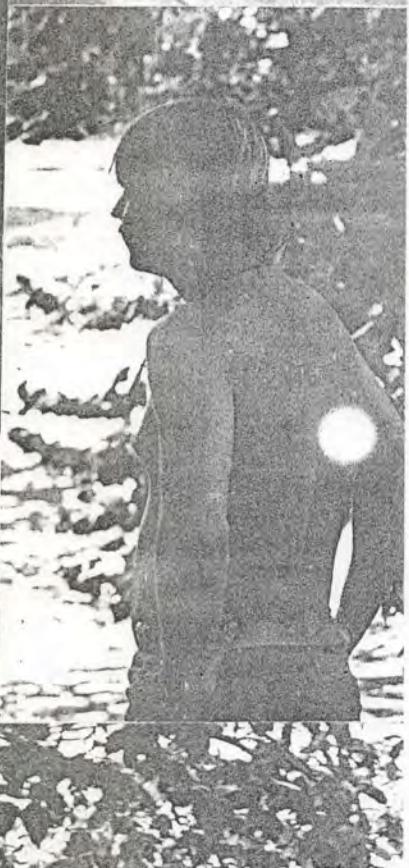






BILL'S WATERWORKS





OUR LADY OF PEACE HOSPITAL

EXCERPT, OFFICIAL REPORT

Physician: Dr. Louise Jekyll

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'lene by s'lene,
God, I need a stiff martini!
God, I need a modern plague
To strike these plants to the ground.

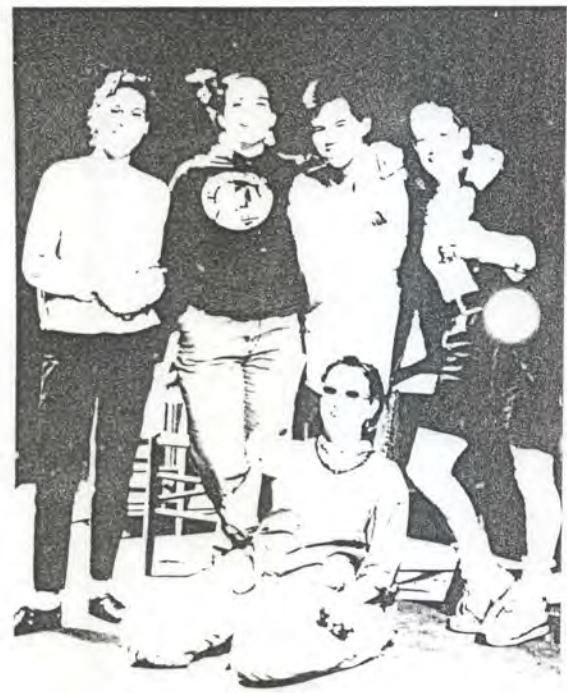
She continues singing this song in her isolation cell.



YOU'RE IN THE ECHOES NOW!!

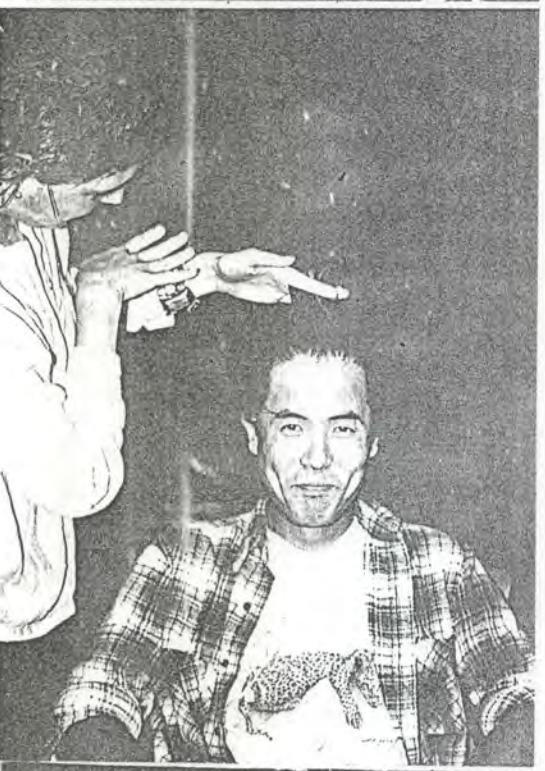


MOUSSE PARTY
HELD IN HONOR OF:
DR. DAVID McCAULEY



M
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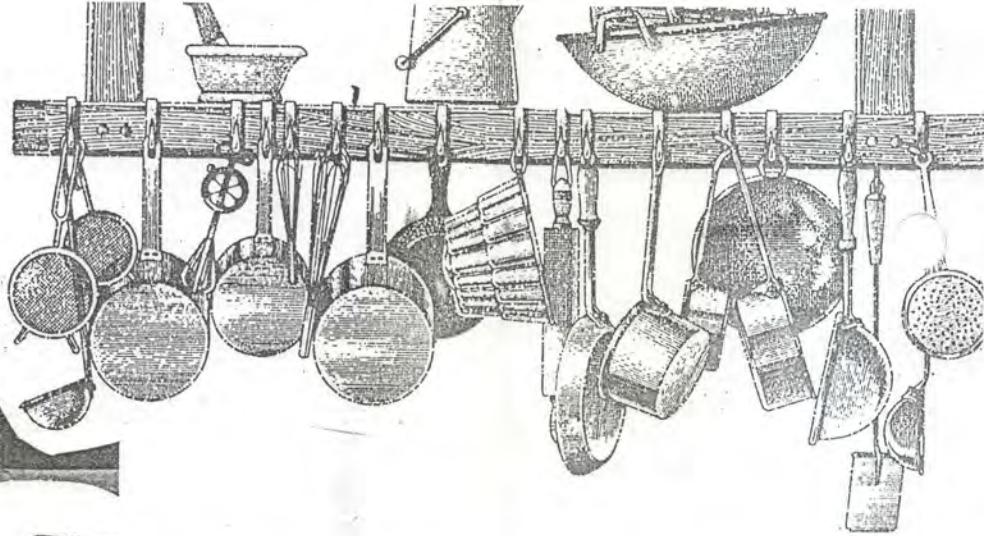
M
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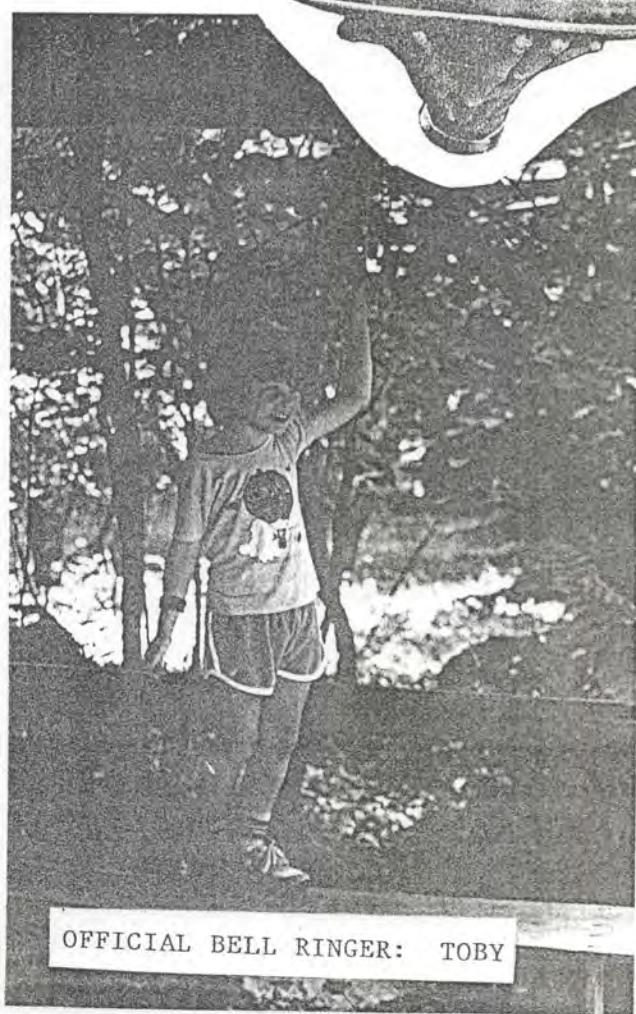
WHAT A CREW!!!



AYNE HUFFMAN, MGR.



PANZIE, MARY HELEN, JUDY, DONNIE

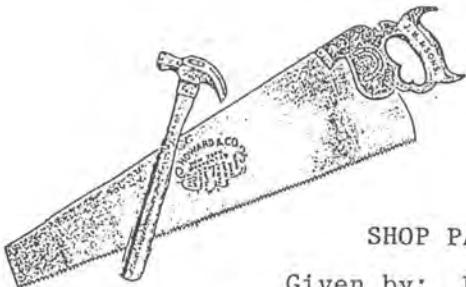


OFFICIAL BELL RINGER: TOBY



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

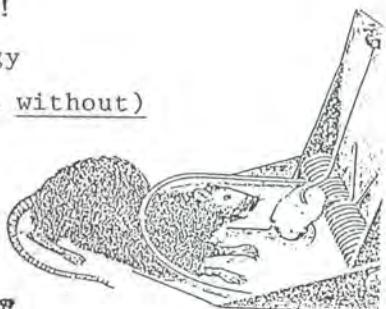


SEAFARER'S SHANTY

Given by: Anglebergers & Resetaritseys
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

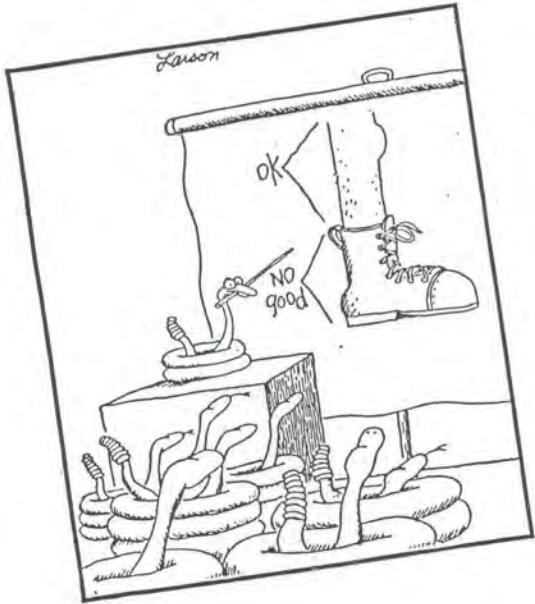
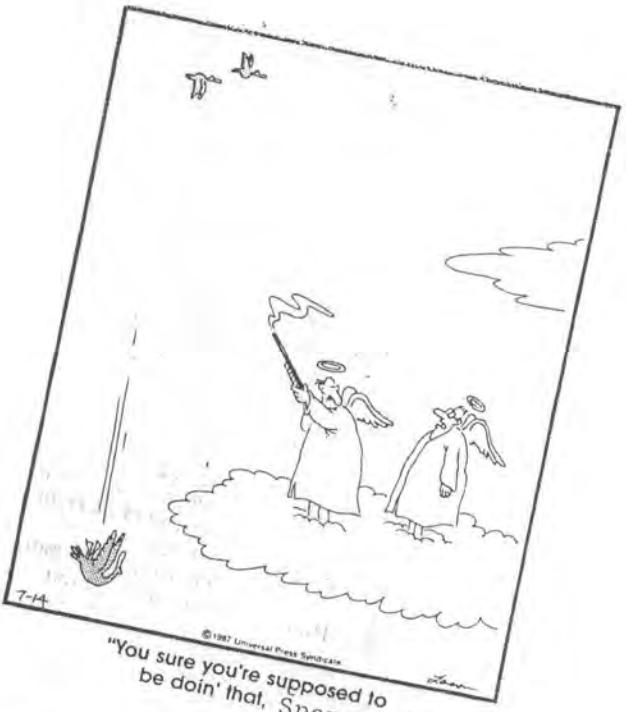
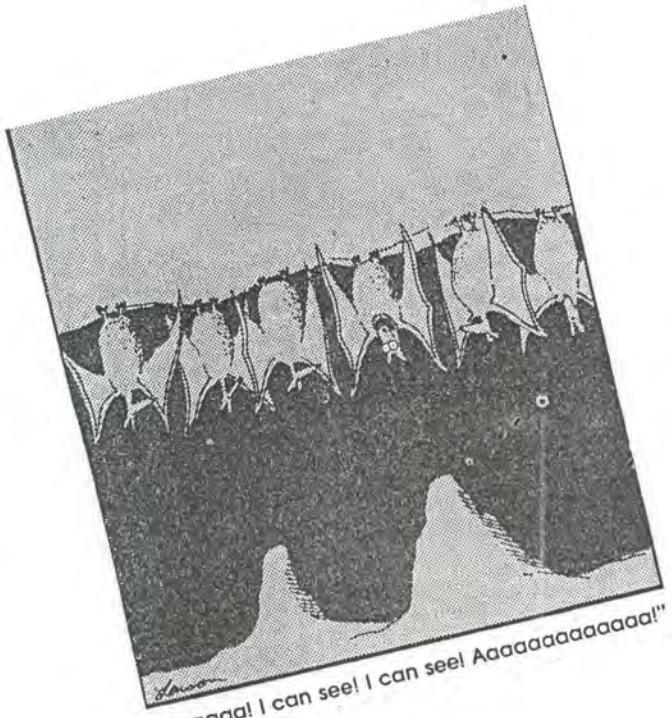


SALSA ON THE BEACH

Given by: Mt. Lake Research Gang
Drinks: Margaritas



YOU HAD TO BE THERE...





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 lame
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 eratica.

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^R
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.



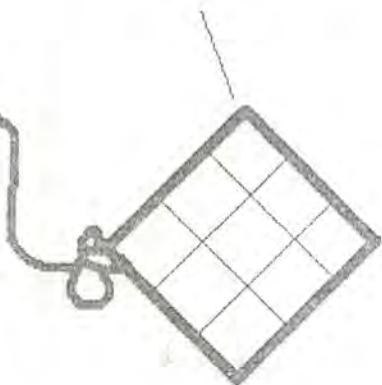


The meteorological
consequences of
field biology

Meter Stick
(For Erol Flynn
impersonation)



Quadrat
(Square frisbee)

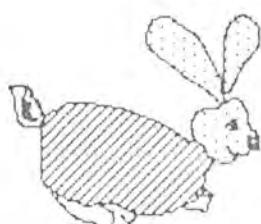


Foot damaged playing
volleyball



Plant A
Large showy easy to
identify - therefore
of no interest

Plant B
Small impossible to
identify - therefore
very important

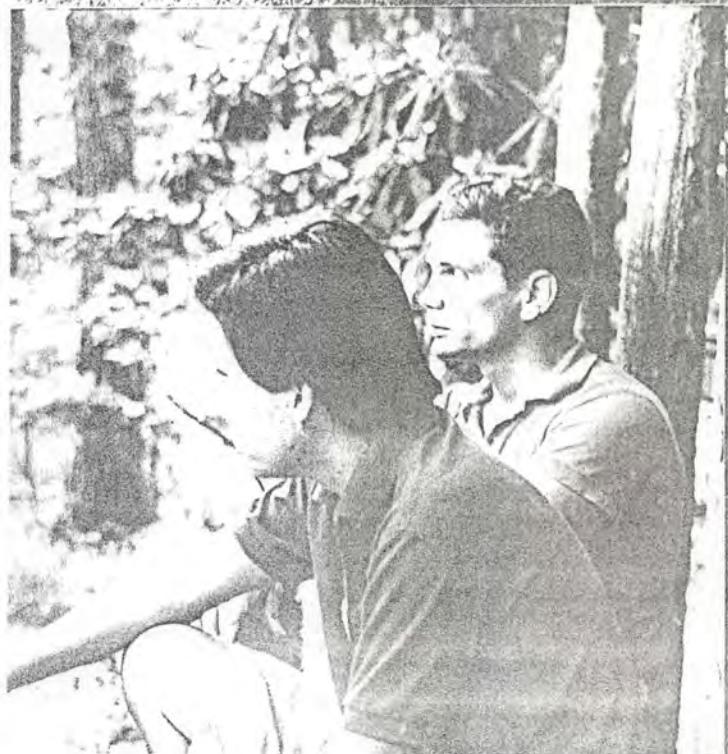


Animal
Unaware of lurking
Mammologist

A FIELD BIOLOGIST (*Ecologicus obscurans*)

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

K. Garbutt
& Mac



THE MOUNTAIN LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
A center for teaching and research on the biota of the
Southern Appalachian region.

8-16-87

Dear Keith, this summer has been difficult in many ways so we're pleased to send you good news. The seedbank experiment finally worked! We have found a seedling each of the last 2 days not counting seeds. Also, your computer seems able to resist lightning although we still plan to run a few more tests to confirm it's ~~not~~ OK. (Sorry, hope your bee stings are better.) Every thing is fine here, but we miss you! Paul, Anne, Bryan, Brian, Charles, and many others from the Michael G. cabin fire.

P.S. Your things from the Michael G. cabin fire.

MOUNTAIN LAKE

(with apologies to R. Kipling)

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 wot 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 somewhere near Hoges 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

SEED BANK
EXPERIMENT
IN PROGRESS!



POST CARD
Address

KEITH GARBURT
DEPT. OF BIOLOGY
W.V.U.
PO BOX 6057
MORGANTOWN
WV 26506

The Perils of Modular demography

A population biology student
In choosing his matrix was less than prudent.
The solution was a pain
Which led him to exclaim:

$$\begin{aligned} & ((x-a11)^*((x-a22)^*((x-a33)^*((x-a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a43^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a53))) \\ & a35^*((-a43^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a53)))+a23^*(-a53^*((x-a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a42^*(x \\ & a55))(-a45^*-a52))-a35^*((-a42^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a52)))-a24^*(-a32^*((-a43^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a53))-(x \\ & a33)^*((-a42^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a52))-a35^*((-a42^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a52)))+a25(-a32^*((-a43^*-a54)-((x \\ & a44)^*-a53))-(x-a33)^*((-a42^*-a54))-a34^*((-a42^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a52)))))-(-a12^*(\\ & a21^*((x-a33)^*((x-a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a43^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a53))-a35^*((-a43^*-a54) \\ & ((x-a44)^*-a53)))+a23^*(-a31^*((x-a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a41^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a51)) \\ & a35^*((-a41^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a51)))-a24^*(-a31^*((-a43^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a53)))-(x-a33)^*((-a41^*(x \\ & a55))(-a45^*-a51))-a35^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))+a25(-a31^*((-a43^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a53))-(x \\ & a33)^*((-a41^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a51))-a34^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))))+(-a13^*(-a21^*(-a32^*((x \\ & a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a42^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a52))-a35^*((-a42^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a52))) \\ & (x-a22)^*(-a31^*((x-a44)^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a54))+a34^*((-a41^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a51))-a35^*((-a41^* \\ & a54)-((x-a44)^*-a51)))-a24^*(-a31^*((-a42^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a52))+a32^*((-a41^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a51)) \\ & a35^*((-a41^*-a52)-(-a42^*-a51)))+a25(-a31^*((-a42^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a52))+a32^*((-a41^*-a54)-((x \\ & a44)^*-a51))-a34^*((-a41^*-a52)-(-a42^*-a51)))))-(-a14^*(-a21^*(-a32^*((-a43^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a53))-(x \\ & a33)^*((-a42^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a52))-a35^*((-a42^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a52)))-(x-a22)^*(-a31^*((-a43^*(x-a55)) \\ & (-a45^*-a53))-(x-a33)^*((-a41^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a51))-a35^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))-a23^*(-a31^*((\\ & a42^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a52))+a32^*((-a41^*(x-a55))(-a45^*-a51))-a35^*((-a41^*-a52)-(-a42^* \\ & a51)))+a25(-a31^*((-a42^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a52))+a32^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))+(x-a33)^*((-a41^*-a52) \\ & (-a42^*-a51)))))+(-a15^*(-a21^*(-a32^*((-a43^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a53))-(x-a33)^*((-a42^*-a54)-((x-a44)^* \\ & a52))-a34^*((-a42^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a52)))-(x-a22)^*(-a31^*((-a43^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a53))-(x-a33)^*((-a41^* \\ & a54)-((x-a44)^*-a51))-a34^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))-a23^*(-a31^*((-a42^*-a54)-((x-a44)^* \\ & a52))+a32^*((-a41^*-a54)-((x-a44)^*-a51))-a34^*((-a41^*-a52)-(-a42^*-a51)))+a24(-a31^*((-a42^*-a53)- \\ & a43^*-a52))+a32^*((-a41^*-a53)-(-a43^*-a51)))+(x-a33)^*((-a41^*-a52)-(-a42^*-a51))))=0 \end{aligned}$$

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.

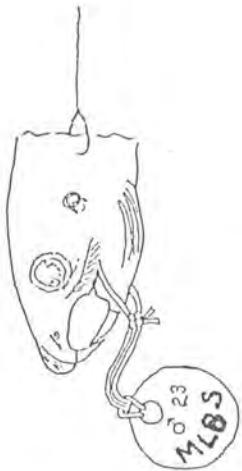
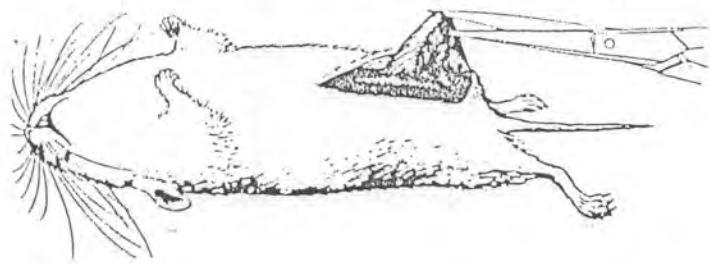
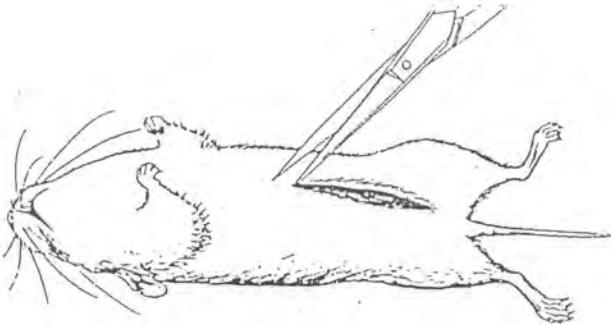
HOLD IT!

I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS PICTURE!



ANY DAY AT MOUNTAIN LAKE...



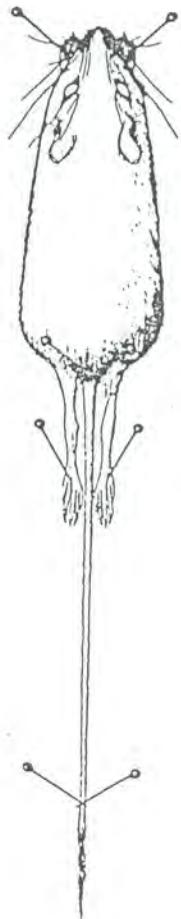
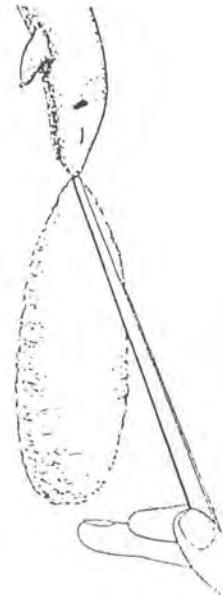


BRINGING IN THE TRAPS*

(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

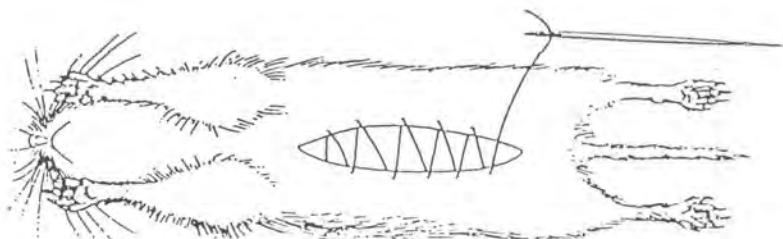


ON THE GRID AGAIN

(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.



MAMMALOGY OUT OF CONTEXT

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)

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

Carrion Face (Lise)

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 Guiness book of World Records? (GLK)

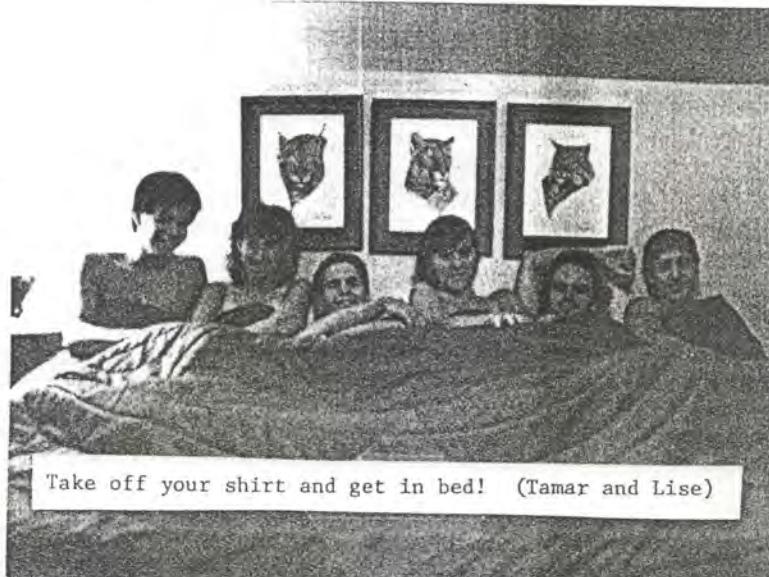
First we'll have a little Feat then we'll have a little Head (Lise)

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)





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

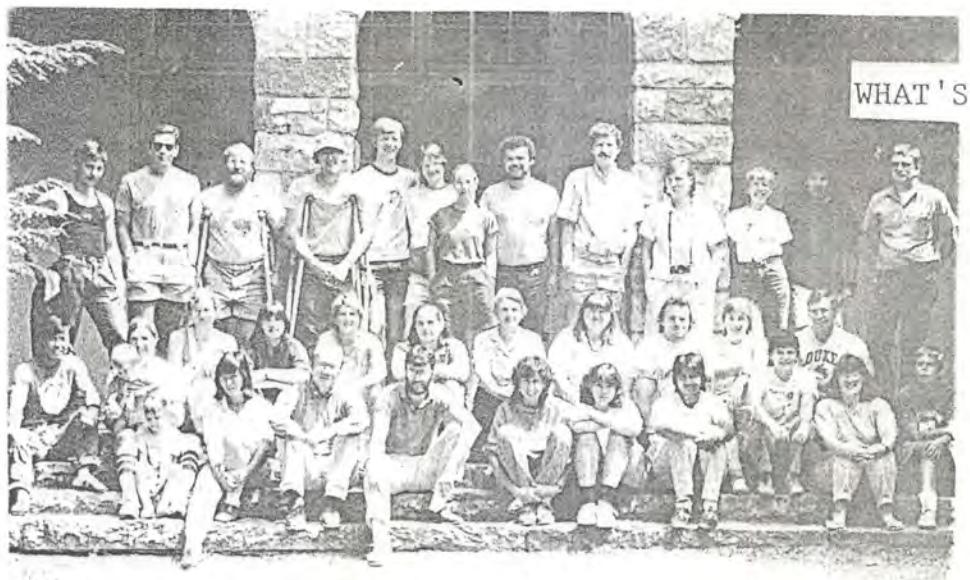
Henry Wilbur &

Norm Christensen, Comm. Ecology

Gordon Kirkland, Mammalogy

(not shown)

Keith Garbutt, Plant Pop.



WHAT'S
LEFT
OF
2ND
TERM

RESEARCH GANG

Standing: Laura Tritschler, Caroline Heckman, Kurt Fistrup, Ann Kelly, Blaine Cole, Bill Resetarits, Deb Hlavaty

Sitting: Lisa Wellborn, Alicia Mathis, Charlie Werth, Hiro Asami



A Message from the Director (1988)

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.

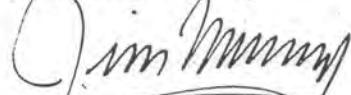
We are also looking toward an exciting summer at Mountain Lake in 1988. We have a star-studded faculty combining the best of past seasons with some new innovations. There will be a strong emphasis on population and evolutionary biology with Dave West giving Ecological Genetics, and Janis Antonovics and 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.

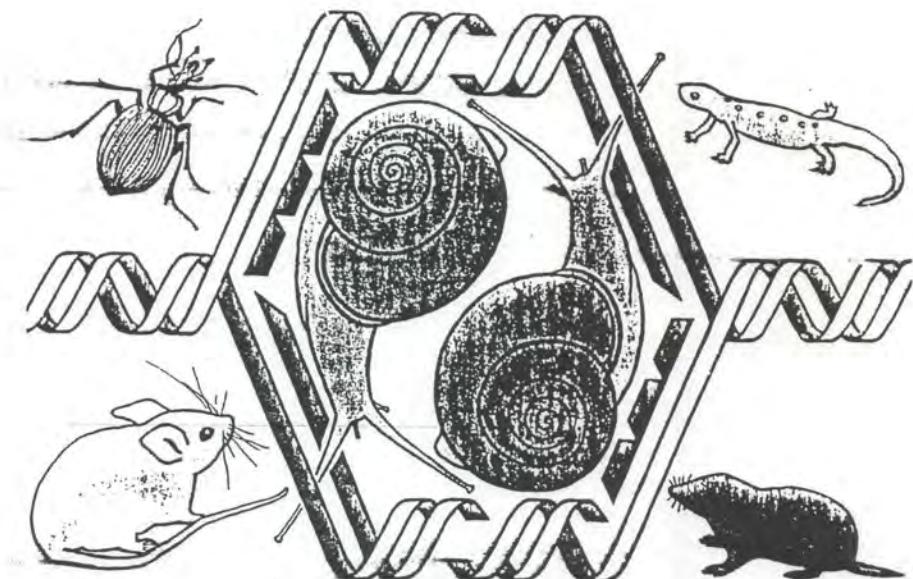
All the best,



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 ”

MIZU-UMI

NO

KANATA

NI

(OVER THE LAKE)

Coming soon!

to Quittin' Time Theatre, Mt. Lake Biological Station

Summer, 1988

Date will be noticed on major newspapers

For Reservation, Call 703-626-7196

MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION DIRECTORY - 1987

ALEXANDER, Dave & Helen Diane (ca. 8 mo.)	Dept. of Botany Univ. of Kansas Lawrence, KS 66044	Research (Hentz-Mohr)
ANGLEBERGER, Wayne & Mary Ann Tom (16)	Rt. 1, Box 152 Mt. Solon, VA 22843	Bus. mgr. & Secretary (Gattinger)
ASAMI, Takahiro (Hiro)	Dept. of Biology Univ. of Va. Charlottesville, VA 22901	Research (Laundry)
BAND, Henretta (Retta)	Dept. of Zoology Michigan State Univ. E. Lansing, MI 48824	Research (Laing Single)
BIXLER, Andrea	3912 Chenoweth Run Jeffersontown, KY 40299	Alexander assistant
BORENSTEIN, Ives	3580 Lorne Avex 707 Montreal, P.Q. 42X 2A7	Mammalogy (Deschweinitz)
BOUNDS, Richard	Mt. Olive College Mt. Olive, NC 28365	Alloz & research (Audubon)
CHAFFE, Bryan	Rt. 3, Box 301 Lexington, VA 24450	P/A Interations/Alloz. Plant Pop. Biology (Audubon)
CHRISTENSEN, Norm & Portia Jamey (13) Mary (11)	Dept. of Botany Duke University Durham, NC 27706	COMMUNITY ECOLOGY (Clayton)
COLE, Blaine	Dept. of Biology Univ. of Va. Charlottesville, VA 22901	DIRECTOR/research (Hariot)
CRISTOL, Dan	412 W. Price St. Philadelphia, PA 19144	Nolan/Ketterson assist. (Deschweinitz)
CROWE, Mary	3314 Enfield St. N.W. Canton, OH 44708	Ornithology Nolan/Ketterson assist. (Chapman)
DALY, Chris	6 N. Main St. Lexington, VA 24450	Ornithology (Audubon)
DANUFSKY, Tamar	3611 Julian Ave. Long Beach, CA 90808	Mammalogy (Chapman)
DOYLE, Jamie	1580 W. Pines Drive Charlottesville, VA 22901	P/A Interactions (Chapman)
DUNN, Becky	Dept. of Zoology Duke University Durham, NC 27706	Community Ecology (Elliott)
DUVAL, Ed	2910 Wighton Drive Richmond, VA 23235	Mammalogy (Audubon)
FORSYTHE, Sarah	8614 Overhill Rd. Leawood, KS 66206	P/A Interactions (Elliott)

FISTRUP, Kurt	401 Davis Road Bedford, MA 01730	Post-doc research (Laing West)
FULLER, Jenny	3301 Elder Park Rd. LaGrange, KY 40031	Alexander babysitter (Hentz-Mohr)
GARBUTT, Keith & Chris Toby (5) Gwyndaf (1)	Dept. of Biology West Va. Univ. P.O. Box 6057 Morgantown, WV 26506	PLANT POP. BIOLOGY (Michaux)
GATES, Kirsten	3210 Barbara Lane Fairfax, VA 22031	P/A Interactions (Elliott)
GOLDSWORTH, Rich	4818 E. 93rd St. Garfield Hgts., OH 44125	Plant Tax./Alloz. (Deschweinitz)
HANDEL, Steve & Joan Shanna (10) Danny (7) Ethan (4)	Dept. of Biol. Sci. Rutgers University Piscataway, NJ 08854	P/A INTERACTIONS (Clayton)
HECKMAN, Caroline	3615 Jemez Drive San Diego, CA 92117	McCauley assistant (Chapman)
HESTER, Garron	865 Wilmont Lane Newport News, VA 23602	P/A Interactions/ Alloz. (Audubon)
HLAVATY, Deb	Dept. of Biology Univ. of Va. Charlottesville, VA 22901	Research/Comm. Ecology (Laing Single)
HORTON, David	Dept. of Entomology Ft. Collins, CO 80523	Post-doc research (Laing West)
KELLY, Ann	110 E. Lynch St., Apt. C Durham, NC 27701	Plant Tax./Alloz. Werth assistant
KETTERSON, Ellen	Dept. of Biology Indiana University Bloomington, IN 47405	Research (Burns)
KIDD, Jane	P.O. Box 428 Daleville, VA 24083	Ketterson/Nolan assist. (Chapman)
KIRKLAND, Gordon & Carol Stephen (8)	The Vertebrate Museum Shippensburg Univ. Shippensburg, PA 17257	MAMMALOGY (Catesby)
LAWRENCE, Steve & Susan Matt (8) Kevin (5)	MLBS Rt. 1 Pembroke, Va 24136	Caretaker
LEMON, Kathy	8020 Orlando Clayton, MO 63105	Alexander assistant (Laing single)
MCCAULEY, Dave	Dept. of Biology Vanderbilt University Nashville, TN 37235	Research (Mitchell)
MCCOY, Earl & Cheryl Elizabeth (9) Chris (8)	Dept. of Biology Univ. of So. Florida Tampa, FL 33620	P/A INTERACTIONS (Reed)

MARINO, George	8010 Steadman St. Alexandria, VA 22309	Plant Taxonomy (Deschweinitz)
MATHIS, Alicia	Dept. of Biol. Sci. Univ. of SW Louisiana Lafayette, LA 70504	Research (Laing South)
MOORES, BRIAN	Rt. 1, Box 353 Dowell, VA 23047	Plant Pop. Biology (Laundry)
MURPHY, Tim	217 W. 30th St. Richmond, VA 23225	Mammalogy (Audubon)
NOLAN, Val	Dept. of Biology Indiana University	Research (Burns)
O'DONNELL, Sean	Dept. of Bio., Box 249118 Coral Gables, FL 33124	Plant Taxonomy (Audubon)
RABENOLD, Kerry & Patty Jessica (Jessy) (4) Andrea (Andy) (3)	Dept. of Biol. Sci. Purdue Univ. West Lafayette, IN 47907	ORNITHOLOGY (Michaux)
RESETARITS, Bill & Cheryl	Dept. of Zoology Duke University Durham, NC 27606	Research & Librarian (LeConte)
ROCHE, Bernie	5323A Wayne St. Raleigh, NC 27606	Community Ecology (Elliott)
RONSHAIM, MEG	Dept. of Botany Duke University Durham, NC 27706	Community Ecology (Elliott)
ROWE, Lise	1213-5 Wertland St. Charlottesville, VA 22903	Ornithology/Mammalogy (Chapman)
SKAGGS, Sean	11123 Leesburg Pike Herndon, VA 22070	McCauley assistant (Deschweinitz)
SMITH, Cyndy	9400 Talisman Drive Vienna, VA 22180	P/A Interactions (Elliott)
STEVENS, Lori	Dept. of Biology Univ. of Chicago Chicago, IL 60637	Post-doc research (Laing Center)
SUBRAMANIAM, Banu	Dept. of Zoology Duke University Durham, NC 27706	Community Ecology (Elliott)
SULLIVAN, John	4300 Ivanhoe Road Alexandria, VA 22304	Community Ecology (Deschweinitz)
TEESE, Paul	Twin Oaks Community Rt. 4, Box 169 Louisa, VA 23093	Plant Pop. Biology (Deschweinitz)
THOMAS, Libby	P.O. Box 9652 Hollins College, VA 24020	Plant Taxonomy (Elliott)

TOMB, Spencer	Div. of Biology Kansas State Univ. Manhattan, KS 66506	PLANT TAXONOMY (Catesby)
TRAVIS, Susanne	404 Lilac Lane Thomson, GA 30824	Community Ecology (Laing Single)
TRITSCHLER, Laura	107 Ballaire Lafayette, LA 70503	Asami assistant
UY, Robert	262 Colonnade Dr., Apt 5 Charlottesville, VA 22901	Mammalogy (Deschweinitz)
VEATCH, Paul	P.O. Box 4678 Charlottesville, VA 22905	Ornithology (Deschweinitz)
VOHRINGER, Louise	P.O. Box 5-174 Laurinburg, NC 28352	Plant Pop. Biology (Elliott)
WAGNER, Holly	Dept. of Biology Geo. Washington Univ. Washington, DC 20052	Research (Rafinesque)
WELLBORN, Lisa	1009 Maine St. Lawrence, KS 66044	Werth assistant (Elliott)
WERTH, Charlie	Dept. of Biol. Sci. Texas Tech University Lubbock, TX 79409	ALLOZYME WORKSHOP (Banister)
WESELY, Ed	Box 281 Milanville, PA 18443	Plant Tax./P/A Interactions (Laundry)
WHITLOCK, Mike	206 B 31st Ave N Nashville, TN 37203	McCauley assistant (Deschweinitz)
WILBUR, Henry & Becky Helen (4) Lindsay (1)	Dept. of Zoology Duke University Durham, NC 27706	COMMUNITY ECOLOGY (Reed)
WOLF, LICIA	Dept. of Biol. Indiana University Bloomington, IN 47405	Ketterson/Nolan research (Laing North)
WOLFF, Jerry	Dept. of Biology Villanova University Villanova, PA 19085	Research Maphis
ZIEGENFUS, Charles (Zig)	Math & Comp. Sci. Dept. James Madison University Harrisonburg, VA 22801	Ketterson/Nolan assist. (Laing NW)
ZIRKLE, Anne	Rt. 1, Box 12-B Critz, VA 24082	Plant Pop. Biology (Banister)