

Nature Trails

Published by the Eugene Natural History Society

Volume Fifty-three, Number Five, May 2019



Beaver pond and dam in Oregon. Photo by V. Petro

How Busy Are Beavers in Oregon?

Vanessa Petro

Senior Faculty Research Assistant

Department of Forest Ecosystems and Society, Oregon State University

**Friday, 17 May 2019, 7:30 pm,
Room 100 Willamette Hall, UO Campus**

In a landmark decision by the Oregon Legislature in 1969, the beaver was chosen to be the state animal. Oregon has to share the beaver with New York, but at least we were there first—they waited until 1975 to name the beaver as their state mammal.

Why did we get the beaver? Why not a more edgy choice like the cougar, or the bear? Or, if the Legislature's secret mission was to poke fun at itself and thereby the state, what about a goose? Or, even better, a duck? I think Oregon's 1969 decision was the result of serious deliberation and not a whimsical choice. Arguably no single species other than humans has had a larger impact on our region's landscape than the American beaver. The legislators may also have felt a twinge of remorse and a need for atonement, because beavers were almost completely extirpated by early trappers from our region.

America's largest rodent, weighing up to 65 pounds, the modern beaver falls roughly in the middle of the size range of its ancient ancestors. One ancestor, *Microtheriomys brevirohinus*, fossils of which were first discovered in the John Day fossil beds, was about the size of a squirrel. *Castoroides*, another ancestor, was a giant beaver that lived throughout North America, including what is now Oregon, during the Pleistocene. It weighed up to about 270 pounds. The squirrel-sized one wouldn't raise an eyebrow if it were still around, but having an animal the size of a lineman on the Ducks football team with teeth the size of a hatchet roaming the countryside might add some spice to modern-day life. I for one am happy with our present beaver assortment.

Our May speaker, Vanessa Petro, considers herself fortunate to be one of the few persons in the Pacific Northwest who directly studies American beaver, lives in the beaver state and works for a university whose mascot is the beaver. Petro is a faculty researcher with the Department of Forest Ecosystems and Society at Oregon State University.

Petro grew up, as she put it, "in the middle of nowhere" in northeastern Pennsylvania. Her family lived close to state game lands, agricultural lands, and coal mines. As a child she was able to spend time wandering in those areas, which was her introduction to the natural world. She wanted to be a part of that. Hunting was a big deal in that region and at age 12 children were required to take a hunter safety course. She completed the course and surprised the rest of her family, all of whom were hunters, when she announced that she wanted to go hunting with them. Her dad had a beagle kennel, and the dogs were trained to run rabbits, so she hunted a lot of rabbits. But the family also pursued pheasants, grouse, turkeys, deer and bear, so as a high schooler Petro

was in the field during all the seasons, and her love of the outdoors grew.

In grade school she had heard about a bear study being done by the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, and the idea had enthralled her. This early introduction to wildlife study perhaps influenced Petro's choice of undergraduate institution. She left her family home immediately upon finishing high school and enrolled in Sterling College, in Craftsbury Common, Vermont. Sterling is the smallest accredited college in the country, its enrollment capped at one hundred twenty-five students. It is also noted for offering only environmental studies-based majors. The school is further noted for its hands-on approach to the teaching of field ecology. An internship is required of all first-year students. Petro's internship was with the U.S. Forest Service in Sequoia National Forest in California. She carried out a research project, surveying the local populations of fishers and martens. This experience solidified her conviction that she wanted a career in wildlife research. Every summer during her years at Sterling she came back to the west coast to continue doing the sort of work she had accomplished in that first internship. After finishing at Sterling in 2006 she has done this year round.

Petro was a graduate student at Oregon State University from 2010 to 2013, graduating with an M.S. in Forest Science. For her M.S. thesis work she focused on American beaver, evaluating landowner-based beaver relocation as a tool to restore salmon habitat. Her work was evidently both important and well done, because OSU hired her full time immediately upon her finishing the M.S. Petro is a Senior Faculty Research Assistant in OSU's Department of Forest Ecosystems and Society. Counting all her internships and summers, she has conducted wildlife research with a variety of mammalian and avian species across the United States for the past 15 years. Her research at OSU supports the USDA National Wildlife Research Center's efforts to improve management strategies that reduce human-wildlife conflict issues specific to forest and aquatic mammals. Her current work focuses on understanding American beaver ecology and population dynamics, and investigating resource selection and denning ecology of American black bear. In her talk, Petro will discuss research findings from a suite of beaver studies recently conducted throughout Oregon, with topics including landscape genetics, relocation responses, and dam construction capabilities. Her program will focus on the realities of working with beaver for stream habitat restoration and the large gaps in knowledge that still exist

regarding their populations here in our state. Petro's talk promises to be both educational and entertaining, answering lots of our questions about this unique, industrious animal, now rarely seen but whose nocturnal activities, so plainly evident in the light of

day, have shaped our landscape in ages past. Please join us at 7:30 pm on Friday, 17 May in room 100 Willamette Hall to hear *How Busy Are Beavers in Oregon?* by Vanessa Petro. John Carter

Weeds Revisited by Reida Kimmel

In 1969 we moved onto six acres of eroded pastureland studded with crumbling old-growth stumps. Obsessed with making "improvements", I removed countless blackberry plants, carefully tending the abundant streamside ivy and pretty little holly trees. The next year I learned that holly and ivy, lovely in song but not in Oregon, belonged in the pest category. There were plenty of other species, even natives like poison oak, to control and remove. Cheerfully slipsliding along the low-lying portions of the pastures, I pulled tarweed plants by the hundreds because they extruded sticky stuff that fouled my horses' lovely white stockings. But tarweed is a harmless native plant, *Madia*. Its seeds were food for the first peoples. Yet another misjudgment. I gave up on tarweed. But my inadvertent crimes and wrongful lost causes continued. Pennyroyal, so sweet smelling, came to us with the hay we bought. We tolerated it, thinking that it was medicinal, not realizing its toxicity or how quickly it could take over winter wet, summer dry meadows. St John's wort, believed to have healing properties but known to be very invasive, colonized the pond's banks. We purchased golden dead nettle, "Yellow archangel". It spread and spread, tolerating drought, cold, and even floods. Banished from the yard, it continues to travel down the creek halfway to our property line in its quest for immortality. We still grub out Armenian and evergreen blackberries, but selectively. They are a problem, covering pastures and climbing trees in a season, but the fruit is delicious, and the bramble bushes provide food and shelter, an absolute necessity for the small creatures that have lost so much of their native habitat in western Oregon.

I did manage to find some villains that could be whacked and dug with clear conscience. Muttering Carl Sagan's mantra about the stars in our universe, I pulled Canada thistles by the "billions upon billions", and wonderfully, after a few intense years of concerted attacks, the thistles nearly went away, for a while. Scotch broom appeared on steep slopes wherever the ground was exposed. A real villain, it gobbles the earth, preventing herbaceous plants and even trees from thriving. I can't go wrong killing broom even knowing that the plants are nitrogen fixers. I suppose broom plays a positive role when it chooses to cover very abused land. But that land can

be restored by planting native trees or *Mahonia* and salal after grubbing out the broom.

I spend many days trying to shape the land into my own vision of healthy, good, and native. But increasingly I question my definition of "weed". What, exactly, identifies a weed? Something invasive? All invasives, or just those too abundant, too ugly, or too useless to be desirable? The answer is always personal and culturally biased. Far more distressingly, I worry about what will happen as our climate changes. Will there be increased opportunities for already introduced species to wreak havoc on the environment, or will we see new and different plants overwhelming established non-native species? Sadly, probably both.

It is easy to link changes in plant abundance to our warmer, dryer seasons. Our common garden weeds like creeping buttercup (*Ranunculus repens*), bedstraw (*Galium aparine*) and trail plant (*Adenocaulon bicolor*) have become much more problematic. Bluebell (*Hyacinthoides non-scripta*), a weedy spring flower, is interesting. A few plants came with the property, but in the past decade they have become rampant. They are pests, but I do like them, and I provide some places for them to put on their show. Growing under firs where nothing else will grow, I have an English "wildflower meadow" of *H. non-scripta* and a scattering of the flowers elsewhere. Mea Culpa, I have selected for an invasive!

I live with this vegetative chaos and make choices—I hope not destructive choices—selecting for natives but tolerating some imports like volunteer cherries. But our new climate, or is it just bad luck, has given us geraniums. First and always, there are "stinking Bobs" *Geranium robertianum*, probably planted as ornamentals. I've been pulling them for 50 years but they never go away, or go rampant. In 1996 a reflooring job on our 70-year-old chicken house revealed a treasure trove of mulch that we spread near the chicken house. The next year and forever after, that pasture has begun the spring with a huge crop of "soft geranium", *Geranium molle*. It does reduce the productivity of the pasture and it is an annoying pest to grub up in our large horse corral, but I can live with it. Nothing will eat it, but the cover is light enough to permit a pretty healthy growth of

ryegrass (introduced like all pasture grass) later in the summer.

Enter *Geranium lucidum*, shining geranium, the stuff of real nightmares. We first saw it on commercial forestland years ago. Its summer red stems and foliage were very distinctive. Starting in 2016, logging operations close to our home brought trucks, and the seeds their tires must have carried, down the driveway next door for months. By the next spring, shining geranium had invaded our east pasture as well as the steepest part of our hill pasture where no one but deer ever go. All of our poorest soil, the original roadbed for Fox Hollow Road, was covered with *Geranium lucidum*. By spring 2018, there were small patches of the weed along our driveway. We attacked with a flamer, vinegar, and weeding. All to no avail. Now, this spring, shining geranium is growing everywhere along the creek bed, impossible to control or eradicate. I can only hope to keep it out of the flowers and the vegetable garden.

Rachel Foster wrote [A Word of Warning](#) in the

[Eugene Weekly](#) a year ago. Her distressing article, full of practical advice, is now available on the Web. Shining geranium has displaced many plants already. First noticed near Buford Park in 1989, and identified as *Geranium lucidum* by David Wagner, it was soon put on the Oregon invasive species list. Once established, it ruthlessly displaces any previously established non-woody plant. Apparently, no methods, chemical or manual, will wipe out the plants. Vigilance in one's own garden and prompt removal is an absolute necessity. Destroy any plant remains after they are uprooted.

Finally I am faced with a real threat, one that I really cannot control. I must live with it, watching, hoping that over time other plant species will develop resilience to *Geranium lucidum* so that the weed can be incorporated into our plant communities rather than destroying them. I have great hopes for other aggressive weeds like *R. repens* to choke the geranium. Now that surely is turning my half-century-old definition of weed on its head!

Getting Lost On The Search For The Holy Grail

by Dean Walton

I spent many years of my life hiking around the Appalachian Mountains searching for rare species and rare plant communities, working for the Virginia and West Virginia Natural Heritage Programs. Like most of these natural heritage programs there are one or more Holy Grails: rare entities, thought still to exist, but which haven't been seen for years or decades, for which the staff are always searching. In West Virginia, one of these was a plant called buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*). Its last known location was a place called Cranesville Swamp, in a northern part of the state near the Maryland and Pennsylvania border. This "swampy" place was really no swamp at all but a beautiful sphagnum (*S. recurvum*) peat bog filled in the spring with the white puffballs of cotton grass (*Eriophorum virginicum*). Now, just to be clear, cotton grass is not a grass but a sedge with a prominent and dense cottony seed head. Also present in the bog are the endangered bog copper butterfly (*Lycaena epixanthe*) and the endangered southern water shrew (*Sorex palustris punctulatus*) and more common species such as the beautiful yellow-flowered Bartonian (*Bartonia virginica*).

Somewhere in this 1600-acre swamp is, or was, buckbean. My job was, in part, to find it. My job was really to describe the plant communities in the area of the bog, but since getting to this place from our headquarters in Elkins, WV, took time and energy, anytime one of our Natural Heritage staff members would be in the area we would take a quick glance to

see if we could find this fairly prostrate three-leafed and white-flowered plant.

It was on one of these ventures that I got lost. I think every field person has a story about being lost and this is mine. It was not a scary or even remotely life-threatening event. It was an annoyance, a conundrum: "Why the hell can't I find the creek in the middle of this bog?"

Cranesville Swamp is owned by The Nature Conservancy and is just a few miles from where my parents honeymooned as young newlyweds at Deep Creek Lake. To put this spot in perspective to the greater mid-Atlantic area, it is about 40 miles north of the famed Fairfax Stone, an important survey marker during the formation of our country. It marked the highest headwaters of the Potomac River and therefore was the stated northern property boundary of Lord Fairfax's land, land granted to him by the King of England, which included all the land between the headwaters of the Rappahannock River to the south up to this stone to the north.

Like its more northern counterparts, this bog is stuffed with at least four different species of sphagnum moss, so much that it bulges in the middle. Exquisite slender-leaved gentians (*Gentiana linearis*), with their purple-indigo flowers, poke from the sea of cotton balls, which from a distance make the area look like it is full of snow at times (which is often the case anyway).

This trip was in early spring however, and the gentians and the mountain laurel and even Labrador tea were not quite in bloom. Labrador tea is a northern bog specialist and just ekes out life there in

the peat bog called Cranesville Swamp. There are very few populations of it anywhere farther south. Also quite prominent in the bog is the modernistic looking sedge—Three-way sedge (*Dulichium arundinaceum*). This sedge, with its three-ranked leaves, meaning that each whorl of three leaves is lined up directly above or below the next set of three leaves, giving the sedge a not-so-natural look. Its shape is so stylized that it is sometimes hard to believe it's a plant and not some human-made miniature art sculpture.

Well, it was in this bog that I got lost. Now, how does one get lost in a place where the average height of the surrounding vegetation is only a half-meter? It was easier than I thought. This little adventure took place well before smart phones existed and before 99.9% of the U.S. knew what GPS was. We did field navigation with a compass and by pulling 100 feet of rope to continually measure our distance. It took me a long time to give up that compass for my own GPS unit. A compass didn't require batteries. You could store a compass in box for years then pull out when needed, and it would work perfectly. A compass was your best friend. On this day, it was cold and overcast. The sky was a dark gray-white and not a hint of the disk of sun shone through. In fact, brief moments of snow flurries zipped past my face making me squint. My goal was to park on the west side, travel due east until I reached the creek that drained the center of the bog, or as close as I could before the water level made it too difficult to continue, and then turn around. I knew the walk would be difficult. Muck would suck on my feet with every step and zap my energy as though I was carrying a 100-pound person or pack on my back. I grabbed my soil auger to use as a walking stick because I knew I would soon be leaning on it. Eventually, I made it to what I thought would be near the center of the short-statured miniature wilderness, an area where few traveled because of the required effort. The surrounding landscape was all spruce with a scattering of hemlock and larch (a northern rarity here).

The creek, where was the creek? After forty or so minutes of mucking, and not seeing it, I started zigzagging around. Maybe it's over here I thought, no, maybe it's over there ... I took another bearing read on my compass, the latest of several.

At this point, I should describe the shape of the bog. This was a north south-elongated oval about four times as long as it was wide. Knowing the

general landscape and situation of the area kept me from being truly lost. All I had to do was travel in a straight line and eventually I would be out to one of the roads that surrounded the bog. Unfortunately, I knew that I had walked more than enough to be halfway across and still I couldn't find the stream and yes, I seemed to be dead center in the bog. Something wasn't right. A bog is not a place to sit down and ponder a problem, but I was getting seriously tired now. Groundwater may upwell in some of these places and the dense sphagnum is a sponge for the surface water, and being dead tired gave me concern that I didn't want to end up being dead cold. I leaned against my auger for support and raised my compass to my waist such that it pointed perpendicular to my hips. This was one of the best quick ways to get a good bearing when orienteering across the countryside. It keeps the compass properly aligned with the desired visible bearing. As I began to raise my compass, the needle shifted a little, not much, but a little to the right, to my right hip, to the auger that kept me up. Dang! I thought. How many times had I or had I not held the compass near that steel auger? At this point it really didn't matter. I didn't know exactly where I was but I did now realize that I had been slowly making an arc to the south across the bog instead of a straight line and I had probably been walking parallel to my landmark creek for the last hour. Putting the auger down so as not to influence my compass, I took a bearing to the west, the shortest distance to a road. Whether or not my state rig was to the north or south didn't matter much to me. I would be back on a hard surface where I could walk with ease and I figured I would recognize the area well enough to pick the right directions from there. It was probably only a mile across the bog, but at a half-mile-an-hour pace and being a couple of hours in with hypothermia creeping up it had become a little bit of a serious situation. There is a line in a Grateful Dead song about a monkey and an engineer and a tragedy narrowly averted. This was me.

I never did find buckbean in Cranesville Swamp, but I did make it out. Eventually, the buckbean was re-found by others and it is now carefully monitored. Small, remote-controlled helicopters or drones today also make surveying these places much easier and quicker, and do so with less damage. The times of being lost like this are over.

Now, did I tell you about how I got lost in a swamp on the Pamunkey River in Virginia a few years later?

Picnic! You are invited to ENHS's annual picnic: 2 pm, 15 June, Reida and Chuck Kimmel's, 30306 Fox Hollow. Bring a dish and beverage to share. If you need directions, contact Reida at rkimmel@uoneuro.uoregon.edu

Events of Interest in the Community

McKenzie River Trust

Saturday, 11 May, 10 am – 12 pm. Family Nature Tour: The Many Mothers on Green Island with guide Holly McRae.

Saturday, 11 May, 10 am – 12 pm. Logging Camp History Tour at Finn Rock Reach, Finn Rock Reach, Vida.

Wednesday, 15 May, 9 am – 3 pm. Paddle and Pull! Railroad Island at Marshall Island Boat Landing, Junction City.

Saturday, 18 May, 10 am – 4 pm. Special Lands Steward Training at McKenzie River Trust.

Saturday, 18 May, 10 am – 4 pm. Evening Bird Tour at Green Island.

Saturday, 25 May, 9 11 am. Birds/Bees/Blooms/Butterflies Tour at Cerro Gordo Conservation Easement, Cottage Grove.

Friday, 7 June, 10 am – 2 pm. Friends of Finn Rock Reach at Vida.

Saturday, 8 June, 10 am – 2 pm. Beaver Believers Monitoring Training at Green Island.

For full descriptions of these events and instructions on how to register for them, go to <https://www.mckenzieriver.org/events/-event-listings>

Lane County Audubon Society

Tuesday, 28 May, 7:30 pm. Kangaroo Paws, Donkey Ears, and Frogmouths: Wildflowers and Birds of Southwestern Australia with Bob Fleming. Fleming visited Australia's southwestern region last September (spring in the southern hemisphere). Join us for an evening journey, as he shares some of what he experienced there. Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High St., Eugene.

Mt. Pisgah Arboretum (all these MPA events will occur rain or shine; meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center and don't forget your parking pass.)

Saturday, 11 May, 1 3 pm. Reptiles and Amphibians Walk. Join Tom Titus, local biologist and author, on an exploration of the reptiles and amphibians that make their home on Mount Pisgah. From oak savanna to wetlands and woodlands, Tom will open your eyes to these amazing creatures and hopefully capture a few to view up close. Ages 8 and up. \$5, Arboretum members free.

Sunday, 12 May, 8 11 am. Bird Walk. Join Joni Dawning and Julia Siporin 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 spring migrants 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. \$5, Members free.

Sunday, 19 May, 10 am 5 pm. Wildflower and Music Festival. With Lane Community College and the Native Plant Society of Oregon. Hundreds of local wildflower species on display, live music, nature walks, Art in Nature Trail, kids' activities, a plant sale, food booths, and local arts and craft vendors. Suggested donation \$10, Arboretum members free.

Saturday & Sunday, 1 & 2 June, 9 am 3 pm. Bee Identification Workshop. More than 500 bee species may be native to Oregon, but many of them are poorly known. Better understanding the bees in our region will require more people able to identify them. Join August Jackson, Interpretation Coordinator at Mount Pisgah Arboretum and author of *The Bees of the Willamette Valley*, for a two-day crash course on bee identification. The class will focus on identification to genus. Gain the knowledge and skills to identify most of the 30 bee genera in the Willamette Valley. Most of the class will be spent viewing specimens through microscopes and utilizing an illustrated key. No prior experience with bees, microscopes, or keys necessary. Co-sponsored by Lane Community College. Arboretum members \$70, non-members \$80. To register call 541-747-3817 or go to: <http://www.mountpisgaharboretum.com/workshop-registration>.

Friends of Buford Park and Mt. Pisgah

Monday Morning Regulars. 9 am 12 pm. Contact volunteer@bufordpark.org for more information.

Tuesdays and Thursdays Nursery Work. 9 am 12 pm. 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.

Saturday, 11 May, 9 am 12 pm. The Nature Conservancy Walking Tour. Go to <https://www.bufordpark.org/tours/> to register for this and the following event.

Sunday, 12 May, 9:30 am 12 pm. Oak Savannas, Prairies, and Meadows Restoration Tour with Jason Blazar.

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

Saturday, 1 June, 11 am – 5 pm. Grand opening: Peregrine Falcon: From Endangered Species to Urban Bird. Exhibit runs through September 29.

Thursday, 6 June, 6 8 pm. Family Draw: Scientific Illustration with Kris Kirkeby. Kris will teach you and your child how to observe birds, some basic drawing and color-layering techniques, and you'll both fly away with your own bird drawings! Cosponsored by the Lane County Audubon Society.

Friday, June 14, 10:30 am. Little Wonders: Science for Preschoolers. You and your child are invited to learn and play at the museum. This month's theme is Remarkable Raptors.

Thursday, 20 June, 6 8 pm. Drink and Draw at the Museum of Natural and Cultural History. Uncage your inner artist at this 21+ celebration of birds, bird science, and creativity! Learn basic drawing and color-layering techniques with scientific illustrator Kris Kirkeby, and create your own bird illustration while snacking and sipping craft beer and wine. Cosponsored by the Lane County Audubon Society.

Ongoing: OREGON – WHERE PAST IS PRESENT; EXPLORE OREGON; THE COLUMBIAN MAMMOTHS, and AR-TI-FACT. Exhibit hours: Tuesdays – Sundays 11 am-5 pm. For more information, go to <https://mnch.uoregon.edu/about-museum> SURVIVAL ARCHITECTURE AND THE ART OF RESILIENCE. Science, technology, and art converge in a quest for resilience: What does it take to thrive amid a changing climate? On view through 25 August.

Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

Saturday, 11 May, 8 am 3 pm. Bikes to Blooms Wildflower Event. Bake Stewart Park, Row River Rd, Dorena (12 mi. east of Cottage Grove). Discover spring wildflowers in bloom with a local expert as your guide. There will be a bird, wildflower and pollinator walk. Cycling is optional for participants. Contact: Maggie O’Driscoll at 541-767-9717 or Christie Johnson at 541-942-5631.

Thursday, 16 May, 5:30 pm. Spring Wildflowers Potluck. Please come and enjoy the garden, socialize with each other and make suggestions about topics, speakers and field trips you would like our Chapter to offer for future programs and activities. We will also be relaxing before the upcoming weekend of activity at the MPA Wildflower Festival, Sunday, 19 May. For all the details please contact President of the Emerald Chapter NPSO_em_president@npsoregon.org or Gail Baker at bakerg@lanecc.edu

Saturday, 1 June, 9 am. Field Trip to Horse Rock Ridge. Alan Curtis leads a 3-mile hike to a steep, rocky meadow high in the Coburg Hills north of Springfield. Enjoy wonderful views of the surrounding countryside and great botanical diversity. Bring water and lunch. Location: meet at 19th and Patterson in the South Eugene High School parking lot. For more information, call Alan Curtis at 541-345-2571 or email abcwoods1@gmail.com

Note: Monthly meetings are held at the Amazon Community Center, 2700 Hilyard St., Eugene. <http://emerald.npsoregon.org/>

Nearby Nature

Tuesday, 14 May, 10 11:30 am. Green Start Play Day: Mighty Mamas. Let’s celebrate moms in nature! We will explore nests and eggs, and learn about local animal babies and the mothers who raise them. Enjoy outdoor nature play in our Learnscape plus toddler and pre-school activities and stories. Rain or shine! Kids 5 and under only, with an adult. Members free, non-members \$5. Pre-register online or call 541-687-9699. Learnscape, 622 Day Island Road. Go to <https://www.nearbynature.org/programs/> for other NN events and programs in May.

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

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

• WREN (Willamette Resources and Educational Network)

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



V. Petro and sedated beaver.

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/enh>

The May meeting is our annual Business Meeting. Members will be asked to vote on whether to accept the slate of officers and at-large Board members.

ENHS. Officers and Board Members 2018-2019

President: Dean Walton <mailto:dpwalton@uoregon.edu> 541-346-2871

Vice President: Rebecca Hazen <mailto:rebeccahazen2011@comcast.net>

Immediate Past President: Tom Titus <mailto:tomatitus57@gmail.com>

Secretary: Reida Kimmel rkimmel@uoneuro.uoregon.edu

Treasurer: Judi Horstmann, horstmann529@comcast.net

Board: Ruth BreMiller, John Carter, Tim Godsil, Rebecca Hazen, August Jackson, Phil Johnson, Kris Kirkeby, Kit Kirkpatrick, Dave Wagner, and Kim Wollter. Herb Wisner, emeritus

Website Webmaster: Tim Godsil, tgodsil@uoregon.edu

Nature Trails: Editor: John Carter, jvernoncarter@comcast.net; Support Staff: Ruth BreMiller and Reida Kimmel.

2019-2020 Speakers and Topics

20 Sept.	Stuart Perimeter	Bats
18 Oct.	Jesse Delia	Condors
15 Nov.	Greg Retallack	Astropedology and the Origins of Life
13 Dec.	Scott Pearson	Puffins
17 Jan.	Kathleen Moore	Climate Change
21 Feb.	Paul Cziko	Antarctica Underwater
20 Mar.	John Helmer	Steens Mountain
17 Apr	John Bishop	Mt. St. Helens
15 May	David Wagner	Liverworts