

Fishing Notes 1932.

1932 was my first season of trout fishing and the best season George had had so far.

We started one rainy morning in April on Trout Spring - catching nothing. Our first big day (second time out) was on Braddock - May 16 - we waded into the streams where the road crosses it and fished down the holes before the swimming hole. I caught the first trout - my first! - a beauty $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. It was the first trout I had seen so I didn't realize at first what a nice size it was - George wound up a perfect day by catching 3 nice trout - somewhere between 6 and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches -

On May 18 - we fished Laurel and caught 2 trout apiece - It was at that time that I first undertook carrying my own worms and baiting my own

hook. George injured his eye - while we were out. So we didn't fish for a while.

We fished & caught specimens while the Dismal River is full bloom and were run in by a hard storm with only one trout that I had caught.

One afternoon. after picking berries down town in the morning. George and I struck up - and fished Broadfoot. George made the catch of the season by landing a trout of $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches - The hole was a small, deep one - under a lot of old brush, surrounded it - not far above the large rock. George caught another trout - missing a meal such of the President didn't eat trout with!

We found Cucumbers beautified but tasteless. and a storm ran us out.

I stayed home one day in June while George and his Father went down Broadfoot

and each caught a trout.

June 28 was our last day of the session - As we were to have dinner alone that evening - and not the next - we planned our feast of seven trout as an anniversary dinner. We fished Broadclock and Sandy. George caught four and I caught 3 - and if I remember correctly there were some nice sized trout.

On my birthday - in the afternoon - we went down Broadclock. A friend whom sent us home almost as soon as we had lines wet. We got home first before the hair pelted down and the terrific wind like a laugh part of the red rock across our home - But in spite of the shudders of the time we had fished - George had caught a beautiful and delicious trout for my birthday dinner -

On July 11. George caught
2 trout and I suffered my
greatest tragedy of the season
by losing a beauty after
I had caught him and had
him off the hook. While working
the hook off him he got away
and apparently lived.

On July 15. I caught one trout.
According to its mate I made
after the season. That ended
our trout fishing for the year -

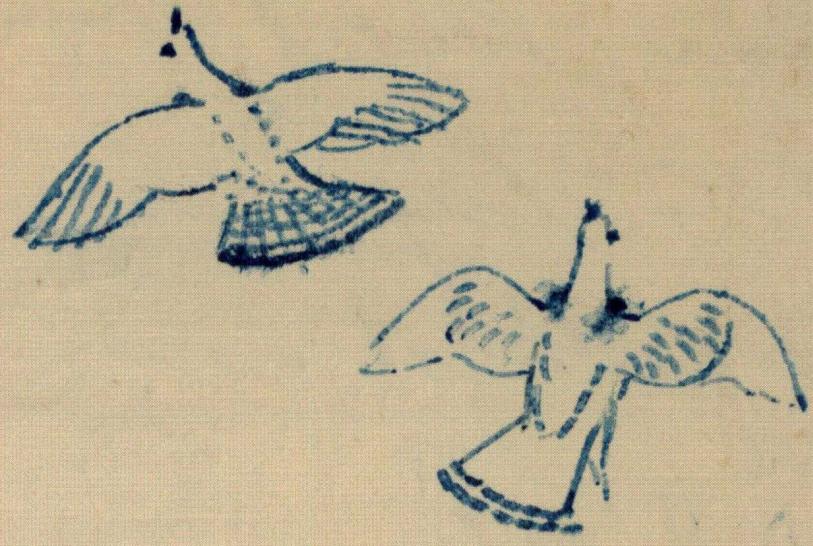
George 15 May 9

George and his father
fished for Bass in Sutor's Lake
twice. On July 1 George caught
2 and Mrs. Evans 3 -

On their next trip they
returned with eight bass -
Mrs. Evans had caught 7 -
from $10\frac{1}{4}$ " to $14\frac{3}{4}$ " -

George caught one 19"
in length - and $11\frac{3}{4}$ " around -
The largest bass I have ever
seen. This was the year before while
I was in West Virginia George caught
a bass $19\frac{3}{8}$ " long -

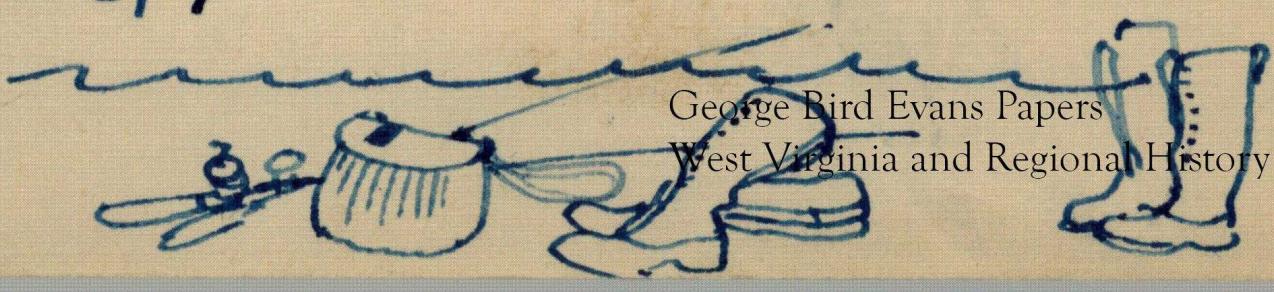
Kay one, $6\frac{3}{8}$
George one, $8\frac{3}{4}$



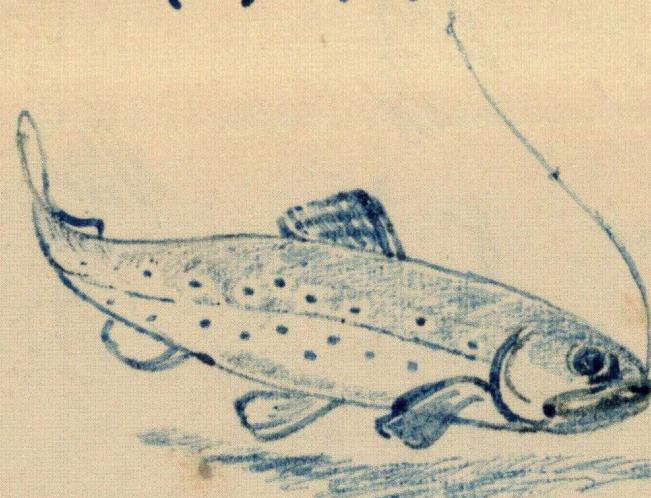
July 26 - Started to fish down Braddock
but were chased out by a heavy rain. Each
man a trout but couldn't get them to take it.

July 28 - Fished Mart Spring from
train road to bridge — water very clear
and low. Saw two or three Trout in the
large hole but altho one finally took
my line it soon let go. It's scarcely
worth fishing in the late season, because
they will not feed in clear low water.
We've decided that trout season could
be officially closed at the end of June.

Counting trout caught but returned, Kay
has caught 21, and I have caught 47 —
68 in all. Of these, we actually kept
56 of them.



soon landed him. He was a beauty -
8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long.
and quite fat.



We fished on downstream, Kay saw a trout
in the hole beside the road but we
couldn't get him to take anything.
Kay caught a nice trout at the hole
below the open place. We had no
other strikes. On the way back we
flushed a group of young grouse.
They didn't fly far and we saw several
of them quite plainly. Some distance
beyond we also saw an old grouse
apparently crippled but we decided
she must have young ones nearby and
virtually a separate bunch, for the first
ones we too far downstream to belong to
her.



Shooting sketch book

Oct. 15, 1932

The first day of woodcock season.
We started in morning - raised young
bird in Mrs. Grovers' swamps. Number of
points by Speck. Near noon Speck pointed
a woodcock above Mill dam - I got him
with right barrel - shortly after saw
three Mallards rise from Mill pond - too far
to shoot and before duck season. Left
dog with Kay and returned to spot where
one drake landed - missed with both
barrels - as I lead him too much.
Returned to Kay and ate lunch. Hunted to
valley behind Shick's into Mrs. Burkes'.
Raised five grouse singly - two of which
we saw for a moment - heard another
drumming. Pat flushed one or two but
Speck pointed nearly all. Saw one
rabbit during day - which was clear and
warm turning hazy in afternoon. We
came in about 3:00. 5-5-D

Oct 17.

Went out a while in afternoon alone.
Hunted three swamps below Mrs. Grovers'
and into woods H. Donald's buckwheat.

Think I heard a grouse fly out. Also
believe Speck had a point on woodcock,
but didn't raise it. Good looking
woodcock country. No shots.

Oct. 20. Hunted bottom land on Burd's
- Speck made beautiful point but no
woodcock. Hunted into Mrs. Becker's and
in bottom below "Hill" field. On way
back hunted swamp but raised nothing
No shots.

Out alone two rather uneventful days -
no shots - altho I raised several quail
below Dick's Shanty.

Rainy wet day - but only slight drizzle.
Nov. 1. - First day of grouse season.

Hunted all day with Father. Raised
about eleven birds. I shot one on edge
of woods above Dick's - a quartering shot
to left from almost my feet - missed
with right barrel (shot entirely too quick)
and dropped the bird with left as he reached
the edge of woods. Later I missed a bird on
ridge above Meadow Run - but the shot was

missed a bird with both barrels. It flushed
behind me and I practically shot without
aiming. Terrible! Soon after I injured my
eye with twig and was laid up for several
days. 5 shots - one hit. 11.14.1

Nov. 5 - Good to be hunting again. Rainy day
a little too wet. Kay and I went out about
11:30. Raised two birds at Spring on Burd's
line and Hagan's. One flew out ahead of second
one. I missed the first and thought I missed the
second. Later Kay pointed on top of Burd's
hill and I found what I believe was the
second bird - wounded and running on ground.
I caught it and killed it. Young bird and
very red. I should have led both shots
a bit more and it wouldn't have gone far
Raised one bird earlier and one after that
were impossible shots. Saw several geese
in woods back of Burd's but couldn't shoot.
Also several rabbits. As Kay and I drove
in to our place a large gray squirrel ran
up the same tree. Came in about 3 m. &
was raining. Cleaned bird before dinner -
then I made stretch of wings and marking
2 shots - 1 hit

Nov 7 - Extremely warm - Father & I left Pat
at home to use Speck alone. Hunted up over
Burd's raising one bird which we followed
but only heard rise the second time. Passed
second bird but before following, went to
Speck a point and finally raised third
grouse. Father missed thru thick cover and
I saw it cross Rankitt's field and go into
woods on far side. We went over and I shot
it as it went out - an almost straight up
rise to the left. We covered the grapevines
between the field and Rankitt's house but
saw nothing so returned to woods where the
second grouse had gone - only to have him
rise too far away. At lunch down in
valley below Burd's and tried to hunt after -
but Father had to return to house with headache.
I went out again alone and jumped rabbit
in own woods. Speck pointed us Burd's above
spring and I flushed a grouse. Missed
him with right barrel and dropped him
with left and after headlong chase caught
and killed him - making my limit 7
two for the day. It was thin brush and
a rest to the right - not quite across. I
should have led him more with first shot.
I hunted for game but failed to locate
them, cut across to ~~Buckhout~~ field of

Donalds' and raised grouse in corners of wood.

Below its the me I flushed once in woodcock
morn. Got no shot however. On way
home flushed a bird at my feet near
spring of Mrs Brown's field - a fast
rise to left and almost across. Missed
with both barrels. Shot too quick west
did not lead enough (or at all!).

5 shots - 2 hits

Nov. 8th. Hunted with Father again today
with old Spuck alone. Started in on Mrs Burke's
deciding to let birds on our place rest. Raised
nothing at all until ~~the~~ afternoon and
only heard it go. Finally found that
Mc Gee and hunters had been in country
ahead of us and shot four. We returned
to Burds and I raised two grouse
below Burds line. Not no shot at first
one but took a flanking shot at second one
and dropped him. A shot thru brush and
quartering to left. Couldn't lead as much
as I wanted but managed to pull ahead
enough to hit him. Father caught him
and I killed him as soon as possible -
apparently a young ~~large~~ grouse.

a little further on Spuck pointed and the
first bird rose again. Straight across
to right in front of me and then straight
away. I shot too fast and without thought
or reason and of course missed with both
barrels. I should never have missed
it but am glad - as Father got him
with second barrel on next rise. Making
one each for the day. After coming in
early we hunted Edel's woods and Father
shot a rabbit. Had game dinner in
mountain of this grouse. After dinner
I cleaned the guns and Kay cleaned my
bird while Father and Mother cleaned
the one Father shot. A fine day -
Weather - overcast and just not too
warm. 3 shots - hit ~~3.4.1~~ 3.4.1

Nov. 9 - Kay and I took Put and Spuck -
starting about 10:30. Miserable rain - hunted
from Edel's to Park and crossed Pike and into
woods above Ken Moore's. Finally heard and
glumpled bird go out high on hill from tree
top or ground beyond Moore's. Kay later saw
it land on ground out of tree on hill side.

Followed but could not raise it again. However discovered excellent hillsides of grape vines. Returned towards home because of rain by way of thickets behind Edels house and Shueys. Speck pointed but moved on. Grouse flushed from treetops as grouned and crossed to the right. I shot too close and carelessly and missed. The bird turned and went away from me - dipping as tho to land several times - causing me to believe he might have been hit slightly. I followed but could not find or raise him. Returned to Shueys and met Kay where she had gone ahead of me. We also struck in house often getting out of our wet clothes. Think I'll take Father into same country on Friday if weather is good.

I shot - no hit

Nov. 11. Father didn't hunt today so I left Kay and Pat at home and hunted with Speck. Started in Burkies woods at Dick's gate and Speck pointed almost immediately. A grouse flew out without noise and kept behind trees so that I had no chance to shoot. Followed bird and eventually flushed him out of gun range and couldn't find him after ~~marks~~. Went over to hillside

facing Seaton's and just before I reached it, Speck made a series of points - finally coming to bird which was quiet (the weather was cloudy and drizzling) and some distance I felt my shot wasn't far enough ahead but took the chance and fired. He fell and started to run but I caught and killed him as soon as possible. A little further around the hill Speck pointed again and a bird flushed too far to shoot and without any moss to mention. I didn't follow him. I hunk at Mill Dam behind shells of boards that I threw together as it was raining hard then. I hunted after lunch up the ridge on Meadow run and on around to the laurel ridge behind little cabin below Burkes'. Put a number of points but saw no birds. Finally flushed a bird from laurel near cabin. Not I wouldn't shoot but had my gun on him going straight away so fired without leading at all. However, missed him and some shot cut off sapling and lodged in tree, no suppose that's partly why he kept going.

followed but could not find him - so hunted around to "Daisy Field" and hunted down valley to where I first shot the bird. Speck made awfully point and the bird flushed wild and without much sound - every one did this today, except the grouse in the laurel and its "whirr" was only reasonably loud. I believe on rainy days or perhaps windy days - this is true.

I returned to Mill Dam to look for ducks but found none. at the old coal bank Speck pointed and I walked in - nothing flew and I took it a false point - when a woodcock suddenly took the air almost from my feet and flew clear across the open field to Dick's alders and I shot too quick from surprise and missed with both barrels! I reloaded and two quail flushed also at my feet - they and the woodcock had been in the same spot. I pulled on the quail in front of me and found my raffter still on - and pushed it off - and pulled on the bird going to the left and away and dropped it. I used my left barrel. I followed the first quail and the woodcock but could not raise them. *Heads were pointing*

below me when I did all the shooting and I noticed another quail fly out - Therefore I returned thinking there might be the balance of the covey and did raise a single but missed him with the right barrel. Real surprise used too little aim.

I tried to find these birds but failed and returned home to find Kay with dinner ready and good fires going. The rain had stopped soon after lunch and the temperature dropped considerably - making an excellent hunting day. The grouse I shot was a distant run to the right nearly straight across. I thought I hadn't led him as much as I should - but nevertheless found him hit all over his body. Kay's cleaning the birds now.

away
6 shots - 2 hits

Nov¹² - Started to walk across field
at 6 A.M. Cold with snow everywhere -
not quite covering leaves. Kay and I took both
dogs and started where I had raised grain
yesterday. Heard grouse flushed over hill where
Speck was pointing. Hard scored bidgo out
without seeing it. Hunted toward Malvern Lake
and at intersection of roads Speck ran up and

bird flew out and arced toward Dick's,
followed and flushed same bird. I shot a
distant shot (rising and going away) thru trees
but missed. Most of charge lodged in tree.
Followed but could find bird. Hunted to Dick's
gate and Kay came home. I hunted birds and
returned. I shot - no hit

Nov. 14 - Warm, sunny, and snow melting.
Rained first bird back toward Meadow Run -
near little cabin. Was alone with Speck. Shot
too quick and missed - straight away and low.
Followed and walked past bird, which flew out
of heels and back of me. Followed but could not
find it. Hunted around ridge toward Seaton's
and flushed two grouse in grapes high up.
They flew after I passed - shot both barrels at
second bird and missed. Followed and raised
them again. Shot at first bird - close low shot
quartering to right slightly. Hit it very hard -
more hasty than careful shooting. Second
bird flew as I went for first one. Hunted on
around to intersection of roads and around
toward Dick's. Speck found and saw bird

ran out of dead trees on the ground and fly. Followed
and Spick pointed but passed the bird which
flew out behind us. Followed up to top of
ridge and flushed the bird - from my feet away
to left slightly. Missed with right barrel
(too quick) - and took more time with left but
missed. Followed around ridge to head of
valley. Spick swung into point and the bird
came out of brush at my feet. I thought he was
crippled and as he rose straight up within
a few feet of me I missed with both barrels.
Too close and too excited. Followed but
could not find him. Ate lunch on ridge
nearer road and returned to Meadow Run
ridge later. Bird flew from grapes and down
path but I didn't shoot. Spick found him
below path and as he rose I waited till he
came out on path and shot but missed.
Not enough ahead of him. Followed and
rased same bird and another one in grapes
further along. Could not find them. Hunted
on around ridge to cabin and Spick found
two birds on ridge back of cabin. ~~After ground had~~

in bottom back of Mrs. Burles next hillsides
field. Hunted up over hill and then grapes and
home. Kay had everything packed and at
left at once for town. Raised 9 birds. shot
at four of them - 9 shots - 1 hit

Nov. 15. Hunted in afternoon raised one bird
in spaws. Hunted in afternoon raised one bird
and got no shots. Was alone with Speck.

Nov. 16. Hunted only in afternoon again and saw
one bird in grapes near "Daisy Field" in Meadow
Run side. Not no shots. alone with Speck.

Nov. 17. Father and I took Speck down
Maddock. Dark damp day. Started after
lunch. Cut in back of shewys and I flushed
bird on bank near old cuttings. First that it
was rabbit as it ran out but shot as it flew
straight up and missed. Took more careful
aim with left barrel then trees as it
cut across to left and back but evidently
missed. Followed but couldnt raise it.
Hunted rest of afternoon down to laurel
ridge and didn't see another bird.
Raised woodcock this side of hills.
2 shots - no hits

Nov. 18. Father and I took Spick out. Started in good time as we stayed up last night. Heavy white frost. Started in at Dickis' gate, hurried up to Burles' and back down other side of valley behind Dickis'. Father raised first bird in grapes half way down valley and up on ridge. He missed it with one shot. Followed and could not find for while - but at last raised it in red scrub oak thicket below path. Followed but did not find after that. Hunted around meadow ridge to grapes and raised second bird in grapes - up high - Hunted on them grapes and ate lunch. Afterwards returning around meadow ridge to intersection of paths and awoke and up valley behind Dickis' - To head of valley and dropped over in rather open valley that goes down to Burles' barn. Flushed grouse out of grape vines in open field - practically - must have been one of seven birds that Dickis found nearby. Could not get on him them brush soon enough. Followed but could not find. Hunted down valley to ridge back of little cabin and back on this

ridg toward Meadow run; Speck hunting
most of the way. Finally two grouse flew
out. Followed and raised me near cabin - It
circled back over toward Meadow. Followed
and it flushed out of ^{the} rhododendron bush at
my feet. Took quick shot at it going away
and believe I undershot it but think
it was hit as I tho I saw its leg drop. It
sailed down into hillsides of numerous rocks
and laurel. We followed and hunted it
but could see no signs of it. Returned to road
(that comes up from Meadow) and grouse flew out
of brush pile while we were talking. Followed
but could not raise it. Cut thru briars
across roads and up into grapevines next
to Raubelt's but raised nothing. Returned
home to buckwheat cakes and ryeage.
I shot - no hit

Nov. 21 - Out alone with Speck - Fairly over-
cast. Started in grapes back of Raubelt's field
and down them valley and up to road. In woods
at Dick's gate and over ridge - two birds flying
out just over hill. One came toward me the other
cut straight away. Turned back to find first
bird but could not raise it anywhere. Relieved

to tree tops where they flushed but could not
find other bird. Hunted around to Meadow
Run ridge and ate at old saw mill. Nice
hunting day and good to be out - as it rained
miserably and turned to snow last Sat. -
opposing a legal hunting day. After lunch
I went on up ridge - following road - a
short distance and Spick pointed off road
at a curve, as I walked up a grouse flushed
wild ahead of him. I took several more steps
and a second bird flew out - cutting up on
the ridge. I walked toward the path again
and a large grouse flew up straight ahead of
me and going up. I hit him with right
barrel and he fell in the path and never
moved - quite crumpled. It was an old
bronze grouse. I followed the second bird
up on ridge and in hunting for it raised
a separate bird - Spick pointing. Hunted
down lower on ridge a bit later and I flushed
a large bird out of grapevine - strayed across
to left and I missed with both barrels. First
shot was too hasty - second seemed to be when
I wanted it ahead of him - but evidently
I overshot him. I must hold this gun finer
for a more accurate shot. Followed to road this
bird again but could not find him.

however, raised one I believe was one of the first
birds. Following - I flushed him again
but without a shot. Returned to intersection
of roads near Mill Dam and hunted around
toward Dick's. Raised the old fellow I've
missed so often and following flushed him
again, at my feet from behind shrubs. However
I was careful but missed him once more -
shot cutting halfway thru rafter and lodging
in another small tree. That gross has a charmed
life. Followed him and found him once more -
but could not shoot as he rose. Couldn't
find him after that. Returned home and Kay
and I came downtown.

4 shots - 1 hit

Nov. 23 - Stayed in with cold yesterday. We gave
Patty to Murphy's Monday mts - so only have
Spuck now. I went out with Spuck in
morning - planning to return for lunch at noon.
Heard one bird fly out, saw none. On way home
Spuck took sick and I left him to town as
soon as possible. Guess I'll not hunt him any
more this year. Poor fellow is awfully weak
but seems over the attack O.K.

Nov. 25 - Didn't hunt yesterday (Thanksgiving)
altho we planned to but ~~Patty didn't feel well~~

going. I went out alone today - having borrowed
Patty back from Murphy & she and Spuck
are delighted to see each other. We brought
Spuck up to mountain with us but, of course,
I didn't use him. Pat worked well today
but didn't point - naturally. Birds are someplace
I can't locate. Heard four birds and saw two
more. Drove up road to Mrs. Brubies - and
took a fleeting shot at a grouse back near
little cabin. It was in air before I located
it and I missed on him as well as I could
but missed. I believe to not get a shot
until late in the day is rather bad as ~~the~~
I am usually poorer at such time.

I shot - no hit.

Pat and Spuck are here in front room - while
Kay and I sit by wood stove - all happy and
content once more.

Nov. 26 - Hunted with Pat alone again - light
dry snow "spitting." Turned cold later with bright
sunshine - beautiful day for hunting but couldn't
seem to locate birds. Raised bird on ridge above
little cabin - straight across to left - took quickly
shot and missed. Followed and Pat flushed it - followed
but couldn't locate. Circled and raised it on steep cliff
among laurel and rocks. Couldn't get on him. Followed

down among rocks and finally heard him fly out!
Returned to grapes below "Daisy field" in Meadow
Run ridge. Got slight glimpse of grouse going over
tree tops near intersection of roads. Returned
home - very cold now. All in mountain and
took Pat back to Marpleys in town
1 shot - no hit

Nov. 28 - Beautiful cold day - heavy white frost.
Up at 6:30 with wonderful sunrise. I hunted
alone without dog - leaving speck at home. Started
about 9 o'clock covering grapevines on Meadow
ridge. Saw out all day - Raised first bird at end
of grapes - down from field a bit - around 10:30.
~~I hit him with right barrel - straight away.~~
and going down full a bit - making a square
on "shot. large bronze grouse. Hunted ~~over Meadow~~
ridge and heard one bird go out. At lunch above
"Travis hole" on steep hillside. Meadow Run is
frozen over after lunch I moved around hillside
about 100 yards and flushed two grouse away
grapes - one going around ridge and down and the
other up onto flat above. Followed both but found
neither. Hunted around to ridge about cabin and
struck old road going ~~down~~ to road leading to
"Pop" Haarsel's cabin. Following this road back to
Mrs. Burles - raised grouse ~~on edge~~ of road - shooting

quick and missed - immediately ascended bird
flew back and I "covered" him carefully with left
barrel and he fell into thicket. A quartering
shot to left (I led him a bit, of course). Rushing
into brush and reloading I noticed a couple of
feathers floating to ground - and so decided
he must be ahead a little. I tho' he must be
wounded and running as I couldn't see him.
However I found him - practically dead -
laying in the leaves - with both wings out.
- another bronze grouse - two in one day! and
making four bronze grouse this year.

3 shots - 2 hits

Nov. 29 - Out with Kay, leaving Speck at
home - beautiful day - warming later. We
started in at Dicks gate and over onto ridge
with "Maple Tree" - Kay walking to one side to
cover all the country. Back on same ridge and
around above Slaton's and back up Meadow
run side and into grapevines - but not a
sight of birds. Covered that entire section
well and at lunch at large rock above the
Travis hole. Meadow run still had ice on it
in spots. After lunch we hunted around to
ravine that leads to behind Burke's barn - and
at the watermug tub ~~found~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ~~found~~ ^{the} grouse.

the hillside - a bit below where I expected to find the bird, I approached a brush pile or fallen tree and the grouse hopped up onto the brush pile about level with my head and not more than eight feet away and remained there, alert and poised, looking at me - with his top notch raised. I waited a moment for him to fly and when I finally said "All right, boy, go ahead!" he cut off to the right - low and quartering along the hillside path and I put him with the right barrel. He landed about forty feet from me with his head into the ground and fluttering his wings but quite dead - as the shot had hollowed out his eye and head. It seemed almost shameful - killing him after watching him so closely - beautiful and noble as they all are - but after all, I was hunting grouse and I did give him a fair chance. I didn't hunt that hillside any more - but cut down into the hollow and up to the road to Bushie. Crossed the road and hunted the woods above it back to Dick's gate, and up over the ridge - hoping to raise the two birds I had flushed the time ~~ahead of you~~ I dropped.

The first flew out with just a glimpse of him
from a thorn tree that was blown over. I saw
the second one run out to open his wings
and tail outspread and waited for it to rise. It
did not but turned so quickly that I couldn't
get on him. We followed and flushed one of
these birds in grapes just around the hill -
but couldn't shoot. Followed after that but
didn't find them altho I heard one go
out over the hill. Returned home along ridge
down the road to Burkes - Key Gathering
Hickory nuts on the way in.

No shots

Nov. 30 - Last day - beautiful day → fairly
warm with sun out - Out alone without buck -
starting in Burds woods - covering grapes back
of Rabell's field. No signs so dropped over into
Burds again and hunted down the hill sides.
Finally went to thicket where cows or sheep
usually graze and when I stopped a grouse
flew out and back around the hill without
my being able to cover him. I followed when I
thought he most likely had landed and not
finding him I doubled back and forth on hillside
until I had covered the hill top and the upper
half of the hillside. On my last trip across

over the ridge and about halfway down the
other side - or a little lower - a large grouse
flew out of a brush heap or tree tops and down
the hill - crossing the run at the bottom. I
stood still for a moment expecting the other
one of the pair to follow - which it did -
cutting out of the trees and brush a few seconds
later - across to the right - evidently it
would have turned downhill and followed the
first bird - but I hit it with the right
barrel. I saw it land down the hill about
a hundred feet from me. I ran to him and
found it - wing tipped and crippled and
crouched against a fallen log. I struck it
against my gun stock and killed it as
soon as possible - but in doing so I pulled
out all its tail feathers which was too bad
for it was a very large grouse - about the
largest I had shot this year. Both birds
that I got today were bronze grouse. Making
four bronze birds this week and six this
season.

I returned to the house to show the
grouse to Kay and left them hanging there

while we ate lunch together down in our woods -
telling Spuck. After lunch I went out again -
into Edel's woods and skirting Mrs. Groves
field but staying in the woods - around the
buckwheat field and across the swamps up over
Donalds field and into Burkes woods once more
on hillsides above Seaton's. Not long after I
entered the woods I stopped on the path and
heard a grouse go out and around the hill. I
could hear him run thru the dry leaves as he
took off. I followed expecting him to be up on
hillsides on other side of ridge - but just to be
certain I walked lower down along the path
and he flew out and around the ridge following
the lower path. Following I flushed him this
time ahead of me as before but he had not flown
nearly as far as I expected. He was the old
wise fellow I had shot at last week. I
followed and at last flushed him above me
and he cut down toward path. As I went
toward him - a second bird flushed and
went around the ridge keeping along the path.
Following - the first bird (as I think) rose and
followed second bird. I went along the path
and expected to find both near it someplace
along the hill but couldn't ~~find them~~ ^{see them}. I cut up

into brush and doubled back till I reached ~~at~~
a path going up the hill. This I took till I
came out on higher road and followed it on
around to next path leading back down. I
took this down to lower road again and back to
path going up hill again - midway between
the paths I had taken up and down the hill.
But I couldn't raise the birds. Either I
had missed too much country between paths
or they were lying awfully tight. An upper
path once more I followed it to the path
leading down hill to large rock where I stopped
to lunch several times. Came to that
bunch of grapevines and around to end of
paths but no birds. Up to daisy field and
down over into gully where I raised two grouse
at watering tub with bag yesterday but
couldn't find anything. Back home by way of
ridge above road to Dicks gate - and so
I ended a marvelous day and a wonderful
season. Two shots - two hits.

I went in and we took a ^{at noon} shot at the
two birds. ~~also took pictures of two birds Monday~~
and me of the birds ~~earlier in season~~

I find that I fired 42 shots in all at grouse (not counting quail and woodcock) and hit 12 birds - making an average of 1 hit out of $3\frac{1}{2}$ shots - or 2 hits out of 7. This is better than I've ever done before.

I was out 19 days.

I find that during the first 5 days I fired 16 shots and hit 5 birds (1 out of $3\frac{1}{5}$), the next 6 days I hit only 2 out of 14 (1 out of 7), and the last 8 days I hit 5 out of 12 (1 out of $2\frac{2}{5}$). Counting all shots for season at duck, quail, woodcock and grouse I made 14 hits out of 49 shots or (1 out of $3\frac{1}{2}$) which seems to be my average shooting this season.

Approx. summary: 1932 Penna.

22 days / 4 coverts / 30 grouse /

7.5 bird/covert ratio

Burke's: 18 grouse / 14 days / 9 hit

Burd : 9 " / 7 " / 3