



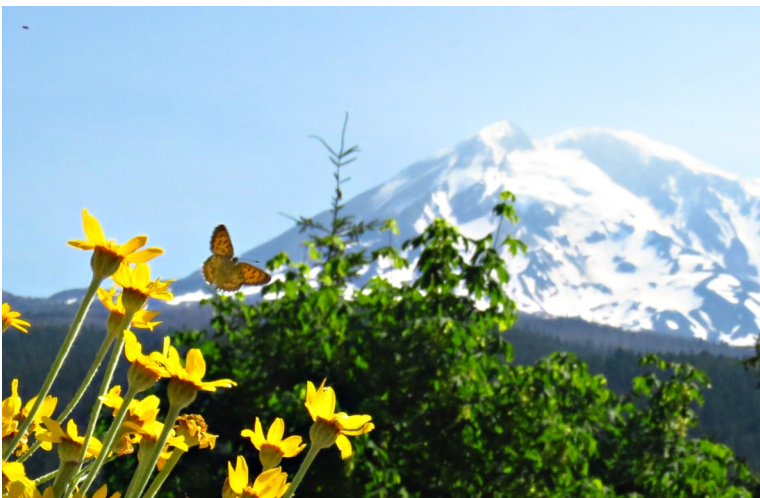
*G'nun**

The newsletter of the Washington Butterfly Association

P.O. Box 31317 Seattle WA 98103
<http://wabutterflyassoc.org>

Facebook: Washington Butterfly Association. Instagram: #washingtonbutterflies (anyone can use this hashtag)

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



Mariposa Copper Wings over Mt. Adams by Cathy Clark.

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Blue Copper at Slate Peak.
(David Robichaud)

Upcoming Programs

Wednesday Sept. 5, Seattle; and Sept. 19, Spokane: **Share the Wealth.**

Wednesday Oct. 3, Seattle: Dr. Hans Kelstrup. **Solitary wasps and the search for queens and workers: A step toward castes in social insects.**

Wednesday Oct 17, Spokane: TBA

Wednesday Nov. 7, Seattle: Dr. Amy Lanbert on the **Island Marble butterfly.**

Wednesday Dec. 5, Seattle: Jim Reed on **Teaching the Next Generation of Entomologists in High School Biology.**

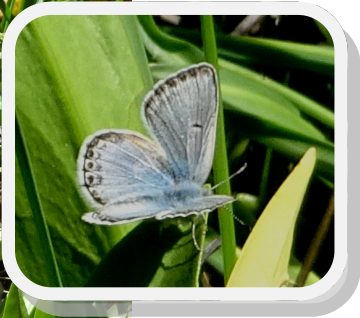
For the past 5 years Al Wagar and Richard Youel have arranged programs for WBA Seattle meetings, and are ready to pass the baton. For the coming year, Dr. Paulette Murphy has volunteered to serve as Program Committee chair, lining up speakers for the monthly meetings in Seattle. Our whole membership needs to be on the lookout for speakers and program ideas. So, if you have ideas for future programs or input on the types of programs you'd like to see, please email Paulette. Also, we will need another volunteer willing to help with setting up the Zoom connection at the Seattle monthly meetings as well as help Paulette find and schedule speakers.

Trip Reports

Monarch Tagging at Eagle Creek, California, Memorial Day Weekend, Regina Johnson



A meadow full of California Pitcher Plant, Poet's Shooting Star, Western Azalea, and Sierra Nevada Blue butterflies. (R. Johnson)



I'm sure most people looked at this trip listing and thought to themselves, Holey Moley, that's too much driving! I looked at it and said to myself, Holey Moley sign me up!!! Yes it's a whole lot of driving, 10 hours each way from Olympia, but so worth it. This trip was so much fun! The biodiversity in the Trinity Alps is unbelievable, and my campground was nearly empty. There are so many different kinds of trees there, and wildflowers, and butterflies! Lizards with bright blue heads! Yellow mushrooms! Bizarre Pitcher plants! The psychedelically-colored California Sisters were everywhere. And I got to spend a couple of days with the James family—always a treat. 35 species of butterflies for the weekend.



California Tortoiseshell defoliating Ceanothus. We saw them again as adults at White Salmon. (R. Johnson)



Cedar Hairstreaks were numerous, here on *Allium amplexans*. (R. Johnson)

Spiva Butte Preserve, May 12,

Melanie Weiss



Large Marble. (M. Weiss)

The Spiva Butte Preserve is in the final stages of getting its full funding allowing it to change management from the original owner, Ferdi Businger, to the Chelan-Douglas Land Trust. Like many preserves, it is not open to the public, but can be visited with permission from the steward, Ferdi, or the Land Trust managers. Ferdi asked the WBA to visit the preserve in the spring to do an inventory of butterflies. Five of us made the journey to this beautiful property. Ferdi gave us a tour of the land which includes the butte with hill top-ping butterflies, shrub-steppe areas, a wetlands and a lake. We were surprised to find a large colony of Arctic Blues on the preserve. We also saw Anise Swallowtail, Indra Swallowtail, Desert Marble, Large Marble, Becker's White, Western White, Sheridan's Hairstreak, Western Green Hairstreak, Silvery Blue, Boisduval's Blue and the Common Ringlet. Ferdi showed us slides he had taken at different times of the year that

revealed other species on the site. The most exciting find among these was the Silver-bordered Fritillary, a species of concern in our state, thus, a newly discovered colony of them. Ferdi was particularly happy to learn of this as it gave more strength to the preserve status for this land. We continue to stay in touch with Ferdi as the final stages of the preserve process are complete. If you would like additional information on the history of the preserve, Ferdi has written the following article that was published in the North Cascades Audubon Society Newsletter: <https://www.northcascadesaudubon.org/full-article-from-newsletter-spiva-butte/>



Silver-bordered Fritillary. (M. Weiss)

(Continued on page 8)

Watching Washington Butterflies with Bob Pyle

Number Thirty-four

Washington Butterfly Big Year: Conclusion

It's not an easy thing to summarize a brimmingly full field season in one short column, but I'll give it a try. Where I left off, I'd just had my first good Gorge trip of the year, meeting Indra, Propertius, Julia, and pow-wow-ing Klickitats and Yakamas way up Rock Creek.

As May began, I joined Jon Pelham and David Droppers for a return to Reecer Creek, which had produced the last "new species" of 2017, the Mormon Metalmark. What a different scene now—all green, with spring wildflowers and no smoke! It was a relief to find Sheridan's Green Hairstreaks as I'd missed them in the desert earlier. We had a three-elfin day, with Pine and Moss's at Reecer, and Brown at Umtanum Canyon in the afternoon.

My next companion was Caitlin LaBar. Soon after our new field guide appeared, on May 12, she took me to Skamania County. Columbia Blues thronged the g'nums below Dog Mountain, while Bear Creek and Grassy Knoll flickered with Bramble Green Hairstreaks and other spring specials. At the end of the day we found Juba Skippers, # 75, going to roost in firs above Peterson Prairie, not long free from snow and not a green blade of grass yet in sight.

A west-side trip four days later took me to Mason County, where I finished out the elfins with Hoaries on the kinnikinnick prairies northwest of Shelton; but failed to find Johnson's Hairstreak at Staircase in Olympic National Park above Lake Cushman, the first place I'd ever seen it. No sooner home than I was over White Pass to Cowiche Canyon near Yakima, in hopes of the narrowly restricted Lucia Blues—and there they were, shimmering all around the footbridge. That was easy, but then came the most trying drive of the year: to the summit of Umtanum Ridge. Not by the usual route from the north, which is bad enough, but from the south, through Selah. The sign says "dead end," and so it should be. I'm surprised I didn't murder the Subaru scaling that vertical rock-pit of a road, the most evil I ever hope to face. But it was worth it: on top, after hiking to the towers, my shattered frame had just about had it when (after 7 p.m.!) up popped the first Nevada Skipper I've ever seen in Washington, followed by half a dozen brilliant Western Green Hairstreaks! So this classic locale came through for me, even if I did approach it by an unconventional route that I would never recommend to anyone whom I actually like.

On May 28 I made my first of three visits to fabled Satus Pass for the year. Butterflies abounded, and I met with five new ones: Great Arctics, Western Sulphurs, Dreamy Duskywings, lots of Northern Cloudy Wings, and a Great Basin Checker. When I returned on June 14, I would add Northern Checker, and not far west on June 27, Hoffman's Checker: so I found all three of our *Charidryas* in the vicinity of Satus Pass, last accomplished by E. J. Newcomer in the 'sixties. On the middle visit, one Satus streamside hosted 16 species mudding.

Mid-June also held a long-anticipated long day afield with David James. He took me first to the upper reaches of the attenuated, off-and-on watercourse known as Crab Creek, which cuts across much of the Columbia Basin. Not far from Ritzville we visited a tiny perched wetland where John Bauman had found Silver-bordered Fritillaries. There they were, along with Northern Crescents, Garita Skipperlings, and a big, bright Arrowhead Blue. That afternoon, many, many miles southwest at David's great Monarch site on Lower Crab Creek, there were no monarchs to be seen; but there were the hoped-for Ruddy Coppers on sand dock, another first for me in Washington. After a delightful night with the James Gang and their Vanessid subtribe, the next day I visited Swale Creek at its confluence with the Klickitat River, and on just a few blossoms, found dozens of Sylvan and California Hairstreaks, more than I've ever seen in one place. Once again I arrived at Peterson Prairie at the foot of Mt. Adams not long before sunset, now green, barely soon enough to scare up a couple of Mardon Skippers. Like the Jubas of April, they went to roost in high firs.



Peterson Prairie. (R. Johnson)

For one last crack at Johnson's Hairstreak, I drove to the Wind River Experimental Forest above Carson on June 20. I planned to look for them on the ground beneath the old-growth hemlocks where Thea and I had found eggs among mistletoe, while riding 90 meters high on the canopy crane, during my national Big Year in 2008 (see *Mariposa Road*). Not much nectar, no such luck. But I did find a tiny Common Roadside Skipper and scads of Pale Tigers on spreading dogbane near the Wind River Work Camp, and Cedar Hairstreaks above the river.

Next, two rare blues: on my third trip to the South Fork of the Tieton to look for it this year, I finally got a good look at the Enoptes Dotted Blue. Then on my second visit to Vancouver Lake, where Dan Nelson had recently discovered the first Eastern Tailed Blues ever recorded in Western Washington, I found them not uncommon along the weedy dikes. No doubt they'll spread from there. And with that, my Big Year total stood at 100 species.

After my spring trip to Simcoe Butte west of Satus Pass, I had tried to follow the Boundary Road along the Yakama Reservation to a storied high meadowland known as The Lakebeds, and thence link up with Monument Road down to Goldendale over the Simcoe Mountains. It looked feasible on the map, and a Yakama woodcutter gave me some tips, but sounded doubtful. This led to the second worst road of the year, and to nearly getting stuck in a giant snowbank-and-mudhole where I still might not have been found. So on June 27, after much melting and drying, I tried again from the south. In the end, the road was gated a couple of miles from The Lakebeds. I never got to them, but in trying I did find the thickest concentration of butterflies of the year: 42 species for the trip, a few of them new for the Big Year, such as Queen Alexandra's Sulphur and Hoffman's Checkerspot, and thousands of individuals.

Now my time was running down. With the start of July, I set out on a three-week field trip to finish off the year with a bang. David Branch again joined me, as he had at the beginning of the enterprise one year before. Independence Day found us meeting Caitlin LaBar in her long-term study locale of the Sinlahekin Wildlife Area in upper Okanogan County, along with her mentor, Dale Swedberg, retired manager. We found Behr's Hairstreaks on the bitterbrush and Canadian Tiger Swallowtails, but fire and flood had nixed the hoped-for Pale Crescent habitats, though David valiantly hiked to them anyway. The Long Swamp on Toats Coulee turned out to be late for Freija Fritillaries. Not only that, it was 39 degrees F. and snowing when we arrived! But when David and I went back the next day it was warmer, and we found both Vidler's and Butler's (Common) Alpines. It was a true treat to be with Cait in this place she knows so well.

From there David and I went to Slate Peak above Mazama. It was still spring at this famous (and only) drivable arctic-alpine height, and extremely windy, and none of the high-country specialists were present except Anicia Checkers and a lone Arctic Blue; yet David managed to make an astonishing capture on top: a female Coral Hairstreak, an uncommon butterfly of lower ground! Will someone please explain that? The next day in the hot lowlands we found the Common Sootywing at Gallagher Flats near Chelan. We managed to cross the fearsome Colockum Pass on the third worst road of the year, found my first "silver"-form Sylvan Hairstreak, and then David had to head back to the city.



Slate Peak. (R. Johnson)

On the seventh, I did the Swakane Canyon portion of the Chumstick Mountain 4JBC and saw 30 species, Hedgerow Hairstreak being new. Then it was east through Waterville to Dry Falls, where I watched a single Yuma Skipper among the sparse great reeds. A passerby spotted it by my feet as we were chatting about an elderberry longhorn he'd seen and was showing me on his phone! By then I'd heard from Cait that she'd found a new (for her) spot for *Boloria freija*, one of my greatest desiderata, at Lone Frank Pass. So I shot back to Omak, camped near Conconully, hit Lone Frank in the morning, and found Freija! I'd been seeking her in Washington for fifty years. As a bonus, a lone Chryxus Arctic found me up there too.

And then it was time for the Great Northeast! Up to Disautel, the Colville Reservation, and Moses Meadows—my first, long-deferred visit. I was seeking various uncommon skippers, and managed to find one I didn't expect instead, a Long Dash (or Mystic): possibly an Okanogan county record. It was in a tiny meadow in a riverbend where the reservation meets the national forest. Next day it was Tiger Meadows. Last time there with Thea, we'd found Peck's (Yellowpatch) Skippers common. I was apparently too late for them this time, but there were lots of a recent resident, European Skipperlings, and a couple of (I believe) Atlantis Fritillaries near the forest edges of the great meadows. Strangely, next day, I found the Pend Oreille Selkirks east of Sullivan Lake very sparse in butterflies. So, having written off some northeastern species, with only a few days to go, I shot all the way down the state to the Blue Mountains.

(Continued on page 9)

2018 Wings over White Salmon

By Jim Reed

The Butterfly Study Weekend

And what a glorious weekend it was. Although it was not the conference that we thought it would be when the Board first decided on the location. We had originally thought of Bird Creek Meadows of Mt. Adams fame being the focus of study. As the spring and early summer progressed, concerns were raised about accessibility to the meadows. There was a devastating fire in 2015 that totally ravaged the western and southern flanks of Mt. Adams. As with many other sites, we had anticipated that as the trees burned off the meadows would flourish and so would our butterflies. Numerous scouting trips indicated that the burn was much more severe than originally thought. The result was that the Yakama Nation had wisely shut off public access to their Tract D of public recreational land. Three scouting trips to the area revealed no butterflies to speak of.

The group gathered for our traditional Friday night introduction brilliantly done once again by David James. We held out hope for a good weekend of seeing about 30 species of PNW butterflies. The next morning we left Mountain View Grange for what looked to be a near 100°F day. We headed west into Skamania county and up off the Columbia River bound for the South Meadow Prairie Complex near the Big Lava Beds recreational area. It seemed we mis-timed our visit as many of the nectar sources had already dried up. As the group spread across the meadows, we found Swallow-tails and Western Meadow Fritillaries. But by far, our best sighting was our young butterfly enthusiasts chasing down numerous species and putting them in netted cages for all to see.

After an hour or so, we caravanned over to Peterson Prairie for lunch, a rest stop, and hopefully some butterflies. The two meadows were filled with several species of fritillaries, wood nymphs, Anna's Blues, and California Tortoise Shells. The Meadows turned out 34 species of butterflies for our enjoyment. And the young lepidopterists were able to chase down butterflies to their hearts content. As the afternoon progressed and the temperature rose, the group decided to split. Some sought out heat relief, while others went back down to the south end of Big Lava Beds hoping - but to no avail - to find the Golden Hairstreak; as this is the only place in Washington where it occurs. The rest of us headed north into the upper Huckleberry fields hoping to find hill-topping fritillaries.

As we reconvened at the Grange for our dinner we had an opportunity to hear from Mr. Tom Landis, a retired forester from Medford, OR. He spoke about what some of the good folks are doing to help Monarchs along their migratory routes through southern Oregon. His work was super inspirational and we thanked him for his insights.

On Sunday morning, we met in Hood River for a twelve-plus car caravan heading 30 miles south to the Mt Hood Meadows Nordic Ski center. We were able to spread across the flowered ski runs to search for butterflies. We found many of the same butterflies as we did the day before but added the Sonora Skipper, a Two Banded Checkered Skipper, a lot of California Tortoiseshells, as well as Hydaspe and Coronis Fritillaries. But the find of the day was an American Painted Lady (the only Vanessa of the weekend). After lunch we visited Sahalie Falls and, understandably, the folks with the longer trips home departed. We tried a second location along the ridge of Bennett Pass and found many of the same butterflies. After, we were headed back towards Hood River but turned up National Forest Road #44 towards Dufur. We drove for five miles before stopping near the Dog River Meadows and found Western Sulphurs, Mormon Fritillaries, Great Arctics, and more before deciding we were hot and tired. Overall, Mt Hood yielded up 34 species - the same count as Skamania county the day before.

On Monday morning those who could stay embarked on an adventure up to Muddy Meadows on the NW side of Mt Adams. When the group stopped for photos at the Baby Shoes overlook towards Mt. Adams, the east-facing slope warmed up and we found Checkerspot, Purplish Coppers, and Swallowtails out nectaring. Our next photo stop at Big Springs waterfall, also brought out 8 species in a very short order, including a Sylvan Hairstreak. We stopped for lunch at Tahklakh Lake with a gorgeous view of Mt. Adams across the way, all the while accompanied by Tortoiseshells. Muddy Meadows, a large complex of subalpine meadows, was our final destination. Here we found more Fritillaries, Meadow Fritillaries, Anna's Blues were numerous, and we noticed many little skippers flitting about. The skippers were a new species to several of us and we spent a good deal of time photographing them and trying to puzzle them out. It turned out that we had found a colony of Mardon Skippers, which are a Washington Endangered Species. In the end, the day yielded 23 species, we headed home and started anticipating the Slate Peak field trip in two weeks to come.

2018 Wings over White Salmon



Girl with Admiral. (J. Baumann)



Mardon Skipper pair. (M. Weiss)



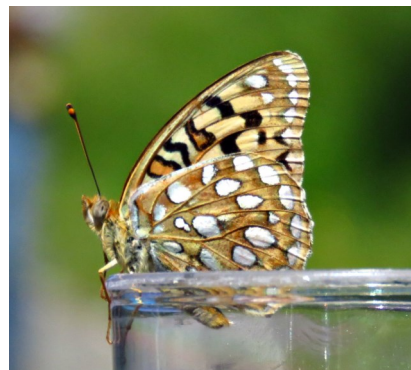
Group shot at Sahalie Falls, Mt. Hood. (R. Johnson)



One of the ubiquitous California Tortoiseshells. (M. Weiss)



Carol Smith at Muddy Meadows. (R. Johnson)



Coronis Fritillary. (Cathy Clark)



Two very serious young lepidopterists, the Lee girls. (R. Johnson)



Morghen meets a Fritillary, with introduction by John Davis. (J. Baumann)



IUYN Scholarship winner Morghan Livingstone with mother Mariaea. (R. Johnson)



Andrew studies the Fritillaries. (J. Baumann)



IUYN Scholarship family, the Wilcocks of Snoqualmie. (Cathy Clarke)



IUYN Scholarship winner Isabella Langford. (J. Baumann)

2018 Idie Ulsh Young Naturalist Scholarship Winners

All of us who attended the WBA Study Weekend at White Salmon, Washington, were really delighted to welcome three new scholarship winners along on our field trips. These young entomologists in the making each received free registration to the conference, room and board, an annual WBA family membership and compensation for transportation expenses, as well as autographed copies of our new regional butterfly field guide, "Butterflies of the Pacific Northwest", by Bob Pyle and Caitlin LaBar. Our scholarship team chose three winners from a larger pool of scholarship applications than we had received in past years. In addition, the Board was also able to sponsor another aspiring entomologist who had just graduated from high school this spring. The winners were:

- Morgan Livingston, 14, of Darrington, Washington.
- Isabella Langford, 10, of Spokane, Washington.
- Andrew Wilcock, 10, of Snoqualmie, Washington.
- Hailey Armstrong, 18, of Spokane, Washington. (Sponsored)

Our study weekend group really appreciated the energy and curiosity the young people each brought to the field with their families. Andrew, we understand, will be contributing insect-themed cartoons to future publications of this newsletter; Izzy has already been present at several Spokane area field trips and has helped her mother at WBA tables for local garden events; Morgan pursued some of the rarest of Washington butterflies by heading with our group members to Slate Peak two weeks after the conference; and Hailey updates us now and again on the status of her home butterfly garden. Thank you to the Ulsh family for helping make the scholarships possible, and to the WBA members who helped make their wonderful study weekend experience possible.

Trip Reports

(Continued from page 2)

Keen Eyed Frit Finders Claim Success Under Impossible Conditions!

Big Meadow, Bonner County, Idaho; June 9

Despite rainy conditions the entire day, and temps never warmer than 55 degrees, four members of the Spokane chapter of WBA managed to find a butterfly species on the Species of Greatest Conservation Need (SGCN) list given us by WFDW entomology specialist, Ann Potter, last year at our training. Though hoping against hope to locate an early flight of the Meadow Fritillary at a site in Bonner County, Idaho, where this butterfly is known to occur, the team instead found *Boloria selene*, the little Silver Bordered Fritillary, two individuals that braved weather too frigid for other frits and just about every other butterfly. Only the Ochre Ringlet was able to rise into view alongside them. This challenging adventure offered great wildflower viewing and great camaraderie!



Columbia Blue, Big Springs, Blue Mtns, June 23. (M. Weiss)



Big Springs Sulphur Lupine. (M. Weiss)



Northern Checkerspot, Big Springs, Blue Mtns, June 23. (M. Weiss)



John Baumann's Butterfly ID Class field trip was held in the rain this year. Now they know how Westsiders feel ... (J. Baumann)

Across the beautiful Chewelah highlands and the parched, heated lowlands I flew in the green Subaru, pausing only for a quick look at Sprague Lake, a long-time study site of Thea's and mine. Not a lot there: BUT, a single showy milkweed that I reversed for was covered with dark wedges—half a dozen or so bright male Coral Hairstreaks! A real spectacle for this thoroughly unpredictable butterfly. But it was late that afternoon when an even greater spectacle struck. The road ran straight from Sprague to Steptoe, as it left the Channeled Scablands and entered the Palouse on the way to the Blues. So I took a short detour to the summit of Steptoe Butte, that high volcanic plug poking up through the loess prairies, where I'd seen Painted Ladies hilltopping in the past. This time, with the brilliant green-and-gold Palouse spreading its broad checkered apron of wheatfields below and just the narrow hem of natural habitat protected around the Butte, the tip-top was aswirl with hilltoppers: Oregon Swallowtails, Common Wood Nymphs, Western Whites, branded skippers, and very pale little Callippe Fritillaries, among others. When they all went to bed around six, the ladies came out: the first one was the rarest, an American, alighting right beside me on the asphalt. The second, landing right next to it, was the other one I sought, the West Coast—I couldn't believe my luck. And then in succession came a couple of Painteds, followed at last by a Red Admirable! By seven o'clock, there were several ladies of each species dashing all around the top, each attempting to court all the others, in a veritable carnival of color and action. This was my first-ever Four Vanessa Day (that's one more even than in the James household!), including in Hawaii.

Well, of course I went to the Asotin County confluence of the Snake and Grand Ronde rivers, where we've been seeking hackberry butterflies for years, and of course I didn't find them yet again, nor any other novelties, though it was awfully hot. So it was up into the cooler Blues I fled next, via Asotin Creek to Wickiup Campground. On the morning of July 15, I found the Blue Mountains to be better than the Selkirks, but not as rich as they can be; and to my disgruntlement, there wasn't an Edith's Copper to be seen anywhere. An old habitat for the Meadow Fritillary seemed utterly unsuitable now. But the bigger frits were well represented, and between Mt. Misery and Diamond Peak, Great Basin Fritillaries were common at wet spots, and I found the only Northwestern Fritillary of the year, one of the unsilvered variety *Speyeria hesperis dodgei*.

All the way back across the Basin, pothole by clover patch by marshlet, I sought Sandhill Skippers, but they just weren't to be seen. I was doomed to be forever between generations. And so, all the way back to Slate Peak, for one more go. Less wind, later conditions, better results: Astarte and Arctic fritillaries, and a mating pair of Spring Whites, right on the summit. On the way down toward Mazama, I paused to revel in one of the whole year's most memorable visions: some twenty Hoffman's Checkers puddling in the late sun. Little did I know that a couple of days later a WBA trip would find Arctic Skippers, which had eluded me all year, at Whistler Meadows. I might have gotten there in time myself that afternoon, had I hurried. But that vision was worth it. The numbers, after all, weren't everything.

But I was still chasing them, nonetheless. Now I had just one day left, and part of another. On the 18th I tried the other side of the North Cascades, the North Fork of the Nooksack, for Oreas Anglewings and Compton Tortoiseshells, without any luck. Then dashed for the shore, the ferry, and the Olympics, for the finish. I had re-defined the beginning of the Big Year as the moment I caught the first specimen of the Variegated Fritillary ever nabbed in Washington, at four in the afternoon of my 70th birthday, July 19, 2017. So I had until that time on my 71st. By two p.m., I had burst out of the clouds and reached the sunny summit of Blue Mountain above Deer Park in Olympic National Park. And there, on the very top, what should appear but what I sought: Hulbirt's Branded Skipper (*Hesperia comma hulbirti*), an Olympic endemic. Then I dropped back down into the cloud, sought a good seafood dinner and a celebratory glass in Port Angeles, and that was that: a year of passionate, all-out play, *finis*!

In the next column, I will reflect on what I learned from Washington's first Butterfly Big Year, and offer advice to those who may follow (don't take that road!). Meanwhile, here are the rough results. Pending examination of my data and vouchers by Jonathan Pelham, my final total seems to be about 127 species out of Washington's 153 or so, or 83% of the fauna. Next year, David Branch and I are going to try to spot The Ones That Got Away:

E. pacuvius, *P. centaureae*, *H. ericetorum*, *C. palaemon*, *P. peckius*, *P. sabuleti*, *P. themistocles*, *N. iole*, *C. nastes*, *E. lotta*, *P. protodice*, *L. cupreus*, *L. editha*, *C. spinetorum*, *C. johnsoni*, *B. exilis*, *E. isolata*, *B. bellona*, *A. californica*, *N. l-album*, *P. oreas*, *J. coenia*, *P. pallida*, *C. sthenele*, and *O. melissa*.

Look them up, it's good to learn their names—they're all out there waiting for us!

2018 Silent Auction Report by Regina Johnson

We had a very successful silent auction at the Study Weekend (aka Conference) in White Salmon this year. A big Thank You to my helpers: Brenda McCracken, Mary Schu, and Dan Dunphy. And another big Thank You to everyone who donated items or solicited donations from businesses, and to everyone who bid. Even if you didn't win the item you wanted, your bid helped raise money for WBA. In all, we raised \$654 on 65 items, plus a special shout-out to Paulette Murphy, who donated \$500 to WBA for a framed print by Alfredo Arreguin, bringing the total to \$1154.

Book Reading: Magdalena Mountain

On August 21 at Seattle's Elliot Bay Book Company, Bob (Robert Michael) Pyle read from and signed copies of his first novel: *Magdalena Mountain*, set in the Colorado Rockies. He mentioned re-writing this many times for 40 years, each time with pleasure, as the story and characters developed. A major character is the black Magdalena Alpine butterfly, *Erebia magdalena*, with whom he fell in love as a youngster (whom instead of which because he personifies it). He noted that, while fiction, the book is scientifically correct and based on real experiences. He also shared that he first saw the Magdalena Alpine at age 12, and that he grew as a poet and as a scientist through this animal.

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