

I had my leggings on too so that perhaps helped I only found two on me. A couple of weeks later they were really going strong causing me to think that we hit the first of them somehow.

I picked up the flicker, song sparrow, sparrow hawk, some great huge hawk quite a ways away, magpie, some juncos & could hear and not see, the black-capped chickadee, robin, that singing finch (which I wildly imagines might be the Cassin Purple Finch or something), Clark's Crow, and 4 nice ruleys.

I guess our song sparrow here is *M. m. fallax*, isn't it? Anyway, that's what I figure. The mule deer were rather reluctant to move away and stood very still until I started whistling the beginning of Beethoven's Fifth. We had the wind, though, and I'm sure that made the difference. At the time we had we only got about half-way up the mountain - and from the airport here you can see that what we thought was a rather distinct mountain is really a high ridge about ten miles long - peak - then another ten a fifteen miles of additional ridge. This airport but here in the flat really gives you a sight or two. And now!