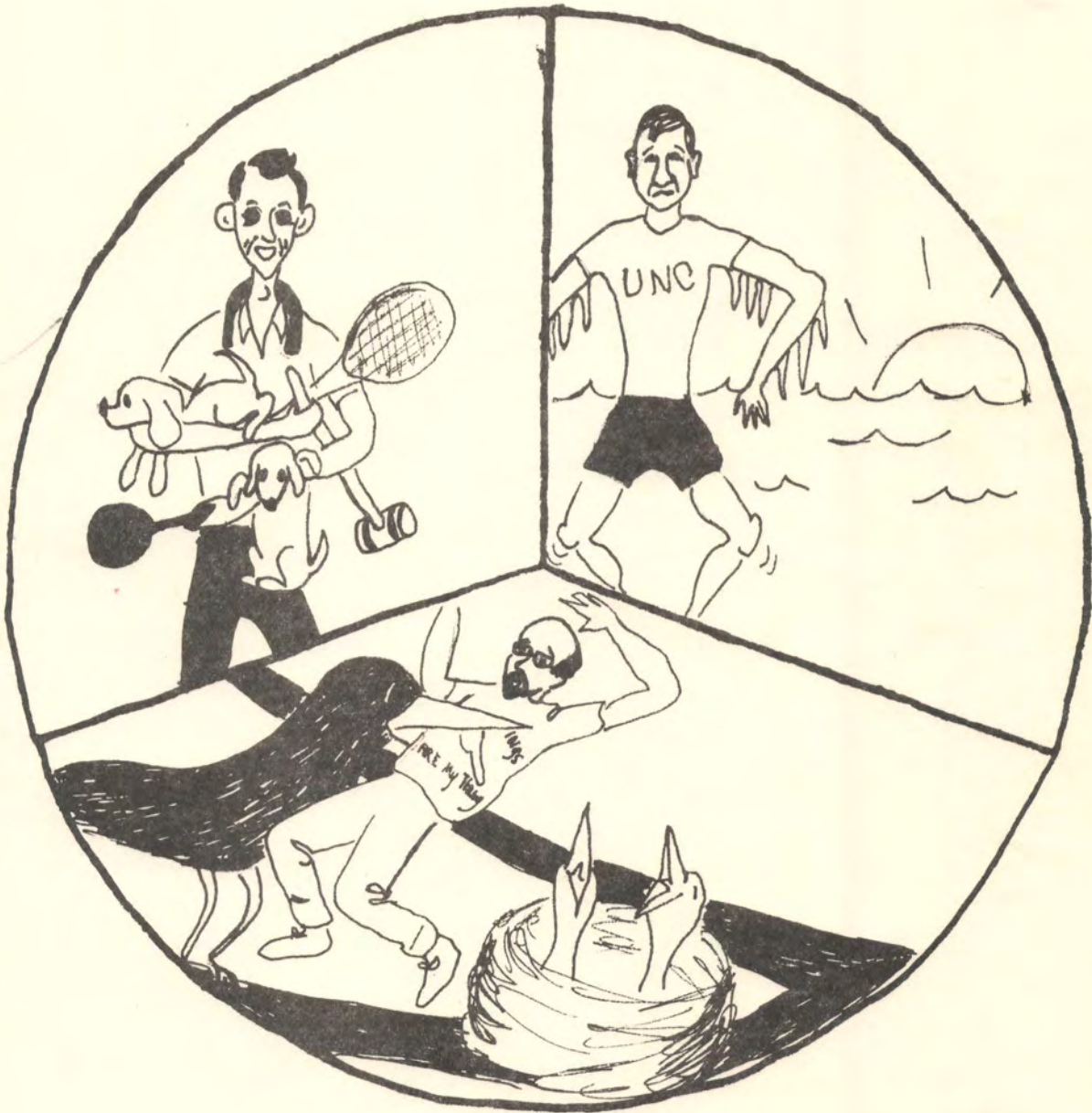


# ECHOES

1969



VOLUME 32

MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES

1969

Cover: Martha Rhoton

Director: James L. Riopel  
Business Manager: Mike Frank  
Secretary: Betty Levin  
Librarian: Ruth Waggoner  
Dieticians: Edith Robertson and Irene Rowland  
Cuisine Assistant: Buck Monroe  
Station supervisor (i.e., master of all trades,  
curer of all ills, solver of problems): Carlton Hite  
Postmaster-pizza-cooking-stability-keeper: Teeny Hite



A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Mountain Lakers:

Here's our Mountain Lake "Yearbook" for 1969. I'm sorry to be so long in getting the ECHOES to you. Of course, those of you who have been with me longer know that promises for October delivery of the ECHOES or "just as soon as I get back to the University" has usually meant before Christmas!

Actually I have good excuses this time. I have only recently returned from a national tour selling Golden Retriever puppies. Then, upon my return, Dr. Bell's pictures arrived; and another two or three weeks were required in cutting, pasting and decision-making. There were some pictures I just couldn't leave out -- Hello, Debbie!

For those of you planning to return to Mountain Lake next summer, Dr. Murray has arranged an excellent faculty:

FIRST TERM: June 10 through July 14

Algology	Dr. Francis K. Trainor University of Connecticut
Herpetology	Dr. Harry G. I. Jopson Bridgewater College
Invertebrate Physiology	Dr. Fred A. Diehl University of Virginia
Taxonomy of Seed Plants	Dr. A. Murray Evans University of Tennessee

SECOND TERM: July 16 through August 18:

Animal Behavior	Dr. Richard B. Hemmes Duke University
Ecological Genetics	Dr. David A. West Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Mammalogy	Dr. Charles O. Handley, Jr. U. S. National Museum
Pteridology	Dr. Warren H. Wagner, Jr. University of Michigan

I hope many of you can take advantage of this program. As in the past, service awards and NSF scholarships will be available.

In closing, I wish to thank the faculty and students for a most pleasant summer. I hope that all of you found your stay at Mountain Lake profitable and I hope you will return as often as you can. My very best wishes to you all for the coming year.

Sincerely,  
J. Riopel



Mountain



Lake



1969

Biological Station







Mountain Lake

Groups







DR. FRYE'S GENERAL HOSPITAL

"From the frying pan into the fire,"--DAVID'S favorite; across the hall was a "newtist" colony; "Ch, MRS. OWINGS!!; DR. FRYE: "Two Chinese scientists, Porter and Jones..."; JESS'S special chair; coffee always boiling; LORRIE: "Anyone care for a piece of chewing gum?"; DAVID running down the path yelling, "It's over!!"; Peromycuses running loose in the lab; Those red efts never did migrate, did they?; noisy chickens; Beware ether--no smoking; "Germs, Jesus Christ, and Santa Claus--none of which I've ever seen!"--one of MRS. OWINGS' gems; DR. BELL stopping in to ask "how's your glands?"; DR. FRYE: "Today we are going to discuss sexual development." DAVID: "But DR. FRYE, when do we get to the dirty part!"

There were eight of us: Jess, Mrs. Owings, Evelyn, Lorrie, Andrew, Lyfe, Cliff, and Joan--our lab assistant (whether she knew it or not!)

The "gang" worked in what one might call a do-it-yourself lab. Who ever thought we'd end up with a shaker by bubbling the air hose in our sink! Even Dr. Bell helped our cause with two clothespins for our dehydrating contraption--a favor which we later rewarded him with some dried frogs for his very own.

But what truly made the course unforgettable was Dr. Frye's tremendous enthusiasm for biology and his subtle wit. He showed a genuine interest in his students that was greatly appreciated. Those parties were fun, too!! (Thank you, Dr. and Mrs. Frye and the small Fryes.)

DAVID: "Yes, but when do we get to the dirty part?"

Lorrie Harvey  
Andrew Johnston

## ENTOMOLOGY

Could there really be 240 species of crane flies in a 5-mile radius of Mt. Lake? Ask Dr. Byers if you don't believe it - rather, ask the members of the Ent. Class!!!!!!

"The only organisms that have wings that are not simply modified walking appendages are Angels, Elves, Fairies, Pegasus and Insects." Thus began the lecture on "How to Fly".

M.U. - (Russian abbreviation) meaning Most Unfortunate.

It seems the Entomology Class had a special use for purple T.P. (toilet paper), in their killing jars??!!!!!!

Madeline gave Dr. Byers the biggest chocolate-covered doorknob he'll ever see. Speaking of chocolate-covered doorknobs, Dick got his share of them by having to clean out dirty aquatic insect dishes.

Remember 7 tests in 5 weeks!!

The class may have never gone on collecting trips had it not been for Nelson. It seems he had a way with the gears on narrow roads and along ledges. When Nelson wasn't in the lab, he and Ken could always be found on the tennis courts. Ken absolutely LOVED drawing the external anatomy of the grasshopper. Any comment, Red?

Just ask Judy how to put out fires in cars. She has more than first-hand experience. Judy, that was quite a day at the gas station. I bet you never forget to carry your pocketbook with you when you go into Pembroke again!!!!!!

who in the class but Anne received bugs in her letters from her husband. Anne's imagination and talent resulted in a delightful party for Dr. Byers.

George contributed to the party with his aedeagus and ovipositor key. What were you really expecting at Mt. Lake that caused you to turn around and go back to Blacksburg? Do you still take catnaps in class????

Whenever there was any sort of confusion in lecture, Kathy always asked the questions we didn't even know how to state. You don't know what a help you were.

Shirley Howard always had bugs that no one else could imagine existed.

Madeline was always dreaming of bugs. Are you still having that problem???



Shirley Wells could always be seen with an aquatic net trying to get aquatic larvae.

Dr. Byers has this thing about an old hat and USING UPPER AND LOWER CASE LETTERS IN THE SAME WORD.

Elaine Kurtz probably won't look for termites if all she finds are copperheads. Mt. Lake had an extra tickle when it was 6:30 a. m.

Numerous times Dr. Bell saved our class from, how shall I say it, Falling Asleep. No other class can brag about taking a morning off to go swimming, just because the sun was shining, isn't that right, Dr. Bell?

Could it be possible that Emily has grown accustomed to her compound eyes? Emily was always busy with her table in the dining hall, and when not there, she was collecting moths and butterflies.

After hardworking days, Dr. Byers entertained his Ent. class with numerous organ preludes, sonatas, etc. Remember "O Holy Night" in the middle of July, "America the Beautiful", "Swanee", and, oh, we can't forget the concerts conducted, directed, and presented by our illustrious song-master, George.

The following is the song, written by Shirley Wells, Shirley Howard, Kathy ---- etc. for Dr. Byers' Party.

(Sung to the tune of the Blue-Tailed Fly)

we came to you 5 weeks ago  
To learn of bugs from head to toe  
And so with glue and labels and pins  
On a big assignment we did begin.

Chorus:

5 whole weeks, we've plenty of time  
To catch our bugs and put 'em in line  
with nets and bottles of cyanide  
The bugs decided 'twas best to hide.

The second week had several highlights  
One of which was counting mites  
A trip down the mountain was made real quick  
To collect some bugs at Sinking "Crick".

Chorus:

3 more weeks, not as much time  
To catch our bugs and put 'em in line  
And so we swatted those nets around  
And beat the bugs right to the ground.



The last 2 weeks went zipping by  
we learned about wings and how to fly  
But our tarsi just would not leave the ground  
So to the lab we're "insect bound".

Chorus:

The session is drawing to an end  
we're so tired we can hardly "pin"  
But after 5 weeks we've got the gist  
Of how to become 'n entomologist!!!!!!!

WELL, WHY NOT??????????

Elaine L. Kurtz



## ORNITHOLOGY

Members of the Ornithology class at Mountain Lake this summer were: Eileen Anderson, Mary Ann Angleberger, Julie Armbrister, Monte Barger, Sallie Briggs, Martha Frances Herrin, Don Hornung, Bob Hunter, Alison MacNaughtan, Walter Medwid, Jack Khoton, Joe Taliaferro, Pat Tedesco, and Tom Wampler.

Webster defines ornithology as "the branch of zoology dealing with birds". In the satiated five weeks this summer at Mountain Lake, the ornithology class dealt with just about every aspect of bird life, ranging from the stuffing of birds to learning how to imitate the call of the barred owl.

Many field trips were taken throughout the course. During the morning, short trips were usually taken on or near the station grounds. The modified deciduous forest around the station make it possible for flourishing bird life. The class found approximately twenty-five species nesting on the ten-acre station compound. Longer field trips were taken in the afternoon. This gave the class an opportunity to observe and study birds living at lower elevation. At the end of the five weeks, data had been collected on about seventy-five species of birds.

One requirement of the course consisted of selecting a nest while it was under construction and writing an extensive paper describing nest-building, egg-laying, incubation, hatching, physical and psychological developing of the young, and the study of parental care. This project required many hours of attentive observation and members of the class could frequently be seen sitting in a "brush pile" observing their particular bird.

Setting up mist nets for the purpose of catching and banding birds proved to be an interesting experience for members of the class. Mist nets were set up two times during the five-week period. The first nets were placed in a spruce bog about one-half mile off the station grounds. Many different birds were caught ranging from an oven bird to a red-breasted grossbeak. Since the nets had to be checked each half hour, members of the class got plenty of exercise walking down to the bog.

A day was set aside for the purpose of learning how to stuff birds. This proved to be an unique experience for the class. One member of the class, Tom Wampler, had previous experience in bird mounting and stuffing. An Indigo Bunting mounted by Tom will be placed in the laboratory lobby.

While walking through the woods on a field trip one afternoon, a barred owl flew over our heads in such a manner that only a silhouette view of it was seen. Intrigued by the huge bird, members of the class wanted a better view of the owl and insisted that Dr. Johnston give out his famous barred owl call to bring



the bird in closer. The song of the barred owl goes something like this: "who cooks for you-who cooks for you all." After hearing Dr. Johnston calling the owl, Mary Ann Angleberger was inspired to write the following poem dedicated it to Dr. Johnston.

On top of the mountain  
All covered with fog  
We walked with Doc Johnston  
Way down to the bog.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

We set up our mist nets  
But to our surprise  
Found no indigo buntings  
For they are too wise.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

We rode down the mountain  
Stopped under some trees  
To eat lots of cherries  
And look at Aves.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

We went to the valley  
And there we did see  
Just potfulls of birdies  
A sittin' in trees.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

We watched o'er our bird nests  
With much T.L.C.  
And wrote down the happenings  
For you to read.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

The chimbley sweep will  
Go down in fame  
Like chestnut-sided's  
As Jack will acclaim

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

But none can deny when  
It comes to the test  
Doc Johnston's barred owl  
Surpasses the rest.

Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all  
Singing who cooks for you-who cooks for you all.

To members of the class, it was a great honor to have had Dr. Johnston as professor of the course. Dr. Johnston is a distinguished and noted ornithologist from the University of Florida. He not only made the course stimulating and interesting but instilled in his class a desire to become more knowledgeable about bird life.

Jack Khoton



LAURENT OF A FIELD BIOLOGIST  
by George W. Folkerts

(Reprinted from Turtox News,  
posted on dining hall bulletin board)

My former choice collecting spots  
Are shopping center parking lots.  
The meadow, once abuzz with bee,  
Is still now, thanks to DDT.  
Shades of Rachel Carson...  
whatever will become of me?

The glen where trilliums lolled in shade  
And toadlets hopped, and chipmunks played,  
In a watery grave has lain for years  
Drown by the Corps of Engineers.  
My wild world is sinking fast...  
whatever will become of me?

The marsh, a haunt of coots and rails  
where Typha waved and wagged its tails  
Succumbed to an ignominious fate  
It's a cloverleaf on the Interstate.  
Nature heaves a dying breath...  
whatever will become of me?

Clear birch-edged stream with fauna rank  
with iris blue upon your bank  
Your poisoned pools I now scan  
My seine haul yields one Falstaff can.  
Everything I love is gone...  
whatever will become of me?

The fields are being, with great precision  
Transformed into a subdivision  
The eagle falls, the lily dies  
And on the road a 'possum lies.  
No doubt what will become of me...  
Molecular Biology.  
(a fate worse than death...  
added by anonymous Mtn. Laker)

VOLLEYBOWL

Gary over here by request. Yall hurtin', huh? Too much spin? Ouch! The sun's wicked! hey, let's play a game. worked well yesterday, didn't it!? Yea, we beat ya...Put her in the middle...Are we pingin? O.K., let's go! No, we're volleying. wait!! Just once more. Beautiful. Good, good...Oh! good grief! (as ball sails into ferns) Andrew! yer good tonight. What's the score? Four to five! I got it! (ball hits ground) Umph...ugh...puff, puff... Five to one? One to five? Oh, dear! oops... I got it. Oh\*%\$#&@?!, wheeeeeee...I'm warmed up! Don't. That's not safe. What's the score? Eight to two. Oh! Sorry! (injured player removed from court, dirt kicked over blood). That sun is wicked. Alright. Nice. Lucky. way to be. Six to eight. Good play. Nice. Set 'em up. Oh! the gnats! the sun! They're no-see-ums! Out, Out! good...what a set up! that's ten. Pretty. Nice. Beautiful. That wasn't out, was it? No, it was good. Good shot! Do you want to join us? Go in the center....An's in the net! Oh! Sorry Andrew...Oh\*%\$#@?!?... what's the score now? Eight to seven, The Queen can help! Go Queenie...what a woman! Sorry Jack. You can only hit it once! But girls can hit it twice! Not in this game. Ten to seven. Oops.. Sorry! Someone was in the net! It was John! Yer serve. Have you heard? Let's go, Andrew. Typist at two dollars an hour. who's that? what's the score? Bouncing Betty Levin, of course. such a deal!! Twelve to ten. I even aimed that one. Give it to me! Whump... Mary Ann, just because you are wearing glasses, we still know you... Good serve, missed by two inches. Eighteen! Over! Twenty. Twenty-one coming up... we'll take walter. You ain't got nothing if we don't give it to ya! Let's change sides. I'm looking forward to that. It's gonna be a good game...Loosen up! Let's go Nelson. That was four hits! No, it wasn't! I didn't hit it...well, it sure looked it! Alright, alright. Kill it! Get in there. Good show... foot ball. Good Mary Beth, way to play. Good move. I got it... ohhhh.. plop,whunk... uffph.. Oh blast! I didn't say that! Just because you use words like that! All I say is phooey. Richard, stop preying on people! Good hit, Betsy. Oh, kittens. Jesus, get it. Alright! who are you visiting here? Dr. Hobbs is my father. Oh! Fourteen to ten. Set it up! He just served. Let's get up front...Yeah Andrew... way to be... Up with it. Jim, those are the breaks boy! Pick on someone your own size, Gary. Two fingers. Sorry Sallie! Game! Is it game? Did we lose again?



## THE ENDLESS ORGY

(A play in three ax)

LOCATION: You mean you don't know either?

## DRAMATIC PERSONS:

Haggus, played by Allison  
Plant, played by Dr. Bell  
Irving, played by Dr. Riopel  
(Plus anyone else foolish enough to drop in)

ACT I:

Scene 1: The lawn of Mountain Lake Biological Station, a bustling suburb of Pembroke, Virginia, world's center for cave production. Haggus, Plant, and Irving are engaged in a bit of intellectual tete a tete. (Actually, it doesn't have a thing to do with the rest of the play, but it does represent the level of minds to be found lurking around)

HAGGUS: You're always saying nasty things about me, Plant and it's just not fare.

PLANT: I'll drink to that!

HAGGUS: You degenerate Americans.

IRVING: Now, now, this is just not right. I will not have this constant bickering among my slaves.

PLANT: You degenerate Northerners.

HAGGUS: Well, I must go to the lab. Josephine and Napoleon Bonaparte (played here by Walt and Mary Beth, respectively) must be bathed. Good bye, sweet Plant.

PLANT: Is that a promise?

ACT II

Scene 1: The wreck room. (Was that Wasteland or Waste Land, Mr. Eliot?) Another of those wild (?) parties is going on. Haggus doth sleep (for the 89th consecutive hour) on the bed. Plant is asleep (but still a country boy) on the bed. Irving is asleep on the bed. Come to think of it, everybody is asleep on the bed. That lab alcohol really breaks up parties, huh, Plant? Suddenly, HAIR

(played by some unfortunate cretin affectionately called John) bursts into the room.

HAIR: The Plethodonts are coming, the Plethodonts are coming!

DR. BROOKS: (who is perfectly able to play himself, thank you.) This can mean but one thing--the endemics are seeking new land to conquer. We must hasten and plant a spruce-fir forest in their way to stop them. Or is that oak-hickory?

THOMAS: I've a better idea. We'll scoop them up in one fowl swoop and engage some unmerciful creature of the night to devour them in a single sadistic gulp. Now I just happen to know of this black and white furry thing in the back of a cave...

MARY: (from the House of Thomas) Now you're all just getting all upset. Let's all go to my apartment and discuss it, intelligently, over 14 gallons of coffee.

MARY ANN and RICHARD: (feigning a choral speaking group) Perhaps if we could weave 173 miles of extra-thin mist net...

MONTE: (speedily) Don't be ridiculous, net would never suffice to contain a raging Plethodont. What we need is an expert trapper. Now, having had some experience with trapping various and sundry species of cat...

BILL: Maybe a vole-squad would be in order. Were we to capture 3100 cannableistic voles, trained to become furious at the sight of a Plethodont...

LEE and CAROLYN: Whatever happens, be sure to save one corps so we can key it out..Nothing worse than a Plethodont traversing life without an identity.

BETSY, SALLY and ETHYL: (somewhat in unison) All these plans are totally without reason. We shall personally and valiantly lead them to certain death in the depths of Tawney's Cave. And should we ourselves never return...

IRVING: (remember him?) No, we could never sentence your young, precious bodies to such a fate. There must be some better use for them. Alas, there is but one answer: we shall incur a backward advance off the mountain.

HAIR: But we've only been here ten weeks!



IRVING: It makes nihil difference. We and our prodigy, er, progeny will leave on the morrow.

And so the tradition was founded. Each summer since, a select (?) handful of people make their way to the top of Salt Pond Mountain and spend ten weeks in worship of Nature, in remembrance of the futule attempt to colonize the mountain.

### ACT III

Scene 1: A lonely figure hunches over his work, trying to figure out how in the heck he can make this into a three-act play, as advertised. Obviously, there is no way, but a single thought assaults his brain and bursts onto the page: TODAY, MOUNTAIN LAKE; TOMORROW THE WORLD!

John Bazuin  
Bill Evans

MYCOLOGY

"Are we all here?", Dr. Alexopoulos begins. "No? Where is our friend from the north?"

"Otto saw him at breakfast," says Fred.

This was not an unusual happening for the lecture part of the day as Danyl was generally the last to arrive.

"It's about time," the doctor said with his usual grin. "We've been waiting for you."

Danyl recovered by his usual tactic, "For me? Oh, how kind."

After the class had settled back to silence, Dr. Alexopoulos began to describe the phylogenetic importance of Dipodascus, one of the members of the sub-class Hemiascomycetidae. This possible link between the Zygomycetes and the Ascomycetes was thoroughly explored and a few generalized theories followed concerning evolution of the fungi using Dipodascus as an intermediary.

The class discussed certain points in review for the coming exam and especially the particular zygosporangium structure seen during the laboratory periods.

Dr. Alexopoulos reminded the class, "You will remember we looked at Absidia which has spine-like appendages." As this thought slowly recalled certain forms to the class, Dr. Alexopoulos drew a diagram on the board and a faint exclamation, "Groove", could be heard. He then asked, "what is another example of zygosporangium structure that has appendages?"

Nelson immediately answered, "Phycomyces."

"Yes, now what kind of appendages does Phycomyces have?", he continued.

There was a brief silence from the class and a little prompting was needed. "Antler-like" he said and drew a diagram for emphasis.

"Oh, groove."

"No!" he countered. "Freaky!"

Amid the uproar from the class, Dr. Alexopoulos began again. "Now in lab, you can review the slides, your notes or ask questions. I will be in the next room if you need me."



As he left the room, the great shuffle began as the apprentice mycologists looked through their respective culture collections in hopes of finding one to hand in for credit. As usual, Frank had something very unusual.

"John, come look at this. You will cry when you see these."

"What do you have, Frank?"

"I have produced another first, growing truffles in culture."

Fred looks with amazement and a little doubt and exclaims, "Goll-l-ee."

Dr. Alexopoulos quickly came back into the room to check on The Noise and Frank calls him over to see his culture. Dr. Alexopoulos looks and says with a slight grin, "This is beautiful. Put it in a moist chamber and make a Riddell Mount."

This last suggestion, although a very productive tool of study, always had a silencing effect on the class. Frank, not to be outdone, exclaims with force, "Life is too short for Riddell Mounts."

A defiance of this sort is one step from disaster and it could have been fatal except Julie (Alias Mother Cedar waxwing) was bubbling over with the latest news on the Great Plasmodium.

"Dr. Alexopoulos" she said eagerly, "Did you realize the Great Plasmodium was out on the lawn last night?"

"Oh, really? Did you see it?"

"Yes, one of its little plasmodia had the hiccups and it gave it away."

Stories of this sort were very common during the length of the course and they were most prevalent just before exams.

Frank, looking a little pale after his bout with Riddell Mount, turned and said to Fred, "Well, Fred. It is time to leave. I have to go home to rest."

"Are you tired already Frank?"

"Yes, my rare tropical disease is affecting me."

As the two leave, the rest of the class scurries to clean up their own area and Dr. Alexopoulos enters and says, "You have one minute to ask any questions and then I leave. No questions? Goodbye." Eventually the last of the class straggles out and heads for lunch.



## FOR WHO? THE BELL TOLLS

JULY 4, 1969

Sallie Briggs  
 Andrew Johnston  
 Alison MacNaughtan

I would just like to say how fascinating the celebrations of the last few days have been to us from Britain. It is the feeling of loving parents looking at the birthday or some such event of their adolescent child. Even though that child has been slightly wayward in the past, it is still a pleasure to see the approach to maturity of one of our offspring.

However, I feel it only right that there should be some perspective, that now is the appropriate time to introduce you all to some real history. To this end, after much consideration and deliberation we, that is, Sallie, Alison and myself, have deemed it fitting that, as a token of the typical British characteristic of forgiveness, that some award should be made to seal Anglo-American allegiance, to let by-gones be by-gones.

We felt it advisable to give this award to one individual and that he should be the representative here for all of you, who are on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

As you all know, the highest award given is the Knight Order of the Garter; and whether this esteemed award should be given at the present time was a painful and difficult decision to make. However, after much thought, we felt that we were indeed justified.

The history of the origins of this illustrious award are somewhat obscure, but a short sojourn in the archives of the Pembroke library perhaps provides some clue. I feel a certain tremble of excitement as I read to you this rare, nay unique document today, which incredibly was found on dusty shelves but a few miles from here. At the risk of sacrilege we have added a short last stanza to this epic of English literature to make it more relevant to the present context.

In days of old, when Knights were bold,  
 And women sold for barter,  
 The days were short, the nights were long,  
 There was no need for garters.

In middle-ages I believe,  
 Since Knights increased in number,  
 The ladies they did have to wear  
 A garter in their slumber.



But certain ladies were excused,  
By means of Royal charter,  
That their fine lords could have their fling,  
If, he did wear the garter!

A certain man has come to light  
who fits this order well,  
We think you know who that may be,  
Of course, it's Doctor Bell!!

Gimme That Diploid Condition  
(Tune: Gimme That Ole Time Religion)

Chorus: after each verse

Gimme that diploid condition  
Gimme that diploid condition  
Gimme that diploid condition, it's good enough for me.

1. There are autoallooctoploids  
There are autoallooctoploids  
There are autoallooctoploids, but that is not for me.

Chorus:

2. Oh, the tetraploids are bigger ... (but that is not for me.)
3. Oh, the triploids they are sterile ... (and that is not  
for me.)
4. But a diploid it is basic ... (and it is good enough for me.)
5. It's been tried by natural selection ... (and it's good  
enough for me.)
6. It gives recombination ... (and it's good enough for me.)
7. It produces translocations ... (and it's good enough for me.)
8. It survives bad mutations ... (and it's good enough for me.)
9. It keeps the sexes equal ... (and it's good enough for me.)
10. It is seldom homozygous ... (but it's good enough for me.)
11. It was good enough for Darwin ... (and it's good enough for me.)
12. It gives us evolution ... (except in Tennessee.)

Sir C. R. Bell  
Mountain Lake Virginia  
1965



### SOAPY SAGAS

The utility building served not only as the sudsing site for clothes, but the gatherine place for the Maytag Morality Squad, i.e., the females not enrolled in formal classes. Here, a committee was formed to award the coveted "Soapy" to those individuals who have distinguished themselves in the laundry room as well as in other Mountain Lake activities.

The "DRIVE" Soapy is for memorable Maytag use. This award could be bestowed upon either Joan Riopel or Laurie Johnston. Joan, whose summer family consisted at various times of in-laws, three children, one husband, twelve puppies, four nieces and nephews, one sister, and assorted guests, would win in the pounds laundered category. However, Laurie Johnston is uncontestably victorious in the number of hours spent actually operating the machine. To commemorate their valiant service, statues of Laurie and Joan are being carved in soapstone to be mounted on the faucets of the washtubs. Joan's head will adorn the hot tap and Laurie's the cold faucet.

However, the Soapy for this awards division goes to Dr. George Byers for sheer gallantry in making small talk with the ladies while sudsing his field clothes. It is rumored that Dr. Byers became so enthralled with the washer he intends to purchase a Maytag wringer for his wife and permit her to toss away her washboard.

The "ACTION" Soapy, which is the committee's equivalent to the Purple Heart, can be placed on the mantel of Carlton Hite. He coped with burned-out motors, over-sudsed machines, and "non-heating" dryers. Working with all the attractive, pleasant, uncomplaining women is just another fringe benefit for Carlton.

When Elizabeth Musselman heard that a Soapy was going to be offered for the largest object to pass successfully through the wringer, she wanted to insure her award by a showy display of wringing out her arm. While her sense of keen competition and drama is appreciated, the prize goes to Dolores Adler for successfully squeezing through the laundry-room hose and her now elliptically-shaped red umbrella which she used as a diaper stick. Elizabeth was disqualified for not permitting the entire object to pass through the wringer.

The Soapy Committee wishes to acknowledge ladies whose conduct was noteworthy although they were unable to distinguish themselves in the laundry room proper.

Betty Levin had no competition for the "BOLD" Soapy. She unabashedly wins this trophy for trying to wrest the shower curtain from an unidentified male in her apartment. Her utterings



of "Oh, I am soooo sorry" are simply not convincing since they were allegedly followed by a fiendish giggle and visage of smirking ecstasy.

In contrast to Betty's award is the "IVORY" Soapy for 99.44% pure conduct. Martha Rhoton was voted the trophy. The connoisseurs of the clothes line were quick to note the lack of undergarments from the Rhoton family. Martha explained that she couldn't bear to have other women gazing on Jack's underwear and clandestinely carried it to the dryer.

The competition for the "CHEER" Mother-of-the-Summer Soapy was undoubtedly the stiffest of all categories to judge. Jan McCormick, whose calls of "J-E-F-F-F-E-R-R-Y" are still reverberating off the walls of the mountain, was considered the front runner. She narrowly edged out Teeny Hite whose cries of "Ducky Doodles, Here Ducky Doodles" are immortal in their own right. Teeny was eliminated for her most unmotherly conduct of abandoning her charges while the family vacationed for a week. Margaret Willis seemed to be a perfect choice for the prize until Sara mysteriously disappeared for the last week of the session. It has been reliably reported that Margaret was seen locking up the trunk of her car muttering that she needed a vacation from her child.

Although Patti Johnston is not technically eligible for the "CHEER" award, she watched over more children than any other individual and wins it for stamina and service with a smile. Understandably, Patti has also taken a vow never to wed or be a mother on the basis of her experiences of the summer.

Athletic prowess was singled out at the strenuous Fourth of July competition, but one female deserves recognition for trying to reshape the girth and breadth of many. Lisa Frye cajoled ladies, dogs, and children into following her program of gentle jogging. For her efforts, she merits the "DASH" Soapy.

The "GAIN" Soapy for added poundage was copped by Edith Robertson and Irene Rowland. Now the twins didn't gain any weight, but they were directly responsible for everyone else putting on many ounces. Their tasty treats included squid and grits, squash sandwiches, and chocolate-covered crayfish.

The committee's final prize is the "BONUS" Soapy which goes to 'Miz' Earlene Bliss. She immortalized herself at the Mountain Lake Ladies Auxiliary Meeting by her non-entomological comments on flies. Earlene's Soapy will be fashioned into a replica of a clock commemorating her rare timing ability.

All winners should have received their awards in the mail prior to the publication of Echoes. If the trophies were not received, send vociferous complaints to Mr. Malcolm Levin, Department of Biology, V. P. I., Blacksburg. As former head of the grounds crew etc. etc., Malcolm is in charge of the distribution of all prizes.



## SEMINARS

1st Semester, 1969

WEEKDAY SEMINARS

- Thursday, June 19     Community Ecology: Granite Outcrops  
 Dr. J. Frank McCormick  
 University of North Carolina
- Wednesday, June 25     Insects and Human Disease  
 Dr. George Byers  
 University of Kansas
- Thursday, July 3     Floral Variation and Pollinators in Aquilegia  
 Dr. C. Ritchie Bell  
 University of North Carolina
- Thursday, July 10     Host Variability and Geographic Distribution  
 as Criteria for Determining the Phylogenetic  
 Place of Mesocestoidid Tapeworms  
 Dr. Hugo A. James  
 University of Bridgeport

SUNDAY EVENING SEMINARS

- June 15     Ornithological Studies on Amchitca  
 Dr. David W. Johnston  
 University of Florida
- June 22     Films: "The Tropical Rain Forest" and  
               "The Oceans"  
 Dr. J. Frank McCormick  
 University of North Carolina
- June 29     A Naturalist in Jamaica  
 Dr. David W. Johnston  
 University of Florida
- July 6     Collecting Insects in Alaska  
 Dr. George Byers  
 University of Kansas
- July 13     Ecological Effects of Nuclear War  
 Dr. Frank McCormick  
 University of North Carolina

## SEMINARS

2nd Semester, 1969

### THURSDAY EVENING SEMINARS

- July 24                    Energetics of Fat Deposition and Utilization  
                             in Migrating Indigo Buntings  
                             Dr. David W. Johnston  
                             University of Florida
- July 31                    Evolutionary Aspects of Polyploidy  
                             Dr. C. Ritchie Bell  
                             University of North Carolina
- August 7                   Adaptations in the Shore Fly Family (Ephyridae)  
                             Dr. Dick L. Deonier  
                             Miami University at Ohio
- August 7                   Field Trips and Vacationing in Scotland  
                             Miss Alison F. MacNaughten  
                             University of Edinburgh
- August 14                  The Appalachians  
                             Dr. Maurice Brooks  
                             West Virginia University

### SUNDAY EVENING SEMINARS

- July 27                    Travelogue of Greece  
                             Dr. C. J. Alexopoulos
- August 3                   Travelogue of Dominica  
                             Dr. Horton Hobbs  
                             U. S. National Museum



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