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REMEMBERING DON MACNEILL

At the 2005 Annual Meeting of the Lepidopterists' Society, held shortly after Don's death, the authors agreed to contribute personal remembrances of Don MacNeill, as a supplement to a more traditional biographical obituary (immediately following these remarks) outlining his contributions to California natural history and the study of Lepidoptera. We solicited contributions from others, with the hope that the resulting article would allow the readership of our society to know something of this generous, knowledgeable, and entertaining lepidopterist and friend. We have not unduly deleted overlap or duplication of experience, both to avoid diluting each contributor's remembrance, and as a means to accent aspects of Don's personality, such as the enjoyment he obviously derived from introducing friends, new to California, to the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada.

Charles Don MacNeill
1924-2005

Don MacNeill, an outstanding ecologist, noted hesperiid specialist, patient mentor, and really fine person, died of heart failure on July 28, 2005, at the age of 80. His extensive knowledge, thoughtful reasoning, and friendly nature will be missed by all of us who knew him.

Don was born in San Francisco—a several generation native Californian—and raised in Oakland. As a young boy his interest and dedication to biology was encouraged by Mel Johansen, who was the exhibits preparator at the Snow Museum, a quaint predecessor of the Oakland Museum, where MacNeill eventually spent most of his career. Don's passion was further fostered by Milford Lundgren, his junior high school biology teacher and ultimately long time friend and collaborating insect collector.

After one semester at the University of California, Davis, Don was drafted into World War II and served in the Air Corps as a radio operator and mechanic with a tow-target squadron, mostly in Hawaii. In March 1945 he married his high school girlfriend, Grace, and after discharge at the end of the war he returned to Davis to major in zoology and wildlife management. However, inspired by a basic course in entomology taught by R. M. Bohart, Don's emphasis abruptly shifted to insects; and he transferred to Berkeley, where the program was more varied (the Department of Entomology was shared by both campuses at that time). He completed a B.S. degree in 1950 and continued in the systematics program in graduate school at Berkeley, under the direction of E. G. Linsley. His thesis involved a biological and taxonomic study of skippers of the genus *Hesperia* in western North America. In addition to field work in the southwestern U.S., Don spent three months in 1952 traveling extensively in Mexico, accompanied by E. E. Gilbert; they collected insects in amber, the type series of *H. uncas gilberti*, and a great many other insects.

Twin daughters, Nora and Daren, were born in 1953 and daughter Linn in 1956. In 1957 MacNeill took a position as assistant curator at the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco and continued his thesis research and writing at home evenings, filing the dissertation in 1960. Throughout his tenure in graduate school, at the Academy, and later in his professional career, he served as a mentor to many others. He was

always generous with his time, sharing his knowledge and helping students pursue their interests in natural history. It is tempting to wonder if he missed his calling by not having filled an academic position, but he seemed to excel in a one-on-one role.

Unfortunately for Lepidoptera research but fortunately for a broad audience in natural history, the position at the Academy lacked permanency. So when plans for the new Oakland Museum included hiring curators to develop new concepts in exhibits and public education, Don accepted a position as Associate Curator in 1965, acting as an advisor and planner of the natural history exhibits. Later he became Senior Curator and director of research and planning—the conceptual architect of the museum's California ecology gallery. Rather than the traditional approach, showing large mammals and birds in an African or other exotic diorama, or exhibit cases with rows of butterflies, MacNeill perceived a transect of habitats across California, from seacoast and chaparral foothills through inland valleys and the high Sierra Nevada to the arid Great Basin east of the Sierra. His research and development spanned more than a decade, gradually expanding the exhibits long after the museum was open to the public. Each depicts the ecological relationships of varied organisms—plants, insects, herps, birds, mammals—and their interrelated roles. The exhibits in total form a naturalist's walk across California. Each is based on real places and dynamic events, for example, a decaying log and its inhabitants, the fire-based maintenance of a chaparral habitat, and an alpine lake near Mono Pass at 12,000 ft., the "luncheon meadow" where many of us were coaxed to accompany him during the search for *Hesperia miriamae*. First time visitors to the museum are perhaps puzzled by the lack of names and numbers for the organisms, but the overall effect is innovative, long-lasting, and worth revisiting many times.

Beyond his responsibilities at the Oakland museum, Don worked nights and weekends to complete a monographic treatment of Nearctic Hesperiidae, for which he is perhaps best known, published in *The Butterflies of North America*, edited by W. H. Howe. He made several trips to Mexico (Durango-Sinaloa, Nayarit, Jalisco, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon) and the Dominican Republic in search of skippers during the subsequent 20 years, and was a research fellow at the Australian National Collection, C.S.I.R.O., to conduct research on the biology of trapezetine Hesperiidae in 1981. He also was a published fern expert and made trips with Alan Smith in search of rare ones, many of which he cultivated. After retirement in 1989, MacNeill continued his research on skippers, especially *Polites* and *Hylephila*, and carried out field work in the southwestern U.S. and Chile. He used the California Academy as a base, renewing a long term attachment to the CAS collection, usually working there three days a week, despite an increasingly congested commute, until a few weeks before his death. His extensive private collection of Hesperiidae has been given to the CAS.

Don MacNeill joined The Lepidopterists' Society in the 1950s, presented a talk on behavior of hesperiids at the first annual meeting of the Pacific Slope Section in 1954, another in 1959 in Santa Barbara, and hosted the 7th Pacific Slope annual meeting at the CAS in 1960 and the 19th at Oakland Museum in 1972. He was a member-at-large of the Executive Council 1966-1969. Don was a member of many ecological and entomological societies and president of The Pacific Coast Entomological Society in 1966, as well as member and a director of advisory boards for various agencies dealing with land resources, the UC Botanical Garden, and so on. But he was not comfortable in large group situations, especially as a speaker, and rarely attended society meetings in his later years—and then only as an adjunct to field work. He attended a few during retirement, as recently as the Pacific Slope meeting in 2002.

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I met Don MacNeill in 1961 at the California Academy of Sciences where I had been hired as a temporary employee. My job was to transfer beetles from wooden boxes to the academy drawers. I found the pull of butterflies to be much greater than that of the beetles. So, I spent as much time with Don as I could. We formed a friendship that lasted forty-three years. When weather permitted we would spend our lunch time visiting the San Bruno Mountains, Twin Peaks, or some other interesting place. Don was always willing to be helpful in answering my questions. His willingness went as far as letting me car pool to work from his home. During those trips we had many discussions of butterflies, future collecting trips, and how we would solve the problems of the world. During this time I met his wife Grace, and his three daughters, as well as admiring his collection and laboratory that sat over the garage.

I will always remember the good times we had on the trips to the Mojave Desert and the long hikes to Mono Pass for *Hesperia miriamae*. It was during one of these trips that I met Don's junior high school teacher and long time friend Milford Lundgren.

When Don moved to the Oakland Museum in 1965, I lost contact with him and it was not until after he retired

in 1989 that we were able to renew our friendship. At that time he asked me if I would identify some Geometridae that were in the Oakland Museum collection. I felt honored for this opportunity to return some of the help he had given me and for the trust he had in me.

After Don returned to the Cal Academy I would visit him as much as possible. As usual, he was always willing to take the time to show me his current project, identify some little thing for me, or we would talk of our families, past trips, or of the problems in the world of Lepidoptera.

Richard M. Brown

At UC Berkeley, Don was in Entomology and I was in Zoology, but—as fellow skipper fanciers—we had learned of each other's existence and had made contact by the end of my first year of graduate school (June 1955). Sarah and I quickly became close friends with Don and Grace, baby-sitting for them on occasion, and getting progressively absorbed into their welcoming family. We spent many an evening at their home, where Don and I often talked skippers and perused specimens for hours—though not to the exclusion of discourse on many and various unrelated topics or the tangential viewing of, say, Peter Gunn (a 1950s detective show with a music score by Henry Mancini; Sarah and I lacked television). Don was informative, thoughtful, generous, outgoing, meticulous, patient, and unassuming—with a fine sense of humor, to boot. He took me on a number of field trips in the San Francisco Bay Area, as much to demonstrate local ecology as to observe some specific population of *Hesperia*.

In mid-September 1955, Don drove Sarah and me down the Central Valley, over Tehachapi Pass, and through the Mohave Desert to what struck us easterners as the inaptly named New York Mountains to look for specimens of what Don in 1964 would formally describe as *Hesperia pahaska martini*. For Sarah and me this trip was an introduction to the expansive desert, as well as to some small heat- and drought-resistant ferns growing in rock crevices, to ascalaphids (owlflies) coursing low over a pale dirt road at dusk, and then, by Coleman lantern, to Don's wonderfully sustaining glop of variable and uncertain composition. In the course of just two days, we collectively amassed 63 males and 63 females of the energized and hard-flying skipper—which fortunately would nectar at times on low, scattered flowers induced by late summer rains. This was the sort of sample of a barely known differentiate that Don relished for assessing variation. Although the vintage car that carried the three of us to the desert and back was none too fond of the heat, it did not seem to bother Don: he went hatless and often shirtless. His remarkably broad shoulders were well tanned.

Amassing the type series of *Hesperia miriamae* was quite another matter. This skipper was only known to occur above timber line in the Sierra Nevada. Don directed his field attention to the vicinity of Mono Pass—approached from the eastern side of the Sierras—in northwestern Inyo County. Sarah and I accompanied him to that locality in mid-August 1956. Reaching the hostile skipper habitat required a switchback climb of several hours from the nearest permissible campsite. As luck would have it, a tiring hike begun on a beautiful cloudless morning might culminate at midday in a gray view of an overcast study area. On days when the sun did shine at 12,000 ft. and skippers were about, they were hard to pursue across the loose talus. When a cloud came over the sun, the temperature instantly plunged, and insect activity ceased. But more memorable than this difficult collecting was the automobile trip to and from the eastern slope of the Sierras. The road taken went over Sonora Pass. That road, though paved, was extremely narrow and winding and, in its upper reaches, steep—so steep, in fact, that Don's old car (one of a few he dubbed "The Wheezer") could not go up it even in first gear. Accordingly, on either side of the Sierras, at that dizzying point at which his car no longer advanced, Don, with total aplomb, would simply turn it around on the narrow mountain road, stick his head out the window, look backward, and proceed to drive over the pass in reverse at a speed close to what it had been when he was facing forward.

Sarah and I spent July 1974 (with our three children, ages 7 to 13) at the Southwestern Research Station in southeastern Arizona, where Don joined us for several days. On one of those, I drove him and my family from the Chiricahua Mountains to the Pinaleno Mountains in our new Volvo station wagon, which managed to go up all but one dirt road on the top of Mount Graham in first gear. Don was so taken with this vehicle that he soon got one for himself—and he stuck with that make for the rest of his life. We stopped to collect at various points along the crest of the Pinalenos. Already, our kids were calling him Paul Bunyan. He, Laura (our oldest), and I discussed the world in many of its nonentomological aspects as the rest of the family slept during our late night return through the lonely desert to the Chiricahuas.

When Don stayed with us in northern Virginia for a few weeks in May and June 1987, we took him skippering to the top of the Appalachians, from which we were driven by a torrential afternoon thunderstorm. Don loved it, despite the abrupt curtailment of field

work. Another day, Don stepped onto the open porch of our home to be as close as dryly possible to an intense thunderstorm. His fascination was almost childlike. We also took him skippering to the Carolina coastal plain. Although collecting was mostly good, he disliked the humid heat. He was a native Californian.

This human being, friend, and colleague—and his knowledge of skippers, natural history, and western ecology—will be sorely missed.

John M. Burns

I first met Don, as a freshman at UC Berkeley, when Jerry Powell suggested that I visit the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park and introduce myself to Don in the Entomology department. Don was warm and gracious, and immediately put me at ease by offering me a cup of coffee and directing me to the saturniid cases. If I were to be a regular visitor I knew I would have to pay my dues. At first I was excited at the prospect: "We have some saturniids that need some work." With that inducement, Don pulled out a drawer and with a revealing grin showed me row after row of drab, little *Hylesia*, a Mexican genus of saturniid unknown to me and virtually ignored, for obvious reason, by collectors. I managed a weak imitation of enthusiasm, but listened carefully as Don showed me the techniques of genitalia dissection and preparation. Apparently I passed this test of commitment, but certainly didn't contribute much to *Hylesia* taxonomy.

I began making routine Saturday trips to the Cal Academy, where Don introduced me to other lepidopterists, such as Bill Tilden, and a young man named Paul Opler. Don and I quickly became friends, in spite of our age difference. I was drawn to his sense of humor, lurking beneath his quiet demeanor, which often prompted Don to laugh at human folly in himself or in others. Don was modest, not a forceful public speaker, and not a self-promoter. He was intolerant of pompous authority, especially in bureaucrats, but respected good science, good writing, and a quick mind in those around him. In private discussion of his work, he would become serious and carefully choose his words and expressions. He was fair and generous in his dealings with others, which stemmed from a deep commitment to individual and civil rights.

I was soon invited to his house in the El Cerrito hills, where I met Grace, his daughters Lindy, the twins Daren and Nora, the cat and rabbit (who played together!), and pet Pacific giant salamander (which I thought was especially cool). I would make a half-hearted attempt to play basketball with Don and the girls, using a hoop over his garage. I was more effective at helping with his daughter's math homework, often ignoring Don's admonition to not give them the answer, but make them work for it. The MacNeill family was a home away from home for this college student from Iowa.

Don was proud of his lab over the garage, which housed his skipper collection. He introduced the *Hesperia* species almost as personal friends, each with its distinctive life history and distribution. He showed me how important it was to lay out a series of specimens in a pattern that reflected their geographic distribution, and in this way try to make sense of variation in terms of populations and gene flow. Don encouraged my interest in genetics and evolution and urged me to take G. Ledyard Stebbins's course in these subjects. Himself a product of the 'New Evolutionary Synthesis' of genetics, ecology and systematics, Don passed on to me his enthusiasm for the writings of Dobzhansky and for this multidisciplinary school of thought in evolutionary biology. Don's thesis work in *Hesperia* (MacNeill 1964) reflects his broad view of systematics and his attention to detail and clear writing.

After Don moved from the Cal Academy to the Oakland Museum he immediately immersed himself in helping plan the transect display and would proudly show me its progress whenever I visited. There may still be on display in the foothill case a "calling" female *Hyalophora euryalus* he asked me to donate. Outside of his skipper work this project was probably his most important contribution, the product of an immense amount of work.

On field trips together in the 1970s Don would take time out to collect one of his favorite ferns, usually a species fond of growing out of rock outcrops reached only by a difficult climb. I have a photograph of Don, I believe on Little Grey Back peak in the Trinity Alps, swinging his rock hammer, shirtless and enduring nasty bites from tabanids, yet with a big grin as he extracted one of his prizes. Camping and field trips with Don were truly seminars, a chance for Don to share his detailed and personal knowledge of California natural history.

One of my most favorite memories of time with Don goes back to June 1966 when we drove down US 395 and he introduced me to the east side of the Sierra Nevada with its magnificent vistas of sagebrush-covered slopes and massive rock formations. Earlier Jerry Powell had shown me a *Hyalophora gloveri* from near Bishop; I had not known it occurred west of Utah. Given their tendency to hybridize, Don and I predicted we might find hybrids between *gloveri* and *euryalus* somewhere on the east slope. We first camped near Tom's Place and I took my first California *gloveri*, attracted to a bred

cecropia female I had tied out. The next night as we made camp along the Walker River Don suggested we collect dead branches of Mountain Mahogany (*Cercocarpus*), whose dense wood makes a wonderful campfire. After a meal of beef stew with noodles referred to by Don as glop, he made "twisties" from Bisquik wrapped around willow branches, baked over the fire, and filled with jelly. Just before dawn the next morning the *cecropia* female attracted *gloveri*-like males but with the long hind wing eyespots of *euryalus*. We had found the eastern boundary of a population of hybrids. This trip eventually led, with Don's help and encouragement, to my thesis work with the hybrid zone across Monitor Pass, and for that and much more I owe a debt of gratitude for Don's friendship, companionship, and guidance.

Michael M. Collins

Don MacNeill was one of my important mentors during high school and my undergraduate years, and became a good friend and colleague after that period, in the 1950s and early 1960s. For me to remember specifics from that time is in the spirit of William Henry Hudson's remembrances of the Argentinean pampas in his book "Far Away and Long Ago."

Don was always ready to listen to young people with an interest in biology or entomology. I remember that about the only correspondence I had with Don was while I was in high school. I forget what the letter was about, but Don did return my letter with a complete reply. These letters are now in the historical archives of the California Academy of Sciences.

I think our first field venture was to Plantation in Sonoma County where Don was trying to discover the larval host of the population of *Pyrgus ruralis* that occurred there. I don't recall all of the participants but I think John Burns was also along on that trip. There was a lot of discussion as there always was with Don present. Don did a lot of his thinking out loud about potential hosts and how one could (maybe) discover a species host plant by following females in the field.

In 1957, after finding two sympatric and synchronic entities in the *Plebejus acmon* complex in Kern County, California, Don showed me how to dissect and study male genitalia of this group as I was preparing to give my first formal presentation to the Pacific Slope section of the Lepidopterists' Society in Santa Barbara at the end of the summer. (I'm still studying them and there has been no up-to-date revision of the group!)

The major trips that I remember with Don were 3-4 day expeditions in 1959 and 1960 to Mono Pass to search for anything that might be discovered about the life stages of *Hesperia miriamae* MacNeill, described in honor of his mother. Accompanied by the late Herman Real on both trips, we drove over Sonora Pass, drove south on U.S. 395 and camped at Tom's Place at the base of Rock Creek Canyon. Then, for two days, we would arise, cook breakfast, make our bag lunches, and drive to the end of the road, and park at 10,000 ft. We hiked the few miles and 3000 foot increase in altitude to Mono Pass where we searched, usually in vain, for the fabled *Hesperia*. In the process, I learned a lot about California alpine Lepidoptera—a small but distinctive lot. To this very day, the east side of the Sierra is one of my favorite places on Earth and one of the most intriguing.

In subsequent years, Don was always ready to give advice or make suggestions. My thoughts about butterfly behavior now center on Don's view of male mate-locating behavior. If one wishes to read some of the best writings on butterfly variation, behavior, and natural history, there is nothing better than to curl up on the couch and read his doctoral dissertation on the systematics of the genus *Hesperia*. It amazes me how precisely Don was able to express his findings. I also understand it was an experience not to be forgotten to have Don edit one's writings [Yes!—MMC].

Don is one of the finest people I'll have the pleasure of having known during my all-too-brief term on the planet.

Paul A. Opler

I first met Don MacNeill in September 1954, prior to my senior year at Berkeley, when I returned to campus early in order to attend the first meeting of the Pacific Slope Section of the Lepidopterists' Society, in San Francisco. There a lifelong association with several lepidopterists began, and I learned that Don would be the Teaching Assistant in R. L. Usinger's Systematic Entomology class that fall. The lab dealt with methods and literature, and Don was the instructor. We were shown a bunch of specimens and asked to select one for some exercises, so naturally I selected the largest one, figuring it would be the easiest to identify, which pretty much had been the extent of my experience in taxonomy. I picked a tarantula hawk; I imagine Don just smiled. The following weeks, when we students had to locate the original description, the location of the type specimen, citations for the synonyms, who proposed the synonymies and when and so on, I absorbed my first lesson from Don—trophy insects were described a long time ago, usually in obscure, difficult to locate literature, and often have nomenclatural problems. Later we wrote diagnoses, descriptions, keys to a small group of species

of our choice, and somehow my choice was skippers, *Pholisora*. It was the first time I had looked at Lepidoptera under a scope and tried to locate differentiating characters. In the margins of the exercises Don began to bring me up to speed, writing comments such as "did you look at x, y, or z structures?" or "these two couplets do not compare the same characters."

In the spring of my senior year I worked part time in the museum and sometimes lunched with Don and other graduate students, where I heard tales of futile search for ancient types, responses from butterfly collectors in the east or Colorado who would not loan specimens to Californians for fear of earthquakes, or other lame excuses, and hurdles posed by inactive self-appointed specialists. A picture of my future research direction gradually came into focus—steer clear of macroleps, especially butterflies. During my first year or two in graduate school, Don was making weekly or bi-weekly trips to Marin County for *Hesperia* life history studies. I tagged along, and we rode the ferry across the bay, which involved coffee upstairs and discussions of biogeography, whether territoriality is a concept applicable to butterflies, and other questions that came to mind. Most memorable, however, are images of Don in his Air Force fatigue jacket crouching in cold, blowing fog checking the status of eggs of *H. lindseyi* laid on lichens on fence posts, and searching on hands and knees for eggs and larvae of *Pyrgus scriptura* on alkali mallow in the Sacramento Valley in November, when it was finger-numbing 40º and dripping wet from the tule fogs. I realized that life history studies do not just happen while you are cavorting in sunny meadows in the spring. His dedication to documenting the behavior and early stages was never more evident than in 1957 when one day we climbed Sonora Peak, 11,500 ft. and each of the next five days hiked from 9,700 ft. to Mono Pass above 12,000 ft., in search of the elusive female of *H. meriamae*, from whom he wanted to obtain eggs. At Mono Pass, the diurnal moths *Orenaia macneilli* and the remarkable *Epiblema macneilli*, which most closely resembles a Siberian species, were among the many discoveries he made in subsequent years.

By 1961 we had our respective positions in San Francisco and Berkeley, our futures seemed intertwined, and Don conceived the idea of making a series of weekly trips to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, gradually working our way upward as the season progressed, simply because collectors routinely drove past lower elevation places on their way to the high Sierra. We began in April, and on our first visit I collected larvae of *Ethmia plagiobothrae*, a widespread moth nobody had seen until the first adult emerged the following February. We visited sites as available, rather than because other collectors had, and a strategy of selecting areas to work based on geographic and seasonal gaps in the record was adopted as the approach for the California Insect Survey during the subsequent 20 years. In 1972 we made a memorable expedition to the Sierra Madre Occidental in Sinaloa and Durango with Don Veirs and collected *Carollella macneilli*, in addition to successful pursuits with our own interests. But after Don took the position at the Oakland Museum, we spent less time together. He was generous with his time when contacted, but in retrospect, I believe he relied upon others' initiative for social and professional contact. As our commitments broadened, the frequency of my calls waned. I do not recall him ever visiting the Essig Museum of his own accord, before or after retirement. I imagine him now in the Big Museum in the Sky, smiling tolerantly at our musings about his life.

I doubt that Don was aware of his lasting influence on me during those early years—moderation of initial impulses, reasoned discussion of ideas, a dedication to integrating behavior and biology with classical systematics, persistence and patience (though some might argue the last failed to take), but also, inadvertently, not endless patience because the puzzle is never completed in biology, so there is a need to recognize when a project should be closed.

Jerry A. Powell

I met Don MacNeill at the August 1991 Lepidopterists' Society meeting in Tucson, Arizona. We talked for about thirty minutes and had a good exchange of interests which led him to invite me to visit him at the California Academy of Science in San Francisco. I accepted and spent several hours there on December 3, 1991, and discussed possible field trips during the next season.

During the next years we went on many collecting trips. Our first was to Del Norte County, California, and Jackson County, Oregon, from June 16 through 19, 1992.

The high point of this trip was finding *Polites mardon* at both locations. During this first trip we discovered not only a shared interest in skippers and field trips, but also that we both enjoyed tasting a little red wine each evening. In fact, these interests inspired him to say we were compatible traveling companions.

I never got to know much about his personal life and very little about details of his life history. His comment to me during the first trip or so was "I really don't care for small talk." That comment cut out most of our

conversations to the extent we would travel many miles without saying anything other than "where do you want to eat?" or "we better have a rest stop."

We attended the Pacific Slope meeting in July 2002 at Camp Keep, Tulare County, California. After the meeting we drove to Big Pine, California, and on to the Bristlecone Pine Forest in the White Mountains. We parked at the base of the 11,543 ft. Campito Peak. Don wanted to hike to the top to look for *Hesperia miriamae*, but it was apparent after a short steep walk that he couldn't go any higher. I decided to go on alone to the top. I saw small brown skippers there but they were all *Hesperia comma* and *Polites sabuleti*.

Don, then seventy-seven years old, decided he wanted to come back the next day, after he was acclimated to the high elevation, to hike up Sheep Peak, not far from Campito, but higher (12,497 ft.). Sheep Peak turned out to be a long, steep, one mile walk from the road. The last quarter mile or so was very steep. Don was determined to go to the summit, so he would stop every few minutes and take a pill. I asked about the pills and he said they were nitroglycerin for his heart and he was afraid he was going to run out before we got to the top. Of course I was horrified because if he passed out I would never get him back to the car. Being a tough old bird he made it. This was all in vain since there were no *miriamae*.

The last trip was in October 2004 to southeast Arizona to look for *Adopaeoides prittwitzi*. This is a small skipper, rarely found near the Mexican border in wet areas. Unfortunately we found none due to extremely arid conditions at the time.

All our trips were mainly in search of the various species and subspecies of *Polites* and *Hesperia*. Don was collecting information to determine which species and subspecies deposited eggs by sticking them on food plants or by dropping them on the ground around or near the food plant. He would collect live females (he called them his ladies), put them in vented jars with food plants and observe which method they used for depositing their eggs. We made at least twenty trips which covered many parts of California, Nevada, Utah, Oregon and Arizona. Each trip lasted four to ten days. We attended Pacific Slope meetings in July 1996 at Ephraim, Utah, and in July 2002 at Camp Keep, Tulare County, California.

John Vernon

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TAXA OF HESPERIIDAE DESCRIBED BY C. D. MACNEILL:

Hesperia miriamae MacNeill, 1959
Hesperia pahaska martini MacNeill, 1964
Hesperia uncas gilberti MacNeill, 1964
Hesperia uncas macswaini MacNeill, 1964
Cogia hippalus peninsularis L. Miller and C. D. MacNeill, 1969
Polites sabulatis margaretae L. Miller and C. D. MacNeill, 1969
Pholisora gracielae MacNeill, 1970
Nivis Herrera, MacNeill, and Atria, 1991 (subgenus of *Butleria*)
Marthae Herrera, MacNeill, and Atria, 1991 (subgenus of *Butleria*)
Polites norae MacNeill, 1993
Hylephila adriennae MacNeill & Herrera, 1999
Hylephila lamasi MacNeill & Herrera, 1999
Hylephila kenhaywardi MacNeill, 1999 [new name for *H. haywardi* (Ureta), a homonym]

Hylephila blancasi MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila herrerai MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila pseudoherrerai MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila pallisteri MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila rossi MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila shapiroi MacNeill, 2002
Hylephila tentativa MacNeill, 2002

PATRONYMS

Orthoptera
Neduba macneilli Rentz and Birchim, 1968 (Tettigoniidae)
Coleoptera
Oropus macneilli Schuster and Grigarick, 1960 (Staphylinidae)
Diptera
Telmatoscopus macneilli Quate, 1955 (Psychodidae)
Agathomyia macneilli Kessel, 1961 (Platypezidae)
Hymenoptera
Pseudomasaris macneilli Bohart, 1963 (Vespidae)
Lepidoptera
Ethmia macneilli Powell, 1973 (Ethmiidae)
Orenaia macneilli Munroe, 1974 (Crambidae)
Epiblema macneilli Powell, 1975 (Tortricidae)
Carolella macneilli Razowski, 1986 (Tortricidae)
Poanes macneilli Burns, 1992 (Hesperiidae)
Schinia macneilli Hardwick, 1996 (Noctuidae)
Hesperia lindseyi macneilli Emmel, Emmel, and Matoon, 1998 (Hesperiidae)

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