

# MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES



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1972

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Mountain Lakers:

Once again we send you a light-headed(?) account of the summers deeds and misdeeds to remind you of old times and to put you in touch with old friends. I think we all enjoyed the summer of '72, the director no less than anyone else. It was a pleasure to have you all.

In answer to the increasing number of requests for the use of Mountain Lake's facilities during the "off" season, we are working to increase our winter accommodations. By next spring we hope to have some additional weatherproof quarters to augment the stone lab building. Perhaps we can take care of a class from your institution for a field trip.

Plans are complete for the course offerings next summer. Jim Riopel has arranged for an excellent spread to choose from:

First Term - June 14 - July 17

Plant Ecology	Dr. G. L. Miller	Eisenhower College
Plant Taxonomy	Dr. L. J. Musselman	U. North Carolina
Ornithology	Dr. D. W. Johnston	University of Florida
Experimental Morphogenesis	Dr. J. N. Dent	University of Virginia

Second Term - July 19 - August 21

Plant Biosystematics	Dr. C. R. Bell	U. North Carolina
Entomology	Dr. G. W. Byers	University of Kansas
Principles of Parasitism	Dr. G. B. Solomon	University of Pennsylvania
Comparative Endocrinology	Dr. B. E. Frye	University of Michigan

Next summer we shall be up to see you all, I hope, as visitors and we look forward to 1974.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Jim Murray

Aquatic Ecology - 1972

Our first day of class  
So rapid the pace  
We were all still in Lecture  
When Registration took place.

The Aquatic Ecology course  
We did fear  
Was the same dumb 'ol bug course  
Offered last year.

The pupated mayfly  
With the hairy armpit  
Miss Ginny screamed out  
Was "going to shed".

The Austausch coefficient  
Of a lake thermocline  
Reminded Sally of Perry Mason  
Solving a crime.

Dr. Simmons' classroom pleasure  
Was his pipe and the mountain breeze  
Until he bit the end off  
During Sally's classic sneeze.

Sally's not stupid  
We don't doubt her skill  
But when she's got test tubes  
Watch out for a spill.

In the class  
Before a test  
Dr. Simmons would greet us  
In poetic jest: -

"Same line,  
Second verse  
Things could get better  
But they're going to get worse."

Dr. Simmons' wife was jealous  
When he spoke of another girl.  
But her mind was put at ease  
Cause it was just the "mother of pearl"!

With the equipment we were promised  
A surprise we had in store  
When the aquatic insect breeder  
Turned out to be the floor!

No matter what the course is  
 That Charlie decides to take  
 He ends up with a girl all night  
 On the waters of Mountain Lake.

Bullpasture river  
 On Cowpasture creek  
 According to Ginny  
 Formed Calfpasture creek.

To the mighty James our class did go  
 Whose banks had flooded ten times their flow  
 But who should leap first from the car with  
     his net,  
 But Dr. Simmons, screaming "Kickers, on your mark,  
     get set!"

With notebooks in our pockets  
 And buckets on our lap  
 We headed north on 81  
 To take Covington off the map.

So don't take our work too lightly  
 Just keep this fact in mind  
 When you see us traveling down the road  
 Your town may be next in line!

When Dr. Simmons was driving  
 We could feed the whole bunch  
 With the recycled breakfast  
 We'd bring up for lunch.

Hold on to your hat  
 And brace with your feet  
 Dr. Simmons is driving  
 "We're head'n for the buckwheat!"

"By Golly", "just for funzies"  
 On the side of the creek we'd sit  
 Observing the pollution  
 And the floating balls of --- algae!

Our class had several close calls  
 That people won't believe  
 From mud inside John's navel  
 To the rip in "her" old pants sleeve!

Nothing more seemed stranger  
 Than a stream without its "rithron"  
 Until we tried to find it  
 With Maryland up front with Rom!

She jumped on the table  
 Like a canadian Mounty  
 Our bunny, the "fair damsel  
 From Spotsylvania County!"

Our tardy return,  
 Mrs. Simmons was told  
 Was all caused by Charlie  
 Putting "boats in our hole."

When out in a john-boat  
 Towed by our Prof.,  
 Beware when he takes all  
 His sampling gear off.

At the first corner  
 On that acid-filled stream  
 As we flew through the air  
 You could hear our shrill scream.

Lake Anna now has  
 A new store to serve her  
 In case someone needs  
 One more life preserver.

Dr. Simmons, according to Bryan,  
 Could not hold his liquor  
 But come 6 a.m.  
 Our Prof. got up quicker.

Dr. Simmons got ready  
 To hit the rack,  
 But was surprised to find John  
 Asleep in his sack.

While studying the lake  
 There was no time for hilarity  
 Except when Tom showed to Jim  
 The great water clarity.

Now Mike wants to transfer  
 To V.P.I.--S.U.  
 To learn how to crow  
 And how to make cows moo!

At the end of the course  
 When the class started to cram  
 Only Dr. Simmons was itching  
 For the final exam!!

For a valuable course  
 That was also much fun  
 We thank Dr. Simmons,  
 His wife and his son.

by Sally Angus,  
 Ginny Massey,  
 Charlie Dubay

It all started one wet morning. Dr. Trainor enthusiastically exclaimed, "We'll have our first field trip down the mountain today." "Where to?", the crowds of students acclaimed. "To New River where Hydrodycton and others await." But at that moment a truth had to be faced. Being so many we need a vehicle to suit us well. "We have one", Bub declared, "my Vega is parked out there." Vials and bottles we got and raincoats we forgot, believing it would be sunny in the valley. But it rained that day and every day! Down the road we went, Dr. Trainor now and then inquiring, "Is Ina still with us, is she all right?" "Of course, Dr. Trainor, I am okay, let's just don't use the Vega again."

Days went by, the search for the greens and bluegreens began. To the Spring, Sylvatica, Farrier, Pearisburg, VPI Ponds, and to Little Stoney Creek, New River and Bold Mob??! Miles and miles we drove, through the fields in the search of the pond. Up to the Cascades we walked but the red Lemanea was not. Walker's Creek was a success for Boldia we won't forget. "Dr. Trainor please stop the car," Nancy said, "for Volvox here we must get."

To a sewage plant we went and a pig farm the same day we visited. Coming back from Mountain Lake to the Station one day, a funny thing happened on the way. Into a ditch we fell to our surprise. We laughed but stopped for the driver was getting mad. I don't wish his name be told, but this is what he said to all, "Do you want your grades?"

The freshwater alga were learned and the marine species that from the east coast came. The show and tell were great, indicator of who read and who slept. Otto's art of rolling a cigarette and Nancy's findings under the microscope of UFO (Unidentified Floating Objects). Many other good memories of the class can be recalled by the following phrases:

You just have to be patient.  
Could someone tell me what am I supposed to be doing?  
I told you to count fifty, not one hundred.  
Well, is time for my tea.  
I came here for the knowledge, not the grade.  
What's for lunch, Ina?  
Gun it!  
Where is the jar, Nancy?  
More pizza, Bob?  
How many vials you have, Otto?  
Okay, come and see it.  
It is raining.  
How is your neck, Bob?  
How about some coffee?  
Can I see?

## MEMOIRS???????

- 9 AM Tom Cutler: I'm exhausted. Couldn't sleep at all. Wild animals growling all over this mountain.  
 Dr. Murray: I even heard a Laughing Hyaena at three this morning.  
 Bill Rumph: Pretty good tape isn't it? Isn't it?  
 Me: !"#%&\*? Newts.
- 10 AM Crash! Smash! Thud! Bang! Waaaaa!!  
 Dr. Jopson: What's that?  
 Dr. Diehl: Shirley Fortney is trying to flatfoot her way down the stairs.  
 Me: !"#%&\*? Newts.
- 11 AM Joe Rizzo: Somebody took my wash out of the dryer and folded it.  
 Jim Hanken: You know, a guy can learn learn an awful lot about a girl by going through her laundry.  
 Me: Heh.Heh. !"#%&\*? Newts.
- Noon Jim H.: The Berkeley bomber bringing you a boiling bowl of bullion.  
 Joe Lankalis: Gasp! Cough! Choke! Sputter!! A long hair in my soup.  
 Me: I only wash pots. Besides, my hair is naturally curly. Would somebody please check on my !"#%&\*? Newts.
- 1 PM VW: Zooooom. (setting uphill land speed record to the station)  
 Tony: Hey man! Slow down. Screeeeech!  
 Shirley F.: Please extract me from your dashboard. I was in the back seat.  
 Me: !"#%&\*? Newts.
- 2 PM Jim H.: I won. I won. The world croquet title is mine.  
 Me: Foul. I was robbed. !"#%&\*? Newts.  
 Walton Sisters: If all other sports are 2 out of 3, then there is a precedent.  
 Jim H.: Foul. I was robbed.  
 Dr. Murray: Is there an echoe on this mountain?
- 3 PM Carlton Hite: Here's a dry mattress for Mike Pace.  
 Otto: What's this?  
 Me: My room-mate keeps wetting the bed. He says it's the leaky roof, but if we move the bed it still gets wet. !"#%&\*? Newts.
- 4 PM Me: !"#%&\*? Newts. ??????? Hey, everybody, they are !"#%&\*?. They really are !"#%&\*? Newts, aren't they, Dr. J.?  
 Jim H.: Are those calouses on the male really made of HORNY epidermis?  
 Tom Cutler: Rumph. Quit breathing on that tank; you're fogging everything up.  
 Charlie Dubay: What are they doing that for??  
 Cathy L.: I think he needs one of these gonadotropin injections.  
 All females assembled: PLEASE don't give him a shot of that.  
 Me: Sandy if you say TEATS once more, I'm going to wash out your foul mouth with soap.

5 PM Tweedle DEE and Tweedle DUM: (In harmony) Dinner time. Ding. Ding.

6 PM Bill Rumph: Ah! Good old tiger's milk. Gasp! Ecchh. Wrong kind of juice, must have made it sour.

7 PM Jim H., Mike P., Hank. all in tie and jacket: We're going down the mountain to buy a sixpack of beer.

Me: I'm driving, but only if Pace doesn't turn out the lights halfway down the hill.

8 PM Ina Pomales: It'll take me years to get all of this mud out.

Lee Norford; So you've never been in a cave, huh?

Marietta Beverage: Did somebody say cave?

9 PM Joe Rizzo: If there's a dirty joke, I don't get it.

Jim Hanken: So what else is new?

Pat Hayes

## Adventures in Invertebrate Zoology

Under the leadership of the head invert, Dr. Fred Diehl, our class set out to conquer the world of invertebrates. The first goal, an effort to study the feeding activity of Hydra, was quickly--and literally--covered when the Hydra tentacles became littered with the bodies of brine shrimp. Someone's groan, "I can't even see his d\_\_\_\_ mouth!" was the chant of us all.

However, being thoroughly engrossed by our subjects, we quickly attacked the problem of capturing the "cross-eyed" worms. In fact, being so intent upon capture of prey, Marietta and Les became lost--only a few yards away from the rest of the class!

Next, we approached the mechanisms of the honorable snail. It was found that a snail's pace is no pace at all. Also discovered was the fact that a snail's reaction to gravity may be modified by the application of hot sealing wax. And Barbara and Marietta found that if a snail recipe calls for boiled water, then one must use boiled water. Otherwise, the escargot may slither away!

The highlight of the course was the trip to VIMS, and the highlight of the trip to VIMS was the stopover at Crabtree Falls. Only the head invert knew the obstacles of the course and the 12 class members plus one wife and Shasta ignorantly tagged along. With great pains to prevent even the dampning of a single thread, we skipped rocks to cross the stream at the foot of the mountain, with Shasta in the arms of her master. After an exhausting half-hour climb, we all rejoiced as we reached the base of a beautiful falls, feeling now that the scene was worth the bruises, scrapes, and scratches gained in the climb. Dismay was widespread upon hearing the announcement, "You're doing fine; we're 1/3 of the way up."

Shasta was tied, the Rose's tennis shoes checked, and the grueling climb continued. Clawing for handholds of rocks and roots, collection of invertebrates was forgotten. It was at this time that Amherst County decided to greet us with a thunderstorm . . . after all our efforts to keep dry!

Slithering, grappling, crawling, we finally won the summit, but by this time, no one could appreciate it. Barbara, feeling so thrilled by the view, promptly grabbed a tree and refused to look over. Bunny R., no longer hopping, seemed content to sit and count bruises, while Susan upon examination of her knees, found them to be a matching livid purple!

The climb down was not nearly as exciting as the ascent. However, some interesting points included: a sign telling how many had died trying to see over the falls; a mud slide where one prayed that there were no sharp stones to injure the front and/cr rear; and a nice path that no one knew of during the climb! The stream, which earlier had deterred our progress, was now nicely located for bathing of humans and dogs alike.

After the return from VIMS, the remainder of the course was spent on such intriguing subjects as: keying out Giles County organisms to find that they occur only in isolated Kentucky ponds; looking for wood roaches and finding only Carabids, and then looking for Carabids and finding nothing; measurement of the vertical migration of dead copepods; and, of course, the disappearance of paths in Little Spruce Bog.

An exciting, summarizing statement for this report was searched for in Megalitsch but none could be found which made sense or were short enough to fit on the page. A mislabeled drawing was also considered, but artistry is not my field. Therefore, all you fellow inverts must settle for an original. . . . .

May all your swimmies be green ones,

Ed. Kinser

Pteridology

From diverse backgrounds gathered the members of the 1972 Pteridology class at Mountain Lake - from undergraduates to college instructors, and from nine different states - all to bask in the brilliant teaching of Dr. Warren H. Wagner who, accompanied by his wife Dr. Florence Wagner, led all to their common goal: stalking the rare fern.

And with what success! Shame-faced hybrids of the promiscuous Dryopteris and Asplenium genera were unable to hide the secret of their parentage from the scrutinizing eyes of the pteridologists. A mysterious variety of adder's tongue fern, known to harbor some 660 chromosome pairs, gave away its location with the loud clattering of the chromosomes colliding during cell division. Only one clever plant, the club moss Lycopodium annotinum, was able to avoid discovery, and it had to grow acres of rhododendron around itself in order to do so. Even this didn't stop the class from giving the old college try, which resulted in one of the most disastrous field trips in the history of the station, one which saw 2 cars stuck in the woods and most of the class lost among the rhododendrons.

Although ferns and fern allies were the main target, other plants were not ignored. In fact, they were used to define the habitats of important fern finds. Imagine the looks on the faces of unknowing strangers who might happen upon the likes of Lea Bauer and Anne Louise Dutton, staring at the ground and, as if ancient goddesses gone mad, shouting Latin epithets, each carefully recorded by Cathie Babbins.

Nor were the pupa ignored. All were treated, on occasion, to the textbook form of Dr. Wagner's butterfly net stroke ("I never miss"), and to the promising, but not perfected, stroke of rookie Mew Walsh.

The highlight of the course was a field trip to the Carolinas. Bruce Newell led the way to his home state. Barbara Hensley, Bob Reed and Charlie Werth drove, and, to everyone's astonishment, brought the state cars back in one piece. Mike Cousens entertained with his song leadership and his long, long jokes. Each locality visited harbored a fascinating flora, but the most exciting was Crowder's Mountain in North Carolina, where Dr. Wagner found the rare Appalachian gametophyte for the first time in the piedmont, and Joe Lankalis found a diploid plant of Asplenium bradleyi (normally a tetraploid) for the first time ever.

Back at the lab, everyone finished his course work by preparing a slide of mitotic chromosomes, directed by Mrs. Wagner, noted for her cytological work. Many would have pulled out all their hair were it not for the assistance of Jim Montgomery, who managed to fit a few words to the wise between his horrible puns (sori about that, Jim).

After what was for everyone an interesting and fun course, leaving the station was a bit of a bummer. But all left with a feeling that they had become deeply and profitably involved in the study of a very important group of biota.

The class started out  
On a bright shiny morn,  
And with high hopes of learning  
7 "comploete" botanists were born!

Dr. Keener, our leader,  
Tried to keep us in line  
With field trips and handouts,  
And "quizzes" so fine.

The handouts kept coming,  
Till finally, alas;  
100 handouts on our  
Desks had amassed.

The lab soon looked  
Like a florist shop;  
Complete with dead flowers  
and 200 empty bottles of pop.

"Great goodness!" said Keener,  
As he surveyed the flowers;  
These "have gone by the boards,"  
They've been dead now for hours!

A neutron star,  
Keener said with a winch,  
Weighs 20 billion tons  
Per cubic inch!

Quite as heave as one  
Of our pancakes, Jack said,  
That are served in the mess hall  
When the students are fed.

Our field trips were many,  
And rest stops were too,  
For ice cream, and apples,  
And all types of goo!

With hopes of adventure,  
Set to all have a ball,  
We each piled into  
The green carry-all.

The gear shift was grinding,  
As we rolled in low gear;  
But that guy Charlie,  
Really knew how to steer!

Meanwhile "Big Jack"  
 Had his hands full inside  
 "Bickering with the girls"  
 On the cross-country rides.

But the girls got his goat,  
 And their stand was quite strenghtened  
 As the radio blurted,  
 Women's lives had been lengthened!

Closed bridges proved a bother  
 As a rare plant we sought;  
 But nothing stops Keener,  
 So ice cream we bought!

And we vowed to get back there,  
 On the shores of old "Claytor";  
 And sure as the sun shines,  
 We returned not much later.

The kids lost sight of Keener  
 As he tore up the cliff;  
 But soon found their baring,  
 And were there in a jiff!

"It's a rare plant, I think,  
 With pollinia and hoods;  
 By George, there's really nothing  
 Quite like it in the woods!!"

Hexalectris and Clematis and Passiflora  
 They found.  
 As they clambered on limestone  
 100 feet off the ground.

"I think I'll sit down now,"  
 said Jim in a hurry,  
 As he slid down the "sliding board slopes"  
 In a scurry.

Marietta was stubborn,  
 But soon she too found,  
 That sliding and tumbling  
 Proved the quickest way down!

The natives were angry  
 One day when they saw us,  
 And actually threatened  
 to "call the law on us"!

The First Annual Dubious Achievement  
Awards - Mammalogy, 1972

To Dr. C. O. Handley, Jr. a gold medal for his olympic recon marathon using only sneakers and machete.

To Ed (Bigfoot) Kinser for catching his animal no matter the odds, whether by live trap, snap trap, clubbing or tromping on the specimen, we present combat boots.

To Linda Campbell and Shasta a special Arthur Murray dance award for their entertainment.

To Jim "Flash" we present day-glow orange dye for his ability to hang upside down on Butt Mountain and loosing the contents of his pockets.

To Tom Kenefake, one baby rattle.

To Daralyn, we present one-thousand frozen red back voles that only she could skeletonize so beautifully.

To all the skunk catchers, we present one cane of Glade for their unforgettable air.

To the entire class, each will receive a Mickey Mouse alarm clock set to go off each morning at 4 a.m. singing you're in the army now.

And last, but not least.....

It is with special thanks that the award committee presents the Peromyscus and Clethrionomys populations of Mountain Lake with a two year vacation.

S. Jones and M. Marshall

"Who's got the pliers?"

"That's the second time your mother has laid an egg, Sandy."

"MOTHER OF PEARL"

"Nothing else like it in the woods."

"Where is my riot control whistle?"

"Wait till Wagner sees this one."

"Neon yo-yo's going across the desert."

"Tularid!"

"We only had 67% success today."

"Bushman Bait."

"I've got to blow my brains yet is it a squirming or a swimming?"

"We're off like a herd of turtles."

"Let's go-o-o-o."

"Does Dr. Handley really have legs up to his armpits?"

"Down, Shasts, Down!"

"Can Ron come out to play now?"

"Carlton... HELP!"

"When does the maid service begin?"

"Ger-r-r-r-r-r-r."

"I am not going back under there. I heard a growl!"

"Oh - \*!! Dr. Handley, I'm scared!"

"How do you work this ancient washing machine?"

- a specially made double-headed butterfly net...to improve technique.
- a formal seminar, complete with paper bow-ties, rubber tubing, and bare feet.
- swimming at the mouth of Contrary Creek - pH 2.8!
- getting poison ivy as a souvenir from the fiddler's convention.
- "Jim Hanken's Melodies" ringing throughout the kitchen.
- pulling all nighters and falling asleep during lecture.
- Amazing Grace - graceless.
- Hildagardenia ottoensis.
- 4:00 AM in the morning.
- 2 weeks of solid rain.
- Tiger's milk
- bat bites
- wanting to drink joy juice and having to drink moo juice.
- fireworks on July 4 in the rain.
- a dark horse entry - Jack-the-Flash or is it Jacqueline?
- trying to climb over Butt Mountain Cliffs on a foggy morning at 4:30 AM.
- curtains in your room.
- flat footing on stage.
- a swim with Fred at 3:00 AM.
- a week old dead mouse.
- rolls, macaroni, and bread pudding all in one meal.
- having a room with a round table and no roommate.
- tearing your pants off getting a \*?!\* cat out of a tree.
- rag rats

- Crabtree Falls in 10 minutes.
- hearing the cottage john through the wall from the head of your bed.
- trying to keep pace with Dr. Handley.
- climbing 20 shale barrens in one day to find two rare ferns.
- twin cooks!
- lizards, salamanders, hellgramites, crayfish...and butterflies!
- a leaky toilet, leaky sink, and two inches of water on the bathroom floor.
- watching the mice play hide and seek in your room at 3 AM.
- stopping every ten miles on a field trip for popsicles.
- a locked door to a Laing single and being on the outside.
- 3 pages of notes in 5 weeks.
- doing the "DIP-NET-STOMP."
- no sun for two weeks.
- a missing bell clapper.
- Bill Rumph and George Brown in the same class.
- a john-boat hooked behind 85 horses.
- missing one life preserver.
- 2 six packs at 20 meters in Mountain Lake.
- a roommate who lectures on seed plants in her sleep.
- a missing door.
- a rubber snake.
- urchins under the windows, at the door, just everywhere.
- corpse cosmetics.
- scrambled eggs, scrambled eggs, scrambled eggs.
- plain cheese sandwiches.

- coming in from a date and finding a dummy in your bed on the porch.
- sliding down a mud bank on your stomach.
- volley ball in the rain.
- laundry in the rain.
- everything in the rain!
- salivating dogs and screaming urchins.
- finding Ron's tobacco juice cans all over the place.
- volley balls landing in trees, carriages, and elsewhere.
- a skunk charmer - WANTED!

- Ailes, Nancy B., 308 Woodland Way, Romney, W. Va. 26757  
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