A hundred yards beyond the point at which I saw the eagle the day before I caught up two more Ravens and then stopped. Here came my regal eagle, wings fully spread, gliding down impressively toward where I stood. He passes perhaps 50 feet high to my right and alighted in a small spruce a couple of hundred feet away. All his motions spoke of deliberation and practised ease. He was adult but in poor plumage - all his whites were soiled and his flight feathers were quite frayed. Still okay, though.

Haliaeetus leucocephalus leucocephalus
Heteroscelus incanus
Corvus brachyrhynchos hesperis

It was immediately after the eagle that I was surprised by the Tattler. I had gotten about as far as I could along the shore when I heard his cry of alarm and away he went. He no sooner flown than the other one took flight and followed. I then went straight up the hill till I hit the trail and soon gained the ridge. Cousins go out on the point because a guard was posted there. Up here I was again amazed at the great activity of the Wilson, rather, the Orange-crowned Warblers in the spruces and low bush - mostly salmonberry - growing in the lee of the point along the crest. It was here that I again heard the kinglets I never saw though I saw the wren, the hummingbird, chickadees, and a kingfisher. I am sure of the flycatcher.

Sayornis nigricans
Megaceryle alcyon caurina
Rhoyondrus beicheii chloropharus
Tachycineta mesoleuca

I then began dropping down the hillside toward the beach just north of the point. I then saw three dark ducks in the water beneath the next point north. I took them for Scoters and the glass said White-winged Scoters. I later saw others but still the same species. Hearing a great clamoring to the right I finally saw three oyster-catchers above the scoters. They were becoming excited about something (likely me) and worked themselves up so much after yelling back and forth to each other they finally flew. They can make a terrific racket when they want to. After that I walked down southwest intending to cross under the point where the guard was. I pick about made it and was threading my way among the rocks there when the Black Turnstones startled me. Bless him - happy lad. And some enough right in their midst and more excited of all was a single Ruddy Turnstone. I'm not positive but I think the one I saw later on was a different bird. So anyway I paused to shove of them after they moved to the water's edge. Then they disagreed because some stayed there and some left with the Ruddy who was considerably shyer. When I reached my western limit on a small spit of sand collected behind a jagged northern rock I was quite close to a rock used by several Guillemots. I saw 9 of them in all. They were not shy and sat there uttering their singular cry and showing their beautiful red mouths. There were a couple of distrustful White-winged Scoters a hundred yards away - they soon sneaked out of sight. Aside from the Tattlers there were no birds evident in the area south of there where the swells are broken so nicely by outer reefs. This seemed strange to me because that area has always attracted the interesting seabirds while the gulls and cormorants held sway in the outer point section. I worked several hundred feet south and saw only a pair of Violet-green Swallows feeding a young bird as he perched on an outthrust rock 50 feet overhead.

Also: I'm quite sure of the Golden-crowned Kinglet if not also the Ruby-crown. It was unfortunate I could never see them.