



September 2018

Naturalists

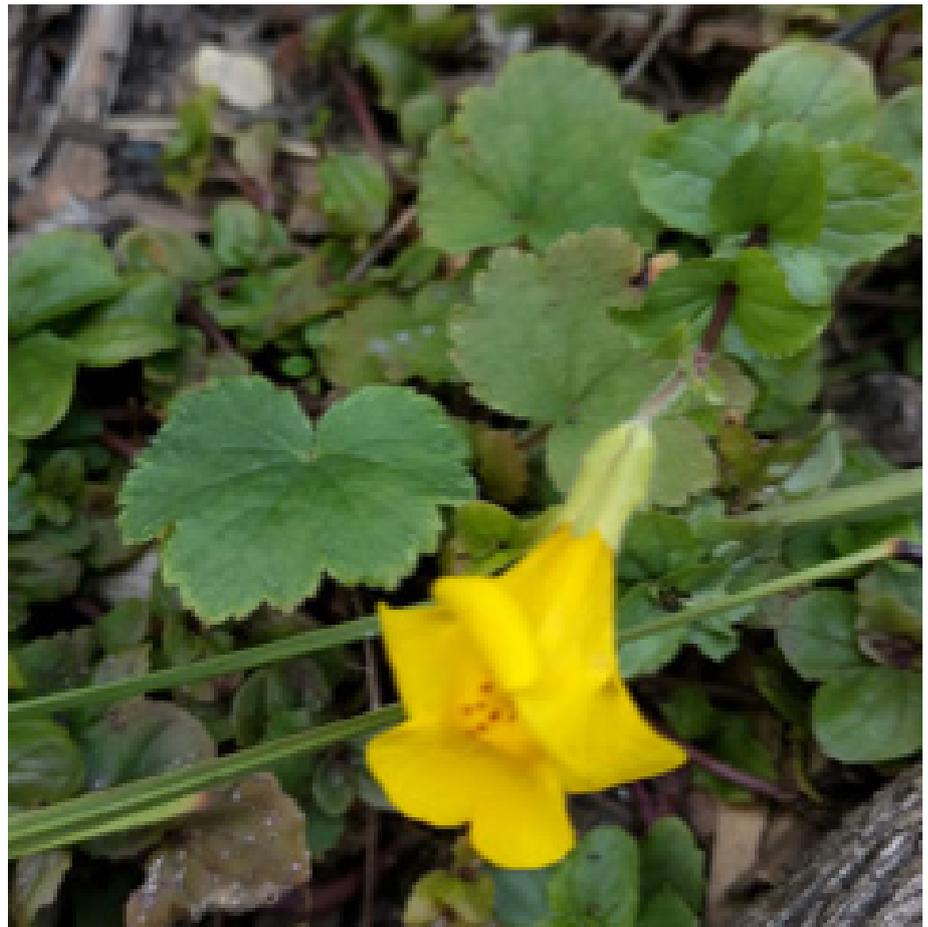
EXPLORE. LEARN. CONSERVE.

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In the Native Plant Garden

Some flowers are still hanging in in our garden, including harebell, Richardson’s penstemon, yellow monkeyflower, Henderson’s checkermallow, mountain monardella, pacific rockmat, skyrocket, wandering daisy and alpine daisy. The alpine garden is lovely. The rest is somewhat ragged. To see scarlet gilia (skyrocket) like you’ve never seen it before, go down and have a look.



 [Facebook](#)

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August Naturalist Hikes

SUMMERLAND – AUGUST 2



Mt. Rainier from just below Summerland



Elmera galore above Summerland

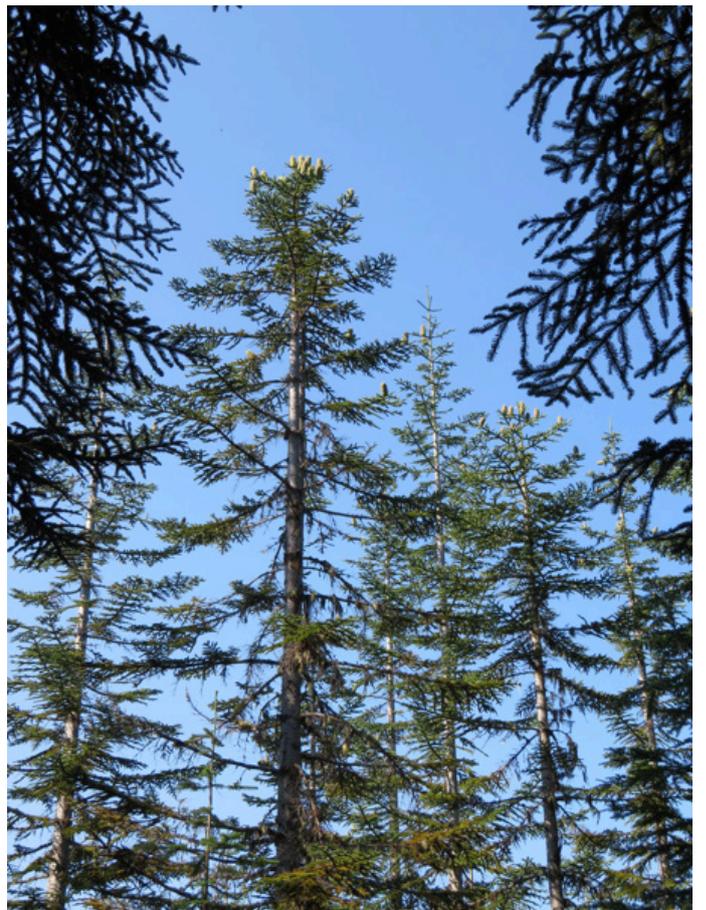


Monkeyflowers, leatherleaf saxifrage and friends in Summerland

SCORPION MOUNTAIN – AUGUST 8



Davidson's penstemon and arnica above Summerland



Noble firs galore



Juvenile ruffed grouse

SKYLINE DIVIDE – AUGUST 10



On the divide



Surprise of the day.
What else can this be but Thompson's paintbrush?

CHAIN LAKES TRAIL – AUGUST 11

This was arguably the best flower hike of the year. With mists and moisture the plants seemed fresh and rejuvenated.



Gleaming butterwort



Burnished copperbush

LAKE ANNE – AUGUST 11



Cascade penstemon

LAKE ANNE- AUGUST 11



Lakes below yellow aster butte



Alpine lady fern



Creeping sibbaldia – rose family

YELLOW ASTER BUTTE – AUGUST 12



Sylph out of the mist



Pasqueflower before they become mop heads

Geology Hikes

September is Geology month, with several geology hikes planned by Stewart Hougen and Sandy Bowman. Geology lays the groundwork for plant life. Let's learn more about it.

SAT. SEPT 1: MINERAL GULCH

Join Stewart and Sandy on an exploration of Mineral Gulch along Denny Creek. It is a marvelous place for rockhounding. This is a great learning experience for the variety of rocks there and the organization material Stewart will bring to the trip.

[Register Here](#)

The other September Geology hikes have not been listed yet. Look for them, as they will appear soon.

SAT SEPT 15: MT. RAINIER

SAT. SEPT 29: NORTH CASCADES

WA Native Plant Society Program



Restoring Abandoned Agricultural Land to Native Oak-Prairie Habitat

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 2018, 7:00PM, ROBERT
K. PELANT

**Mountaineers Program Center, 7700 Sand Point
Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115, Cascade Room
Doors open at 6:00 PM for the Native Plant
Identification Workshop; Program begins at 7:00 PM.
Donations greatly appreciated.**

Dr. Robert K. Pelant is the founding director of the nonprofit Pacific Rim Institute (PRI) on Whidbey Island. A veterinarian by training, Pelant worked and lived in Asia,

Latin America and Africa for 30 years working on environmentally sound food production at the grassroots and national levels. PRI is composed of 175 acres of glacial out-wash prairie, oak and fir savanna and fir-hemlock-yew forest. They currently propagate over 30 species of native plants and have just tripled the size of their nursery. PRI provides formal and informal workshops and courses including college-level courses through a consortium of over 60 colleges in the US and Canada. PRI also maintains an herbarium that is open to the public by appointment, and is preparing to join the global Index Herbariorum. Over two miles of trails are open to the public, and tours are available by appointment.

Dr. Pelant will discuss why and how the Pacific Rim Institute - PRI - is restoring habitat on their Whidbey Island site, as well as throughout the Puget Sound. PRI works with federal, state and private organizations, and communities to manage a regional native plant seed bank network and give native plants, animals and pollinators a fighting chance in the 21st century. Not attempting to restore land to some idyllic state reminiscent of the distant past, PRI focuses on a bio-diverse and resilient habitat to increase the odds of our natural world not only surviving but also thriving in the future. Why do we have degraded lands? What is restoration and why do we do it? What are the end goals? Please join us and Dr. Robert K. Pelant the CEO of PRI for an evening to explore these concepts and questions.

Upcoming Programs:

- 10-9-18 Dr. Katherine Glew "What Everyone Should Know About Lichens"
Bellevue Botanical Garden, Aaron Education Center
- 11-1-18 Scott and Susan Freeman "Saving Tarboo Creek"
The Mountaineers, Goodman Room
- 12-6-18 Holiday Party! The Mountaineers, Goodman Room

September/October Hikes



EDMONDS MARSH | SEPTEMBER 8

Join Anita Elder for a leisurely stroll around the Edmonds Marsh and fishing pier in search for migrating shorebirds.

[Register Here](#)



ADAMS RIVER | OCTOBER 12-14

Watch salmon as they spawn upriver, see lots of bear scat, and explore nature as you hike on the trails along the river and in the canyon. Led by Anita Elder & Linda Moore.

[Register Here](#)

Odds & Ends

There is a bird festival in Edmonds the weekend of Sept. 15th. It is run with enthusiasm and is a good start to the fall migration season. <http://www.pugetsoundbirdfest.org/schedule-for-event>

A big shout out, hurrah and huzza huzza!

NATURALISTS TO THANK FOR FY 2018

Naturalists

Administration

Gordie Swartzman
Danielle Graham

Course Administration

Gordie Swartzman
Tom Bancroft
Stewart Hougen
Danielle Graham

Taught in the Course

Gordie Swartzman
Peg Swartzman
Tom Bancroft
Stewart Hougen
Danielle Graham
Gary Brill
Grace Winer
Mia Spangenberg
Dave Shema
Maureen Traxler

Course or Workshop

Field Trips

Gordie Swartzman
Tom Bancroft

Stewart Hougen
Danielle Graham
Carolyn Appleton
Bruce Barcklow
Anna Constance
Maggie Willson
Nancy Kirkner
Shelley Williams
Laura Brou
Monya Noelke
Peg Swartzman

Set Up and A/V for Course

Jeff Paden
Anita Elder
Jacque Ensign
Julie Vaughn
John Sadro
Joyce Fowler
Angela Hultz
Lisa Kraft
Tara Hollins

Lecture Series

Rose O'Donnell
Joan Miller

Lola Kemp
Monya Noelke
Jeff Paden
Paul Shema
Peggy Printz
Nancy Provence

Led Hikes

Gary Brill
Tom Bancroft
Stewart Hougen
Gordie Swartzman
Danielle Graham
Brian Carpenter
Anita Elder
Lynn Graf
Linda Moore
John Bell
Dave Shema
Donna Hahn
David Droppers
Maureen Traxler
Peg Swartzman
Joyce Fowler

Workshops

Gary Brill
Stewart Hougen
Gordie Swartzman
Peg Swartzman
Monya Noelke
Danielle Graham
Victoria King

Native Plant Garden

Sandy Bowman
Rob Stevens
Gordie Swartzman

Youth Program

Stewart Hougen
Gordie Swartzman
Peg Swartzman
Danielle Graham
Lisa Kraft

Newsletter

Tom Bancroft
Anita Elder
Gordie Swartzman
Gary Brill
Danielle Graham



Mystery Plant – Can you identify this plant? Win accolades. Seen on Naches loop near a stream.



Not a mystery, but a challenge – taken by Donna Hahn near Gobbler's knob.

Naturalist facebook group:

The Facebook Group is a group of Mountaineers who have a passion for the natural world and want to learn more about it.

It is called The Mountaineers Naturalist Group. It is open to Mountaineers Members who are affiliated with the Naturalist Program, either as a current or past student of the Intro to the Natural World course or as a member of the Naturalist Study Group. It provides a place for members to share photos of their hikes and trips, as well as to help with identification of species.

People can search for it on Facebook and ask to join. If they are a current member of The Mountaineers and affiliated with the Naturalist Program, they will be added.

The group is open only to Mountaineers Members as it helps us build camaraderie among our members. (There are many other Facebook groups open to all such as the Washington Native Plant Society and Western Washington Birders.).

Poetry

The Waking

Theodore Roethke, 1908 - 1963

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do
To you and me; so take the lively air,
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

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The above poem is a villanelle, with the first and third lines repeated alternately at the end of subsequent stanzas and at the end of the last quatrain (4 line stanza), with a rigid rhyming structure.

A Green Crab's Shell

By Mark Doty

Not, exactly, green:
closer to bronze
preserved in kind brine,
something retrieved
from a Greco-Roman wreck,
patinated and oddly
muscular. We cannot
know what his fantastic
legs were like—
though evidence
suggests eight
complexly folded
scuttling works
of armament, crowned
by the foreclaws'
gesture of menace
and power. A gull's
gobbled the center,
leaving this chamber
—size of a demitasse—
open to reveal
a shocking, Giotto blue.
Though it smells
of seaweed and ruin,
this little traveling case
comes with such lavish lining!
Imagine breathing
surrounded by
the brilliant rinse
of summer's firmament.
What color is
the underside of skin?
Not so bad, to die,
if we could be opened into this— if the smallest chambers
of ourselves,
similarly,
revealed some sky.

From *Atlantis*, published by HarperCollins. Copyright © 1995 by Mark Doty. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

I, Up they soar

Inger Christensen

I, Up they soar, the planet's butterflies,
pigments from the warm body of the earth,
cinnabar, ochre, phosphor yellow, gold
a swarm of basic elements aloft.
Is this flickering of wings only a shoal
of light particles, a quirk of perception?
Is it the dreamed summer hour of my childhood

shattered as by lightning lost in time?
No, this is the angel of light, who can paint
himself as dark mnemosyne Apollo,
as copper, hawkmoth, swallowtail.
I see them with my blurred understanding
as feathers in the coverlet of haze
in Brajcino Valley's noon-hot air.

From *Butterfly Valley: A Requiem* by Inger Christensen. Copyright © 1989 by Inger Christensen at Broendums Forlag; © 2004 by Susanna Nied. Reprinted by permission of New Directions. All rights reserved.

Let Birds

Linda Gregg

Eight deer on the slope
in the summer morning mist.

The night sky blue.
Me like a mare let out to pasture.
The Tao does not console me.
I was given the Way
in the milk of childhood.
Breathing it waking and sleeping.
But now there is no amazing smell
of sperm on my thighs,
no spreading it on my stomach
to show pleasure.
I will never give up longing.
I will let my hair stay long.
The rain proclaims these trees,
the trees tell of the sun.

Let birds, let birds.
Let leaf be passion.
Let jaw, let teeth, let tongue be
between us. Let joy.
Let entering. Let rage and calm join.
Let quail come.
Let winter impress you. Let spring.
Allow the ocean to wake in you.
Let the mare in the field
in the summer morning mist
make you whinny. Make you come
to the fence and whinny. Let birds.

From *All of It Singing: New and Selected Poems* by Linda Gregg. Copyright © 2009 by Linda Gregg. Used by permission of Graywolf Press. All rights reserved.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (Sonnet 18)

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.



Ladybug on false hellebore at Picture Lake (magenta paintbrush in background) by Anita Elder

Wildflower

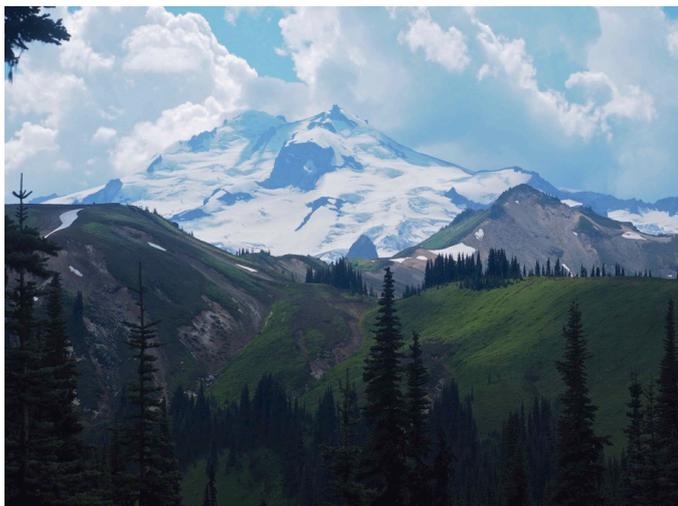
Stanley Plumly

Some—the ones with fish names—grow so north
they last a month, six weeks at most.
Some others, named for the fields they look like,
last longer, smaller.
And these, in particular, whether trout or corn lily,
onion or bellwort, just cut
this morning and standing open in tapwater in the kitchen,
will close with the sun.
It is June, wildflowers on the table.
They are fresh an hour ago, like sliced lemons,
with the whole day ahead of them.
They could be common mayflower lilies of the valley,
day lilies, or the clustering Canada, large, gold,
long-stemmed as pasture roses, belled out over the
vase—
or maybe Solomon's seal, the petals
ranged in small toy pairs
or starry, tipped at the head like weeds.
They could be anonymous as weeds.
They are, in fact, the several names of the same thing,
lilies of the field, butter-and-eggs,
toadflax almost, the way the whites and yellows juxtapose,
and have "the look of flowers that are looked at,"
rooted as they are in water, glass, and air.
I remember the summer I picked everything,
flower and wildflower, singled them out in jars
with a name attached. And when they had dried as
stubborn
as paper I put them on pages and named them again.
They were all lilies, even the hyacinth,
even the great pale flower in the hand of the dead.
I picked it, kept it in the book for years
before I knew who she was,
her face lily-white, kissed and dry and cold.

From *Summer Celestial* by Stanley Plumly. Copyright © 1983 by Stanley Plumly. Reprinted by permission of The Ecco Press.

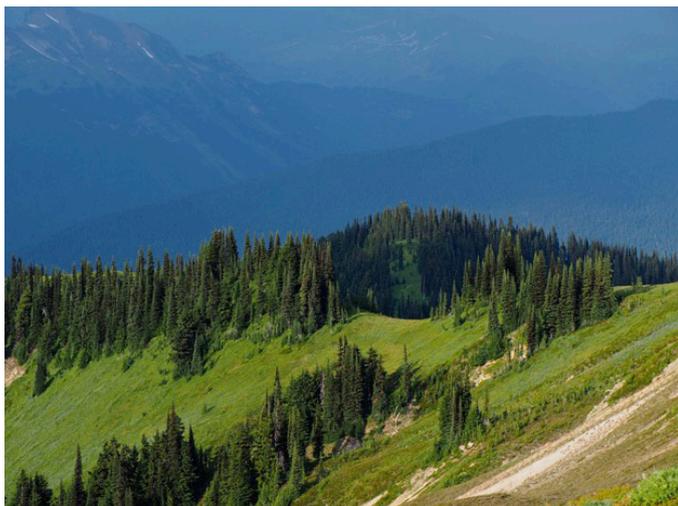
A Global Warning – Gary Brill

GLACIER PEAK WILDERNESS 8/4-8/6/2018



By the time I approached the first potential camp, where there was a snowpatch for water, the buildup seemed to be dissipating in all directions. Reassured, I decided to move my camp a few hundred feet higher onto a round-crested alpine ridge. The photography was very good; the area interesting with great views of very near Glacier Peak and some of the other greats of the Glacier Peak Wilderness area. And all around and in the valleys there was a perfect unbroken forest.

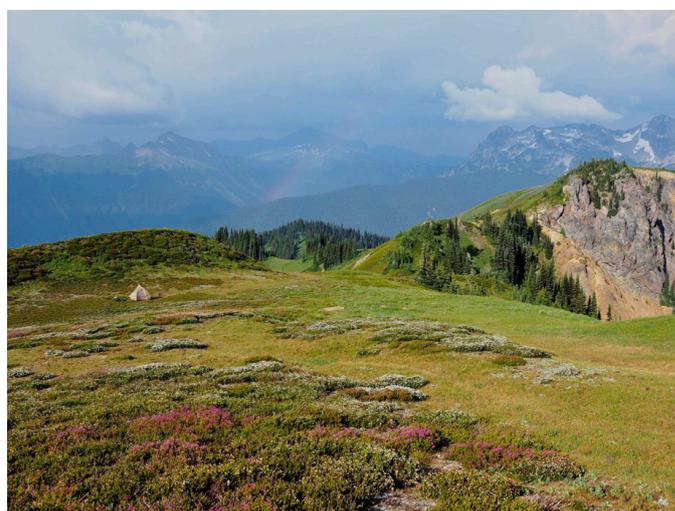
And so it went until nearly 6 pm when very dark clouds, and shortly, rain began to fall perhaps six miles to my east. This soon developed into a very active thunderstorm that grew in intensity with heavy rain becoming obvious.



My good fortune soon came to an end. Peaks just 4-5 miles to my east developed an ever darkening cloudcap of nimbostratus. And to my SE a rain shower rapidly formed at around 7:15pm, rapidly growing in coverage, as it filled the Suiattle River Valley.

This looked bad and I considered grabbing some clothing and a plastic garbage bag, and moving back off the ridgcrest to the pumice pocket. There really was nothing I could do about my tent position in the little time I had. This was happening fast.

I made a backpacking trip to a remote area of Glacier Peak Wilderness from August 4th to August 6th, following, at first good trails, then a seven-mile unmaintained trail to timberline. The trail in a few places was hard to locate, and I would imagine I had to climb over or negotiate around something like 200 downed trees. I went with a good forecast but there was the mention of a “slight chance of convection” the first day, meaning thunderstorms. I camped about ten miles in along a raging creek the first night, crossing the creek by straddling a log the next morning somewhat anxiously. A few miles beyond, I began my climb. In the early afternoon there was some sign of cumulus buildup but not really sign of the potential for thunderstorms as I broke out of the forest.



At one point it rained a few drops on me and forced me to deliberate. My position on the ridge was not right on the crest and in a slight depression; and the ground surface beneath heather, flowers, and grasses was pumice. I considered that pumice would not be effective at transmitting ground shock because of the amount of air between stones; and noticed by this time that the system would likely skirt around me on the northeast, as rain spread towards the west. Still, I was on the crest and a stray bolt was not out of the question. So I moved 200-300 feet off the crest into a pumice-filled depression where I sat, and some rain fell. In perhaps a bit less than an hour, as the system continued to slide by me, the rain stopped, and overhead there was blue sky. I moved up to my camp, feeling lucky with my fortunate circumstances.



chances of a direct hit were low. I noticed, though, that my teeth were uncomfortable during nearly this entire event (fillings). Then, at one point my calf began to cramp, my thigh also, and my knee hurt. The back of my neck was uncomfortable and then the teeth thing. A moment later a huge flash lit up the sky right overhead, and very near. My pains immediately dissappeared. It was obviously ground currents in response to static buildup.

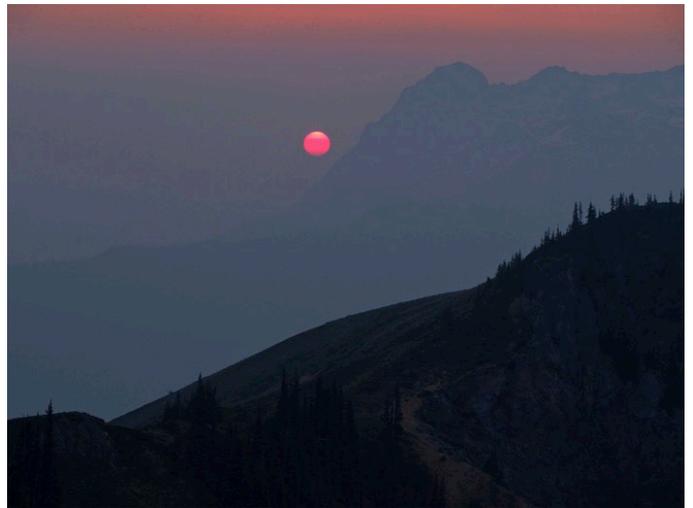
But, of course, nothing happened. I am writing this. The rain and lightning largely quit around ten, after three hours overhead and by midnight it was clear. I would guess it rained an inch and one-half. I anticipated a great sunrise. Then dawn came and there was very thick smoke obscuring all significant views; as the sun rose, a dark-red ball. But photographically, that was it. Just smoke and gray light.



Epilog: Along the Suiattle were two trail sections of magnificent old growth of one-half to one mile each. Douglas Firs in this area reached about ten feet in diameter and Red Cedars were nearly that; each perhaps 700 to 1000 years old. Colorful Vine Maples provided an accent; but the real photographic benefit came from the overcast of smoke above. The near mid-day sun shone through the overcast with a hint of red color, the light reflecting to provide saturation and vibrance to the trees when backlit.

I sure hope the Glacier Peak Wilderness doesn't burn along with everything else in this horrible summer of heat and destructive fires. Welcome to the world of global warming. It is likely already manifest in the Pacific Northwest.

Considering the pumice as something of a safety factor, I retreated to my tent with rain falling which rapidly picked up in intensity. Then lightning, of course; perhaps 4 miles away at first. In my tent, the rain began to pour down and a lightning storm moved directly overhead to perhaps one mile south of me. Most of the lightning was cloud to cloud, and huge, and long-lasting, reverberating rumbles roared and streaked across the clouds overhead. Perhaps six strikes likely hit Glacier Peak, but the rain and storm around sunset began to slow and diminish. For awhile. It then redeveloped directly overhead, but again with mostly cloud to cloud lightning; and the rain picked up again, to become heavy. The closest strike was about 2000' away, or two seconds for thunder after the flash. In my tent I was uncomfortable in my situation. What would happen, would happen, regardless. Still, I believed my



I had planned a layover on the ridge, and there was a small peak to climb, but it was smoky and everything was soaked; the grasses, the flowers, the bushes. I deliberated and realized that there was little point staying in smoke and decided to pack up and head out, knowing full well I would become soaked in the process. I hiked out all the way to the car, arriving about 45 minutes before sunset. My feet and shorts were very wet the entire way, although I rung my socks out twice.

So it is, or was. Still the country I saw was beautiful in the way the Glacier Peak Wilderness area is; with immense verdant flower meadows in an alpine or subalpine environment. High surrounding peaks still sported significant snow patches.

Photographs

ANITA ELDER - BAGLEY LAKE



Pink Monkeyflower



French grass of Panassus



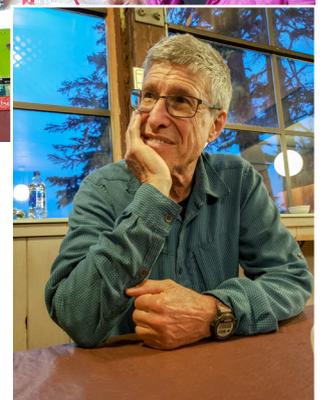
Bagley Lake garden



Elephant head lousewort



Gordie and some of the naturlist gang at Baker Lodge



Photographs (continued)

ANITA ELDER - DECEPTION PASS STATE PARK



Juvenile male brown-headed cowbird



Bee on dandelion

DONNA JEAN - BAKER LODGE WEEKEND



Cedar Waxwing



Lewis's monkey flower line the path to Bagley Lakes



Elephant head lousewort and friends

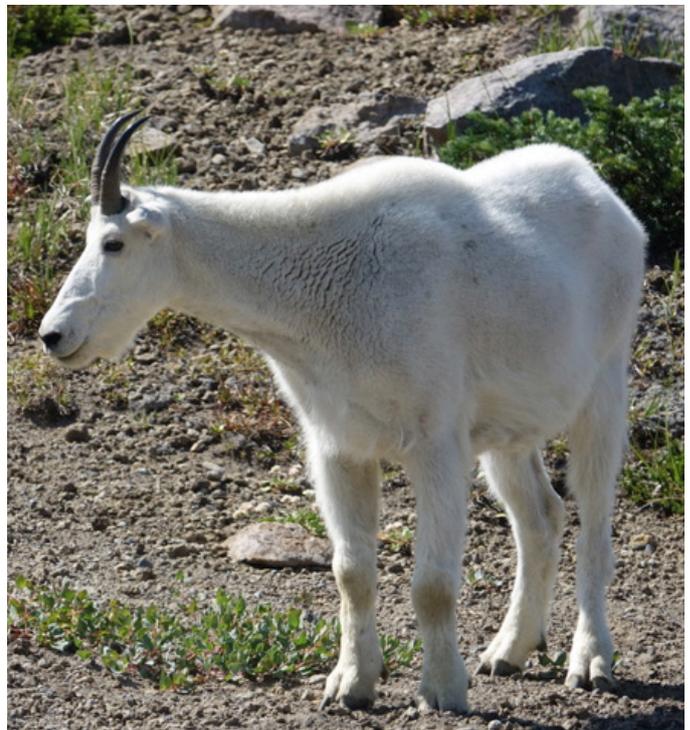
Photographs (continued)



Perhaps a fritillary butterfly-to-be



Beautiful red, white and grey rock formations



Rainier Mt. Goat – Donna Hahn



Busy bee in Cascade Aster



Chain Lakes Loop by Donna Jean

Seattle Naturalists Committee Officers and Subcommittee Chairs

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We welcome comments, ideas, information to share, original short articles, and photos. If you have information you'd like to have appear in the newsletter, please send it to Gordie (g.swartzman@gmail.com).