



A Tribute to Carl Bond

Carl Eldon Bond, 87, passed away in Corvallis on Nov. 12, 2007. Carl was an active member and fellow in many professional organizations, including the American Fisheries Society, American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists, the Gilbert Ichthyological Society, and the American Institute of Fishery Research Biologists.

Carl received his bachelor's degree in 1947 and master's degree in 1948 in fisheries and wildlife from Oregon State College. He received his Ph.D. from Michigan in 1963. In 1950, he joined the faculty of the Department of Fish and Game Management (later Fisheries and Wildlife) and remained with the department throughout his career. He retired as Professor Emeritus in 1985.

Among his awards, Carl was named "Oregon Scientist of the Year" in 1983 by the Oregon Academy of Science. He received the American Fisheries Society Award of Excellence in 1998 and its Distinguished Service Award in 2000. He was also honored by the Desert Fishes Council.

Of all his accomplishments, Carl was most proud of his students. During his long career he mentored 63 graduate students, 15 doctoral and 48 masters. Many of these students went on to distinguished careers of their own. The following articles were contributed by several past students and colleagues of his.

Reflections on Carl and Lenora Bond

When Mike Reed asked if I would write a few words about Lenora and Carl, I immediately said yes, because these two fine people embody what first attracted me to the OSU Department of Fisheries and Wildlife: scholarship and collaboration. Many top universities and departments amplify differences and segregation among faculty and students, but not OSU. The Bonds worked and played together, setting an example for all students in the Department. Lenora knew every student, as well as their backgrounds and major aspirations, and apparently thoroughly enjoyed the many excursions across Oregon to camp and collect fish with Carl and the kids.

The Bonds were central to six of my career first experiences. During the 1980 ASIH annual meeting, the Bonds invited me to their home for my first OSU cocktail party, where I first learned about their interests in poetry and bonsai, and conversed with some of America's leading

ichthyologists and herpetologists. That same year, Carl reviewed a draft of my first submission to a peer-reviewed journal, despite being occupied with hosting the ASIH meeting. When my son was hit by a car and in a coma in 1984, Carl's advice to remain optimistic because "young people have amazing healing ability" helped my family through the worst year of our lives. And he was absolutely right. When I learned of the Bonds' impending retirements, Carl and I applied for and received my first USEPA grant to digitize Oregon's fish museum data, which led to my first Copeia publication in 1987. In this endeavor, Carl provided fantastic quality assurance: all he needed was a map of the collection locations of each species to find errors of omission and commission. These experiences, help with sculpin and hybrid identifications, and frequent chats about fish and life in general led me to partly thank Carl by making time to nominate him for the 1998 national AFS Award of Excellence, which he won. That award summarized an extremely productive career based on excellence in scholarship and compassion towards others.

Bob Hughes, Ph.D. 1979

My friend Carl

I suppose in everyone's life there are forks in the road, the significance of which isn't realized until much later. One such turning point happened to me in August 1967. I'd just graduated from a university in southern California, the draft was breathing down my neck, and all I wanted to do was go to graduate school. I had no support and relatively little idea of what I wanted to study, so I sprayed graduate school applications up and down the west coast. A number of universities rejected me, but I was accepted into the zoology department at OSU. Never having been to Corvallis, I launched a road trip to check out the campus. When I walked into the zoology office, the chairman was kind enough to give me a few minutes. He asked me what I liked. "Fish", I replied. "Hold on a second" he said while reaching for the phone.

"Hey Carl, I've got a young man here who'd like to study fish – would you take a look at him?"

Five minutes later I entered Carl Bond's office in the Fisheries Annex building. It was an old house of some type next to a day care center, but it looked great to me. Carl's office had all the accoutrements of a classical ichthyologist's lair: dried fish hanging from strings, specimens in jars of preservative, a large skull (a ling cod, I think) glaring down from the wall, photos from the far corners of the world, piles of papers and reprints, and the unmistakable smells of ethanol and formalin. It was perfect. In half an hour I had a master's project. In another half hour I had a part-time job in the fish collection and my own work area in the annex's basement. In retrospect it's hard to put my finger on why we hit it off so well, but who was I to argue? He believed in me.

Carl was that kind of guy. When classes started he carved an hour for me each week out of his schedule, and we'd meet to talk about progress on the project, papers I needed to read, and sometimes just the state of the world. I don't know how many professors still do this for their students, but that individual attention was something I'd never gotten before and I don't think I can ever overestimate how much it helped. Later on, he accompanied me to the field and shared even more of his knowledge and wisdom. Through Carl I met Bob Behnke and others who shared an interest in Great Basin fishes, and we passed many a high desert evening plotting our next redband trout expedition and swatting at giant mosquitoes. Boy, do I miss those days...

That was one of those forks in the road where I can thank my lucky stars the right guy was there at the right time to help me along. In his quiet way, Carl had a remarkable ability to bring out

the best in people and the debt I owe him can never be fully repaid. A long time ago I traced my professional family tree back through Carl, his mentors, and his mentors' mentors. Although this may not be completely accurate, I believe Carl studied under Reeve Bailey, who was taught by Carl Hubbs, who in turn was one of David Starr Jordan's last students. Jordan was strongly influenced by Louis Agassiz, who was mentored by Alexander von Humboldt and Georges Cuvier. That's a pretty good pedigree. And among them, I think Carl holds his own just fine.

Pete Bisson, M.S. 1969, Ph.D. 1975

To Oregon's High Desert with Carl Bond

Carl Bond's interests ranged widely and included much of the natural history of the Pacific Northwest. His ichthyological knowledge of the region was unmatched, particularly for little-known fishes like the Warner sucker, Borax Lake chub, Foskett speckled dace, Hutton Spring tui chub, Catlow Valley redband trout, pit sculpin, and shortnose sucker. I feel confident that some of these fishes would not be with us today if not for Carl's infectious enthusiasm, knowledge, and concern.

I came to Oregon State University in 1977 to learn about fish in the desert. I had studied desert fishes with W.L. Minckley at Arizona State University and James E. Deacon at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. Carl Bond seemed like a logical extension of my attempts to understand the lives of fishes in seemingly hostile environments.

Carl introduced me to the fishes of the genus *Gila* in Oregon's Alvord Desert. Carl Bond had received a letter from the great ichthyologist Carl Hubbs asking him to look into the Alvord Basin chubs and the dwarf form of *Gila* that occurred in Borax Lake. Carl and I began working on the chubs in the region and together we described this dwarf form as a new species – *Gila boraxobius* – about the same time that the energy giant, Anadarko, began looking into exploiting the thermal waters that fed Borax Lake. Our studies led to the listing of the Borax Lake chub as an endangered species, which protected the thermal waters from groundwater pumping and led to purchase of the lake by The Nature Conservancy.

Many of the freshwater fishes Carl and his students studied were poorly-known and because of this, were little understood or appreciated. Carl recognized the value of these desert systems and their species at a time that most didn't even know they existed. He encouraged their study, description, and protection, often in the face of sparse funding but always with the understanding that such species possessed inherent value.

Periodically, our family journeys to eastern Oregon. One of our favorite stops is Foskett Spring in Coleman Valley. Carl first introduced me to Foskett Spring about three decades ago. Today we can watch the speckled dace of Foskett Spring swim about -- in their small and vulnerable but protected spring system -- as they have done for countless generations. Although we know few of the secrets housed in this ecosystem, all the pieces remain intact for future study. Carl Bond gave us these opportunities to uncover nature's beauty and understand her secrets.

Jack Williams obtained his Ph.D. from Oregon State University in 1980 and now is the Chief Scientist for Trout Unlimited.

Reflections on the Passing of Carl Bond

My first acquaintance with Carl was as his graduate student in the 1970's. With his guidance, I received my Ph.D. in Fisheries in 1978. This was a crucial time in my life, both professionally and personally, as it was then that I met my wife Chris who was also a fisheries graduate student at OSU. Chris brought out Lenora's maternal instincts, and we were eventually "adopted" into the family; Chris and their daughter Judy became roommates. We became participants in the New Year's Day ritual of football (better not cheer for any other team but Carl's beloved Michigan) and tiddlywinks. As Chris and I have also become an academic couple, both of us holding teaching positions in biology at Centre College, we owe a debt of gratitude to our role models in this capacity, Carl and Lenora.

Although I was aware at the time of the significance that a mentor has in the development of one's academic abilities, I could not at that time have appreciated the magnitude of Carl's impact on my career. Of course I received the skillful, patient, and insightful guidance that Carl afforded all of his graduate students. I also sharpened my classroom skills through sitting in on his courses in fish biology. I came along in the latter part of Carl's academic career, when he was putting to paper his lifetime of knowledge of fishes in the first edition of "Biology of Fishes." He drafted me to read some of the chapters of what was to become one of the standard texts in fish biology, and for this I was mentioned in the acknowledgements. By the time of the second edition, Carl had retired and he asked if I would contribute to it by writing a couple of chapters, which I gladly did. Carl apparently liked my contributions because he asked that I take over the book and produce the entire third edition which came out last year, renamed "Bond's Biology of Fishes." Never when I was a graduate student could I have anticipated that I would inherit such a responsibility. I took up the task mainly to honor the life and work of one of the finest biologists and human beings I have had the pleasure of knowing.

Michael Barton, H. W. Stodghill Jr. and Adele H. Stodghill Professor of Biology, Centre College, Danville, KY