

Transcription note. These pages are written more like a letter to someone than diary entries, as they refer to additional things that have been sent, but to make them easier to use as a look up I have adopted the diary format used for other documents. They have been OCR'd from the typed pages and obvious errors corrected, but there may still be a few that have been missed or were original mis spellings which have been left in place

1913

Sunday May 18	Bert & I went down to Porthcawl, we went for 6.6 am. train to Bridgend, and took our bikes, cycling out, as the train doesn't stop between Bridgend Port Talbot. We had a fine day, but it was very windy, cool wind too. The sandhills are still flooded out, great pools and lakes, dotted with islands, everywhere. The first birds we saw were a small flock of Shelduck on one of these pools (we went down to Kenfig and on to the sandhills very near Kenfig Pool, though we didn't go to the Pool itself.) and while watching them with the glasses I noticed a smaller duck out in the middle of the pool, and turning the glasses on him found that it was a male Tufted Duck. I was wondering what he was doing here at this time of year, when we noticed another on the side of the pool is closer to us, and it proved to be the female. She seemed almost a though she might have just slipped of a nest as there were several little islands just where she was: however, she of flew down and joined her mate. We cleared off for a couple of hours thinking to give her a chance to go back if she had a nest, but when we returned she was with the male in the water near the edge of the pond about 150 yards from the place we saw her first. We searched the islands and surrounding grass thoroughly, but could find no sign of a next I should think they would be nesting, as a pair would hardly stay so late otherwise. Meanwhile, we had been watching a couple of pair of Redshanks, or rather trying to watch them, for they were very wary, if you laid down quiet somewhere, they would get down behind some sandhills out of sight, but immediately you made a move they would be up flying round callings until you went away. If we get somewhere close where we could see into the little valley where they seemed to be, they wouldn't come near at all. we had a couple of hours of it, and then went on. Shelducks were very numerous all over the sandhills; I have never before seen so many, and Mallard in crowds. Of course, it is all this water about on the sandhills that is keeping them there. We found two Mallard's nests without any trouble, and I have no doubt that if we had taken the trouble to wade out to all the little islands in the pools we should have found many more. These contained 6 & 10 eggs and we also saw an old duck with a brood of young ones on one small lake or We saw altogether 3 pairs of Redshank, and I am certain they are nesting there. On one pool we saw a Teal drake, and on the one end of this pool we found the remains of two Teal's eggs, in the water evidently taken by Crows or Gulls One contained a practically fully formed young one.
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We couldn't see any sign of the nest anywhere about just then. We saw a pair of Oyster Catchers and heard Ringed Plovers in the sandhills within mile of Kenfig pool.

We then got over into the Merlin district, and on their old stump found plenty of evidence of them. There were several castings, bits of dried meat, one or two bones & feet, seemingly young lapwings, on it.

We saw no sign of the Merlins themselves, however, and made our way up to the high hill overlooking the beach and this place.

We had a good look round where the nest was last year, but no sign, and then went over into the Gullery, but there wasn't a gull there at all It seems as though they have deserted that place, as they are usually about there, they were there on May 12 last year.

We saw four of them on one of the lakes, nearer Kenfig Pool, but they didn't seem to be nesting. This place is nearer to where I found that odd pair nesting last year.

Saw a flock of 12 Dunlins near the brook, and on one of the pebble beaches found several hinged Plovers scratchings, and picked up a piece of an egg (R.P.), evidently hatched, but we didn't see anything of young. In one of the "valleys" running into the sandhills off the beach we found an Oyster Catcher's nest, & eggs, in exactly the same place as we found one with 3 eggs last year on May 12.

On the beach, and along the waters edge there were the usual Oyster Catchers & Ringed Plovers, though not a great many, but no Terns at all!! We sat down on the beach about half a dozen yards from the sand hills for a short time, watching the birds, and an old Oyster Catcher flew along after we had been there about quarter of an hour, and dropped down only about 20 yards from us; seemingly he or she didn't see us.

We kept quite still, and after walking round for a minute or so, he sat down !! I watched it through the glasses, and after it had been sitting there for about 3 minutes, it seemed to suddenly catch sight of and got up squawking, and walked away just as they do when suddenly disturbed from the nest.

We went over there, but there was no nest at all and no sign of one. I thought that possibly she might have been a hen going to lay the 1st. egg. There was no sign of a nest or scratching, but the wind was blowing piles of sand up the beach, and every hollow would be filled in under half an hour.

Then we had some grub, and afterwards started to look seriously for the Merlin. I took the ridge where they nested last year, & where they nested last year is a long ridge or mill, about 300 yds long, or perhaps 400 yds. about 40 ft. high at

Bert went down into valley. the sea end sloping down in the middle and then it sort of spreads itself out into a great sand plain, but the top of the hill, and the whole of the rest of the page is covered with great hummocks of sand anything from 4 to 10 ft. high, covered with marram grass, but the sand in between the hummocks is quite bare and blank,

nothing, nothing growing on it at all. There are probably about 200 of these hummocks there.

Well, the Berlins nested last year on one of these right on the one end of the hill. I got a stick, and starting on the top of the hill, hit each one with the stick, then climbed up and searched it.

I had got off the hill and down on to the flatter part of the Ridge having done about 40/50 of them, and I hit one with the stick, and off went the Merlin from the next one. You bet I was up on top like a streak of lightning four eggs, quite fresh, and beauties.

I called Bert up, and he inspected them. The nest wasn't much of an affair, just like last years, made of dead grasses, a few bits of down a feather or two.

But unfortunately, it is a rather rotten place, right on top of this tump, and there isn't another one nearer than about 15 ft. and the one the nest on is about 8 ft. high. If we can get that 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ " of Geoff's to work on it things won't be so bad.

Then we had dimmer on the strength of it, and afterwards I got the camera up and photo'd it both color and ordinary. rather big though, can't get very far away from it., and it was very windy.

The nest isn't very far from the stumps they use to take their catches to, to pluck them, same as it was last year, and they are using the same stump again, but in 1911 when I first saw them, I think the nest was nearer the sea, and then they used a stump much nearer the sea.

I thought of this, and it gave me a sort of a clue to the direction the nest would probably be in, which, as it happened, turned out right. After this, we wended our way back towards the big pool where we saw the Teal, B.H.gull, Redshank etc. We did not see any sign of the Teal again, but I came across the nest all smashed up, not far from where we found the eggs in the water.

There seemed to have been 10 eggs, and they had probably been smashed by gulls or crows, as there were beak holes through them etc.,

One of the eggs was whole, so, of course, I took it, but I'm afraid it won't be much good, as the others seemed nearly hatching. Also got some bits of down.

There were two pairs of B.H. Gulls here, but they didn't seem to be nesting yet. Then we came across several young Lapwings, a couple of the little beggars swam quite strongly across a pool to get away from us.

We started watching the Redshanks, I had noticed that one of the birds flew up twice from a little valley, so we got up on top of a little hill at the end, and started watching them. After about half an hour one of them went down on a small sand heap, thickly covered with marram grass: then a few minutes later the other, presumably the male, came down on the ground near this sand hear, but he only stayed a couple of minutes and then flew off.

	The female, however, stayed where she was, and I could see her running about, up and down, in amongst the grass on the mound, and eventually, she went in behind a tuft of grass and stayed there. We marked the spot carefully, and to make sure, I watched with the glasses, while Bert got up and walked towards it, She went off from the same spot just after he got up, and we ran across to the place, but though we searched the mound all over thoroughly for over twenty minutes we could find not the slightest sign of a nest or anything resembling one. We went back to our watching place, and waited half an hour, but they wouldn't come back anywhere near this place again, but stuck about of a sandhill 50/60 yards away. I got Bert to walk away, and watched by myself for another half hour, but it was no good, I didn't see anything of them there again. Meanwhile Bert had been looking round a good way off, and found another Teal's nest with pieces of egg shell in it, but these seemed to be hatched. he also came across a last year's Pheasant's nest with 3 rotten eggs, and smashed one on his hand. Couldn't get rid of the smell till we got to Porthcawl, where we had a wash, We cycled back to Bridgend, via Porthcawl. Going back past one near the top end of Kenfig Pool I found a Moorhen's nest, with 6 eggs. We didn't see anything else of special note riding back. had a slight shower near Bridgend, otherwise we had a very decent day, except for the wind, but even this was alright for going home.
Monday May 19.	5.0.am. Didn't feel like turning out this morning, but it was beautifully bright, and we had arranged to go and try the Stonechats again if it was fine, as my other photos weren't very grand, as it was dull last Thursday, and had to give 1/50th. Got a few more this morning, and they ought to be alright. Saw the S.Hawk flying over. 6.30.pm. Geoff & I went up to photo the young Stonechats as we were afraid they might be going if we left it too long, hadn't time this am. Got them alright, though very dull & windy, and it is deep in the gorse, also found & photo'd a peculiar Orchis, the Green winged orchis, I think, but not quite certain. Saw one of the hawks again.
Mon. May 26 – Wed. May.28.	I was away on my West of England: Trip. At Yeovil, on Tues 27th.I had about an hour to wait for a train at mid-day, so went out for a stroll. About half a mile from the station there is a fine little wood, alongside a lane, with some big trees in it and full of Brumbe bushes. It is a great place for warblers, and I had found a Garden warbler's nest, 4 eggs, before I had been there 10 minutes. I also noted there 2 Nightingales singing, as well singing, as well as Blackcaps, Garden Warblers, Common Lesser White throats, Willow warblers & Chiff Chaffs, spotted Flycatchers, and all the commoner birds.

	By the way, Geoff saw the Nightjars at the Reservoir Wood on Monday morning, May 25. This is the first time this year:
Thursday May 29.	5.30.am. went out with Geoff So the Reservoir Wood he had found the Jay's nest, while I was away, containing 5 young ones, just hatched. It was a very dull morning, and a difficult place, but managed to get a passable photo with his stereo camera. The young ones are several different sizes, the difference between the biggest and the smallest being very noticeable Only one had its eyes partly open, and these feathers are not showing yet. Last Thursday, 2nd.. I went up in the evening and put an egg (Sparrow dark's) filled with water and hole stopped up, into the Sparrow Hawk's nest, in the hope that it might possibly induce her to lay again. This morning I went up to see the result of the experiment, but found the egg was gone. The birds are still about there, though.
Friday, May 30.	5.30. a.m. Went up to the Wild Park to have a try at the Lesser Whitethroat, but had no luck at all. There are still eggs there, and she would not come back at all. I waited the whole morning, but only heard them once. The Greenfinch's nest is robbed,
Saturday, May 31.	Didn't go out in the morning, as had to get down to the office early, as we are going up to N Wales by the 10.30 train. It's a case of a long way in a long time getting up there, very slow going, all up through Central Wales by Cambrian Railway. However, we got up there eventually about 5.0.pm.and then had to drive out to the Farm. I have sketched out a map of this district so that you can refer to it see what sort of a place it is. We drive out along the roadway, from Towyn church as far as it goes, then a rough track across the field to the ferry over the river to the farm. After a jolly good tea, I started off to have look round. A glance at the map will give you a rough idea of the Country A narrow valley running up from the sea with high hills & mountains on either side. The valley is very flat and low lying, and consequently the land is very wet, like Marshfield or the Cog Moors, and often under water, though it is all intersected and drained by reans, and partially protected by a high bank along the south side of the river from floods from the river, although this bank is hardly high enough, in fact, last August (1912) when we had had all that very wet weather, Mr. Roberts rowed, in a boat, some people who were staying at the farm right from the farm into Towyn, across the river, over the high bank, moors and everything. There is a large house in the trees at the bend in the river, and from this corner there is a very deep rean, about 12/15 ft. wide, cut right down to the sea. The river itself is not a very big stream, but the channel is deep and there is always plenty of water there.

I have marked the deep channel in dark blue, and the shallow water lighter. Just above the farm the river broadens out and as cut passage through the marsh land making a series of islands, but the water all round these is very shallow, in fact you can only get a light boat around there, though there is plenty of mud, and I often got stuck going round with the boat. Then, just below the farm, the river widens out into a great lake, after the style of Kenfig Pool, and this also is very shallow, but the bottom is sandy, and rather irregular, some places it is perhaps a foot deep, but in others it is only 5" to 6" and often the bottom is only just covered, so that it is practically impossible to take a boat anywhere except around the north side where the deep channel is. It is different, of course, when there is a flood on, but when we were there it was about normal.

Towards the sea end of the road water a great area of the sand, was not covered.

The river then runs on under the railway bridge to the sea. Now for the shore: on the south side of the river, at any rate, it was almost another tern colony at Sker. If you can imagine the little bit from Sker Point to the original ternery, about half as big again, but with Sker House replaced by a railway bridge, and a river running down from Sker house past the corner of the ternery into the sea, you have it exactly, only of course, that this place is turned the other way about.

Otherwise, it is almost exactly the same, the sea, then rocks, stones and shingle, then a narrow stretch of marram grass covered sandbanks and then a sandy field with stones and shells and bracken & marram grass all over it, just like those at Sker.

Well, you will now have a fair idea of the place, so on Saturday evening I started off to have a look round.

In the garden in front of the house there was a greenfinch's nest with young nearly fledged, and a chaffinch's on a fence which ran through a tall bush, 4 eggs.

Then I went down along the river to the N.E. corner of the Broad Water, which is a marshy sort of place, all cut up by ditches and creeks

I stayed some time around there, but didn't find much, only a Moorhen with several little young ones, and a Moorhen's nest & eggs in a reed bed. There are not many reeds about on the lake, only at this end, and a couple of patches on this side further down towards the sea

There were numbers of birds out on the water. I could see Gulls and Shelducks, Wild Duck, and as it was getting dusk I saw a couple of large terns flying round over the water fishing, & they afterwards went over the marshy N.E. corner, fishing in the creeks.

We always used to turn in pretty early; the farm people had most unearthly hours, up at 4.30 to 5 am. breakfast at 6, dinner at 11 am. tea about 2.30 pm. and supper about 6.30. bed at 8.30. to 9 pm.

Sunday June 1st.	I turned out early this morning, and went down into the garden to have a try at the Greenfinch. The young were almost fledged, but I managed to open out the bush without putting them off, and fixed up the camera, working it with a thread from behind another bush a couple of yards away. I only managed to get a couple, as they nearly always fed the young ones from right in the deep shadow at the back of the nest. After breakfast, we got a boat, (they had a number of boats, chiefly for the fishing, and we could have one any time we wanted it) and rowed down, via the Broad Water, to the Railway Bridge, where we left the boat, and walked down to the shore, following the river bank. As we got on to the edge of the sand hills (I call them sand "hills but it was really only a narrow strip of sand banks covered with marram grass) I saw a Sandpiper fly out about a couple of dozen yards ahead, so I made a bee line for the spot, and found the nest almost at once, containing 4 eggs. They are fine eggs, about the size of a Ringed Plovers' but spotted and blotched with a beautiful warm reddish chocolate. This is marked 1. (all these figures are in green) on the map We had seen several Lesser Terns flying about over the lower end of the lake, and also fishing in the river below the bridge, and now we saw quite a number in the air. It was quite like old times at Sker. There were a lot there, quite as many as there were at both the colonies at Sker in 1910. about 50 pairs altogether I should think, though it was difficult to judge, as there was always a great flock, and sometimes two large flocks out at sea fishing, and it was difficult to make them out, even with the glasses, as you could only see an occasional flash of wings in the sun. And there were a lot of the larger terns out there also, and being about half mile or so out it was impossible to say how many of each there were. So far I had only seen a few larger Terns flying, but when I got over on to the beach, a great flock of them rose up from the corner of the little "island" marked 2A, (the tide being out this was uncovered,) There was about 150 of them there I should think, and they were evidently resting, standing on the sand & shingle by the stream and close to the little pools amongst the stones. They flew about overhead for a few minutes and then the majority settled down again about the same place and a little farther along the shore. Owing to the glare of the sun, I couldn't quite pick out which were common or which were Arctic, but when they were on the wing I managed to identify numbers of both. Then I started to have a look round for Lesser Tern's nests, and found several, containing 1, 2 & 3 eggs, but there seemed to be very few comparatively, and there were no signs of any of the larger Terns nesting.
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I was very disappointed about this, as I had hoped to get some of them. However, a little later on we had the explanation of the scarcity of Lesser Terns nests. A man came strolling along the beach, and got along among the nests, looking at some of them, and occasionally he would pick up an egg and look at it.

We started talking to him about the Terns and he told us that one day during the last week some kids from Towyn had come out and taken in with them about 28 L.Tern's eggs. No wonder there were so few!!!

Out on the rocks (marked 4) from the edge of the beach out to sea, there was a great flock of immature Gulls, all kinds, G.B.B. & L.B.B., Herring, & Kittiwakes, but all immature plumage. In fact, I only saw a couple of gulls, (Herring) in full plumage during the whole week I was there.

There were also a lot of Cormorants there, some fishing in the sea, others sitting on the rocks drying themselves, Also, a long way out to sea I could see quite a lot of smallish black & white birds, swimming about and evidently diving after fish.

But they were so far away, to mile, that it was impossible to identify them: probably they might have been Guillemots, Razorbills or Puffins, they were about that size, although they didn't nest anywhere near where I was, though of course, they go a long way after fish, and may have followed a shoal.

I forgot to mention that when we were coming down the Broad Water there were a lot of Cormorants, 20 or so, all in a long line on the sandbanks marked 3, all in a row drying themselves in the sun.

They looked very funny, many of them were standing up straight with their necks out, and their wings spread like a lot of set butterflies They will often stand like that for half an hour without moving at all, as they get so very wet.

Unfortunately it was impossible to get anywhere near them owing to the water being so shallow for the boat, and when I tried to get towards them they flew off before I was withing 150 yards.

There were also a good number of Gulls here, and a small flock of Lapwings, also one or two Sandpipers and Redshank.

Quite a lot of Shelduck about on the water, and I saw one brood of young ones.

We came back to dinner, and in the afternoon went for a stroll inland, as there was a view that Dad particularly wanted me to take for him, looking right up the valley.

We got along to a point I have marked B on the side of a hill from where there was a clear view up the valley, and from here I took a photo. bird hock, where the Cormorants nest, is right up the valley, about 3 miles from here, & about same distance from Dysynni Bridge. I have marked the direction on the map, and you will see what it is like when I send the photos It is something like a great big "Steep Holm"

stuck up in the end of the valley. One side you can climb up, but the mother it quite sheer, and it is on the cliff that the Cormorants nest.

I can hardly describe it, but when I send the prints through you will see exactly what it is like It is a tremendous place though, the height, according to the ordnance map, is 762 ft, and there is a cliff on one side which drops straight down from the top for well over half way It is 5 ½ miles in a straight line from the nearest part of the sea, but the Cormorants used generally to follow the river approximately and so had to fly over six miles to get to the sea.

We used to see them flying down early in the morning in great strings of 40 to 60, and they would go back in the same way at night about 7 pm., while there were odd ones and twos & threes going backwards and forwards all day long.

We used to see one occasionally swimming & diving in the river close to the farm, and they were always about in the Broad water, where they chiefly went, I think, after the Mullet.

These Mullet are another feature of the place: in the Water we saw great shoals of them, probably 50 to 60 fish, swimming along in the shallow water with their back fins sticking out; & then when we got near them in the boat, there was a tremendous rush & swirl as they went off.

In the evening they used to swim up the river close to the edge in the shallow water, and almost any time they could be seen swimming slowly along, withing a yard of the bank, in only 3 to 6 inches of water, with their tails & back fins sticking out, 5 or 6 great fish, many of them 2 feet long.

They have never been able to catch any with any bait, and have many times tried to shoot them, but with no success. (with shotguns)

We tried this time, standing on the waters edge, and the fish only about 6 feet from you, and not more than 2'6" from the muzzle of the gun. but it was no good, all you would see would be a patch of slightly discolored water where the bottom had been stirred up, but no sign of a fish.

I should have thought that you couldn't fail to hit them to bits at such short range, even in the water, for if you shoot at anything in the air at a yard range, if it's anything big, there's a hole big enough to put your head in, and if its anything small, it's a job to find the bits

Dad got one last year with a rifle, but it seems useless to try to get them with a shot gun.

When we got back, the farm boy came up to me and asked if I would like to see a nest with three little chickens in it.

I told him to lead on, and he took me to a field just below the farm, end in a corner, close to the river bank, (marked 5), he showed me the nest. It was a Skylarks, and contained 3 young ones, just a few days old. They had growing in this corner of the field dome vetch & oats, and had been cutting a little bit of it to feed some prize sheep, and they had cut right over this nest, leaving it bare, and this was how he had found it.

	I thought I would have a try for the bird later on. In the evening, we got a boat out, and rowed up the river round some of the islands, and as for BAS as the boat-house (D) Saw some more young Moorhens, and there is a swan's nest on the top end of the island marked 6. There were a lot of Swallow's nesting in the boathouse. Coming back, we disturbed a Coot from the same island that the Swans nest is on, so I shall be going up again to investigate later.
Monday, June 2..	Got up at 5 am. as I intended to go down to the shore and try to get a photo of the Sandpiper. I walked down on the que south side of the lake, and found the nest alright, so put up my camera & disguised it, using the electric release, but I couldn't find anywhere to hide where I could see the bird coming back. however, I left the camera, and took the wire out as far as it would go, and then went down on to the beach and watched the Terns, found a few more nests, and then went back to the camera. The bird had come back, and was sitting alright, so I went away again, left her for about 20 minutes, and then pressed the button. I didn't see her leave the nest, but when I got there, she was on so I knew I was alright. I got four of her in this way during the morning, although in two of them, owing to the shadows thrown by the grass all round she is quite unrecognizable as a bird, and in one she isn't there at all, as when I went to change the plate she was off, and it turned out that she hadn't been back The male used to come up fairly near to the nest at times, as a couple of times when I went t there he was in the grass about 15 ft from the nest, and flew up as I went near. During the intervals of taking these, I watched the birds along the shore, and saw a bird fly past once which I think must have been o a Skua. It was slightly larger than a Black headed Gull, and seemed rather longer in the wing, and its wings were narrower, more tern-like. It was a dark sooty brown all over, and I watched it with the glasses for some time, as it flew along the coast, but at rather long range. I also waded across the river, it spreads out over the sand and is shallow there, and walked along the coast for about a mile on the ser other side, but saw very few birds at all, as the shore is quite different. The fields run right on to the beach, with a "cliff" of earth from 6 to 15 ft. high dropping straight down on to the beach, which is just a narrow strip of stones, and then all rocks. Just over the other side of the river there is a nice little bit of shingle, but no Terns, though there were a few Ringed Plovers & a pair of Oyster Catchers. I did not stop to look for the nests There were not many Ringed Plovers about and I only saw two pairs of Oyster Catchers. The Lesser Terns were nesting on the beach where I have marked 2 but chiefly the end towards the river.

	I got back for dinner, and in the afternoon had a try for the Skylark, and during the afternoon got four photos of her coming to feed the young ones. In the evening, after tea, I got a boat out, and went up to thoroughly explore the islands. I went over all the islands thoroughly as far up as the boathouse, found a Moorhen's nest with 6 eggs on one, and saw a couple of young moorhens. On the island marked 6, where the Swan's nest is, I found a Moorhen's nest with 8 eggs, and a Coot's nest with 2 eggs. I went up to the other one higher up, (the small one) but didn't find anything, and coming back 1 ended again on 6 to have an look at the swan's nest, which I hadn't examined before. However, I had just landed and was going through a patch of reed when up went a male Reed Bunting; there was no cover, however, there for a nest, as they were only short reeds but a yard or two further on I picked up a part of a hatched Reed Bunting's egg. I thought there must be a nest somewhere on the island, and went all over it systematically, hitting the reed clumps with a stick, but no sign a bird. The reeds, I may say, grow in great clumpy and it is that very thick round spiky reed that grows about 3 ft. high. as well as a lot of the ordinary smaller kind. However, it was now getting dark, and I had to get back, but
Tuesday June 3.	next morning I was out early, and up there again, though there was no sign at all of Reed Bunting's nest or birds or anything on the island. However, I searched it thoroughly, and then went along up the next big island, marked 7, to which I hadn't been before. Here I found another Coot's nest with 4 eggs, and a couple of Moorhen's with 6 & 7 eggs, also some more young ones. Then I went along higher to the bend marked 8, where there was a reed bed, and here I disturbed a male Reed Bunting, who went off down stream I watched him go past island 6, and then lost him. After breakfast I went across the river to the field marked E to try to find a Redshank's nest, or young, whichever were there. There were several pairs nesting there, in fact they were all over the marshy fields (marked C) but this was a small field, and there were several pairs there, and I had the high river bank to hide behind to watch them from. the only or rather The disadvantage I was under all over there fields was that they were covered all over with a growth of that thin round reed about 9 inches to a foot high, which effectually prevented me from watching what the birds were doing. They would alight in the long grass, and then except an occasional glimpse as they moved about, or when they got into a bare patch, I would lose sight of them.

However, I had been watching for a half hour or so, when I saw quite near me a female need Bunting. I had thought I had heard that pretty little note of theirs several times, but hadn't caught sight of them before.

From the bottom of this high bank the re bank there was a bed of the same reed but much higher, and about 8/10 ft. wide stretching along the length of the field, then a wide muddy ditch, and then the field itself.

So I left the Redshanks alone for a bit and started watching the Buntings, and after about an hour, I managed to locate the nest, which contained 4 young ones, just hatched, and one egg. marked 9 on map. Well, after that I went on watching Redshank. I think they are about that most beastly aggravating birds I have ever had anything to go with. It was just the same here as at Porthcawl, only more so, because there were more of them.

If you were walking about the field, they would all be flying round over you shouting out that mournful wail of theirs, you know it, tiu, tiu-heu, tiu heu-heu, You hide down behind the river bank, and think you have watched one nicely down to what must be the nest or young; you get up, and a blessed bird about two fields away see you and gets up, tiu-heu, tiu-heu-heu. And then the whole blessed lot are up again.

You hide down behind the hedge this time, and watch another. When you get up to track him, there's another blessed bird sitting on a fence post or on a twig in the hedge, and off he goes sailing round on the first move, and up go all the rest, and you have no chance of finding where your bird flew up, or went down to, unless you can get nearer to it before it flies up.

I had a postcard from Geoff to-day. He was down at Porthcawl on Sunday, and had had a very similar experience, in fact he told me that they had early driven him dotty, while he had actually seen a young one with his glasses, but before he could get to at the thing had clean disappeared. I think, in fact I am certain that there were no eggs here, as it was late for them of course, and I went over the whole field most carefully, and as the reed-grass was comparatively short & thin I think I should have been certain to have found a nest if there had been one there.

I found a Sandpiper's nest as it was, just walking about over the field, and I was watching the birds all day long practically, to-day, and at other times in the early morning, mid-day, and at night until it was practically dark, but I never say a bird going to the same place or going from it with any regularity, as I should have surely done if they had eggs.

Just before dinner I took a view looking up the valley from the river bank.

After dinner I went across again, and the first thing I saw when I got over the top of the river bank was a young Redshank, walking across a bare patch in the field about 30 yards from me. I just had a glance at him with the glasses, and then went off in chase. I had to run along the ditch a little way before I could cross, but when I got there the thing had

	disappeared completely in the long grass, and though I searched all around that spot for nearly an hour I could see no trace of it at all. I had just the same experience that Geoff had down at Porthcawl, can't make it out at all: the thing absolutely disappeared. I should think it would have been about 5/6 days old, and just from the glimpse I had of it through the glasses, it seemed more striped than a young Lapwing, but brown, & not grey, like Lapwings. There must have been two at least, or perhaps three broods of them in this field, and yet I couldn't find a single young one, although I could see young Lapwings without any trouble, and I came across them several times On the bank of the rean just opposite the corner of the wood I disturbed a brood of wild Duck. They were quite big things, and all scuttled off across the rean. I went back on to the river bank again to watch the Redshank, and after a while had a try at stalking some Shelduck which came down to feed in a pool which was in this field. I have marked this 10. I had no luck however, as I couldn't get any nearer than the river bank, and they were then hopelessly small. This pool, or rather it was a stretch of mud, with about a couple of inches of water, started under the river bank where I have marked it and curved right round to the other side of the field, and then almost the length of the field. It was fed by little trickles of water draining off the marshy land, near the river bank; and then is ran away in another little stream from the far end. I had noticed that a lot of birds went to feed there, all the Redshanks & Lapwings, Shelducks. The latter coming up from the Broad Water. I found a Moorhen's nest, 6 eggs, in the reeds growing under the river bank just at the end of this pool. In the evening I went over there again, to try to find the young Redshanks, but had no luck at all, and just before dark, rowed up round the islands, but didn't see anything fresh, except that I disturbed a Teal off island 5. It was only feeding there, I think, as I could see no sign of nest or young, and I never saw it again. I forgot to mention that I got my tent out, and put it up near the Reed Bunting's nest this evening, having previously cleared the reeds in front of it all ready.
Wednesday, June 4.	Got out early this morning, and went over to try the Reed Bunting. The ground all along where the reeds were under the river bank was very wet, but I thought it would be alright if I cut a lot of reed to sit on, but I was very soon in about 5 inches of water & mud, so I got a couple of the bottom boards out of the boat, and made a floor to sit on, which was much better.

I soon got settled down and the male was back almost immediately, and I got a couple of snaps of him right off, but then he cleared off and only the female came to feed the young right up to breakfast time, 9.0.am. It was a nice bright morning on the whole, but a little cloudy at times. However, I hurried over breakfast, and then went back again, and took some more. The male came back again once, and then went right away again. The female spent a lot of her time brooding and shading the young from the sun that came through the reeds, as it was very hot. I didn't disturb her much, as I was waiting for the male to come back, and hoped to get the pair at the nest, but had no luck, she used to go off occasionally and get some food for the young, chiefly flies and small caterpillars as far as I could see, and then come back and brood again, and when he did eventually come back, she cleared off when she heard him coming. He arrived about 11.30.am. again, and

I got a few more of him, but didn't get the pair at the nest once, as if one was there the other would always wait until it had gone.

I got about 2 dozen. all together, on halves of pls. and thought that would about do, and I had used all the plates I had over there then an idea suddenly struck me; I was thinking about those Shelducks I had tried to stalk yesterday, and thought "why not put up a tent there and get them from that"? There was a little "island" just a little patch of grass in the middle of the mud, it was just about a yard in dia. in the end of the pool close to the river bank, and at this end there was a good stretch of mud, and I had noticed that the Redshanks & Shelducks favored this end, as all along the edge of the rest of the pond there were reeds growing each side.

Anyhow, I erected my tent and fixed up the camera all ready inside, so as to start first thing after dinner.

When walking across the field carrying my things across the tent from the Reed Bunting, I almost walked on a Sandpiper, sitting I saw her when I was about a yard away, and walked right on past within a foot of her, but she don't move.

When I went back there, however, I misjudged the spot by a couple of yards, and in looking round, disturbed her. There were four eggs in the nest, and they were of rather a different type to those I had found on the shore, being more spotted,(with some blotches at the big end,)

They were spotted more after the style of Ringed Plover's, while the others were blotched in that spiral fashion like some of the Lesser Terns are.

I left my camera in the tent, and went over to dinner, taking my slides to change plates, and came back as soon as I could, bringing a couple of boxes of spare plates.

When I got over where I was greatly pleased to find that there were a pair of Shelducks feeding fairly near the tent, of course, they were off as soon as I got over the river bank, but I was soon settled down in the tent, and either the same or another pair were back in less than half an hour.

Then the fun began, I had a great time, most exciting, and an awful rush. I do wish I had had a reflex. As it was, if a bird came down within range, I had to focus, set the shutter, put the slide in, draw the dark slide, and take the snap, and all the while the birds were walking all over the place after things in the mud.

I was using half the lens, the front half, as I find this gives if any thing a slightly crisper picture than the back half when wide open and of course, it requires nearly a couple of inches less extension, so the camera is considerably less shaky,

I also swung the back right out so far as it would go, in order to get as much depth as possible, as the things were on the move all one time, and had often moved some way between the times of focussing and exposure.

I had to be busy, I can assure you, when they were there. And the speed at which I changed plates in the changing bag. I'd drop a couple dark slides into the bag, chuck the plates out anyhow into the box, slap new ones into the slides, shut the box, out with the slides, sometimes expose them right off if there was anything about, and then back again to change once more. I had to pack them up properly who I got back in at night, but although I had such although I had such a mix up, I managed to get through without spoiling any plates at all through double exposures etc.

All my exposures here were at 1/50th. sec., though I don't know at all what the stops were, at full aperture it would be about f13.5, but I always stopped down a little, and it would vary between f16 & f32.

But the exposures are all very fair, as it was on the water, and it was generally bright, though about 4 o'clock it came on rather dull & there was a very heavy shower, very heavy rain just like a thunder storm.

However, first of all a pair of Shelducks came down, and they alighted on the left hand side of the tent, and stayed up there feeding in the mud where the stream ran in. They were up the some time, and then worked across in front of the tent, and down the pool for a little distance, when they flew up and away back over towards the sea.

There were nearly always a pair there some where: soon after this pair left another pair came and went to the other end of the pool, where it runs away.

When the Shelducks were near me I had a fine opportunity for watching them. The female didn't take the slightest notice of the tent at all, though they neither came nearer than about 15 ft. when at the left side, and about 20 ft. when in front. Unfortunately, as they walked across the front, they didn't follow the line I had anticipated they would and consequently were not in the field of focus. They walked rather quickly, and I had focussed on a spot or rather a small patch of mud, and as they walked across a yard or so beyond this I just racked the camera in a little, just about right as I thought, but they were right out of focus when I developed it

However, when they got a little farther away they found a good patch of mud I expect, and stayed comparatively still for a few secs, which enabled me to focus on them and take a decent snap.

I was just about to take another, when they started walking away again, then a Redshank flew down just ahead of them, then a Sandpiper walked out on to the mud from the little bit of reed on the corner, then two more Redshanks flew down, so I just racked in the camera a little bit more to bring them into focus, and snapped them. I immediately took out the slide, and started to focus, for I found I was a little bit out in my guess of the focussing, when the Redshanks all flew off, and the Sandpiper walked back. Rotten luck, wasn't it, and the snap is hopelessly out of focus.

While the female Shelduck took no notice of anything hardly, the male was quite different.. She went along with her head down grubbing in the mud, and hardly ever looked up, but it was very seldom that he fed at all. He generally walked along near her, with his head up in the air. He kept on all the time working his neck up and down, and the emitting a peculiar sizzling little whistle continuously.

It reminded me just exactly of one of these toy steam engines with a cylinder & piston working up and down, and the steam whistling out at each stroke of the piston.

It was very funny, and he kept it up continuously, though he didn't seem afraid of the tent. He certainly seemed suspicious, but I noticed that they (the males) always did it when the tent wasn't there and even when I was watching them with the glasses from my window in the farm, (I could see the pool from there), so that they were not suspicious of me watching them or anything like that.

The Redshanks were extremely erratic in their movements, and though they came down my way pretty frequently, I didn't manage to get one photo of them that was any good. One would alight fairly near the tent, but while I was getting focussed, or it generally happened while I was drawing the dark slide, they would suddenly see a worm or something about a dozen yards away over the mud, and would take a flying rush over there. One time two came down and I had got them focussed and just drawn the slide when they flew up. I snapped the shutter when I saw they were preparing to go, but was just too late, and they were both on the wing.

Then a Sandpiper ran round from behind and right across close under the tent, and got round to the other side before I had hardly commenced to focus it, however, I twisted the camera round somehow, and just managed to get him before he disappeared round the other side of the tent. Just after that storm I mentioned finished, I saw a little bird coming along, from one side of the tent, which I thought at first a Sandpiper, but when it got nearer I saw that it wasn't, but it was a DUNLIN. So I got ready for him, but he was an awful time making up his mind. He messed about in the mud on the side of the tent till I felt like throwing things at him, but eventually he came round fairly close in front, and I took several snaps of him to make sure.

	There were several Moorhens running about on the other side of the pool in among the reeds, and though several had run across, I hadn't managed to get one. It would have been different had I had a reflex no trouble about the focussing with them. These Moorhens were continually fighting in the reeds, and once two of the came out and had a scrap in the open for my benefit, but they were too far away to photo them, quite 20 yds. It was very funny how they went about it. They ran up to each other, then sort of laid over backwards & sat on their tails, and grabbed at each other with their feet. It was very funny to watch them and after they had been at it for about half a minute another came out and joined in in the same way. They kept it up for about a couple of minutes and scuttled off back into the reeds again. Just before tea time it came over dark again, and there was another heavy shower, so I went over & had tea, & got my plates squared up a bit. Then as it brightened up nicely I went over again, and stayed there till about 7.30.pm. The Shelducks came down again, but kept more on the left side of the tent, but I did manage at last to get a Redshank. He came down and walked across in the water right in front of the tent, about 10 ft. away, and I snapped him, but it was a bit late and consequently underexposed. I also got a snap of a Moorhen running across, but it is rather mixed up with some dark lumps of mud kicked up by the cattle, and not very clear. However, he's there.
Thursday June 5.	It was blowing rather like rain last night, and this morning when I looked out all the mountains were covered with clouds of mist, and it was raining thick. I could see my pond from the window and saw that the tent was down too. We had arranged to go to Bird Rock to-day, but as it was so wet it was no good and the conveyance didn't turn up. After breakfast I got a boat out & rowed across to see what was the matter with the tent, and found the blessed cows had been having a fine game with it. However, I put it up again, but it was too wet to do anything in there. It rained all the morning, and I had to stay in, couldn't do anything. It started to clear a little about 12.30.pm.so we had an early dinner, and when it stopped raining I started off down to the shore. By the time I got down there it was clearing up nicely over the sea, and in about half an hour the sun was shining brilliantly. It was awfully windy though. I saw a couple of Curlews as I was coming down, and just by the mouth of the river saw an immature Black Headed Gull, the first I had seen here. I had come down hoping that I might possibly find the first of the larger Terns nesting, but was doomed to disappointment.

I saw three or four pairs, of I think, Common Terns, but am not quite sure, as the sun was shining right into my eyes, and it was difficult to see with the glasses, as you can tell practically only by the tip of the beak. These 3/4 pairs would often alight together near certain spots in the shingle. (I mean that each pair went to one place regularly, not that the 3/4 pairs went together) I didn't put it clear. So after a bit of watching I managed to track them to these places and found the scratchings, but no eggs, worse luck.

I had wondered before whether there were any other species there besides the common and arctic, as I had thought I had noticed one or two that had seeming black bills, but it was difficult to tell, as it might possibly be a common Tern that had a little more black on the end of its bill than another, or it might be a question of light, as several times when watching Arctic Terns, which have all red bills, their bills seemed quite dark when they turned their heads a certain way. however, I settled it this afternoon, for once, as I was watching the crowd flying overhead a Tern came along fairly low, and I had the glasses on him & saw that he had an undoubtedly black beak.

I lowered the glasses as he came near, and just she passed over my head he gave a CROAK, not a bit like the other notes of the Common & Arctic & Lesser, which they call in the books either pirre or kreee, although I don't consider either of these is really like the note of either of the three. The common & Arctic Terns' notes are more like a long drawn out kreee, but I don't think the Lesser is like pirre quite.

However, I saw this croaking bird again, or another one, several times, but never such a good view, and before I had a decent look at it, it would be lost in the mob. But I could not make out any rose tinting which the Roseate Tern is said to have.

However, I have looked it up in several books, and in an article in June Wild Life, Riley Fortune, writing about the Farne Islands, says : - "There are always two or three pairs of Roseate Terns nesting among the commoner species.... They may be recognized when in the air by their longer tail feathers. As a rule they fly higher and wide apart from the others, but if these distinctions fail to identify them, their note, which is a harsh crake, cannot fail to do so. On the ground they are easily recognized"

Well, in regard to the last para. he give no explanation, but unless they walk in some special way I don't see that you could identify them better by means of color etc. than when on the wing.

In regard to the length of the tail feathers, I should say that you would need considerably experience with the Arctic & Common before it would be possible to say with any degree of certainty, for on turning up the lengths in Kearton's book I find that the lengths are Common 14 1/2" Arctic 15" and Roseate 15 1/2" so there isn't much difference, unless you found them nesting in the middle of a colony of Common terns, with no Arctics at all.

Then The Common Tern is white underneath, the Arctic is light grey, and the Roseate is "white strongly tinted with rose color."

	But you know how difficult it is to say which is grey and which is white in a strong seaside sun, on the white stones & shingle, don't you? Then Kearton says that the Arctic has shorter legs, and longer outer tail quills, but the total difference in length is only $\frac{1}{2}$" , so you would have some difficulty in picking this out when the birds are flying all ways overhead. Then the bills : - The Arctic is plain red. The Common is red with a black tip. The Roseate is black from the tip to the nostril and thence to the base red. I was awfully disappointed at not finding any of their nests however, while I was walking along the top of the beach, just inside the edge of the marram grass out flew a sandpiper, and I found another nest, 4 eggs (marked 11) These eggs were the same type as the other ones that I found in the sandbanks, I took an ordinary and a color photo of it, and also took a color photo of a Lesser Tern's nest. And while walking about in the grass a few yards inland from the Sandpiper's nest I disturbed a Meadow Pipit, and found the nest, 4 eggs. I stayed about half an hour longer watching the ferns, and then started home, on the way finding a Lapwings nest with 3 eggs. (marked 12) When I got back, I found those blessed cows had been through my tent again. However, after tea, I went over and put it up near the Sandpipers nest, intending to have a try for the bird early to-morrow morning, before going to Bird Rock. Before I did this, however, I photo'd the nest, and also the Reed Bunting's nest & young. That egg is still there, so it must be added. Then I went along in the boat to island 6 and photo'd the Swan's nest. The female was sitting, but as I went near she left the nest, so I photo'd the eggs while I had the chance. Meanwhile the male swam up, and had landed walked up to the edge of the nest. There was a piece of reed over the eggs, which I went to move, when he came up on top of the nest with a terrific rush, & stood over the eggs with his feathers all ruffled up, so I watched my chance, and took one of him like that.
Friday, June 6.	Another rotten wet morning this morning, just like yesterday. When I went over to the tent, I found those blighted & cows had been at it again, and had flattened the tent out, and trampled on the nest, smashing two of the eggs. I wouldn't have put the tent up had I known this was going to happen, but I didn't think the cows would get over to that part of the field, because they were usually always in the other part of the field on the other side of the pool, and I had never seen them this side before. well, we decided to go to Bird Rock, wet or not, so we walked into Towyn and got the wagonette to drive out there. It rained solid the whole way, and then when we got there we had to climb up this great mountainous rock. It was simple pelting down, however, we started up, and for a long time could see no sign of the Cormorants. They were all round on the other side, on the cliff. I am sending enclosed a print, (will send the others later) just to show you where we

got to. We got up to about and found that there were a lot of the birds nesting in the very high cliff on the right, and also I found after a mile that there were a few nesting in the lower cliff just to our left and below us

Dad was with me, and he had no nails in his boots for one thing, & he was slipping all over the place. I had nails & wasn't, but it didn't make any difference, he was most mightily afraid I was going to damage the scenery down below.

However, I found a simple easy way round to a place, a good wide ledge, where I thought I should be able to see into several nests.

After a lot of persuasion etc., (but it did take a lot) I was there with the camera, with a rope round me (I think I could have got there easily in the dark). Well, I found I could just see into one nest with eggs, it was on a wide ledge which I could have got to easily, but there ----- well, I had to stay where I was & do the best I could. I photo'd that, it was awfully dark, and terrific gusts of wind coming round the corner of the cliff, which shook the camera badly & I had to give 1 sec. at f11.

Then just below me were three or four nests, one containing young, not very old, only black down on them, two I couldn't see into, and on one the bird was sitting, but her head was behind a cliff corner, and only her tail half was visible. I took a couple of this, but the camera was shaken badly in one, and young moved in the other. Then the sitting bird stuck her head out, and I used my last plate trying to get her, but she moved her head during the exposure, and a gust of wind came along & shook the camera, so its moved all over the show.

Horrid stink of rotten fish down on those ledges, just like the Steep Holm: it was very reminiscent of that memorable trip

There must have been a lot of young ones in the nests on the main cliff, & the cackling of the young ones was very funny, just like a tremendous lot of little bells tinkling.

I saw a Kestrel flying about along the face of the cliff mobbing Jackdaws, so expect there was a nest there, and I also saw a Raven circling round high overhead for some time, so I expect they were expecting nesting there also.

It had now stopped raining, but we came down, though I should have liked to have stayed and another go at them.

However, I took a couple of views from different places of the hack, and then we drove home.

It was starting to clear when we left and by the time we got home it was quite fine again, like yesterday afternoon.

I was wet through pretty nearly, but got nearly dry driving home, so immediately after tea, as it was fairly bright, I went over and put up the tent near the pool again, this time not on the island, but on the bank a little further up, opposite a place where I had noticed the Redshanks came fairly often, but which was rather far from any island.

	However, it soon came on very dull and awfully windy, and no Redshanks came at all, though I had a pair of Shelducks down. The old male came strolling round, and actually walked across my island, and then came across the grass behind the tent, and withing about 15 ft. of it. when he did this, I turned right round with the camera, cut a slit in the back of the tent, and photo'd nim. But they had to be snaps, and are no good, being very underexposed. You can't expect much, at 1/50th.sec, f22 at 7.30pm. even in June, when it is dull. To-night I had another species visit the pond, viz:- a couple of Mallard, but they kept down towards the other end, right out of range. I wish there was a place like that at home here, I saw from the house Herons there twice, and once a Cormorant, although they were down the other end from my tent. I don't know what the Cormorant expected to get there, the water is not more than 6" deep anywhere. I left the tent up where it was, though it was very windy, but I guyed, it up as I thought, securely, with strings from the top to pegs.
Saturday June 7.	Got up early this morning, it was nice & fine, but my tent was again spread all over the place. It was properly wrecked this trip, and had been flapping about in the wind all night. The ground is peaty, and I had driven the sticks in well, and they hadn't shifted, but the wind had simply blown all the canvas off, and all one side was ripped to rags. So I took it all in, and I didn't do much more, as we had to leave before 12.0. noon, and had all our packing to do. However, I photo'd some of Mr. Robert's prize sheep for him, and took a couple of views round about, also a color photo of a fine foxglove to use up my last color plate. We had an uneventful journey home, and didn't see much in the bird way of any note except, on the Dovey Estuary (the tide was out) there a tremendous flock of Oystercatchers, must have been a couple of thousand. I've never seen a flock like them before. And then, down at Newbridge-on-Wye, on the river we saw a Black Headed Gull. This is not far from Builth, where Arthur Brook gets his B.H.Gull Photos.

List of birds noted at Towyn, May 31 to June 7. 1913.

Gulls	G.B.B.	few	immature			
	L.B.B.	C	:			
	Herring	C	:	and few mature		
	Black-headed	one	:			
	Kittiwake	C	:			
Skua (?)	Richardson's (?)	One probably immature.				
Terns	Lesser	about 50 pairs,	B.	E.		
	Common)	about 70/80 pairs in all, probably				
	Arctic)	approx.equal numbers of each.	B.			
	Roseate	probably 2/3 pairs.	B.			
(?) species	probably Guillemot, Puffin or Razorbill, seen out at sea					
Cormorant,	Colony at Bird Rock,					
Swan, Mute,	2 pairs & several immature,	B.	E.	Y.		
Shelduck,	C.	B.	Y.			
Mallard,	C.	B.	Y.			
Teal,	One seen					
Coot,	2/3 pairs on river,	B.	E.			
Moorhen,	C.	B.	E.	Y.		
Oyster-Catcher,	2 pairs & 2/3 odd birds,	B.	E.	Y.		
Ringed Plover,	5/6 pairs.	B.				
Redshank,	C.	B.	Y.			
Lapwing,	C. mostly in flocks.	B.	E.	Y.		
Common Sandpiper,	C.	B.	E.			
Snipe	2/3 seen & heard drumming. Probably Common					
Curlew	few seen. may nest in the mountains, but these would be non-					
breeding birds,						
Dunlin	few seen.					
Heron	few seen.					
Raven	One Bird Rock.	B.				
Carrion Crow	C.	B.				
Jackdaw	C.	B.				
Magpie	?	B.	few seen.	probably common..		
Sparrow Hawk	Two seen					
Kestrel	One Bird Rock.	B.				
Peregrine (?)	one. Identification very uncertain. Large bird.					
Wood Pigeon,	F.C.	B.				
Pheasant	few Seen	B.				
Song Thrush,	C.	B.				
Missel Thrush	few.	C.	B.			
Blackbird,	C.	B.				
Starling,	few.	B.	Dad had not seen any in previous years.			
House sparrow		C.	B.			
Hedge Sparrow		C.	B.			
Robin	C.	B.				
Greenfinch	C.	B.	Y.			
Chaffinch	C.	B.	E.			
Linnet	C.	B.	E.			
Yellowhammer,	few.	B.				
Reed Bunting,	3/4 pairs, probably common,	B.	Y.			

Wren	C.	B.	
Meadow Pipit	C.	B.	E.
Tree Pipit	few	B.	
Pied Wagtail	few	B.	
Skylark		C.	B. Y.
Swallow	C.	B.	Nests seen.
House Martin	few.	B.	
Sand Martin	few	Did not see any signs of nesting, though there were suitable places, and they would be certain to nest there.	
Swift	C.	B.	
Cuckoo		C.	B. Not nearly as numerous 23 in previous years.
So I was told.			
Whitethroat	C.	B.	
Sedge Warbler		V.C.	B.
Willow Warbler		few	B.
Black cap	Heard occasionally	B.	
Wheatear	few	probably breeding.	
Green woodpecker	few	B.	

64 identified in all to a fair degree of certainty. 1 unidentified.

Abbreviations:-

C. - Common. F.C. - fairly common. V.C. - very common.

B.- Either breeds or probably does so in the district, though in some cases, though I had no direct evidence that they did so, it is a practical certainty that they did.

E. -nest and eggs found. Y.- nest and young found, or young seen.

Where no note in regard to breeding, is made it is assumed that the species does not breed in the district.

Few - Anything from 5 to 20

Monday-June 9 1913	We had arranged to go out this morning to photo the Young Jays, but I was a little bit late, and Geoff was there first. When he got up to the nest the young had all flown out of the nest, but we managed to capture three by shaking them out of the branches. These we took out into the open and sat them on a stump. One was a very quiet chap, but the other two were wild, and we had a bit of a job. However, we managed to get a snap of the three together, and a couple of single ones, 1/10th. sec- at F6.8. It was pretty bright. When we got to the stump we had decided on, and were testing our things unpacked, up flies an old pheasant, and we managed to catch a couple of young ones, though the rest all scattered in the long grass & bushes, so we lost them for the time being. However, we were some time doing the Jays, and we were hearing little chirps all round. Every time we heard one, one of us would look round for him, and by the time We had finished with the Jays, we had ten little pheasants in one of the bags
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	So we put them out, and took their photos also. Several were rather inclined to run away, but we got over the difficulty by covering them with a lot, and then taking it off suddenly, making the exp. at once. We then had to put the young lays back, but managed it alright.. as they had quite calmed down now, after hour in my dark slide bags. Just managed to had a look at the Whitethroat's nest as we passed. The young had flown, but we didn't have time to go to the Grasshopper's or Pipits.
Tuesday-June 10	5.0 am Went up to the Park this morning, as. I wanted to have a try for the Lesser Whitethroats. They came back alright this time, but were absolutely jumping about all the time, and I didn't have chance, It was a dark place right in the middle of a bush shaded by trees, so snap shot was practically useless I knew, and anything more than 1/10th.sec was also useless, on account of movement. However, I took a dozen at 1/10th.but they are no good. Several times the pair came to the nest together to feed the young ones, which are so very nearly fledged I noticed that the young have quite a distinct way of moving their heads when they heard the old birds coming in. Of course, all young birds shake their heads a lot, but the Lesser whitethroat seems different from others I have watched. They all stand up in the nest as the old bird comes then stretch their necks out, and then their heads perform a sort of very rapid vibration from side to side, although the movement is not great
Wed. & Thurs. 11th & 12th	Both mornings dull & wet through fine later,
Friday June 13.	5.0.am. Was dull again this morning, but I decided to go out and see if I couldn't find any trace of the Nightjar nesting up at the Reservoir wood. I had a look at the Grasshopper's and the Tree Pipit's nests as I went up, and found that both lots of young had flown; only just gone, though, by the look of the nest. Well, I walked up and down all over the place for a long time, but saw no sign at all of Nightjars, until suddenly I saw the old bird sitting under the shade of a little bush a couple of yards from me. I stood still watching her, and as I made a slight movement towards her, she flew up, and I saw my first Nightjar's nest and eggs. They appeared perfectly fresh to look at, and there were a few little bits of grass growing under them which were quite green and fresh from which I surmised that they had probably only been laid a day or perhaps two, at most. However, this proved to be quite wrong, as we found out later, unfortunately. Well, thinking the eggs were fresh I quickly took a photo, also a color one, though I had to give intermittent exposures for both, as it was dull and rather breezy, I stopped the former down to f45.

	I left there early, and called in at the Park on the way back, as I wanted to photo the young Lesser Whitethroats if they hadn't already gone. they were there alright, and I got a fairly decent photo, 2 secs. f8. This was none too much, so it will give you an idea of what 1/10th-sec. at F6.8 was like, although it was rather brighter that morning.
Sat.June 14th.	Went up to the Park this morning as Geoff was going to try to get a photo of the L, white throats, but we found they had gone, so after a while we went on up the see the Nightjar's nest, as Geoff wasn't out yesterday. Geoff photographed the nest, and then we had a try at stalking the old bird, but had no luck. In the afternoon I went down to Porthcawl by train, Bert has been staying there for the past fortnight, at Fred Duck's. Mrs. Duck & the baby having gone up to Whitchurch for a holiday, Fred Duck was on his own, and intended to go into digs while she was away, but when Bert said he was coming down, he asked him to go to his (Fred's) house and they would "camp out" there. It looked as though they'd been camping out too, when I got there. But I digress. When we were down last time we called to see them, and when it was mentioned about Bert coming down while Mrs. Duck was away, she asked Bert if he could do any cooking, or how would they manage Bert said that he could cook alright, at any rate, he was quite good at opening tins !!!! Well, Bert met me at the Station, looking about the color of dark coffee, he was very sunburnt, then we strolled along to the house, via Duck's shop. They had been "camping out", and no mis mistake Fred Duck aid say that he did all the brain-work, and left the rest and certainly he didn't do much more, and Bert must have been about the same. Words fail me when I try to describe the scene inside the house. Fortunately they had shut up the rooms they didn't want, and lived in two bedrooms and the kitchens. First of all, the whole place was littered with newspapers, upstairs and down, the kitchen floor was covered with and indescribable mess of mugs, cigarettes ends, sardine tins, milk tins, old papers, sugar bags, bits of bread, jampots, etc ---- etc. There wasn't a clean plate, cup, saucer, jug, dish, to be seen any more, the table cloth was filthy with jam and oil and mess all over it, and the crockery and cutlery from about 5 or 6 meals piled up on one end, besides several empty marmalade rots, condensed milk tins etc, and the things from breakfast that morning. Out in the scullery things were even worse, for I'm sure there hadn't been a single thing washed up for a week at least. The table and the sink were filed up with dirty plates, dishes knives and forks, all covered with grease, bits of bacon & eggs etc (Bacon & eggs formed their staple diet I believe), some were shoved on the

shelf in the pantry, another pile on the washing boiler, and a heap under the table, as well as a number of empty bottles etc., They had swept the kitchen floor occasionally, and brushed it out under the scullery table, where was a great heap of dirt, papers, cigarette ends, matches etc.

And upstairs it was as bad. I don't suppose they had really made the beds for the fortnight, and the two rooms were littered with clothes and papers, there were matches in the beds, and besides Fred Duck's bed was a small table, on which was a dishful of matches & cigarette ends. I lost my chance that trip, I ought to have taken a photo of the rooms & kitchens. I could have blackmailed Fred Duck for any amount not to let his Mrs. know.

They used to get up in the morning & cook their breakfasts, when they felt like it; when they didn't, they used to go to Comley's and buy it. There was a chunk of cake on the table, too. This I was told had been bought of the first day, but they didn't like it, (slab cake- sold in Cardiff about 2½d per lb). one of Bert's purchases.

It was there at the end of the fortnight, when I was there, looking a se bit frayed. They palmed some off on to me. Like eating sawdust.

I believe they used the spend most evenings, after the shop was shut round at the "Pavilion", (usual seaside pierrots), and then held impromptu concerts in the kitchen at home till about 1.0 am.

Well, we went over to the house from the station, I left my things there, and we got Bert's bike out, and went off along the coast to Sker and beyond.

I saw the Tern's nest at Sker Point, also a Ringed Plovers, and we found a new Oystercatcher's nest, about 50 yds. further on from the old ternery, containing three eggs.

Then we continued along the shore until we came to the opening in which was the Merlin's nest (No.2) Saw very few, or there seemed to be fewer than usual, birds along the shore, O.C.'s, Ring lovers &c.

The Merlin's nest (empty, of course) was quite similar to the other just a slight hollow in the sand among the marram grass, lined out with dead marram grass, I also picked up one or two tiny feathers a bite of down. The nest was on top of a great hill of grass covered sand at the back of one of those bays which run in from the end of the beach. and it was only about ¼ mile from Sker Point.

There were no traces of anyone having been there, and of course all tracks etc., and practically invisible in the sand after a few hours. I didn't bring the camera out, as it was rather late in the evening and I had all the things packed up. I wish I had taken it now, for we came across a brood of young Wild Duck, quite little things, and managed to catch a couple before they got to the pool.

There was a big pool chose by, and they immediately scooted to it and dashed across to some of the islands.

	Then we went along to the Gullery, which was not much further on, and waded about to the various nests. The water was very much lower now, but it was over ones knees in many places. Most of the Gulls eggs were hatched, but there were 3 nests unhatched, with 3 eggs each, one lot being chipped. Another nest had an unhatched egg in it. The young one had chipped the egg, but had died before it could get out, and the whole thing was now a mass of maggots. There were eight gulls nests here in all, also on other islands were three Mallard's nests, two hatched, and the other with eggs, which were however, quite cool, although well incubated. Langford's tent was up in front of one of the Gull's nests, but there was no sign of him anywhere about. After this we strolled over into the sand hills, saw numerous tracks of young B. H. gulls in the dry sand, but we did not actually see one, or anything of the old birds except at the other big pool near where that one single nest was last year. this is a long way from this year' gullery. Came across a few young Lapwings, and saw the Redshanks, but could find no trace of any young ones at all. We worked round towards the beach, and got out on to it about mile from the brook, and then walked along to Sker. There seemed to be fewer birds along the shore actually than usual I thought. we saw no Lesser Terns at all along this end. There were, however, quite a number of dead Guillemots, in mostly good state of preservation, and also a few Puffins, mostly in a very bad state of preservation, scattered along the beach. Probably from Gower, on account of the storms of the last fortnight. After some trouble we caught a puffin (he was puffin', too), put him in a tin with some sand to keep it down, and took it home, whence we put it in a cardboard box, marked perishable, and posted it to Herbert Short, with "A present from Porthcawl" inside.
Sunday June 15,	We were up early this morning, as Fred Duck wanted to catch the early train from Pyle, as he was going up to Cardiff to see Mrs.D. After that I gave Bert a hand to clear things up a bit, and then we went out on his bike Sker-wards. We left the bike some way from the gullery, and then walked over to it, but there was no one there. I had expected to see Langford there, but he wasn't, though when I went to the tent, I found a note there from <u>Herbert short</u> After a while we found him, he had come down by the early train and so had not had his Puffin.

	We said nothing, of course, but heard after that when he got home that night his brother told him that a small parcel had come, which he had put in the garden with a weight on it. Well, I was wondering what to do - I didn't like to put up another tent in the gullery, neither did I care to go into Langford's tent, I was expecting he would be down, though I thought several times of doing so. I saw him later, and found that he had come down on the Saturday, but for some reason or other, probably a touch of the sun, or being in the close tent, he wasn't feeling at all well, and had left about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and had not come down on Sunday at all, so I might just as well have gone in a got some photos.
	This was another specimen of my rotten luck again, for this Was bird in immature plumage, although I didn't know it at the time. There is of course very little mottling on the wing showing when at rest, and I only saw the bird on the nest from a distance of about 250/300 yds. When we were nearer it was flying high overhead. however, we decided to do noting at the gullery, and practically spent the whole day roaming about over the sandhills watching the birds, searching for Merlins, and searching some of the other pools for Gulls. We saw no sign of the Merlins themselves at all, though numerous tracks, and there were a tremendous number of Crows, Rooks and Jackdaws about in small & fairly large flocks. As regards Gulls, on one of the other large pools I found two more nests, eggs hatched, and it is quite probable that there were more about, at any rate there were at least 10 pairs nesting this year, and probably more, for we saw at one time nineteen birds in the air together. IT was rather peculiar the we saw no trace of young gulls at all, though at one time we must have been near some, for the old birds were making a tremendous outcry overhead. They are very protectively colored, though. Herbert found a Puss Moth resting on the stem of a Dock right out there in the middle of the sandhills, where it came from goodness only knows. It was a glorious day, but awfully hot - we had a great time, though I'm afraid we didn't do much in the photographic way.
Monday, June 16	5.0 A.M. went up to the Reservoir wood to see how the Nightjar was getting on. It was alright, and after a bit of manoeuvring I managed to stalk the old bird, getting a photo of her on top of a branch-point, which was a favorite perch when disturbed from the nest. I used half lens, of course, stopping it down to F32 & gave 2 secs. exposure,

	which was too much, but I thought it would give more detail in the bird, as it was up against the sky.
Tues.& Wed June 17 & 18.	Both wet and dull early.
Thursday June 19.	Rather finer this morning, I went up and put the tent up near the Nightjar's nest. Coming back down the path on the edge of the wood, I heard an unusual note which I recognized, a Garden Warbler. It was a female, and I repeatedly saw her go into a big clump of bush with food, but could find no trace of a nest at all. There must have been a nest there well hidden, young nearly fledged.
Friday June 20.	Another wet, dull morning, though fine later. Not out.
Saturday June 21	Finer again this morning, so went up to the Reservoir Wood to move the tent nearer to the Nightjar. when I got up there & flushed the bird, there was only one egg. On looking closer I saw the young one, as I thought, crouching near the end. of a piece of wood. So I got the camera out and photo 'd him immediately, but on picking it up, intending to put it up close to the egg, I found it was dead, cold & stiff. There was a slight wound on the underside of its head, though there was no sign of how it could have been caused. I shifted the tent up nearer, but did not go in, as I was afraid the old bird might not come back for some time, so kill the other young one in the egg. I saw the Garden warbler again this morning, and judging from here actions, should say that the young had left the nest, and were spread about in the bushes, though again I couldn't find one of them.
Monday, June 23.	5.0.am. went up to have a try at the Nightjar. Heard a Cuckoo as I went up. The other egg was hatched The old bird flew off a down behind some bushes on to an old stump which was a favorite perch, so I got my camera fixed inside the tent, & then after walking past the old bird, went inside myself, quietly She came back in about 15 minutes, but seemed very suspicious. however, I got one of her covering the young one, f22-3 secs. but she went off as I changed the slide. she came back again after another 10 mins. or so, but this time took the young one behind some grasses. I left her alone for about ¼ hour, then clicked the shutter, but she took no notice, so I rattled the slide a little, when she went off, and wouldn't come back, for over half an hour, so I thought best to leave.
Tuesday June 24.	This morning she wouldn't come back at all, so after waiting about 2 hour, I tried stalking her on the stump, and after a couple of attempts, I got her, using half lens, about 3 secs, f32.
Wednesday, June 25.	Had another try from the tent this morning, and this time was fairly successful, though it was not particularly bright, so I couldn't take snapshots, but I managed to get several of her just as she was

	coming to the young one after alighting, the young one, by the way almost always ran in behind the grass behind the nest, and she walked to him there,
Thursday June 26.	This morning I thought to try to get a color photo of her covering the young one, but had no luck at all when she did come to the nest, the young one was in behind the grass, but often she would not come to the nest, but fly to the nest, but fly to a spot several yards away, and call to the young one from there, when he would run through the grass to her. She used to make a very peculiar noise, very like a dog growling, when calling the young one. After a while I came out, and tried staking her with the color plate, and managed eventually to get her on the stump. I also photo'd in color 2 lot of foxgloves. This has been a great year for foxgloves, and up here there were crowds. Great beds of them, patches of 30-40. 50 square yards, nothing but a mass of foxgloves, and many of them enormous spikes of bloom.
Friday, June 27.	I didn't go into the tent this morning, but tried stalking the old bird in the trees, and eventually got one pretty good one of her. She is a lary old bird. I had got nicely up within range several times, but as soon as I put my head under the cloth to focus, she was off, and before I could get clear of the cloth again she was 40/50 yds. away, fixed on another tree as though she was glued there.
Saturday June 28.	Geoff came out this morning, (and the afternoon) but was not very successful from the tent, though he got several by stalking in the afternoon with that big Bis-Telar of his (ed. See https://expmom2015.hpage.com/emil-busch-bis-telar-design-1905-just-a-play.html it may not be this exact one, but for interest) I noticed a Meadow brown Butterfly this morning. first one.
Monday June 30.	I went up again this morning, and did some more stalking result, 1 decent photo, really the best of the lot, ½ lens, f32-1 sec. The young one is getting big now, and was about a dozen yards from the tent.
Tues July 1.	5.0.am. I thought I would go out to those marshy fields Llanishen way for & change this morning, & see if I could find some young Lapwings, as I thought I might find some nearly full grown. I didn't see any sign of any at all, though, & very few old birds as well. however, I had a stroll round, and put up a pair of Snipe, & judging by the way they were flying round, calling & drumming, I am pretty certain there were young ones there, though I couldn't find any. Then I noticed the pair of fellow wagtails buzzing round very excitedly, so I sat down to watch them, and after a few minutes the female went down into the grass. I marked the spot, and after a minute or two

	search, I found the nest, which contained 4 eggs, seemingly fairly fresh. I went off immediately for the camera, which I had left under the hedge, when some old buffer who I had noticed up in the next field came o ovel, kicking up a frightful row, threatening prosecutions, Llandaff Police Court, and all the rest of it. I talked to him nicely, but it was no good. He started on about doing damage to the fields, so I explained again exactly what I was doing, and that I did no damage at all. The blessed fields are under water & mud until May, and all out up by the cattle. You couldn't possibly damage it if you ploughed it. However, he kept at it still. I was getting fed up with him, so went on putting the camera up, as it was getting late, and I was going a to photo the nest that morning. Then he informed me that the Bute people would give him a guinea for his trouble if he got a prosecution for trespass, so I told him to go a get his guinea, gave him my candid opinion of his rotten old fields, and wonderful to say, he cleared off without another word, and we never saw him again, though we went up several times later. I took a couple of photo's of the nest, then off home, as it was late.
Wednesday, July 2.	Geoff was coming out this morning, but didn't turn up though Herbert short did, He had another look for the Snipe, but were not successful. The wagtail's are alright.
Thursday, July 3.	Geoff turned up this morning, so we went out and he photo 'd the wagtail's nest. Yesterday, with Herbert, I fixed up the Camera focussed on a bush they often alighted on, but of course, they didn't come when it was there. We thought of trying again this morning, but really there was no certain place near the nest which they used regularly like the Whinchats & Stonechats, so we decided it would be best to use the tent, and stuck a little stick up near the nest in case they might get used to using it regularly.
Friday, July 4	Was wet & Sat. I went away early in the morning.
Monday, July 7	Another dull wet morning.
Tuesday, July 8.	I went out this morning just to get the tent, which was still up at the Nightjar's. No sign of the young one at all. But I saw, ---- my first young CUCKOO. He was fully fledged flying strongly, and was being fed by a pair of WHITE THROATS He must have been hatched some where about near that wood, and we never found the thing ---- I wonder when I ever will find a Cuckoo's egg.?
Wed. Thurs & Fri. July 9,10,11	Were all wet early, but on Friday evening I took the tent out & put it up after dark near the wagtail's nest. I covered it with thistles to try to keep the cattle off, as if they get near it, they will be pushing it over a smashing the nest.

	I put it up after dark so that they shouldn't see it before we got there next morning, of course.
Saturday, July, 12.	Geoff & I went out at 5.0.am, but it was a rotten dull morning. However we had about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. each in the tent. I went in first, and got 10 snaps. (1/10th sec. f6,8) of the female but the negs are awfully thin. They give moderate prints, however, better than I expected, as it was really very dull. I got some on the stick we put up, and a couple of her at the nest, though these latter aren't up to much, as there was so much grass about. The male came occasionally, but he just ran around in the grass, and did not actually come to the nest or on the stick. Both occasionally perched on top of the tent. Geoff got several photo's of the female also, The cows, came, round, just before he finished, and gave a lot of trouble. however, I got a snap of them coming round the tent. We thought to go out on Sunday morning, but it was raining a thick drizzle from early until mid-day I was away travelling all next week up till Thursday night. Geoff went up one day and got a few more also a couple of the male, though they were not much better than the others, as it as dull again. Friday morning was wet again, so I couldn't get out.
Saturday, July 19.	Geoff went out to the Wagtail's, and their young were gone. They may have flown, but I'm afraid they have been taken by something, rats or weasels, as there were some feathers about. Geoff found a wren's nest in a little holly bush, containing young almost fledged.
Sunday, July 20.	Our crowd are down at Porthcawl for holidays, so I went down for the weekend, and in the morning cycled out to Sker. I visited both Merlin's nests, and the district round them, but saw no sign of the birds, except that at the first one, the old stump had been recently used, and near the second one I disturbed a hen Merlin which was sitting on an old tree Washed up into one of the sand "bays". I searched all over the sandhills round about there on the chance that they may have nested again, but could find no trace. No sign of Terns at all.
Monday, July 21	5.0.am. Geoff & I went out this morning to try to get a few photo's of the wren. stuck up both tents and got several snaps each at different times. The old bird was absurdly tame.

Tuesday 22nd.	Was wet, did not go out either Wed. & Thursday.
Friday, July 25.	I was invited to go out to a small "shoot" at Dinas Powis to get a few photos of Young Pheasants being fed by the Keeper but I was not able to do any good, as they were fed inside the coverts and there was no light for snapshots there I took a couple, but they are pretty hopeless. The keeper is a blighter, too, I was told that he had shot every Jay off the shoot. I believe he does a lot of trapping small birds too, from what I saw.
Sunday, July 27.	Went down to Portcawl for the week end. Found a Ringed Plover's nest, 4 eggs, in a hollow in the sandhills on the Newton end of the sandy bay, but about 150 yds. inland from the beach. I took a snapshot of it, holding the camera in my hand. (I had borrowed Geoff's reflex for the week-end.) It's not bad, either. Next day, Christine (my sister) took my little camera out and snapped it, and the following day again, when two of the young ones were hatched. They are hardly distinguishable though.
Tuesday, July 29.	Heard a willow warbler in the garden. They usually appear in town about this time, also Chiff Chaff, & stay until end of September.
	Away at camp from Aug.2- 10th.
Tuesday Aug.19.	Geoff 'phoned me yesterday and said that he had been told about some young Barn Owls out near Creigiau. So we arranged to get off early this afternoon and cycled out straight from the office. We met the youngster who had found the nest, and he guided us to it. It was a very thick, but short & stumpy oak tree, growing a hedge of field, and the young birds were down in the bottom of the stump, right on the ground, about 6/7 feet down. The boy got down the stump, and was just able to stoop down and pick the owls up. We couldn't have got them out without his help, unless one of us went down head first, and was hauled out afterwards. They had known of this nest since there were eggs, but had not thought to mention it to Geoff before !!! There were originally seven young ones, so were told, but whether this was exactly correct I can't say. They said two had flown before, then when they looked at them on the Sunday afternoon, there were five, but now there were only three, so two had gone since Sunday. However, we got the three out: two youngest ones were very fractious and wouldn't stay still, but flapped their wings, laid on their backs with their claws up very ferociously. The eldest one, who was almost

Sat.Nov.22	Heard Thrush singing near Llanishen.
November 30.Sunday.	Saw a Grey Wagtail on our lawn. to-day, about 9.0.am.. It was probably a female or young one of the year. It had a good bath and then stood on the edge preening itself, eventually flying up into the trees and then away over Richmond Road. (First recorded in garden)
Saturday December 13. Sunday December 14.	Some time ago Herbert Short suggested to me that it wouldn't be a bad wheeze to walk down to Porthcawl one Saturday night, spending the day at Porthcawl. So we decided to go this week end, as there Was a full moon. Bert was coming, but was prevented, so only Herbert and I went. Geoff said "you must be MAD" However, we started, we went by train to Peterston, and walked from there via Welsh st. Donats, and those pools there. From the time we started to the we started to the time we got into Porthcawl on Sunday night we only saw three people, one man just outside Peterston another on a bike near Pyle and another in Kenfig. It was a fine moonlight night, and we got on pretty well, though we took things very easy. x Heard (and saw with the glasses) numerous Duck of various sorts on the ponds at Welsh St. Donats. Heard Wigeon, Teal & Mallard identifies certain by their notes, and there were also others there. This was about 12.30.am. and they were very busy feeding. The splashing of their diving was absolutely continuous, and very distinctly heard. Also saw an owl, probably Brown Owl, fly from the trees near, and several times we thought we heard Barn Owls screeching. Heaps of bunnies about. We made a fire a had coffee a rolls etc. about 3.30.am. about mid-way between Cowbridge & Bridgend. We chose the by-roads, and used the main roads as little as possible We eventually got down to Kenfig Pool about 8.0.am. There were large numbers of duck out in the middle, but it was rather rough, which made it difficult to identify them certainly. There were also large numbers of Coot, and flocks of Lapwing round the shores. In the sandhills we had a surprise. We did not see one single bird at all in the sandhills during the whole day. The only birds we saw apart from Kenfig Pool, were, flying overhead high up, immense flocks of Lapwings, and I think Golden plover. Not certain of the identification of the latter, as they were too high, but I think they were Golden Although they certainly appeared to be

	small. And then on the beach, a couple of Curlew on the water's edge, and 3 Great B.B.Gulls sailing up and down the beach. (1 immature) I have never been down there in the winter before, except to Kenfig Pool itself fishing once, but I certainly expected to see more birds about, still, I suppose there would be very little food about there for any birds. Also saw a few Black Headed Gulls on Kenfig Pool, and later on the beach 1 Herring Gull. came home from Porthcawl by the usual 7.40.pm. train.
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