

Transcription note. These pages are written more like a letter to someone than diary entries as they mention things sent, but to make them easier to use as a look up I have adopted the diary format used for other documents. It looks to be written over about a month as it notes "today" as Jun 25 and August 27 near the start and end. The final page seems like some afterthoughts as it is out of date sequence. The section where there is a page that seem to be missing is noted

1912

I am continuing my notes now, (Tues. June 25.), but haven't my notebook in the office, only a few very rough scrappy notes in a small diary I carry, so a lot will be from memory, but I will go through them after & make any corrections etc. if necessary. (The King & Queen have just gone past here on their way to the royal yacht in the Queen's Dock. It's a lovely day, thunder & lightning, & raining like the dickens.)

Saturday May 25.	5 am went up to the Park. Geoff wanted to have another go at the Pits It was a much better morning, but the results aren't up to much, as the place is rather shady couldn't get a photo of more than 2 at the nest together. In the afternoon Bert & I cycled down to Porthcawl. We had a pretty lively time, Bert got a puncture at Ely, and we were about an hour finding and mending that, and then it was going down about every 7/8 miles or so. however, we got one of Hancock's motor vans to tow us from Cowbridge to Bridgend, which save a lot of fag, as we had all the cameras etc. on the bikes. We arrived at Porthcawl just before 6 pm., and went to the station to get the tent. I had packed the tent, the hiding tents, blankets, cooking things, wire for elec. release, everything else unbreakable that I could into a parcel & sent them down by passenger train yesterday (Friday). It was a very nice little package, weighed just under 50 lbs. Well, the first thing when we got to Porthcawl was to go to the station to see that it was there. The porter in the parcel office calmly informed us that there was nothing there, and that nothing had been delivered to Mr. Duck that day. (I addressed it to P'cawl station to be called for, but c/o Fred Duck in case it went astray). However, when we had cooled down a bit, we went along to Duck's shop, and there it was in his shop alright. Those railway chaps are _____ fools. Next thing to do was to get provisions. we went round and got the stuff, it was very funny, everyone wanted to send it for us, but we told them it didn't matter as we would take it with us. Would have been rather funny if we have said "Oh, alright, send it out, address : Somewhere between Sker & the Pyle Brook. (sorry - Kenfig river according to the Ordnance map.) We got a dozen eggs, one of which I immediately smashed, so borrowed a teacup from Mrs. Duck to put it in, tied a bit of paper round the top & took it out that way. well, we got everything, and started off. we had all the cameras on the bikes already, then there was the grub, in two big frails, which Bert took, and I hoisted the tent parcel on top of my bike, and we wheeled them along to a quiet spot out of the traffic, and commenced operations. The tent parcel was rather bulky, as the stuff was big for the weight, blankets etc. It was about 4 ft. x 2 ft. like this with the tent & hiding tent poles tied across, & projecting about 6/7 inches each end. So we tied the ends of the sticks on to the bike frame under & at the back of the saddle, and then the fun commenced when we tried to get on & ride. we found we couldn't ride at all, so we walked out, pushing the two bikes with the tent as it was, as far as Sker Point. We didn't start until nearly 7 pm. and it was now, about 8.40. Then I
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thought of a better dodge. I took my big bag of my handlebars, and Bert slung it over his back, and then I strapped the tent etc. on to my handlebars & we cycled along the sands.

By this time it was after 9 pm. and getting dark, & when we got along the sands some way it was dark. We saw about ¼ mile ahead what we thought was the brook, so we turned into the sandhills, as we thought that was near enough to the gullery, and pretty central for other things. Well, we shoved our bikes across the soft sand up into one of those entrances, and started to look for a spot to pitch the tent. We found a very nice little place, well sheltered, but not right low down so settled on that. we then got the bikes over to it, and got the tent out. It didn't take us long to get it up, there was a good moon, and we had ½ doz. candles going, all round the place, tied on to sticks stuck in the ground. This was now after 10 o'clock.

When we got the tent all square, and the things inside, we thought we would take a stroll over to the brook, and get some water ready for the morning. So we got the tin, (I took my mess tin down to do them! cooking in), and started out. Well, we walked and walked, it seemed miles, over the sandhills, before we came to that big open space by the brook. we found we had mistaken a wet patch of sand for the brook in the dark, and we had pitched our tent quite a mile from the blessed stream. We filled the tin, and started back. Thinking it would be nearer to go out on to the beach, we went out there, and walked more miles and miles, until we thought we were getting nearly to Sker, and were thinking we had come a long way too far, when we struck our bike tracks. One thing I forgot, when we were going over the sandhills from the stream to the beach, we got into the valley where we found the Oyster Catcher's nest on the 12th., So Bert got out his pocket elec. lamp, and we looked to see if it was there. But it was robbed, and the ringed Plover we found was hatched, we found the shells close by the nest. be walking across with the lamp shining on the ground we saw some H.P's tracks & following them with the lamp, came to the nest, containing 3 eggs

This was just about midnight. when we got back to camp I opened the tin to see how much water had been spilt, and found there was about ½" left in the bottom of the tin, and that full of sand. walking about looking for that nest I had been tilting the tin up every time. I stooped down, with the result that almost all the water had run out.

Then we started to get tea, had sardines bread & Butter jam, with the remains of several squashed pastries, & we diluted the water with some lemonade, and drank that, finishing at 12.40.am. Sunday.

Then we rolled up in our Blankets, and went to the land of dreams. I don't know whether it was the sardines or what, but Bert Woke up about 4.0.am.saying he was cold, and he says, when he asked me if there were any more rugs, that I told him there were six more blankets, and that I had packed them in a frail, they were in the corner of the tent. I have a distinct recollection of him asking for more rugs, but where I got the idea of "6 more in a frail" from I don't know. Say Maybe turned out at 5 am., and after squaring things up a bit, took the mess tin, and two hiding tents, and walked across to the Gallery.

We could see now where we had gone wrong last night, and we were really almost a mile from the brook, along the beach.

	We left the tin by the brook, crossed over, and went into the gully. There were many Lapwings there, and first of all only three gulls, but eventually we saw seven flying round. we walked all over the place, but excepting those found on the 12th. we could not find a nest at all. Those two nests found on the 12th. were exactly the same they were then, the one egg had not been touched since, I should say, as it was all faded on the upper side. we had gone over the place very carefully, and could almost say that we had examined every patch of willow, and had only found another sort of beginning of a nest, like the other found on the 12th. However, remembering last year, how difficult these nests are to find, we started to search again, and after about 10 minutes Bert found a nest with eggs. Very conspicuous when you knew where it was, but, to show how difficult they are to pick out, it was within 10 ft. of the aforesaid dummy nest which both Bert & I had been to separately and together. so we put up the hiding tent there right away, about 8 ft. from the nest. We ran some fine wire round it, and covered it all over with that dead marram grass. There is a tremendous lot of it in the gully, and this is really why the nests are so hard to find, as they are built entirely of it, and you don't notice them amongst the piles of it there are about. I found another Lapwing's nest, 3 eggs.
Sunday May 26. (contd)	We then left the gully, to give the bird a chance to get back, and went back to camp to get breakfast ready for ourselves & Geoff when he came down. He couldn't get down on Sat. as he had something on in the evening, so came down to Port Talbot by the 5.55 am. train, and was going to cycle & walk over the sandhills. He arrived just as we got breakfast ready, about 8.0'clock, and we started off at 8.30. Geoff found a Ringed Plover's nest almost immediately, and fixed up his stereo camera to try to get the bird. Bert & I went over into the gully, and as the bird was back sitting alright, we moved the tent up to about 5 ft. from the nest. I had also taken Geoff's Reflex over with me as he didn't want it then, to try to get some snaps of the gulls flying. I took 6,10" lens, f8,1/900th. sec. but they were all no good, every one moved. whether it was all the birds fault, or not, I can't say, probably it was a good deal mine, pressing the handle with too much of a jerk. It's an awful job following a fast flying bird with a reflex, when they are close to and turning quickly, especially when you are not used to it. Then we cleared out, and went on to the beach to look for Oyster Catcher's nests. I found two, one with 2 & other with 3, and Bert found another with 2 eggs. Geoff had no luck with the Ringed Plover, she wouldn't come back, so about 12 o'clock, he & I went over to the gully, & he went into the tent & I went off. I had a good look round the district to see if I could see anything of the Merlin, but couldn't find any trace at all. Then I got a basket, and went down to the beach, putting my camera (hidden in the basket), up by one of the Oyster Catchers nests I found, (the one with 3 eggs.) This was now about 3 pm. and I waited for her for about an hour & half, but she wouldn't come back, so I left it, and went off prospecting again. Found another Ringed Plover's, 3 eggs. There were a few Terns about, but they seemed to be only looking out for nesting places, as they would fly up from the water, and after a lot of hovering about over the shingle, would alight and walk about a lot and I saw a couple of

	them scraping out places in the sand. I went down afterwards, and searched round, but could find no eggs at all. My old Catcher had not been back up to 5 pm.so I left the camera there, and went inland, but couldn't see any sign of the Merlins. Saw a few young Lapwings. Got back to camp about 6 pm. Bert had just arrived. he had found 2/3 hinged Plovers nests on the beach with 1 & 2 eggs, and one right in the middle of the sandhills on a patch on stones about 10 ft. square, with 4 eggs. Geoff turned up in about 10 minutes, he had got 15 or 18 of the Gulls, I forget exactly how many, some of both the male & female sitting, walking up etc., but they were not alighting by the nest that day, always alighted some distance off and walked up. Coming back, he had walked round a bit, and had covered the Merlin's "alter of sacrifice", a big stump in the sandhills. so we knew they were about alright, but it was funny we had not seen anything of them at all yet. He had had a look along the beach as he came, and said that my Catcher was sitting, but it was now too late to do anything, of course, as it was 6.30 pm. I had set the shutter at 1/50th.at f16. So I let it rip. After tea, we got the other two hiding tents and stuck them up at the Ringed Plover's Bert had found in the sandhills, and shifted my camera from the O.C's on the beach, and put a bent there instead, ready for a start first thing in the morning, Oh, before we did that we cut a great pile of grass to make our bed with, and put it in the tent, tidied everything up, and put everything ready for night. we took the tin with us a got water from the brook for the morning, and when we got back to camp it was about 9.30 p.m. We turned in almost immediately, and were soon off to sleep, I can assure you. Only saw one person beside ourselves to-day, a chap collecting wood etc. on the beach one other side of the brook.
Whit Monday, May 27.	Turned out just before 5 am. and had breakfast.We used to collect mod the night before to be all ready to start right away in the morning, and cover it over to keep it dry, is Get a fire started first thing, then I used to fry the eggs & bacon, (they went well down there) and put the water on to boil for the so tea. we started off about 7.30.an. we put Bert in the tent at the O.C's nest,& Geoff went over with me to the gullery & put me in the tent there. and he went back to try the Ringed Plover. I photo'd the O.C's nest on the way out I will leave the others now, a tell you what I did. The Gulls came back immediately, and the female went on first, she alit about 3 ft behind the nest and walked on. She took no notice of the click of the shutter, but would go off for any slight movement in the tent sometimes when I was changing the slide. The last time she alighted at the nest, so after I had taken that one, sitting I think, I changed plates, and set the shutter to 1/300th. at f8, I got the next one alighting alright, but after that they only alit twice at the nest, as it came on to blow very hard, and they used to alight on the bare ground behind the nest, and walk on. However, I got three, and they are quite still, no movement, though on is a little behind the nest, and slightly out of focus. They alight beautifully, and hold their wings up almost still for slightly longer than the Terns do, probably they are practically still for it down, for 1/5th of a second As I said, it came on to blow very hard, and it suddenly blew all the stuff, grass & bits of wood to weigh it down, off ?? alight about 3 ft. from the first one and run up to it screening like. mad, with its head down close to the ground, and I managed to get a snap of this also, though of course they are rather small, and not focussed very well as it was all such a rush.

Well, I had now taken altogether 29 photos of the Gulls, so I thought that would about do, so I changed all the plates ready for anything else, and packed up. One other thing, during the morning I noticed that a gull was standing with another one close by which seemed to be sitting, about 20 ft. away from the tent, and so I had a look out through the top with the glasses, and saw it was another gull sitting with its mate standing about 3 ft. away. When I came out I had a look over there and sure enough, there was the nest, containing 3 eggs. Only shows again how difficult they are to see. That was there yesterday morning, and we both must have passed it within at least 10 fl.

I fixed the tent up and went. Now, when you get outside the gullery, you can get on some sandbanks near the stream, and look over through a gap in the sandhills at the edge of the gullery, and see right in, so going back that way, when I got on top, I looked round, and saw a man walking up to the tent. So I immediately bolted back, and watched him from the entrance. he was one of these chaps collecting wood, but he just looked at the tent, walked round it & went off. I thought I had better go to see he hadn't walked on the nest or pinched the eggs, so I did, but everything was alright; just as I turned to go back again, however, I saw someone else walking towards me from the way I had just come.

He was a regular toff, quite a nut, tall chap, moustache, Norfolk Jacket, white breeches & putties. with a pair of glasses slung round his neck. I was wondering if he was in any way connected with he Talbot people at Margam. Anyhow, I marched out to meet him, & said "Good morning" (this was about 1 pm.) he said "Oh, you are photographing here too, I have just seen your friends over on the beach". "I want that clutch of Oyster Catcher's eggs after they have finished photographing" So I said "You are collecting, are you", he said "yes, that's my game he had a look at the gulls nest, and said "Black Headed Gulls I had no idea there were any breeding down this way " so I told him that I hoped he wasn't going to take those eggs, as there were only a couple of pairs here, and this was the only place in Glam. where they bred. He said he didn't want them, however, and told me that in his county, Lincolnshire, there were great colonies of thousands etc. He was down really down after the shore birds, and asked me if the L. Tern bred down here, so I told him that they used to some years ago, but last year there were only 2/3 pairs, and this year there were none breeding. Needless to say, I didn't tell him about the other gull's nest, or anything else.

He said he was going over going over to those ponds near Port Talbot then and would be back later in the afternoon, when he hoped to get the O.C.'s eggs. He said he got a Reed warbler's with 6 on those ponds a day or so before, which he took.

He went on then I don't know what he thought of me what he thought of me, I must have looked like a tramp, I had my Norfolk jacket on & a felt hat, but no collar or tie, no waistcoat, and I was piled up with stuff. I hand two bags on my back, and the reflex, with my glasses round my neck, lasses round my neck, and was carrying a tripod in one hand, and my ½ pl. camera in the other, When I got back to the others, the others, I found that he had come across Geoff first of all right in the middle of the sandhills trying to photo the Ringed Plover, and then he had found Bert on the beach photo'ing the O.C we didn't see him again that day.

	Well1, now for the others; Geoff had no luck with the Ringed Plover again, but Bert got a dozen I think of 1 think of the O.C.,so Geoff went into that tent, and took about 15 stereos of her. While Bert tried another, further another, further along the beach, using the tubing. I went into that tent about 2 pm. but she was shy then, for some reason or other, and wouldn't come back for a long time, then I only got 3, after she cleared off and didn't come back SO I chucked it. Geoff had been round Meanwhile photographing nests and I met him, and we started off looking for things. Found another Oystercatchers nest right inside the big open space by the brook, 3 eggs. During the morning, Geoff had seen the Merlin once, so we went all over the ground again, but couldn't see any sign of them. Geoff was going back to-night (Monday) so we got we got back about 5.30 to get tea, as he had to leave about 7 to get a train at 8.15 from Pyle. he left us his reflex, hiding tent, etc., also his blanket, so we had a good bed that night. After he had gone we went down to the brook to get water, and it suddenly struck us that we hadn't had a wash since we had been there!! So had one, and afterwards put up a tent at the O.C.'s nest last found. The one with 3 eggs, inside. We used to hear a lot of Nightjars churring round in the sandhills every night. We had intended to go into Porthcawl to-night to get some more bread, as we thought it would get too stale if we got enough to last over Tuesday. But we didn't feel like, and as we had about a third of a loaf left, we decided to make that do, with the result that on the Tuesday, we had to cut the bread about as chick as paper, and make up the rest of the thickness with butter and jam, so as not to waste it. Turned in about 10 p.m.
Tuesday May 28.	Turned out 5 am. had breakfast and started off about 7.30. Bert went over to the gullery to photo the birds & I went with him to shut him in the tent. I was going to have a try for the Oyster Catcher at the nest inside where we put up the tent last night. I chased them round the corner of one of the sandhills up the brook, and then bolted back to the tent. I got in alright, and the male bird was back in about 20 minutes, but he wouldn't go on. walked round and round for about half an hour, and then flew off. The female came almost immediately, and I took one of her sitting. She didn't take any notice of the shutter click, but flew off when I was changing the slide. Came back again pretty quickly, but didn't go on immediately, and was standing shout 6 ft.to one side of the nest, giving a funny little croaking call which was answered from the other side of the tent. Then she walked on, and sat down, male came trotting round, and he walked past about 18 inches behind the nest I snapped him as he went past, but I was as afraid he was just out of focus, although it is not so bad as it might have been, as it was stopped down to f16. he stayed about there for some time, about quarter of an hour altogether, but didn't come nearer then about 5/6 ft. again. I changed plates this time without the bird going off, out all of minutes after the male went, she flew up off the nest a yell and although I waited for over two hours she didn't come near again. I can't think why she went off like that, as everything was

	absolutely quiet and I never moved at all. The tent was blowing a little, that was all. I gave it up about 1 pm. and photo'd the nest. Bert came out of the gullery just then, so we went over & got the tent, and I Photo'd the two nests. During the morning I had heard the had heard the Merlins twice, so after we had packed everything together, Bert & I were just going over and we heard and saw them again. the pair flew to a high bare sand heap and after a minute or so, one flew over into a big valley, and then other followed. We went across there, and all over the valley, but not a sign could we see of either birds or nest It was now about 2.30.p.and as we had to pack everything up, we started back for camp. We finished up the remains of the provisions first, then Struck the tent, and jacked everything up. Oh dear, it was a job. however, we eventually did it, and started away. I put the tent on my handlebars again, but of course it was heavier this time, as there was Geoff's blanket in addition, and all the other available stuff we could put in, together with quantities of sand, grass etc. On thing I didn't take down, I didn't think it would be necessary. Spare sheet of brown paper to rack up in for the return journey. we had used: the other for many purposes. Table & tablecloth, cover for firewood at night, sunshade for the tent during the day etc.etc. It looked as thoughh it had been through a battle. However, we wrapped every thing up in the hiding tents, and tied that up well, and then tied the paper on round the parcel. We started off. I ran into a patch of soft sand for a start. The bike went down head first, and up went the back wheel, being light, I cannoned down on the parcel, which saved me, as it acted as a fine cushion. It was a stony bit of sand, so you can guess what happened to the paper again. Well, we eventually got on to the road. You can guess what it was like getting the bike up from the Kenfig sands on the grass on top ac Sker Point. I'll leave those little details out. if it was put down on paper it would burn holes. It was warm too. (the weather I mean). I came off twice getting in to Porthcawl Station but every time I came down on the parcel, so didn't hurt. But the parcel. I looked was though it had be struck by several marconigrams, been through about 6 battles, 4 earthquakes, and finally under a steam roller. You should have seen the crowd grin when I took it on to P*cawl station, and there was a crowd there too. I found it weighed 60lbs on the return journey. We just rushed along to Duck's to to say good-bye, and went right I arrived home just about 10 pm having left at 7 pm. We had a pretty good trip, as it was nice and cool, and the wind fair we were pretty brown, and when put a collar on to go home it nearly scraped my neck off. I hadn't worn a collar since We went down neither had the others. We didn't see anything of that chap (the collector) again. I wonder who he was, Bert suggested he might by an officer from one of the regiment camping at Porthcawl, might have been, ne was just that style, but the only lot there were the Gloucester's, and he said he was from Lincs. it is rotten having people like that down there pinching the eggs, but to give him his due, he was a gentleman. He didn't take any eggs when we had a tent up, and in one case he found a nest, O.C. 2 eggs which Bert had been photo'ing, Bert had been up hiding the sandhills, and had put up a little cover place with a hole to watch through. This chap noticed this, though it was well hidden, and he told us he had left the eggs there, as he saw we had got some arrangement up in the sandhill close by.
Wed May 29.	Too tired to get up this morning.

Thursday May 30.	5.am. went out to Ely thinking to have another go at the white throat, but found that the young were gone, and the nest all pulled about. So I went on to Radyr Quarry, and round about there. Didn't find any thing, though. Heaps of young birds about. I searched all along those hedges where we had the shrikes before, couldn't see any sign of them at all.
Friday May 31.	5. am. went up to the wild Park. Bert came out this morning. We had a good look round, but didn't find anything very special Duck's nest, 9 eggs. Then we went over to the Heath. Looked round for Nightingales, but didn't see anything thing of them. We were looking in the wrong place of course. Bert found & Bullfinch's nest, 4 young and 1 addled egg and I found a Whinchats nest, 5 eggs, pretty well incubated, by the look of them, The nest I found before has young now.
Sat. June 1.	Bert & I went up to the Heath, Geoff couldn't come out this morning We did some more looking for Nightingale, but no good, of course we were looking round the pond side. However, we went across find some more Whinchats nests, but didn't. We were just coming back to our bikes, and were close to the stream in just opposite the end of the pond, when I thought I heard a little bit of a Nightingale's note in the bush just over the stream. We scooted across, and after a couple of minutes, we saw him right enough. We stayed some time watching him, and after a short time saw the pair. They hung about this particular patch of bush, and started collecting insects, so we guessed they had young. It was about a quarter of an hour before they would go to the nest however, and then we couldn't find it. The bush was so thick that we couldn't see half what they were doing, we waited until nearly 8.30.but though they went twice again we couldn't manage to find it. Bert & I intended to go to Llanilterne this afternoon to try to find the Sparrow Hawks nest, but it turned out rotten wet about 2.15.,so we decided to give it up. We went for a walk round Radyr way instead. Didn't find anything in the way of nests, saw a pair of Kingfisher on the river. It was a miserable afternoon, rained all the time You must please excuse this typing, it rotten I know. The machine had gone wrong some where, and jams occasionally in 2/3 places, & all the letter go one on top of the other before you can stop, and I don't feel I like it just now I'm about melted It's frightfully hot about 83° a rotten moist heat although it's 7.0 pm. (July 16.12)
Monday June 3.	I went up this morning to try to find the Nightingale's nest. I hid in several places to watch the bird, and saw them go down to feed the young ones, but it was a long time before I spotted The bush was so beastly thick that you couldn't see the birds half the time, and then they used to go down about 6 ft. from the nest and creep through the nettles etc. to the nest. However, I eventually got it. 3 young almost fledged. It was a rotten dull morning, and the place was awfully dark, and it had to be taken against the light, what light there was, which was not much. however, I

	tried two halves & one full ½ plate 45 secs.f32. The ½ pl. was absolutely useless, & the others are nearly so, but you may be able to pick out something in the print. I thought of getting them out on a branch, but didn't as care to risk it, as I was by myself, and they were a bit lively, and the bush is so thick. I should have had to have carried them about 50yds. away too It suddenly Struck me that 3 was an unusual number, so felt in the nest to see if there was an addled egg, and found two. On blowing them later I found that one was infertile, this I blew alright, but the other had been a good one, and was about half incubated. It went off "pop" when I started to drill it, and blew the small end out, but this didn't matter for the photo of the nest & eggs as it wasn't much off. Just after I got the eggs out, one of the young ones got out of the nest and scuttled off into the bush, where, of course, I couldn't find it.
Tuesday June 4.	5 am. Geoff & I went up to the Heath, where we met Bert intending to photo the young N'gales, as mine were no good yesterday. We found them alright, the other was back in the nest again. Went outside to get the camera, and when I got back, they had all dis-appeared. We searched all over the place, as well as we could, but couldn't find one of them for a long time. Eventually Bert caught one so we took him outside a put it on a branch and took his portrait. Reed. A rotten sitter, would keep on falling off backwards. Then it came on to rain, a very heavy shower, so we put him back. No sign of the others. Eggs in 2nd. Whinchat's nest now hatched. Geoff had to go early, and after he went Bert & I found a Lapwings nest, 4 eggs.
Wed June 5,	5 am. Geoff & I went up to the Heath. He tried the Lapwing, using string, as it was about 100 yds away from the only place, to hide, as there were bushes the other way which, obscured the nest we had seen these Lapwings there for some time, and thought, they must have been robbed earlier, but we didn't expect to find them nesting again so late. We put up a bush yesterday morning as soon as we found it. However, Geoff got one, this morning. His first of the. Lapwing, after many attempts She came back fairly quickly, first time and again, but the second time the string: got caught, up on something. After that, owing to cows and men driving the cows & sheep worrying her, she got shy, and wouldn't come back. I photo'd the Nightingale's nest & eggs meanwhile. 1 ½ mins f32, but still underexposed," Fairly good though. You have the print, (enlargement) by now. In the evening, we went up again and put a tent up at the Lapwings nest. and the dummy camera at a bush near the Whinchats nest. The young nightingales were distributed on either side of the path this morning, but I couldn't catch one.
Thurs .June 6.	5am. I put up my camera in place of the dummy, while Geoff got into the tent, then I shut him in, and waited. I got the male the Winchat almost immediately, and Geoff got the Plover very soon, and as she went off at the shutter click, he put a handkerchief out, as we had arranged if she went off, then I could change my plate. In this way I got 5 photos that morning, 3 of the male & 0 of the

	Geoff was unlucky again though, as the cows came trying to push the cent over, twice, just when the bird was coming back, and frightened her.
Friday June 7.	5am. Went up to the heath, but it was a rotten dull morning, and I couldn't do anything. Watched Larks & Pipits all, the time, but couldn't find any nests. Sat. June 8. Morning wet, I had thought of going to Llanilterne to try to find a Sparrow Hawks nest, but it rained all morning, so I decided to go with the Cyclists, who were having manoeuvres near (Cowbridge. Of course, it turned out fine about 3 pm but it wouldn't have been much good at Llanilterne, as it would have been filthy climbing those trees, they would be so wet, and it is a very marshy place.
Monday June 10.	Morning Wet 'again, so didn't go out
Tuesday June 11.	5am, Heath. I tried the Whinchat again, and got four this morning, 3 Female and one Male. I had the camera in exactly the same position, as I marked the places for the tripod legs with stones. The bird comes out the same size of course, but I found on comparing them that the bush has grown considerably. Geoff got another one of the Lapwing. Herbert Short was up here last night, and found another Lapwing's nest, 4 eggs. He came up to try this bird this morning, but was late, and he and Geoff only succeeded in disturbing one another. One of the eggs from that nest had disappeared between late last night and 5.30. am. this morning a curious thing too, one from the owner nest disappeared a few days ago. I can't think what has taken them, as only one has gone from each.
Wed. June 12.	Geoff got a couple of the Lapwing this morning. I did nothing special, was helping him chiefly. Heard a Nightjar churring.
Thursday June 13.	5. am. We thought we would go up the wood by the reservoir, where we had the Nightjars last year, and see if we could find the sparrow hawk's nest, you will remember I told you we saw the young ones flying about, and found the nest with an addled egg We went to then oldest nest first of all and then started working towards the top of the wood. Hadn't gone about 100 yards when we found it. It was built up in an oak tree, about 10 ft. from the edge of the drive, and there was a smaller tree about 10 ft. away which was in a pretty fair position, with a bit of tidying up and pulling nearer, to fix up a camera to camera to photo the bird. There were 5 eggs in the nest very like that one I got last year, practically no markings at all. Two of them were chipped. Well, we thought we had better get a dummy up at once, and try for the bird on Saturday morning, as I would be away Mon, Tue & Wed next week, and the nest was pretty well exposed from the drive, so we wanted to make sure. I had hidden the dummy and the old tripod over at the heath, so a slipped over there on the bike, and got it. While I was away, Geoff was having a look round for Nightjar's, but didn't see any, but found something better. walking about along the bushes, when he saw what he thought first was a mouse ran out of a clump of that that rush grass. Then he saw it was a bird and looking in the bush he found the nest, 5 young ones. Grasshopper Warbler Two good finds this morning? We fixed up the dummy at the Hawk's nest and though there

	were a good many small branches in between the nest and the camera we thought it best to leave them there till tomorrow, and not spring it too suddenly on the old bird
	Looks like some missing pages here
Saturday, June 15 (contd)	I intended to go down to Porthcawl by the afternoon trip to-day, but I was kept late at the office, and didn't get away till about 10 past one. I rushed home, changed, got my camera had a bit of dinner and scooted back to the G.W. station, getting there just in time to see the train go out; I missed it by about 20 ft. only, but as it happened it was really a bit of luck, I had just got out of the station going back and it started to rain, and it rained solid all the afternoon. I heard afterwards at that at Porthcawl it had rained all day, heavily, and blowing a gale. So I went over to the Iron Mines at the Little Garth, as Bert & a crowd were going there. Didn't see much of birds, as it was too wet to get about in the woods; the young Jackdaws are just flying about in the mine, those in the nest we photographed last month were still in the nest but scuttled off when I went there. I didn't take the camera as it was so wet.
Sunday, June 16.	It was quite fine this morning, so I decided to go to Porthcawl. went down by the 10.2.am. train, (the first), getting out at the Golf Station, and walked out to the Brook, all along the coast, via Sker Point. I left the road and got to the coast just at the far end of the golf links. Going through the last enclosed field before you get to the ternery, (the one where we hid behind the wall to photo Oyster Catchers), I found an O.C's.nest, 1 egg, right in amongst the bracken, There were another pair running up and down the wall, and by the way they were shouting when I got near I should say that they had young somewhere about. I saw <u>one</u> Lesser Tern <u>only</u> at the old place at Sker, and by the way it flew up I should think it had a nest there, but I didn't stay looking for things there, and I was late getting down there and had, of course, to walk all the way, and I wanted to find the Merlin's nest, so didn't trouble much about other things then. Well, I walked right along the coast, but didn't find or see anything Sker end of the Kenfig beach, except a few Ringed Plovers. It was an exceptionally high tide yesterday, and with that S.W. gale behind it, the water came very high up the beach. You remember the stony part where all those tern's nest were in 1910. Well the sea had been more than half way over those stones towards the sandhills, and of course, the same way all along the beach, so I shouldn't be surprised if a good many nest weren't washed away, though I didn't see any eggs; I looked pretty carefully for them as I went xalong, but of course they might either have floated out, or been buried You will remember some you photographed were only about a yard or so about high water mark. I have never seen the tide so high in the summer. From Sker to the Brook I saw three Guillemots and two Puffins, dead.They had been washed over from Gower I suppose in the storm yesterday, as they were quite fresh. When I got along to the Merlin region I made my headquarters on top of a sandhill there, it is, I think, the highest point along the beach, and from it you can see right down a big valley where I thought the Merlin's were, and you can also watch the beach from there.

	I could see no sign of them, however, so went down and spent over two hours searching all over this valley and the surrounding sandhills and the big clumps of Marram grass, but no good. I didn't see or hear anything of the birds, or any sign of them at all, except that there were a couple of fresh castings on that stump they use. I then walked towards the beach, over the place where the nest was, or at least where I think it was, last year. When I got to the beach a pair of Terns flew up, and though I searched about for a bit I couldn't find the nest, so I hid and watched them, and soon found it. It was about 10 ft. above the tide mark, & contained eggs, fairly fresh I should think. There were four terns flying round altogether, but only one pair seemed to have a nest. The other pair didn't alight at all that I saw. I found two Oystercatchers nest with 3 eggs each, and then walked along the beach to the gullery. I couldn't cross the stream higher up as it was in flood, and about 2 ft. deep, where it is usual about 6 inches. Down on the beach it widens out, and is shallow. Coming round a corner near the entrance to the gullery I came across two young Lapwings, they could just fly a little, and though I tried for some time, I couldn't catch them. The old birds were making an awful row, and a tremendous lot of birds collected, they were flying in from a long way, Bend with the B.H.Gulls joining in the din was terrific. The eggs in the Gull's nest we photo'd are hatched, and the young gone. I didn't see a sign of them anywhere. In the other Gull's nest the eggs were just chipped. Then I went back to my look-out station and watched from there for half an hour, then I went back all over the ground where I thought, the Merlin was, but no luck, so I went back to my sandhill. I kept a good lookout for over an hour, but no sign of the Merlin. I saw some B.H. Gulls bathing in the stream, & was watching them with the glasses, & saw them fly up, three flew back to the gullery, but the remaining 6 flew off in the opposite direction. So I watched them, as I have often thought that some of these Gulls must nest nearer Kenfig Pool. I eventually saw them alight saw a long way off, almost a mile in a mile in a straight line, so I took the bearings of the place, and as it was nearly 5 pm. I thought I would start away, & walk through Kenfig. My train left at 7.30. and it is a good 1 hours walk going over the sandhills. Well, I had a last walk round looking for the Merlins, but no good, and then I took a bee line over to the spot where I had seen these Gulls alight. I eventually came to it, it was quite a big pool and only about mile as the crow flies from Kenfig village, and about ½ mile from the top end of the Pool. When I was about 300 yds. from this pool a pair of Oyster Catchers got up, and were flying round and round screaming like mad. Then the Lapwings started, and as I was going over the top of a sandhill I could see them coming in from all round, coming even from the gullery over a mile away. There must have been over 100 Lapwings flying round, and with the gulls over them, and the Catchers, there wasn't half a row, I can tell you. Then I heard a peculiar little whistle, which I have before, but I couldn't think what it was just at that
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	moment. I knew the note well, and was trying to pick out the bird in amongst the multitude of others, but couldn't manage to spot it but for some little time. Then I saw it, I knew it immediately, <u>Redshank</u>. Eventually I saw four of them at this place, and judging by the way they were flying round and round, and calling all the time, particularly when I went to one end of the pool, I should say definitely that they had young there. I spent a long time looking for them, and watching the birds, but couldn't find a trace of the young. but I am confident they are there. Also, I picked up several pieces of eggshell, which are certainly not Lapwing or Blackheaded Gull, and the curve of the shell is too small for Oyster Catcher, and too big for Ringed Plover, and the markings are not really like any of these. I only found one B.H. Gulls nest here, containing two eggs, & it was built out on some of that dwarf willow growing out of the water from a little, just submerged, island. I should have liked to have photo'd it, but it had got so late, that I was afraid of missing the train if I stayed, and it meant wading in about 2 ft. of water to get to it so I decided not to. I could see into it from a sandhill close by. There is a tremendous lot of water all over the sandhills now, to owing to the recent heavy rains them, some 5 & 6 ft. deep. All those, little valleys have pools in. The other gullery is very wet too, half of it
Saturday June 22.	5.0.am. Went up this morning & photo'd the young Sparrow Hawks. There are now four only, one having disappeared. I exposed four plates altogether, but every one is spoilt, as it was dull, and the little animals were on the move all the time. The old birds were flying round about fairly close, the female came very close a couple of times, though we didn't actually see the male. After that we went out of the wood & started to look round for Nightjars, but didn't see anything of any at all. Then some of the men working up there wanted me to take a group of them, so they shouted to all the other chaps, and I took a photo of the group. One of the chaps who had just then come up said to me "Do you want to photo a couple of young Hawks" I said Yes, of course, and asked where they were, so he showed me. A Nightjar's nest & two young ones, about 4 days old I should have said, but he told me they were hatched last Monday, that was the 17th. In any case, though, there must have been eggs there on the 13th., when I went to put up the tent at the Grasshopper Warbler's nest, when I saw the two pairs of Nightjar's flying about. They are much earlier this year than they were last, they were a month later last year. In the afternoon we went up there again, I thought I would have a try to get the old bird. Geoff came out, but could only stay till about 4 as he had something on, and Bert came out too, first time since the beginning of this month. Well, we found that the old bird had taken the young ones round to the shady side of a big bush, about 6 ft. from the original nest. The sun was very bright, and little bits of light were coming through the bush, making the picture rather spotty, so we piled up a lot of branches on the other side of the bush to stop all direct sunlight I was using the elec. release, so I focussed on the young, stopped it down to f16, & set the shutter to 1 sec.

	She came back in about 10 minutes, and I made the exposure, but when we went to change the plate we found she had moved the young about a yard further away from the camera. However, I put them back, and put a piece of stick across the "path" and they stayed practically in the same place after. I got 5 more photos afterwards, a couple are pretty good, but others are not so, as she had moved the young ones just a couple of inches nearer the camera, so they are not quite in focus. We went over after, and had a look at the young hawks. They are alright, had just been fed I should think, as there was the remains of a skylark in the nest. By the way, to-day, June 22, is the anniversary of the Steep Holm Trip. What a difference in the two days, this year it is an absolutely perfect day, it was a bit dull first thing, but by 7.30 it had quite cleared, & there was brilliant sun all day, with just the faintest little breeze. It would have been grand on the water.
Sunday June 23.	Geoff suggested yesterday that we might go down to Porthcawl today, as he wanted to get the Terns if possible, so he, Herbert Short & I went. we went by the 5.57.am. train to Bridgend, and took our bikes, cycling down through Pyle & Kenfig, and then right across the sandhills to the Brook. That train doesn't stop between Bridgend & Port Talbot, so we decided on Bridgend. When we got to the sandhills we went first to that pool where I found the Gull's nest & the Redshanks last week. The Gull's eggs are hatched, we found bits of the shell on the edge of the pond, but couldn't find any trace of the young ones. The Redshanks were there again, and I am more confident than ever that they have young there, though we couldn't find them. There is such a lot of that dwarf a lot of that dwarf willow there and the long marram grass that unless you could see the old bird go down to the young to the nest it is practically impossible to find anything, particularly young ones crouching, and the young ones being probably pretty big, the old birds didn't go to them, but kept on flying round fairly close, calling all the time. We had only got about 50 yards from the pond before the Oyster Catchers were flying round us, and this time we saw what they were so anxious about. One young one nearly full grown, it could almost fly. After a bit of chasing about we caught it, and photo'd it. We then went straight across to the coast, but could find no trace of Terns at all, we saw two later on in the day, flying past, but the one which had eggs last week had disappeared, and one of the Oyster-catchers nests which I found then had also gone. I found a hinged Plover's nest, 4 eggs, and Geoff fixed up his camera there, and got a number of photos, both ordinary & stereo. When focussing once he had put a ball of white string on top of the eggs, and he went back to his hiding place & forgot it. The bird was a bit shy of coming back, & ran round many times. He was wondering what was the matter, & when he saw the bird eventually run up to the nest and stand by it, he got his glasses, and then he saw the ball of string. So he waited to see at she would do. First of all she tried pushing it off, but couldn't seem to be able to do it, so she sat down in the sand just touching the side of the nest. He photo'd her like this. He went out & moved it off but she didn't mind at all, came back again right away.

Herbert Short fixed his camera up at the other O.C's nest, and got two of her, and afterwards got some of the Ringed Plover. I helped them to get fixed up, and then went off Merlin hunting I was determined to find that nest if it was anyhow possible.

Now the funny thing was, I put up one of the birds before I had been looking for them 10 minutes. This was the male. He went up from up from the top of a big clump of grass on top of a high sandhill, as I was going up the side. He started shouting immediately, so I knew I was pretty well on the right track I was working round this clump, when I heard a "woosh" (phonetic spelling) behind me. The female had just left another big clump on the end of the hill about 20. ft. from me. I didn't see her then though, but I knew the direction by the sound. I was over there like greased lightning, there was the nest --- thereby hangs a tale.

There were 3 eggs in it, but they weren't Merlin's. Someone had found it before me, had pinched the Merlin's eggs, I suppose, and had put three Partridges eggs in instead, and they were now just hatching. All three were just slightly chipped Did you ever hear of such ---- ---- ---- rotten ---- luck.?

But that wasn't the worst of it. I thought, well, I shall have a chance to get the bird if I can't photo the nest & eggs, so I fixed up my camera about 6 ft. from the nest, well hidden and covered with marram grass. But she would not come back for over two hours, didn't come any where near. Then she came back and was flying round and hovering over the nest, making as though to alight, and then clearing off again. The only place from which we could watch was about 100 yards from the end of my wire, so at last when she did alight, I bolted off to press the button, but when I had done it, and got back, Geoff told me she went off again just after I went. Then we decided to try another plan.

I pulled the wire our as far as I possibly could, and dug a hole in the side of one of these grass covered sandheaps, where I could just reach the push, and also where I could see Geoff. I got into my hole, Geoff covered me with Grass, he was going to the other place, and when the bird came back he would wave a handkerchief just over the top of the grass to let me know.

Well, I waited in that beastly hole for half an hour, which seemed like half a day, then I thought I saw Geoff wave, & I pressed the button. But he hadn't, he had lifted his glasses up to watch the bird flying and I had got the flash of the sun on the lens & mistaken it for the white handkerchief.

It was awfully hot, and the sun was shining right down on my head, and the sand & grasses all over me, getting sand in my eyes, & down my neck, I was feeling pretty well fed up with it.

She didn't come back for some time, and Herbert came and changed with Geoff. Shortly after, I went & did the very same thing again. from the sand I was pretty well dazzled with the sun & the glare from the sand and couldn't see straight I suppose. Anyhow, he moved or something & I thought he was signalling, so I pressed the Button. Well, after that I changed the plate and went back again.

Then I went to sleep. I must have been a fool, but there, what with the heat & the glare I suppose I must have shut my eyes & dosed off. Of course, she came back then, and by the time I woke up & pressed the button she had gone.

	She used to just alight, and I suppose, catch sight of the lens and immediately fly off. Well, I changed the plate, and waited again, and eventually she came back about 5 pm. and I got her, or at least I thought I had, but on development I found I was again doomed to disappointment. I was watching Herbert and he was holding his handkerchief ready to wave, and immediately he put his hand up I pressed the button, but it was too late, I think she could hardly have touched the nest. Herbert said however, that she alighted, but she must have immediately left it again, and flew on behind the hill where he couldn't see her, as I have only got a blurred image of her flying beyond the nest. After that, as it was nearly time to go, I shifted the camera, and photo'd the nest, and then we started for home. We rode back to Bridgend along the sands via Sker, We had had splendid weather all day, and brilliant sun, though in Porthcawl Bridgend and Cardiff they had terrific rain storms and thunder all day. We had seen these storms coming across the channel all day long, and just missing us, but fortunately the wind kept as it was, and every storm except one missed us, and we only just caught the very edge of this one, just a light rain for about 10 minutes. There was a tremendous lot of water about on the roads at Sker & all through to Bridgend, so we were lucky to miss it. On the wall on the side of the lane from the road to Sker House I saw a Corn Bunting. This is the first time I have seen it to identify it definitely.
Monday to Friday, June 24 to 28.	Wet every day, so we couldn't do, anything at all. We got tired of this, and decided to go out on Saturday morning rain or no rain. As I told you, we expected to be able to get a good number of photos of the Hawks when they had young, but, at the best time, when the young ones were small, we couldn't do anything owing to this rotten weather I think this would make a great deal of difference, as we thought we should have plenty of time later.
Saturday June 29.	5 am. Went out, but it was raining a good deal. I fixed up my camera at the hawk's nest, but she didn't come back at all.
Sat Afternoon Sunday June 30 th & Monday July 1 st morning.	Dad was going up with a friend of his fishing, to Talybont in Breconshire, & I went up with him. Grey Wagtails are numerous up there on the rivers, and I saw several pairs about with broods of fully fledged young, & found two old nests. Also saw a brood of fully fledged young R.B. Shrikes On the Sunday I went for an all day walk over the mountains. I didn't see many birds, however, saw & heard a few Curlew, Meadow Pipits are fairly numerous, of course. There was not very much heather just on the mountain I was on, there was pretty well of it, but it was very short. I did not see any Grouse at all, although I picked up pieces of 4/5 Grouse eggs, which had been sucked by Crows all in one place, close by a big stone, and

	there was also another egg which I can't at present identify for certain, I enclose a bit of the shell. It may be a small Curlew's egg. I found practically all the shell, as it was only broken in two pieces, with a hole in one side. I did not see any Dippers at all on the streams, which struck me as rather funny, seeing that they are so common on the other side of the mountain range (Cwmstaff, where we were in 1910) I mentioned it when I got back, and they told me that there were Dippers on the streams, but I never saw a sign of them, though I went for miles along the main river and for a couple of miles up and down one of the mountain brooks.
Tuesday July 2 nd	5 am. I went up to have a try at the sparrow Hawk, & while I was fixing my camera up, Geoff photo'd the young, and then went across and tried to get the Nightjar. There is only one young one now, for one of those silly blighted navvies walked on the other. However, he didn't get her back. I was likewise with the Hawk, she didn't come near at all, except once just at the last moment, when she flew up on to the branch near the nest, (the place where her head was covered by another branch), but instead of going straight to the nest as she did when there were eggs, she looked round, and of course saw me, I was only standing behind a small tree, and away she went. She wasn't bringing food.
Wednesday July 2 nd (actually 3 rd)	5 am. Geoff & I went up to have a try for the Hawk again, I fixed my camera up, but had no luck, didn't see a sign of her. A rather funny thing happened this morning. I think I have told you somewhere that this nest is right close to a drive, well, after my experience of yesterday, we hid better this time, got down on the ground with a bush between us & the nest right on the edge of the drive. After, we had been waiting some time we heard someone walking up the drive towards us, so kept quite still, it was still, it was a chap who I think lives in a cottage at the bottom end of the wood somewhere, and he was out with a dog & his gun after bunnies. well, he kept to my side of the drive, and walked past within about a yard of me, I could have easily just put my hand out & caught him by the ankle. There was only, just a little thin bit of bush between me & the drive. And he never saw us
Thurs. July 4 th	5am I went out this morning, but it was rotten dull, and no good to try for the Hawk, so I had a look round outside the wood, and came across the young Nightjars We haven't seen it for several days, and now it could fly quite a little distance., I thought of photo'ing it, but it was all over the place, and when I caught it, the thing only opened its mouth and hissed at me I took a snap of it like that, but it was rotten dull as I have said, so it isn't much good.
Friday July 5 th	Had another try for the hawk this morning, but no luck. Didn't see a sign of her at all. It's rotten disappointing, as we thought to get quite a series of them feeding the young. I think they must feed them very first thing in the morning, just about dawn, and then probably later on in the morning, perhaps about midday. I couldn't get away any morning just now, and the weather is so rotten too, raining a little most mornings. In the afternoon it is no good there, as the sun is shining right down straight into the lens.
Saturday July 6 th	Dull again this morning, so couldn't do any good trying for the hawk. We had ad found the stump in a little clearing where the Hawks took their birds to pluck them, so I put up a nice little bush to hide the camera in, and made a

	hiding place for myself in a spot about 40 yds. away with practically a clear view of the stump through the trees. In the afternoon I went up, put the camera in the bush, and laid out my wire, & waited. Had no luck, though one of the birds, the male I think though I couldn't see him clearly, came into the tree above the stump, and stayed about 20 minutes, then flew to another tree 20/25 ft. away, and stay- ed there hour, about. Afterwards flying away right over the nest. I stayed till 6.30. but didn't see any more of them at all.
Monday July 8.	Went out with Geoff, 5 am, It was rotten dull, not bit of good trying for the hawk, as it would need a long exposure, even if she did come back. I We got up & photo'd the young ones, however, though we had to give 4 to 5 secs. at f8. They are pretty wild now, and when we get up there they always start yelling immediately. The old birds generally come and answer them from about 50 yds. away They are getting their brown feathers now, the flight feathers and tail, and a few of the barred feather on the breast.
Tuesday July 9.	I didn't turn out till late this morning, about 6. am., 8.3 it was up very late last night; of course, it was a lovely morning, very bright, and almost a frost, It was too late to do anything with the hawk, so I just had a walk up. & down the cut down part where the Nightjars nest. Didn't see s anything of them, however, but I saw a family of R B shrike's, young fully fledged. We saw them here last year, but I don't know where they would nest, unless it was over on the other side, close to the reservoir, or in the hedges near the top of the wood, though these latter hardly seem suitable. I also saw and heard both the Green &, the Great Spotted Woodpeckers, one of each, and both were very excited over something, though I couldn't find out what was the matter. They were flying from tree to tree, and calling all the time.id I thought they might have young ones somewhere about,(though I have never seen holes in any of the trees there) and they might have seen the Sparrow Hawks on the warpath, anyhow, I couldn't see any cause, though they kept it up for twenty minutes or more. I heard them both several times before, but wasn't quite certain what they were, as I didn't see them, being in the wood by the hawk's nest.
	Wet every day for the rest of this week, July 10,11,12,13, in the mornings, and I didn't go out. We had noticed for several days that the Blackbirds have been about in the creeper on the side of the house, and the cock has been singing in the privet nuch, end on the corner of the house and on Friday, (12th.) there was a broken egg on the ground, so I got out of the window to the nest, and found there was one egg in it. Didn't look at it on Saturday, as I didn't want to disturb them. Looked out through the window on Sunday, and could see her sitting, but on Monday morning the nest was empty. I think the sparrows must worry them.
Saturday, July 13.	It was raining early this morning, but later it stopped and was pretty bright, though, no direct sun, so I thought I might have a try for the hawk this

	afternoon, but it came over awfully dark about 12 o'clock, and kept dark all the afternoon However, I went up there, and thought I would get up the tree in which we put them camera and have a look at the young ones, but I hadn't got half way up before they started yelling, and one immediately flew out of the nest, into a tree about 20 ft. away, so I went down quietly, and shook that tree to try to get him down, and another flew out of the nest. This one got on a branch quite low down, so I went and go to it, after a little chase, and then shook the other out of his tree, and got him. I put the two under my coat on the ground, and found a branch (horizontal) near the ground in the best light possible, though this needed 4 secs at f6.8, so you can tell how dark it was Then I got one of the young ones out, and after a bit of coaxing I got him to sit still. I took his photo, and then tried with two. It was a bit of a job, as when you went near, the other put his wings up, lost his balance and fell off, if he didn't happen to claw your hand, if he did he hung on. One of them once ran up my arm, on to my shoulder and hung on to my collar, & I had a dickens of a job to get him off. however, I got them into a fair pose at last, and should have been able to have got some nice photos if the light had been better. The first one that flew out was a male I think & the other a female. There was certainly a big difference in many ways, the male was slightly smaller and much more slenderly built, and his head was squarer. Also his plumage was slightly different, the female was a much redder tone. Well, after I had finished with them, I was a wondering how to get them up into the nest, without disturbing the others. However, I tied my focussing' cloth up, into a bag and put them in, tied a string on it, and got up the tree, hauled them up, had just made the bag secure, when one of the others, a female, flew out, down and across the drive The other was a male, and smaller than the rest, and he didn't fly, I grabbed him after a bit of chasing round the nest, and put him in the bag with the others, then went down for the other little girl. I searched for about quarter of an hour, and was just giving up for a rest when I happened to look up, and saw her calmly watching me from a branch about a foot above my head. I wasn't long getting her down, put her in a dark slide bag in my pocket, and went up to the nest again. I put them into the nest one by one, covering them with a cloth and then I left them covered for 10 minutes, to cool down, and very gently moved the cloth, and gentler still slid down the tree, and I am thankful her to say that they didn't move. The nest & tree were in an awful mess, plastered with droppings, meat, bones, flies, & a frightful stink.
Saturday July 13. contd.	I had a look round outside the wood afterwards but didn't see anything special. I put up the young Nightjar twice. It is quite strong on the wing now, just like an old one, except that it is lighter colored, and shorter in the tail.

Monday July 15.	Went up to have a look at the young Sparrow Hawks, but found they had flown. I found out after that Herbert short had been up there about 10 minutes before me, and he said that when he got there they were all out on the branches round the nest, & immediately they saw him the flew away in all directions. He hasn't been out lately, and I didn't know he intended coming out.
Tuesday July 16.	The Dabchicks have been up at the lake this year again, and coming back yesterday, I thought I saw one sitting where we photo'd that nest, but inside the bay. It must have had young I think. However, Geoff & I went up his morning at 3 am, and got a boat out. That key is very useful, as it opens all the park gates. We found there had been a nest there, and should think the young had left, though we didn't see them. (I saw them later, though, full grown). We went into the wild park afterwards, but didn't see anything very startling, we searched on for sometime, but without success.
	Didn't go out Wed .or Thurs.
Friday & Sat mornings, July 19 & 20	I went out to the usual place. Didn't see anything much. Saw a couple of the young hawks both days around in the trees near the stump I told you of. Their plumage is half white down still.
	Haven't much more to tell you now. I went down to Porthcawl on Sunday July 21 & 28 but it was so rotten wet all day practically that I couldn't go to Sker, though I wanted to. Saw the Blackbirds relining the nest on July 31 & Aug 1 and on Aug.9 there were 3 eggs.
Aug.10. Sat. aft.	Went up to the Lake for a row, saw 6 Dab chicks, probably 2 old birds & 4 young, all looked very much the same. Also saw a full grown young Coot. I wonder where it came from. They haven't nested there.
Friday Aug.16,	I found a young Blackbird on the ground under the nest, just hatched, dead. In the nest there was one young one & 1 egg.
Thurs.Aug.22.	I had a look at the nest, and there was one young one only, just getting his quill feather, but the egg had disappeared,
Yesterday Aug. 27	The nest was empty, and Mother said she had heard the old birds calling to the young one in the privet bush opposite, and to-day they say they have seen the young one in the garden. It has got fledged very quickly, only 12 days, if they are right.
Sunday,18 Aug.	Noticed Robins singing, and on the 19th.saw the first Blue fit I have seen this "winter" so far. Willow Warblers have been about since the middle of July, and are still here now, though I haven't noticed any Chiff Chaffs this year. They were all Chiff Charts last year.
Sun.Aug.25.	Saw Swifts over Richmond Road last on Sun.Aug.25. This is a bit later then they usually are, as they generally disappear from town about the first week in August, though they can be seen out in the country much later.