

7-28-44

Friday afternoon and a beautiful hot, mid-summer day. The insects are humming in the still air and the branches hang heavy on the trees. Mom and I are driving to Cannon Beach. We stopped at a shady spot on upper Galia Creek to eat lunch. While we sat and shortly thereafter we see these birds -

- Progne subis subis
- Penthestes atricapillus occidentalis
- Empidonax thalassini
- Dryobates pubescens gairdneri
- Melospiza melodia morphna
- Junco oreganus oreganus
- Megascops alcyon calurus

The day is very hot and very little shadow and bug looks completely marvelous. It's wonderful. As we top one rise in the burn area I thought I saw a Pileated Woodpecker and stopped the car. No luck. Couldn't catch him - might easily be mistaken.

After reaching the first Necanicum Creek bridge we can see the low stratus hanging over the beach mountains - that first ridge of the Coast Range.

When we had purchased some meat and pastries I decided it was time I changed clothes in a look, etc. Went right down the gravel road and using the two shortcuts made my way past the water cottage by the dam to the trail toward the point. The lack of travel along the trail is very evident because the rank growth of dewberry and salal has almost reclaimed the path. My face stung from brushing the branches of the Sitka Spruces growing there in one tight group. Making my way out I soon gained the summit and then more slowly headed toward the point outcreek. At this place, where I never just see anything of the beaches between Chapman Point, to which I stood and Cedar Point on the north I stopped and carefully surveyed the beach area. Due to a very slight fog condition the farther beaches were hazed out and indistinct. But by one jutting rock some 500 yards away I saw a large apparently animate object which looked strikingly like a large dog. By its side was a crow which by comparison seemed quite tiny. After hopping off to be an eagle I used the glasses and sure enough it was old Baldy. In being head on toward me and head down it gave a very doggy appearance. It was working and pecking at something which it seemed to stand on. It either didn't see me or didn't care, when I stood up and walked the remaining hundred feet to the point because it didn't move. The crow was careful not to come much closer than about six feet from the eagle. Later, after I watched the gulls, Baldy flew away unnoticed. He was still conspicuous by size alone as he perched on a branch of spruce a little way up the hill. He had perhaps flown 150 feet to get there. The crow worried the interesting object for a few minutes and left. Once he had a back ground of spruce I could no longer see him. The misty fog didn't help of course but I still lost him even in the glasses and couldn't tell where he flew to. Rather stable air soon then no breeze at all and of course the stratus deck still held 10/10 overhead.