

The date: 10/14/2026

The week number: 42

The walk number: 1892

The weather: 78 F; sunny

The walkers: Erik Warren, Viveca Sapin-Areeda, Chip O'Connor,
Kevin Kan, Ellen Yu, Wan-Ying Kan, Calvin Kan

The birds (25)

No.	First Name	Last Name	Prob
2	Western	Bluebird	0.12
2	Red-whiskered	Bulbul	0.75
11		Bushtit	0.75
5	American	Crow	0.75
2	Mourning	Dove	0.88
2	House	Finch	0.62
3	Lesser	Goldfinch	0.75
2	Red-tailed	Hawk	1
4	Anna's	Hummingbird	1
3	Selasphorus	Hummingbird	0.88
2	Dark-eyed	Junco	1
1	Cassin's	Kingbird	0
2	Ruby-crowned	Kinglet	0.75
3	Northern	Mockingbird	0.88
5	Black	Phoebe	0.88
5	Common	Raven	0.75
1	House	Sparrow	0.88
3	California	Towhee	0.50
1	Black-throated_Gray	Warbler	0.12
1	Townsend's	Warbler	0.38
1	Wilson's	Warbler	0
12	Yellow-rumped	Warbler	1
14	Acorn	Woodpecker	1
1	Nuttall's	Woodpecker	0.38
2	Bewick's	Wren	0.38

Walk lasted between 12:00 and 14:15

I was out recovering from surgery so Viveca led the walk. Here is what she had to say: Good walk, great weather, A couple of times we had to consult about markings, looks (?), and opinions. Then we were all in agreement.

Alan,
10/18/2026

PS: Below is the really neat award that was given to me by Wan-Ying. And she added a poem.
Thanks, Wan-Ying!

PPS: This will probably not show up in the html version of the report – check the pdf version.

The Belted Kingfisher Award

is hereby bestowed upon

ALAN C. CUMMINGS

*for 40 years of remarkable dedication to
the weekly Caltech Birdwalks™ (1986 - 2026)*



Photo by
Lee H. Rentz

THE RAVIN' [MAVEN of the Caltech Birdwalks™] – *this is only a draft!*

Once upon a midday clear, he
 wandered out to seek with cheer, he
met with buddy Franzgrote, Ernie
 in the Park I'll nickname Tourney...

Ernie sat with lunch at hand,
 waiting for this other man.
As the other man came humming,
 Ernie shouted, "Alan's coming!"

[Actually, it was Alan Cummings]

'Twas the Ides of October and all through the park,
 the creatures were stirring when Alan yelled, "HARK!"
What did he hear? besides a scrunch?
 while he and his buddy enjoyed their lunch?
a munch, a crunch, a sip of punch?
 Both had a hunch they might see a bunch
of birds. (My word! Absurd!!)

But with a CHEEP-CHEEP here and a CHEEP-CHEEP there,
 here a CHEEP, there a CHEEP, everywhere a CHEEP-CHEEP,
Al and Ernie sure were charmed—gee! I see why! oh!

They'd spotted a warbler, yellow-rumped—
 Butter butt just got them pumped!

In the distance something blurred—
 a tiny Anna's hummingbird!

"What a fine day!" Alan started to say
 when something blue came into view,
 and he just knew that this was true:
It was a California Scrub-Jay!

And then—

Something happened that got him hooked.
 For the next forty years, every week was booked.
 For the next forty years, he walked and he looked.
He now has 1,684 walks under his Texas armadillo buckled belt!

But back to that day in '86
 when up in a tree among the sticks
he spotted a creature he'd never seen
 emerging from those leaves of green—
A new Life Bird to add to his list!
 He scribbled it down with a flick of the wrist:
A Townsend's Warbler!

And since that day this great rapport
 formed with feathered friends galore—
Birds we all can now adore,
 Quoth the maven, "Evermore!"

HAPPY 40th BIRD-DAY, ALAN!! Thank you for inspiring me with your weekly walks! —wan-ying (10/15/20)

And a final bit of birdwalk-inspired poetry...

THE RED-WHISKERED BULBUL

(apologies to William Carlos Williams)

so much depends
upon

a red-whiskered
bulbul

glazed with rain
water

beside the white-breasted
nuthatch