

Nature Trails

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Photo by Bob Keefer

Forest Under Story

Tim Fox, Charles Goodrich, Robert Michael Pyle, Fred Swanson, and Tom Titus. Music
by Justin Ralls, photos by Bob Keefer

Friday, 21 October 2016, 7:30pm,

Room 177 Lawrence Hall, Uo Campus

Forest Under Story. What a perfect title. Not the understory of a forest—those plants that thrive in the dappled light beneath the canopy—but forest defined and undergirded by *Story*. Another way to interpret this title needs some background about the H. J. Andrews Experimental Forest, the particular forest that was critical to the genesis of the book on which our October presentation is based. This unique piece of the Cascades is one of several sites selected by the National Science Foundation for Long-Term Ecological *Research* (LTER). For many years now the Andrews Forest has been under observation by foresters, mycologists, hydrologists—you name the discipline. Their book, if there is one, could have been titled *Forest Under Observation*.

Along came Oregon State University's Spring Creek Project for Ideas, Nature, and the Written Word, with a different idea. Let a bunch of writers—*Story* tellers—spend time in this hallowed place. Let them meld their own rich experiences with their ways of seeing. Ask them to write it down. Let them illuminate the forest and its importance with their Long-Term Ecological *Reflections*. Maybe what comes out will augment and instruct the efforts of the scientists. Maybe it will stand on its own and give voice to the visceral reasons why we must have forests. Why old growth must be protected. It has. It did. And so we have a book called *Forest Under Story*. Who can guess what our offspring will have two hundred years from now, when the project is complete?

Do I write a book report? Five mini-bios of the authors who will read words they have written and speak of their experiences at the Andrews Forest? A preview of the original music that will be aired prior to the beginning of the meeting? Comments about the photos that will appear throughout the evening on the screen behind the speakers? The quandary I face should alert you. You will not be attending a regular ENHS presentation in October. What you *will* get is a taste of an almost audacious experiment.

We will be read to. If you resist, if you prefer interpretation over just hearing the words that you yourself could also read, you will miss out on one of those primal pleasures. Letting yourself fall under the spell of words rising from a

page can take you back to when your parent's arm held you close as you listened to a *Story*. Perhaps the only thing better would be if we each had a copy of the book and, led by the authors, read aloud in unison some of these powerful passages.

One that I would choose is on page forty-eight. Robin Wall Kimmerer, who is ruminating on the data being collected by the many scientists associated with the Andrews Forest and who readily acknowledges their importance, says, "I want a flow of data streamed into some monitoring center that measures a change of heart. I want us to see clearly the jagged peaks of rising greed and their correlation with loss. Shouldn't we make models that predict the conditions under which destruction occurs so that an alarm will sound, shrilly warning us back from the brink? Couldn't the engineers give us special anemometers to detect dangerous shifts in political winds, atmospheric recorders that analyze the sighs of loneliness we feel when the only living beings we encounter are ourselves? The experiments we need to do are about how we can live and not hurt land. How we can heal the wounds that we inflict. For those experiments, I would sit with eyes glued to the terminal, watching for cultural change in order to chart a rising tide of ecological compassion."

Go into a room by yourself, close the door and read Kimmerer's words aloud. I would not be surprised to learn that hearing yourself say them brought tears to your eyes.

So, what will you get? Readings by Tim Fox, Charles Goodrich, Robert Michael Pyle, Fred Swanson and Tom Titus (maybe not in that order), live music by Justin Ralls from the UO School of Music, photography by Bob Keefer, and a chance to ask questions. You're already read introductions for Goodrich (NT Sept. 2009) and Pyle (NT Oct. 2014) since they've given us talks before, and what more need be said about Titus? So here are brief sketches of Swanson and Fox.

Fred Swanson is a retired geologist with the US Forest Service and holds a courtesy professorship in the Departments of Forest Resources and Geosciences at Oregon State University. He bridges the gap between the two LTERs: he's a co-Principal

Investigator in NSF's H,J. Andrews Experimental Forest LTER*Research*, and he's an



Photo by Bob Keefer

integral part of the Spring Creek Project's Andrews Forest LTER *Reflections*. Swanson is one of the editors of *Forest Under Story*. In the chapter "Poetry-Science Gratitude Duet," scientist Swanson and poet Alison Hawthorne Deming display a mutual respect that if more universally felt would benefit all scientists and writers. He says, "I've been in the forest with poets, and when I've said, 'Let's go,' they have said, 'I'd like to stay here three or four hours more—maybe a poem will happen.' I love that patience to stay, watch, listen, be open to new possibilities." Deming, thinking about skepticism, says, "I tell my creative writing students to anticipate the skeptical reader. We are all skeptics and should be. Science has taught us this, and I am grateful to science for a method that finds in each answer a new set of questions. This curiosity and eagerness to learn from what we learn seems acutely necessary to our times, when so many human choices have such powerful planetary consequences."

Tim Fox is an owl researcher and a writer. This is what is said about him in the back of the book: "Tim Fox has worked over the last twenty-five years as an owl researcher, vegetation surveyor, archaeological field crew leader, and writer in the fir and hemlock forests of the central Oregon Cascades, where he lives with his wife and son." At one point in his chapter, entitled "From the Mountain Lion," Fox tells us that northern spotted owls don't fly south for the winter, even though they don't come equipped with anything special to help them survive the cold. He says, "The reason for this counterintuitive disparity is

the old-growth forest, which buffers temperature extremes at both ends of the spectrum by as much as twenty degrees Fahrenheit in relation to adjacent clearings. *The owls wear old growth like another layer of feathers.*" I [ed.] put that last sentence in italics because it is beautiful, and because it somehow captures the essence of this long-term collaboration between scientists and writers.

Finally, even though she will not be with us, I must commend to you Kathleen Dean Moore's entry. It's the Afterword of the book and is entitled "Advice to a Future Reader." She imagines that reader, two hundred years from now, going back through the record and arriving at *Forest Under Story*. She says, "I wish I could invite you back in time to talk. ... We would sit on the porch, by the hummingbird feeder (do you know hummingbirds?) and look past the alders to the great trees. I would give you this book, this record of the first decade of twenty decades, and then I would bring my chair close to yours and explain my ideas about how to read it." And she proceeds to tell us how we should have read it. What a writer.

What a deal! For no charge you'll get to hear five compelling speakers, hear original music, and see exquisite photographs of the forest. Join us at 7:30 pm on Friday, 21 October, in room 177 Lawrence Hall on the U of O campus. The UO Bookstore will have books available, both *Forest Under Story* and selected titles by the individual participants, for sale after the presentation. John Carter

Disappearing Lakes by Reida Kimmel

I have not spent much time in Southeastern Oregon, with the exception of a couple of trips to the Malheur National Refuge and Steens Mountain, so it was a real shock to read Hillary Rosner's powerful article, *Water To Dust*, in *High Country News*, 13 June 2016. Last week, knowing that our "kids", Seth and Laura Rose, had just returned from five days exploring Oregon's "Far East" I asked them if the lakes were dry. Recalling the trip, Laura Rose said, "Then there was Abert Lake, the worst, icky. Very smelly. But we did see lots of American Avocets chowing down on something in the water."

We have criteria for lovely lakes, don't we? Gold Lake, Waldo Lake, Paulina Lake. We like people-friendly lakes for camping, boating and comfortable bird watching. But the majority of the lakes in Oregon's portion of the Great Basin, such as Summer Lake, Goose Lake, and Abert Lake, are far more beautiful and important if you are a shore bird. In a good water year fall-migrating birds, non-game birds like eared grebes, Wilson's phalaropes, and avocets stop in the millions. In a poor year there are only a few thousand visitors. These salty lakes are attractive because they produce super abundant protein-rich food. When water conditions are right, Abert Lake, the biggest

lake, with a 36,000-acre basin, may produce 41,000 tons of brine shrimp over the course of a summer. Breeding alkali flies cover the shores. But these invertebrates are very sensitive. If water levels are too low, the lakes become too saline and alkaline to support the flies and brine shrimp. Similarly, in a very wet year, the lakes will be insufficiently saline and alkaline for the lake's invertebrates. And if the lakes are dry, there is no food at all. Where the birds go when they cannot find the rich abundance of high-energy foods is a mystery. They cannot change course and divert from their path to visit distant Great Salt Lake or Mono Lake. They must make do with sparser resources along the way. Certainly many are weakened and die.

Twenty-five thousand years ago there was a 480 square mile lake, Lake Chewaucan, in southern Oregon. After the Ice Age, Lake Chewaucan disappeared, leaving only disconnected remnant lakes with no outlets, growing smaller and saltier over time. All the Great Basin lakes have shrunk and become saltier during the last century, but the past decade has been especially difficult. Lake County averages ten inches of rain in a good year, but its evaporation rate is forty-nine inches. Snowmelt-fed streams are essential to keeping water in the saline lakes and in the warm drought years we have experienced

recently the flow can be reduced to a trickle. In 2014 Lake Abert was just a puddle. Goose Lake, which a century ago supported a north-south ferryboat service, was completely dry, and so was Summer Lake.

Lake Abert is a good example of the complex problems besetting these saline lakes. Last summer, for the second consecutive year, Lake Abert was nearly dry. Salty dust blew about where brine shrimp should have been. The lake does receive water in the spring from the Chewaucan River, but then the irrigation season begins and the river's water, sometimes 100% of it, is diverted to water native grass hay fields. Though there may be water and shrimp early in the season, by the time the fall migration is underway there is no food in the lake for the birds.

The best land in terms of water availability and fertility is private land. Seventy per cent of the Great Basin's marshes, prairie potholes and wet meadows are privately owned. Nonetheless, water rights are vital, for without water rights it is impossible to farm or ranch in the sagebrush steppe. The amount of acreage allowed to receive water from river diversions has hardly grown in the last century, but still water is over-allocated, and there is no legal way to reserve Chewaucan River water for Lake Abert. Lake Abert has no water rights. Don't even imagine that any rancher would give up precious water to feed the lake, nor can he be forced to. Water rights are sacrosanct. More importantly, the water the ranchers take from the river in the spring and early summer is used to water meadows of native grassland. These artificial wetlands are as important for birds as is the lake. The species mix is different and the season of use is earlier, but the wet meadows support ducks, geese, sand hill cranes, white-faced ibis, and many more. In fact, about 80% of the

pintail ducks using the Pacific Flyway stop at the Chewaucan marshes. The BLM has designated Lake Abert as an area of "Critical Environmental Concern", but it has no power to act on the problem of drying lakes. Perhaps the real culprit is not the over-allocated water rights, nor the recent drought years, but climate change.

It looks as if the earth will continue to warm. The only question is by how many degrees and how soon? Warmer winters have already meant less snow for the mountains and earlier snow melt. Look at a detailed map of Southeastern Oregon. You will see named lakes: Coleman Lake, Silver Lake, Thorn Lake, Alkali Lake and others. These are not blue on the map. They all have dried up, and yet they must have been wet enough in the 1800s for the settlers to call them lakes. It is almost impossible to deny that the saline lakes are in grave trouble, and though ultimately there may not be much we can do to save them, I believe it is worth trying to explore alternate, more efficient ways of irrigating the hay meadows so that Abert and the other saline lakes do receive enough water through the summer to insure the continued production of brine shrimp and alkali flies during the fall migration. This can only be done with the voluntary participation of the local ranchers. How can we ever achieve this? If more bird lovers made the journey to the desolate but hauntingly beautiful dry part of our state, stayed a while, shopped, talked to the locals and impressed them with how wonderful and important their briny lakes and wetlands were—in fact, practiced a folksy sort of eco-tourism—perhaps the people who live in Lake and Harney Counties would realize that something needs to be done to try to save the lakes, and that only they can do it.

Fenceline Composting by John Carter

Our property is separated from our neighbors' to the south by a five-wire fence. The posts are round, maybe five inches through, and rounded at the top. They look like peeler cores. We've been here sixteen years and they're still strong so they may be treated. Wood in this ground for that long would surely rot, unless it's cedar or redwood. The wires aren't very tight and never were. The fence doesn't keep the neighbor dogs from the occasional visit, and I've seen deer slip through it as if it weren't there. Other than to mark the boundary between our side and theirs it serves little purpose. The neighbors let the weeds grow on their side and they never venture into that part of their land, which suits us fine.

On our side of the fence there's a mix of plants. The one holly tree we've left alone is up in the southeast corner. I know, holly is an exotic, invasive, weedy species, but it was already too big when we moved in – past the point of willful intervention. Birds drop its berries all over, so I am constantly weeding out young holly seedlings. Moving west up the fence there are six or seven decent Douglas-firs, whose canopies overhang the fence and starve the

half-dozen or so smaller firs for light. A couple of these little ones are already dead. Eventually they'll all fail.

Several understory species manage to stay alive beneath the fir canopy. A wild rhododendron, swiped from some local forest by the previous owners, puts out a few flowers every year. It always looks like it's about to fall over. In the past we've propped it up and roped it back but now we've given up trying to get it to straighten up and grow right. It must be tougher than it looks. There's a patch of salal that never gets bigger but so far is surviving, and at least half-a-dozen evergreen huckleberries that are downright healthy. Some of them even bear fruit, almost all of which birds, including turkeys, get before we do. Further west, close to the southwest corner, a small wild rose continues its struggle. It never flowers, I guess because little sunlight gets to it, but every spring it leafs out again, getting ready for another tilt at its reproductive windmill.

All this is preamble to what I really want to write about, which is the shape of the ground up there. Far from natural, the contours along the fenceline reflect sixteen years of human intervention. For years before

our move from the house in St. Paul, Minnesota, I used our vegetable waste and tree leaves to enrich the soil with which I was entrusted. So, predictably, one of my first acts here on Shields Avenue was to dig a hole in my new yard. The most inconspicuous spot was up the hill by the fence. When the container under the kitchen sink got full, up I would go, to the hole where the shovel acted as silent sentinel, leaned against the nearest tree. In went the nascent compost, followed by some vigorous chopping with the shovel and topped off by a dollop or two of soil from the pile generated by the digging of the hole. When that hole was full I dug another, but always close to the fence.

Every once in a while Kris, the only true gardener in our family notwithstanding my twenty-four years as a faculty member of one of the best horticulture departments in the country, would ask for compost for one of her plantings. One of the previous year's holes would be sacrificed, putting the system temporarily out of kilter. Here was a hole with no accompanying pile of dirt to cover the new vegetable detritus with.

But there is another reason for hole digging on the Carter-Kirkeby ranch. Not all our trees are conifers. We also have oaks and big-leaf maples, and our neighbor to the east has a huge big-leaf maple that drops at least half its leaves in our yard. My method of dealing with this seasonal bonanza involves, you guessed it, a hole in the ground. Rather than donate these riches to the city of Eugene I keep them and make more compost. But instead of putting them in a compost bin I go out, survey the property line, and dig a hole. This is a *real* hole in the ground. I've fantasized about being caught in the act and having to convince a suspicious neighbor or officer that I am not a serial killer—no, I am just a burier of leaves. I dig the leaf grave after I've rounded up the leaves and dumped them close to their final resting place. The grave ends up about four feet wide, six feet long, and twelve to eighteen inches deep. There are piles of dirt all around it.

The actual burial is more a process than an event. Three basic steps are repeated, and repeated, and repeated, until all the leaves are in their grave. First a thin layer of leaves goes into the bottom, then a thin layer of dirt from one of the piles gets sprinkled over them, then another layer of leaves, and then I get in the hole and walk all over the leaves to pack them down. Then it's another layer of dirt, another layer of leaves, and more stomping. Dirt, leaves, stomp, dirt, leaves, stomp, until the whole, immense collection of leaves and all the dirt are in place. The last layer is dirt, and what was once a relatively level section of forest floor is now a mound. The casual observer of

my finished project might be suspicious that something is buried there. She would be right. But months later she might not be able to find that grave again because magic has happened and the tall, fluffy mound is now pretty much back down to the level—in the broadest sense of the word—of the rest of the yard.

The idea is that enough microbial activity resides in the soil layers to work their deconstructionist magic on the layers of leaves. The idea has been shown to be right over many years. The leaves always turn to dirt. If I had a longer timeline I could probably just throw all the leaves in and cover them with one batch of dirt and they'd eventually get to the same place: compost, or dirt (Can't you just hear James Cassidy hollering "Soil! It's Soil!"). But I don't mind the extra steps and I like to see the end product in a year or so.

All this digging and burying and magic have altered the lay of the land up by the fence. If you can ignore the woodpiles and the brush waiting for the chipper-shredder and just pay attention to the ground as you walk through the area you notice a decided unevenness. Some of the leaf graves are still mounds, and others have sunk below grade. There are depressions and there are bumps—terrestrial innies and outies. Some of these gravesites are in such prime spots that I confess to having used them more than once. Is it sacrilege to use compost to make more compost? As far as the vegetable-trash holes go, I've dug so many of them I honestly can't remember where they all are. Many of them, too, have served more than once.

These repeat holes have taught me a few things about the decay process. Soft stuff like banana peels and orange rinds and squash seeds and rinds are easy peasy for the microbes. But hard stuff is another story. Peanut shells last about as long as a piece of wood. Pistachio nut hulls last as long as pressure-treated wood. Tea bags break down surprisingly quickly, but those little cardboard tags on the ends of their strings have a much longer half-life than do the bags. White egg shells are still white an inordinately long time post-burial. Those aggravating labels the stores insist on putting on every apple and every orange and every banana are largely impervious to Oregon microbes. I have also found that some avocado seeds are viable. Several have sprouted and put out a few leaves, but they all have died when they get about a foot tall. Too little sun? Too much cold? If they had lasted a little longer the deer would have found them, so they were doomed anyway. Avocados are just one of a long list of plants that don't do well here either because of the climate or the critters.

There must be a pithy moral or life lesson to be drawn from all this digging and burying and

transformation but it hasn't occurred to me yet. When and if it does I'll work on chapter two. So that's about it from the back fence.

Announcements

1. A good place to park for our meetings is the Physical Plant lot: turn north (left) from Franklin onto Onyx, go about a block and you will be in the lot. After 6pm it's open to the public.
2. The October meeting location will be in **177 Lawrence Hall**, on the UO campus.
3. We will need help with the ENHS booth at the Mt. Pisgah Arboretum mushroom festival on Sunday, 30 October. Please volunteer! There'll be a sign-up sheet at the meeting on the 21st, or you can contact Dave Wagner at 541-344-3327.
4. Our cleanup of Eve's Mile is set for Saturday, 5 November. We'll have a low tide that morning. Volunteers should meet at 10am at the Ten Mile Creek pull off, or plan to carpool, meeting at 8am at South Eugene HS parking lot, the NE corner, across the street from the Y, i.e. at the corner of 19th and Patterson. Check the weather in Yachats and dress for it. Bring a 5-gal. bucket, lunch, and something hot to drink. We'll have trash bags on hand.

Events of Interest in the Community

Lane County Audubon Society

Saturday, 15 October, 8am-noon. Third Saturday Bird Walk. Site and leader will be determined by interesting bird sightings posted to OBOL and other pertinent information available before the day of the walk. Details will be posted on the LCAS Facebook page (facebook.com/pages/Lane-County-Audubon-Society/330177413824?ref=hl) and on the LCAS website (laneaudubon.org). All ages and skill levels are welcome. We have a couple of pairs of binoculars to loan if needed. To carpool, meet at 8am at the SEHS parking lot (corner of 19th and Patterson). Remember that it's not a good idea to leave valuables or your vehicle registration in your car if you leave it at the lot. A \$3 donation is appreciated to help support Lane County Audubon's activities. For more information, contact Jim Maloney at 541-968-9249 or jimgmal@comcast.net.

Tuesday, 25 October, 7:30pm. Owl: A Year in the Lives of North American Owls. Paul Bannick, whose photos win awards, will present a program featuring video, sound, stories from the field, and several dozen new images from his brand-new book *Owl: A Year in the Lives of North American Owls*. The Program Meeting on October 25 at 7:30pm is a special book release event co-hosted by Cascades Raptor Center, Lane County Audubon Society, UO's Environmental Studies Program, and the Environmental & Natural Resources Center at UO School of Law. The meeting will be in room 100 Willamette Hall, on the UO campus.

Mt. Pisgah Arboretum

Sunday, 16 October, 8-11am. Fall Bird Walk. Join Julia Siporin and Joni Dawning for another monthly bird walk intended for people with all levels of birding experience. We'll use vocalizations, habitat, and behavior clues for identification of our fall migrant and year-round residents. Come discover the Arboretum's avian diversity. Please bring binoculars. Option to continue the walk until noon for those who are interested. Rain or shine. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. \$5, members free.

Sunday, 16 October, 10am-6pm. Mushroom Harvesting Workshop. Join mushroom enthusiast Lehi Shultz on a search for local mushrooms. Meet at the Arboretum for a short walkabout to go over mushroom basics. The group will then carpool to a mushrooming location about 45 minutes away. You'll learn how to identify edible, poisonous and medicinal mushrooms. This introductory class will prepare you to find and safely harvest mushrooms on your own. Members: \$20, non-members: \$30. Registration required. Call 541-747-3817 to register or visit <http://www.mountpisgaharboretum.com/workshop-registration/>

Saturday, 22 October, 10am-12pm. Forest Ecology Walk. Explore the plants and animals of the Arboretum and their place in our native ecosystems with ecologist and LCC instructor, Pat Boleyn. From our oak savannah to our conifer and incense-cedar forests, the interrelationships are fascinating and complex. Come away with a clearer understanding of the importance of these forests to us and the organisms that make them their home. Rain or shine. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. \$5, members free.

Sunday, 23 October, 1-3pm. Scarecrow Making and Pumpkin Carving Workshop. Fall is here, and Halloween is just around the corner! Get ready for the Mushroom Festival's Scarecrow Contest at this fun, family-oriented event. The Arboretum staff provides inspiration and know-how for creative pumpkin carving, and you can design your own unique scarecrow to enter in the Scarecrow Contest or display on your lawn. Scarecrows made at the workshop can be entered in the Scarecrow Contest at our Mushroom festival for free! Pants, shirts, straw, and pumpkins provided, but you are encouraged to bring your own used clothes too! \$5 per pumpkin or scarecrow. No registration required. Meet at the White Oak Pavilion.

Sunday, 30 October, 10am-5pm. Mushroom and Music Festival. The West Coast's Largest Mushroom Exhibit – Live Music – Hay Ride – Scarecrow Contest – Apple Pressing – Kids' Activities – Great Food & Wine – Arts, Crafts, & Books – Free Parking & Shuttle. Suggested Donation: \$8 per person, children under 12 free. NO DOGS.

Oregon Wild

Wednesday, 26 October, 6-8pm. Rivers of Oregon. Tim Palmer will present a slide show based on his stunning new book, *Rivers of Oregon*. With spectacular photos from all across the state, Tim will take you on a river tour that will change the way you think about water flowing across our land. Claim 52 Brewing, 1030 Tyinn Street, Ste. 1, Eugene. Doors open at 6, program

starts at 6:30. Time for a pint.

Friends of Buford Park and Mt. Pisgah

Monday Morning Regulars, 9am-noon. Contact volunteer@bufordpark.org for more information.

Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9am-noon. Nursery Work. Meet and work at the Native Plant Nursery at Buford Park. Enter Buford Park from Seavey Loop Road. Turn LEFT after crossing the bridge and drive 1/4 mile to the nursery.

WREN (Willamette Resources and Educational Network)

For current WREN events go to <http://wewwild.blogspot.com/>

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

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

Cascade Mycological Society

For current happenings go to <http://cascademyco.org/category/events/>

Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

Go to <http://emerald.npsoregon.org/> for information on upcoming events.

North American Butterfly Association, Eugene-Springfield Chapter

Unfortunately the October meeting occurred too early in the month to be included here. Go to <http://www.naba.org/chapters/nabaes/> to learn of their next presentation.

Nearby Nature

Saturday, 15 October 10am-1pm. Restoration Celebration. Alton Baker Park. Join Nearby Nature for park restoration and caretaking. Our Restoration Celebrations focus on creating a park that is safe, clean, ecologically diverse, and functional. Please bring a water bottle and dress appropriately for the weather. Snacks, tools, and gloves will be provided.

Friday, 11 November. No School Day Adventure. Fungus Among Us. \$40 members/\$45 non-members. Ages 6-9, max 12 kids. Outdoors in Alton Baker Park and at our Yurt. To register, call 541-687-9699, ext. 2.

Go to <http://www.nearbynature.org/events> for more info and details of other upcoming events.

ENHS welcomes new members! To join, 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): _____

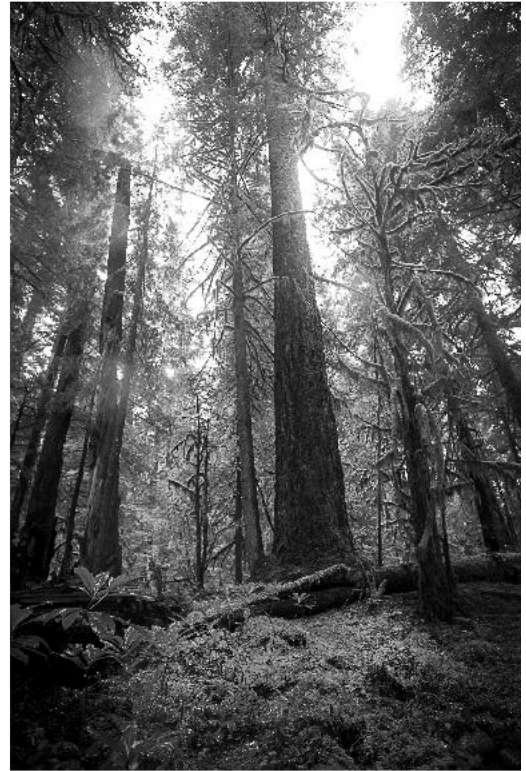
ANNUAL DUES: Family	\$25.00
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Contribution	_____

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

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Photos by
Bob Keefer



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Schedule of Speakers and Topics for 2015-2016

21 Oct.	– Authors and Music	–Forest Under Story
18 Nov.	– Celeste Mazzacano	– More than Monarchs: Migration in Dragonflies & Other Insects
9 Dec.	– Claudio Mello	–Of Bird Genes and Bird Brains: What Science Can Teach Us About Avian Singing and Seasonality
20 Jan. 2017	– Kelly Sutherland	–Sea Jellies
17 Feb.	– Terry Hunt	–Easter Island Archaeology
17 Mar.	– William Cresko	–Sea Horses and Sea Dragons
21 Apr.	–Svetlana Maslakova	– Pythons of the Sea: Natural History of the Nemertean Worm
19 May	– Ed Alverson	–Southern Willamette Valley Natural Areas Through the Seasons