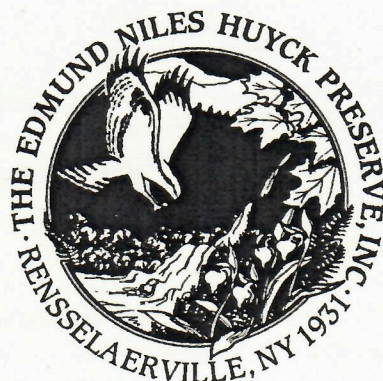


# FORGET-ME-NOT



The Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve, Inc.  
& Biological Research Station  
P.O. Box 189, Rensselaerville, NY 12147  
Tel/Fax: (518) 797-3440  
[www.huyckpreserve.org](http://www.huyckpreserve.org)

Volume 29, Number 2

## Family and Friends Gather to Honor Preserve Founder

*Deb Monteith*

*Jessie Eliza Van Antwerp Huyck  
November 5, 1868 – July 15, 1959*



Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck  
in her later years as  
remembered by family

Founder of the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve and Biological Research Station, Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck, was honored Saturday June 18, 2005 with a plaque acknowledging her establishment of the Preserve in 1931, in memory of her husband.

Some 25 family descendants, including seven great-nieces and nephews, and several dozen friends and supporters gathered at the Mill House, the current administrative office of the Preserve, for the plaque

dedication. The plaque will take a place of honor at the gateway to the Preserve at the Falls trailhead and newly renovated visitor's center, which will also be named in her honor.

Jessie Eliza Van Antwerp Huyck, civically active throughout her life, was instrumental in many organizations, both community and global in nature. Her civic responsibilities included affairs such as the Sane Nuclear Policy Coordinating Committee, World Affairs Council, New York State League of Women Voters, and the Foreign Policy Association of Albany.

Upon the death of her husband in 1930, Jessie, along with family and

friends, established the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve, honoring his request that his beloved Lincoln Pond and Lake Myosotis be protected forever. The longevity of this gift was supported with an endowment from her estate, one which perpetuates today.

Described as intelligent, reserved and determined, Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck is remembered as "a gentlewoman, strong in purpose and deed". A staunch believer in civic responsibility, Jessie will be remembered "in the hearts and minds of her countless friends and the many cultural institutions in which she was so vitally interested...

*"...She was a gentlewoman whose perception was acute, whose outlook was realistic, yet patient and understanding, whose manner was reserved and self-effacing, and who was firm in purpose and strong in deed...."*

William A. Waldron.

through precept and example, she has left a legacy"



Plaque dedicated on site in the parking area of the Mill House at the Rensselaerville Falls trail entrance.

*"...She always seemed sure of the purpose and possibilities of the plan. She was Dutch-determined and set on leaving a lasting memorial to her husband...."*

Grace Ten Eyck Tagliabue



(Albany Times-Union, 1959).

Presentations were made at the dedication ceremony by Jessie's great-niece and board member, Shirley Stevens French, and current board Vice President Alden Pierce. Special comments were made by Grace Ten Eyck Tagliabue (great-niece), Bill Waterman (great-nephew), Laura Stephenson Carter (great, great-niece and Chairman of the board of directors) and Marilyn Wyman (Preserve educator). All honored Jessie for her leadership and vision. A special written tribute made by great-nephew William A. Waldron recalls the strength of character and acute perception of Jessie, virtues for which she is today remembered. The strong presence at the ceremony of the Huyck/Van Antwerp family, many of whom continue to avidly support the Preserve and the community of Rensselaerville, is indicative of their legacy.

In 2006, the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve will celebrate 75 years of operation. Growing from its original 500 acres to the 2,000 acres it now encompasses, the ENHP continues to honor the Huyck family wishes and Jessie's visions, growing in its endeavors and stature. The mission of the Preserve, which focuses on preservation, research, education, and recreation, builds on the legacy created by Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck. As the ENHP continues to gain notice as a scientific and educational organization, improvements in facilities and preservation of lands continue to foster the dreams of Edmund and Jessie. Her inspiring foresight lives on at the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve & Biological Research Station, where we honor her memory with an unwavering dedication to her dreams.

*Great nieces, great nephews and other family members gather to honor Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck at plaque dedication (right).*

## Call For Memorabilia for Upcoming 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Preserve

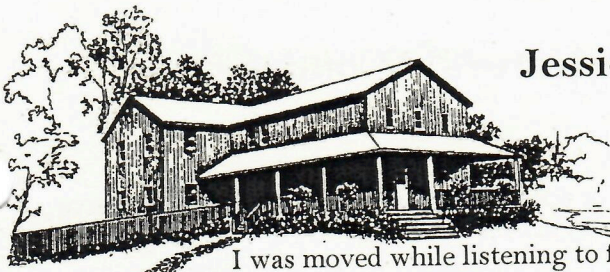


*"...It's a fitting location for us to gather here to dedicate the plaque as the entrance to the Falls has always been a special start for the wonders of the Preserve. How amazingly farsighted she [Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck] was in 1931. She was completely responsible for the Preserve from the inception until her death. Although Uncle Ted [Edmund Niles Huyck] had gathered the lands piece by piece, it ... was Aunt Jess who saw the big picture. And she wanted "the Preserve formed to maintain lands, the lake, and the Falls, for the pleasure and use of the people of Rensselaerville and those who visit, and to increase their knowledge of nature." ... The reference to knowledge speaks to her very farsighted vision of the educational component with land preservation in mind. Although she gave it in her husband's memory, few realize that she directed its progress and provided its sound financial base. Today the 470 original acres has grown to 2,000 acres. ... Unique as a biological field station, the Preserve today hosts research scientists, school children, artists, and many recreational oriented visitors. But most vitally, it has protected this beautiful village for all of us and for future generations. ..."*

Shirley Stevens French

In preparation for the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration of the E.N. Huyck Preserve, the committee is calling for memorabilia from our membership. If you have any photographs, documents or other historical information pertaining to the Huyck Preserve that may be borrowed and/or reproduced, please contact the office at 797-3440 or bring your items to the Mill House. Larger items such as paintings that may be displayed for an interim period in the new Visitor's Center are also requested. Please mark your items with your name and return information to ensure that they are returned to you. We look forward to your contributions.





## Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck and our Field Station

Richard L. Wyman

I was moved while listening to family, friends, and my wife speak about Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck during the celebration of the plaque in her honor, which had been placed at the doorway to the Huyck Preserve. Marilyn and I learned about Jessie's role in forming the Huyck Preserve in 1931, and subsequently the Biological Field Station in 1938, early in our stay on the Preserve. We came here in 1986, and one of my first tasks was to read the minutes of all the Board of Directors meetings so that I could become acquainted with the Preserve's history. We realized right away that the Preserve would not have existed were it not for her influence and wisdom.

I never had the chance to meet Jessie, although I have had the opportunity to meet a few of the scientists she brought here to help start the field station in 1938. In 1937, Jessie had hired William B. Hamilton ("wild Bill") from Cornell University to conduct a survey of the plants and animals on the Preserve for the purpose of determining whether or not there was sufficient diversity to warrant the establishment of a field station. A field station is a place where scientists may study nature. There were very few field stations in existence at that time, and ecology was not a formalized discipline of science. Of course, Dr. Hamilton found that the Preserve had great potential as a field station.

Three young scientists were awarded fellowships with funds provided by Jessie and through the work of the newly established Scientific Advisory Committee (SAC). Dr. Hamilton was chair of the Preserve's first SAC, and he published several papers on the mammals of the Preserve. The three scientists were Eugene P. Odum - a new Ph.D. from the University of Illinois, Donald Griffen - a graduate student from Cornell University, and Edward Raney - a graduate student from Cornell University.

I had a chance to meet both Drs. Odum and Griffen before they passed away. Eugene Odum came to the Preserve with his new wife, and they spent their honeymoon in Lincoln Pond Cottage. Gene told me that he did not remember how much the fellowship was back then, but he did remember that there was enough for him to buy a new 1938 Ford and still leave enough to live on for a year. Dr. Odum and his wife stayed on the Preserve for a year, living in the hamlet of Rensselaerville during the winter. He studied thermoregulation in black-capped chickadees and mapped and inventoried all the forest on the 500-acre Preserve of the time. His thermoregulation studies here helped him develop new ways of thinking about energy flow and balance.

When he moved to the University of Georgia in 1940, there was no ecology course there and no textbook on ecology. His colleagues thought that ecology was not

really a scientific discipline but something akin to the interests of 19<sup>th</sup> century gentleman naturalists. Dr. Odum published the first ecology text called *Fundamentals of Ecology* that both Marilyn and I learned our ecology from. While at the University of Georgia, he established the Institute of Ecology, where he worked for the rest of his life.

Sometime in the 1960's, because of his advanced studies of energy flow and mass balance in ecosystems, he was asked by NASA to help design the life support system for an Apollo mission to the moon. He had developed equations of state that allowed for the precise prediction of the oxygen demand and carbon dioxide production of the crew and waste management. These were formulae he began to think about and put together in 1938-39 while on the Huyck Preserve.

When Donald Griffen came to Rensselaerville, he had planned a Ph.D. project. But as is often the case, once in the field, he realized the project would not work. While sitting on the back porch at night, however, he observed bats finding their way effortlessly in the dark. He then decided that perhaps a good project would be to study how the bats did so. The first thing he did was to catch some bats and repeat an experiment that he had read about. This involved placing small black lenses on the eyes of bats to temporarily blind them, thus testing the hypothesis that the bats were using another sense to navigate in the dark. Once the bats were blinded, he released them inside the stable building, then located on Cornel Green's Bullfrog Camp property. He had fitted the room with a maze of wires that hung at close intervals throughout the room. He found that bats could easily maneuver around the wires without the use of their eyes. With the help of a physicist and his equipment, he was able to hear and then see the high frequency sound pulses the bats emitted and used to echolocate.

Donald told me one evening, when we were sitting in the backyard of the Ordway House, about how the equipment needed to listen to bats would fill a bread truck back in the 1940s. As he told me this story, he held in his hand an instrument about the size of a hand phone - a modern device through which we both could hear bats echo locating insects above our heads.

Dr. Griffen ended up at Harvard University, and his work helped in the development of radar and sonar technology used in WWII. Of course modern space travel also depends on location through radar too.

This is how I know Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck - through these wonderful scientists whom Jessie helped early in their careers. She wrote that she knew she could not see what the result of the establishment of the field station would be at the time, but she felt something might come of it. She funded the field station programs for the rest of her life and established an endowment to support it after her death. Thank you, Jessie.



# Discovering the Secrets of a Natural Wonder

*Christopher Schiralli*

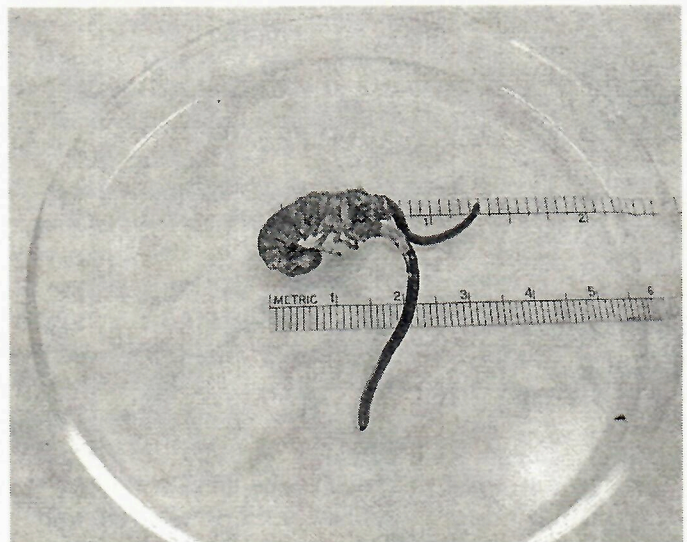


*Beetle larva when first discovered*

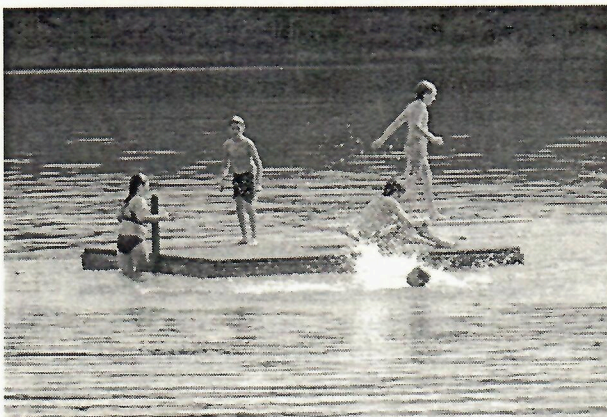
On April 1<sup>st</sup> of 2005, I found a curious looking insect larva underneath a rock along the west shore of Lake Myosotis. The fairly large beetle larva was shriveled and dry. Where normal mouthparts should have been, two elongated, bright purple protrusions that somewhat resembled walrus tusks came down from the mouth. Gathering up the specimen, I brought it to Dr. Theodore Bruetsch at SUNY Cobleskill's entomology department.

Dr. Bruetsch explained that he had seen the strange malformation once before, when a student had brought him a specimen they found near the college's ski lodge pond. He had sent the specimen to Cornell's lab, but never received a definitive answer as to what causes the malformation. Happy to look into the strange insect growth again, Dr. Bruetsch asked me to send him photos I had taken of the larva, which he in turn sent to a friend at Cornell University. Within days I received my answer via email - the strange growth turned out to be a fungus that parasitizes host insects when they ingest the spores. The spores grow the horns, which are actually the reproductive parts of the fungus, from the insect body, using its nutrients to do so.

The fungus, which is called Cordyceps, is one of many biological controls used today to control pests. It is also prized in Asia, where the infected larvae are referred to as pan worms and are used for medicinal purposes. After observing the larva found at the Huyck Preserve, I noticed that the horns began to grow until they more than doubled in length once they had been exposed to the warm environment in the lab. Interestingly enough, there are several types of Cordyceps fungi, and each one tends to have a specific type of host insect. The strange insect that could have been an excellent April fools joke turned out to be even more bizarre than fiction and another example of how diverse the natural world is.



*Growth of Cordyceps fungus "horns" in host beetle larva (right)*



## It's not too early to be thinking about next year's (2006) beach season!

The Preserve is looking for lifeguards for the 2006 beach season. Required certifications: current lifeguard, waterfront, CPR for the Professional Rescuer with Child CPR, and First Aid. If you are interested but do not currently qualify - the American Red Cross runs several certification classes during the winter and spring seasons. Call Carolyn for more information at 797-3440.



# Myosotis Vigils

Katie Barker

As I near Lake Myosotis, walking from Lincoln Pond down the trail on the east side of the lake, I slow my pace just a little bit. Around here is where I last spotted it – the Great Blue Heron. A rustling sound, just off the trail toward the lake, had caught my attention, and when I turned my head, I saw it with outstretched wings, taking off toward the other end of the lake. I had probably startled it. Its sheer size impressed me; it was the first time I had seen one that close.

My eyes canvas the same area. If I stay quiet enough, will I see it again? Perhaps it will again be in flight, or standing on the rocks. But I am unsuccessful. After all, lightning doesn't often strike the same place twice.

My fascination with the Great Blue Heron started at a young age. My father, with a keen interest of his own, never failed to point one out if it was spotted as we were walking around Lake Myosotis, and even regularly called attention to the mere potential to spot one. The quest for a glimpse was always made more exciting by its seeming rarity. The fact that it took me a while to have a clear idea of what the Great Blue Heron looked like when I was younger made it that much rarer, and that much more special when I did manage to see it.

Time passed, my knowledge and eye sharpened, and circumstances changed. I became a lifeguard at Lake Myosotis, a job which demands a great deal of focus at some times, but at others (when no one else is there), affords me the opportunity to observe my surroundings. Spotting the heron was no longer as infrequent, but my excitement never waned.

It's a slow swimming day, and a picnicking patron points him out across the lake and hands me a pair of field glasses. The heron is just standing regally on the rocks, surveying his domain. Suddenly he takes off in the direction of the beach and soars over our heads, on his way to other places.

I'm walking to work along the trail. When I get to the dam, I spot him down the lake a little bit on the shore. He sees me and lifts off.

Another slow swimming day. I'm sitting on the picnic table reading and when I get the urge to look up, I see that the heron has situated himself on the edge of the diving board. I never heard him come. He is so close that I can see the rich blue color of his feathers clearly for the

first time, and observe his graceful form. The length of his neck and legs make him appear stretched, as though he were simultaneously massive and petite. Without warning, he is suddenly in the air, but heading towards me, rather than away. He lands on the rocks in front of me, a mere 10 or 15 feet away, and looks at me. I find myself holding my breath, wondering how close he'll come and marveling at how close he already is. Two steps closer and he's off, flying over my head once again.

\*\*\*

The gulls are never far from my sight when I'm sitting at the beach. Every summer, people express surprise to me that gulls have strayed so far from the ocean, but they have been here for several summers at least. By my count there are three, though this may be inaccurate.

One, in particular, loves the dock. Were there no danger of swimmers disturbing him, I think he would try to make his home there. He waits until the coast is clear, then swoops in from the south side for a landing on the edge of the diving board. No matter where he is coming from, it is always this way; if he has to, he'll circle in order to approach from the right direction. When he leaves, he takes off toward the north,

eventually landing again to paddle around a bit in the middle of the lake somewhere. This gull seems to prefer gray days, if only because the absence of swimmers affords him greater opportunity to remain undisturbed on his diving board perch. It's oddly appropriate because he matches the day – the dull gray color of the sky and the water complements his neutral black and white coloring perfectly.

I hear low rumbles of thunder off in the distance, and I call the swimmers out of the water. The storm is fast approaching from the northwest; the sky has a funny yellowish tinge to it. One of the mothers comes to me to ask if I think the storm is going to hit us, and I reply that I do. As it comes closer, I begin to pack up the beach in preparation. Within minutes, I hear the rain as it heads toward me from across the lake. Just as I am about to lock up, call it a day, and head towards shelter, the gull lands on the diving board and settles in happily, preparing to enjoy his storm.







# Changing of the Guard

Barbara Bolster-Barrett

As a waterfront lifeguard, you become adept at perceiving the setting on a couple different levels. On the most vital level you must constantly "scan" your zone of coverage. Is everyone in or around the water engaging in safe and prudent behavior? Do all the little wet heads that duck underneath the surface come back up again? Does a swimmer act fatigued? Is a young child about to venture into water just a bit too deep? Is every swimmer who heads for the dock able to manage the water's chop on a brusque day? A vigilant guard considers every factor. This is true even if there is one lone swimmer. Despite all this you are still exquisitely aware of the surroundings.

You are aware of every tone and nuance to the Lake.

You'll note the color and texture of the water and sky. You'll notice how dull or how vibrant the foliage is on the adjacent trees and woodland. You will incorporate into your very being whether the tone is bustling, as it is during hot spells and swim lessons or subdued, like the lake often is on cloudy or drizzly days. When the disposition is calm, you'll soak in tranquility like a warm, fragrant bath. You'll feel energized during brilliant sunny days. Blustery days can sap your energy, though, and this will often strike you unawares.

You'll take particular note of the patrons' moods. They can be buoyant or bristly, playful or genial, and these attitudes affect the general mood at the lake. Marvel at the model of civility that exists in the sand pile. Children who barely know each other are polite and productive. They come together and blithely carry out pint-sized feats of engineering. Channels, moats and castles emerge from sand and water and will. The outside world should work as effortlessly.

Conversely, this dynamic can work the other way, as well. One incident remains set in memory. A couple in dispute acts harsh and intractable towards each other. There is no ugly scene—only disgruntled murmurings, stiffening postures and glowering expressions. You discern the atmosphere change. The carefree mood at the lake is sullied—indigo dye diffusing through clear water. Incidents like this are noteworthy because thankfully, they are rare.

Your surroundings are so glorious that sometimes, you must step a bit outside yourself and become a participant-observer. You allow yourself to silently mouth a "wow."

Many times inspire this. Often they come at quiet moments when there are few, if any patrons. It's almost closing time and there are a scattered knots of picnickers; the calm washes over you. A belted kingfisher will squawk, then plunge for a fat minnow. The great blue Heron will create a primordial sound from his depths then flap overhead like the lumbering descendant of the dinosaurs that he is. At times, when the sun is high overhead, you will spy the Bald eagle soaring above. You can watch a Cormorant dive for a succulent fish and stay submerged

seemingly forever. Or you can follow the beaver's wake as he works his way toward the south end of the Lake. Hear the wild guttural call of the Raven in the woods to the Northwest. These all acknowledge that this little spot, these 100 acres of fresh water and the deciduous forest that rings them and the expanse of sky above it all is an extraordinary spot indeed. These all tend to blend together into a kind of naturalist's amalgam.

For me, the lake is at it's best when people get to savor its gifts. Sometimes on those drizzly subdued days, day-hikers tromp by clad in shorts and hike boots, replete with bandanas, backpacks and dogs on leash. Dogs love to partake of guileless adventure and their elation is downright infectious. Hikers are a friendly gentle bunch. They seek directions or ask about the Preserve or inquire about the hamlet of Rensselaerville. If from out of town, they like to tell you about how they discovered this special place.

On breezy days, the owners of small craft launch their Sharks, or their Sunfish to scoot across Lake Myosotis. Few but the most stouthearted swim when it's this windy, so it's interesting to watch boaters clamber back aboard the craft if tumbled. If the day is particularly blustery, Hank rides his wind-board. It can be the aquatic equivalent of a bucking bronco and Hank puts up a valiant effort, often scrambling back up and righting his sail once more.

The lake always seems like a friendlier and more welcoming place when it is dotted with canoes and kayaks. These are akin to background music, as there are generally bathers at the same time and who must be watched. Again, though, these impressions tend to blend into one another. There are windy day impressions, rainy day impressions—indeed recollections for an entire spectrum of conditions.

Every year has one day that shines out simply because it is almost perfect—a halcyon day. The sky is a clear cerulean and the world takes on a golden cast. It is just hot enough to bask in the sun's warmth—precisely the right setting to bake out your aches and woes. It is busy but not crowded. Boys are laughing and diving from the dock. It is day you could mint. Invariably, you shift to participant-observer mode in order to better savor its flawlessness.

There is also always a day when the realization hits that again the season is coming to a close. And it is unfailingly a sweet and aching moment.

Last year, these factors overlapped. That golden, flawless day occurred not only two days before the end of the beach season—it was two days before I was to step down as guard. It was nothing short of serendipity.

I was the weekend lifeguard for fourteen years. It was about the best part-time job I could hope for, and one I would highly recommend for the right person. A kind of alchemy take place when you guard Lake Myosotis: this jewel of a lake will insinuate itself into your core.



The Huyck Preserve has had another busy season of activities and events again in 2005. Below is a complete listing.

## 2005 Calendar of Activities & Events

at the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve  
& Biological Research Station



### May

- May 7 Board of Directors Meeting, Eldridge Research Center
- May 16 Greenville Middle School Service Day
- May 9-27 PICK
- May 18 Albany Academy for Girls: *Tools & Techniques*
- May 25 Berne-Knox-Westerlo: *Tools & Techniques*

### June

- June 1,2,3 Greenville Elementary School Kindergarten fieldtrip
- June 4 74th Annual Membership Meeting, Eldridge Research Center
- June 4 Bird Festival/Founders Day
- June 5-11 American Hiking Society (AHS) Volunteer Vacations
- June 11 Photography Workshop with Thomas Teich, 9-5, registration required
- June 18 Dedication in recognition of Jessie Van Antwerp Huyck, 11 am, at the entrance to the Falls
- June 19 Lake Opens
- June 24 Evening walk: Stonewalls and Cemeteries, 6:30 pm, Eldridge Research Center

### July

- July 1 Nature Study: grades 3-5 begins (class meets Thursdays, July 7-28)
- July 6 Nature Study: grades K-2 begins (class meets Tuesdays, July 5-26)
- July 7 Swimming Lessons begin at Lake Myosotis: M,W,F July 11-August 12, 1:00-3:30 pm



July 16-17

Science Weekend: July 16: Science Symposium, Eldridge Research Center, 2:00 PM. July 17: Huyck Hikes to Research study areas at 2:00 PM, 3:00 PM and 4:00 PM, meet at Eldridge Research Center. Evening walk: Around Lincoln Pond, 6:30 pm, Eldridge Lab

July 29

### August

- August 13 Board of Directors Retreat, Eldridge Research Center, 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM
- August 15-19 Environmental Camp for middle school students, residential or day -registration required
- August 23 Birding by Boat with Larry Federman, 6:00 pm, Myosotis Lake. Registration required.

### September

- September 3 Annual Benefit Dance, Conkling Hall, 7:00 pm

## Upcoming Events & Activities...

- September 18 Hudson River Ramble: Rensselaerville Falls Trail, 2:00 pm
- September 23-25 Plein Air Landscape Painting Workshop with Jim Coe, registration required
- September 24 Wildlife Alive! at Cohotate for National Estuary Day
- September 26 Tamarack Elem. 5<sup>th</sup> grade fieldtrip
- September 27-28 Environmental Awareness Days at Siuslaw Tree Farm, Acra, NY

### October

- October 6 MindsOn: Natural History Art Workshop
- October 11 MindsOn: Tracking Change Workshop

Illustrations: Myosotis detail by  
Sandy Ellis, COMENART 1996;  
Civil War Doves by detail by Mary  
Ellen Duffee, COMENART 1995





The Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve  
Post Office Box 189  
Rensselaerville, NY 12147

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Yes I (we) would like to join/renew my (our) membership in the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve and Biological Research Station. I am (We are) including an additional gift of \$\_\_\_\_\_ which is a: *(Please check the appropriate box)*

- ☐ One time gift paid in full with this payment.
- ☐ Gift of appreciated stock, real estate or other assets. Please contact me directly for details of transfer.
- ☐ I am interested in discussing a bequest to the Edmund Niles Huyck Preserve and Biological Research Station.
- ☐ My company sponsors a Matching Gifts Program

**Membership Levels**

<i>Student</i>	\$ 10.	<i>Contributing</i>	\$ 100.
<i>Individual</i>	\$ 30.	<i>Sustaining</i>	\$ 250.
<i>Family</i>	\$ 40.	<i>Patron</i>	\$ 500.
	<i>Benefactor</i>	\$1000. or more	

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**Every gift counts, every gift is appreciated.**

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