



The newsletter of the Washington Butterfly Association

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G'num*

*G'num is the official greeting of WBA. It is derived from the name of common Washington butterfly food plants, of the genus *Eriogonum*.



Melanie Weiss, with broken wrist, photographs an Indra Swallowtail at Waterworks Canyon. (Cathy Clark)

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Blues Puddle Party, Waterworks Canyon. (M. Weiss)



Upcoming Programs: None till September.
See you at the Conference!

Cascade Butterfly Project

This citizen science project, now in its seventh year, monitors butterflies and plants in six protected areas of the Cascade Mountains in Washington to determine how they are affected by climate change. WBA member Melanie Weiss has been a volunteer with the program since the beginning and is the lead on the Naches Loop trail at Chinook Pass at Mt. Rainier. She is looking for enthusiastic WBA members who would like to volunteer a day on this beautiful Mt. Rainier trail counting butterflies and monitoring plant phenology. There will be two training days: one at Sauk Mountain near Sedro Wooley on June 28 or one at Sunrise at Mt. Rainier on either July 25 or 26 (to be decided soon). However, if you are unable to make either of these trainings, you will still be able to participate by getting training in the field when you participate. This is a great way to learn butterfly species and get out in the alpine country. In recent years we have also been on the lookout for Coronis Fritillaries that David James has tagged as part of a migration study. To be a part of this good work, contact Melanie:

Two Monarchs, Two Amazing Journeys! Part 1

By David James

In a year not too far into the future, it is not too fanciful to believe that scientists will follow individual Monarch butterflies on their migration by inserting an electronic chip in the thorax and monitoring their journey by satellite. When this happens we will know in real time exactly the route a Monarch takes, how time is partitioned into flight, resting and nectaring and how many actually survive the migration and arrive at overwintering sites. Think of the amazing and illuminating data we would get from electronic-tagging just a few Monarchs!

However, in 2017 we still do what we have done since Fred Urquhart pioneered Monarch tagging in the 1950's: use sticky adhesive labels. Some of the early tags involved glue but fortunately with the advent of small, circular, lightweight, weatherproof adhesive tags introduced by Monarch Watch in 1992, tagging is still a remarkably simple and effective way of monitoring the Monarch migration. In more than 20 years of Monarch tagging in the eastern United States, about 14,000 tags, approximately 1% of all the Monarchs tagged, have been recovered at the overwintering sites in Mexico. Each tag recovery provides information on the date and location of release and recovery. Most of the tag recoveries in Mexico are of dead butterflies found on the forest floor often months or years after the butterflies have departed. Tagging provides no information on migration routes or residency duration at the overwintering site. Tagging Monarchs in the western United States has been very limited until recently so we know very little about Monarch migration in the west compared to what we know about the eastern population. However, significant citizen scientist-based tagging programs in Arizona and the Pacific Northwest over the past few years have begun to provide much-needed data on the fall migration of Monarchs in the west. However, the limitations are the same as with eastern migrants; we usually only get information on release and recovery.

In 2016 two Monarchs tagged by citizen scientists as part of the WSU Pacific Northwest tagging program, provided a whole lot more data on their journeys and overwintering than just the date/location of tagging and recovery! Their stories are also now etched in the minds and imaginations of the children that helped give these two Monarchs their lives and journeys.

Amelia's Monarch, Ms A4853, reared, tagged and released by Molly Monroe and Amelia Jebousek in Corvallis

Molly Monroe and her five year old daughter Amelia reared their female Monarch in August 2016 from an egg laid on their backyard milkweed by a visiting female. They also reared 23 others and ended up tagging 22 of them. Amelia's Monarch was tagged with the serial number A4853 and released at her 'Growing Oaks' pre-school in Corvallis on August 30. We can only speculate on the route that Amelia's Monarch took after her release but given that south was her destination, it seems likely that she followed the Willamette Valley through Eugene and Roseburg and perhaps followed the I-5 corridor through Grant's Pass into northern California. She may then have passed through Redding and down through the open agricultural flood plain of the Sacramento River heading towards the San Francisco area.

One thing we do know is that Amelia's Monarch appeared in Lisa De Angelis' roof deck garden of her 4th story apartment in North Beach, San Francisco on September 18! Lisa had her I-phone at the ready and took a picture of Ms A4853 nectaring on Verbena, showing the unmistakable San Francisco skyline.

Amelia's Monarch hung around Lisa's blooms for two hours between 5-7pm spending most of her time feeding from Lantana, before flying off. Ms A4853 had taken just 19 days to fly the 470 air miles south to San Francisco or an average of 24.7 miles a day. Undoubtedly her route was more meandering thus she probably flew many more miles. Traveling had not taken a discernible toll on her condition; her wings were still vibrantly colored and in excellent condition. Clearly, North Beach, San Francisco was a refueling stop and she had not reached her overwintering destination.

We thought the odds of seeing Amelia's Monarch again were slim but amazingly 23 days later, long time Monarch biologist John Dayton spotted Ms A4853 amongst 10,000 or so Monarchs on a Cypress at the Santa Cruz Lighthouse Field overwintering site!. She had flown another 64 miles south-south-east to Santa Cruz and if she was flying at the same rate as prior to her San Francisco stop she probably arrived in Santa Cruz around September 21. John Dayton's photo shows Amelia's Monarch to still be in excellent condition. The Lighthouse Field overwintering site consists of a small grove of Eucalyptus and Cypress trees just a few hundred yards from the ocean and is as nice a place as any to hang out for the winter as a Monarch could wish for. However, perhaps she didn't get on with her fellow Monarchs, or the marauding crows that would sometimes dive into the Monarch colony feasting on the unlucky few, freaked her out. What-

ever the reason Ms A4853 decided to set off again for a short 1.6 mile hop westwards to the much more famous Santa Cruz overwintering site at Natural Bridges State Park. Far fewer Monarchs (~3000) resided at Natural Bridges in October- November and Amelia's Monarch was spotted there in a high cluster on Eucalypts on November 25 by Aleece Townsend, an active Monarch tagger in our program in southern Oregon. Perhaps this was Ms A4853's final winter home? No it wasn't. She turned up again on December 30 at yet another Santa Cruz overwintering site, this time at Moran Lake which is about 4.6 miles east of Natural Bridges. Amelia's Monarch likely flew right over Lighthouse Field and part of Santa Cruz Bay to get to Moran Lake.

The Moran Lake site is a Eucalypt grove that surrounds a waste treatment works and the Monarch population there varied from 2-6,000 during October-December. John Dayton spotted Amelia's Monarch at Moran Lake and I was fortunate enough to be with him on December 30 to see the by now famous and widely traveled Ms A4853 for myself! John took the final photograph we have of Amelia's Monarch and she was still in remarkably good condition for a well-traveled four month old Monarch

January and February 2017 were stormy, wet and windy in Santa Cruz and all of the Monarch colonies substantially dispersed by mid-late February. Amelia's Monarch was not sighted again but this tenacious Monarch very likely flew inland eastwards or northwards looking for newly sprouting milkweed. Hopefully she laid enough eggs in northern California to produce another generation of Monarchs whose progeny would reach Corvallis and perhaps lay eggs on Molly and Amelia's milkweed! (end of Part 1.)

Trip Reports

Thursday, May 18th, marked the conclusion of our 3rd annual butterfly class, "Finding Inland Northwest Butterflies", at the Act 2 program of Spokane community colleges. 10 people attended the class, and made a 3 hour field trip along the Little Spokane River into Rutter Canyon, where we located 10 species of butterflies, including three hairstreaks, three blues and two swallowtails. We also saw two pairs of silver blues mating. Our more experienced birders were able to identify several Lazuli Buntings as well! Regrettably, the tiny "mascot" that was hatched shortly before the conclusion of the class has not survived: I tried to nurture the tiny first instar larva of an Anise Swallowtail we had been able to watch ovipositing near our class building a few weeks ago, but the little fellow proved to have no appetite for the fresh Gray's Lomatium leaves he'd been laid upon.

The following Sunday, Brenda and I returned to the same Rutter Canyon locale with a group from the Native Plant Society. These folks knew their plants and birds, but had never studied butterflies much, and made very attentive students in the field. This trip revealed a greater diversity of Blues, and the low elevation population of Common Alpine had also begun its flight. In all, we located 16 species, and again found the lovely Lazuli Buntings. Both of these groups of students were amazingly adept using their nets, and learning to identify our various butterfly species. Although our diversity this season significantly decreased from last year, we are still finding lots of interesting butterflies in this ever-changing habitat, now in its second season recovering from fire.



Mating Silvery Blues. (J. Baumann)

Friday, May 19, Melanie Weiss led a "flash field trip" up Waterworks Canyon near Yakima, to replace one that was cancelled due to poor butterfly weather the previous weekend. Cold, hail, lightning, drizzle—all bad. Friday was great though, with temperatures in the 70s, and bright sunshine blinding the Westside butterflies who have endured near-daily rain since late January. Seventeen species of leps were spotted that day, including Indra Swallowtails, Large Marbles, and a Common Sootywing. To say nothing of the bighorn sheep (50-100, depending on who was counting) and the Lazuli Buntings.

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President's Message from John Baumann

Taking Heart in Bad Weather

Brenda and I burst the weighty bonds of a days' worth of spring house and lawn work to run out over the edge of Lincoln County Saturday, the 29th, when an all too rare sun break struck Spokane at sunrise with the brilliance of a July morning. Just the brilliance; not the heat. Braving the chill in hope of a warming trend that might never have come, we headed to one of the most reliable local habitats for Green Hairstreaks, especially the Sheridan's, who scatter an iridescence about the trails along the shores of Fishtrap Lake that reward the more observant Eastern Washington butterfly lovers. As was the case in nearly every early spring scabland walk we've shared in the last several years, Brenda saw them first, tiny, dazzling wings that lit upon the lomatium and then disappeared all too readily over the green of the damp grasses and forbs. We hiked out a couple miles to look out over the lake, then sat to watch the fishermen below and the violet green swallows all about. The four hours of dereliction from our household duties brought me my best butterfly day of the season, though it warmed only to 60 for a high that day: eight Sheridan's Greenies, one Anise Swallowtail, a passel of whites, with a Cabbage White and a large Marble the only sure ID's among them; three Sara's Orangetips and one blazing fresh male Silvery Blue. All the more a delight with their arrival about four weeks later than when we first saw them last year.



Flooded Turnbull NWR. (J. Baumann)

This has been a tough winter and an even tougher early spring, has it not? I am including a couple of photos that will give you a glimpse of what happens to Eastern Washington sage-steppe locales when subjected to levels of rainfall more typical of Western Washington. "Vernal pools" indeed! Check out Turnbull Wildlife Refuge, where fences are mostly under water, making signage at the refuge boundary appear to be directed to waterfowl and fish.... "swim here, and you'll be safe!" Southeast of the refuge, the scenic, winding entry channels to Bonnie Lake in northern Whitman county have been completely submerged, acres of cattail marsh now invisible, so that the entire rocky, walled valley looks like a giant bath tub! Unpaved roads are getting washed out. Up higher, Mt. Spokane remains under 82" snow cover at the summit. As for paved roads, the potholes here are plentiful, deep and broad enough to bury all your kin. Fresh snow, may I say, *intruded* this week. One cross country ski buff I know actually celebrates this fact. A local weather reporter ascribed our oddly cool, wet season, with more than double average precip from January through April, 2017, to a Siberian air mass that had lost its way somewhere out off the coast of Kamchatka, heading for North America. Am I discouraged? Yes! Defeated? Heck, no! I suggest carrying your net, camera and field guides, anyway, just in case. We expect significantly warmer conditions by the first weekend of May.

All this moisture will have implications for our field season. A great variety of nectar sources and larval hosts will be lush and colorful, gobs of blossoms this May where perhaps there were a handful last year. Watch the places where camas grows. The purple blooms may paint the landscape with rivers of color where we saw only single flower heads last year. In the city, the Oregon grapes are preparing huge globes of yellow blooms. For butterflies, there are great opportunities for those among them who can wait out the cold, and most of our species are made to do just that, adapted far better for nature's fits and starts than us supposedly "advanced" but rather whiny humans. Consider the first instar fritillaries: what a time they'll be havin', beginning to creep across the moist earth to an emerging violet plant and chomping down. I look forward to larger numbers not only of Callippes and Zerenes, but also the little Bolorians as well. Schedule a mid June trip to one of the haunts frequented

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Sheridan's Hairstreak. (J. Baumann)

Watching Washington Butterflies with Bob Pyle

Number Twenty-nine

Ghost Moths at Moonrise

(This essay is excerpted from Robert Michael Pyle's book *Where Bigfoot Walks Crossing the Dark Divide*, which will be released in a new, updated edition this summer, available 8/15/2017. © 1995, 2017 by Robert Michael Pyle. Courtesy of Counterpoint Press.)

The sun fell behind Loo Wit, dragging pink streamers all the way from Mount Rainier. A gray-green plume crept from the gaping crater of St. Helens, and the full moon rose right out of Mount Adams. My tent was a hammock suspended between the sun and the moon, guarded by three volcanoes. I watched the sunset's afterglow through a sheaf of tall bunchgrass that sprang from a carpet of red huckleberry and blue juniper. All the tones deepened.

The first ghost moths appeared a half hour after moonrise; half an hour later they were gone. It was easy to imagine that they hadn't been there at all. But they had, and their shimmering spiral flights turned the mountain heath phantasmagorical for the few minutes they deigned to fly.

Ghost moths belong to the primitive but successful family Hepialidae, part of an ancient suborder of the Lepidoptera whose females' sexual equipment is uniquely arranged. Of some five hundred species of hepialids, about twenty fly in North America, most of them limited to the Pacific Northwest. While tropical ghost moths can be big and brilliant, ours tend to be small and subtle. An inch or so in wingspan, they range from beige to russet in color, often displaying metallic markings on their forewings. Their very short antennae and peculiar habits give them away.

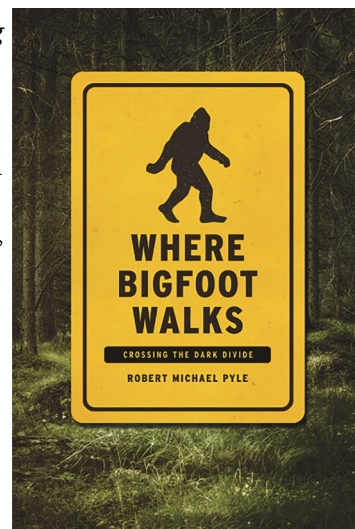
Unlike the many moths that fly throughout the night, ghost moths appear only briefly, each species at a predictable time of day, dusk, or night. The larvae of most butterflies and moths eat the leaves of specific plants. Hepialid caterpillars, in contrast, bore into the roots of a wide variety of grasses, herbs, and shrubs, mining their underground or even underwater parts.

And instead of laying her eggs directly on the host plant, the female hepialid broadcasts them by the thousands as she flies—but not until she has mated. Prior to coitus, females of some kinds are flightless . . . as if the “kiss” of the male releases them to the air. The females of other species fly up from the herbage in search of mates, reversing the usual roles of moth partners. In either case, with their antennae like a baby's eyelashes and their tiny, jeweled eyes, the ghost moths find their way through the mountain maze to the bower of their waiting mates.

The lekking flight of the male ghost moths is their most distinctive trait, giving rise to their common name. In leks, such as those of sage grouse, birds of paradise, and swarm flies, males forgather to display communally to the females. By flying together they superstimulate the females to be receptive. Leks account for some of nature's most spectacular displays of sexual energy and adornment. The brief twilight leks of ghost moths might seem subtler than the daylight displays of bright-colored birds, yet when the males swivel in place on the air as if hung from a skein of spider's strands, the sight is dramatic.

Cornell entomologist Robert Dirig described the sight of an eastern species thus: “Imagine three large tan moths about ten feet above the ground hovering and swaying back and forth in this strange rhythm, against the greenish-black backdrop of the alders and distant forest beneath a purpling sky . . . lending by their brief adult existence a touch of faerie and romance to the remote wetlands.”

The twilight flights of the males spiral over the vegetation in shifting columns that seem to evoke glowing spirits hov-



ering over the turf. The name Hepialidae, given to the family by the French entomologist Fabricius in 1775, comes from the Greek hepiales, deriving from epialos (nightmare) or epiolos (moth), or perhaps both. The moths' ghostly reputation grew from their luminous pallor and common occurrence over foggy moors and graveyards.

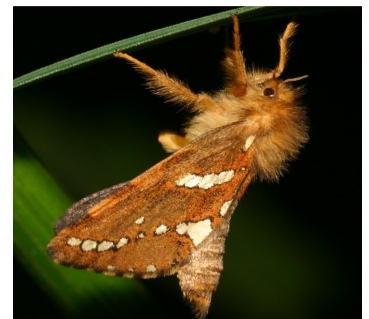
Try to approach them, and they do seem to be phantasms: you see them; then you don't. Their rapid flight gave the group its alternative English name, the swifts. They seldom come to lights, and the adults do not feed, so flowers don't draw them, as they do sphinx moths and millers. Till that time I'd seen few ghost moths and caught fewer. But David Wagner, a University of Connecticut professor and hepialid specialist, had asked me to procure specimens for his ongoing studies of the Northwest species. So when I saw these wraiths rise from the heath on Juniper Ridge, I attempted to collect a small series for him.

I had already shed my boots to cool and rub my feet, sore from the rocky trail. Birkenstock-shod, I bumbled among the huckleberries in the full moon's light, lunging at the luminaries. I managed to catch only one of the many flitting around, always just beyond the reach of my net. Not only were they swift and spectral, but at times they seemed not to be there at all. Then, within moments, they disappeared for real.

Moonlight mothing, chasing ghosts. It brought to mind a charming essay on these creatures by Harriet Reinhard, a pioneer Northwest lepidopterist. She wrote:

As children, we lived during vacation time at our family cottage at Ocean Park, Washington. Each year during the last week of August at sundown my sister and I set out for the spot where we had discovered the ghost moths, for only at that hour and season did they materialize.

Pulses and footsteps quickened as we drew near. Almost invisible, they danced and darted from bush to bush as twilight deepened into dusk. We netted what we could until darkness prevailed, then trod lightfooted homeward with our harvest. Scientists called ghost moths choice and rare.



Phymatopus hecta, a European ghost moth. (Holger Groschl)

That was in the early twenties. Sixty-two years later, Harriet met David Wagner, then a graduate student at Berkeley, quite by chance. Learning that she had collected the well-known series of Ocean Park ghost moths, David plumbed her memory, hoping to go there and find the moths himself. "I looked into the eager young face," Harriet wrote of the occasion, "and knew that the excitement I had felt in 1921 would blaze again, could he but see the ghost moths dancing in the dusk at end of summer."

I wonder if that's what my friend Jeanne Gammell saw. A present-day resident of Nahcotta, just a mile or two from where Harriet had chased the ghost moths more than seventy years ago, Jeanne told me of an experience she once had while camping in the wilderness of Washington's North Cascades. It was early October. After a storm, she peeked out of her tent at two thirty in the morning and saw what she thought were stars.

But the "stars" were moving within the tiny clearing in the deepwoods. There were dozens of what Jeanne took to be small lights, nearly equidistant from each other, moving "in a gently undulating spatial dance, counterclockwise, never touching or crossing the path of another, as though directed by an unseen choreographer." Jeanne stood and reached up as one circled near her, then climbed up on a stump and stretched toward them. But she couldn't reach the "lights," which seemed to give off a "warm gold-white glow, pulsating as they moved." They were about the size of butterflies. Completely unsure of what she'd seen, Jeanne retired to her tent with her mind wide open.

Now, in the evening of this other October, a hundred miles south down the spine of the Cascades, I watched my own parade of dancing lights. To my eyes the ghost moths didn't seem to generate light, but in the pale moontorch and sun-fade they could be said to glow. Their dance, if not quite as regular as what Jeanne saw, arced like a signalman's swinging lantern. And they were almost impossible to touch, as I found with my net. Clearly they exploited the faint ultraviolet better than I was able to use the last visible light.

The ghost moths fell back into the heath as ineluctably as they'd risen. To spend the better part of a year enclosed—first as a senseless egg in the winter; then as a burrowing wormoid in some cold, tight root; next a dumb pupa within a silk-battened cavity—then finally to fly free in the alpine air for all of two hours! The life of a ghost moth suggests a Cinderella whose ball is not only brief but also final.

As I retreated into my own cocoon of ripstop nylon and fiberfill, I took with me the glimmer of the moths' soft wings on the soft night air. These fleeting lives leave powerful visions behind, beguiling a small number of lepidopterists while giving shivers to dusk-watchers and night-campers who haven't a clue what to make of these strange sights, "dancing . . . at end of summer."

I have little doubt that many UFOs, fairies, and specters could be handily explained in lepidopterological terms. Yet I suspect that such an explanation would hardly satisfy Jeanne Gammell. I have seen things in the night myself that have nothing to do with moths or anything else I know in the "natural" world . . . yet they were surely part of nature, which is all. Reluctantly yet inescapably, we admit to having seen certain night lights that are not readily explained as ghost moths or headlights or airplanes or weather balloons.



Oxycanus antipoda, a ghost moth of Tasmania. (Wikipedia)

In the same way, after all the shadows and bears and monkey suits and plank-wood footprints have been eliminated, a residue of Bigfoot remains. Tucked in my ridgetop camp, I turned my thoughts back to hairy giants. After all, my mission wasn't one of moths. I laid my buzzing head against my air pillow and thought about how we'd arrived at the present Sasquatch tradition. Every culture has had its monsters and giants, its myths of the Green Man and the Wild Woman, but no culture has ever been so confused as ours as to what it really believes. Are we such wonderful observers of the natural world that we should expect to know everything that looms, walks, creeps, or grows outside our doors or beyond the city wall?

The orderly pace of taxonomy has been steadily eroding the biological unknown since before Aristotle, through Buffon, beyond Linnaeus, and right up to one Professor C. P. Alexander, who described more than ten thousand species of crane flies. Lately this leisurely enterprise has taken on an air of urgency as the rate of species extinction has come neck and neck with that of description, for only by knowing what's out there can we hope to conserve it.

With the accelerating effort to catalogue life before it disappears, our estimates of its overall proportions expand. New information from the rainforest canopy has raised the projected tally of the world's insect species (and thus, most of life) from around a million to more than thirty million. Journals of systematics tumble over themselves to place new taxa on the docket. Still we know just the meager margins of the totality of natural diversity in any depth whatever.

David Wagner plans to name several new species of ghost moths. For the time being he has placed the dusk-flying swifts of the Cascades in the species *Hepialus roseicaput*—the redheaded ghost moth—for the reddish ruff of furry scales on its bulky thorax. Far from phantoms, these flesh-and-blood redheads are real enough to earn scientific names, the number of which might soon increase.

It may seem a matter of little moment just how many species of obscure moths actually occupy a remote wilderness. Yet knowing what they are and where and how they live might help us know better how to care for the high country—a landscape under pressure from acid rain, grazing stock, forestry, and recreation. Even if the naming yields no practical application, it somehow seems better to know the world in its secret detail than to take its diversity for granted.

Yet who knows the ghost moths? I had seen a total of perhaps a dozen over a decade—a few of Harriet Reinhard's ocean-beach species in my own domain, one broad-daylight type on the preeruptive slopes of Loo Wit, another on her sister Komo Kulshan (Mount Baker) to the north—prior to the night of the moonrise fliers on Juniper Ridge. That's a dozen more than most people have encountered. Yet because something hasn't been seen, does it therefore not exist? Who, upon hearing of its bizarre life history and eerie twilight transience, would not be forgiven for wondering whether

such a thing as a ghost moth was real? If something we see lies beyond our ordinary experience, do we shrug and say it is nothing at all? This is the central question surrounding Sasquatch. Possessed of soft evidence, most people react with either hopeful credulity or hostile indifference.

Only a few ask the hard questions, keep an open mind, then stay tuned for answers that might never come. A few others resort to the supernatural to explain the unexplained, as they always will.

For myself, I feel that nature is good enough and rich enough that a “supernatural” is not required. Therefore I try to look at the imponderables as things to ponder, certainly not to be dismissed as fantasy, phantasmagoria, or spectral deceptions. If it was difficult to imagine the dusky shimmer of the ghost moths prior to my own encounter with them, then it is just as hard to accept a hepialid whose wings span eight inches of emerald green—yet just such a beast is a common pasture pest in Australia. When the world proves larger than we expected, we need to let out the seams in our mindset, and there should be no limits.

It’s a long step from even a very big moth to the smallest Sasquatch, and I hadn’t expected to find a clue to Bigfoot in the ephemeral flight of a night-fly. The objections to a second North American hominid are many, and my scientific skepticism counsels caution. But the long litany of belief and tradition courts fair consideration, as do the numerous clear tracks found in disparate wilds and the many sightings by seemingly reliable folk. To dismiss the unknown out of hand is even more foolish than to accept it unquestioned, more foolhardy than to fear it.

The next night I camped several miles down the ridge. I cooked a curry and sat back to await the silver discus of the moon. Mindful of my poor mothing the night before, I resolved to try again. I knew the moths were there, at rest among the tussocks and clumps. Even so, when sunset came, I waited with some trepidation to see if they really would come out again . . .

They did. Just after moonrise I saw them darting above the dull blood dropcloth of the heath. Again they flew for just half an hour. Dave Wagner had written that net collecting could be rewarding, “if one is fleet-footed.” That let me out. Even so, he said, “a dozen adults may be missed for every individual netted.” I missed many more than that but finally caught six males for Dave, my only evidence that these living lanterns weren’t simply a trick of the moonmist.

So far, Bigfoot is proving even harder to catch than ghost moths. Let us earnestly hope it stays that way. In the absence of specimens, no one can prove that Bigfoot is not out there. Meanwhile, perhaps we should not be too eager to consign a perfectly good myth to the litter bin of lies. In the end, when we come to plot the vague landscape of what’s what and what’s not, maybe a moth is as good as a monster.



Juniper Ridge (RM Pyle)



Untanum Canyon, June 3. (R. Johnson)



Sara's Orangetip. (J. Baumann)

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Trip Reports Continued

Then on Saturday, June 3, Melanie led another group across the swinging bridge over the Yakima River to Umtanum Canyon near Ellensburg. Great butterflying weather again, and nearly 20 species spotted. Many blues again, including Acmon Blues; 4 species of yellow swallowtails; Purplish Coppers, oodles of ringlets, a Perseus Duskywing, and one lonely Sheridan's Hairstreak nectaring on pineapple weed. Mary McCallum brought a kid's bug jar that was received with some amusement at first, until people realized how well the magnifier in the lid works. The incessant rain on the Westside, between the Waterworks Canyon and Umtanum field trips, had switched binary-fashion from All On to All Off so the Westsiders were a bit better acclimated to the hazy-bright sunshine, and we were glad to see Jim Reed emerge from the record snowbanks of Klickitat. No bighorn sheep, but Mary saw a gopher snake, Reg spotted dace (fish) in the creek, and there were plenty of Cedar Waxwings, Yellow-breasted Chats, and more Lazuli Buntings.

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President's Message Continued

by a state species of concern, the Silver Bordered Frit. Your odds should be good. On the down side, a lengthy cool spring will interfere with some of our northbound migrants, I would guess. For Monarchs, I am concerned that some of our local milkweed spots have been watered to the point of drowning. Those Monarch adults that still manage to arrive here in May and June may have trouble locating their hosts, but where the plant still grows, it will be lush.

One additional word of caution for those of us - most of us, I think - who prefer primitive roads to pavement when looking for leps: *know before you go*, check with Forest Service, BLM and other land managers before heading alone or with your group into the bush. I know of several roads in our area that are not passable due to washouts. We read in today's paper, for instance, that the Porcupine Bay camp area at Lake Roosevelt is closed for the season because a slide covered its access road. One access road to Hog Lake is out, having eroded into a new creek bed. No doubt there are more examples in your area. May the land enjoy the respite from us humans!

2017 Field Trip Schedule (Subject to Change)

Date	Destination/Description	Difficulty	Trip Leader/Contact
June 17	Swakane Canyon. Spectacular butterfly location near Wenatchee		David Nunnallee
June 22	Monarchs and Milkweeds Citizen Science, Quincy. Registration required, see below.		WDFW and Xerces Society
July 8	4th of July Butterfly Count (NABA), Little Pend d'Oreille NWR, Colville		
July 15-17	Annual Conference, Ellensburg		
July 22	Yuma Skipper Monitoring training with WDFW, Sun Lakes		David James
August 5	Bethel Ridge. Spectacular views and high elevation butterfly meadows	4	David James
August 12, 19, or 26	Monarch tagging day at Lower Crab Creek (actual date determined by abundance of Monarchs)		David James

Registration is required for the Monarchs and Milkweeds training, <http://events.r20.constantcontact.com/register/event?oeidk=a07ee22cn3e3c747259&llr=tnejbhdab>

Field Trip Instructions

WHERE & WHEN TO MEET: Trips depart from the north half of the Ravenna Park & Ride at 7:00 a.m. unless expressly stated otherwise. The park & ride is located under I-5 at Ravenna Blvd between NE 50th & NE 65th St. On request we also stop at the Issaquah Park & Ride at 7:30 a.m. To reach the Issaquah Park & Ride: going eastbound on I-90 take Exit 15 (1st Issaquah exit). At exit stoplight turn right (south) and drive 0.45 mile to Newport Way intersection (traffic light). Turn left (east) on Newport Way and drive 0.1 mile to another light, and turn right (south) into the Park & Ride.

If you live in another part of the state, contact the trip leader to arrange where to meet the field trip group.

Please tend to personal matters such as getting coffee or lunch food before departure time so others are not delayed. Bring your own beverages, snacks and lunch for a day in the field.

All field trips are conducted by carpool. Without the volunteer participation of drivers, the trips are not possible. If you have a car that you are willing to drive, please have the gas tank full and ready to go.

All WBA-sponsored field trips are fully insured.

COSTS: Passengers are expected to share gasoline expenses. Typically this is \$10-20 each. Each rider should also pay a share of any park entry fees, ferry fares, etc. The trip leader will collect a voluntary donation of \$5 per person (children under 12 are free) for each field trip to help offset expenses of the organization.

Non-consumptive appreciation of butterflies is central to our purpose, basic to our approach, and the guiding principal behind general membership field trips. Collecting of adult butterflies is not allowed on these trips. Collecting of eggs and larval stages for rearing is accepted on condition that individuals raised to adult stage are released at their original location.

HOW TO SIGN UP: Anyone can sign up at a WBA monthly meeting or by contacting the trip leader. (See Board and Committee list in this issue for contact information)

DIFFICULTY RATINGS:

- 1 Easy, mostly by car, minor walking along roads
- 2 Fairly limited walking, some slopes involved.
- 3 Moderate, up to 2 miles walking with moderate slopes.
- 4 Difficult, hiking required, trails or terrain are steep in places
- 5 Very difficult, extended hiking on trails or steep terrain.

Board Members

President	John Baumann		
Vice President	Maureen Traxler		
Secretary	Melanie Weiss		
Treasurer	Regina Johnson		
At-Large	Dan Dunphy		
At-Large	David Jennings		
At-Large	David James		
At-Large	Jim Reed		
At-Large	Alex Wright		

Committees

Science Advisor	Jon Pelham	
Membership	Available	
Annual Conference	Available	
Field Trips	Available	
Programs	Available	
Publicity/Website	Carolyn Heberlein	
Newsletter	Regina Johnson	
Trip Leader, Central WA	David James	