

# Nature Trails

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Grasstrees (*Xanthorrhoea*) Photo by Gail Baker

## **A Plant Ecologist's Dream Trip: The Floral Diversity of Australia**

**Gail Baker, Assistant Professor of Botany, Retired  
Lane Community College, Eugene, Oregon**

**Friday, 15 March 2013, 7:30pm, Room 100  
Willamette Hall, UO Campus**

How convenient: my interview with this month's speaker took place at my dining-room table, over tea. Actually the reason she came here instead of me going there was that she and my wife Kris needed to talk about the botanical illustration events that will occur in conjunction with the Wildflower Festival at Mt. Pisgah Arboretum in May (see the events calendar!).

The first thing I learned is that Gail Baker cannot run for President. She was born in Toronto, Canada. The woods at the end of her street and the backyard gardens of her parents and grandparents sparked her lifelong interest in the plant world. When she was twelve her family moved to Long Island, New York, where her father continued his career as a radiation biologist. After four years there her dad accepted a position at Mt. Zion Hospital in San Francisco, so Baker finished high-school in Marin County, just north of the city.

At the University of California at Irvine, where Baker earned her B.S. in biology, she made one of those critical decisions – you know, when you look back on your life and recall that moment when you decided to do this and not that and the rest of your life was different because of that single choice. In her junior year she decided to apply for admittance to a 16-credit ecology field course and was accepted. This turned out to be the beginning of the rest of Baker's professional life. It led to her desire to get out into the field, and allowed her the freedom to discover her fascination with plant ecology. Baker and the rest of those students admitted to this sought-after course were treated as scientists. They were expected to read the scientific literature, know the organisms they were studying, and design and carry out experiments. She said the best part of the experience for her was the fieldwork: being out in the ecosystem under study. After finishing the course Baker continued to take part in ecological research programs as an undergraduate, both in Baja California, Mexico, and in the Sierra Nevada mountain range. In Baja she became familiar with the coastal ecosystem south of Ensenada, where fog plays a critical role in plant distribution and survival.

With her B.S. in biology from UC Irvine in hand, Baker went to San Diego State University for her Master's, where she did plant ecological research, again working in coastal ecosystems. Just before finishing her M.S., which she did in 1977, she was hired by Dr. Phil Rundel at UC Irvine to coordinate his lab.

When Rundel moved his lab to UCLA in 1982 Baker moved to Oregon because living in Los Angeles didn't appeal to her. She took a position with Dr. Jerry Franklin's research group in the Department of Forest Science at Oregon State University, in Corvallis.

Baker's gradual shift from plant ecological research to teaching began after she moved to Eugene. From 1984 to 1988 she balanced her research activities in Franklin's lab with her position as a part-time instructor at Lane Community College, teaching there two days a week and working in Franklin's lab three days a week. When she and her husband Clay Gautier moved to Seattle in 1988, Baker's focus shifted more completely to teaching. She taught part-time at several campuses of the Seattle Community College System from 1988 to 1994, at which point she accepted a full-time teaching position at LCC.

Her love of the research process and her experience as a field researcher have informed Baker's teaching over the years. She is justifiably proud of having been able to share her research background and enthusiasm with the many students she has instructed in over twenty years of teaching.

In 1978 Baker spent two months in the eastern and central part of Australia, studying plants and their ecosystems there and developing a love for that country. So the sabbatical she took in 2009, which will be the subject of Baker's talk to ENHS, is her second extended stay in Australia. Again, she spent two months there, accompanied by Clay, but this time in Western Australia, with Perth as the hub of their foray. In their write-up of their trip, which appeared in the April 2010 issue of the Bulletin of the Native Plant Society of Oregon, Baker and Gautier posed the rhetorical question "Why would plant-geeks visit Australia?" Their answer was "The Southwest Australia Floristic Region (SWAFR) is internationally recognized for its exceptional plant diversity. It offered us new perspectives on plant evolution, speciation, and ecological distributions. Because many of the species are restricted to the Southern Hemisphere, we were also able to broaden our knowledge of plant groups." During their camping excursion, which covered almost 3000 miles, Baker and Gautier marveled at the biodiversity on display in this ancient land with seemingly worn-out soils. Believe me when I tell you that if she shows us more than a quarter of their stunning photographs of this unique flora our heads will be spinning. They concluded their article like this: "So, if you visit the southwestern corner of WA [that's Western Australia, not Washington], you not only get to enjoy the wonderful and sometimes weird flora of the SWAFR, you can also ponder on the unresolved mysteries surrounding what evolutionary forces produced such an incredibly diverse flora and what ecological factors are at work maintaining it today." Baker's presentation, A Plant Ecologist's Dream Trip: The Floral Diversity of Australia, will highlight this diversity with striking photography of the flora coupled with her knowledge of the landscape. From botanical

reserves in the wilderness to Kings Park & Botanic Garden in the heart of Perth, to wildflower festivals and studios of famous botanical illustrators, for an hour you will be immersed in the plant ecology of the island

continent down under. Put it on your calendar: Friday, 15 March, 7:30 pm, room 100 Willamette Hall, U of O campus. See you there. John Carter

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## Out and About

*“Out & about” is a periodical encouragement to Eugene Natural History Society members to get out and experience our magnificent Oregon. Photos and descriptions provided by David Stone.*



Maybe you've taken the trip up Hwy 138 and have seen Deadline, Susan Creek, Tokatee, Whitewater and Clearwater Falls, among others. Next time you go (and spring is a good time to go), get off the beaten path and check out Little Falls. Turn left off Hwy 138 @ mile 38.3 onto Steamboat County Road 38, and drive 1.5 miles to a small pullout just beyond an opening in the trees on the right side of the road. This unmarked falls makes a sweet lunch stop.

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### President's Corner

#### On the Run

By Tom A. Titus

February streams by so quickly I hardly have a chance to complain about the weather, and suddenly I am running out of both time and inspiration for my Nature Trails column. One can always beg off being too busy to write. But there is no excuse for lack of inspiration for nature writers. Robert Michael Pyle wrote in the prologue to his collection of essays entitled *The Tangled Bank*: “There’s barely a place, scarcely a square inch with any visible life or color to it, that can’t catch and keep my interest, at least for a spell.” In other words, usually we just need to get out more. And pay attention.

So I decide to do something that I’ve thought about for some time: a natural history run. I find a small fanny pack, a pencil that is about one inch too long to fit easily inside of it, and one of those Write-In-The-Rain notepads with waterproof paper and a yellow cover. I leave at noon when the leading edge of a not-so-Pacific late winter storm is gently exhaling its cold breeze onto the green edge of the North American plate from which we are spectators, stirring leafless hardwoods and spattering me with intermittent raindrops. The storm has not engaged fully with the

land, and the sky retains a mixture of grays—lead, platinum, pewter, and sterling.

Jogging north I cross the Willamette River on Autzen Footbridge, stopping midway to write in the rain in my write-in-the-rain notepad. The flood-control reservoirs upstream are now empty, and after many rainless days the water runs low, splitting around columns of basalt that would be gray but are covered with a beige layer of dried algae. I have no single word to describe the ribbon of water bisecting the city, so I call on Shel Silverstein and *Where the Sidewalk Ends*: the river is “grayish bluish green.” Silverstein reminds us that our words are often arbitrary states that don’t reflect the real world, a world that is more often a continuum of possibilities. Why not occasionally acknowledge the limitations of our language by throwing in an impromptu “-ish”? Because when the coming rainstorm becomes fully formed the river will gradually become a brownish tannish grayish torrent carrying the continent out to sea, and the land will be joined with the ocean.

Time blurs boundaries, too. The river is a caricature of its former self. Gone is the braided circuitry of willow-lined shape-shifting channels constantly forming new oxbow lakes that became home to western pond turtles and muskrats and amphibians that breed in quiet water. Today, dams and bank

stabilization have penned in the Willamette, making it a single-channel slave to agriculture and the stability of subdivisions. Briefly I wonder when, not if, the river will return to its previous state of wild freedom.

Crossing the footbridge, I pick up the chip trail veering to the left off the bike path, entering a section of gallery forest. Naked grayish hardwoods are broken by green unfurling osoberry leaves and verdant licorice fern erupting from thick moss on bigleaf maple trunks. A song sparrow sounds off from the undergrowth. I stop again to scribble on my write-in-the-rain page and wonder what the nonwriting runners on the trail think of all this stopping and writing. Somewhere inside my chest I begin to sense the overwhelming amount of writing material surrounding me. I've barely begun, yet I can share only 1,000 words with you. I have now used over half of them.

Gallery forest gives way to an unkempt filbert orchard, with trees that are completely leafless but in full bloom, adorned with yellowish greenish pollen-laden catkins, each one a little filbert phallus. A deep-throated staccato *chuck* is cast like a rock from the interior of the orchard, and I stare inward, struggling to recognize the bird, and then spot a western gray squirrel calling near the top of a filbert tree, its battleship gray bottlebrush tail, which is not yet dampened by rain, arching over its silvery back. Gray squirrels are beautiful but are mostly brainless when it comes to cars. One morning I was driving through the mixed oak-fir forest on far south Willamette Street when one bolted down the bank and ran headlong against the passenger door of my 45-mile-per-hour vehicle. Was the squirrel really stupid, or was it running for its life?

I suppose I'm running for my life, though much more slowly and with less sterling style than a gray squirrel and only for my long-term health rather than immediate escape from predators. Jogging around the large man-made pond immediately next to the filbert orchard, I note that the overcast has become uniformly gray squirrel gray and the rain intensifies, dappling the yellowish brownish reflection of dead reed canary grass and catkined filbert trees on the surface. The small white tuxedo of a male bufflehead duck tracks behind a female, while stooped silhouettes of double-crested cormorants rise from a few stumps poking

above the pond's surface. More waterproof scribbling and I press on.

The canoe race enters from the northeast corner of the pond, and I follow the channel upstream, toward Interstate 5. A swelling dissonance of human activity intermingling with natural order presses inward through my eyes and ears. On my left, large houses line the opposite side of the waterway, one backyard adorned with a life-size plastic swan. Amid the growing noise of freeway traffic a belted kingfisher chatters and swoops from naked willows not yet flowering, and a red-winged blackbird sends out a nasal call (so early?) from a cottonwood stretching above a meticulously manicured lawn. To the right lies the unnaturally open expanse that once was the Day Island Landfill, where from 1963 to 1974 the entire Eugene-Springfield metropolitan area hauled its garbage to the large pit dug immediately next to the Willamette River. When I was growing up "going to the dump" was a weekend diversion and didn't garner a second thought. Today, I find the idea of a riverside garbage pit mind-bogglingly shortsighted and wonder what sort of toxic soup is now seeping into the aquifer. But people change. Ideas change. Sometimes for the better. Hopefully not too late.

Folding my rain-spattered write-in-the-rain book and slightly-too-long pencil back into my fanny pack, I jog southward, back to the tamed river. A short track to a sandbar penetrates the cottonwood and willows. More dissonance: a highway marker rocks like a plastic fluorescent orange hotdog in the gently lapping water and someone's tent is partly visible through the brush. Green-barked willow stems are scattered about in the mud, cut by a beaver during higher water, then left in the muck when the water receded and the beaver decided they weren't worth the risky waddle over dry land. A train rumbles along the opposite bank and I remember a summer lunch hour years past when I was compelled to find a quiet place to eat and finally ended up huddled like a chased animal under the alders at water's edge.

Today I am not chased—just running. But I still need this river, even on an afternoon that is coldish dampish winterish. Before returning I find two pieces of grayish roundish smoothish basalt to carry home in my hands.

They make the perfect ballast.

### **MARCH 15<sup>th</sup>: last chance to join John Day Fossil Beds trip!**

Our annual field trip will explore the John Day Fossil Beds National Monument in eastern Oregon, **31 May through 3 June**. OMSI's Hancock Field Station will provide cabins for 3 nights plus meals at a cost of **\$150 per person**.

We will explore all three areas of the Fossil Beds (Painted Hills, Clarno and Sheep Rock), the Thomas Condon Paleontology Center and Cant Ranch Historical Museum. There will be plenty of opportunities for hiking, studying geology and paleontology, taking photos and exploring on one's own. Check out [www.nps.gov/joda](http://www.nps.gov/joda) for more information about this spectacular area.

To join the trip, full payment is **due 15 March**. Contact Kim Wollter, 541-484-4477 or [kwollter@comcast.net](mailto:kwollter@comcast.net). Send payment to her, made out to Eugene Natural History Society, at 3550 Mill St. Eugene, OR 97405. This is a fabulous opportunity to visit some of the best and most beautiful geological formations in Oregon. We encourage you to join us!

## Snags and Tree Holes and Stumps

By Reida Kimmel

Like all landscapes, our farm is a living history book if you know what to look for and can find some old timers to tell you the stories. At the west end of our property is a very large, tall stump, clearly once an old-growth fir, cut with handsaws. It has mostly crumbled now, but forty-four years ago when we bought our place, the stump was very sturdy, and not alone. Then there were numerous stumps of lesser size scattered above the pond. As our then next door neighbor Bertha Toll told it, the first settlers, her older cousins, for she was not yet born, built their cabin by the pond in the late 1880s and commenced to clear the land for farming. One night in a storm, a tree came down on the cabin crushing the husband in his bed. His wife beside him was unscathed. The man recovered, but lost his taste for pioneering. The couple moved to Goshen where later they were flooded out. They survived that too. And so our land was not cleared completely, or farmed, until “the logging” in 1948, when most of the hills above upper Fox Hollow Valley were cleared, this time with newly invented, miraculously efficient, chain saws. There are dips in our fields that must have been holes made by long-gone fallen trees. A pair of deep ruts that hold water, harboring wetland plants and sometimes frogs for months every year, are the tracks of what must have been a large and very deeply stuck truck. Conversely, a twenty or so foot wide hardpan where nothing grows well stretches the length of our property. It is the original Fox Hollow Road. On the other side of the creek was the first Le Bleu School. Bertha’s brother Karl salvaged some of its windows when he built our house in 1948. Bertha and Carl are gone now, as are all the old timers. We and a few others who came here in the 1960s are the old timers now, and we have our own stories to tell, as well as the stories of our elders to preserve.

Three very tall ancient trees, storm battered, broken, but still living, dominated our view to the south for more than thirty years. The farthest snag was the stoutest, plainly visible from more than a quarter mile away. It disappeared first as neighboring firs grew taller than the old broken tree. The second snag to disappear from view lost all of its hollow rotted top in a winter storm some years ago. A few days after the storm when I walked up to survey the damage, I found honeycomb all over the ground amongst the shattered wood. The bees in that hive, rendered homeless in winter, were surely killed. Though the rest of the tree survives it is not flourishing. The third snag was the closest, the tallest, and the most interesting. There were braches near the top where vultures liked to warm themselves early in the morning. Often I have seen a

piledated woodpecker resting or feeding on the snag’s trunk. Our neighbor, local ceramic artist Lynn Bowers, made us a series of six large tiles depicting the old snag from its base to its top. These tiles, affixed to our central chimney, are precious to us. They capture the spirit of Fox Hollow.

It has been a very dry winter with no particular storms or weather events. Nevertheless, at Christmas time, the old snag started to lean to the south. Uphill. Almost every day it seemed to lean a little more, until one day in late January, it simply was not there. Chuck and I walked up the woods trail to see what had happened and of course, there was the monster tree, a supine corpse. Its rotted snag top was utterly shattered. Almost all of its living branches were broken, too. It fell from one property to another. Whose tree was it now? Would it be salvaged, and if so by whom? We hoped by no one, even if it did utterly block a favorite trail, one that always had the first wild flowers in spring and offered cool shade in summer. We walked to the base of the tree, now a huge hole in the red earth. I have never seen thicker stems of poison oak than the half dozen or so that twined far into the formerly living branches. The old pipe that used to carry spring water to a redwood tank and then to our house was torn out of the earth. That pipe was installed sixty-five or more years ago. Some of the snag’s roots might have been damaged when the pipe was installed, though I doubt it was deeply buried. No it was not a two-inch metal pipe that caused the giant’s downfall. Could it have been geography? The snag grew right at the edge of a vertiginously steep hillside, part of a debris flow extending all the way from the ridge behind our house to Fox Hollow Road, a third of a mile and hundreds of feet below. Would the snag have survived longer if the land’s owner had not, at risk of life and limb on those slopes, repeatedly mowed every bit of vegetation, rendering already unstable soils even more prone to slippage. We’ll never know.

Where will the vultures sit? Where will the piledated woodpecker find a sunny spot to forage? Our valley is more pristine and forested than most areas around Eugene, but there are not many old snags left. This last snag to fall was possibly centuries old, a survivor of the valley’s first logging. The forest around it, already heavily thinned and partially clearcut, is no more than sixty years old. In those days the woods were left to spontaneously regenerate. A few trees were left to reseed the land. Lots of slash and broken or defective trees were left after logging, providing habitat and food for many species. Below the surface all the myriad insects, fungi, and mycorrhizal life carried on, providing a rich and welcoming substrate from which shrubs and trees could grow anew. This is no longer

the case. Industrial forestry clears the land. Trees cut at their base leave no stumps. Snags and fallen trees are chewed up for 'bio fuel', or hauled to slash piles for onsite burning. Herbicides kill all deciduous vegetation and the toxic residues impoverish the soil by killing the microorganisms that could provide fertility. We rail, and rightfully so, against the conversion of natural woodlands to industrial plantations, against the harm it does to watersheds and biodiversity, but I think we tend to overlook the loss of the old giants who have a role to play for years, centuries after their prime and even after their death. I know an old snag not far away, hugely tall and wide, with only one living branch, which was a beehive tree for years. Now it is home to a

flock of martins that moved there when their former snag home was mowed down to make an access road to the top of Bertha Toll's old property. Another snag still standing on that hill has been hit twice by lightning, and still puts out vigorous new growth. The way we, tidy landowners and foresters alike, manage our properties today does not provide for the development of forests with true old growth characteristics: messy places with lots of downed wood, half-dead trees, the woodpecker, amphibian, moss and fungi heaven so necessary for true biodiversity. In death there is life. That is the forest's message and the story we old timers should share.

## Events of Interest in the Community

### Lane County Audubon Society

**Saturday, 16 March, 8 am-12:30 pm. THIRD SATURDAY BIRD WALK. Birds, Ecology, and Stewardship at Delta Ponds.** Meet at the South Eugene High School parking lot (corner of 19th and Patterson) for carpooling at 9 am. Plan to return by 12:30 p.m. All birders are welcome. A \$3 donation is suggested. As a precaution, please remember not to leave valuables in your car. Questions? Call Maeve Sowles at 541.343.8664 or [president@laneaudubon.org](mailto:president@laneaudubon.org).

**Tuesday, 26 March, 7:30 pm. Bird's eye Views.** Pat Boleyn, from Boleyn Bird Walks and Consulting, and members of the Pacific Tree Climbing Institute (PTI) will give a presentation about their guided bird expeditions up into the canopies of old-growth forests. The trips offer overnight expeditions led by Pat and expert tree guides and certified arborists. Come view images of the ecology of the old-growth canopy from more than 150 feet up, and compare it to the lower canopy layer we are used to seeing.

### Mount Pisgah Arboretum

34901 Frank Parrish Rd., Eugene, 97405. Call Peg Douthit-Jackson at 541-747-1504, email [mtpisgjp@efn.org](mailto:mtpisgjp@efn.org), or look at <http://mountpisgaharboretum.org/> to find out about current Arboretum activities.

**Wednesday, 13 March or Tuesday, 2 April, 6:30-8 pm. Nature Guide Training at Mt. Pisgah Arboretum.** MPA is looking for volunteers to lead nature walks for K-5 grade students. No experience required. Free training covers natural history and how to lead fun, interactive tours. Orientation sessions will be held at Morse Ranch Family Farm, 595 Crest Drive, Eugene.

**Sunday, 19 May, 10 am-5 pm. Wildflower and Music Festival.** It's not too early to take notice of this marvelous annual event.

**Saturday and Sunday, 4, 5 May. Native Plant Society of Oregon and Mount Pisgah Arboretum** present a two-day workshop with professional botanist and scientific illustrator, Dr. Linda Ann Vorobik, "**An introduction to Botanical Art**". All skill levels are welcome. Location: LCC, Bldg 16, Room 115. Fee: \$125 for NPSO or MPA members, \$150 for non-members. **This workshop is one of many events during May Wildflower Month. [www.MountPisgahArboretum.org/WildflowerMonth](http://www.MountPisgahArboretum.org/WildflowerMonth) is where to go for the full list of events.**

### Nearby Nature

Go to <http://www.nearbynature.org/events> to view NN's calendar, or call 541-687-9699.

**Tuesday, 12 March, 6:30-8 pm. Spring New Volunteer Orientation.** Love nature? Enjoy kids? Learn all about leading spring school nature walks in Alton Baker Park, as well as other Nearby Nature volunteer opportunities, in the Tykeson Room at the Eugene Public Library. No experience needed--training provided in April.

**Friday, 12 April, 8:30 am-3 pm. No School Day Program: Potions!** Learn basic herbal lore as you make your own kit of healing potions. Harvest plants from the organic Learnscape gardens and concoct salves to heal bruises, teas for queasy stomachs, and maybe even an antidote for the dreaded toadskin spell! Come to our yurt in Alton Baker Park.

**Saturday, 13 April, 1-4 pm. Family-Friendly Park Clean-up and Nature Walk.** Gloves and tools provided. Dress for the weather and meet outside the Alton Baker Park Host Residence on the Waterwise Garden patio.

### University of Oregon Museum of Natural and Cultural History, 1680 E. 15th Ave.

<http://natural-history.uoregon.edu/>

**Free Admission Wednesdays, 11 am – 5 pm.**

**Fridays, 1 pm and 3 pm, Guided Tours.**

**Ongoing Exhibits:** 1) Out in Space Back in Time; 2) Nick Sixkiller, The Man Behind the MIC; 3) Geophotography; 4) Site-seeing: Snapshots of Historical Archaeology in Oregon.

## Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

**Monday, 18 March, 7:30 pm. Introducing the NPSO Citizen's Rare Plant Watch.** Erin Gray, the NPSO Rare and Endangered Plants Committee Co-Chair, will introduce NPSO's new citizen-science program, the Citizen's Rare Plant Watch. Location: EWEB Training Room, 500 E 4th Ave., Eugene. For more information call 541-349-9999.

**Thursday, 4 April, 9 am. Field Trip: Coyote Spencer Wetlands.** Ryan Ruggiero of the McKenzie River Trust (MRT) is giving a tour of Coyote Spencer Wetlands, several miles southwest of Eugene. MRT recently acquired this 161-acre parcel of land to protect rare plants and unique wetland habitat. For more information and to sign up for this event, go to the MRT website at <http://mckenzie-river.org/events/> or call 541-345-2799.

## WREN

**Tuesday, 12 March, 9-10:30 am. Wetland Wander at Meadowlark Prairie.** A restored wetland, at 400 acres, Meadowlark Prairie provides an excellent opportunity for bird watching as it is home to a wide array of waterfowl, raptors and songbirds. WREN will provide binoculars. Meet at the parking area located on Greenhill Rd., south of Royal Ave.

## North American Butterfly Association – Eugene/Springfield Chapter

**Monday, 8 April, 7 pm Friends and Food, 7:30 pm Presentation: Do Butterflies Depend on Plants or Vice Versa?** Dr. William Neill, author of *Butterflies of the Pacific Northwest*, will share with us his love of butterflies, and the interesting relationship between butterflies and flowers. While adult butterflies are satisfied with nectar from a variety of plants, the caterpillars have developed "special relationships" with particular plants that are called their host plants. Dr. Neill will pose the interesting question of who depends on whom in this animal/plant relationship. EWEB Training Center, 500 E. 4<sup>th</sup> Ave., Eugene. Free to all.

## Nature Photographers of the Pacific Northwest

**Saturday, 6 April, all day, starting at 10 am. Biannual meeting of the Nature Photographers of the Pacific Northwest. Featured speaker: Frans Lanting.** Lanting's photos of the rare asiatic cheetah, taken in the Iranian desert, were featured in the Nov. 2012 issue of National Geographic. Columbia Hall auditorium, U of O Campus. Fee: \$10 preregistration for members, free to anyone associated with the U of O. Go to [nppnw.org](http://nppnw.org) for information and preregistration form. They are expecting a full house so if you are interested, show up early.

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**We welcome new members! To join ENHS, fill out the form below. You will receive *Nature Trails* through November of this 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*. Our web address: <http://biology.uoregon.edu/enhs/>**

### MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State & Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail (if you want to receive announcements) \_\_\_\_\_  
I (we) prefer electronic copies of NT rather than paper copies. \_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_ No  
If yes, email address (if different from the one above): \_\_\_\_\_

<b>ANNUAL DUES:</b>	Contributing	20.00
	Family	15.00
	Individual	10.00
	Life Membership	300.00
	Contribution	_____

Make checks payable to: The Eugene Natural History Society  
P.O. Box 5494, Eugene OR 97405

<p><b>Annual dues for renewing members are payable in September. Memberships run from September to September. Generosity is encouraged and appreciated.</b></p>
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The following information is voluntary, but appreciated:

Would you like to: \_\_\_ lead field trips \_\_\_ teach informal classes \_\_\_ work on committees?

What would you like to hear a talk on? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you have special experience in natural history: \_\_\_\_\_

INTERESTS:

## ENHS Schedule of Speakers and Topics for 2013

- 15 Mar. 2013** – Gail Baker – A Plant Ecologist’s Dream Trip: The Floral Diversity of Australia  
**19 Apr. 2013** – Josh Roering – Are Mountains Like Giant Sandpiles? A Tale of Giant Landslides, Ancient Lakes, Big Floods, and Fish Evolution  
**17 May 2013** – Jason Dunham – Bull Trout  
**20 Sept. 2013** – Scott Pike – The Ness of Brodgar, Orkney's Ancient Temple Complex: Using Geochemistry to Unravel its Mysteries  
**18 Oct. 2013** – Robin Kimmerer – TBA  
**15 Nov. 2013** – Ray Rivera – Native Salmonid Fishes of the McKenzie River.  
**13 Dec. 2013** – Daniel Robey – Caspian Tern Predation in the lower Columbia River Basin

### ENHS OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS 2011-2012

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Photos by Gail Baker