

# Olympic Peninsula Fall Explorer September 5-12, 2024 | Trip Report by Stephen Grace



**Naturalist Journeys Tour Leaders Stephen Grace and Tina Greenawalt with Les, Bonnie, David, Cindy, Toph, Nate, Nikki, Jim, John, Lisa, and Daryl**



## **Thur., Sept. 5 Arrivals in Seattle | Nisqually | Port Townsend | Sequim**

Our group of thirteen gathered near Sea-Tac Airport, eager for the adventure ahead. Boarding two vans, we left behind the bustling cities of Seattle and Tacoma, setting our sights on our first birding destination: Billy Frank Jr. Nisqually National Wildlife Refuge. Named in honor of Billy Frank Jr., a Native American environmental leader and treaty rights advocate, this refuge protects a bird-rich delta where the freshwater of the Nisqually River meets the saltwater of Puget Sound.

Upon arrival, we were welcomed by Dennis Paulson, a renowned ornithologist and a world expert on dragonflies. With an impressive legacy, from authoring Washington's best bird field guides to curating the collections at the Puget Sound Museum of Natural History, Dennis is as warm as he is wise. It was a true privilege to bird with him and hear his stories over lunch.

On the boardwalk of Nisqually, Pacific Tree Frogs peered out of hollows in wooden railings and perched in blackberry bushes. These tiny amphibians, no larger than our thumbs, delighted Lisa, our group's frog enthusiast. Their colors ranged from lime green to metallic copper, making them the perfect subject for close



observation. Many dragonflies, including several species of meadowhawks and darners, flew like little fighter jets through the air, their wings glinting in the sunlight as they hummed past us. Damselflies were also abundant. A Brown Creeper provided close views as it spiraled up a tree trunk, and Nate, our resident woodpecker fan, spotted his target species for the tour: Red-breasted Sapsucker—a great start to our birding journey!

Another highlight at Nisqually was watching a Bald Eagle feed on a fish at close range—an unforgettable encounter. Shorebirds like Western and Least

Sandpipers scurried across the mudflats, giving us a taste of the fine shorebirding to come. While most warblers had already migrated south, Nikki, using her superzoom camera as a scope, managed to spot and photograph a Common Yellowthroat hiding in the reeds.

After saying goodbye to Dennis and leaving Nisqually, we met Steve Hampton, one of the most knowledgeable birders in Port Townsend. Our first mission was to track down a Red-footed Booby that had wandered far from its tropical range. Though we didn't manage to spot it, Steve offered valuable insight into where we might find it later. In lieu of the booby, we were treated to excellent views of Heermann's Gulls. These small, charcoal-gray gulls with beautiful red bills are known for following Brown Pelicans to steal their catch. We watched as the last of these handsome gulls lingered along the inland sea before heading to the outer coast and heading down to Baja California for the winter.

At Doc's Marina Grill we enjoyed a dinner of local seafood and other delicacies against the backdrop of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. The sight of handcrafted wooden vessels, from kayaks to tall ships, illuminated by the setting sun, made for an unforgettable evening. Before dinner, we spotted Black Turnstones and Surfbirds on Point Hudson, just a short stroll from the restaurant.

Our final destination for the night was Sequim. Known for its sunny skies thanks to the Olympic Mountains blocking Pacific storms and creating a rainshadow, Sequim is home to a native prickly pear cactus that thrives in this surprisingly arid pocket of the otherwise lush peninsula.





## **Fri., Sept. 6 Dungeness River Nature Center | Ediz Hook | Hurricane Ridge | Port Angeles**

Before venturing to the airy heights of Hurricane Ridge, we began our morning by birding the lowlands, starting in a riparian forest and later searching the edge of the inland sea.

At the Dungeness River Nature Center, we were joined by two special guests: Garry Bullock and Monica Fletcher. Garry, a retired firefighter turned poet, now devotes his time to educating others about the birds he celebrates. Monica, a talented teacher, has taught many birders to appreciate bird songs and calls and identify species by ear. With their expertise combined with our group's enthusiasm, we were treated to excellent views of an American Dipper along the river's edge, and the brief but bold appearance of a Pacific Wren, scolding us from the shadows of nearby shrubs.

Our next stop took us further west to Port Angeles, where we birded Ediz Hook. This narrow spit extends into the Strait of Juan de Fuca, part of the vast Salish Sea—one of the most productive inland seas in the world. The waters teemed with life, and we observed Surf Scoters, Pelagic Cormorants, and Harlequin Ducks diving and feeding in the rich marine environment. We were especially thrilled to spot a brightly colored male Harlequin Duck, displaying hues reminiscent of its breeding plumage. While watching Black Oystercatchers—with their distinctive red prybar bills and flesh-colored legs that make them look like they forgot to wear pants—a Peregrine Falcon soared overhead, adding to the excitement.

Port Angeles itself provided a brief cultural pause, with its murals depicting the town's fascinating history as both a logging town and a gateway to Olympic National Park. After enjoying the art, we ate a delicious lunch at a local restaurant before embarking on the steep, winding road to Hurricane Ridge. A light haze from wildfire smoke draped the horizon but didn't impede our stunning views from Hurricane Ridge.

At 5,200 feet, Hurricane Ridge offered us an alpine wonderland to explore. Our group split into three different activities. David and Cindy, both accomplished artists, set up for a plein-air watercolor painting session, capturing the mountain's stunning vistas on canvas. Their sons, Toph and Nate, joined Daryl and Lisa on a



challenging hike to the summit of Hurricane Hill, a 700-foot elevation gain, led by the intrepid Tina. Meanwhile, Garry Bullock joined the rest of us on a bird walk through mountain meadows and subalpine forest.

Each group had its own triumphs: David and Cindy completed their paintings, the hikers reached the summit of Hurricane Hill, and all three groups enjoyed close encounters with several Sooty Grouse, a life bird for every guest—and for Tina as well. A delightful bonus was observing Olympic Marmots, one of the many species endemic to the Olympic Peninsula, found nowhere else on Earth.

We wrapped up the day by returning to Sequim, where we completed our bird checklist after enjoying a superb dinner at an Italian restaurant in Port Angeles—a perfect conclusion to a fantastic day.

## **Sat., Sept. 7 Sequim | Birding Hotspots of the Dungeness Area | Port Townsend**

Our day began with a delightful surprise: a covey of California Quail parading past the hotel parking lot. After this welcome delay, we boarded our vans and set off for Three Crabs, an estuary that was once degraded by development and is now restored to its natural ecology. There, we witnessed a serene scene as a Belted Kingfisher, a Red-tailed Hawk, and a Bald Eagle loomed out of the sea mist, illuminated by the soft light of the rising sun. The restoration of Three Crabs has been so successful that it's now an important stopover for migrating birds and provides critical habitat for species that winter in the region. The area was teeming with life: thousands of migrating California Gulls floated on the saltwater beyond shore, hundreds of American Wigeons had just arrived in the brackish estuary for winter, and shorebirds like Western Sandpipers and Sanderlings scurried along the water's edge. Common Mergansers, flying in groups of a dozen or more, streaked like javelins across the fog-wrapped sea.

Next, at Dungeness Landing, we were treated to superb shorebird viewing, including a group of dowitchers—likely Short-billed. Distinguishing between Short-billed and Long-billed Dowitchers is always a challenge when the two species aren't standing side by side. Our group, more interested in the beauty of the birds than ticking them off a checklist, marveled at the dowitchers' feeding behavior. They stitched the sand with their long, straight bills, probing the shore like busy sewing machines as they searched for food.

From there, we made our way toward Dungeness Spit, scoping the waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca from a bluff. We spotted Rhinoceros Auklets, affectionately known as “Rhinos,” diving into the choppy waters. These chunky alcids, which boast a small “horn” on their bills during breeding season, share so many physical and behavioral characteristics with puffins—and they share so many genes with puffins—that they are considered by ornithologists to be the “fourth puffin.”





Our walk through a gorgeous forest toward Dungeness Spit was punctuated by the calls of Red Crossbills, which we eventually found perched high in the conifers, using their unique crossed mandibles to pry open cones and feed on seeds. A charming Douglas Squirrel, native to the Olympic Peninsula, skittered across our path, dragging a cone larger than its head—a sight that would comically foreshadow an event later in the day.

At an overlook above Dungeness Spit, one of the world's longest sand spits, we again separated into three groups. The artists stayed to capture the scene with watercolors, while the adventurers hiked down to the spit to explore a portion of its four-mile-long sandy shore. Others birded from the overlook. Everyone was treated to scope views of Marbled Murrelets. These alcids the size of plump robins, now wearing their black-and-white winter plumage, use this countershading to blend into the ocean from predators above and below. In summer, they swap their ocean camouflage for a cryptic brown pattern that conceals them in the forested areas far from the sea where they nest.

For lunch, we returned to Sequim and ate at a fun restaurant where the house specialty is an apple pancake larger than a person's head. One brave group member decided to tackle this gargantuan treat. Though she didn't quite finish the meal, her effort was as impressive as the Douglas Squirrel's earlier struggle with the giant cone, a feat we jokingly celebrated.

After lunch, we bid a fond farewell to Garry, who had enriched our experience over the past two days with his birding knowledge and his warm camaraderie. Then we made our way to my home in Port Townsend. From my backyard deck, we watched many male Anna's Hummingbirds flash their magenta gorgets and heads in the sunlight as they zipped among native plants like twinberry honeysuckle and competed for space at the feeders. Some of my usual backyard visitors were missing, and we soon discovered why: an immature Cooper's Hawk revealed itself. Even so, group members picked up lifers, including Pine Siskin and Band-tailed Pigeon. The latter, a close relative of the extinct Passenger Pigeon, made a ruckus in the treetops. The striking blue feathers of Steller's Jays stood out brilliantly against the greenery. These "Parrots of the Pacific Northwest," as I like to think of them, loudly announced their presence, prompting us to discuss how they can imitate with perfect fidelity the sounds made by other birds, like the call of the Red-tailed Hawk.

Yet, as much as we could have lingered to enjoy coffee, tea, and more backyard birding, we had one more mission: chasing the elusive Red-footed Booby. Driving toward the Port Townsend Marine Science Center, our hopes sank when we spotted what seemed like a smaller bird occupying the booby's favorite piling. Was this another close miss? This bird had evaded us once already by departing just before we arrived. But as we pulled into the parking lot, the bird on the piling shifted position. Binocular views confirmed it: the unmistakable pink bill and bright blue facial markings of a young Red-footed Booby! Though the feet of this immature bird were more salmon-pink than red, we had finally found it. We enjoyed scope views and snapped photos before it flew



away, harassed by Glaucous-winged Gulls as it disappeared in the distance. To our astonishment, we spotted this vagrant from the tropics later, perched on the rigging of a tall ship at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival.

Our evening ended in Sequim with a celebratory dinner at Alder Wood Bistro, where the food was so delicious that several in the group claimed it was the best pizza they had ever eaten—a perfect conclusion to a day filled with spectacular birding.



## **Sun., Sept. 8 Clallam Bay | Makah Nation Lands & Cape Flattery | Kalaloch**

We left Sequim this morning, ready for the next leg of our adventure. The scenic drive along Highway 112 felt like a rollercoaster, winding through forested hills and offering thrilling glimpses of the coastline. Our first stop was Clallam Bay, where we scoped the calm waters for wildlife. Just beyond a kelp forest, Sea Otters frolicked in the morning light. We watched as they rolled, dove, and splashed, their playful antics captivating us. One particularly charming otter rubbed its whiskers with a comical expression of contentment as it floated on its back.

After our fill of otter-watching, we made a quick stop at Breakwater Restaurant for some pie. It was only ten in the morning, but in our group's opinion, it's always "pie-o'clock." The slices lived up to the hype—just as Naturalist Journeys guide Greg Butcher had promised earlier in the year when he declared this the "best pie in the universe." Our verdict? Unanimous agreement with Greg.

Fueled by our morning treat, we arrived at the Makah Nation, where we split into two groups. One group opted for a cultural immersion at the Makah Museum, while the other ventured to Neah Bay for some birding. The museumgoers were entranced by exhibits highlighting the Makah people's rich history, including a full-size longhouse. Meanwhile, the birding group had a triumph: spotting a Greater Scaup, adding a new species to the trip's list. They also enjoyed excellent views of White-winged and Surf Scoters, along with a particularly striking Horned Grebe still sporting its breeding plumage well into the fall.

Next up: Cape Flattery, the northwesternmost point in the contiguous United States. After a short hike through a lush old-growth forest, we emerged onto a dramatic viewpoint overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Here, nature seemed to compete for our attention. To one side, the sheer cliffs and rugged headlands framed a breathtaking





seascape. Tatoosh Island, a vital seabird breeding site, rose majestically from the waves. Seabirds bobbed on the swell, while whales spouted in the silvery distance. The waters beneath the sea cliffs were alive with the mesmerizing movement of Lion’s Mane Jellies, their maroon bells the size of trashcan lids pulsing as their stinging tentacles drifted through the blue depths. Forest details such as amanita mushrooms, their yellow caps flecked with white, and dark-blue huckleberries stirred the curiosity of our group as sea breeze drifted among the trees, carrying the scents of seaweed and salt.

As we left Cape Flattery and made our way to Kalaloch Lodge, the Pacific Ocean glittered beyond the coastal forest, promising more beauty to come. Our arrival at the lodge was perfectly timed for a delicious meal at Creekside Restaurant, where we enjoyed the first of two gourmet dinners with ocean views. Then we settled into our cabins, surrounded by the sound of the surf as waves collapsed on shore.

## **Mon., Sept. 9 Kalaloch | Hoh Rainforest**

Our day began with a drive through landscapes of contrast—clearcuts and second- and third-growth forests gave way to the ancient, awe-inspiring stands of old-growth trees that had withstood the saw. The towering Sitka spruces and gorgeous Big-leaf Maples lining the road as we approached the Hoh Rainforest set the stage for what awaited us: a journey into one of the most enchanting forests on Earth.

We embarked on the Hall of Mosses trail, a short but magical loop that demands to be taken at a slow, deliberate pace. Birding pace, or even slower—botany pace—was our tempo as we wandered through the fairytale forest, savoring the rich smells of wet earth and damp wood. The silence was broken only by the occasional call of birds or the whisper of wind in the canopy. Everything here was festooned with moss, the trees draped in every shade of green imaginable, as if dressed for an otherworldly ball. Gargantuan conifers—Douglas-fir, western hemlock, and Sitka spruce—stood alongside big-leaf maples, their branches covered with epiphytes with evocative names like witch’s hair and Methuselah’s beard. The sheer scale of life in this primeval forest was humbling.

We paused frequently, marveling at the snags—standing dead trees—so important to this ecosystem. These ancient remnants, many standing for over a century, provided shelter and roosting spots for all manner of creatures, from Brown Creepers to Vaux’s Swifts to bats. Hollow snags, we learned, even offer winter refuge to animals like denning bears. The forest floor was scattered with the fallen giants, serving as nurse logs. These soft, decaying logs, plush with moss, were cradles for new life, nurturing seedlings and saplings that would one day become towering trees themselves. Mature spruce and hemlock perched on stilt-like roots, which once encased those now-decomposed nurse logs, creating hollow spaces beneath their trunks. It was impossible not



to feel small in the presence of these giants, which stand like nature's water towers, pulling moisture up as far as 300 feet into the sky, sustaining their canopies in the clouds that drench this temperate rainforest.

We found ourselves exploring the hollows within the living trees, standing inside them as if in cozy Hobbit homes, feeling the pulse of the ancient forest around us. The cycles of life and death were on full display, and the interplay of decay and regeneration was as vivid as the greenery that surrounded us.

Returning to the visitor center after our satisfying meander, we were treated to a lively encounter with the forest's winged robbers. As we picnicked beneath towering trees, Canada Jays made a surprise appearance, swooping down and attempting to snatch bites from our lunch.

In the afternoon, we split into groups, each choosing an adventure that called to them. The more active members of our group, affectionately dubbed the A-team for their adventurous spirit, hiked along the Hoh River, reveling in the riverside beauty of the rainforest. Meanwhile, our artists were dropped off at Ruby Beach, where they captured the dramatic sea stacks with their paintbrushes. The rest of the group chose to bird along the ocean's edge, where the crashing waves and expansive sky provided an evocative backdrop for our coastal discoveries.

## **Tues., Sept. 10   Kalaloch | Tree of Life | Ruby Beach | Big Cedar Tree | Lake Quinault**

After starting the day with another delicious meal at Kalaloch Lodge, we went to see the famed Tree of Life. This Sitka spruce, perched precariously on a bluff above Kalaloch Beach, embodies the archetype of the tree of life found in many mythologies and religions, symbolizing the connection between the underworld and the heavens. The erosion of the bluff has revealed the tree's roots, which mirror its crown in a striking display of natural symmetry. Despite its challenging location, this tree continues to thrive, a testament to the resilience of life.

While we marveled at the tree, Nikki scanned the shore for birds. Her keen eye soon spotted the first of two notable rarities for the day. We studied a tiny plover with an incomplete collar, leading us to suspect it was a Snowy Plover. Given this bird's typical range on the south coast of Washington, we approached the identification with cautious optimism, cross-referencing field guides and websites. After ruling out other possibilities, Nikki submitted her photos to eBird, where the regional reviewer confirmed our ID. This marked the first eBird record of a Snowy Plover in Jefferson County, Washington. Nikki, who often sees Snowy Plovers near her home in Florida, was amused by the rarity of her find. She joked about smuggling the bird in her luggage to surprise Olympic Coast birders.





Our next stop at Ruby Beach yielded another surprising species along the Olympic Coast. First, we identified a Spotted Sandpiper in nonbreeding plumage after realizing it wasn't a less-common species like Solitary Sandpiper or Wandering Tattler. But as we walked back on the beach, Nikki spotted a suspicious-looking sandpiper. Amid sea stars in hues of orange and purple, a Wandering Tattler revealed its distinctive gunmetal-gray back. Its behavior, with less vigorous tail-bobbing than a Spotted Sandpiper, along with its long bill and stout yellow legs, confirmed our identification.

At Big Cedar Tree, we explored one of my favorite groves on the Olympic Peninsula. The trail's highlight is a colossal western redcedar, a living monument that may have been standing for over a millennium. We stretched and leaned back in yoga poses, trying to glimpse the top of this towering giant. The silence at the base of another ancient tree was punctuated by the distinctive tooting of two Northern Pygmy Owls. Although we didn't spot these small daytime predators, their calls added a magical element to our forest immersion.

After a relaxing picnic lunch and some downtime at Kalaloch Lodge—which some used to nap, walk the beach, or gaze at pelicans flying in squadrons above the waves and scoters floating beyond the surf—we journeyed to Quinalt Lake Lodge. This historic lodge, visited by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1937, helped inspire the establishment of Olympic National Park. As we toured the grounds, a Cedar Waxwing perched atop a tall conifer, and we spotted Townsend's Warblers and Black-throated Gray Warblers flitting among the branches of deciduous trees. A Chestnut-backed Chickadee, a handsome species with its range limited to the Northwest, joined its more familiar Black-capped cousins, and a Golden-crowned Kinglet displayed its crown of yellow and orange. High above, Black Swifts swept through the humid sky, their scimitar wings slicing through the air as these expert aerialists pursued flying insects.

A forecasted rainstorm we had been tracking on weather reports began with a few drops but held off until we finished dinner. As we drove back to our lodge, the downpour began. The steady rhythm of raindrops on our cabins created a soothing soundtrack for the night, and the following morning, the rain's aftermath brought a fresh, vibrant green to the rainforest, a fitting end to our adventures.

## **Wed., Sept. 11 Forks | Sol Duc Rainforest | Port Angeles | Bainbridge Island**

We bid farewell to Kalaloch Lodge and set off, stopping briefly in Forks, the famous setting of the Twilight series, where vampires and werewolves roam in fiction. As we continued east on Highway 101, we passed the



headquarters of a Sasquatch research center. Though our group had no luck with sightings of vampires or Bigfoot, Cindy did spot what seemed like a salmon in the Sol Duc River.

Despite the recent rains, the river hadn't risen enough to motivate the coho salmon to leap up the cascades on their homeward spawning journey, but the storm had transformed the Sol Duc Forest into a verdant wonderland. The rain had washed the woodland clean, leaving behind a tapestry of vibrant mosses and mushrooms sparkling with a wet sheen. A cauliflower mushroom, its surface as convoluted as its namesake vegetable, captivated our group, leading us to reflect on the mycorrhizal network beneath the soil. This intricate entanglement of fungal threads forms a symbiotic relationship with tree roots, facilitating the exchange of nutrients and communication between trees. Through these underground connections, trees share essential resources, helping to sustain the forest. We marveled at this Pacific Northwest ecosystem, where the nutrient-rich carcasses of salmon, carried ashore by animals like bobcats and bears, enrich the forest floor and sustain the life cycles of both plants and animals. The salmon, acting as a vital pump, transfer nutrients from the deep blue sea to the emerald rainforest, fueling the growth and health of trees.

As we continued our journey through Olympic National Park, we enjoyed views of Crescent Lake, a beautifully clear body of water. A basin carved by glaciers during the last Ice Age filled when a landslide dammed a creek, forming this lake more than 600 feet deep. Crossing the Elwha River led to a discussion of "damolition"—the removal of human-built dams to restore the river's natural flow. This restoration project is helping depleted salmon populations recover, allowing these remarkable fish to continue their role in nourishing everything from Orcas and Black Bears to towering western redcedars.

For lunch, we stopped at Downriggers in Port Angeles, where we enjoyed a private waterfront room with panoramic windows. We retrieved a scope from one of the vans, and while waiting for our meals, we took turns watching Common Loons float low in the water, their dense bones weighing them down. A good look at a Red-necked Grebe was as satisfying as any dish we had tasted throughout our tour—a culinary expedition that had taken us to one stellar restaurant after another.

Our final feast came at Agate Restaurant on Bainbridge Island, a fabulous farewell dinner that featured dishes from halloumi to halibut. The conversation among the thirteen of us was lively and full of warmth, flowing effortlessly as we reminisced about the shared moments—solemn, hilarious, and thrilling—that defined our journey. There was no need for prompts like "What was your favorite part of the tour?" We simply relived the magic of those days, from contemplative hikes through ancient forests to the joyous discovery of rare birds.



## Thurs., Sept. 12 Puget Sound | Kent Ponds | Departure from Seattle

Before dawn, we boarded the Washington State Ferry from Bainbridge Island to Seattle. This was a strategic move, both bypassing commuter crowds and offering us a serene view of the Olympic Mountains, bathed in the soft glow of sunrise. As the alpenglow faded from the peaks, we turned our attention to the Seattle skyline and scanned the waters of Puget Sound. Pigeon Guillemots in winter plumage floated past our vessel, and Harbor Porpoises surfaced beside the ferry, as if accompanying us on the final stretch of our journey.

With plenty of time to spare before people's flights, we did some bonus birding at Kent Ponds, a green oasis amid urban development just 15 minutes from SeaTac Airport. This proved to be a productive stop, yielding species we had missed earlier in the trip. A skulking Marsh Wren revealed itself, shaking cattails as it scolded us with its raspy call. Orange-crowned Warblers flitted among brambles, and from an observation tower overlooking a wetland, we watched a pair of Wood Ducks—a female and a male in eclipse plumage, his subtle hues punctuated by red eyes and a red bill—float past before vanishing into the sedges.

A California Scrub-Jay, still an uncommon sight this far north but steadily expanding its range, announced itself with its white underside and strident call from a treetop. Just as we were heading back to the vans, a Spotted Towhee—surprisingly elusive throughout our trip—revealed its fiery red eyes, like embers glowing amid shadowy bushes next to the trail.

From tidelands to timberline, we had explored a remarkable range of habitats, witnessing the incredible biodiversity of the Olympic Peninsula. We encountered songbirds, seabirds, shorebirds, and even whales, immersing ourselves in the complex ecosystems that define this corner of the world. Yet, despite all we had seen, it felt like we had only scratched the surface of the wonders this region has to offer.

As I looked around at my twelve companions, I felt a sense of deep gratitude. Though our time together was coming to an end, the memories we had created would linger long after we returned to our far-flung homes. I wished for more time—another week, a year, a lifetime—to share with them the magic of this place I call home. But I take comfort in knowing that our paths may cross again, perhaps in a temperate rainforest where the ocean meets the land of the Pacific Northwest, or in some other enchanted corner of this beautiful planet.

*Photo Credits: Group, Steve Grace; Tree Frog, Toph Welch; Red-breasted Sapsucker, Steve Grace; Brown Creeper, Nikki Kraft; Boats at Port, Leslie Corey; American Dipper, Steve Grace; Surfbirds, Nikki Kraft; Hurricane Ridge, Steve Grace; Group Birding, John Trezise; Group on Trail, John Trezise; Cape Flattery, Leslie Corey; Seals, Toph Welch; Black Oystercatchers, Toph Welch; Group, Steve Grace; Slug, Toph Welch; Sunset, Toph Welch; Group, Steve Grace.*

