

Nature Trails

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Dr. Nora Terwilliger at Darwin Lake, Isabella Island, Galapagos

Curious Galapagos: Who Lives Where, and Why Dr. Nora Terwilliger

Professor Emerita

**Oregon Institute of Marine Biology, Department of Biology,
University of Oregon, Charleston**

**Friday, 20 November 2015, 7:30pm, Room 100
Willamette Hall, University of Oregon Campus**

In the November 2009 issue of Nature Trails the speaker introduction began with these lines: “In June of this year several Eugene Natural History Society folk spent a weekend at the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology. On Saturday of that weekend there was a particularly low tide, and our November speaker, Dr. Nora Terwilliger, led us on an exploration of the intertidal zone at Cape Arago. Her enthusiasm was infectious at our initial rendezvous at the dining hall. Once we were among the rocks Nora shared her knowledge with any and all close by.”

It works again this year! In June of 2015 our field trip was again to OIMB, we again had a very low tide on the Saturday of our weekend, and we again had the benefit of Terwilliger’s encyclopedic knowledge and infectious enthusiasm as we spent hours in the intertidal zone at Cape Arago. And once again Terwilliger is our November speaker.

Certain things in a person’s biography do not change over the course of six years, so here are some salient facts about our speaker lifted shamelessly from that introduction in 2009.

Dr. Terwilliger was born in Connecticut and raised in a small town on Long Island Sound. As a child she and her friends roamed the marshes, catching crabs, digging clams, fishing... does this sound idyllic or what? As a youngster she even had access to a boat – a wooden dory that she rowed around on the backwaters. So Nora was becoming a marine biologist even before she knew what it was. She went to the University of Vermont for her undergraduate work, switching back and forth between biology and medical technology every other semester or so, finally ending with a BS in med tech. From there she went to the University of Wisconsin, in the Medical School Anatomy Department, for her Master’s. She was doing electron microscopy, looking at subcellular organelles, but she missed the ocean. Nora saw a poster for a physiology course at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, on Cape Cod. She applied, and got a fellowship from the University of Wisconsin to attend. She worked on microtubules, using marine organisms such as sea urchins. And it was there she met Bob Terwilliger. She finished her MS at Wisconsin, and she and Bob were married. They lived in Boston for three years, then Bob got a post-doctoral position in the Friday Harbor Laboratory, the University of Washington’s Marine Biology Institute. They fell in love with the west coast. Bob was hired as Assistant Director of OIMB in 1970. They moved to Charleston in January of that year, in the middle of the rainiest winter Nora can remember. Nora’s research on oxygen transport proteins in crustaceans began in 1976 while she and Bob were on sabbatical at Duke University’s Marine Laboratory. This stint at full-time lab work rekindled her desire to finish her PhD, which she got in 1981 from the University of Oregon, working under Bill Sistrom. She continued to do research at OIMB as well as occasionally teaching a class. Tragedy struck in 1989, when her husband died of a heart attack. The Biology

Department at UO maintained her in a temporary position for a year. When a search for a tenure-track position opened she applied and got the job, hired as an Associate Professor in 1990. She formally retired in 2006 but as Professor Emerita continues to do research and teach part-time at the Institute. In her research she became fascinated with the ways crustaceans get oxygen into their systems and how it is moved about. So she has studied the proteins that bind and transport oxygen, specifically the hemocyanin family. She looked not only at the proteins themselves but also at how their syntheses and activities are regulated in response to the rapid changes in environmental conditions these animals must deal with every few hours, as the tides rise and fall. Her research has taken her to marine laboratories and universities around the world and provided opportunities to dip her toes into many bodies of water, including the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, the Baltic, Adriatic and China Seas, and the Rhine, Okavanga, and Mara Rivers.

Terwilliger says she may have been retired when she spoke to ENHS in 2009 but she is more retired now than she was then. She still teaches the occasional class, so she dips in and out of OIMB. One of her recent interests is nature printing, which is derived from Japanese fish printing. The Nature Print Society has annual workshops, and they had one at OIMB, which Terwilliger attended. She since has gone to two more of their workshops, one in North Carolina and the more recent one in Port Townsend, Washington. A nature print of an animal or plant makes a permanent impression of the object’s two-dimensional structure. The print says nothing about the *function* of that object, and Terwilliger is working on ways to incorporate functional as well as structural information into her prints.

Terwilliger loves to travel and being retired gives her ample opportunity. This summer she hiked in the Italian Dolomites and snorkeled in the Adriatic Sea by Korčula, a Croatian island. She also took a road trip around the Olympic Peninsula – her first time there even though she has lived in the area for decades. We can be thankful for her travel lust since her talk this year derives from her two trips to the Galapagos. The first, in 2013, was with a group of about 20 students from the College of New Jersey. By design there are two different routes through the archipelago, so tourist groups don’t get so tangled up with each other or damage these unique and stunning islands. That first trip was along the northern route. The second, in March of this year, was more of a tourist trip – about 45 persons, of mixed ages and backgrounds. It followed the southern route. Terwilliger found the differences between the two trips fascinating. The ocean currents are different, the geology is different, and these differences lead to

different behaviors among otherwise similar animals. She now better understands why Darwin was so impressed.

When she talks to us Terwilliger will share some of her personal impressions about how this diversity manifests itself. She mentioned the Boobie as the



classic example. There are three species of Boobies in the Galapagos: the Red-footed (*Sula sula*), the Blue-footed (*Sula nebouxii*) and the Nazca (*Sula granti*). They have different food preferences, different nesting behavior, and their flight patterns differ in the routes and distances they cover as well as the way they fly. Terwilliger's photographs from these trips are informative and beautiful. Join us at 7:30pm Friday, 20 November in room 100 Willamette Hall on the U of O campus to hear Dr. Nora Terwilliger's presentation "Curious Galapagos: Who Lives Where, and Why." Those of you who know her, or have heard her speak, know what a treat we have in store. John Carter

Squirrely Tails by Reida Kimmel

Summer and winter we enjoy watching our three species of squirrels, western gray squirrels, Douglas squirrels or chickarees, and Townsend's chipmunks, as they go about taking advantage of all the goodies, mostly birdseed and fruit, that we unwittingly provide for them. The local habitat is perfect for squirrels. A natural forest of mixed conifers and hardwoods covers the cliff across the road. Our house lot has mature white oak trees and Douglas firs, while numerous bigleaf maples and ash trees grow closely amongst the firs in our creekside ravine. Here in the hills there are no fox squirrels (*Sciurus niger*) or eastern gray squirrels (*S. carolinensis*) to compete with the native western gray squirrels (*S. griseus*). Instead their deadliest enemies are automobiles, for these lovely creatures are completely incautious and confused, one hates to say 'stupid', when they cross the road, and of course, there is no learning curve.

The books describe chickarees and Townsend's chipmunks as shy, more frequently heard than seen, and indeed they are very vocal, but shy and secretive they are not. How shy is a chickaree? Not too shy to sit on a blanket on the porch with our black cat Pascal. The blanket is for the cats, but both the chickarees and the chipmunks rip out considerable bits of it every year for nesting material. It's polyester. No accounting for taste.

About five years ago, we had a veritable plague of chickarees. They ran around inside the garden nibbling on all the sweet or starchy vegetables. They bounded about, thumping loudly on our flat roof. Every flowerpot and boot on the deck was repeatedly filled with sunflower seeds gleaned from the ground below the feeders. The crowning blow came the day I went to the big trash can where we store sunflower seeds. As I approached the barrel, the lid lifted and a chickaree stared out at me; "My place. Go away!" I chased the varmint out, put a heavy stone on the lid, and got out the live traps. I reduced the population by 5 or 6 little squirrels. Relocation is a very bad thing to do, but I was desperate. The little guys went to nice homes with feeders in town.

Another year, another ploy. In 2014 the Douglas squirrels discovered that they could shinny up the steel poles from which the bird feeders hang. Very large Plexiglas covers over the feeders were not deterrents. At first it was amusing to watch the frequently failed crossings from pole to feeder, but the squirrels soon mastered the technique, and greedily robbed and even damaged the feeders. Just before Thanksgiving, I bought Slinkys, installed them on the poles, stretched and bobbing from the feeders to about two-thirds of the way to the ground. Chuck hooted with scorn. "They will climb the coils and have a ball playing swing up and down on the way to dinner." Fortunately there was a crowd gathered at



the kitchen sink to watch the first encounter. Squirrel. Slinky dancing up and down beserkly. Squirrel on the ground very quickly. Storming away with its tail slashing in fury. I suppose there have been other attempts, but we have

never again found signs of squirrels robbing or chewing up feeders.

Plump and dignified, the western gray squirrels do not need Slinkys. They do not commit crimes, or perhaps they just are not clever.

In the summer there are often as many as four chipmunks under the bird feeders in the woody area east of the house. They covet the feeders but have never managed a heist. One chipmunk is often found sitting on the oak tree, beside the chain that carries a feeder, but none has ever succeeded in following the chain to the feeder, nor have there been any successful challenges to the Slinkys, though I did see a botched attempt to travel inside a Slinky resulting in a temporarily stuck chipmunk. Our space is also their space. They keep very busy running about on the porch, 'planting' sunflower seeds in the garden, for which I am grateful, and in the ceramic pots, for which I am not. There is a longtime nest on the woodshed rafters, from which a gentle rain of sunflower seed shells falls after the slightest disturbance. (For you Scrabble players, a squirrel nest is called a *drey*. Ed.) Most ominous are the occasional scratching sounds in the walls of our old house. We try to shut our ears and hope the tiny feet will just go away.

It's lucky our house has so many windows. How else could I be invisible while keeping touch with nature? Our bedroom windows are level with the ground and look out mostly on large Douglas fir trunks. Late this summer I spied a very young western gray squirrel, its face small and narrow, its tail long but furred and nowhere like fluffy. It was having a hard time. Western grays can have litters of five, but only one is not uncommon. The kits develop slowly and don't leave the nest for good until they are six or more months old. This youngster had to have been newly emerged. He went up and down and around the lower part of the tree trunk over and over again. I went outside to the barn via the front door. From the east side of the house I could hear the sounds of an adult western gray calling loudly. And from the tree on the south side of the house, the much quieter cries of what I presumed to be the babe. The crisis got resolved somehow, and in subsequent weeks I have seen the young squirrel feeding on sunflower seeds. Under the big fir outside the bedroom window, there is an apple tree, a productive producer of perfect apples. This year I picked many apples that had been chewed at the tops while still on the tree, not by birds or wasps but by something with teeth. Now who could have done that?

Sadly the western gray squirrel is in serious decline. Listed as threatened in Washington State and as a sensitive species in Oregon, it has all but disappeared in the urban and suburban areas of its western Oregon habitat. Competition for the same food resources from the similar, but slightly smaller, eastern gray squirrels in the north of its range and fox squirrels in Eugene and to the south, is part of the

problem, which also includes habitat loss, epidemic notoedric mange, and road kills. While western grays have small litters whose kits are slow to leave the nest, fox squirrels produce very large litters of fast-maturing young. Is there anything we can do to help slow this decline? Drive more slowly and mindfully when travelling in the hills. Retain the large oaks, firs, pines and maples on your property. If you are landscaping, plant native trees. Finally, Do Not Feed squirrels or you will find yourself attracting the competitor species that drive away the western grays and local birds. Good luck, and enjoy these beautiful creatures while you can.

On the Ridgeline, 24 July 2015 by John Carter

I'm about twenty feet away from it, the reason I decided to hike the Trail on this perfect summer day. I'm sitting on a present my son gave me about twenty-five years ago, back when he was the chief mechanic for Pastors for Peace. It's a hand-made three-legged stool he found in Guatemala on one of their delivery trips. Three dowels about eighteen inches long held together in the middle by a hand-made three-ended bolt form the legs, and the seat is a triangular piece of heavy leather with leather pouches at the corners to take the ends of the legs. No clouds, the sun's rays dappling the forest floor, a slight breeze from the west, maybe 75 degrees – did I already say it's a perfect day? And there is my quest, a ponderosa pine fully six feet in diameter at chest height, right by the trail. It can't be more than half a mile from the Willamette Street Trailhead.

The first time I noticed this tree was shortly after we moved to Eugene in the summer of 2000. I was exploring the wonders of my new home turf, walking through what I had thought would be a forest dominated by Douglas fir, and there it was, a giant ponderosa about a hundred miles west of where it belonged. Or so I thought. I was intrigued: it looked too old to have been planted after white settlers got to Eugene and I doubted there was a Johnny Pineseed among the Kalapuya. So how did it get here and how did it manage to survive all those wet winters? I asked Bill, my forester brother, who assured me it's native to the area.

As I look around I begin to notice more of them. Wandering off the trail I find pine after pine, none as massive as the denizen, but big nonetheless. My exploration is cursory, though, after I notice that one of the principal understory plants is poison oak. My shorts and low socks offer no protection, so I forget about counting pines and the other trees to get an estimate of what fraction of this forest is pine.

I've sat on my stool long enough that my knees are demanding relief, so it's on to the next sighting. I know there's another huge one on this trail, over by the Fox Hollow end, but there must be more between here and there. Interesting. Walking another twenty or thirty yards south along the trail, still headed toward Spencer Butte, off to the west there are more pines than firs. But going another hundred yards, just where the trail steepens, the vegetation has changed dramatically. Sword ferns instead of poison oak. No pines, but lots of maple and oak, and the occasional Douglas fir. I'm sitting on a big rock now, and the sun is hot. This is the north-facing slope of the Butte. Maybe they don't like it here.

Well obviously they don't – they aren't *here* but they *are* back *there*. What changed? Soil too moist (read wet) in the winter? Not enough light? Wrong. I climb a bit, maybe gaining a hundred and fifty feet in elevation, and there's another one. Can't miss that bark once it's imprinted. Also I notice there are more Doug firs and fewer oaks and maples, more alder brush mixed in with the ferns. How many times have I hiked this trail and missed this change in vegetation? I noticed it today because I was searching for a particular kind of tree. What would Yogi Berra have said? Something like "When you look, you see stuff."

Wouldn't you know, I was not the first white man to notice these pines. Almost two hundred years ago a fellow named David Douglas commented on their presence throughout the Willamette Valley. Turns out these pines are enough different from their more abundant relations found east of the Cascades that they constitute a separate race, aptly named Willamette Valley Ponderosa Pine (WVPP), or *Pinus ponderosa* var. *willamettensis*, and just as the eastern pines don't do well here, these don't like the drier, colder climate over there.

David Harrelson, who spoke to us this September, told me that the valley pine was a source of sap for the Indians. In fact, *lagom-stik*, its name in Indian trade language, roughly translates as *pitchy wood*. They would make an indentation deep enough to go through a tree's cambial layer, and the tree would respond by filling the hole with sap. They used the sap along with sinew and plant fibers to make watertight baskets, composite arrows and bows, and other implements and tools. The Confederated Tribes of the Grande Ronde now have several plantations devoted to valley pine.

White settlers quickly recognized the WVPP as a valuable source of lumber. Once fairly abundant, its overuse reduced it to isolated stands within the Valley. But reclamation efforts have been underway for several years now. There is even a Willamette

Valley Ponderosa Pine Conservation Association, which, interestingly, is made up of environmental activists, retired commercial lumbermen, and forestry scientists from the Oregon Department of Forestry.

In a 2012 article in *High Country News*, Catherine Ryan outlines the history of this reclamation effort, pointing out that the goals of the disparate groups making up the WVPPCA, while not identical, nevertheless cooperate to aid the tree's recovery. She quotes Bob McNitt, the group's executive director, a retired logger who takes pride in the number of trees he used to fell. "Some folks want to save every tree," he said. "We want to grow 'em and make products for people." Back in the 90's McNitt took it upon himself to look for these pines throughout the Valley, cataloging the locations of about 450 isolated stands. Larry Miller, Oregon's state forest geneticist, told Ryan, "The association captured a solid sample of the genetic resources of valley pine." Forestry scientists at Oregon State University have cooperated with the WVPPCA to establish an experimental planting with stock from these geographically isolated pockets so as to maintain sufficient genetic diversity. You can buy valley pines from local forest nurseries. Rick Fletcher, OSU Extension forester in Benton County, says, "The Willamette Valley Ponderosa pine is as beautiful as its eastside cousin and grows much faster. The pine is appropriate for many valley stream banks and on soils that would be marginal for other tree species."

Back on the Ridgeline, my sightings have petered out. From what I could see along the trail – the sign asking hikers to stay on the trail provided a welcome excuse not to clamor through all the detritus left over from the ice storm two winters ago – there are no more big ponderosas until you get to the one over by Fox Hollow. But there are more to the west of the denizen that was my first goal, between it and the trailhead on Willamette. As you pass through the old orchard just up the hill from the road, if you look to the south you'll see a dense stand of younger pines in front of the taller Douglas firs. I bet they are valley pines that owe their existence to the efforts of the rescuers.

Postscript: It's late October. It's been three months since I re-visited that big pine on the Ridgeline Trail, and something is different. Sitting in front of it and writing down what came to mind has sensitized me. The attention I paid is bringing these wonderful plants out of the woodwork, as it were. They are in many of the places I frequent, but now they are no longer just scenery. Is it that now I notice them, or do they have some way of calling to me now that I can recognize them? Whatever has happened, I am changed in some way and I feel the better for it.

Thank you to those who worked the ENHS booth at the Mt. Pisgah Mushroom Festival – the putter-uppers, the sitters, and the taker-downers. The ENHS board was well represented, but we especially thank those not on the board who helped out. They are Jerry and Martha Gatchell, Chuck Kimmel, David Strutin, Herb Weaver, and Pat Williams. Andrew Sermak's live salamanders were a major attraction once again.

Events of Interest in the Community

Lane County Audubon Society

Saturday, 21 November, 8am. Third Saturday Bird Walk will be determined by interesting bird sightings posted to OBOL and other pertinent information available before the day of the walk. We will post the location on the LCAS Facebook page (<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Lane-County-Audubon-Society/330177413824?ref=hl>) and on the website (www.laneaudubon.org). All ages and skill levels are welcome. To carpool, meet at 8:00 a.m. at the South Eugene High School parking lot (corner of 19th and Patterson). We plan to return by noon. 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, 24 November, 7:30pm. How Did That Bird Get THAT Name? Dan Gleason will explain how and why many birds got their sometimes odd and interesting names, and describe fascinating behaviors and interesting tidbits about the lives of many North American birds. Gleason taught ornithology in the Biology Department at the University of Oregon. He is author of *Birds! From The Inside Out*, and *Looking for Yellowheads*, and writes *Backyard Habitats*, a monthly column for the Register-Guard. Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High St.

Mt. Pisgah Arboretum

Saturday, 14 November, 10am-3pm. Play in the Rain Day. Visitors will discover how fun, easy, and rewarding it is to spend time outdoors in nature – in ALL kinds of weather. Activities include tree climbing, campfire cookery, nature exploration / hikes, nature crafts, backcountry horse demonstrations, hayrides, scavenger hunts, and smokey bear. Parking is free courtesy of Lane County Parks.

Sunday, 15 November, 8:30-10:30am. Late Fall Bird Walk. Join **Chris Roth 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 fall 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. Fee \$5, members free.

Saturday, 21 November, 10am-1pm. Trail Resurfacing Work Party. Help us get our trails ready for the winter muddy season by putting down bark mulch. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. Tools, gloves, and a parking pass will be provided to volunteers (bring along a water bottle). Please RSVP [w/site@mountpisgaharboretum.org](mailto:site@mountpisgaharboretum.org) if you plan to attend.

Saturday, 21 November, 10am-12pm. Medicinal Trees Walk. Sue Sierralupe and Candace Hunter will lead a short stroll along the Arboretum's river path discussing the medicinal properties of trees. Rain or shine. Meet at the Arboretum Visitor Center. Don't forget your parking pass. Fee \$5, members free.

The Cascade Mycological Society

Saturday, 5 December, 9am-5pm. Truffle Dog Training Seminar at Peavy Arboretum. Go to <http://cascademyco.org/2015/11/truffle-dog-training-seminar-at-peavy-arboretum/> for details. This activity is limited and requires advance payment.

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://www.wild.blogspot.com/>

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

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

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.
- Tradition Keepers – Shayleen Macy. Artist Shayleen Macy is a Wasco/Yakima/Warm Springs member of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs and a graduate of the University of Oregon's BFA program.
- Scientific at the Core.

Ideas on Tap. First Wednesday of the Month, 7-9pm, now at Sprout! Marketplace, 418 A St., Springfield. Quench your thirst – for beer and for knowledge – at **Ideas on Tap**. Enjoy local craft beers and thought-provoking discussions about science, ecology, history, and more.

Native Plant Society of Oregon, Emerald Chapter

Thursday, 19 November, 7 pm. Conserving Pollination Services in Tropical Forest Landscapes. Pollinators and the services they provide are in decline worldwide, but the causes remain cryptic, particularly in tropical forests. **Dr. Matthew Betts**, Associate Professor of Landscape Ecology at Oregon State University, will summarize eight years of research designed to understand pollination dynamics in the montane tropical forests of Costa Rica. Topics include limitations to hummingbird movement, pollinator recognition by *Heliconia tortuosa*, and implications for coevolution and conservation. Conference Room at Lane County Mental Health. For more information call Steven at 541-521-3964 or see <http://emerald.npsoregon.org>.

North American Butterfly Association, Eugene-Springfield Chapter

Monday, 14 December, 7pm. Butterflies of South Texas: America's Butterfly Hotspot. Rick Ahrens. At the Eugene Garden Club, 1645 High St. More information next month, or go to http://www.naba.org/chapters/nabaes/lecture_series.html

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

Saturday, 14 November, 10am-3pm. Play in the Rain Day. Joint with Mt. Pisgah Arboretum. See above for details.

Tsunami Books

Sunday, 15 November, 4pm. The Nature of Gratitude. Authors **Tom Titus and Eric Alan** offer perspectives on gratitude using words, photos, and recorded music. Everyone is welcome and admission is free. All proceeds from books and donations will benefit Tsunami Books.

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

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Address _____

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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): _____

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Contribution	_____

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Forgot to pay your dues? This is your last issue until you do.



Galapagos wildlife

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ENHS Schedule of Speakers and Topics for 2015-2016

20 Nov. 2015 – Nora Terwilliger – Curious Galapagos: Who Lives Where, and Why

11 Dec. 2015 – Paul Bannick – Journey With Owls

15 Jan. 2016 – Madonna Moss – Archaeology of Pacific Herring

19 Feb. 2016 – Greta Binford – Spiders

18 Mar. 2016 – August Jackson – Pollination Biology

15 Apr. 2016 – Rebecca Vega-Thurber – Coral Reef Decline

20 May 2016 – Mark Blaine – Copper River Salmon

Alternate – Dean Walton – History of Oregon Naturalists