

Nature Trails

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L'Hoest's Monkey

From the Impenetrable Forest to the Namib Desert: Biodiversity in Sub- Saharan Africa

Bob Fleming

**Friday, 21 March 2014,
7:30pm, Room 100
Willamette Hall, UO
Campus**

Bob Fleming has never known a time when he was not interested in nature as he grew up in a warm temperate forest biome that hosted a fine array of creatures. At the age of two, he and his folks moved into a house surrounded by oaks with a sprinkling of rhododendrons, dogwoods and horse chestnuts. An ivy-like vine clung to the trunk of a large oak fronting his house. One of his early memories is a stunning, long-tailed Red-billed Blue Magpie devouring the hanging red berries of this vine. Another memory is of the

perfume of the jasmine that crawled up the stonewalled house and watching Blackvein Butterflies fluttering over the white blossoms. Sounds he especially recalls included the prolonged warbling song of the Himalayan Whistling Thrush, sung in crepuscular light, and if awake at night he listened to the double hoot of the Mountain Scops Owl or the sharp, dog-like alarm bark of a Muntjak. Where Bob lived had distinct seasonal changes, including about as much snow as we get here in Eugene. Snow was an exciting time for him as then he could look for footprints that sometimes included the rounded pugmarks of a big cat or the human-like footprints of a bear.

From these hints you will suspect that Fleming's early years were spent in the Himalayan foothills in India where his father, an educator at Woodstock School in Mussoorie, introduced him to the beauty and the diversity of nature, especially to birds and plants. Other early influences included a butterfly-collecting trip to a location where one enthusiast reported seeing over 100 species of butterflies in one day. This expedition, to the Pumping Station



Kori Bustard

some seven miles distant, was led by Paul Wagner – and since those days Fleming has retained a special interest in these insects.

The name Wagner resonates with members of the ENHS, for ‘our’ David is Paul and Mabel Wagner’s third son. The Wagner and Fleming families mingled, but as Dave was so much younger than Bob they had limited contact in those formative years. However, Bob and David’s oldest brother, also named Bob, were buddies.

After graduating from Woodstock, Fleming traveled to Michigan where he completed his formal academic training, ending with a Ph.D. in zoology from Michigan State University. Subsequent learning came from on-site exposure to the Himalayan Mountain System and South Asia, and then to other parts of Asia, Africa, and beyond. Initially his world was one of terrestrial ecosystems that ended abruptly at the edge of the ocean, but after certifying as a scuba diver here in Oregon, he has also been exploring the colorful world of the tropical coral reef.

As a trained teacher, Fleming has instructed in formal situations but now prefers a classroom without walls and has organized and led travel/study trips to various parts of the world. His first exposure to Africa was in 1973, and over the past 40 years his wife Linda, an artist who is also inspired by nature, has ably assisted him. Fleming is currently a professor with the Future Generations Graduate School based in West Virginia, charged with research and writing. Our planet is a wonderfully exciting sphere and Bob Fleming knows it has been a distinct privilege to sample small portions of its immense beauty and diversity.

Here is Fleming’s introduction to his presentation:

AFRICA, the world’s second largest continent, stretches from the Mediterranean south to the Cape of Good Hope and harbors an impressive biodiversity including mammals that range in size from the Savanna Elephant to the Elephant Shrew. The landmass south of the Sahara features eight climatic zones hosting a variety of distinctive biotic communities (biomes) within the currently recognized 45 countries. Sub-Saharan habitats vary from mountain tundra on Kilimanjaro and other peaks, to highland savannahs in east Africa, down to the humid tropical jungles of the Congo Basin and the serest of deserts on the Atlantic coast in Namibia.

A visit to Africa - either in person or in one’s mind - is a journey in the present as well as into the deep past. At one time (~180 mya) Africa was the heart of the southern continent of Gondwana, and what lives in Africa today is a combination of species nearly identical to those originally on Gondwana (one thinks of the primitive gymnosperm, *Welwitschia*), evolved descendents of the Gondwana biota (the King Protea, South Africa’s national flower), and later arrivals that invaded Africa, mostly from Eurasia (lions and other felids).

We begin our visit to Africa in the vast, semi-arid Sahel, which stretches 3,600 miles (some reports list 3,300 miles) across Africa just south of the Sahara. Rainfall in the Sahel averages some 10-20 inches a year, an amount favoring grasslands with scattered bushes; trees appear along watercourses. Much of the original Sahel biotope has been converted to agriculture or otherwise altered by man and changing climate.

To the east of the Sahel, the Ethiopian Highlands forms its own biotic category harboring a variety of endemic species, especially in the Simien Mountains. Southwest of Ethiopia lies the true desert of the Lake Turkana area of Kenya, and traveling south from there, the landscape gradually grades into rolling grasslands with scattered trees - this is the classical African Savanna. In the same region, Kilimanjaro, an extinct volcano, hosts a suite of plants adapted to a mountain tundra biome. Backtracking from the savanna to the west and northwest, we come to the huge Congo Basin (3.4 -3.9 million square kilometers), which harbors one of the largest contiguous tropical rainforests in the world.

South of the Congo Basin one finds a mixture of woodlands, with the Miombo (*Brachystegia*) Woodlands of Zambia especially well known. Then, crossing the Zambezi River, one enters southern Africa, a delineation useful in a geographical context but also with biological validity. A number of species such as the Racket-tailed Roller (*Coracias spatulata*) and the Brown Hyena (*Hyaena brunnea*) are found only in southern Africa, a region that features some superb sites including the inland Okavango Delta in the northern Kalahari (Botswana), the Skeleton Coast Desert (Namibia), the Drakensberg Mountains rising to 10,000’ (southeast South Africa) and the Cape Floristic Province (extreme southwest South Africa).

Many of the biological treasures of Africa are housed in protected areas, and species numbers range from extremely precarious (Mountain Gorillas) to robust (Wildebeest). While some numbers can be depressing, it is encouraging to think that there are populations left and, in many cases, there is habitat, so quite possibly an increasing understanding of the importance of conservation and the wise use of the environment will secure at least a part of Africa’s rich biodiversity for the future.

Please join us at 7:30 pm on Friday, 21 March, for an overview of a splendid continent.

Same Old?

By Reida Kimmel

People ask me what were the high points of our three-month stay in England and I watch their eyes glaze over while I chatter on and on about the lovely music, the amazing bird watching, the inspiring horseback riding lessons. No one has asked me about what is wonderful about being back. That seems to be a hard one to answer because the Furies are punishing us for abandoning our chattels to go play in the city for a season. In only eight weeks we have had to deal with a badly lamed horse, the mysterious sudden death of our pet wether Paddy Sean, and very serious knee surgery for Willow the dog.

We came home to drought and dense dripping fog, weather quite common here in early winter. February was a month of winter condensed: cold, snow, ice, and wild warm storms bringing the longed for rains at last. With only half the normal precipitation for the season we have much to fear from drought and fires this summer, but at least we have had rain, in contrast to the record dry winter months last year. The native plants' rhythms ignore these dramatic vagaries in the weather. Early spring is progressing just as it always does here. The first snow queens [*Synthyris reniformis*] bloomed on January 29th. They always appear in the last week of January. When February's ice and snow finally melted, there were shoots of hound's tongue both in the woods and in sunny places. I'm sure they appreciated that warm blanket of snow. Shortly thereafter fawn lilies' [*Erythronium Oregonum*] single mottled leaves emerged in the mossy woods and smelly osoberry [*Oemleriacerasiformis*] flowered along the creek. But every bit as wonderful as flowers are the squalls that roll up our valley. Mountainous dark walls of cloud alternate with brilliant moments of sunshine. To see the big oaks, hoary with lichens, the willows with their brilliant yellow branches, the ruby colored red twig dogwood stems and rosy alder 'blooms' glowing in the sun against the black of an oncoming storm is one of spring's most wonderful sights. May we see it often in the coming weeks!

I can waste huge blocks of time looking out the window. In Cambridge I couldn't keep my eyes off the street, the umbrellas going up and down, the tour busses with their steamy dirty windows, the patient queues of weary shoppers waiting with huge plastic shopping bags for their bus to the Park and Ride. Here our view, though lacking human interest, is also

one of constant activity and occasional drama. The chickarees [*Tamiasciurus douglassii*] race up and down the oak trunk just inches from my window. They will chase juncos and even Steller's jays from time to time. The jays just tease them, not flying, but hopping, along the lightest branches. Sometimes, ever hopeful, a chickaree launches itself from the oak to the bird feeder. It is not a squirrel-friendly feeder, and a crash is inevitable. Our fat cuddly Western grey squirrels are much more dignified.

This is the forty-fourth spring we have seen on the farm, and looking out the east window I realize how much has changed in spite of the fact that we have done little to manipulate the landscape. The trees and shrubs we inherited are still there, but they have grown so tall, or so massive that the house appears to sit on the edge of a woodland. The lilac, the filberts, and the never-flowering quince have scarcely grown in height, but they have widened, and saxifrages, ferns, snowberry and a Coast huckleberry have gobbled up the scruffy lawn. It is a very bird friendly place. In the early years we did not have bird feeders. When we finally did set up a feeder it took months before birds noticed our change of heart and came to us in significant numbers. Then there was that amazing, to us, discovery that feeding the birds all year round brought a wealth of color and song into our lives. All the birds that visit our feeders are the species you would expect in the hills around Eugene, but for decades, one species has eluded us. I hear bushtits in the scrub and brambles along the trails right behind our house. I have always stopped and politely asked them to visit us. I experienced serious bushtit envy when I saw the tiny beauties clustering on friends' suet blocks. I moved a feeder and the suet block closer to the back of our property. No bushtits ever came close. The day after we got home, I stopped at Birds Unlimited for sunflower seed. Barbara gave me a free sample of "Bark Butter", a sort of avian-friendly peanut butter. I came home and took it to the bushtits' hang out. Like Hansel and Gretel, I made a trail, placing little gobs on bushes all the way home to the bird and suet feeders. A few weeks passed. Nothing happened. Other birds ate the stuff on the feeders. My little blobs on the bushes disappeared. Then on February third, the bushtits Finally Came! Ten little darlings chomping on suet! A few days later, they discovered sunflower seeds. Now we see them every day and they always cheer me up. What a wonderful homecoming!

The ENHS Board is on the lookout for new members. We meet monthly during the academic year. We are an amicable lot, and manage to enjoy ourselves while meeting the needs of our membership. If you enjoy the Society and would like to get more involved, talk to any board member.

Warm Wet By Tom A. Titus

Someday I want to have this conversation with someone: We'll spit and kick the dirt, and I'll remark about how cold winters get in their world. Then they'll say "Sure, but it's a dry cold." Then they'll ask, "How can you stand all that rain?" And I'll say, "It's tough, but it's a warm wet."

So we step out into this warm wetness, striving stolidly toward the spring equinox. We've paid our dues. Before this all hell broke loose with heavy snow and freezing rain and breaking trees and downed power lines. The mess nearly derailed a trip by Kim and me to the KLCC Microbrew Festival at the fairgrounds, but we struggled through for the sake of good beer and a good cause. We drove home through an apocalyptic scene of fallen trees and downed power lines. Back in our neighborhood we tried to comprehend the incongruous scene of snow melting on the sidewalk while ice piled up on trees that snapped and popped, shedding various pieces of themselves under the strain. The next day the clenched hand of winter relaxed, and two days of 50-degree rain sent snow scurrying downhill in gray-brown torrents, transforming the landscape from white quilt to soggy lawns, along with puddles, potholes, overflowing creeks, and all manner of other western Oregon winter inconveniences that I was now thrilled to endure.

Although the landscape remained littered with the ragged amputations of trees, our green valley had otherwise returned to normal—leaden skies, hazelnut pollen, and door-swelling dampness. Late winter doesn't often inspire meditations on beauty. I understand. Our frivolous timepieces haven't quite sprung forward. Those mists and drizzles and sheets of rain are only a few degrees warmer than those of the month before and have saturated everything on the ground capable of absorbing any water at all. A navel-staring, when-will-it-ever-end attitude becomes pervasive in the human element of the biosphere. But the beauty is there; it almost makes me wince because it pours forth in contrast to the drab, dying winter. Melting snow revealed green camas spears laden with sun-hungry chlorophyll surging upward through rotting humus. There are vivid yellow pitchers of skunk cabbage flowers bursting through quiet water in forest bogs, osoberry bushes with small unfurling flags of pale green and clusters of flowers white as the snow now gone, orange and black-collared breasts of Varied Thrushes belting out their wheezy two-tone harmonies. And very occasionally there is a break in the rain, a crack of blue pierced by sun shining unimpeded

Ice Storm: in three acts John Carter 9 February 2014

The curtain opened upon gray sky above trees, aglow with soft promise. The audience at turns was hopeful – the drought had gone on too long – and uneasy, afraid the final act might be dark. And then snow came, peaceful, innocent, lending beauty and contrast to stately conifers, covering urban imperfections. For hours the audience settled in, hypnotized by the movement, the slow mounting up of those unique individual flakes.

Act two began with warmth. Only a wee tick up the scale, but enough to change the set: exit snow, enter rain. Fir, cedar, redwood and pine remained on stage and stayed below that magic line between water and ice. Maple, oak,

through bare branches, warming my face. How could anyone's navel be that interesting?

I could always use some joy to accompany those splashes of beauty. In the shiny black of a storm-washed evening, I bicycled home from a gathering of poets lifting their voices and pedaled into a din of chorus frogs also lifting their voices, an uproarious reproductive ode to the end of winter. I stopped to listen and pretended they were singing for me. My late winter joy can be reckless, too. Driving out of the Coast Range a week later, rain poured from a black sky, thrashing my windshield. Large drops were pounding the pavement, forming a million small splashes in the headlights, when a northwestern salamander large with eggs squirmed across the watery road on her way to breed in Fox Hollow Creek. With a trailer load of firewood pushing me from behind, I managed to stop, reverse course with a U-turn, and park near her in the middle of the left lane. I just wanted to hold her in my hand for a moment. I don't know exactly why, but I suspect joy was the culprit; the thirty-second thrill of feeling her slippery, milk chocolate, egg laden, hormone-ridden body in my hand, a chance to share a rain storm with someone whose life and the future lives she carried so directly depended upon all that water. She slid from my fingers into the grass at road's edge and was quickly swallowed by the dark and the wet. I managed another U-turn and got the wood home without incident.

Here at this warm ragged end of winter that is soon to be spring, I'd entertain a modicum of hope, too. These are hard times for people who care about the health of the earth. Certainly I've had my own dark days, those moments when the entire world looked and felt like another new clearcut, my spirit eroded by rivulets of anger, grief, and despair. But did you hear about the Spring Creek Project's February symposium "Transformation Without Apocalypse?" This was a gathering in Corvallis of hundreds of people who dared to face up to the climatic havoc that 400 parts per million carbon dioxide will wreak, dared to hope that we can still curb our voracious consumption and find ways to live meaningful lives on a ravaged planet. Admittedly, my own hope is small. But the joining together of all those small hopes made a larger light, a brighter future. Afterward, I walked outside into an evening of gentle warm rain, opened my arms, and turned my face upward.

Folks, I believe Spring is here.

ash, all those gaunt actors whose leafless branches kept them in the wings as the play opened, joined their coniferous cousins and each now accepted every tiny freezing drop. Just before the curtain of darkness fell the afternoon light was reflected from millions of beautiful, crystalline, deadly shrouds. The audience, although struck by the accumulating beauty of the individual actors and the entire scene, sensed imminent disaster.

As act three opened on a dark stage a sharp, rending shriek foretold the play's tragic end. The actors had borne their remorselessly growing burden in silence, but the last measure of their strength was now overcome and they gave voice to their agony. Reports like rifle fire resounded through the hall. Hour upon hour the carnage grew, the audience gasping in disbelief as the actors were slowly torn apart by their crystalline cloaks. The final curtain failed to cover the final scene: a landscape littered with the remains of once noble beings, the aftermath of what seemed a demonstration of mindless savagery.

Did the Playwright have in mind a moral? Can we grasp any lesson hidden in the wounds? The deaths? Are we now more aware of the masked might of chance? Did this event, so minor when held to the mirrors of Haiti and Fukushima, Sandy and Katrina, nonetheless leave the audience with a newfound respect for She who is really in charge?

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.



Skinner Butte Bald Eagles

You probably know that the Bald Eagle has made a tremendous comeback, so strong that it has been removed from the Endangered Species List. You can observe the results of that recovery right here in Eugene. Head up to the top of Skinner Butte and walk the asphalt path loop from the parking lot. Look for a group of birders along the way watching the Bald Eagle nest from the path. (It is not easy to spot among the trees unless you know just where to look.) A pair has nested there for the past several years, and should be nesting there again this year. Each year, the Eugene Christmas Bird Count turns up a large number of Bald Eagles. In 2013, 62 Bald Eagles were counted in the Eugene circle.

Eugene Natural History Society and The Three Sisters Wilderness Evelyn McConnaughey

The death of Fred Behm on 18 February 2014 at age 102 brought to my mind his part, along with members of Eugene Natural History Society, in the long and difficult but eventually successful efforts to secure the Three Sisters Wilderness. Although Fred made his living in logging he was a champion of old growth, and he and his wife Dorothy opened their home in Blue River to Friends of Three Sisters group activities and meetings. His many "letters to the editor" on forest and other environmental issues, when compiled, fill a sizeable booklet. When Friends of the Three Sisters Wilderness together with a number of conservation groups began the effort in the 1950's, wilderness protection areas in national forests had only administrative designation. Lumbering was the major activity, and was promoted by the Forest Service. It took over 40 years for Congress (in 1964) to provide Federal statute and Congressional review. The complicated story of change accomplished in classification of various regions from primitive to Wilderness status is detailed in a booklet put together by Lawrence Meirriam, "Saving Wilderness in the Oregon Cascades." With photos, maps and graphs this historical account details 44 years of work to protect a great national treasure from exploitation by logging, road building and mining.

ENHS FIELD TRIP TO MALHEUR NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE

Thursday–Sunday, 29 May – 1 June

The Spring 2014 ENHS field trip will be to the Malheur Field Station, where we will enjoy world-class bird watching on the Refuge, at the field station, and at the Refuge headquarters. Side trips also are possible. Carpools will be arranged.

Accommodations at the Field Station: We will stay in recently renovated spaces, some of which have separate bedrooms with two beds. The Field Station will provide three meals per day on Friday and Saturday and two meals on Sunday, with pack-your-own brown bag lunches.

Costs: Lodging is \$30 per person per night, the eight meals add to \$79 per person, and there will be a small cleaning fee (approximately \$3), for a total of \$172 per person.

Details: This is not a guided trip. However, people who have been to the area have various favorite places. We will leave Eugene Thursday afternoon. Pack your own dinner or stop for it along the way (a deli in Bend is a popular spot). Friday and Saturday can include the Refuge headquarters, the central patrol road in the Refuge, and a loop around Steens Mountain with stops at Mann Lake, Mickey Hot Springs, Pike Creek, Fields, and other places in the Alvord Desert and Catlow Valley. Sunday will be a shorter day, with a possible stop at Fort Rock.

To participate: Make a check out to the Eugene Natural History Society and give it to Judi Horstmann or Kim Wollter at the monthly meeting or mail it to the Eugene Natural History Society, P.O. Box 5494, Eugene, OR 97405. Be sure to provide participant name(s), phone numbers, snail mail addresses, and e-mail addresses. All payments must be made by 1 May. Refunds may be made in the case of emergencies. For more information, contact Kim Wollter at 541-484-4477, kwollter@comcast.net.

ENHS bike path work party. Saturday, 12 April. Meet at 10 am on the North Bank Bike Path under the north end of Ferry Street Bridge, or in the parking lot in front of McMenamin's North Bank restaurant off Centennial Loop. Families welcome; nature study entertainment provided. Bring gloves and be clothed for the weather. Work usually lasts until about noon, after which many of us stay for lunch and conversation at McMenamin's. Contact for info: David Wagner 541-344-3327.

Events of Interest in the Community

Lane County Audubon Society

You can access the current issue of *The Quail*, LCAS's excellent newsletter, from their website: <http://www.laneaudubon.org/>. A summary of their upcoming monthly meeting can be found there, as well as many other interesting avian tidbits.

Saturday, 15 March, 8 am-noon. Third Saturday Bird Walk at Delta Ponds. Led by Jim Regali. Meet at 8 am at the South Eugene High School parking lot (corner of 19th and Patterson), rain or shine, for car-pooling. Plan to return by noon. All levels of birders are welcome. A \$3 donation is appreciated to help support LCAS activities.

Tuesday, 25 March, 7:30 pm. Klamath Basin: Where a Refuge isn't a Refuge. Quinn Read, Klamath Wildlife Advocate for Oregon Wild, will discuss the complex system of water rights in the Klamath Basin and how it affects the region's marshes, refuges, lakes, water sources and wildlife. 1645 High St., Eugene.

Mt. Pisgah Arboretum

Sunday, 23 March, 8-10:30 am. Early Spring Birds of MPA. Join Nature Guides Julia Siporin and Chris Roth for a bird walk intended for people with all levels of birding experience. Rain or shine. Bring binoculars. \$5. Members free.

Tuesday, 1 April, 6:30-8 pm. Nature Guide Orientation. Each spring and fall MPA offers free training for volunteers interested in becoming nature guides for elementary school children in our community. To RSVP or for more details, contact Jenny Laxton, Education Program Coordinator – 541-747-1504.

Friends of Buford Park and Mt. Pisgah

Saturday, 15 March, 10 am-1 pm. REI, Arboretum, FBP Trail 17 Joint Work Party. Meet at the MPA parking lot.

Sunday, 6 April, 9 am-noon. TNC's Willamette Confluence Preserve – Lower Middle Fork Complex. Go to <http://www.bufordpark.org/tours/> to register for this tour, led by John Helmer.

Nearby Nature Go to <http://www.nearbynature.org/events> for information on these activities, or call 541-687-9699.

Saturday, 15 March, 1-4 pm. Draw Your Own Nature-Themed Greeting Cards Workshop. Led by Dave Wagner, at NN's yurt in Alton Baker Park. \$30 for members, \$35 for non-members. Preregistration strongly encouraged.

25-27 March, 8:30 am-3 pm each day. Camp Kalapuya. In Alton Baker Park. Kalapuya-themed games, crafts, hiking, stories, and exploration for kids 6-9. Cost: \$115/child for members, \$135/child for non-members. Pre-registration required.

Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

Thursday, 20 March, 7:30 pm. The Delta Ponds Habitat Enhancement Project. Lauri Holts will describe the pre-project conditions and the City's efforts to establish a diverse native plant community and control invasive species. Location: Conference Room at Lane County Mental Health.

North American Butterfly Association, Eugene-Springfield Chapter

Monday, 14 April, 7 pm - refreshments; 7:30 pm – presentation. Flying Circus: The How and Why of Butterfly Wing Patterns. Dr. Kathleen Prudic, a research scientist at OSU, will discuss how climate influences the development of butterfly behavior and coloration. Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High St. (note new location for NABA-Eugene).

The University of Oregon's Museum of Natural and Cultural History

Exhibit Hours: Tuesday through Sunday, 11:00 am - 5:00 pm

Friday, 4 April, 11 am-4 pm. The Atlas of Yellowstone: mapping the story of the world's first national park. Experience Yellowstone's dynamic beauty through maps and other works of art from the 2012 atlas published by the University of Oregon. \$5 adults, \$3 seniors and youth, \$10 families.

Current Exhibits

- Cruisin' the fossil freeway with artist Ray Troll and paleontologist Kirk Johnson.
- Site Seeing: Snapshots of Historical Archaeology in Oregon.
- Oregon - Where Past is Present. 15,000 years of Northwest cultural history and 200 million years of geology.
- Tradition Keepers: Cornhusk Weavings by Kelly Palmer and Joy Ramirez.

WREN

Saturday, 15 March, 10 am-2 pm. Family Exploration Day at Meadowlark Prairie. WREN staff and volunteers will distribute nature exploration equipment and provide guidance for independent exploration of the wonders in the wetlands. Meet at the parking area located on Greenhill Rd, north of West 11th Ave. Bring water and wear sturdy shoes.

McKenzie River Trust

Friday, 4 April, 6-8:30 pm. McKenzie Memories, a fundraiser for MRT at Cozmic. For more information and to purchase tickets go to <http://mckenzieriver.org/events/mckenzie-memories/>. This event sells out so get your \$10 tickets early.

We welcome new members! To join ENHS, fill out the form below. 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): _____

ANNUAL DUES:	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

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: _____

<p>Annual dues for renewing members are payable in September. Memberships run from September to September. Generosity is encouraged and appreciated.</p>

ENHS Schedule of Speakers and Topics for 2013-2014

- 21 Mar. 2014** – Robert Fleming – From the Impenetrable Forest to the Namib Desert: Biodiversity in Sub-Saharan Africa
- 18 Apr. 2014** – Richard Pugh – Meteorites: Rock From The Sky
- 16 May 2014** – Robin Hartman – Energy from Waves: A Consideration of the Issues

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