

THE **BULLETIN** OF THE
NATIVE PLANT SOCIETY OF OREGON

• OBJECTIVE •
To increase the knowledge of members and public
in identification and conservation of the native
plants of the Pacific Northwest.

Vol. XIV No. 11

NOVEMBER 1981

CHAPTER NEWS

EMERALD CHAPTER

Meetings:

Monday, November 2. Alan Curtis, BLM botanist and Emerald Chapter member, showed us slides of some rarely seen native plants of the Islands of Hawaii and Maui. Alan, who with his wife Mary Ann, visited in July, hiked to a remote wet area (400" of rain per year!), after obtaining permission from land owners. His pictures were of an area rarely visited by non-Islanders, taken on a beautiful "non-wet" day. We met at the Eugene City Library.

Monday, December 7, 7:15 p.m. In lieu of our regular meeting at the City Library, Emerald NPSOers and guests are invited to a Christmas Social and Gift Bazaar at the home of Rhoda Love, 393 Fulvue Drive (near the Wayne Morse property off Crest Drive). Call 345-6241 if you get lost.

We ask that each coming bring a saleable item of interest to NPSOers. Suggestions: potted plants, seed packets, color photos, books, native plant magazines or monographs, calendars, note cards, dried arrangements, wreaths, mistletoe, hand lenses, maps, metric rulers, etc. Do not wrap the item. Come prepared to price it. If no one offers the minimum price the donor keeps it. All proceeds will go to the Emerald Chapter treasury to help finance the work of the society.

Native Plant Nurseries and Seed Exchanges:

Following Ken Hixson's excellent presentation on native plant propagation at our September meeting, requests were made for a list of native plant nursery catalogues and sources of seed exchange. Ken has compiled a master list which is available for photocopy. [contact Charlene Simpson, c/o EMERALD Chapter.]

Congratulations to a Winner!

Chris Luneski, Emerald Chapter, has received word from Sierra Club Books that his photograph of a lupine was selected for reproduction (or held as an alternate) in the 1983 Sierra Club Calendar.

SISKIYOU CHAPTER

Field Trip:

Sunday, November 8. A tour of the Osborn's November garden in Jacksonville, Lawrence Crocker's garden of alpine plants and other fine places. Suitable for non-hikers. Bring a lunch; we will be back by mid-afternoon. Leader: Jean Danielson. Meet at 10:00 at BiMart in Ashland and 10:30 at K-Mart in Medford.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY CHAPTER

Meeting:

Monday, November 16, 7:30 p.m., First Methodist Church, State and Church Streets. Carrier Room - use Church street entrance. Program - Members' slides of plants and habitats enjoyed on Chapter field trips during the past year. If you have slides to show, please contact Jack Bailey, (394-2414). Also, sale of seed and native plants propagated by members.

PORTLAND CHAPTER

Field Trips:

Saturday, 7 November, 1981. No trip scheduled.

Saturday, 14 November, 1981. Last Field Trip of the Year! Tryon Creek State Park. Charlene Holzwarth, leader. Take Terwilliger exit on I-5 and turn east on Terwilliger. Turn right at "Y" and follow signs to State Park. Meet at 10:00 a.m. Bring boots, rain gear, lunch and "Winter Twigs of Tryon Park", by Jean Siddall.

Meetings:

Thursday, November 19, 7:00 p.m., Central Library, 801 S.W. 10th, Portland. Tyron Creek State Park, A Unique Natural Area Within Our City. The program will be presented by Dave Simpson, Park Director and Naturalist. This is a chance for you to see the park through a slide presentation.

Thursday, December 17, 7:00 p.m., Central Library, 801 S.W. 10th, Portland. Show and Tell. This program will give members a chance to show 5-10 of their most unique slide pictures of flowers taken in the last year. Members wishing to participate, please call Don Barr at 246-2785 so I can schedule time in the program.

HIGH DESERT CHAPTER:

Meeting:

24 November, 1981, held at Cascade Natural Gas. Program to be announced.

Notes: At our meeting on 10/6/81 the Chapter voted to change the meeting date from the 1st Tuesday in each month to the last Tuesday in each month. This will allow for better communication through the newsletter. We will also attempt to hold our meetings at the Cascade Natural Gas Meeting Room, 334 N. E. Hawthorn, Bend, at 7:30 p.m.

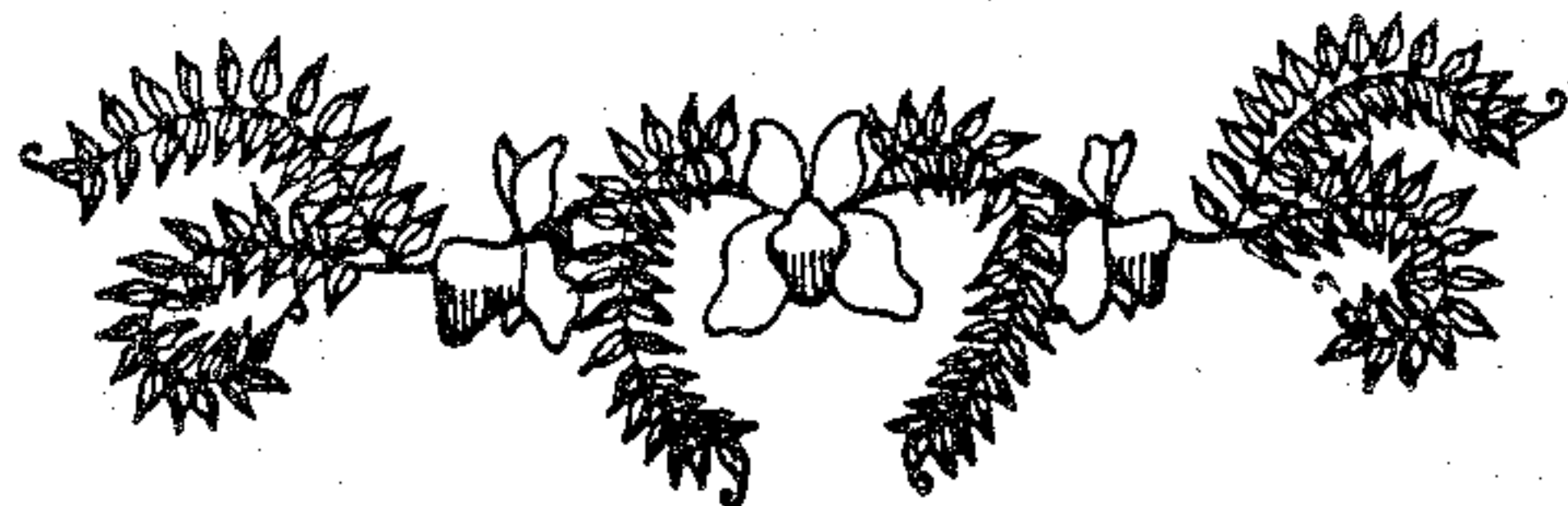
At our October meeting, John Schwartz presented slides of conifers of Central Oregon and gave us an erudite discussion of the taxo-

HIGH DESERT CHAPTER, continued

conomic differences. We will look forward to the second part of John's lecture in the Spring which will concern the broadleaf and deciduous trees of our area.

Barbara Robinson and Kathleen Cooper will prepare the final update for the Plant List of the Nature Conservancy's Metolius Preserve. We feel we have added significantly to the previous survey.

S. G. GARRETT



The following are three articles from Anne Kowalishen, Portland Chapter, chairperson for the NPSO Endangered Species Committee. She maintains close contact with government agencies such as the Fish and Wildlife Endangered Species Office, in order to keep the NPSO involved with and informed about protection of Oregon's rare and threatened plants. Thank you Annie, for all your hard work!

TRADING OF PLANTS AND WILDLIFE

This summer there was some good news from Washington, D.C., one bright spot in otherwise gloomy news from our nation's capitol. The Senate, after a hard struggle, passed S. 736, which are amendments to the Lacey Act. These amendments will extend that law's protection to certain plants in interstate or foreign commerce. Generally, these amendments establish penalties for trading wildlife and plants that are restricted by federal and state laws. Penalties are applied when the value of the merchandise is over \$350. The plants that are mostly affected are cacti, succulents, orchids and carnivorous plants. These amendments must go through the House of Representatives still, but the members of the Senate's Committee on Environment and Public Works worked hard for the passage of the Senate bill.

MINING AND THE NPSO

Last spring NPSO's Board of Directors voted to join the Mining Action Coalition, a group of citizens interested in reforming Oregon's mining laws. Oregonians from all over the state have joined in to make Oregon's mining laws more stringent than they have been. NPSO has been interested because mining is a very real threat to many of our threatened and endangered plants.

The good news is that the mining reclamation bill passed our Legislature this summer (old news if you followed our papers closely). The bill applies to new surface mines for coal, nickle and other mineral bearing ores and requires that a realistic reclamation plan be submitted and bonds of up to \$10,000 per acre be posted. Small miners are exempted up to 5000 yd³.

Joe Doyle, who was primarily responsible for getting this legislation passed, commented that several legislators were influenced by a large amount of citizen input. NPSO members might keep this in mind when we renew our efforts to introduce state legislation to protect endangered species.

ENDANGERED SPECIES ACT: INTENTIONS VS. ACTUALITIES

The Endangered Species Act of 1973 and later amendments were passed by Congress to provide a means whereby the ecosystems upon which endangered and threatened species depend may be conserved. That law requires the use of all methods and procedures which are necessary to bring any endangered species or threatened species to the point at which the Act is no longer necessary. It declares a policy that all Federal agencies shall seek to conserve threatened and endangered species. It supports international efforts in conservation and encourages individual states to the same ends. Underlying the law is a humbleness unusual for mankind. There is no assumption that one species is more important than another. There is no assumption that one particular group is more or less valuable to humans or our biosphere. There is no assumption that one nationality of species is superior to another. Implicit in this law is the concept that all of the biosphere is interconnected and that we are not yet at a point where we can say with understanding "This species is significant, and that one is not."

It is only recently that we have, as a nation, come to value different races, religions, cultures and sexes of our own humankind. So recently have we come to perceive that one group of people are no more or less superior to another, so tenuous a hold does this concept of our relationship to our own kind have in our value system, that it is no wonder that the non-chauvinistic spirit of the Endangered Species Act is having difficulty taking hold. People like mammals better than cold-blooded animals. We are biologically closer to mammals than we are to snakes and spiders, and generally we value them more. Most of us have never seen or heard about the species of wildlife and plants that may soon fade into extinction, so we have no sense of caring for them.

And so it has come about that, by an administrative policy, one group of species has been given a higher value than another. It is now so refined that species are rated on a scale of 1 to 120. The closer the group is to human, the higher the value it receives. U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the agency entrusted to carry out the Endangered Species Act, has recently set up such a system. If you examine the priorities it almost appears a list in popularity: Mammals, birds, fish, reptiles, amphibians, vascular plants, insects, molluses, non-vascular plants and other non-vertebrates. The surprise is that snakes are rated higher than plants, for people generally prefer flowers to snakes.

It would seem that our government has taken a step backward from the proud ideals embodied in the law. Until we all reach the understanding of the interconnectedness of it all, we will not be able to achieve the lofty goals of saving all species from extinction.

The tragedy lies in the fact that there is a time pressure. For by the time we have balanced our budget, by the time we have gone through the ponderous and lengthy process of giving legal protection to the highest priority species, by the time we are able to consider those groups unfortunate enough not to be back-boned animals, they may have gone. And extinction is forever. The loss is irrecoverable. We may never know of our loss. Or we may say "if only we had been wiser."

ECOLOGICAL NOTES

Construction of a Self-Guiding Nature Trail

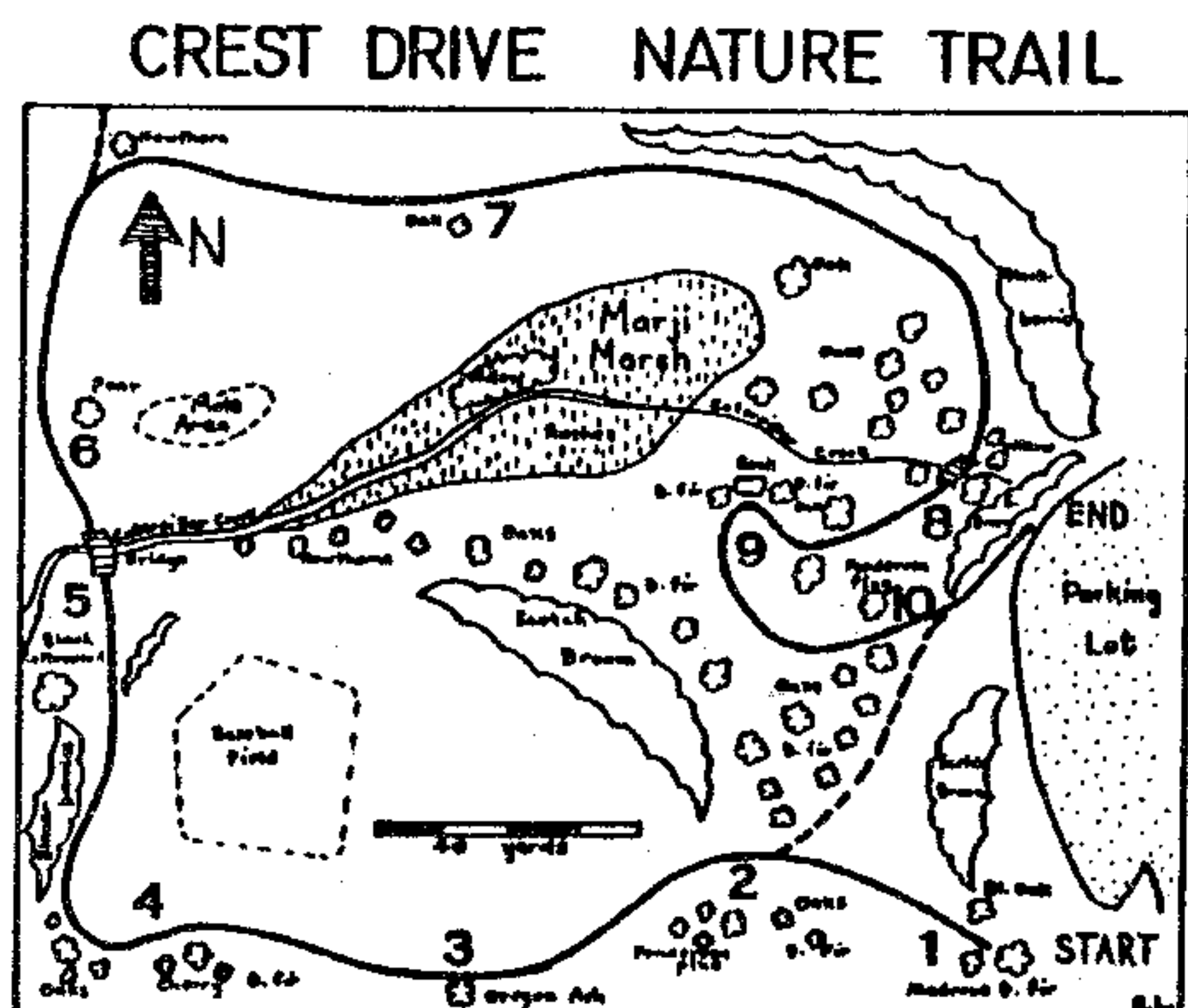
A self-guiding Nature Trail was constructed at Crest Drive Elementary School in Eugene during the 1980-81 school year.

I worked on the trail with a special education teacher and 10 students from grades 4-6. The students and I met for approximately an hour per week starting in October and continuing until trail-opening day in May.

The trail, a one-third mile loop, was constructed on a relatively natural plot of school property adjacent to Crest School in South Eugene. In October, when woody plants still bore leaves, the students and I surveyed the vegetation, collected for herbarium sheets (this was repeated later for the spring-blooming flora), laid out the course of the loop trail, and tentatively established 10 study stations.

We found eleven tree species along the trail route and we set up the stations in such a way that each tree species and its associated ecosystem should be examined closely. Trees present were: Douglas fir, Ponderosa pine, Willow, Black cottonwood, Garry oak, Kellogg oak, Oregon ash, Douglas hawthorn, Cherry, Pear, and Pacific madrone. Each student wrote a "research paper" on one tree species for later inclusion in our self-guiding booklet.

During the winter months I gave the students lessons in ecology and scientific naming, and we visited the trail at least once a month to record seasonal changes. We also worked on mapping the trail area and preparing labels for the plants. Also, we cut and stained 10 numbered wooden posts to mark the 10 stations.



In April we held a Saturday work party day when parents and students turned out to plant the station posts and to spread wood chips along the trail route. (We were lucky to have the chips donated by a Crest School parent.)

Spring-blooming flowers made a spectacular display along the trail in April and May. Some of the most abundant blooms were: Fawn lily, W. Buttercup, Camas, Fritillary, English Daisy, Forget-me-not, Flax, Wild hollyhock, Wild iris, Indian plum, and Lupine. The students made a library display of some of these flowers. For their final written assignment each student described the plants, animals, physical conditions, and ecology of one of the ten stations. These descriptions

(somewhat edited by me) were also included in the booklet. The school secretary did a beautiful job of typing our 32-page booklet and it was duplicated at low cost at the School District office.

On a sunny afternoon in May, the entire school attended the Nature Trail opening ceremonies, and after the ribbon-cutting all the students and teachers walked the trail. Each student in the school was given a copy of the booklet for his/her family.

The trail can now be used year-round by school classes and by community members. The Eugene public schools have virtually lost their formal outdoor program due to district budget cuts. It is hoped that the Crest Drive Nature Trail will help to provide some first-hand nature study for young people and other interested members of our community.

Rhoda Love
Emerald Chapter

SEEDS AVAILABLE

The New England Wild Flower Society is offering this year on a trial basis seeds and spores of over 100 native plants. Members of the New England Wild Flower Society will receive in January, 1982, a list of seeds available, and all orders must be received by March 1982.

Non-members wishing to receive the Seed Sales List should mail a stamped, self-addressed business (#10 size) envelope to: SEED SALES, New England Wild Flower Society, Garden in the Woods, Hemenway Road, Framingham, MA 01701.

NO requests for lists will be honored without the stamped envelope.

BOOK REVIEW

A SYNONYMIZED CHECKLIST OF THE VASCULAR FLORA OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND GREENLAND. VOLUME 11. THE BIOTA OF NORTH AMERICA. John Kartesz and Rosemarie Kartesz, in confederation with Anne H. Lindsey and C. Ritchie Bell. xivii. 500 pp. University of North Carolina Press. 1980. \$35.00

The authors are to be congratulated for this monumental work; in it 56,941 names of taxa are accounted for. In preparing the checklist, the authors consulted specialists for the most up-to-date treatment of some of the genera. The names and professional addresses of these specialists are given, providing a catalogue of currently active monographers.

This checklist is a great help for anyone wishing to know the names of all the taxa that would appear in a traditional floristic treatment, plus the names of the most important synonyms. For instance, recently I obtained a buffalo-berry plant (Shepherdia) from a nursery, but they did not know its specific name. When I consulted the checklist, I found there are only three recognized species of Shepherdia in this part of North America and by a process of elimination, I was able to identify my plant.

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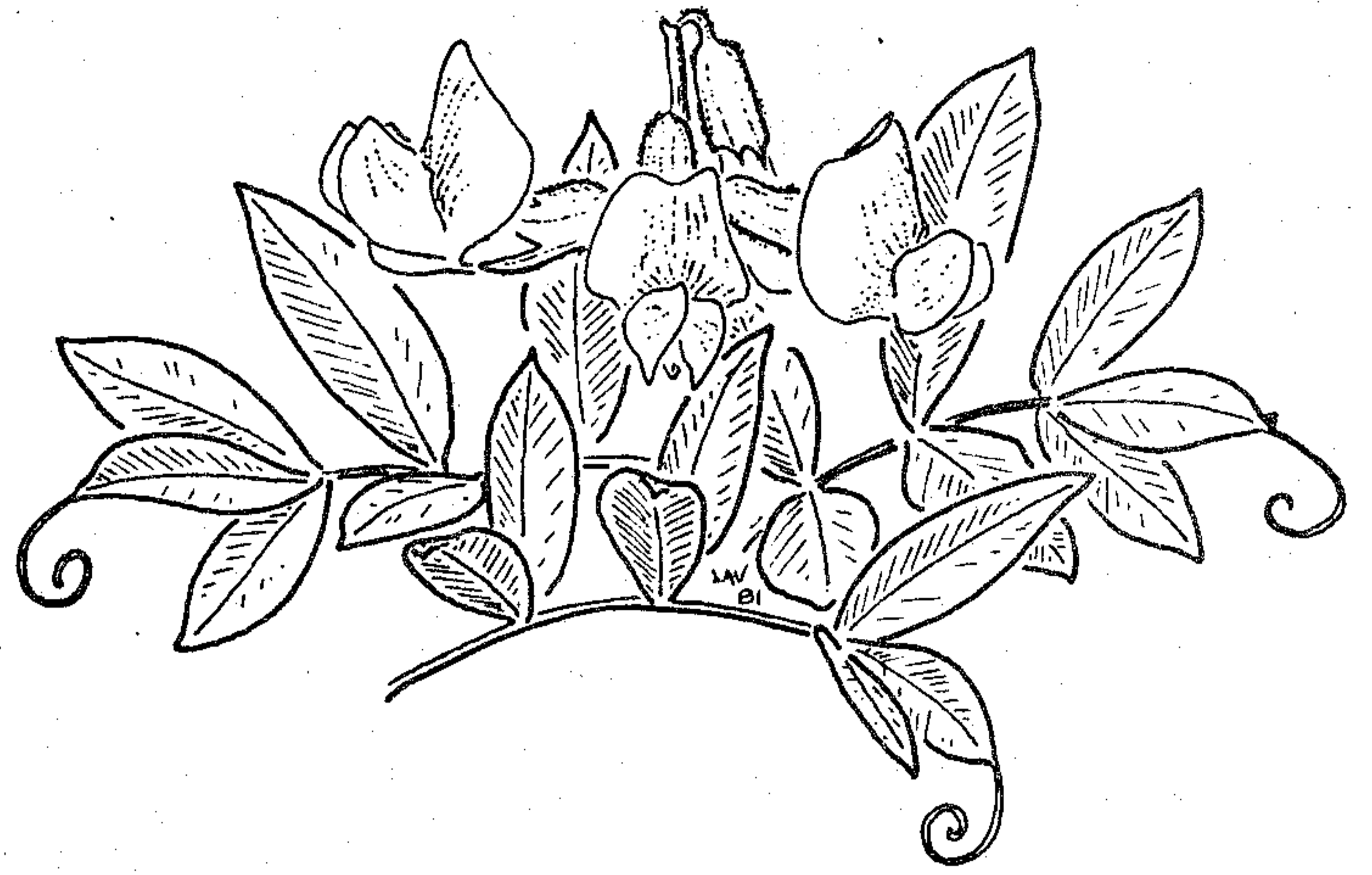
The checklist is very easy to use because the genera are arranged alphabetically and the species are alphabetical within a genus. In typing up herbarium labels, I found it provides a very quick way to find the author (or authors) of a taxa. However, in doing this, sometimes it has been a shock to find that old friends now have new names. For instance, when I looked up *Helenium hoopesii* I found it was not listed under *Helenium*. The index led me to *Dugaldia* and I found that this plant is now *Dugaldia hoopesii* [according to the authors].

The book is well proof-read. A two-page list of errata helps correct minor errors that occur in a work of this size. Inevitably, there are some omissions. According to John Kartesz, more than 60 new taxa have been described since the book was published.

Other more definitive reviews can be found in *Brittonia* 32(4):573. 1980, and *Systematic Botany* 6(1):91-93. 1981.

Margaret Williams

From Northern Nevada Native Plant Society Newsletter, October, 1981.



EARLY EXPERIENCES OF A BOTANIST, by L. F. Henderson
continued from October 1981 *Bulletin*

- Section 2 -

In 1880, while spending the summer in Hood River with my mother, as was our yearly custom then, we heard through the Indians of a beautiful lake to the west or northwest of Mt. Hood, and a party was formed to find it. Our grand Hood River pioneer and good companion, E.L. Smith, was the organizer, and soon a party of about ten was assembled for this purpose. We had tried to enlist the services of some mature Indian (for at that time there were many in Hood River) to act as guide; but this attempt fell through, as not an Indian could be found to serve in this capacity. Their statement was that the Devil lived in the lake, or, from others, that the lake was haunted by the spirit of the White Doe -- which legend you can find in writings of that time. We assembled the first night at John Diver's home, the only one in that locality at that time. The next morning we felled a large fir across the swollen waters of the East Fork, just below where Winan's Station is now. When the tree was felled, though both ends were on solid ground, the natural bend of the tree and its branches trailing in the swift white waters, caused it to move sideways, and jump violently up and down. We all waited for the volunteer to take across a rope for the more timid members of the party. None immediately offering himself (for a sudden pitch into that stream, rushing down rapids, meant certain death to a poor swimmer), I well remember our leader E. L. Smith laughingly running across that wobbling tree and fastening one end of the rope securely, so that the rest of us might have the pleasant feeling of a good, secured rope in one hand. There was no trail up the West Fork, and most of that day was spent in literally hewing a way through the entangled stems of vine maple. We came out at Sandy Flat not before 5:00 p.m. We must have been almost the first persons to drop a fly for trout in that stream, for I well remember that a half hour was sufficient time to secure all the trout we could eat for supper that night and for breakfast the next morning.

And now came the time to test out Smith's statement that no one in the woods needed many cooking implements, or even any dishes, knives or forks, as he had often proved to his own satisfaction when, as a surveyor, he ran the present line between Oregon and Washington on one side, and Idaho on the other. So he limited each man to a tin cup, attached to his belt or to the back-strap of his pants, if he wore suspenders, as most men did in those days. So a huge fire having been made, and the trout cleaned, he proceeded to demonstrate his theory. The flour had already been mixed with salt and baking power most thoroughly. Now the top of the sack was opened and enough water poured in gradually, while

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WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Emerald Chapter

Shirley Atwood
Dr. William H. Baker
Thomas J. Gallagher
Russell N. Holmes
J. C. Lenfest
Nan Kennedy
Robert C. & Joanne L. Martin
Pat Patterson
Tom Peterson
Reginald J. Pullen
Nancy Schaller
Jack L. & Geraldine F. Slattery
Floyd J. & Frances W. VanDervelden

High Desert Chapter

Craig MacCloskey
Lynda S. Hatch

Portland Chapter

William E. Anderson
Ronald B. Auler
Lorna T. Bullis
Nancy Fahey
Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Fehrenbacher
Gordon R. Frazier
Julia Kolkowsky
Mrs. Dorothy Leigh
Douglas Longhurst
Mrs. Florence C. Lynch
Robert P. Martin
Mrs. Priscilla A. Mosser
Dorothy & Boyd Osgood
Mark D. Shore
Margaret Steere
Rebecca T. Walker
Jonni A. Woody

Siskiyou Chapter

Tom & Dana Gentry

Willamette Valley Chapter

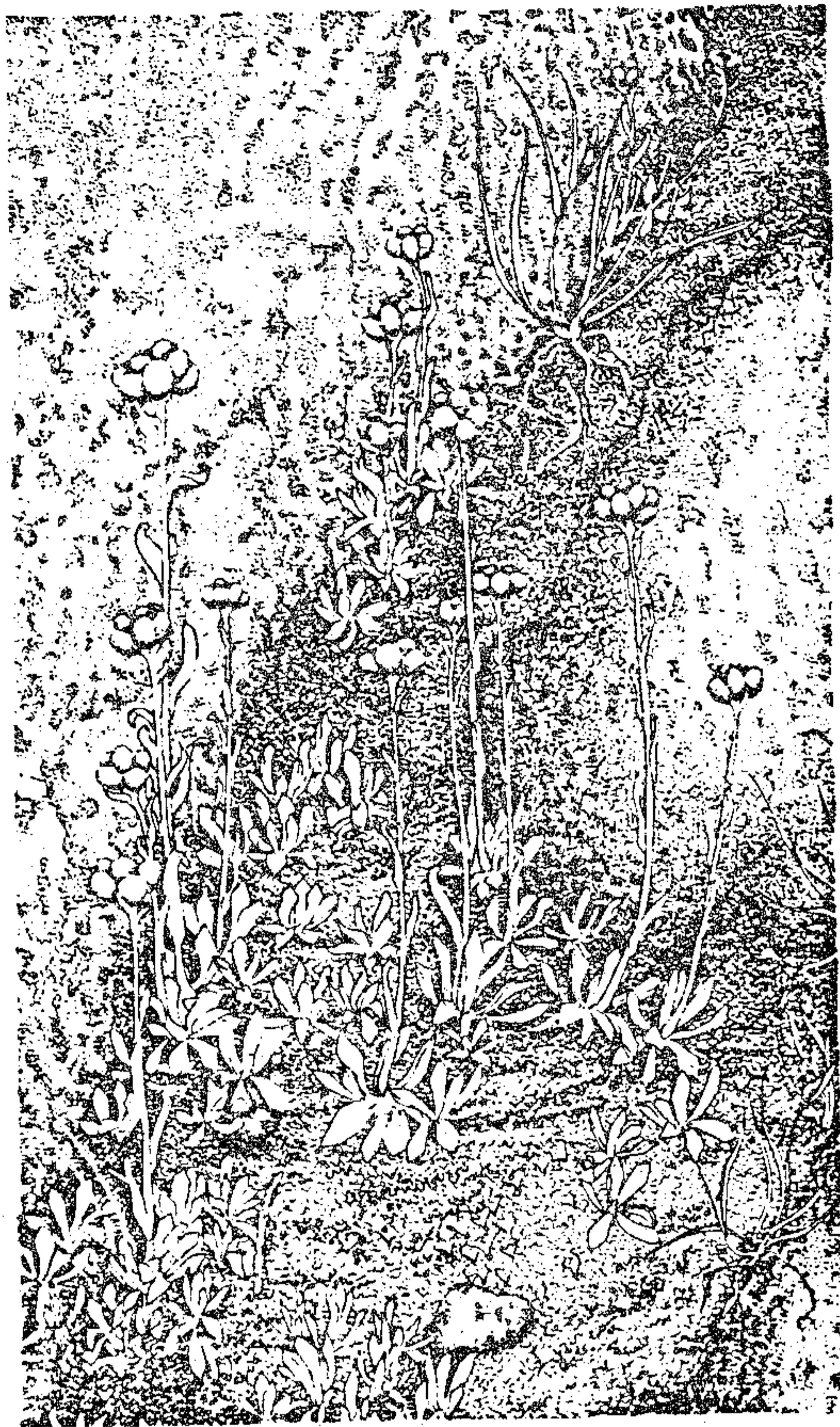
Barbara A. Burton
J. Stephen Shelley
Ki Treleaven

stirring went on constantly with the index finger, I am glad to say carefully washed! When the right consistency had been reached, and dough enough prepared for all the men, it was taken out of the sack, moulded a few minutes, and then he would tear off a hunk, and throw it to each expectant member, who caught it as a dog catches a piece of meat, by hand to be exact, and not by mouth. Then he moulded his own piece into two long cylindrical pieces, and a green stick having been cut and sharpened at the larger end with the one, common axe, he twisted one of the rolls one way round the stick, and the other the reverse way over the first, held his incipient bread out to the fire, revolving the stick constantly to keep the dough from falling off. In a few minutes the dough hardened enough to stay in place, then rose out from the plentiful baking powder, and soon, by changing sides to the fire, a good french-twist loaf was created, and of surprising palatability to a hungry man. After the bread was done, one sharpened the other end of the stick with his pocket-knife, impaled thereon a fish with a small slice (or part of a slice) of bacon attached, and proceeded to bake his fish and bacon together, adding salt if he needed it. In the meantime, the coffee was boiling in the one big coffee-pot, and the meal was ready unless you wanted tea. If you were this finicky, you made your tea in your own tin cup. A few dried apples or prunes, as dessert, finished your meal. For four days we thus subsisted, and not a grumble do I remember in the time we were out. Many may wonder why we went so poorly equipped with culinary apparatus, but when you remember that one poor pack animal carried all the blankets and supplies, the reason becomes apparent.

The next day we crossed the West Fork just above the Lake Fork, wading the stream to our waists, and on reaching the further shore, one wrung out one's socks, poured the water out of shoes, replaced both on the feet and resumed the tramp. If our tramps of the former day had been hard, the one we now passed was nearly back-, if not, heart-breaking. For miles we passed through an old burn, where the good road runs now between the West and Lake Forks, but then a jungle of Chinquapin, Ceanothus, Rhododendron, Cherry, and other bushes so interlaced that we had often to cut a way through with the axe to provide passage for our uncomplaining pack-horse and weaker members of the party, some of whom had never seen before such terrible brush. At about 5:00 o'clock we all stopped to rest our weary frames, when the question naturally arose whether this "beautiful lake" were not a myth. Two members of the party (I fail to remember who at this remote time) began to question our direction. We were following now a low hog-back and now a heavily wooded flat, while the dried rill-beds ran off at right angles to the west. The two questioning members said they were going down one of these rills, but would keep within hallooing distance "to see what they could see." They had not proceeded a half mile when Lost Lake, as we then called it, came in view. Soon we were all encamped on the margin of this beautiful body of water--a sapphire at times; at others an amethyst; at still others, when clouds are racing over it, an emerald; and set in its margin of brilliant green grasses and sedges, surrounded by the dark green of the forest. We went round to the inlet-side of the lake next day, and there went into camp for a day and a half to enjoy the evening fishing. Throughout the day we had caught, or even seen, few fish, but as the sun dropped over the western range, the fishing from a hastily constructed raft was unequalled by any other I have ever experienced in a long life of many fishing expeditions to all the streams and lakes of our country. When four of us were casting our flies from that raft towards night, each cast was rewarded by a fine trout secured, while those of the fish not successful in striking the flies literally made the surface of the lake boil! An hour's fishing that evening gave us all the fish we could use for supper and for the ensuing day. We began our return the next morning, and the second day after that we were all again in Hood River Valley and home.

On that trip, or on one undertaken a few years later, I discovered the beautiful fern, Dryopteris oregana, according to C. Christensen. Many, however, think this D. nevadensis Underwood, while others keep it under the older name, Aspidium nevadense Eaton, and I am inclined to agree with this name. (now called Thelypteris nevadensis, eds.) In bogs at the end of the lake I discovered a new Cimicifuga with Mrs. P.G. Barrett in 1882, and at another place in 1884. This is known as Cimicifuga laciniata, of Sereno Watson, a very different plant from our common C. elata, Nuttall.

In 1881, after the close of school, I invited my very dear friend, Dr. T. L. Eliot, to join me on the longest summer trip I had yet undertaken. To my great pleasure, he accepted. I bought camping equipment, had pack-saddle and bags made in Portland, sent all our materials with paper and presses up to Corvallis by stage, while we rode the two new horses I had purchased in Portland to the same destination. On reaching Corvallis, I bought another horse from a livery stable man in that place, and since he was an old packer, we had him put the pack upon our new pack-horse, and for two hours we put on the celebrated "diamond hitch" under his instruction and took it off 'till we had the art of "throwing it" quite perfect--that is for men who had never used it before. Soon after dinner we started forth, bound for Yaquina Bay. Our pack-horse had not had a pack on for a long time, if ever, we finally thought, and soon lagged behind, almost dragging my right arm, for I was leading him, out of its socket; so to remedy this I attached the long leading rope to the pommel of my saddle, and he was then forced to keep up with us, willy-nilly. However, our new pack soon began to grow looser and looser, and as it did so our pack-horse grew more restive, 'till finally the pack slipped to one side, and then under his belly. At this, he began to kick up his heels, and run around me and my horse at full gallop. He had taken one full turn about my waist before I realized what was going on. Luckily, I had my sharp hunting knife at my belt, and whipping this out, I cut the rope. Had I hesitated a moment longer, I have no doubt that python-like rope about my waist would have killed me. When I cut the rope he started off on the run and, kicking at every jump, he gradually distributed our food and the other contents of the pack-sacks for a distance of a mile. Dismounting, Mr. E. and I followed after, leading our horses and re-collecting our stores--here a sack of sugar, there a bundle of blankets, here a side of bacon, there boxes of matches, 'till finally, wearied with our burdens, we caught up with the run-away, quietly grazing by the side of the road, but looking up at us as we approached with a benign, even quizzical look on his face, as if he meant to inform us that if we tried that again, he had another ace up his sleeve! Right then we determined to change pack animals. The only one of our two other horses that would seem to serve was a little Indian pony, white with yellow disfiguring blotches on him, as if yellow paint had been smeared on him by some playful boy, and with one eye light blue, the other nearly entirely white. Certainly an unprepossessing animal to serve as a packer! The man who sold him to us in Portland assured us he was good for either riding or packing, but we bore in mind that he was a horse trader! We had so far found him a splendid animal under the saddle, but his malign countenance forbade our thinking he would be equally good under the pack-saddle. When we were all ready for a new start, we found he resented the leading rope, so, knowing his Indian antecedents, I determined to turn him loose and take a chance. When this was done he followed us like a little dog, using that mincing, even dancing, step which always betrays a good pack-animal. Before we had finished that trip, we, both of us, loved that little monstrosity, for a finer pack-animal I never saw. In fact, he had such a kindly disposition that we began to treat him almost like one of the family.



EARLY EXPERIENCES, continued

Soon we reached that tremendous burn that ran across our road like a disfiguring scar. It was then far worse than it is today, for no conifers, and hardly any alders, had come in to hide its ugliness. At that time people were still alive who had gone through this terrible conflagration. I think I heard Governor Greer say that he was born in Oregon the year of that fire, which occurred in the early sixties. At any rate, we found that the Indians remembered it vividly when we turned off our road and stopped a day at the Siletz Indian Reservation. There some of the older Indians told us (with what truth I cannot say) that when the fire was at its height, nothing could live within its boundaries; that nearly every tree, except in protected, narrow valleys, was burned out by the roots, as we could see; that the fish were all killed in the smaller streams from the intense heat and fall of ashes; and that Indians, bear, deer, elk, cougars, wild cats, and even forest birds assembled at Yaquina Head and all available places out from the forest area, and there dwelt in perfect harmony until the great conflagration was dying down.

We stayed at Newport and Yaquina light-house for a day or two, where I found much to collect, and the third day retraced our steps to Corvallis. The next day towards night we camped on the top of Mary's Peak. There I was surprised to find many of the grasses and other flowers of Eastern Oregon, probable survivors of the time when the top of Mary's Peak was part of the great Klamath peneplain. I found so much of interest that we had determined to stay another day on our lofty out-look, but on returning to our picketed horses that evening we found our former chestnut pack-animal standing with lowered head, while his color had changed to black! Rushing up to him to see what had caused this change of color, we found him covered from head to tail with the huge black horse-flies found in forest areas. There was evidence in the trampled sod that he had kicked and jumped to try to rid himself of them, 'till almost exhausted by their blood-sucking, he was quietly being bitten to death, and I have no doubt

would have died had another day's torture followed this. The other horses had but few flies on them, and we came to the conclusion that the reason was that he was a well-fed stable animal, while they were of the hardy, thinner Indian breed. I have no doubt I killed thousands of those blood-suckers, but more appeared; so hastily packing our horses we departed. A few days after, great swellings covered every part of his body, and so much did he suffer, and so weak was he, that I dismounted and walked through that day and a part of the next to help him recover. When great ulcers formed on his back and sides, I thought we were going to lose him; but about that time, and as luck would have it, a horse-buyer caught up with us, with a quantity of good horses he was taking to his ranch in Eastern Oregon. He kindly put a salve on our horse, and then even more generously offered to exchange a beautiful sorrel, though somewhat sway-backed, for our horse, to which I readily agreed. I found him a delightful riding horse, and he was my pride all through our trip, until we reached Hood River, and there he became my almost inseparable companion for many year's jaunts.

We camped at Fish Lake one night, and there Mr. E. and I caught enough trout to feed not only the three of us, but a dozen more campers who had all had very indifferent success, since fly-fishing was an unknown art to everyone of them. The next day our kind horse-raiser parted company with us, as we determined to visit Clear Lake, about which we had heard many almost unbelievable stories. On reaching the lake and on going out on it in a small dug-out, we found to our surprise that its wonders had been underestimated rather than exaggerated. I thought I had seen clear water before in places off the Mississippi and Florida Coast, but nothing like this. I believe Clear Lake must have been formed by a gigantic slide at its present outlet, and this in rather recent years geologically speaking, since under our boat, and often at that time protruding from the surface of the lake, were to be seen great fir trees, still standing and so clear was the water that we could look down and trace the outlines of these trees from top to very bottom! In fact, as we peered down from our little dug-out, a feeling of uneasiness was always present, lest, if the boat turned over, we could not float or swim in that transparent liquid, but should sink at once to the bottom! Keeping ourselves erect in the very middle of our boat, we began to paddle slowly (our paddles consisting of merely broken pieces of board) for the outlet. When we were near this and could hear the roaring of fast-descending waters, we stopped to rest and enjoy the beauty of this lake and its setting. To our surprise we found that the boat did not stop going when we stopped paddling, and knowing that we were being sucked slowly down towards the fast-narrowing outlet, we paddled as rapidly as we could for shore. After landing with difficulty, we walked a few rods along the lake, when it seemed to empty itself out and down over the plunging rapids of the McKenzie.

The next day was a violent contrast to this day of peace and beauty, for, as we approached the summit of the Cascade Mts., a violent wind storm bore down upon us with sheets of rain, snow, and hail. Dead trees began to fall every minute, often right across our road in front of and behind us. So terrible was this summer storm that we dared not stop to rest, both on account of falling trees and from the fact that we were soaked to our skins. Finally towards six o'clock that evening we either ran out of the storm as we descended the eastern slope of the mountains, or the storm ceased. Soon we went into camp, but, even with a roaring fire burning and with many cups of hot coffee accompanying our supper of bread and newly purchased venison steak, I think it was well toward midnight before either of us was comfortably warm, in spite of piles of bedding, including horse-blankets! The next day we were where Sisters

continued on next page

stands now, when we turned to the right and somewhat backwards, and followed Squaw Creek along the northern branch, and encamped at a little lake north or northeast, for we had no compass, of the North Sister. The next day we skirted the mountain at its timber line, and there hordes of new flowers awaited me -- new to me, if not to science. As a matter of fact, I found only one new variety of flower in the Sisters region, namely a branching form of Draba aureola, which I afterwards named var. paniculata, since no other specimens of D. aureola have this branching character. I also found here our now well-known Phyllodoce glanduliflora, or Sticky White Heather, as we call it in English. When I sent this to Asa Gray, it was then known as Bryanthus glanduliflorus; and he soon wrote me in reply "Hurrah! The first time ever known in the United States!" I may say right here, that so inadequate were our reference books to Northwestern flowers at that time, that practically all of the Western collectors, Pringle, Howell, Cusick and the author, sent our flowers to Harvard Herbarium, where the gamopetalae were reported upon by Asa Gray, and the polypetalae by Dr. Sereno Watson. Slightly later we sent our sedges to Dr. L. H. Bailey at Cornell for identification, and our grasses to George Vasey, Department Agrostologist at Washington, D.C.

To continue with our trip: As we were collecting by and travelling along the very bulk of North Sister, the desire kept growing in me to make the ascent. By 11:00 o'clock this obsession became so great, that I determined to try it, so throwing off my coat and binding my lunch to my side, against the very sensible protests of my companion, I started along that ridge that runs up the northwestern side of the mountain. The foolishness of this undertaking may be better realized when I say that again I knew nothing of the North Sister, while I had no alpine-stock nor adequate nails in my shoes. Near the top of the mountain I found a place that I crossed with great difficulty going up, and dreaded when I came shortly after to test its difficulties in the descent. Sufficient, however, to state that I gained the top of the northwest peak of the mountain, rested a short space, then began the return, reached the place where I had my difficulty an hour before, came within a fraction of losing my life on its slopes, but succeeded eventually in reaching better footing, and by 8:00 o'clock was back in camp. I can assure you, it was a very happy meeting for both of us! The next day we reached Camp Polk, a few miles north of where Sisters now stands. There we stopped a day to recover from fatigue, then were guided over to the head of the Metolius River and by 4:00 o'clock were camped somewhere down the river where Heisings' Resort is now.

And here I must stop to tell a tale about my dear friend and traveling companion that you would hardly think consonant with his cloth and dignity. Having had but very indifferent success with the trout the previous evening, I was awakened about 4:00 a.m. with the question whether I was going to try the fishing again. I replied in the negative, saying that I doubted all I had previously heard about the many trout in the Metolius, and turned over to renewed slumbers, while my friend got up, seized his rod left standing by a tree, and was soon whipping the stream. Meanwhile I had gone to sleep and to dream, and my dream was that I was fighting with some man, and that he was unaccountably slapping me first on one cheek and then on the other, and that I was not preventing nor returning it. Finally I roused myself sufficiently to see that it was no man slapping me, but a two-foot Dolly Varden which my friend had just caught, and while still vigorously alive was being held just above my face and to the side of it, and that it was the tail of this huge fish which was administering the slaps! Needless to say, it did not take me many seconds to jump out of my blankets and join him at a magnificent pool. There, strangely enough, in a half hour's time we pulled up on the bank ten or twelve magnificent red-side trout, but not another Dolly, each fish fighting us for a minute to several minutes before, with the help of a landing net, we could get it ashore.



Only one other surprise awaited me. We had been seeing for the first time small trees of Western Tamarack or Larch (Larix occidentalis) all about us, but it was left for a sudden turn about 15 or 20 miles further on to bring to view a little rich cove, and in this cove five or six of the grandest trees of this species I have ever seen, even in northern Idaho where it reaches splendid proportions. Each tree was over six feet through a few feet above the base, while one reached nearly eight feet. Nothing like this appeared further down the stream, while above few trees had exceeded three feet. In this little spot, protected by high cliff-walls on every side but one from wind and fire, stood these great monarchs of apparently a former geologic age!

The next day we were in the Warm Springs Indian Reservation, and the second day after in Hood River. Just one testimonial to our little "wall-eyed" cayuse and I am through with this trip. On the trail along this most difficult river, we had found him the same gentle, careful little animal; but one place in particular was to test his genius. The day before we reached the Warm Springs we had come to a place where the Indian trail had zigzagged up a very steep hill. Right in the center of this place a two or three foot slide on the trail had occurred, and this we had to cross. Yelling back to Mr. E. to get off his horse and lead the animal with the long picket rope, as I was also doing, so if our horses slid down the 200 feet into the river, we would not necessarily have to go with them to a certain death. I squirmed my way across, while my beloved Rob Roy, following me, slipped once to his knees, but was across in a flash! Mr. E., with his fine little mare whom we had for many reasons dubbed "Silly," followed also with difficulty, and then came "White Eyes" as we called him. When he reached the treacherous spot, he dropped his head, put his ears forward, and looked over the place distastefully, but carefully. With the huge pack on his back, nearly half the size of the pony, he braced himself with his hind legs, put forth one little hoof like a kitten after a ball, felt with the tiny hoof 'till he found a slight projection in the rock-surface, and was over quick as a cat could spring!



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