

About this time I saw a small Warbler which might easily have been an immature Wilson from his uniform olivaceous color but he flushed so unexpectedly I had scant chance to more than guess. Upon reaching the outer point I set about marking down the evident species. First of all and directly below me were three Pigeon Guillemots.

Thryothorus columba

Then I saw a small bird swiftly flying beyond the outer rock. This was my Murre. After some careful watching and the consequent viewing of several more in flight I have decided there must be a nesting site on the sea-side of the outer rock at Chapman and Green Points. Very careful searching of the shore-side of the rocks disclosed no Murres at all but I doubt that they aren't summer residents. My attention was next drawn to a familiar black-bodied and black-winged cown huttling around at great speed and tremendous effort only to circle 180 degrees and come barrelling back to his starting point. He was the Trusty Puffin - a complete character with his yellow face tassels flying in the wind. I believe I saw four of them altogether whenever they alighted they at once became nearly invisible against the rough turf and brown rock. They soon moved out of sight to me.

Uria aalge californica

Lunda cirrhata

Larus occidentalis

Phalacrocorax auritus auritus

Fulmarus glacialis

Again I was lucky enough to see some Shearwaters which I trusted were likely Sooties as they were a great distance off shore and not easily identified closely. The two I saw this morning were widely separated yet by several minutes at least. Those I saw I saw yesterday but these too were sailing north. I saw none headed south. Of course you remember the trip of 1941 on the 26th of September when we saw thousands of birds and you noted the spectacular change of direction about 1400 when they all headed south. I failed to notice any similar action this day.

I was greatly disappointed to find no Oyster-catchers or wandering Tattlers in the Chapman Point vicinity. I did see one shore bird which showered itself very briefly to me. I only saw that its shape was roughly that of the Tattler and its flight pattern consisted of only a uniform gray with one dusty white stripe in mid-wing. Perhaps (a wild guess) it was an Aleutian Sandpiper. It was of the size but I doubt only doubt such a record. Since I found another immurel shovelled later on it is perhaps possible after all.

Crosses coral sinuatus

Could see these babies as they flew past. From their looks and quietness I am sure they were the big fellows. Made my way down the cliff wall on the slightly precipitous path scratched there. My flat soled boots were small help on that grade. I was rather worried about doing a straight schuss on my fanny. The sun was indeed beautiful. Quite heavy, it made a wonderful show as it crashed up on the rocks and swirled quite a ways down on the wet, hard packed sand. Well, I just followed my nose down the beach seeing what I could see. That a great time back tracking three deer who had very obviously been enjoying themselves as they played by the waves. I would wish I could have watched them as they made those demure tracks.