

Nature Trails

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White-lined Satyr (*Lethe albolineata*). Photograph taken in China by Thea Pyle

From Ancient Capital to South of the Clouds: Butterflies and Others in Wild China

Robert Michael Pyle

Lepidopterist, Author, Conservationist, Grays River, WA

Co-Sponsored by the Eugene-Springfield chapter of the North American Butterfly Association

**Friday, 17 October 2014, 7:30pm, Room 100
Willamette Hall, UO Campus**

Robert Michael Pyle's visit to Eugene is co-sponsored by the Eugene-Springfield Chapter of the North American Butterfly Association and ENHS. His lecture, "From Ancient Capital to South of the Clouds: Butterflies and Others in Wild China", tells of a remarkable journey that Bob and Thea along with fifteen other naturalists made into the heart of wild China in May, 2011. He will show us the remarkable habitats they visited, including isolated Foping National Nature Reserve in the Qinling Mountains of Shaanxi, and Puducuo National Park in Shangri La Tibetan district in western Yunnan. We will see an array of the nearly 100 species of butterflies and many moths they encountered in biomes ranging from rich temperate forest to alpine steppe, including a remarkable mimicry ring around *Parnassius glacialis*. Some of the other organisms the travelers encountered, including wild panda, the giant red-and-white flying squirrel, leeches, and an eye-popping trillium named *Paris polyphylla*, will also make an appearance. Despite inevitable visits to the silk factories and forests of high rises, and the ghastly pollution of the lowlands, Pyle was surprised at how intact and wild certain parts of China remain for now.

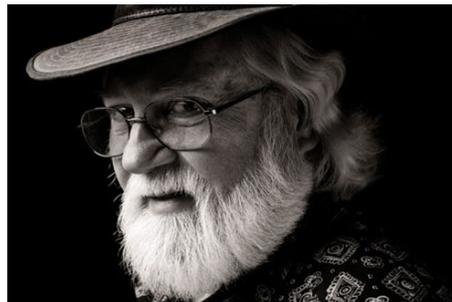
Pyle made a life-changing decision 35 years ago. He moved from Portland, Oregon, to the unincorporated rural village of Grays River, in the southwestern corner of Washington. Pyle wanted to make his living as a writer, and he thought that living close to the land would be conducive to his writing. Thea joined him there in 1984. They married and lived there together until her death one year ago. He says they never quite got away from the graduate-student lifestyle, which, as many of us remember, encourages frugality. When asked for advice he tells aspiring writers to keep their needs simple and their economic aspirations modest. Good advice for all of us.

Pyle grew up in Aurora, Colorado, just east of Denver, where he was born in 1947. *The Thunder Tree: Lessons from An Urban Wildland*, which he said was artistically the most difficult of all 18 books that he has authored and which was re-issued by Oregon State University Press in 2010, deals with an old irrigation ditch that runs through Denver and Aurora. It was his escape as a child, the place where this city kid could commune with nature, and his experiences along it helped steer him toward biology and lepidopterology. He first became interested in butterflies at age 11; before that he had squandered his allowance on seashells. Butterflies, he discovered, were a more suitable hobby for a Colorado boy.

A teacher at Aurora High School who was an enthusiastic naturalist encouraged the young Pyle to

follow his passion. After high school Pyle moved to Seattle to enroll in the University of Washington, from which he obtained both his B.S. and M.S. degrees in natural history. One of his mentors there was the zoologist Frank Richardson, aka 'The Birdman'. Another early influence with a remarkable twist: as a boy, quite by chance, Pyle met Charles Lee Remington, considered the father of modern Lepidoptera studies. Many years later, Pyle went to Yale for graduate studies with Dr. Remington as his major professor and thesis advisor. Based in Yale's School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, he obtained his Ph.D. in 1976 under Remington's direction. His dissertation topic: "The Eco-geographic Basis for Lepidoptera Conservation." Pyle has been called a latter-day Leopold for his conservation ethic, so it is worth noting that Aldo Leopold also graduated from Yale's School of Forestry, more than 100 years ago.

Although fulfilling, the three years he spent in Portland working for The Nature Conservancy as the Northwest Land Steward were stressful and didn't allow him the time or energy to write. He had hoped to be able to make it as a writer after finishing at Yale, and so in 1978 made the courageous move to Grays River, leaving TNC and Portland behind. At first he and his wife needed more income and he took a job with the World Wildlife Fund to develop an invertebrate data book. For the next three years he commuted between Grays River and Cambridge, England: six months here, six months there. He went



completely free-lance in 1982 (his 1982 Honda, ever faithful if now a little rusty, has over 424,000 miles on it and still gets over 40 mpg).

Two of Pyle's recent books, *Mariposa Road* and

Sky Time in Grays River: Living For Keeps in a Forgotten Place, were finalists for the Washington State Book Award, which he has won three times. *Sky Time* also won the 2007 National Outdoor Book Award. He won the John Burroughs Medal for Distinguished Nature Writing in 1987 for *Wintergreen. Where Bigfoot Walks: Crossing the Dark Divide*, published in 1995, was written with a Guggenheim Fellowship. It would seem an outlier from its outrageous (his word) subject matter, but in other ways it is in line with the body of his work; it is about getting into nature, and paying close attention. A parallel could be drawn between it and his *Chasing Monarchs: Migrating with the Butterflies of Passage*

in that they both involve a chase and a mystery. “The main difference,” Pyle says, “is that I saw monarchs a little more often than I saw Bigfoot.” His latest books are *The Tangled Bank: Writings from Orion* (OSU Press) and *Evolution of the Genus Iris: Poems*.

Though dedicated to butterflies, Pyle is also a general naturalist and conservationist. His effectiveness in this larger domain brought a 1997 Distinguished Service Award from the Society for Conservation Biology, and he was recently named an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Entomological Society for his insect conservation work. Pyle founded the

Xerces Society for Invertebrate Conservation in 1971, while on a Fulbright Fellowship in England. Xerces, based in Portland, persists today as the major voice in its field, with some 35 staff members arrayed around the country. Xerces is an important voice for pollinator conservation and monarchs.

We are honored to have the opportunity to hear Robert Michael Pyle speak and to interact with him. I urge you all to come to room 100 Willamette Hall on the U of O campus at 7:30pm on Friday, 17 October. Come early for cookies and a seat. Stay after if you want a book. John Carter



A friendly reminder: taking pictures during one of our presentations distracts other audience members and can disrupt the concentration of the speaker. Please don't do it.

Our Elders by Tom A. Titus

Late morning sun exhales a last hot breath over the ten-year-old clearcut at the end of a remarkably hot summer. Ridges are draped in a thin veil of gunmetal smoke emanating from the Yellow Point Fire 15 miles west. The burn is an 800-acre prick on the 42,000-acre thumbprint of the Oxbow Fire that burned the same country in 1966. They don't make 'em like they used to. The elderberries ripen now, as summer acknowledges its mortality and gives a nod to fall. One of my seasonal rituals is picking a couple of buckets of berries for juice. I'm told it's good for the immune system, but mostly I like the puckery astringency when mixed with apple juice.

Driving slowly down a gravel road bisecting the huge clearcut, I watch for trees heavy with clumps of small purple berries. Blue elder (*Sambucus nigra caerulea*) is an early seral shrub that grows in profusion on open hillsides. Before chainsaws and Smokey the Bear, late summer fires were friends of

elders, opening vast reaches of shady climax forest to sunshine, thus beginning a new round of biological succession in which the elders were early participants. Nowadays clearcuts serve this function. But blue elder still acknowledges its debt to fire; as each tiny berry ripens the skin becomes covered by a thin bloom of smoky gray.

Fir trees are saved from fire so they can be logged, so I have become a sensible opportunist, searching for elders on a vast clearcut that I otherwise find repulsive. The Douglas firs are now growing quickly, but the interstitial spaces remain dense with bracken and blackberry. Today I vow that I won't work hard at this and begin looking for fruit-laden elders close to the road. Finding a tree doesn't take long, and I bring the pickup to a crunching halt. In the back is a long-handled pruner, a piece of equipment recommended by an elderberry-savvy friend for clipping off out-of-reach clumps. But something bothers me about it, and I leave it in the back.

Toting only a six-gallon bucket, I climb the roadside bank of red dirt to the clump of elder stems. The berries are borne in dense clusters that are easily snapped off whole. But this first tree turns out to be a meager start to the day. After picking all that I can reach, only a thin layer of fruit covers the bottom of what suddenly seems like an awfully large container.

I'm fascinated by the variation among wild elder trees. There are trees loaded with fruit and those with none at all, trees with large clusters of big juicy berries or small clumps of tiny fruit, and those with berries at every stage of ripening. Genetic variation in wild food plants is usually higher than in their domesticated counterparts that are bred for uniform production. This appeals to my esoteric population-geneticist side. Yet on a hot day on an open clearcut, genetic differences among individuals become tangible—trees with an abundance of big juicy berries will fill my bucket quickly, and are usually worth the time necessary to find them.

So reluctantly I renege on my vow of minimum effort and leave the road, wading through head-high bracken toward a group of elders on a brush-choked bench below. A hidden limb in the bracken grabs my foot, pitching me forward. Keeping the bucket upright I cut loose with a line of colorful invective rather than counting my blessings. Arriving at the trees, I see that others have preceded me. The bracken is mashed flat by deer and bear that have browsed off the lower berries. An occasional broken branch attests to the bear's strong-arm approach to foraging. But elders need these berry eaters—the indigestible seeds are spread across the landscape in clumps of purple deer and bear poop. A few will germinate, root, and push the process of biological succession forward. This process is no longer a given, however, and can be altered dramatically when elders are bathed with herbicides in an effort to thwart competition with young fir trees.

My bucket is half-full and heavy. I struggle through the brush to another group of elders, exuding sweat and a deteriorating attitude. In the flattened bracken beneath my feet lies a single feather, gray and about two inches long, as though smoke had coalesced into this small substantive thing. Band-tailed Pigeons feed heavily on elderberries in late summer and fall. They

are wary birds, and rightly so. Perhaps being the closest living relative to the Passenger Pigeon, they have learned a lesson or two. Band-tails are in decline for reasons that aren't well understood. A few folks pursue them for food, but it's difficult to imagine hunting pressure making a difference. Logging should increase the prevalence of sun-loving cascara and elder, two important food resources for pigeons. But the most precipitous decline in Band-tails occurred in the 1980's when logging had greatly increased. Herbicides complicate the situation. I have searched clearcuts for elder, only to find dead stems poking out of the brush like naked gray bones. I doubt this helps the pigeons.

This afternoon the Band-tails are invisible, save the lone feather, but their presence is marked in other



ways. All that remains of the elderberries on the top branches of these trees are clumps of tiny, naked stems. Only then do I realize why I left the pruner behind. Deer and bear get the low-hanging berries, while Band-tailed

Pigeons harvest the higher fruit. My human allotment is the mid-elevation berries that are within my reach. With the pruner I would have been taking more than my share, depriving those who live here and do their part by spreading elderberry seeds over the landscape. All of the participants – elders and Band-tails and deer and bear – are linked in a chain beginning with smoke. I am a recent intruder and not a full participant in this network of relationships. I simply take the fruit home and cook it in a steam juicer. The most I have to offer is gratitude.

My bucket is three-quarters full. The sun is beating me hard about the head and ears and berries are becoming scarce. I retreat, dragging the heavy container uphill through head-high brush to the truck. I peel off my salty dishrag of a shirt, roll down both windows, and use the 100-degree water from my bottle to rinse off the slug slime coating my lips. Pointing the truck for home, the words leave my mouth without conscious consideration:

“Why do I try so hard?”

Ebb and Flow

by Reida Kimmel

For the past few years Chuck's research on bone development in native fish has taken us to the Central Coast for the extreme low tides of the month to collect juvenile sculpins. He would have preferred to rear larvae in the lab, either by collecting eggs or by bringing adults, including gravid females, back to the lab to breed. Several winter trips, braving icy gales to

search for adults and eggs under rock ledges and between mats of mussels in semi-exposed tide pools, were unsuccessful. Mercifully, the search was refocused in 2012. In May I discovered that the sandy tidepools at Ona Beach near Waldport swarmed with juvenile sculpins. The next month, armed with a collecting permit and tiny hand nets, we returned and

caught many individuals, but kept just four for further study. But by late September the pools were gone and with them the sculpins. We were presented with just a sandy beach, furrowed by the wind, stretching south all the way to Seal Rock. It was the same at all the sandy beaches with tidepools that we regularly visit. Since then we have returned to collect annually, and the sand always covers the pools by mid or late summer.

The sand buildup, which is normal in summer on Oregon's coast, had buried the rocks forming the pools' boundaries. Sea anenomes, especially the small ones in the less desirable locations, had been buried as the sand moved in. They are sessile and cannot get away. Can they and other small invertebrates survive under the sand, if they are not buried too deep or too long? Where did our little fish go? Did they migrate of their own volition or were they victims of the tides? Where did the sand come from, and why?

Sand movement to and from the beaches is a well-understood phenomenon. This natural movement is called littoral drift. The winter storms, with their large long-period waves, wash the sand from the beaches and carry it out beyond the lowest low tide line. In summer, the gentler impact of the generally short-period waves brings the sand back on shore. The strong north winds that are so characteristic of our beaches in summer sculpt the sand deposits into ridges and furrows, and even dunes. If we had not stabilized our dunes above the highest high tide line with alien beach grasses, the dunes would be more likely to collapse in the winter and rebuild in the summer, and our beaches would look quite different than they do today. We can look for those small anenomes this winter when our longed-for storms uncover the beaches. But where does all that sand go when it is washed into the sea? Apparently it remains not far from shore, in amongst the kelp and other algae, often filling troughs between the kelp beds.

As for the tiny sculpins, there are still many mysteries, but we do know a lot more than we did two years ago. We first believed that our prey were Tidepool sculpins, (*Oligocottus maculosus*), the species whose eggs we sought in frigid Februarys at Cape Arago. But DNA analysis proved that the sculpins collected at Ona Beach were Sharpnose sculpins, (*Clinocottus acuticeps*), and the sculpins from another site, Strawberry Hill, were Mosshead sculpins, (*Clinocottus globiceps*). If we had looked very carefully and known what to look for, perhaps we could have seen the differences, but we were tricked by similarities in body markings and colors.



Nearly all of the *Cottidae* have the ability to change color depending on their background. Against sand, they are pale, but against basalt rocks, they are dark. If you find a green sculpin amid the bright green seaweed, even though you just “know” it must be a special species, you’re probably wrong!

Would identifying a species make a difference when trying to understand why baby sculpins, but not adults, were in the ephemeral tidepools of Ona Beach, or to learn what fate these juveniles met when the sand destroyed their pools? If we know a species, we can look for information about that species' life style that could provide clues. Sharpnose sculpins hang out on seaweed-covered rocks at the stony margins of tidepools and go in and out with the tides. Apparently they thrive on the battering waves. After we stared long and hard at such pools as the tide came in, it became apparent that the seaweed itself and the sea anenomes and other living creatures that cover the rocks offer protection from the force of the

waves. Chuck had a theory. The baby Sharpnose sculpins came from somewhere that was home to adults, rich tidepools with lots of food sources. They could have migrated out to sea or just have been carried away from their natal pools by tidal

forces like the planktonic larvae of many marine species. But these little fish did not go too far. They were deposited ashore in sandy tidepools where they fed in the comparative absence of predators, on tiny invertebrates. Then the sand came, the pools filled, and the little fish, much larger now, went somewhere, and, if they survived, found stony tidepools washed by the waves, where they could grow even larger and breed. And where was this place? It was not hard to find. A couple of miles down the beach there are perfect pools at Seal Rock. We went there this September after all traces of Ona's sandy tidepools were obliterated. There at the lowest low tide of the month we found extensive rocky pools reaching far out into the sea, tidepools that would not be buried with sand. And in those pools were large adult Sharpnose sculpins. As for Strawberry Hill's Mosshead sculpins, the adults spend their time quietly in the crevices of large rock formations. Strawberry Hill's huge rugged rocks, rich with mussels and goose barnacles, are a famously good place for close-up viewing of all sorts of invertebrates. Where the rocks meet the sandy beach,

sandy pools shelter myriad tiny sculpins that we now know to be Mosshead sculpins. These young don't have to travel far to find just the right environment to spend the rest of their lives.

I wonder if the young sculpins we study were guided 'home' by olfactory clues, as research by

OIMB's Alan Shanks tells us is the case for Tidepool sculpins, or if they just had the luck of riding a favorable tide. I wonder what it looks like under the water where the sand goes in the winter. I'll never know all the answers, but I'll keep going back to the beach, where marvels occur with every tide.

How are your dues spent?

ENHS is supported primarily by member dues, although we sometimes receive support from other non-profit organizations to sponsor particular speakers. Although annual expenses vary depending upon notoriety of and transportation for our speakers, we typically spend 35% of our budget on speakers. Printing and mailing of *Nature Trails* requires 45% (postage continues to increase). Recent miscellaneous expenditures average 20%, because we purchased our new microphone, but typically miscellaneous expenses run 10%. If you would like more information about our finances, please contact Judi Horstmann.

Events of Interest in the Community

Beyond Toxics and the University of Oregon

Friday, 24 October, 7-9pm. Convocation Keynote Address: "From Silent Spring to Silent Night: Of Toads and Men". By **Dr. Tyrone Hayes.** Hayes, an Integrative Biology professor at University of California, Berkeley, will be the featured guest in the University of Oregon Herbicides and Health Conference, 24-27 October. Hayes's findings regarding hermaphroditism in frogs as a result of exposure to the commonly used herbicide Atrazine have created national attention and controversy within academia and beyond. His influential work on environmental pollution and health has recently been featured in [The New Yorker](#), [Mother Jones](#) and [National Geographic](#). 182 Lillis Hall, U of O Campus. See <http://www.beyondtoxics.org/get-involved/events/> for a complete listing of events and presentations taking place during this conference.

Lane County Audubon Society

Go to <http://www.laneaudubon.org/> for a summary of LCAS's upcoming monthly meeting and other interesting avian tidbits. **Saturday, 18 October, 8am-noon. Third Saturday Bird Walk.** Site and leader to be determined. If a location is identified before the 18th, it will be posted on the LCAS Facebook page and on the LCAS website (www.laneaudubon.org).

Tuesday, 28 October, 7:30 pm. A Florida Ramble with Dave Stone. Stone took the spring 2014 term off from his teaching duties and drove to Everglades National Park, then up the East Coast, to Lake Erie, and west across southern Canada. He arrived back in Oregon with enough material for two or three programs. This month he will treat us to a virtual visit to wildlife refuges on the Gulf Coast, in central Florida, and on Florida's eastern shore, and, of course, the incomparable Everglades. Stone teaches photography, including nature and bird photography, at LCC, and he leads photography trips all over the western United States. 1645 High St., Eugene.

Mt. Pisgah Arboretum

Sunday, 19 October, 8-10:30am. Fall Bird Walk. Chris Roth and Julia Siporin will lead a bird walk intended for people with all levels of birding experience, beginner to advanced. We'll use vocalizations, habitat, and behavior clues for identification of fall residents and migrants. Come discover or rediscover the Arboretum's avian diversity. Please bring binoculars. Option to continue the walk until noon for those who are interested. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. \$5, members free.

Sunday, 19 October, 1-3pm. Scarecrow Building 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 Mushroom Festival contest for free. Pants, shirts, straw, and pumpkins provided. \$5 per pumpkin or scarecrow. No registration required. Meet at the White Oak Pavilion.

Sunday, 26 October, 9am-5pm. Mushroom Festival. Enjoy a day of mushrooms, live music, food, arts and crafts, children's activities, hayrides, and nature walks. Proceeds from the sale of mushrooms, plants and arts and crafts support the Arboretum's work in environmental education and habitat restoration. Free shuttle from Civic Stadium every hour on the hour, and back from the Festival on the half hour. Fee: \$8; members and children under 12 free. For more information or to volunteer, go to <http://www.mountpisgaharboretum.com/festivals-events/mushroom-festival/> or call (541) 747-3817.

Friends of Buford Park and Mt. Pisgah

Mondays, 13, 20, 27 October, 9am-noon. Morning Regulars. Monday Morning Regulars work on habitat restoration projects wherever they are most needed each week. Their work includes working in the native plant nursery as well as planting native species and removing invasive species around Buford Park. Contact volunteer@bufordpark.org for more information.

Tuesdays and Thursdays, all month, 9am-12pm. Nursery Work. Join us for a morning or full day of planting seedlings, preparing and caring for beds, and otherwise helping out on the many tasks needed to propagate the native plant material we use for restoration projects. The nursery is a fun and beautiful place to relax and to get some fresh air and activity. 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.

Nearby Nature Go to <http://www.nearbynature.org/events> call 541-687-9699.

Saturday, 25 October, 5:30-9pm. Haunted Hike! Nearby hikes along a festive pumpkin-lit trail through Alton Baker sorts of furry and feathered creatures of the night in costume. Each hike lasts about an hour and folks are welcome to come hikes to enjoy the festivities. The hike is most appropriate for kids, but adults are also allowed. Be sure to bring a flashlight it's a dark and stormy night. Haunted Hike happens rain or members and \$5 per person for non-members. Groups are welcome. Pre-registration (at 541-687-9699, ext. 2) is required.



for information on NN activities, or

Nature guides will lead special night Park. On each hike, folks encounter all from a gigantic bat to a sneaky spider. early or stay after their scheduled pre-school through elementary-aged and hiking shoes, and your raingear if moonshine. Free for Nearby Nature

Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

No event listed for October.

North American Butterfly Association, Eugene-Springfield Chapter

Monday, 13 October, 7pm refreshments, 7:30pm presentation. Natural History of Eastern Oregon. Sue and Jim Anderson of Sisters, Oregon, started both the Ochoco and Metolius butterfly counts that have been conducted for many years, supplying NABA with valuable data on butterfly populations in both these locations. They have a wealth of great experiences and stories to tell about the natural world of Oregon's High Plateau. The Eugene Garden Club at 1645 High St. Free.

Friday, 17 October, 7:30pm. From Ancient Capital to South of the Clouds: Butterflies and Others in Wild China. By Robert Michael Pyle. Co-sponsored by the Eugene Natural History Society. See pp 1,2 of this newsletter for more detail.

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

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

Current Exhibits

- Explore Oregon: 300 million years of Northwest natural history.
- 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.
- Highlights of the Jensen Arctic Collection.

Friday, 17 October, 5:30pm (You will have time to get to the ENHS talk after this one). MNCH Archaeology Lecture: Domestic Dogs and other Canids on the Northwest Coast. Dogs are the earliest and most widespread domesticated animal in the Americas, yet archaeologists know little about their distribution along the Pacific Northwest Coast. Join Iain McKechnie, Social Science and Humanities Research Council of Canada Fellow at the UO, for a discussion of emerging evidence surrounding the presence of dogs in Pacific Northwest cultures.

Tuesday, 28 October, 5-7pm. Exploring Nature Writing with Melissa Hart and Tom Titus. Hart (School of Journalism and Communication) will read from her latest memoir *Wild Within: How Rescuing Owls Inspired a Family* and Titus (Neuroscience) will read from his book *Blackberries in July: A Forager's Field Guide to Inner Peace*.

WREN (Willamette Resources and Educational Network)

Tuesday, 14 October 9am-noon. Wetland Wander at Wild Iris Ridge. Directions to Wild Iris Ridge: From 18th and Bailey Hill go 1/3 mile south on Bailey Hill Rd. Turn left at Warren St. and go 1/3 mile. Turn right to stay on Warren St. Right on Summit Terrace. Right on Bailey View. Park along this street and walk to the end where we will gather to begin the Wander. Bring water and wear sturdy shoes. WREN will provide binoculars.

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	_____

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

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: _____

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ENHS Schedule of Speakers and Topics for 2013-2014 and for 2014-2015

17 Oct. 2014 – R. M. Pyle – From Ancient Capital to South of the Clouds: Butterflies and Others in Wild China (cosponsored by NABA Eugene-Springfield Chapter)

21 Nov. 2014 – George Wuerthner – Praise the Dead: the Ecological Role of Dead Trees

12 Dec. 2014 – John Marzluff – Welcome to Subirdia

16 Jan. 2015 – James Cassidy – Soil: What it is and How it Works!

20 Feb. 2015 – Shelly Miller – Native Freshwater Mussels in the Pacific Northwest

20 Mar. 2015 – Paul Engelmeyer – Conservation Strategies: Seabirds and Forage Fish

17 April 2015 – Marli Miller – Roadside Geology of Oregon: Some Highlights

15 May 2015 – Pat Orm – Wings in the Night: A Glimpse into the Mysterious World of Bats