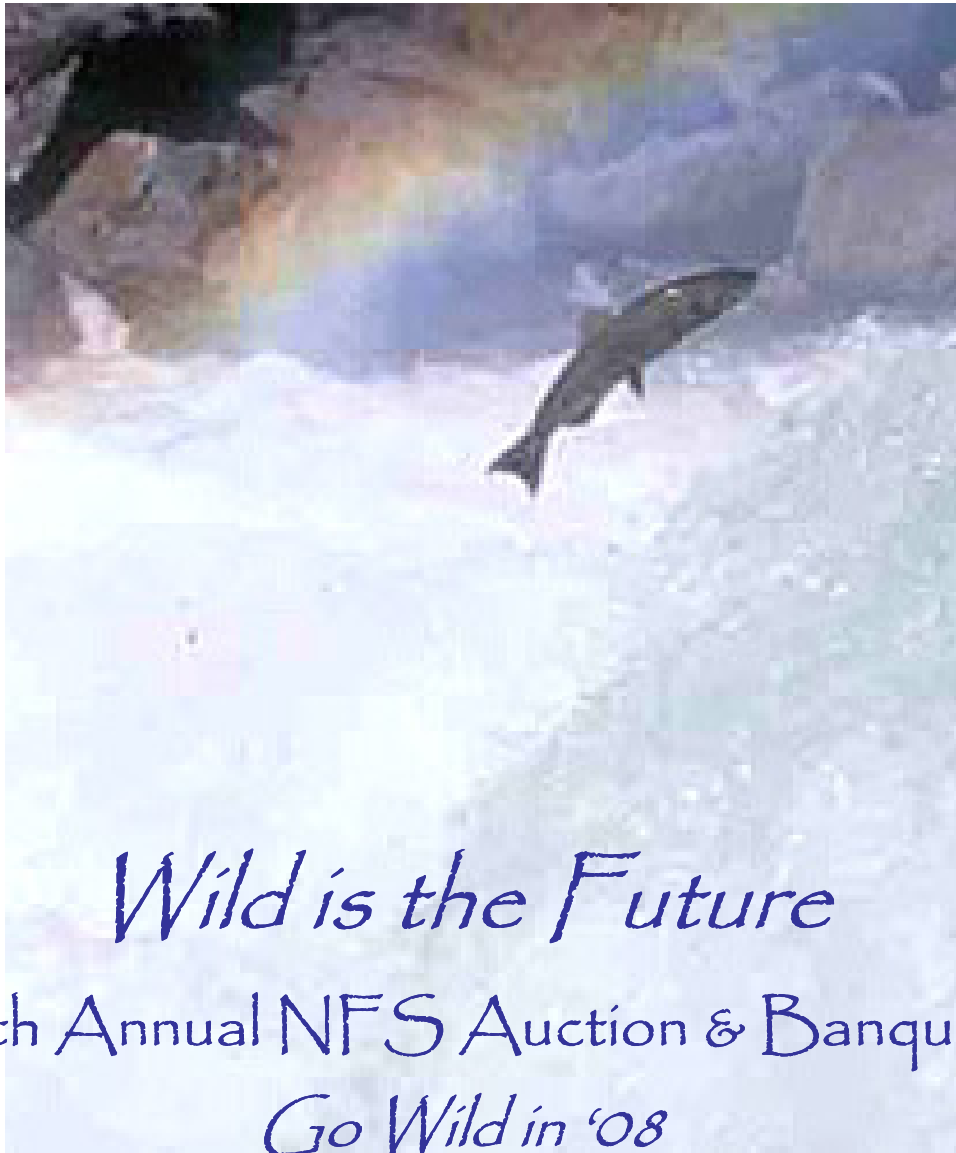




Strong Runs

The Newsletter of the Native Fish Society
Winter 2008



Wild is the Future

12th Annual NFS Auction & Banquet

Go Wild in '08

Saturday, March 15, 2008

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Wild is the Future
Native Fish Society's Auction and Banquet beginning at 5:15p.m.
Saturday, March 15, 2008 at
Montgomery Park in Portland

Due to word of mouth concerning this year's new location, the fabulous dinner and the camaraderie and good fellowship involved, we are experiencing a record number of attendees over last year. For many attendees, this is the only auction they attend all year because, in addition to the worthwhile cause, people experience a friendliness and good feeling found at no other fund-raising event. People from as far away as Dallas, Texas travel all the way to Portland to enjoy an occasion that is available nowhere else.



If you have already reserved, tell your friends and include them at your table. If you haven't reserved spaces yet, see what you can do to get a group of your favorite people together for what promises to be an unforgettable evening.

We have a wide and diverse array of incredible items to fill the silent, super silent and live auctions. Here are just a few of the exceptional items that could be yours:

- * *Three Days of guided jet-boat fishing on the lower Deschutes with Patagonia founder and noted conservationist Yvon Chouinard. Philippe Boulot, Executive Chef from the Heathman Restaurant will also be on hand to prepare wonderful meals.*
- * *2 nights for two rods at Bob & Kathy Clay's new Bed & Breakfast on the Kispiox River in British Columbia including all meals.*
- * *NFS members Keith and Lisa Hansen will invite successful bidders into their comfortable NW Portland home for a gourmet dinner prepared by Brian Light, executive chef of Jake's Grill and Catering. Sample a variety of Northwest vintages from Keith and Lisa's fine wine cellar.*
- * *Fishing trips with professional guides on the Clackamas, Deschutes, McKenzie, Sandy, Skagit, Snake, Willamette Rivers and the Olympic Peninsula. These guided trips include fishing for steelhead, salmon, and trout.*
- * *Tickets to the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Salem Repertory Theater and Portland Opera*
- * *High quality fishing gear including waders, boots, jackets, lines and flies*
- * *Getaway vacations at the Coast and other scenic places*
- * *Sailing, bird watching and other non-fishing trips*
- * *Dinners at fine local restaurants*
- * *Gorgeous, Sumptuous Gift Baskets*
- * *Original Art: Paintings, Prints, Photographs*
- * *Books, Music, DVDs*
- * *Northwest Wines*



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New This Year: Big Fish Ticket

Here's a way for you to win a big ticket item for \$100. Buy a Big Fish Ticket for \$100 and win your choice of any item you wish. This is an excellent way for those who cannot attend to get in on the auction action. Buy as many tickets as you want, but there are only 100 available. There will be a special table at the auction where you can buy Big Fish Tickets. You can also call or e-mail Tim now to buy yours!



Auction Sponsors
Portland General Electric * Bill Naito Company

Auction Supporters

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Carr's Wild Trout Adventures
Stash Tea
C.F. Burkheimer Fly Rods

Leo Morris
Calvin Knight
Yvon Chouinard
Bryan & Paula Sohl
Tad Seestedt
Craig Longfield
William & Jennifer Hagerup
Lampros Panos
Richard Roy

New Members



Blake McHenry
Michelle Eaton
Harold Rockwell
Ken Bosworth
Letitia Cutforth
Brad Chalfant
Mary Sanchez
Ian Templeton
Roger Pearling
Dave Peterson

NFS Website

The Native Fish Society website is a gold mine of scientific information and an excellent source for both casual and intensive research. Here you will find conservation reports and hard science which backs up the claims and goals of NFS. Currently, Executive Director Bill Bakke has posted a three-part report concerning the absence of a biological bottom line in fish management on the Sandy and Molalla Rivers as well as the Oregon Coast. Also posted is a story concerning the effects of last December's ice storms on the Salmonberry and how land mis-management has endangered fish habitat.

Also on our website you can get information on upcoming events, find out what's happening with the Liquid Natural Gas terminal and pipeline, buy NFS merchandise, renew your membership and make a donation. Current and past issues of *Strong Runs* are also available.

One of our newest features is the GoodSearch link, a search engine which donates 50-percent of its revenue to the charities and schools designated by its users. It's a simple and compelling concept. You use GoodSearch exactly as you would any other search engine. Because it's powered by Yahoo!, you get proven search results. The money GoodSearch donates to NFS comes from its advertisers — the users and the organizations do not spend a dime! NFS receives a small but growing check each quarter and the more people who use it, the larger the checks will be. Just follow the link on the website.

So, check out www.nativefishsociety.org and see what's new and important.

A Report from the *Recovery Strategies to Close the Conservation Gap Meeting* by Bill Bakke

A document, handed out at the meeting, *Recovery Strategies to Close the Conservation Gap, Methods and Assumptions*, says,

“...relative population survival rates (recruits produced per spawner) were found to decrease at a rate equal to or greater than the proportion of hatchery fish in the natural spawning population. In other words, a spawning population with 20% hatchery strays had the net survival rate (recruits per spawner) that was 20% less than a population comprised entirely of wild fish (0% hatchery strays). Likewise, a population with 40% hatchery strays had a population survival rate that was 40% lower than a population comprised entirely of wild fish.”

This conclusion is based on research conducted by the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife staff and published in peer reviewed science journals in 2003 by Mark Chilcote and Tom Nickelson.

Mark Chilcote was at the meeting so I was able to ask him if the effect of naturally spawning hatchery fish on a wild salmon or steelhead population can be considered a source of mortality just like harvest. He said it did. So if a wild salmonid population is harvest at a rate of 15% and the hatchery strays compose 20% of the natural spawning population, the mortality rate for that population is 35%.

Stray, naturally spawning hatchery fish are now considered a mortality factor for wild salmonids along with dam related mortality, and harvest. Naturally spawning hatchery fish contribute to the decline of native wild salmonids in concert with logging, agriculture, pollution and ecological competition with hatchery fish where the productivity of the spawning and rearing habitats is reduced, affecting adult production from watersheds.



Rhubarb at Fauntleroy Creek

by Bill McMillan

As my field partner and I entered the dark maze of creosote posts beneath the Vashon Island ferry pier to check for evidence of spawning coho at Fauntleroy Creek where it enters Puget Sound, we could hear a terrific ruckus from a flock of excited crows coming from the opposite side. We thought nothing of it at first. Crows will be crows. Outbursts of their cawing are common enough during our surveys of Seattle's creeks during salmon spawning season.

Besides two million people, crows, gulls, pigeons and house sparrows are among the city's most abundant inhabitants (excluding germs, microbes, insects etc.). The crows and gulls are native; the people, pigeons and house sparrows are mostly European introductions. This was not always the case.

In Seattle's formative years in the 1870s, salmon far outnumbered the people of today, with runs of pink, chum, sockeye, chinook, coho, and steelhead

phenomenally abundant as recorded by explorers and pioneers. But schemes of wealth perpetually invade the American mind. Nature has seldom meant more than a means of achieving wealth with just enough left over to provide a little sporting entertainment. Salmon have borne the weight of both the chase for the buck and providing sport. The combination has potentially doomed what seemed an inexhaustible resource a century ago. It was our job to document what salmon remain in the Seattle creeks, and for the city to determine if it really wants to make the hard decisions to bring Nature back.

The mouth of Fauntleroy Creek alters with each major storm, shifting from one side of the sandy beach at the Vashon Island ferry pier to the other. Some years it flows directly beneath it. Probably no more than a handful of the thousands of people that daily commute back and forth to Vashon Island in the continuous bustle over the pier realize a small run of coho

salmon returns to the lower portion of the tiny creek. Those salmon are now primarily, if not entirely, a result of artificial introductions—not that of nature. As with other Seattle creeks, and perhaps most urban creeks along the west coast, coho too seldom live to effectively spawn in Fauntleroy Creek to sustain themselves.

Urban creeks are no longer natural systems, but rather convenient outflows for storm water runoff from city streets, airports, and parking lots layered with petroleum and anti-freeze residues and copper flakes from brake linings. There are the additional additives of herbicides, pesticides, and fungicides applied to yards, cemeteries, parks, golf courses and rooftops compounded by buried industrial sites that bleed into the creeks. Urban creeks represent the wastes of our technologically driven lives. Urban creeks are us. They stare us in the face with all that we have done wrong en route to material wealth and ease of life.

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As we crawled about in the dark between the pilings of the ferry pier, my partner and I knew there was a good probability that whatever coho we might find would have died without spawning. Although Fauntleroy Creek itself had a somewhat lower level of coho mortality than some other Seattle streams—probably due to much of the upper drainage coming out of a city park that lessened the drainage from more impacted urban uses—it nevertheless showed little evidence of sustaining a salmon run on its own. Of brighter prospect, little dark-colored cutthroat trout do survive in the creek without anyone's help. In fact, some Seattle creeks have cutthroat populations that survive in quite remarkable numbers not unlike streams in natural forested conditions. My partner and I had documented this brighter news along with the more discouraging evidence of dying salmon. So Nature is not entirely eliminated in Seattle. It is culled down to a few hardy survivors that include raccoon, otter, beaver, coyote, blue heron, glaucous-winged gulls, Canadian geese, rufus hummingbirds, and the incessantly cawing crows we could hear on the other side of the Vashon Island ferry pier whose growing volume we were increasingly inquisitive about.

On emerging from the dark beneath the pier we came out blinking into the bright blue and gold of October at high noon, and were immediately confronted with a major rhubarb—some sort of animal vendetta on the verge of a tragic ending.

On the beach beside the pier was a large ring of 30-40 crows hopping up and down with the vigor of their incessant caws. Circling directly over them were 20-30 more crows similarly cawing as they watched the show below. At the center of the ring was an alpha male glaucous-winged gull. Its large yellow beak was clamped onto the apparently broken wing of a still feebly flopping pigeon—apparently near death. Looking over the shoulders of the crows circled around the arena was a group of 8 to 9 mallard ducks, more sedate but no less interested than the crows in the outcome. Standing in yet another tier of spectators behind the ducks were four buff-colored domestic geese whose height



was an obvious advantage for observing the gladiatorial arena. On the opposite side of the ring from the ducks and geese were several adolescent glaucous-winged gulls of dirty tan.

All of us spectators were so drawn by the life and death activity in the center of the arena that we could have shared a bag of popcorn with one another without considering whether the species next to us was friend, foe or something other.

The pigeon was in a bad way. It was an unequal gladiatorial match, and David was no equal to Goliath. But just as with the citizens of Rome, none of the spectators seemed to care one way or the other that the victim was less than half the size of its antagonist. They were there for the specter of blood, guts and flying feathers. The longer it lasted the better so as not to have to return to the remainder of what would be a more mundane day.

How long this had been going on we did not know, but at least five minutes in the time it took us to search for coho carcasses at the creek mouth beneath the pier. My partner and I looked at each other, less complacent than our fellow spectators at the uneven match, and emerged more fully from the shadows of the pier. The big gull saw us. Our potential threat registered over his anger to finish off the pigeon. He reluctantly let it go, the yellow beak full of gray feathers, eyes glaring. The pigeon

fluttered off a few feet, discovered its wing was not broken, and weakly flew to its pigeon brethren perched in balcony seats provided by the pier's upper crossbeams.

The crows silenced by the sudden end looked at one another and broke up, obviously disappointed at the outcome of the contest. The crows overhead similarly disbanded and flew off in differing directions. The mallards and geese turned their backs on the glowering bully, trudged off down the beach chatting with quacks and occasional honks back and forth, presumably about the sudden end to the tussle.

The immature gulls continued to hang about, one of them making the mistake of coming a little too close to the still seething testosterone of the would be victor. The big yellow beak, still dripping with pigeon feathers, lashed out at the younger gull. As the bill snapped shut with a near miss, several pigeon feathers floated off toward the blue stillness of Puget Sound, and the distant line of Olympic Mountains dusted in newly fallen snow. From crow chaos moments before, there was only the sound of water gently lapping at the beach.

My partner and I returned to the business of documenting creeks that will no longer sustain salmon. Life goes on nonetheless—nature in the city, as elsewhere, providing continual revelations from the unexpected. ▶

Even Kulongoski Thinks LNG's PR is a Joke

There are so many things wrong with the planned Liquid Natural Gas terminals and pipelines in Oregon that it's a tough job sorting through them and deciding which is the worst. Let's see: There's the fact that a terminal site on the Columbia will destroy fish habitat and spawning grounds. There's the fact that an LNG terminal will serve as a terrorist target. There's the wetlands that will be destroyed, the interruption of Columbia River commercial and recreational traffic; the creeks, streams, forestry, vegetation and fish populations along the proposed path of the underground pipeline that will be destroyed. There's the eminent domain seizure of private lands including farms, vineyards and investment properties. And of course there's the question as to whether there is actually a need in the Pacific Northwest for natural gas that would override all these objections. But perhaps most outrageous of all though, is the fact that the Liquid Natural Gas terminal and pipelines carry no significant benefit to Oregon. Most of the LNG is destined for Oregon's neighbor to the south. California has repeatedly rejected similar projects, even though their need (as the most populous and commercialized state in the union) is far greater than Oregon's. And that is where the liquid natural gas is going to go.



NorthernStar Natural Gas Inc, out of Houston, Texas, is backing the proposed Bradwood Landing terminal on the Columbia River (on last tract of undeveloped land on the lower Columbia), and claims that there are no plans to satisfy California's enormous energy needs with these pipelines. This assertion is so outrageous, so blatantly false and ridiculous, that Governor Kulongoski says that he actually laughed when he heard it. It was, I assume, a chortle of incredulity, as if to say: "You're kidding, right?" or "No one is stupid enough to take that seriously, so must you must be joking."

In addition to laughing at the corporate PR, Kulongoski has other options for attempting to halt the plans which will permanently destroy Oregon's private property, watersheds, and the native salmon and steelhead. Due to the Federal Energy Policy Act of 2005, the states' authority to license LNG plants was snagged by the federal government because Big Energy lobbied the Bush Administration, complaining that they weren't getting what they wanted from the locals. Although Kulongoski hasn't the authority to deny a permit or license outright, there is much that he can do to halt the process despite federal energy policy.

State authority still controls water and air quality, and coastal planning issues and Kulongoski can certainly press Oregon's advantage in these areas. Given that last December he stated that dredging the Columbia will harm fish and wildlife habitat as well as water quality, and that the measures proposed to make up for the damage are inadequate, Kulongoski has supplied his own rationale for enforcing whatever state regulations there are to protect Oregon's environment that will perhaps trump the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission.

For now, the governor has insisted that federal regulators cease the review of any more plans to build LNG terminals and pipelines until a thorough needs assessment has been conducted. Good thinking, Ted, and although it's appalling that a determination of need hasn't yet been presented, it's better late than too late. It may certainly appear that Kulongoski is buying time to see which decision will do him the most good ("to LNG or not to LNG"), but at least when it comes to the fatuous PR of Big Energy, his mockery is a start.

I appreciate mockery, especially when the target is a bloated, arrogant beast, and no one enjoys a good joke better than I (in fact, I intend to die laughing), but Kulongoski should follow up his lack of confidence in Big Energy with something a lot more substantial than a derisive chuckle. The time for laughs is over and Kulongoski should stop flattering the comedian and take a serious look at what LNG means for Oregon and what it doesn't mean for California.



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SOCIETY**

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Get Active

Since we all have a stake in our ecological welfare and particularly for us, the native fish, sometimes we need to take an extra but simple step in affecting change for the better. All it takes sometimes is a simple telephone call, an e-mail or a polite but sincere letter. In addition to writing to your US and state representatives, agencies such as the Oregon Department of Fish & Wildlife, the Bureau of Land Management, the Department of Environmental Quality are also open, available and willing to hear your concerns. Information on how to contact your legislators is available on-line as are the names and numbers of agencies and commissions. Of particular interest are issues before committees that invite and request comments from individuals as they concern the decision-making process on a specific issues such as Liquid Natural Gas licensing, angling regulations and land use issues.

It doesn't take much: a five minute call to the Department of Environmental Quality (I found the number on-line using GoodSearch) remedied the toxic run-off from a construction site next door to our office in two days. Writing to the governor or your US representatives is good idea (they do keep track of constituent feedback), but you can really make an immediate difference by contacting local agencies and bureaus. The more people involved in the dialogue with policy makers and enforcers, the more change we can realize. It's good to talk to each other about these issues but even more effective if we contact those who can actually do something about it.



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