

# Nature Trails

Published by the Eugene Natural History Society

Volume Fifty-three, Number One, January 2019



Photo by Laura Tesler

## Indonesia: Above and Below

Laura Tesler

Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife

Friday, 18 January 2019, 7:30 pm,  
Room 100 Willamette Hall, UO Campus

Laura Tesler grew up in Flint, Michigan. When she was 23 she came out to Oregon and spent six months as a forest intern with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. She returned to Flint briefly, but found she had fallen in love with Oregon and so came back. The internship turned into a permanent position, and she ended up working for the USFWS a total of three years. She moved on and worked briefly for NOAA Fisheries before deciding to go back to school.

Tesler began her academic career majoring in chemical engineering, but at some point became disenchanted with that discipline—she didn't tell me why, but I'm guessing it had to do with differentials, integrals, and physical chemistry. Or, maybe, with the fact that chemical engineers don't get to spend all that much time in nature. For whatever reason, she made a huge switch—from chemical engineering to fisheries biology. She finished at Oregon State University with a B.S. in fisheries biology. Starting in her junior year she did internships with the National Resources Conservation Service (NRCS). Her senior internship lasted four months—in Brazil. She studied the survivability of wild-caught aquarium-trade fish in the Rio Negro. If you've had a Neon Tetra or a Corydoras (Cory catfish) in your fish tank, it may well have come from there.

After she graduated the NRCS hired Tesler full-time and her first assignment was in John Day, where she worked with local farmers and ranchers to modify irrigation methods so as to leave more water in streams for the native fish. She also did stream restoration on the South Fork of the John Day River. In the NRCS, assignments were flipped often, so after only six months in John Day she was moved to Coquille.

Tesler left NRCS and joined the Oregon Department of Agriculture (ODA), in their Coquille

office, where she worked as a regional watershed planner. She wrote plans dealing with protection of riparian areas, protection of wildlife, and, in general, worked to develop and implement more environmentally friendly agricultural practices. She interacted with dairy farmers, cattle grazers and cranberry growers, among others, until the ODA closed their Coquille office, at which time she moved to Salem, where she is now.

In 2002 Tesler left ODA and joined the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. She started with them as a staff member implementing the

Endangered Species Act, first on the fisheries side. In 2011 she left the fisheries part of ODFW and began dealing with wildlife, developing the Willamette Wildlife Mitigation Program and becoming its Coordinator. She has been with ODFW ever since, and in 2018 accepted the challenge to develop a mitigation program based on a cost-recovery formula, now called The Payment to Provide Program.

One of Tesler's main passions is diving. Since



Clark's anemonefish, (*Amphiprion clarkii*). Photo by L. Tesler

beginning her diving instruction around 2005, Tesler is now a Divemaster and has become an accomplished fresh, salt, warm, and cold water diver, with over 500 dives under her belt (552 to be exact). In November she traveled to Indonesia and dove Lembeh Strait. This narrow strait separates the islands of Sulawesi and Lembeh (Some might wonder how close this strait is to the volcano that caused the recent devastating tsunami ... No worries, that volcano is almost 1500 miles away) and this area is known for its abundant and colorful marine life, in particular "macro" life, most of it being less than 2 inches long. In her talk, "Indonesia: Above and Below", she will tell us about and share "topside" photos—the above water part—and



yellow clown goby, (*Gobiodon okinawae*). Photo by L. Tesler

© Laura Tesler

underwater photos, showcasing many fantastic creatures including nudibranchs (a type of sea slug), hairy frogfish, pygmy seahorses, ghost pipefish, whip coral gobies, and more. Tesler's presentation promises to be a visual treat. Please join us at 7:30

pm on Friday, 19 January 2019, in room 100 Willamette Hall on the U of O Campus. There usually are cookies. John Carter

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## The Sounds of Passing On by Dean Walton

As I write this essay, I am sitting in my mother's hospice room. We all come to an end at some point and she is nearing hers in the next couple of days. When I think back about my life with my family, it is not the sights or smells that are my strongest memory triggers, but sounds, natural sounds. I do not know if this is unusual, but I know for me it's true. Many of my sound memories relate to visiting our old family farm in Paw Paw, West Virginia — the cuckoos, the crickets, the katydids, the occasional barred owl, and that overwhelming sound of the Brood-X 17-year cicada (*Magicicada septendecim*) eruption of 1970. It was at our farm that I first became aware of the calls of the Fowler's toads that "roamed" the area. The deep calls of bullfrogs in their native habitat blended with the moos of the cattle that grazed on the land near the ponds where the bullfrogs lived. I loved those sounds.

Sounds are one of the natural history artifacts that seem in many cases to be overlooked (or is the term overheard?). I expect it is because many people find the various calls difficult to learn. Birdcalls stand out as one of a few exceptions, but there are other calls too, those of insects, amphibians and whales that we listen to. I remember spending my holiday gift money back in middle school on "*The songs of insects (Calls of the common crickets, grasshoppers and cicadas of Eastern United States)*" as a vinyl album. I loved hearing those calls and hearing Richard Alexander's quirky voice announcing the different species.

It is interesting to ponder how the sounds in our natural environment become strong memories. When I was crossing the country to begin work at the University of Oregon I camped in Rocky Mountain National Park. The bugling of a bull elk just feet outside my tent is a sound I will never forget, and that incident proved to me that the age at which I heard a sound was not an important factor in whether that sound became a memory. I remember sounds from childhood, and from adulthood. Is it the distinctiveness of the sound? The surprise, as with the elk bugle? Is there some survival value associated with our ability to remember sounds? Or is it largely, as in the case of my youth on the farm, a love affair?

Sometimes, however, it is the quiet periods that stand out. Later as an adult, I remember sitting near a pond in an area as quiet as I could imagine, but the area really wasn't quiet. Frog larvae, the tadpoles, pollywogs, or whatever you called them, were present in the pond and in this quietness, I could hear them break the surface to gulp air. Hundreds and hundreds of these tadpoles were all making this pip-pip-pip sound, the quietest sound imaginable, but still not quiet. It was only because I was in a remote spot, away from people, from cars, from machines, that it was possible for me to hear this sound.

I remember being up on McKenzie Pass in Oregon before that road was paved and hearing a single fly. In the quietness of the location, this beast seemed more a like dragon. When all you can hear is the vibration of wings beating 200 times per second, the sound becomes the focus of your attention. I remember being startled to hear the "pip" from a single abscising leaf from a bigleaf maple tree on this quiet, windless day. It wasn't the loudness of the break that was startling, just that it could be heard at all. On almost any other day, the slightest wind would cause enough rustling of the other leaves on the tree to bury the tiny sound made by any single leaf breaking away under gravity's force.

Sounds also drive people to explore. More recently, when I worked for the Virginia Natural Heritage Program, my spouse and I helped with an amphibian survey. We had about 13 stations near the town of Ivor, Virginia that we visited once a month to listen to calls of these anurans and note what we heard. We heard cricket, chorus, leopard, wood, and bullfrogs. We heard American, Fowlers, and oak toads (*Anaxyrus quercicus*), and on one night, we heard a rare barking tree frog (*Hyla gratiosa*). It is a great feeling to sit, and listen, and hear not nature's symphony, but nature's wonderful cacophony of sounds.

Sometimes the sounds in my surroundings, although natural, were not what one might expect. One of my good friends in college lived in a house that overlooked the National Zoo in Washington, DC. I remember us spending many a summer evening listening to the beasts of the jungle from his balcony. It was wonderful. To this day I do not know what exactly I heard, but in my mind I heard rhinoceroses,

crocodiles, toucans, howler monkeys, lions, and much more. Hearing those sounds let my mind go wild. There were no barriers to what I could imagine or where I could go.

As this essay started out, I am in a hospice room watching the sun set on my mother and it brings me back again to West Virginia. On our summer eves in

this wonderful place, as the darkness began to swallow the area, an echoing yet comforting call would break the silence. Whippoorwill, whippoorwill. It was the last thing we heard before day was at its end. In my mind now as I look over my mom in her bed on her last days, I hear that call. Whippoorwill.

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## Withering

by Tom Titus

In mid-December we trekked into the Coast Range for our traditional family debate on the qualities of various young evergreens. This discussion is complicated because the tree must serve the conflicting needs of fitting into a small living room while holding an adequate number of ornaments. We deferred on the argument and visited the spring that waters the old house on the flat. Water spurted from the overflow pipe at the springhouse. But at the intake pool further up the draw, only a dribble of water cleared the retaining wall. The flow was every bit as small as it had been in late summer. Even now, after the return of earnest fall rain, most of the spring remained hidden, drawn like a cool salamander somewhere into the depths of the sandstone ridge.

I felt a small tightening just below my throat. December is historically one of our wettest months, coming on the heels of our second-wettest month. Yet there was so little water. These mountains hold the ultimate water rights, but in all our years here they have never withheld the gift. For a few moments I imagined a summer when the trickle and splash in the draw would become silent as sand, the springhouse holding only cracked sludge on the bottom. The water would disappear after the garden had already grown after three months of luxuriant dependable water pulsing and hissing from an oscillating sprinkler. What then?

We resolved our good-natured conifer debate and picked out a tree, then Kim and Laurel hit the road for commitments in town. I wasn't ready to go. The fall chanterelle crop had been nonexistent because the October rains had been delayed, then delayed even longer, until finally they became November rains. Even after the first serious soakings, there had been no mushrooms. Surely by now the chanterelles

would be up.

Nearby was one of my tried-and-true places, a stand of closed-canopy second-growth Douglas-fir. A few russulas and boletes were up. There were also a few chanterelles, and I was grateful to have them. But the dearth of mushrooms told me that the mycelia from which they grew had been baked by yet another shriveling summer and dusty fall. In this part of the Coast Range, high temperatures and low moisture are exacerbated by occasional bouts of heat bulging northwestward from the hot southern Oregon valleys, heat that isn't ameliorated by elevation or proximity to the cold Pacific Ocean. My favorite foraging places have also been hit hard by local forest practices. New clearcuts on private land are interspersed with Bureau of Land Management "thinning" projects. The remaining trees are so far apart that protective shade formed by the canopy is fragmented, and full summer sun scorches the forest floor. Moisture-loving microbes and fungi that proliferate in damp forest soils are doomed. I could adjust to these changing circumstances. My friends tell me that further to the north and west the mushroom harvest is considerably better. But I am compelled to tell the story of my home ground, the story of mushrooms disappearing in the face of more frequent scorching summers and forests managed under the single-minded metric of board feet.

After gathering a couple of hard-earned pounds of chanterelles, I was drawn to the canyon bottom. The Coho should have returned to spawn in the small creeks high in the drainage. In honor of my late friend Jerry, I connect annually with these spawning fish. Pushing through vine maple, sword fern, and salal, I drew near the creek



Photo by Tom Titus

in the vicinity of a redd Jerry had shown me years ago. In the wet brush, I paused to listen for the paddle-like thrashing of a hen salmon's tail hammering silt from sandstone gravel. Silence. I moved to the streambank and stared into clear water. The creek bottom was strewn with bigleaf maple leaves covered with a thin layer of silt, completely undisturbed from their fall resting places. The mountains were thirsty. All of the rain had been retained by dry duff and empty spaces in sandstone aquifers. The spring above the house had already told me what I should have expected. There had been no cleansing surge of water. There were no salmon.

A silent shrug rose into my shoulders. If the spring at the house vanished fully into the mountains, I would carry water from the creek on the valley floor and hope for wetter years. Douglas-firs grow quickly. The chanterelles have recovered from previous droughts. This year, deteriorating flesh and the ache of eggs probably caused the Coho to spawn in larger water downstream.

Yet that silent shrug of resignation and practicality carries our salvation and our damnation. I have an endless upwelling of shallow solutions to immediate problems. I am stalked by evidence for this unfolding emergency: trailing blackberries reach peak fruit two

weeks earlier, August crickets sing in July, drought-killed firs stand dead on their feet in the foothills. But I can't seem to access deeper aquifers of feeling that will allow me fully to embrace our withering planet, especially when most of the withering is a continent or a century away. This isn't denial. I just don't connect emotionally. So I'm forced to think my way through this slow-motion disaster, forcing my mind to find a way to embrace it, to behave differently. This is not easy.

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A few days later, darkness enveloped suburbia. A blessed torrent of rain began, pummeling the skylight and back awning, drowning all manner of annoying suburban sounds: barking dogs, passing cars, squalling cats, an occasional raccoon running across the roof. I opened the window above my bed. The sound of falling water pressed in around my head, my head that imagined an ensuing flush of spring water, a swell of mycelia, a Coho's tail thrashing through small riffles finally deep enough to carry a salmon who had waited too long to get there. In the darkness, my brain nestled into the gentling sound of rain. But still I wondered—how long will the things I love persist?

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### **Summary of 2018 Eugene Christmas Bird Count by Dick Lamster, Count Coordinator**

For the first time in recent memory, the Eugene Christmas Bird Count (ECBC) had good weather! The 27 teams of observers looked for birds for the 77<sup>th</sup> ECBC on Sunday, December 30, 2018 with no ice, no snow and no wind. The sun even came out for a short time and just to remind us it was December in Oregon, it did rain for a few minutes mid-afternoon.

The 154 Field Observers along with the 76 Home Counters identified 131 species of birds (plus three more during Count Week) and 77,217 individual birds. These numbers are about average for the past few years. Our record for species is 140 (plus 2 during Count Week) in 2005 and 129,874 individual birds in 2000. A complete listing and analysis by the Species Compiler Vjera Thompson will appear in *The Quail*.

154 Field Observers was close to our record of 157 in 2012. The number of Home Counters was down from the past several years. I hope we can recruit more Home Counters next year. Last year we had the 10<sup>th</sup> largest Christmas Bird Count (CBC) in number of participants out of the 2,585 Christmas Bird Counts in the U.S., Canada and Latin America. This year there were 52 CBC's in Oregon. A complete listing of all the CBC's and previous year's results can be found on the National Audubon Society's website at [www.christmasbirdcount.org](http://www.christmasbirdcount.org). The code for the ECBC is OREU.

The Field Observers walked 129 miles in 148 hours and drove 571 miles in 89 hours. We also had two observers who looked for birds from their bicycles for 4 hours and rode for 6 miles. Eight teams went owling in the dark for 11 hours and covered 30 miles. The 76 Home Counters watched birds for approximately 217 hours.

At the end of the day, 110 tired, cold, muddy but happy birders gathered for the LCAS sponsored Chili Feed to share stories and participate in the traditional Countdown. Allison Mickel prepared over 12 gallons of homemade vegetarian chili for the group, which was served along with dinner rolls, chips and salad. Everyone attending brought a dessert to share with others. This year, Rebecca Waterman and the Cornbread Café provided fresh cornbread for everyone. A special thank you goes to them. Sandy Poinsett and Kathy Wilson set up the tables and chairs, arranged the serving tables, organized the rooms and served chili to everyone. Bruce Wilson and his Clean-up Crew of Charlie Thomas, Scott Spearman and Rob Mertz had the room looking spotless in record time. The Chili Feed is a great way to have a fun ending to a great day of birding.

A big thank you also goes to Herb Wisner for organizing the Home Counters, Vjera Thompson for compiling the results and the 27 Team Leaders whose names appear below. Without the Team Leaders' hard work of assembling their teams, guiding them all day and then reporting the results, the ECBC would not be the great event it is today.

Be sure to mark December 29, 2019 on your calendar for the 2019 ECBC.

Thanks again to all of you who participated and helped to make the 2018 ECBC one of the biggest and best in the country!

Team Leaders by Area: 1: Ron Renschler; 2: Jim Regali; 3A: Dan Heyerly; 3B: Darryl Wisner; 4: Rick Ahrens; 5A: Donna Albino; 5B: Diane Horgan; 6: Kit Larsen; 7: Roger Robb; 8: Dave Kofranek; 9: Tom Mickel; 10: Vjera Thompson; 11A: David Novak; 11B: Dick Lamster; 12A: Steve Gordon; 12B: Thomas Meinzen; 13A: Charlie Thomas; 13B: Holly Hartmann; 14: Dave Bontrager; 15: Jim Maloney; 16: Linda Gilbert; 17: Rebecca Waterman; 18: Caryn Stoess; 19: Barbara Combs; 20A: Brandon Green; 20B: Bruce Newhouse; 21: Ellen Cantor

## Events of Interest in the Community

### McKenzie River Trust

**Wednesdays, 16 January and 6 February, 9:30 am – 12 pm. Watershed Warriors at Green Island.** Join the Watershed Warriors as we tackle invasive species, restore local habitats, plant and care for trees, and connect to local lands throughout Lane County! Every First and Third Wednesday, we will be in the field working to improve the health of our watersheds. Throughout the year, we will visit multiple sites. From wetlands to upland forests, join us in experiencing the diversity of Oregon's lands and rivers! For a map to Green Island, go to <https://www.mckenzieriver.org/events/list/watershed-warriors-at-green-island/>

**Saturday, 19 January, 9:30 am – 12 pm. Riparian Planting at Green Island.** Join McKenzie River Trust in restoring riparian habitat on Green Island. For this project, we'll be planting native Spirea. We'll work for a few hours caring for the lands and finish the day with a tour of the restoration work that has been happening on this 1,000-acre property located where the McKenzie and Willamette Rivers meet!

Go to <http://www.mckenzieriver.org/events/list/> for information on MRT's other upcoming events.

### Lane County Audubon Society

**Tuesday, 22 January, 7:30 pm. The Enigmatic Marbled Murrelet.** Kim Nelson will share information she has gathered on the enigmatic Marbled Murrelet. These murrelets (*Brachyramphus marmoratus*) are unique small, cryptic seabirds that nest inland in older-aged forests of the Pacific Northwest, instead of on offshore rocks like their relatives. Murrelet populations have declined over much of their range due primarily to current and historic loss and fragmentation of their forest breeding habitat. Changes in ocean conditions and prey availability are also impacting nesting frequency and nesting success. Come hear about the Marbled Murrelet, the last bird species in North America to have its nest found. Kim will discuss murrelet ecology, recent research in Oregon, and new developments in technology that help in studying this elusive seabird. Kim is a Research Wildlife Biologist in the Department of Fisheries and Wildlife at Oregon State University. Her research has been focused on the ecology and habitat associations of seabirds, specifically using modeling and habitat data to better understand and help resolve wildlife conservation and management issues. She has published more than 50 scientific papers on her research. Originally from Colorado, she moved to Oregon in the mid-1970s because of her love of the ocean, forests, and mountains. She spends her free time birdwatching, gardening, traveling, and enjoying the great outdoors.

### Mt. Pisgah Arboretum

**Sunday, 13 January, 8:30 – 11am. Bird Walk.** Join 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 winter 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. Don't forget your parking pass. \$5, members free.

**Saturday, 26 January, 10am – 2pm. Herbal Medicine for Colds and Flu Workshop.** Want to have a healthy cold and flu season this year? Join Anna Bradley for a workshop on how to utilize herbal medicine for prevention, symptom relief, and overcoming your illness more effectively. Some of the herbs we will be working with include: Oregon grape root, Echinacea, Mullein, and more! Take home recipes, formulas, and new methods for you and your family. Meet at the Visitor Center. Don't forget your parking pass. Members \$35, non-members \$40. Pre-registration required. To register call 541-747-3817 or go to: <http://www.mountpisgaharboretum.com/workshop-registration>

**Saturday, 9 February, 10 am – 12 pm. Life Among the Mosses Walk** This is our annual celebration of the little folks of the plant world. Botanist David Wagner will tell moss stories and weave lichen yarns to help us understand the elfin world of mosses, liverworts, and lichens. Rain or shine. Meet at the Arboretum's Visitor Center. Don't forget your parking pass. Fee: \$5, members free.

### Friends of Buford Park and Mt. Pisgah

**Monday Morning Regulars, 9 am-12 pm.** Contact [volunteer@bufordpark.org](mailto:volunteer@bufordpark.org) for more information.

**Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9 am-12 pm. 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)

Go to <http://wewwild.blogspot.com/> for information on WREN upcoming events.

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

**Saturday, 19 January, 11 am – 5 pm. Grand Opening: DINOSAURS TAKE FLIGHT: The Art of Archaeopteryx.** Six paleoartists take you on a Jurassic journey to uncover the mysteries of the feathered dinosaur Archaeopteryx. A traveling exhibit organized by Silver Plume Exhibitions and the Yale Peabody Museum of Natural History, Dinosaurs Take Flight combines original artwork with fossils, replica skeletons, hands-on activities, and interactive media to tell the amazing story of the evolution of flight. OREGON – WHERE PAST IS PRESENT; EXPLORE OREGON; THE COLUMBIAN MAMMOTHS, and AR-TI-FACT. Exhibit hours: Tuesdays – Sundays 11 am-5 pm.

### Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

**Monday, 21 January 2019, 7 pm. Fun and Learning about Plants through their Scientific Names.** Roger Brewer. What can we learn from plants' scientific names? We'll see how available resources can help us make sense of the names, see what the names can teach us about the plants, enjoy photos of beautiful plants, learn some Latin, and have fun. Amazon Community Center, 2700 Hilyard St., Eugene. <http://emerald.npsoregon.org/>

### Nearby Nature

**Monday, 21 January, 8:30 am – 3 pm. Talons and Tweets. No School Day Adventure.** Discover who's tweeting in Alton Baker Park. Practice beak techniques, check out our talon collection, experiment with feathers and flight, and make a cool bird mask. Go on a bird watching walk in the park. \$45 members/\$50 non-members. Scholarships available. Ages 6-9, max 12 kids. Outdoors in Alton Baker Park and at our Yurt. NEW! After care is available from 3 – 4 pm. Register online or call 541-687-9699, ext. 2.

**Monday, 21 January, 10:30 am – 12:30 pm.** This Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, join Nearby Nature and volunteers from the University of Oregon Holden Center in a **Day of Service**. Pick up litter in Alton Baker Park, help maintain the stencil mural on the Frohnmayer Footbridge, and (weather permitting) paint over graffiti in the area around the bridge and the Autzen footpath. Meet by the park kiosk on the north side of the Frohnmayer (Autzen) Footbridge. Car parking is available at the dog park/community garden, boat launch, or...[Find out more »](#)

### North American Butterfly Association, Oregon (Eugene/Springfield) Chapter

For information on upcoming events go to <https://www.naba.org/chapters/nabaes/>



nudibranch (*Hypselodoris rositai*).  
Photo by L. Tesler

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  
                  Individual 15.00  
                  Life Membership 300.00  
                  Contribution \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

The Eugene Natural History Society meets on the third Friday of the month September through May except in December when the meeting is on the second Friday. Meeting time is 7:30 pm and our standard meeting location is room 100 Willamette Hall on the University of Oregon Campus. Any temporary changes will be noted in the newsletter for the current meeting and on our website: <https://pages.uoregon.edu/enhs/>

A good place to park for our meetings is the Physical Plant lot: turn north from Franklin onto Onyx, go about a block and you will be in the lot. After 6pm it's open to the public.

## ENHS. Officers and Board Members 2017-2018

President: Dean Walton <mailto:dpwalton@uoregon.edu> 541-346-2871  
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## 2018-2019 Speakers and Titles

18 Jan.	Laura Tesler	Indonesia: Above and Below
15 Feb.	Samantha Hopkins	Evolving Mammals on an Active Landscape: Biogeographic History of Oregon's Mammals Over Deep Time
15 Mar.	Amanda Stamper	Burning for Butterflies, Birds, and Blooms: Prescribed Fire in the Willamette Valley
19 Apr.	Scott Burns	Cataclysms on the Columbia: The Great Missoula Floods
17 May	Vanessa Petro	How Busy are Beavers in Oregon?