

# *Nature Trails*

Published by the Eugene Natural History Society

Volume Forty-five, Number Four, April 2010



Our speaker, at the Pamunkey Indian Reservation, along the Pamunkey River, one of Chesapeake Bay's most pristine tributaries

Dr. Dean Walton, Assistant Professor, Ecologist,  
Science Librarian, University of Oregon

"Freshwater Tidal Swamps of the Atlantic Coast"

**Friday, 16 April 2010, 7:30pm, Room 100,  
Willamette Hall, UO Campus**

Let's look at that title again. Freshwater tidal swamps? Does that seem as incongruous to you as it does to me? Doesn't 'tidal' imply saltwater? Hmmm. Another question: why Atlantic Coast when we're less than a two-hour drive from the Pacific Ocean? It would appear that at least some of us are in for some continuing education. And who better to teach me (us?) something than a librarian? And how is it that a librarian knows so much about ecology? Trust me, it will make sense. There's a strange logic here.

Dean Walton was born and raised in the Washington, D.C. area, as was his father. His father's childhood home was literally across the street from the National Zoo, and as a child when Dean would visit his grandparents he would pop in, say hello, and announce he was headed for the zoo. Science was a part of his upbringing, too. His mom worked at the Carnegie Institute of Terrestrial Magnetism. Two uncles worked in science museums, another uncle was a geologist, and a fourth uncle was a theoretical mathematician. Beginning about when he was in fourth grade Dean was learning field biology, taking birding and plant-identification trips with his dad, who was an avid hiker.

His interest in entomology as an undergraduate at American University led to Walton's first job, working for the USDA on a mosquito-control project, which in turn led to some classes in toxicology and biochemistry, to address his newfound interest in how chemicals affect insects. Finishing at AU with a B.S. (*magna cum laude*) in biology he went to Georgetown University and continued in this vein, studying organophosphate (think insecticides and worse) pharmacology. It became clear to him that this sort of thing was not to his liking but he wanted to show that he could do it so he finished with a Ph.D. in pharmacology from Georgetown.

After grad school he took a position with a firm as a consultant for the Environmental Protection Agency, but he was still not doing what he really wanted, which was to be out in the field, studying biology. He tried to get an internship with The Nature Conservancy while still doing consulting work for EPA, but didn't get an offer. So he quit his consulting firm and told TNC he was at their mercy, they could use him in whatever way they wished. This audacious move led to two milestones: permanent employment doing what he loved, and marriage. He moved into a full-time job at TNC, and met the woman who would be his wife – also a scientist working for TNC.

For thirteen years Walton worked as a field ecologist and vegetation mapper for TNC and the Virginia and West Virginia Natural Heritage Programs. He focused on mapping and classifying

plant communities, using multivariate statistical analysis, remote sensing, and Geographical Information System (GIS) analysis. He did natural heritage inventories of various locations in Virginia and West Virginia. The title of one such, a 75-page manuscript, is "The Natural Communities of Virginia: Classification of ecological community groups. First Approximation." Much of his work was in riparian areas along the seaboard. His work on how plant diversity in these areas is affected by the varying salt content of river water as it approaches the ocean forms the basis of the presentation he'll be making to us.

The work was physically demanding and kept him away from home about four days a week for half the year. At age 43, incipient fatherhood caused Walton to consider how his professional lifestyle would impinge on his new parental responsibilities. He concluded it would not do, and, leaving out much agonizing detail, library science became the alternative. While initially continuing full-time with Virginia Natural Heritage he was able to complete an online Master of Library Science degree, which he obtained in 2005 from Southern Connecticut State University.

A position in the Science Library at the University of Oregon became available in 2005. He and his wife had been here several years ago, so they knew the area and liked it. He applied and got the job. Shortly thereafter his wife, a fish biologist, landed a full-time position with Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. So here they are.

Back to those questions. The librarian knows a lot about ecology because that's what he did before he became a librarian. He did it on the east coast, so that's what he'll tell us about. And 'freshwater tidal swamp'? Walton couldn't suppress his enthusiasm for his topic when he explained this to me, with the aid of some of the wonderful pictures he'll be showing us. Far upstream, river water is always fresh. Close to the ocean it's always salty. But there's a zone, the length depending on the gradient of the river, in which there's a wedge of fresh water that gets pushed upstream by rising tide and moves downstream on a falling tide. The plant communities in this zone differ from those further downstream or upstream, and that's what Walton will be talking to us about. Believe me, because I saw some of the photographs, we are in for a visual treat and a neat ecological lesson. Please join us on Friday, 16 April, at 7:30pm in room 100, Willamette Hall, to head Dr. Dean Walton's presentation, "Freshwater Tidal Swamps of the Atlantic Coast." John Carter

## Ladies in Waiting

by Reida Kimmel

April has come in like a lion. The pear trees that were almost flowering days ago are standing in the rain, numb, their buds neither open nor closed, wet, splattered with hard rain and hail, waiting, seemingly forever this spring, for sunny days. I'm here at my desk listening to branches falling on the roof. The view through the skylight is very scary. The tall firs and big oaks are bending frighteningly in the wind. The rain comes in sheets, pushed by gusts that sound like the breath of a giant. But between the squalls the sun shines bright and warm and the trees drip quietly, making their own soft showers. Not a creature is stirring, but I know, inside or out, all the animals are poised, just waiting for me to make some move, to go to the door, to put on my boots, to do Something. It's early in the afternoon, but the dogs are ready to do chores or go for a walk. They are always ready. The horses, Angie and Poppy, are waiting for their hour in the pasture. They are not going to be happy when I don't let them out, but the field is far too sodden to permit galloping and grazing for even a minute today. The big chickens want to go out too. They are desperate to get into the pasture and tear up the grass searching for worms and other goodies. The rooster and his harem of eleven ecstatically scratching hens are even more destructive than the horses, so they will stay in today too. The baby chickens in their warm house don't want to go anywhere. They just want more food, preferably a gourmet platter of boiled eggs and freshly chopped chives and greens. At least I can please them, but my mind is elsewhere. I will be going out long before chore time, no matter what the weather, because we are waiting for lambs. Kilda is a blimp, full of twins, but lively and sociable, showing no signs of imminent labor. I like to check on her from time to time anyway. Maude lambed two days ago. She's none too happy about being shut up in a stall, but for the lamb's sake I do not want to send her out today. New mothers are a bit neurotic and like to keep their lambs away from the other sheep, which often means that mom and babe stay out in the weather too long and the lamb gets stressed.

At this point you might expect that I will commence a diatribe on the stupidity of sheep, but on the contrary, I have great respect for their thinking processes, even if they are very different from mine. It helps to remember a bit about the history of sheep to understand them. Neolithic people domesticated sheep in southwest Asia at least nine thousand years ago, making sheep second only to dogs as our oldest

domesticated animals. Small, docile, and because of their flocking instinct relatively easy to control, the early sheep were mostly used for meat production. The use of sheep for wool came later. Early sheep were hairy or double coated. The latter provide wonderful fiber, but for a truly soft product the coarse outer hairs have to be combed away from the fine woolly down, a tedious task. Truly woolly sheep undoubtedly came into being because of selective breeding. One can see them depicted in five-thousand-year-old Sumerian sculptures. But if we have created these gentle woolly beings, we have not changed their natures entirely. Sheep have retained a strong dominance structure in their flocks. If you could see how our ewes fight a new sheep, you would better understand a mother sheep's reluctance to introduce her tiny lamb to the flock. Within the flock, even a small one like ours, the ewes hang out with their own maternal family members. Maude has no mother or sister to hang out with, so she is a bit of a loner. Capable of learning to recognize and remember a score of human faces, sheep retain their basic fear of predators, and that includes strange humans. My sheep come when I call them and know the basic patterns of pasture rotations as well as I do. But a stranger can't get near them. They ignore his offers of food. They stare. They scatter. He assumes they are very stupid.

One can despise sheep because they are hard on the land. But is that not the fault of the shepherd who overgrazes his pastures? Sheep prefer succulent forbs to grass, and here in the West have proved very effective at controlling unwanted alien species like Scotch broom and blackberries. Still, even people who know nothing and care to know nothing about the environment, despise sheep. It is much easier to kill and eat something if you think of it as scarcely more sentient than a banana. This same attitude made it possible for good church-going people in the nineteenth century to own slaves and work them to death, because they believed that only the Caucasian race was fully human. The hideous rise in extremist racist groups in this decade means that these attitudes persist. Perhaps it is a stretch to equate despising sheep to despising people whose color differs from yours, but what is the same in both cases is a mentality that unquestioningly accepts old prejudices. We would all have richer lives and a much better world if we would question every stereotype, and look for ourselves. There is a whole world full of wonderful beings all around us, not like us, not necessarily better or worse, just different.

The sun is out and the wind is calm. The songbirds are darting out from whatever shelters they used during the storm and crowding all the perches on the feeders. Another squall is looming on the West

horizon. Soon it will be raining again, but for now, this lady isn't waiting. The dogs and I are off to the barn.

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## President's Corner

### Prelude to Logging

By Tom Titus

Anger would be easier.

But they were so nice, so neighborly. They smiled and joked and told us how quickly it will be done, how light the meadow will be, how deer and elk will come, how fast trees grow. They told us that it's always been this way. Afterward I mow, three nonstop acres of knapweed, grass, gopher mounds, and grief exploding in two-foot swaths under the spinning blades; mow around a man-forest of well-spaced apple trees; mow until the sun drops behind the western tree line soon to be stump line; mow until the engine chokes and dies and exhausted hands release the dead handle. Then sweat-tears beneath my temples cool into streaks of gritty sorrow.

But I am not angry.

Darkness wraps newborn spring in its soft blanket. Light seeps in around the loose edges, illuminating an earthbound galaxy of four-petaled dogwood stars over the collapsed cabin where one night forty years past Uncle Francis slept forever. Great Horned Owl shouts from a jagged shadow of conifers on the ridge behind, trees I should have been buried under. From the darkening canyons of my mind his pale throat puffs out in utter defiance; dotted eighth-sixteenth-quarter-quarter-quarter, hoos in four, andante. Or is it a question? Whose? Whose trees, shades of green wandering from yellow to black and back again? Whose deer mice with small night eyes, rustling in the duff, visible only to owl's ears? Whose cool tongues of dew-laden air reaching from forest to

meadow, licking my salty neck with evening, brushing wild iris petals with lavender inscribed in white feathers? Whose deepening memories you found so amusing?

Pygmy Owl answers from the blackness of the creek bottom, a plaintive monotonic "toot!" It's the signal from the high lead whistle sending choker setters scrambling as another round of naked trees is drug to the landing to trucks to mill to pallets neatly stacked with blonde, freshly-cut two by fours sticky with kiln-dried tree blood, smelling of sweet turpentine. Sixty at one-eighty-nine apiece framed my shed, finished just before the autumn rains, now filled with cider press and canning jars, family wages and college funds, private jets and race horses, Our Way of Life and a War for Everything.

Hoos? Whose deep secret burbles from the mountain's cracked heart into the two-gallon pool, tickling the feet of lady ferns, trickling over moss-pillowed rocks into a white porcelain cup that one day held a half grown torrent salamander, olive flanks of weathered sandstone, patiently waiting? Back in the pool she watches from water's edge with dark upturned eyes just breaking the crystalline surface. Gratitude? Dipping gently, icy water spills inward leaving Salamander undisturbed while bits of rotting leaf and wood dance in the small current, swirling across brown-beige-yellow-ocher pebbles. Each cold-blooded mouthful slips off my tongue, slithers downward, coming to rest in a cool ball waiting to be born into wind on owl's wings.

I am not angry.

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### Discovering Dandelions

by Whitey Lueck

Every year in mid-April I take my Trees Across Oregon students to Skinner Butte Park in downtown Eugene for our first off-campus field trip of the term. Spring is usually going strong by then, with the cottonwoods leafing out along the river at the base of the butte, and wildflowers such as trillium and false Solomon's seal in full bloom in the coniferous woodland on the butte's north slope.

It's a 15-minute bicycle ride from campus to our meeting spot, and because many students have a class just before mine they end up arriving a bit late. I always wait for them, and I take advantage of the extra minutes to talk with students who were first to arrive, and answer questions that have come up since the previous class.

Last year, as I wandered among the 30 or 40 students who were lounging on the sun-drenched

lawn, two of them called me over to show me something. They were sitting cross-legged on the grass and lined up in front of them were eight or ten just-picked dandelion heads. The young man pointed to the dandelions and said to me. "Look what we just discovered!" His female companion then went on to explain that, as they were sitting there surrounded by blooming dandelions and English lawn daisies, they noticed that the yellow-headed dandelions in full bloom and fluffy seed-heads were actually the same plant, just at different stages of development. And they had arranged in a row all the different stages between flower and seed-head that they had found growing around them.

The two students were just beaming over their discovery. I initially thought to myself that they must be teasing me, but I quickly realized that they were very sincere. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't comprehend that two 18-year-olds were learning so late in life what I had learned probably as a toddler. But I smiled at them and said something like, "You're very observant – I'm glad to see that!"

Since then I've thought a lot about what happened and how we all learn about our surroundings in different ways, at different times, and to differing degrees. As a naturalist in my fifties I continue to learn things about my surroundings almost daily. My eyes and other senses are wide open to what is going on in my environment – that's just who I am. Occasionally, someone else points out something new to me. But most of the time I make discoveries all on my own – and those are, for me, the most gratifying.

While this essay was still in draft form I happened to take some of my current Trees Across Oregon students on a walk north of campus, during which

one of the young men came up to me and said: "Whitey, will you settle something for us?" (He was holding a dandelion flower in one hand and a dandelion seed-head in the other.) He said that he thought they were two different plants, but a friend of his in the same group claimed they were just two different stages of the same plant. I couldn't believe my ears. But I answered his question, then asked for a show of hands: "How many of you never knew this before?" To my utter astonishment, 12 of the 14 students in my group raised their hands! On top of that, I learned later from my teaching assistant, Nate – who had also been leading a group through the same area at the same time – that one of his students raised the very same question!! What on earth...?!

I've discussed this dearth of dandelion knowledge with several colleagues and friends, and no one can make any sense of it. Almost all of the students in my class come from families who took them hiking and camping during their younger years. But I am also aware that, for most of them, my class is the first time that they have been encouraged truly to open their eyes to the world around them and improve their observation skills.

One friend suggests that the students were likely raised in suburbs of chemically-dependent – and thus dandelion-free – lawns, so they never got to know the plant. And their "nature experiences" with their families took place in wild areas where dandelions don't grow. She may be right.

Whatever the case, I'm now redoubling my efforts to open my students' eyes to The-World-Around-Us, so that the remainder of their lives will be filled with discoveries about all kinds of things – now that they finally know about dandelions.

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## Events of Interest in the Community

### Lane County Audubon Society

**Saturday, 17 April, 7:30am. Third Saturday Bird Walk: Warblers at Skinner Butte with Dan Heyerly.** Meet, rain or shine, at the S. Eugene High School parking lot (19<sup>th</sup> and Patterson) at 7:30am and return by 11am.

**Tuesday, 27 April, 7:30pm. "Raptor Migration: From Bonney Butte to Veracruz."** Join local naturalist Rick Ahrens for a remarkable look at raptor migration. Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High St.

### Mount Pisgah Arboretum

34901 Frank Parrish Rd., Eugene, 97405. Located off I-5 Exit 189, 15 minutes southeast of Eugene. Call Peg Douthit-Jackson at 541-747-1504 or email [mtpisgjp@efn.org](mailto:mtpisgjp@efn.org) for more information or to sign up for any of the following Arboretum activities.

**Saturday, 10 April, 1-4pm and □ Saturday, 17 April, 1-3pm. Travel Photography (2 day workshop).** □ Led by photographer David Stone. The first educational session will end with an assignment to practice the techniques taught. In the follow-up session, bring your images for evaluation and further instruction. Digital and film cameras

welcome. Rain or Shine. Registration required. Meet at the Arboretum Visitors Center. Fee: \$25/\$20 members.

**Sunday, 18 April, 8-10am. Bird Walk: Birds in Transition.** Led by Davey Wendt. We will look for early spring migrants like Orange-crowned Warbler, and Hutton's Vireo and lingering winter species like Varied Thrush, and Golden and Ruby Crowned Kinglet. Rain or Shine. No registration required. Meet at the Arboretum Visitors Center. Fee: \$5

**Saturday, 24 April, 1-3pm. Medicinal Herb Walk.** Led by herbalist Sue Sierralupe. She will discuss the medicinal properties, folklore, traditional uses and ecology of the herbs of the Southern Willamette Valley. Rain or Shine. No registration required. Meet at the Arboretum Visitors Center. Fee: \$5.

**Sunday, 2 May, 1-4pm. Wildflower Walk.** Join botanist David Wagner on a walk through the varied habitats at the arboretum to observe the wonderful displays. This will be a 3-hour walk rather than the usual 2 hours, so we have a chance to look at as many of the flowers as possible. Come dressed for the weather; bring your hand lens if you have one. Rain or Shine. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. No reservation required. Fee: \$5.

**Saturday, 8 May, 1-3pm. Reptiles and Amphibians Walk.** Take a look at the world of snakes, lizards, frogs, turtles and salamanders, as you explore their habitats within the Arboretum. Herpetologist Tom Titus leads this fascinating walk for those who want to learn about our native species. Rain or Shine. No registration required. Meet at the Arboretum Visitors Center. Fee: \$5.

**Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter** For more information call 541-746-9478.

**Monday, 19 April, 7:30pm. Touring One of the World's Biodiversity Hotspots, Southwest Australia.** Gail Baker and Clay Gautier show pictures of stunning springtime floral displays. EWEB Training Room at 500 East 4th Avenue, Eugene.

**Wednesday, 28 April, 11am.** Rhoda Love takes us on a wildflower stroll at Mt. Pisgah in commemoration of Native Plant Appreciation Week. Meet at Arboretum Visitor Center.

**Saturday, 1 May, 2pm. Field Trip.** Bruce Newhouse takes us on 2-mile walk to Moon Mountain to view one of Eugene's newest parks. This small, botanically diverse park is located near Lane Community College. Meet at 2 pm at Amazon Community Center to carpool. See preview of hike at <http://brucen.zenfolio.com/>

**Sunday, 9 May, noon-5pm. Native Garden Tour.** The second annual native plant garden tour in Eugene features a variety of Willamette Valley native plants and habitat types in several private gardens. Visit one or all in any order at your own pace. Homeowners and NPSO members will be available at each site to answer questions. Garden descriptions with plant lists and a map will be available to download from the Emerald Chapter website ([emerald.npsoregon.org](http://emerald.npsoregon.org)). Carpooling, biking and walking is encouraged, as parking will be limited. Contact [ngap@emerald.npsoregon.org](mailto:ngap@emerald.npsoregon.org) with questions.

**WREN** For more on these activities call 541-683-6494 or email [info@wewetlands.org](mailto:info@wewetlands.org).

**Tuesday, 13 April, 9-10am. Wetland Wanders at Tsanchiifin Trail.** Park at the West Eugene Wetlands Partnership office on 751 S Danebo, Eugene. FREE! WREN will provide binoculars.

### Nearby Nature

Pre-registration required and space is limited for these programs. Call 541-687-9699, email [info@nearbynature.org](mailto:info@nearbynature.org), or go to <http://www.nearbynature.org/programs/registration-forms>.

**Sunday, 11 April, 1-4 pm. Creative Backyard Playspaces Workshop.** At Nearby Nature's Learnscapes in Alton Baker Park. Participants will learn why kids need free play time in natural spaces and discover how to enrich the natural qualities of their own backyards. Design and implementation of small-scale residential projects will be covered. Instructors are Sandra Koike and Erin Lamb. Koike, a landscape architect, works for the Camas Educational Network. Lamb, one of Nearby Nature's Alton Baker Park Hosts, is an avid gardener, landscaper, parent, and teacher. \$30 for members/\$35 for non-members.

**Friday, 16 April, 8:30am-3pm. No School Day Program: Time Travelers.** Treat your kids to a day of exploration, hiking, and art in Alton Baker Park and at the Nearby Nature Yurt. Unravel the mysteries of Alton Baker Park, uncover 20-million-year-old fossils, find strange shapes in the land, and learn the tales of the Kalapuya people. Create a volcano and a fossil imprint. \$30 members/\$35 non-members, ages 6-9, maximum 12 kids.

**Saturday, 17 April, 12-2pm. I Spy Spring!** Alton Baker Park. Join Nearby Nature as we celebrate spring...and put out the welcome mat for summer! Stop by the Learnscapes and our Yurt in Alton Baker Park anytime between noon and 2 pm to meet live reptiles and amphibians from the Oregon Herpetological Society as well as Frannie our costumed Pacific tree frog! We'll also have crafts, garden activities, and a fun raffle. Information about our summer

daycamps will be available and some of our instructors will on site to answer questions. FREE! (Note: Stop by the Science Factory on the same day from 10am to 1pm for info about their summer programs.)

**Monday, 26 April. Track Town Pizza Pie Benefit Day.** Join us at Track Town Pizza at 1809 Franklin Blvd. for a Nearby Nature PIE DAY in support of Nearby Nature's Scholarship Fund! All day long, Track Town will donate 50% of the cost of your pizza, salad, or soup order (not delivery items) to Nearby Nature if you bring in your special coupon. Scholarships help families pay for daycamps, No School Days, service learning projects, and other fun adventures! Important: Pizza coupons will not be available at the restaurant—you must bring your coupon with you. Click <http://www.nearbynature.org/membership/coupons-for-benefit-days> to get a copy from our website. Make copies and share with friends! Email us at [info@nearbynature.org](mailto:info@nearbynature.org) if you can't read our attachment and we'll send you a copy.

### **North American Rock Garden Society, Emerald Chapter**

**Wednesday, 21 April, 7pm. "Chaos in the Rock Garden: Putting Theory into Practice".** Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High Street. David Sellars, an engineer who gardens just south of Vancouver, BC, will talk about the concept of self-similarity: small outcrops are just miniature versions of the mountains they are a part of. He'll show us how he applied this chaos overlying pattern theory to rebuilding a section of his rock garden.

**Alvord Farm and Museum**, a hands-on children's natural history museum in West Eugene, wants families to join our Butterfly Garden Club. Come to our orientation in early summer and learn how to take care of the garden. Then come by and tend the garden three times this summer, and you can get invited to our thank you party. Kids will receive a packet of fun butterfly stuff. Call Karen Rainsong at 541 683-8271 or email: [info@alvordmuseum.org](mailto:info@alvordmuseum.org). See our site for more info: [www.alvordmuseum.org](http://www.alvordmuseum.org)

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**We welcome new members! To join ENHS, fill out the form below. You will receive *Nature Trails* through December of next year. Membership payments allow us to give modest honoraria to our speakers, as well as to pay for the publication and mailing of *Nature Trails*.**

**MEMBERSHIP FORM**                      Mail checks to **Eugene Natural History Society**  
**P.O. Box 3082, Eugene OR 97403**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail (optional) \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State & Zip \_\_\_\_\_

<b>ANNUAL DUES:</b>	Contributing	20.00	
	Family	15.00	
	Individual	10.00	<b>Generosity is Appreciated</b>
	Life Membership	300.00	

Do you have any special experience in natural history? \_\_\_\_\_

Would you like to organize/lead field trips? \_\_\_\_\_

Teach informal classes? \_\_\_\_\_ Work on committees? \_\_\_\_\_

What natural history topics interest you for future talks? \_\_\_\_\_

### **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

1. The deadline for signing up for the Opal Creek Field Trip is the end of this month's meeting, 16 April.
2. The revised bylaws for our Society are posted on our website, and copies will be available for your examination at this month's meeting. At the May meeting we will vote on whether to accept them.
3. At this month's meeting a sign-up sheet will be available for those interested in volunteering to serve in our booth at the Spring wildflower show, which this year will be on 16 May.
4. The annual ENHS summer potluck will take place on 12 June, beginning at 2pm; it will again be at the Kimmel's farm. More information, including directions, will be in next month's NT.

Eugene Natural History Society  
P.O. Box 3082  
Eugene, Oregon 97403

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### **ENHS Schedule of Speakers and Topics 2009-2010**

**16 April** – Dean Walton – Ecologist, Science Librarian: "Freshwater Tidal Swamps of the Atlantic Coast"  
**21 May** – Pat Kennedy – Ecologist: "Can Cows and Birds Coexist in NE Oregon?"  
**10 Sept** – Bill Sullivan – Exploring Oregon's New Wilderness Areas  
**15 Oct** – Randy Molina – Mushrooms  
**19 Nov** – Bill Ripple – Yellowstone Wolves  
**10 Dec** – Doug Robinson – Bird Ecology in Panama

### **ENHS OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS 2008-2009**

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