

MAY 1-4, 2013; THE SECOND REPOSITIONING CRUISE



Dawn from the rear Lido Deck

MAY 1: Yours truly woke naturally at five-fifteen on the first and dressed, washed, and shaved. The suitcase and loose paraphernalia was placed at the doorway with a minimal of last minute items placed in various pockets while waiting for my wife to finish her preparations. It was five forty-five when beginning the trek to the Accent Inn, arriving at approximately six o'clock. A wait ensued for the Airporter bus while drinking a free coffee that was provided by the motel. The mini-bus arrived on time at six forty-three. The bill of forty-two dollars was paid to the cheerful driver before heading off.

There were no stops en route to the Victoria International Airport and the arrival occurred early than expected at six thirty-five. Check-in was extremely rapid with the boarding passes in hand and we strolled over to Tim Hortons where we purchased two raspberry muffins and a bottle of apple juice at four dollars and twelve cents. The snack was devoured at the nearby tables before proceeding to Customs. There were no baggage checks and we were seated at seven o'clock. Free Wi-Fi was now available in the waiting room and the emails and rare bird alerts were inspected prior to writing the first notes of the day. The task was completed at seven thirty-six. A wait of a half-hour or more was required at this time before boarding the eight thirty-five flight to SeaTac.

The turbo-prop arrived on time at SeaTac with de-boarding at ten minutes past nine. Customs was cleared quickly and the shuttle train was taken from Gate S without stopping to Gate B from where we walked up the stairs to the Southwest Terminal, arriving at nine-thirty. Our flight that was originally timetabled to depart at ten fifty-five was delayed and it was not scheduled to depart now until eleven-twenty. That allowed about one hour before our next flight left at three o'clock. The Southwest representative believed that we had time to connect with the next flight but seats were reserved on another flight that left at four in the afternoon just in case.

The Starbucks adjacent to our gate was selected for breakfast at nine forty-five. A ham and cheese sandwich was selected for myself while my wife chose the turkey and cheddar with cucumber. With two coffees the bill came to twenty dollars and thirty-five cents. The meal was completed at ten-twenty and yours truly stood in line at the Southwest counter to learn that the flight was still delayed until eleven-twenty. We would arrive at Gate C3 in Los Vegas at around one-fifteen and depart from Gate C19 at three in the afternoon giving us about one hour and forty-five minutes to hike the distance between planes. The notes were brought up to date in ten minutes at precisely ten-thirty.

Seats were occupied on the flight to Los Vegas at eleven twenty-six with take-off at eleven forty-five. Two sudukos in the planes advertisement booklet were polished off at twelve forty-one. My old kidneys were telling me that it was time for an urination break at one o'clock. The plane made up a great deal of time and the wheels on the jet hit the tarmac at Los Vegas at one-forty. Seats were engaged at the next Southwest gate at one fifty-two. This flight was also delayed a half-hour with departure now scheduled for three-thirty leaving a wait of one hour and a half. A visit to the washroom was followed by a search of the Internet for Yellow-billed Cuckoo images with one found by a previous donor and another that necessitated sending a request. That was put to rest at two thirty-eight.

Our Southwest flight to San Diego finally left at five minutes to four and put down on the tarmac at four forty-five, which cut ten minutes off the new scheduled time. The de-boarding process was swift and we were out in the shuttle and taxi area shortly before five o'clock. A woman told us that the telephones for the hotel shuttles were in the main terminal and that phoning the hotel was likely priority. Instead of returning, yours truly asked the price of a taxi and was quoted ten dollars. However, the private shuttles were said to be cheaper. One mini-bus driver was asked for the price for two persons to the dock and a quote of eight dollars was delivered. We climbed aboard and were at the dock at five-fifteen or so. A twenty-dollar bill was placed in the driver's hand and he was about to take the whole amount. Yours truly asked for the change and he pulled out two dollars. A complaint was forthcoming, stating that the quoted cost was eight dollars. He then said that's eight dollars each thus the change still should have been four dollars.

The Statendam was under our feet after a brief Customs check shortly after five-thirty. Our stateroom was similar to the last but with twin beds and two deeply recessed portholes. The bag was unpacked with the scope and video camera attached to their prospective tripods and the heavy clothing placed separately to don in the morning within minutes.

The Lido Deck was next in line for supper at five-fifty. Yours truly selected the crusty breaded turkey, mashed potatoes, curly pasta salad, carrots, green beans, and some type of salad with slightly undercooked lentils along with two cups of excellent coffee and a piece of cheese cake for dessert. Pat had the fish, salad greens, iced tea, and a coffee and fruit cup for dessert. The meal was delicious but spoiled in part because of the cramps that were experienced due to a required defecation and possibly because of the overly tight jeans and long waits in the airports and on flights. Paul Lehman was chanced upon in the eating area as we were leaving. A form was then filled at the front desk to de-board at Victoria followed with an exploration of the ship. 'The Hobbit' was to be shown tomorrow between nine o'clock and midnight and hopefully we will be able to get a seat.



The Library Area

The cabin was reoccupied at six-fifty when the notes were composed but still not brought up to date when leaving for the fire drill at seven-twenty. The safety requirement was finished at seven-forty and we strolled out to the bow to look at the restaurant where we had breakfast while staying at the Holiday Inn on the Bay before taking the cruise two years ago. The Holiday Inn has now been converted into the Wyndam San Diego Bayside. The sun was now setting and the air was refreshingly cool, though not overly so, and a pleasant feeling after a day of being overly dressed. Paul appeared once again and described the distance at which the Hawaiian Petrels were seen on his earlier trip on the Zaandam; only one was seen well enough to identify and that bird was also well off the railing though seen at length. The route to the deck above the bow was located subsequently before returning to our cabin at eleven minutes past eight. Arrangements were made with my wife during our exploration that she serve her husband breakfast on the Lido deck. This was to occur just as it was being dished out at seven o'clock. She was informed that the first hour of the day's birding would likely take place off the upper front deck if winds were light. The day's adventure was then brought up to date, finishing at eight thirty-eight.

A shower was next in line. Unpredicted due to experience from our last sailing on the Zaandam, television programming was still available as the ship began to sail early at nine-fifteen. A loud winning from the bow's steerage engines was distressing and hearing the idiot box was difficult. The harbour was cleared at five minutes after ten and thankfully the engine was shut down and silence reined. A few television programmes were still available at that time. The alarm clock was set for five-fifteen as sunrise was at six o'clock.

MAY 2: Yours truly was awake on the second for perhaps a half hour before the alarm rang at five-fifteen. A squat on the toilet was necessary before donning the lined jeans, wool hunting pants, heavy shirt, tuok, Gortex coat with lining, and tucking the gloves into its pocket.



Dawn on the rear Lido Deck

The deck above the bow was selected and yours truly was the first to arrive at five-thirty. The sun was rising on a sunny day and the first interesting life was a large pod of Northern Right Whale Dolphins followed by the expected Sooty Shearwaters. The tour group arrived in dribbles starting at around six. Paul Lehman spotted two Tufted and one Horned Puffin and due in part to a half-hearted attempt plus poor eyesight yours truly missed all three. The usual pelagic species were seen and those in very low numbers possibly due to the six-kilometer winds and rather flat seas. A five-foot swell was all that was running.

As stated above, an arrangement had been made with my wife to bring breakfast to me on the Lido deck at seven o'clock and yours truly was waiting at six-fifty to seven-twenty and she never showed. The front of the ship was returned to at that time with no food in my stomach. The video camera was left on the back deck and was missing when returning ten minutes later. The cafeteria was paid a visit as a result where two pieces of French toast, scrambled eggs, and a coffee were devoured rapidly. The office was paid a quick visit en route to the bow and the digital devise had not been turned in. Pat showed up at the front of the ship around nine o'clock with the video camera in hand, having seen it in the finder's hand. She was questioned why she was not there to serve breakfast and she had no memory of the arrangement. A plan was then made to meet for lunch at the Lido deck at one o'clock. A dense fog moved in at nine-thirty that continued through the day. Boredom set in at around ten-thirty due to the fog preventing sightings.



The bow deck during the foggy session

Pat was waiting on the Lido deck when yours truly arrived at twelve-fifty. We had a half-hour sit down meal because of the fog and complete lack of observations. Yours truly had a plate filled with Thai shrimp and rice and spaghetti with meat sauce. Pat chose a light salad. A coffee and berry cobbler served as dessert for both of us. Arrangements were then made to meet at the cabin at five o'clock. Perhaps fifteen minutes was then spent on the deck behind the cafeteria before finding a spot on the Lido deck at the front of the ship outside the gym. The wind was very light here. The fog finally lifted at four-thirty and numerous birds appeared but nothing of great interest. The cabin was visited at five to inform my wife of the now sunny conditions and that I would be back at seven o'clock for supper. The winds were now non-existent but birds were reasonably abundant and Blue, Fin, and Humpback Whales, Pacific White-sided Dolphins, and Dall's Porpoise were noted, possibly because we were now fifty miles off Monterey.

There was still plenty of light at seven and yours truly was reluctant to leave as a result. Bird numbers dropped and the light was somewhat less intense at seven-fifteen and the cabin was returned to. A quick shave and change of clothes and we were seated for supper at seven-thirty. Two thick slices of roast beef, buttered polenta, baked potato, green beans, and carrots was enough to fill my belly while my wife had a tiny bowl of soup, salad greens, and a coffee. A lemon flavoured tart-like treat and a second cup of coffee were enjoyed despite feeling overly warm due to my face being wind burnt.



Fog lifting late afternoon

The meal was done at eight o'clock and a step out onto the Lido deck on the stern allowed us to see the last of the sun dip below the western horizon. A juvenile California Gull flew past that was still easy to identify forty-five minutes after departing the birding group. A quick inspection then took place for my wife to find the library before returning to our room. One of the die-heart birders was met on the way and when asked he said that nothing of interest was seen after seven-fifteen. That information certainly brought a sigh of relief. My clothes were removed once we were back in our cabin to await a shower. The day's adventure was underway while Pat was cleansing and finished well afterward at nine-twelve. A shower was taken at that time, finishing at nine-thirty. An evening of television followed.



Lido Deck Cafeteria

MAY 3: Yours truly woke before the alarm at five-fifteen or so on the third and dressed immediately. Some of the tour members were in the cafeteria when arriving at five-thirty including Paul Lehman. A juice and two cups of tepid coffee were devoured before strolling up to the gym and opening the door to howling winds. The seas were very rough with white caps but just how strong the winds were was unknown at that time. An exploration then took place to look for a high point mid-ship without success. The Lido deck at the stern was reoccupied as it was now getting light enough the see. The birding tour was on the port side of the Promenade deck but yours truly believed that the stern was likely the better choice from past experience. A single bird with very dark brown upper parts was seen promptly as it was arcing reasonably high above the waves. The unknown *Pterodroma* disappeared quickly.

A fifteen-minute sojourn took place on the starboard side prior to moving to the port side due to lighting conditions. An albatross was observed but little else until a bird with gleaming white underwings and white belly moved in tight to the ship that was presumed to be a Pink-footed Shearwater; yet past experience with the species left a feeling in my gut that something wasn't quite right. The upper sides were never revealed and it vanished. The fact that almost every one of the few birds that were being seen were forward and because of my aging sight I decided to join the tour on the Promenade deck port side. A couple of cinnamon buns were grabbed en route.

The question asked when joining the assemblage was of course if anything was seen. A tall rather stern fellow by the name of Ryan Shaw answered the query by saying "A Hawaiian Petrel real close and about six Murphy's Petrels". Disappointment reigned once again. Why was I always in the wrong place? Anticipation, desire, and inability to see properly were likely the reason for attempting to make a light-phase Northern Fulmar with a pale collar and capped appearance into a Hawaiian shortly after (thinking White-necked Petrel). Ryan then showed the digital photograph of this morning's Hawaiian to me stating 'This is what a Hawaiian Petrel looks like'. Of course I was acquainted with the field marks of all pelagics, but comprehensive knowledge was destroyed by anxiety and excitement and pitiable eyesight. A good hour passed before a Murphy's was sighted and it was missed then another. I was beginning to think that taking a repositioning cruise was a waste of time. My eyesight was so poor now that I had reached my sixty-eighth year that birds were very difficult to pick out unless they were white, silhouetted against the sky, or close to the ship. This was quite frustrating and a blow to the ego for someone who once had an eminent standing in the birding community with a lofty reputation for being an excellent and knowledgeable birder, Age and life certainly changes self-image and can humiliate and demean with only gained knowledge and experience to cling to for self-worth. My frustration was obviously annoying others around me but it was difficult not to complain when hindered by inadequate vision and the discouragement of missing great birds. Obviously Lasic surgery is obviously a necessity because of an injury sustained as a teenager; a burr from a burdock plant was fixed to the eyeball that left a scar that never interfered with vision until about four years ago. An optometrist stated that subscription eyewear would not correct the impairment.

The waves and wind grew and grew until it was blowing fifty-seven knots and the seas were up to fifteen feet in height. Even when standing up tightly against the bulkhead, the wind blowing over the Promenade deck was five-plus knots, enough to chill the body's extremities and to cause some vibration to the scope. A slight shivering was experienced for an hour or more. The rare birds disappeared and numbers dropped around eight-thirty or nine o'clock except for Northern and Red Phalaropes, Rhinoceros Auklets, Bonaparte's and Sabine's Gulls and Fork-tailed and Leach's Storm-Petrels. Shearwaters were practically non-existent throughout the day. Birders brought food from the cafeteria with yours truly receiving a sausage, cheese, and egg sandwich and a blueberry muffin that was enough to quell the growing hunger.



Promenade Deck Port Side

The birding was very slow from eleven o'clock onward and everyone decided to leave for lunch at one o'clock. Yours truly looked for the wife in the cabin first where a much-needed squat on the toilet took place before checking the library then looking around the cafeteria, the rear Lido Deck, then back around both sides of the cafeteria. She was nowhere to be found so a plate of salad with Thousand Island dressing and a lasagna-like dish and a coffee were devoured outside in the sunshine in a sheltered alcove. The station on the Promenade deck was returned to at one-fifty along with one other chap. Pat came by at about two o'clock to state that she had looked for me and obviously we had passed one another unseen. She had spent a great deal of time outside on the Lido deck in the sheltered spot to keep from getting seasick. Gravel and Advil were taken to prevent motion sickness and to help with a sinus infection she now had that was similar to that experienced in Arizona. It seems that she has developed an allergy to pollen. Anger was apparent in her tone and facial expression for being alone through the day, but this was curious when she knew what to expect. Seven o'clock was quoted for meeting in the room for supper.

Nothing of significance was seen by two-fifteen and it was time to find the tour group. They were just around the corner on the starboard side of the Promenade deck and of course they had seen two or more Murphy's Petrels. Low wind was blowing onto the deck that was now shifting with the high swells. The motion was responsible for the scope and its owner vibrating if only slightly, enough to interfere with perfect viewing. Not more than a half hour passed when a Murphy's Petrel was called and missed followed by another and another.



Hawaiian Petrel



Murphy's Petrel

Finally one was seen arcing briefly on the horizon, an ashy-gray dot with swept-back wings but at least one was seen with certainty. Several more were called and missed including three birds that were close enough to apparently see all the field marks. Disappointment reigned once more. However, another Murphy's was found personally travelling along with the ship that remained reasonably close to the water. With the deck vibrations and distance the tubenose was simply a medium-sized, ashy-gray Pterodroma, although this time the pale areas on the underwing were observed if briefly and inadequately. More Murphy's and two very distant "Dark-rumped" Petrels were observed and missed subsequently.

Thoughts of never stepping back onto the deck again were crossing my mind when a Hawaiian Petrel came within spitting distance of the ship at around six-twenty. The gleaming undersides were exactly what were seen this morning from the rear Lido deck confirming that both were seen personally. The upper parts were dark brown-gray with a darker bar through the wing surface, a distinctive black cowl was present from the eye to the nape from where the nape region was dark gray. The forehead was white but the white contour that extends up behind the auriculars that is used to distinguish this species from Galapagos was barely discernable. The bill appeared to be of the proper proportion, smaller than the Galapagos. The black bar and black outline on the underwing were strong and clear-cut but not as broad and domineering as on the Galapagos. The sweptback wings and longish tail and arcing flight were of course noted. Again the wrong move took place, taking my binoculars off the bird to use the scope and the rarity was never seen again. To be fair, however, the bird moved behind a pillar, which was part of the reason to exchange optics. Identification of 'Dark-rumped' Petrels, Hawaiian and Galapagos, is less than straightforward: Read http://www.cascadiaresearch.org/hawaii/Pyle_et_al_NAB65-2.pdf NOTE; Above photographs were retrieved from the Internet.

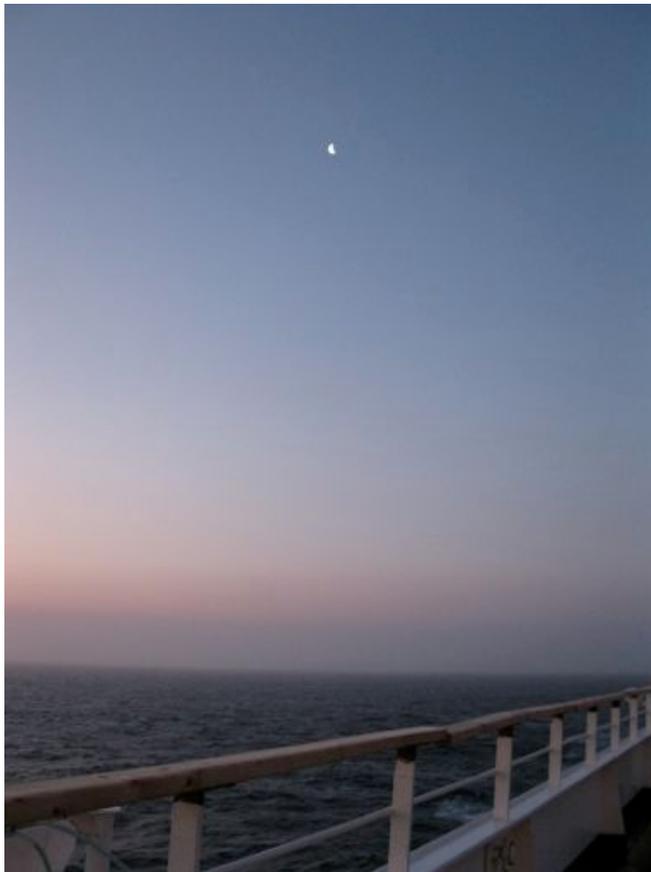
A deck washing crew came along only ten minutes later and moved us back towards the stern. The digital camera was used to photograph the actual Hawaiian seen from someone else's camera screen that was obviously a superior piece of equipment. The deck washers moved us once again and we moved back to the original spot that was now washed. Another half hour passed here with relatively few birds seen except for Arctic Terns and two missed Parakeet Auklets.

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The waves and winds were still high with bird numbers having dropped at six fifty-five and as such the birding was abandoned to join my wife for supper. A shave and change of clothes and we were off to the Lido deck. Yours truly filled the plate with bowtie-like pasta with tomato

sauce, a baked potato, broccoli, tomatoes, and quinoa with a coffee and two pastries for dessert. Due in part to her illness, my wife had a piece of chicken and salad greens with a coffee and a banana. Folks at a nearby table were discussing the birdwatchers so the petrel shot was shown to them. We moved to a table near the window when it was deserted with another coffee and glass of ice water to quench the day's thirst while watching for non-existent birds. The sun was still well above the horizon when departing the cafeteria at eight-twenty. The Promenade deck was checked en route to the room but despite that there was still being adequate light to see there were no birders in sight.

The cabin was reoccupied at eight twenty-one. The iPad was switched on at that time to compose the day's story. Every muscle in my body was aching, especially my lower back and the soles of my feet. Eyes were dry and the face was hot from being wind burnt. Though there was sunshine through the day, the Promenade deck provided shade and there was no further sunburn. The notes were finally done at nine forty-three.



Dawn and crescent moon on the rear Lido Deck

MAY 4: Yours truly woke perhaps at four-thirty and lie awake until four-fifty on the fourth when climbing out of bed and dressing. The extra surcharges included in the tour price and a bill for Advil and a book that my wife purchased to read was settled at the office at five o'clock that came to twenty-five dollars and forty-six cents for the surcharges and a whopping forty-six dollars and ninety-five cents for the latter.

A glass of pineapple juice and two tepid coffees were tossed back prior to taking a seat on the rear Lido deck and watching the eastern horizon changed from pale yellow to a ribbon of bright pink. A crescent moon and light seas with moderate winds were enjoyed during the quiet moment. A napkin was used to jot down Pat's gmail account to give to the young fellow who had photographed the Hawaiian Petrel yesterday afternoon so that he could email the images. It was assumed that he would never do so and that was the reason to grab a photo when it was available. The best option he said was to Google the petrels' name along with Oregon.

A few birders were present in the cafeteria when strolling back through the restaurant and they were to meet on the Promenade deck. The starboard side was occupied firstly because of the woman who rightfully wanted peace and quiet outside her bedroom window. The birding was extremely slow except for a few missed Parakeet Auklets. Others included Arctic Terns, Sabine's Gulls, Tufted Puffins, Rhinoceros Auklets, Cassin's Auklets, two Black-footed Albatross, one or two Sooty Shearwaters, and both phalaropes. The session was extremely boring to say the least.

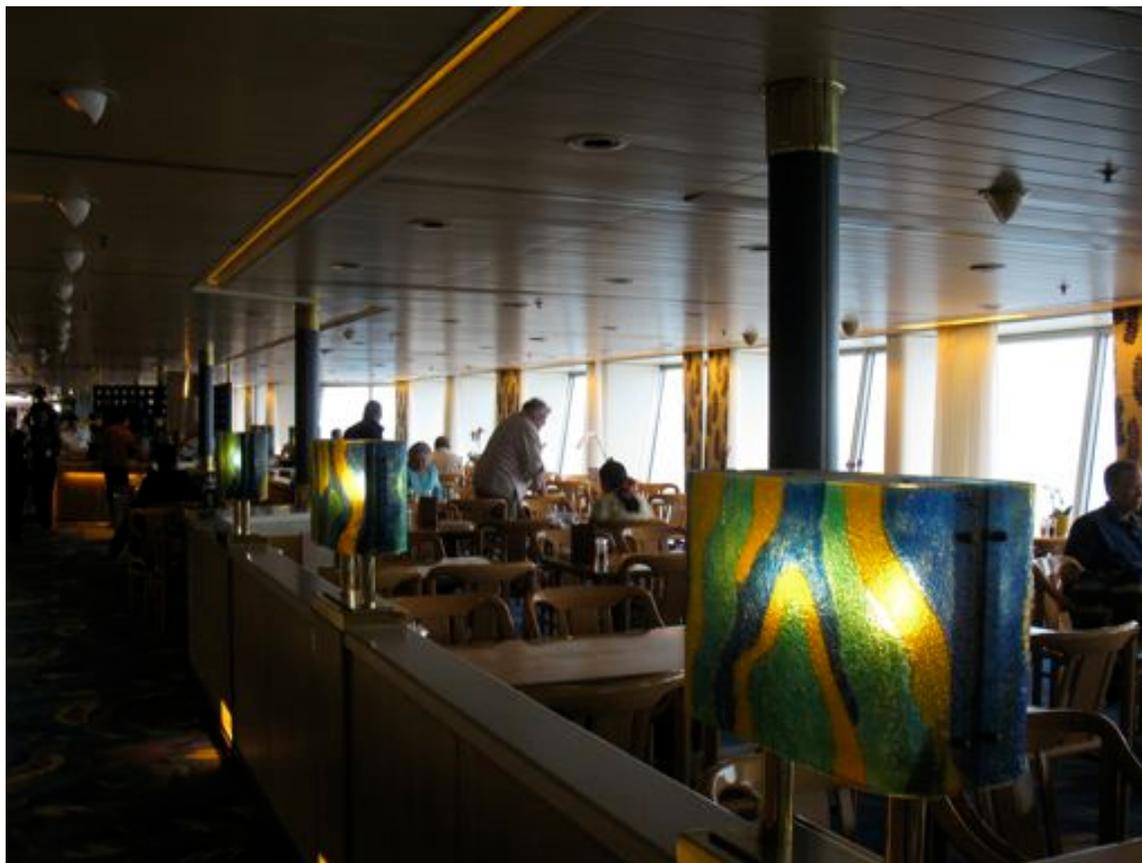
A brief break took place to visit the toilet at nine o' clock and shortly after Bill Tweit served a breakfast muffin. Bill decided to check the conditions at the bow around that time to find calm winds and reasonably flat seas. Birds were easier to see but there were low numbers of

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expected and commonplace species. Two Beaked and several Gray Grampus and Humpback Whales, Dall's Porpoise, and Common Pacific White-sided Dolphins were observed at various ranges with one Humpback directly beside the ship where the white and black blotched fluke was seen. Hours passed in the brilliant sunshine until Cape Flattery was reasonably close and the Swiftsure Banks were passed. The latter held

only Sooty and Pink-footed Shearwaters, Black-footed Albatross, Bonaparte's, Sabine's, and California Gulls, an Arctic Tern, and Rhinos. Two ladies were chatting with me about birding and birding trips and the differences between Canada and United States in regards to living expenses, taxes, and health care. We introduced ourselves and one of the women that recently moved to San Diego recognized my name due to having purchased the 'A Birders Guide to British Columbia' as she and her husband were continuing the trip through the province before returning to the states. One of the know-it-all birders was rambling on about Western and Northwestern Crows and stating he had heard the former in Vancouver when of course both species have identical calls in the province with Western's only occurring from Manning Park eastwards.

Boredom and a growing lack of expectation was reason enough to call the trip to an end at one o'clock, the time that was more or less arranged with my wife to meet in our suite. Cape Flattery was two miles off the starboard side at the time. Pat was in the cabin when yours truly arrived. The birding gear was removed with a quick wash and cleanup. Everything was dissembled and packed in haste subsequently as lunch was to come to a close at two in the afternoon.



Lido Cafeteria

Lunch was enjoyed soon after from one-fifteen to two-fifteen with both of us having the beef chop suey and rice with fruit cobbler and coffees for dessert. Yours truly, however, had an extra helping of Oriental chicken and a huge plate of the delicious dessert. A respite took place at the table to watch Tatoosh Island pass by thus marking our arrival to the entrance of the straits at two-fifteen. Glaucous-winged Gulls were the only feathered objects drifting by the cafeteria windows. A stroll then took place on the rear Lido deck and various places off the atrium en route to our room.

It was two thirty-three when the cabin was reoccupied. The autobiography was written at that time that was interrupted by several bouts of sleep while the typing was underway. The time to leave the ship was between six and eight in the evening and as it was a Saturday, the public bus was likely only running every hour. Thus a taxi from the dock to home was the best option to save time and energy. However, the cost was presumed to be high. The memoirs were put to rest at three forty-one. We were perhaps halfway from Cape Flattery to Port Angeles at that time. News programming was glanced at occasionally on television but most of the time was spent resting and possibly with a few periods of sleep until four-thirty when strolling up to the Promenade deck to find our position. We were a few miles away from Sooke.

Pat was ready for supper at five and we took a seat next to the window to inspect the glassy seas for Victoria birds during the meal. A salad

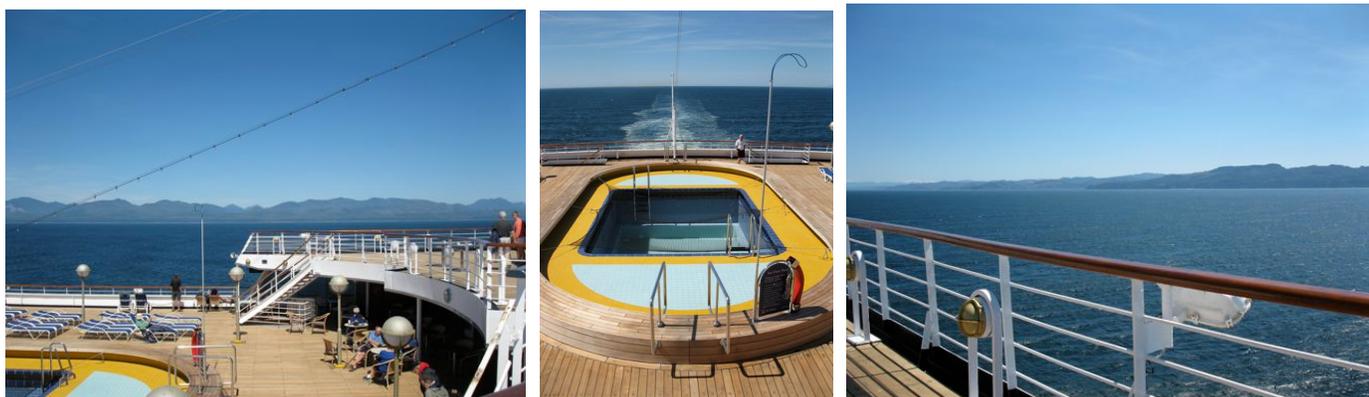
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with elbow noodles, cherry tomatoes, greens, and Thousand Island dressing was wolfed down followed with roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, and a piece of delicious berry pie. Pat had a light salad and dish of mixed fruit and a coffee. Two cups of coffee and glass of water were sipped while staring out the window from the center of the Juan de Fuca Strait to just off Witty's Lagoon before stepping up on the bow and cruising into port, arriving at six thirty-five. The Zaandam was in the adjacent dock. Our cabin was returned to when the ship was docked and

our bags were carried a short way down the hall to await the de-boarding process. A long exhausting delay ensued from six forty-five to seven forty-five before returning to our room. The doors of course were opened immediately after and we were off the ship and through Customs at seven-fifty. An awaiting Bluebird taxi was chosen to take us home. Directions were given to the East Indian driver and the wearisome condo was in sight at shortly after eight o'clock. The driver was paid twenty-one dollars for the ride, which included a two-dollar tip.

The bag was unpacked and the scope remounted before plugging in the computer to check the rare bird alerts. A Long-billed Curlew was the only bird that required a notation in the guide. Susan was written subsequently to report the rare Pterodroma petrels and the picture taken off the young birders camera was included. The Hawaiian and Murphy's Petrels were checked off in what few books held the species afterward until eight minutes past nine. The autobiography was then brought up to date, finishing at nine thirty-two.

COST BREAKDOWN OF THE MAY CRUISE:

Southwest Airline \$197.60; Horizon \$387.54 =	\$585.14	
Statendam \$719.88 plus surcharges and drugs and book \$72.44 =	\$792.32	
Minibus Victoria \$42.00; San Diego \$18.00 =	\$60.00	
Food en route \$24.47 =	<u>\$24.47</u>	
Total:	\$1461.93	\$1,715.43 in 2011 (\$253.50 less expensive)



The rear Lido Deck while cruising up the Juan de Fuca Straits



Pat seated in the Lido Cafeteria while cruising up the Juan de Fuca Straits



Three images taken by Ryan Shaw of the Hawaiian Petrel seen 60 nautical miles off extreme northern California on May 3, 2013.

Brant
Duck species
Cackling Goose
Pacific Loon
Black-footed Albatross
Northern Fulmar
Hawaiian Petrel (10)
Mottled Petrel (1)
Murphy's Petrel (38)
Cook's Petrel (5)
Pink-footed Shearwater
Sooty Shearwater
Fork-tailed Storm Petrel
Leach's Storm Petrel
Ashy Storm Petrel
Brandt's Cormorant
Pelagic Cormorant
Black-bellied Plover
Whimbrel
Red Knot
Red-necked Phalarope

Red Phalarope
Bonaparte's Gull
Sabine's Gull
Herring Gull
California Gull
Western Gull
Glaucous-winged Gull
Arctic Tern
Pomarine Jaeger
Tufted Puffin
Horned Puffin
Scripp's Murrelet
Rhinoceros Auklet
Common Murre
Cassin's Auklet
Parakeet Auklet
Eurasian Collared-Dove
Golden-crowned Sparrow
Brown-headed Cowbird

40 species total



Three images taken by Ryan Merrill of the Hawaiian Petrel seen 60 nautical miles off central Oregon on May 3, 2013.