

New Hampshire's Mt. Washington Trip Report | June 4-10, 2025 by James Petersen



Compiled by guide James Petersen. Our clients included Richard, Gabrielle, Ginny, Helen and Marie.



June 5: Higgins Beach- Kennebunk Plains Preserve- Wells Reserve at Laudholm- Scarborough Marsh-Gilsland farms

Our first full day of the tour, we started after breakfast by heading to bird coastal Maine. Our first stop was Higgin's beach. As we got to the beach, we slowly scanned the water for any sea ducks. With some scanning, we had a large group of scoters loafing offshore. Everyone got looks at the scoters which were mainly made of



both male and female Black Scoters; although there was one White-winged Scoter mixed in with the group. It was hard to keep track of them as they kept diving for food. A little closer from the scoters were some Common Eiders—a common breeding sea duck off the Maine coast. We had both brown colored females and stunning black and white males here. After watching them dive in the ocean, we continued scanning. With no other new species, we started walking towards the plover/tern area of the beach. Unlike the rest of the beach, this area is roped off with signs to try and protect the nesting colonies of Piping Plovers and Least Terns from people and their pets. As we got closer to the roped off area, we noticed a small gull with some black on its head and a pale gray back standing by the water's edge—a Bonaparte's Gull. We continued closer still and we started noticing a few small plovers with gray backs and orange bills running around—Piping Plovers. We watched for 30 minutes as they interacted with each other. Two of the plovers kept chasing each other, and flaring out their wings and tail, showing their black edges on the tail. In addition to the plovers, we had Least Terns flying overhead to their nesting colony as well. These dainty, yellow-billed Terns were flying out to feed, we noticed a nearby nest, and everyone got great views of both the male and female sitting right next to each other. While this was happening, we scanned the ocean for any more waterfowl and were rewarded with a single, Red-breasted Merganser riding the surf. By now, it was time to head to our next spot, and we watched a group of Bonaparte's Gulls flying just offshore. On the walk back, we had numerous Herring Gulls flying along the beach as well as a single Great-black backed Gull.

Our next stop was inland; Kennebunk Plains Preserve. This sandy grassland was formed around 14,000 years ago by melting water from the receding glaciers. This formed outwash plains of sand and gravel. Due to that, this area doesn't hold rainwater very well and hence can only support the grasslands mixed with stands of Pitch Pine and Red Maple. Since this habitat is so uncommon in Maine, it supports a few species at the very northern edge of their range, such as Prairie Warbler and Grasshopper Sparrow. As we got out of the van, the first bird we heard was the chromatic scale sounding song of a Prairie Warbler. This bird stayed hidden for us, although was singing off and on throughout our time here. At the entrance to the trail, we had a small sparrow with a white eye ring and reddish shoulder patch perch up for us. This was another grassland breeder—a Vesper Sparrow. He posed for us as we got him in the scope for all to see this washed-out sparrow with a white eye ring. Later, in our walk here, we were able to see the main identification mark, the white outer tail coverts of one as it flushed away off the trail. Continuing onwards, we had a few more small sparrows underneath a pitch pine. These ones were very reddish orange colored and small—a few Field Sparrows that cooperated for a bit before flying off. By this time, we were hearing the short, high-pitched call of a Grasshopper Sparrow nearby. These sparrows normally sing perched up, so after 15 minutes of looking, we were able to find this buffy breasted sparrow. We were able to watch it sing from the scope. We continued down the grassland trail from here, with more looks at Vesper Sparrows and a very brief look at a flying Eastern Meadowlark as it hid in the tall grasses. By now, it was getting hot, so we worked our way back to the van and headed back towards the coast.



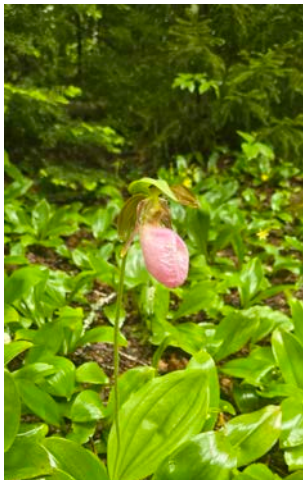
Our last stop before lunch was the Wells Reserve at Laudholm. Here, we slowly walked the grassland trails, hearing the r2d2 like bubbling call of a Bobolink. We soon got eyes on this yellow headed, black and white blackbird. We watched as he both sang from the ground and air, displaying over his patch of grassland. Continuing onwards, we heard the bubbling song of a Northern House Wren and came across a small group of warblers further down the trail. We had fantastic looks at a Yellow Warbler, a male with red streaking as he sang. At the same time, we heard the “please-please-please to metcha” song of a nearby Chestnut-sided Warbler. With some patience we got the bird to come in briefly before he was chased away by the Yellow Warbler. Apparently, this was the Yellow Warblers tree only. By this time, noon was approaching and so was lunch.

After a fantastic lunch at the Clambake, we were all ready to head out when a Saltmarsh Sparrow popped up right at the edge of the marsh. With some work, we got brief but good views of this orange-faced sparrow with streaky sides.

Our last stop for the day was Gilsland Farms Audubon Center. As we worked our way around the center, we came across the first Wild Turkeys of the trip as well as our only Groundhog of the trip, munching on some grass right by the visitor center. As we worked our way around the trails, we were greeted by the meowing call of several Gray Catbirds and the rhetorical question call of a few Red-eyed Vireos. At the furthest point on the trail, we had fantastic looks at an eye level Great-crested Flycatcher—its yellow breast bright among the dark understory. We also had our only looks at a Red-bellied Woodpecker, its reddish back of the head and black barring giving it away; another species that reaches the northern edge of its range here. We ended our visit here with 24 species and good looks at a few others such as American Redstart, Northern Flicker and a few Cedar Waxwings that perched right above us. After a long, but fantastic day we headed back to the hotel.

June 6- Scarborough Marsh- Songo Lock- Dahl Wildlife Sanctuary

We started the day after a delicious breakfast by heading out to Scarborough Marsh. We spent the morning birding the East Trail at the marsh. Upon arriving, the first birds we had were an Osprey that was perched on the right-hand side of the trail. As we slowly worked our way through the marsh section of the trail, we quickly picked up some of the more common birds of the area. Several American Herring Gulls flew overhead, while Glossy Ibis with their curved beaks flew across the trail. The tide was high, so we had a large group of wading birds on the right-hand side, that was made up of both Great and Snowy Egret with a few Glossy Ibis mixed in as well. As we neared the grassier area of the marsh, we stopped to listen for two of the “salt marsh Sparrows”. This marsh has both Saltmarsh Sparrows and Nelson’s Sparrows. The Saltmarsh sparrow is one of 16 species of birds that is only found in the lower 48 states, and nowhere else in the world. Nelson’s Sparrows reach their southern edge of their breeding range here as well.



As we slowly worked the grassy area, we heard the faint buzzy call of a Saltmarsh Sparrow, and with some patience, we got the bird to perch up, giving fantastic views of this orange-faced sparrow of the marsh. A little further down the path, we again, heard a raspy song of a Nelson's Sparrow. With some work, we spotted the sparrow perched further out in the marsh and got the scope on this one. All could see the differences between the two sparrows, with this one having orange extending onto the breast vs. the first one having a white breast with streaks. Both stunning birds and both incredibly shy birds. While looking at the sparrows, we heard the "pill-will-willet" call of several Willets flying overhead. We soon located a perched "Eastern" Willet, its thick barring plumage showing well. Once it took flight, the bold black and white wing pattern soon identified it easily. We finally reached the forest, which consisted of Northern Red Oak, Eastern White Pine and Red Maple trees.

As we worked through the forest, the "Pewee" call of an Eastern Wood-Pewee sounded, as several "rhetorical question songs" of a Red-eyed Vireo sounded as well. We worked further into the forest, and with some patience got looks at both species, getting them to come down from their canopy haunts for us. As we worked further down, we heard both the downward call of a Downy Woodpecker, and a Red-bellied Woodpecker call as well. We were able to find the Downy, a small, diminutive woodpecker working on the edge of the trail, while the Red-bellied Woodpecker stayed hidden. At the furthest point on the trail, we came to a small water body next to a more open golf course. Here we heard and saw our only Warbling Vireo of the trip and with some work, got the bird to come out and show himself, its plain face much different from the face of a Red-eyed Vireo. As we walked back through the forest, we heard the brief chatter of a Baltimore Oriole, Red-eyed Vireos and a Veery. By the time we got to the marsh area, the tide was slowly going out and we got closer views of another Saltmarsh Sparrow, as well as a flock of 15 Least Sandpipers that wheeled over the marsh in a tight flock. By the time we reached the van, we had finished the morning with 31 species and time to continue to New Hampshire.

After lunch, we continued, watching as Maine became more wooded and more rural. We did have an afternoon stop at the Songo Lock. This lock, built in the 1830's and allowed the connection of Long Lake up in western Maine to Portland, around 50 miles. This was used both to ship lumber downstream to Portland and to ship supplies back upstream. This was one of 27 locks by Sebago Lake to account for the difference in elevation and the only one still standing. It is still in use but used by canoers and smaller pleasure boats rather than shipping lumber. After admiring the locks and the surrounding area, we continued west, heading to our last stop of the day, Dahl Wildlife Refuge. While driving to the next stop, a small raptor was spotted perched out in the open on a telephone wire. With a quick U-turn, everyone got fantastic looks at a Broad-winged Hawk, its small size and reddish breast giving away to its identification.

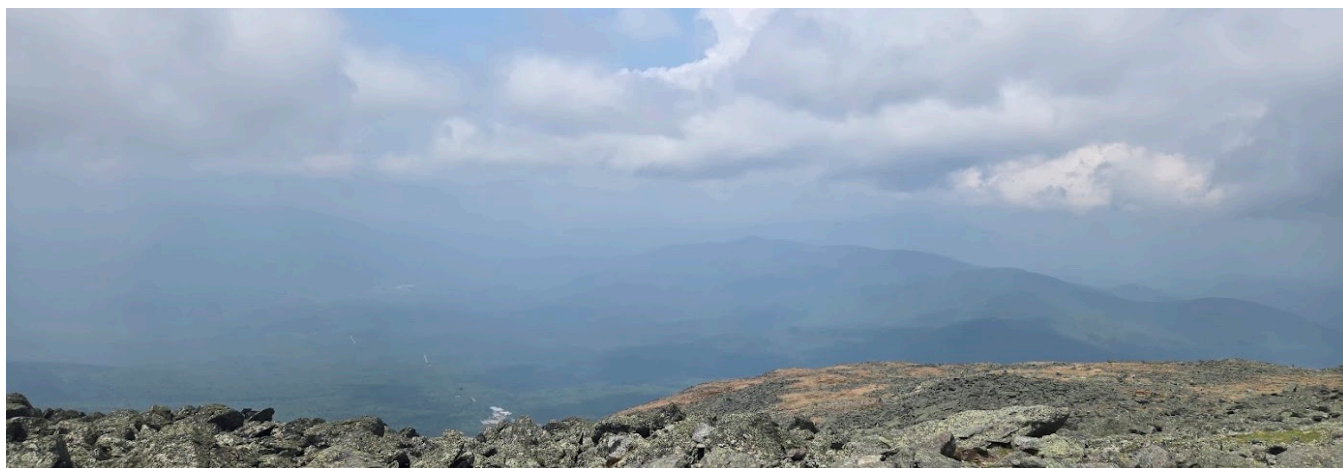


Upon arriving at Dahl Wildlife Sanctuary, we slowly worked our way down the path. As we listened to the calling Red-eyed Vireos, we heard the “Please-please-please-to-metcha” song of a close Chestnut-sided Warbler. With some patience, we got the warbler to come out and give all fantastic views of this golden headed, chestnut sided warbler. After coming out, it perched in front of us singing away. After the bird flew back into the woods, we continued down the trail. Further down the trail, the forest opened into a field that was dominated by Staghorn Sumac plants. Among the sumac, we heard a sweet sounding, whistled “Fire-fire-where-where-here-here-seeit-seeit” song of an Indigo Bunting. We soon located the bright blue bunting, singing from the top of a shrub. Its blue coloration really popping against the dark green background. By this time, the rain was getting closer, and we decided to work our way back to the car and head to the Glen House. Upon checking in to the Glen house, the rain picked up, which ended birding for the day. We met back in the lobby for a delicious dinner and after dinner checklist review of the fantastic day we just had.

June 7- Pontook Reservoir- Umbagog National Wildlife Refuge (Magalloway tract) and Headquarters- Great Glen Trails

Today’s forecast called for on and off showers, but the radar made it look like it was going to be less wet north of the hotel. After a fantastic breakfast, we loaded up and drove north under cloudy skies. Our first stop was Pontook Reservoir. As we got out, we were greeted with the high-pitched call of a flock of Cedar Waxwings and the rhetorical question like song of a Red-eyed Vireo. We walked towards the reservoir and scanned the lake, not seeing anything right by the massive dam. As we walked towards a 2nd overlook of the lake, a large black and white woodpecker laughed in the distance—a Pileated Woodpecker. With a little work, the Pileated soon zoomed low, over everyone’s head and perched on the far tree line. Everyone watched this large black and white woodpecker with a red mohawk fly to a couple of different trees before it disappeared in the thick forest. We continued to the far side of the pond, only to find a small warbler flock. Here we had good looks at the small looking Northern Parula, a small wood warbler with yellow throat, reddish breast band and white eye arcs. In addition, a Black and White Warbler came out as well, showing off his snazzy black and white plumage for all. We then continued to the edge of the lake and scanned, spotting a Common Loon on the other side of the road. We then got in the van and drove over to a pull out that overlooks the other side, to try and get better looks at the Loon. Unfortunately, the Loon decided to tuck himself in the cove, one we could not get looks at, but some movement was spotted in the water further away. With binoculars and scopes trained on the water ripples, a head emerged, and then 2-3 other heads breached the water. We got to watch 3-4 River Otters swim in the lake, from a distance. From here, we loaded up and continued north wards.

The road we were driving, paralleled the Androscoggin River, so everyone was keeping their eyes out for loons, ducks and Bald Eagles. Further down the road, a Common Loon was spotted. We backtracked to where it was



and pulled over. After some searching, it was re-found and all got to enjoy watching this big bodied Common Loon as it relaxed on the surface of the river.

Continuing onwards, we headed up to Umbagog National Wildlife Refuge—the Magalloway River Trail. This open trail bordered dense stands of a mix of Spruce and Fir trees—perfect for looking for some of these northern warblers we had yet to see. From the road, we could hear the upward ringing call of a Swainson’s Thrush and the two parted trill of a Nashville Warbler. With some work, we had the Nashville Warbler flying across the trail, although it was too dense for us to get a look at the bird for very long. As we walked the dense stands, we could hear the “zee-zee-zee-zo-zee” song of a Black-throated Green Warbler while the “teacher-teacher-teacher” song of an Ovenbird also was heard. We turned onto a side trail, that had more ovenbirds calling, as well as the scolding call of a close Black-capped Chickadee. This trail opened to a marsh, with a nice blind on one side of it. From the blind, we could hear the “free-beer” call of an Alder flycatcher, who was soon located calling from the top of a dead snag in the middle of the marsh. Everyone got looks at this brownish flycatcher with white wing bars, his call helping identify him when compared to other similar looking flycatchers. Continuing onwards, we heard the “oh-sam-canada-canada-canada” song of a nearby White-throated Sparrow. As we made our way back to the van, we came across a small group of warblers. With some work, we had a Black-throated Blue Warbler singing its “beer-beer-beer-beee” song. As we worked on locating this bird, another warbler flew in, grabbing all the attention. This bird had an all-yellow breast with a black breast band. A Magnolia Warbler, who gave good looks as it stole the Black-throated Blues spotlight. By this time, it was lunch time, so we slowly worked our way back to the van and from there, back to the Wentworth visitor center of Umbagog National Wildlife Refuge.

Our picnic lunches were delicious, as we ate and watched a Common Loon paddle in the nearby Androscoggin River. From our left, a Canada Warbler sang in a small patch of woods, it is remaining hidden from view. After lunch, we headed back to the hotel for some free time before our afternoon bird walk of the grounds.

We met back at 4:00 pm in the hotel lobby. Looking at the radar, it seemed we had missed all the rain. As we took the trail down from the hotel, we had a flock of 22 Canada Geese fly over us. We slowly walked the edge of the river, hearing a singing, Red-eyed Vireo and Cedar Waxwings. By an opening, we heard the “please-please-please to metcha” song of a Chestnut-sided Warbler. The warbler soon made an appearance, coming very close to everyone. Its chestnut sides and golden cap, combined with a fantastically white belly made this warbler a showstopper. As we admired the Chestnut-sided Warbler, a high-pitched accelerating song came from a nearby high pine. The bird was soon located, a black and white bird with a big white cheek patch—a Blackpoll Warbler. This bird gave fantastic looks as well. Once the Blackpoll moved on, we continued down the trail and into the forest.

The forest was composed of Eastern Hemlock, Eastern White Pine and Spruce. The understory of the forest was made of many ferns, the most common being Hay-scented Fern, followed by Sensitive fern. Inter spaced with



the ferns where Lady's Slipper- an Orchid that when first bloom is bright pink but slowly fade to white as they age. We had both pink and white flowers as we walked among the forest. Further down, we had a late blooming Jack-in-the Pulpit, its purple flower pointing downwards as they usually do. As we reached the furthest point of the walk, we turned around to head back to the hotel. As we left the forest, the opening where we had the Chestnut-sided Warbler was full of warblers. In addition to the Chestnut-sided Warbler that was still there, we had a white eyed, yellow bellied Nashville Warbler foraging low in the bushes. We had fantastic looks at this warbler, and only left it, when we became distracted by a song that started high and only went higher. Singing was a Blackburnian Warbler, and we had located it in a dead tree, towards the top, singing away. We watched in awe as this warbler with a flaming orange throat gave everyone fantastic views of this bird. By this time, we needed to continue back to the hotel, but we were soon distracted again, by an Eastern Bluebird that had perched on one of the many solar panels that were there. By now, it was time to head to dinner after a fantastic day of birding.

June 8- Great Glen Trails- Mt. Washington (Signal Corps site above 4,000-visitor center)-Great Glen Trails

An early day, we met in the lobby of the hotel at 6:15 am to do some early morning birding before heading up to Mt. Washington. As we slowly made our way out to the forest, we heard the buzzy zipper call of a few Pine Siskins, which were quickly located and watched as they foraged in the grass before flying off into the forest across the road. Further down the trail, we had an Eastern Bluebird perched on one of the solar panels. Meanwhile, 22 Canada Geese flew over the field nearby, honking as they flew. As we worked our way out to the forest edge, we had incredible close looks at a Chestnut-sided Warbler, one of several in this morning. Its "Please- please-please to metcha" call echoing as we worked the forest edge. Meanwhile, further down the trail, we were joined by Vernie. As we all worked down the edge of the forest, it turned to an Alder dominated swamp. Here we heard a few Alder Flycatchers as well as saw a white spruce that had its tops decorated with a flock of Cedar Waxwings. Continuing onwards, Vernie noticed and got some on the only Green Heron of the trip, as it quickly flew out of the marsh and disappeared, being chased by a blackbird. We continued venturing back into the forest. Once in the forest, it quickly became dominated by Eastern White Pine. Here we heard the high-pitched call of a Blackburnian Warbler from nearby. With a bit of work, we got the bird to come out right overhead, its bright, fiery orange throat and head wowing everyone. Further down the trail, we heard the "beer-beer-beer-beeee" of an unseen Black-throated Blue Warbler and the "zee-zee-zee-zu-zee" of a Black-throated Green Warbler. As we finished up the walk, we again reached the forest edge and came across a pleasant warble song, belonging to a stunning Magnolia Warbler-its white eyebrow and yellow chest gleaming in the morning sun. By now, it was time to get ready for our drive-up Mt. Washington.



The main bird to see here on Mt. Washington was the Bicknell's Thrush. This is an uncommon, shy thrush that only breeds on the high mountains in the northeast and winters down in the Caribbean. Once entering the road up Mt. Washington, we proceeded to about the halfway point. We got out of the car, and immediately heard the mewing call note of a Bicknell's Thrush. This bird did not make it easy on us. We tried for two stops, to get one to come out, hearing them both times, but distant. The third stop was the charm though, as after hearing one in the distance, we turned to look that way and heard the flutter of wings behind us. Turning around, I saw the brown tail of a thrush skulking in the underbrush of the stunted high elevation pines. We watched as this thrush played hide and seek with us, just giving the group tantalizing looks at a brown blur as it flew about in the dense underbrush. We decided to give it a break and went over to the car, only to hear the wheezy call notes of a group of Boreal Chickadees. These brown capped birds quickly came in, giving all great looks. After the chickadees left, we gave the thrush one last try and it stunningly came out and perched in the open right in front of us. As it perched, it called as everyone admired this shy thrush. After a quick minuet, the thrush turned around and flew back into the dense brush. After it left, we loaded back up and continued our drive to the top. Closer to the top, we entered the clouds, obscuring everything. A little bit of wind pushed the fog away, allowing us to see the alpine zone of this Mountain. We pulled over to look for American Pipits and ended up being distracted by two flowering plants: a *Diapensia* and a group of *Rhododendron Lapponicum*. The *Diapensia* is found circumpolar.

We pulled over at the next pull off and were treated to amazing looks at a "dull" orange breasted American Pipit. We watched as it foraged among the moss-covered vegetation. From here, we continued up to the summit. The summit was fogged in due to the stormy weather we had the past few days but was still a fantastic experience. After walking around and 30 minuets of exploring, we ate lunch at the top. After lunch, it cleared a bit, giving fantastic glimpses of the valley below. It was funny to notice, most of the buildings were chained down, as the highest windspeed in the world was recorded here in the 1930's—231 mph. From here, we continued down the mountain, stopping at a few pullouts to try and get more looks at Bicknell's thrush. We couldn't find another one but heard a few. Our consolation prize was getting fantastic looks at a very cooperative Yellow-bellied Flycatcher.

Once back at the hotel, everyone had a siesta and met in the afternoon for a late day bird walk. As we worked our way back into the forest, we had more looks at a few Red-breasted Nuthatches. Continuing onwards, we heard the song of a nearby Black-throated Green Warbler. With some careful work, we had overhead views of a Black-throated Green Warbler, his black throat and yellow head gleaming in the dark forest. Soon afterwards, we heard the "beer-beer-beer-beee" of a Black-throated Blue Warbler. We soon had this one above us, working the pine trees. We had a second one a little bit later where we were able to see the "white handkerchief" field mark on the wing. Its blue back obvious in the forest. As we reached the furthest point in the walk, we heard the upward sounding call of a Swainson's thrush. With some more work, we got a distant Swainson's Thrush to pop up, his yellowish wash on the face was obvious. On our way back, the "teacher-teacher-teacher" call of an



ovenbird sounded. Again, with some work, we got the bird to show itself. It perched on a low stick, giving all great looks at its thrush like streaky black breast. It then obliged, turning around to show its brown back and orange head, while singing at the same time. After getting back from the walk, we later met in the lobby for a delicious dinner and checklist time before night after a long, fantastic day.

June 9- Pondicherry Wildlife Refuge (Mud Pond Trail-Cherry Pond Access Trail)- Airport Marsh- Great Glen Trails

After a delicious breakfast, we all left for the morning. Our first stop was the Mud Pond trail at Pondicherry Wildlife Refuge. As we started walking the trail, familiar birds such as Northern Parula sang their buzzy up slurred songs, while a few Red-eyed Vireos sang their question-and-answer call. The first part of the forest was made up of deciduous trees such as Striped Maple, Northern Red Maple and Northern Red Oak. The floor of the forest was a carpet of ferns, with it being a mix of Sensitive, Bracken and Northern Lady Fern. Between the ferns were plenty of Canadian Bunchberry, their white flowers showing in a darker forest. As we continued onwards, the forest structure changed and by the time we got to the start of the board walk, it was a pine forest. As we slowly continued down the board walk, a warbling chatter sounded from the right, a Canada Warbler. We were able to get the warbler to briefly come out, it bounced around the surrounding vegetation before flying back from where he came from. A few steps down the trail, some moving bark; a Brown Creeper; was heard and shortly spotted. We watched as he flew to right next to the trail, creeping up the tree before fluttering down to the base of the next tree, repeating that move several times. We continued, eventually coming to Mud Pond, which was surrounded by a bog. The bog had a couple unique plants, one of which was a Pitcher Plant. One of the few carnivorous plants, here due to the fact the soil is so low in nutrients that it must rely on insects. We saw a few close ones and one or two flowering ones further away. The bog itself had a few calling Yellow-bellied Flycatchers, their sora like “ker-wee” call sounding clearly from far away. There was also an Alder Flycatcher calling, his “free-beer” call coming from the other side of the bog. We located the Alder flycatcher and got views of the brownish flycatcher calling before he flew off. We hung out, taking in the scene of the bog for the next 15 minutes. During this time, we heard the quick trill of an unseen Swamp Sparrow as well. With some raindrops being felt, we decided to slowly head back to the van. It didn’t take long for us to stop at the chattering stutter call of a Northern Waterthrush. It remained unseen, but it sang its song a few more times before we continued back up the trail. As we re-entered the deciduous forest portion, Least Flycatchers called their “che-beck” call from the tops of the trees.

After the hike, we headed to our next stop, a quick one at the Airport Marsh. While on the way, we had a pair of Canada Geese with 4 babies crossing the road, and later 3 Wild Turkeys doing the same thing. Once at the



marsh, we scanned the far shoreline, only able to pick up a Hooded Merganser, while a few nearby Eastern Kingbirds foraged and called.

Our next stop was the Cherry Pond Access trail, a different part of Pondicherry Wildlife Refuge. The best birding was in the first half mile of the trail, with a Common Raven, Ovenbird and Northern Parula calling from either side of the forest. As we worked our way up the trail, the habitat got bushier, and we started hearing our first Mourning Warblers of the trip. Suddenly, we had a flash of a bird fly across the road and land in some nearby dense brush. As we were trying to get a better look at the bird, a Ruby Throated Hummingbird seemingly buzzed out of nowhere, working the nearby shrub. We shifted our attention back from the hummingbird to identify the bird as a Mourning Warbler, his dark head and yellow body showing through the tangled brush. Continuing onwards, we heard several more Mourning Warblers before we lost the thick brushy habitat and the bird. By now, it was time to turn back for lunch, but right before we reached the car, a sharp cat like call caught our attention. With some looking, Gabrielle spotted the culprits; two Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers! We watched as they both worked the trees before we had to continue on to lunch.

After lunch and a siesta, we met in the lobby of the hotel for an afternoon bird walk of the grounds. For the third day in a row, we walked a different trail. Due to an incoming front, the woods were unusually quiet. The fields by the forest had a few species, and we got another fantastic look at a golden capped Chestnut-sided Warbler. A little bit later, we watched as a Pileated Woodpecker winged his way across the field, being so big as to not have the typical woodpecker flight. With some work in the forest, we had another Yellow-bellied Sapsucker meowing from a distant tree as well as a high Blackburnian Warbler. As we made our way out and back, a Black-throated Green Warbler sang his “ze-ze-ze-zu-ze” song from an unknown perch.

After the walk, we met back in the lobby for our final dinner, recounting our favorite moments of the trip over the fantastic meal. Ginny’s top moments were seeing the Indigo Bunting and Red-b reasted Nuthatch, Alpine flowers and the Lady Slippers. Gabrielle’s favorite moments were traveling up Mt. Washington, and the whole experience of searching for the Bicknell’s Thrush. Richard also enjoyed searching for the Thrush as well as seeing the top of Mt. Washington. Helen’s favorites were both the Bicknell’s Thrush and the Chestnut-sided Warblers. Marie enjoyed seeing the Great-crested Flycatcher, Piping Plover, all the warblers and Bicknell’s Thrush and the adventure of driving up Mt. Washington. Later, our final checklist was accompanied by a whoopie pie tasting, with two different flavors; a Lemon-blueberry one vs a Triple Chocolate one. It was undecided which one was better. A fantastic way to end a fantastic trip.

Photos by James Petersen