

Hunting notes 1934

October 29. Went out with Speck - starting in Mrs. Morris' swamp after 12 o'clock. Having covered that entire area I started up the swampy bottom back of Dick's shanty. Hadn't gone far before I flushed a woodcock ahead of me and took a fairly quick shot as he went straight away and I got him with the first shot of the season. Altho he was hit fairly hard (both wings broken and one shot in his body) I had to "finish" him. Speck was delighted with him. Not much farther along Speck made an uncertain point and a cock flushed in front of him, very tamely and landing nearly without my getting a chance to shoot. I marked the spot and when we arrived Speck showed meager signs but to save me, I couldn't get the bird to go up. at

last he flushed from an unexpected
place and I took two shots and
missed - one as he was working his
way thru the alder tops and another
as he quartered slightly to the right
and away. The second shot should have
been made. I saw him fly, very far
this time, up the hollow, and altho I
hunted it well - three times - I couldn't
raise him. I cut up over the field
of Donalds to the Mill Dam and ate
lunch near it. After eating I hunted
~~the~~ the length of the Mill Dam -
seeing grouse tracks in the snow - not
fresh ones, however. I returned to
Dick's swamp but couldn't find the
woodcock. Cut up into the edge of
Mrs. Purkes and Dick's and out to the
road. The day was cold but pleasant
with slowly disappearing snow. Speck
didn't do as well as he should.
Three shots - one hit.

October 30 - Out with Father and both
Speck and young Nat. Saw no woodcock,
but raised four grouse in the woods above
Dicks swamp - off Donalds field. Speck
pointed them. Further on up valley we
raised another grouse - that may have been
one of the first. Above the Mill Dam, a
grouse flushed in front of the pup - who
looked at it very interestedly.

No shot 5.6.0

October 31 - Out with Speck in afternoon
down Maddock hollow - where I found a
sawmill had changed the landscape
considerably. Speck pointed a grouse
near the large hole with the rock. I
hunted into the Fawcett Bottom, going
well down toward the end of the valley.
Speck pointed a woodcock which I
missed. I found the cover dense. I
couldn't raise him again, altho I did
hear a grouse go out. Think I jumped
two deer - am sure of one - for I saw
it. Enjoyed the day. One shot - no hit.

November ¹⁷ 1871. First day of grouse!

Father and I went with Ray Peener over to
shanks. Wonderful country over there. It
was raining badly at eight o'clock but
cleared up and the sun came out later.
There was a light snow over there. We
covered loads of country - steep hills
and lots of Rhododendron. Altogether
we raised about ten grouse. We each
got a couple of shots. My first shot
was at a bird going fast overhead
and back. I turned and missed.



Later we were following a

bird that both Father and Ray had
a shot at - and it rose from a clump of
laurel in front of me and went straight away.
I got him with my right barrel. Was I
pleased when we found him! - stone dead
a bronze.



2 shots hit

November 2. . Father, Fred, and I went
out after lunch - starting back by Kanletts.
Raised a grouse soon that went at Father's
head and he missed - very naturally. We
raised a second bird and followed only to
lose him after another rise. At last we
hunted across into the bottom below Mrs.
Burke's road and flushed two more.
Following - we raised one of them several
times - once I'd have had a good shot, if it
hadn't been tied up in bushes. Father got
a double barreled shot - missing. In
flushing that bird again we raised a
fifth. I gave up that section and went
over to country back of Dick's and at
last put a bird out in thicket above
Donald's field and Mill Dam - It was a
hopeless shot thru dense brush but I took
a crack at it and missed. After flushing
that bird again we came in. Cold water and
sunny.

11.12.0

One shot - no hit

November 3. Out alone with speck in
a.m. starting in the same as yesterday.
The weather was warmer today - a few times

a little too warm - but beautifully sunny.
I heard one grouse go out below the grapes
back of Raulett's. Down in the hollow Speck
and I, found four in one bunch that
scattered, one at a time, all over the basin,
but no chance to shoot. I followed and
raised them several times and at last put up
one bird that was a fair shot, but I couldn't
take it as Biskraf - the man who owned the
woods was above me. He showed me where
the bird landed. I flushed him and shot
both barrels. That I'd hit him with the
first but later put him up and missed
another shot - tearing off a good sized
sapling. I followed him again and again
and at last Speck pointed off an old
road that leads to Pop Bursels cabin far
below. The grouse cut out into the road -
going high and fast. I kept him the way
that I shot right but missed both barrels again
all five shots I took yesterday were at
the one bird! no hits. Raised 11 birds.



(continued on next time)

(continued for Nov. 3) I worked back and covered the basin below Kaulitts and then hunted the valley below Mrs. Parkers road and up over to the ridge above it. Ut lunch and in afternoon covered the entire ridge above Meadow Run - flushing one bird in gulches at head of valley back of Dicks (near the maps) and two birds along road above Mill Dam. On lower road above Meadow I flushed other birds - large ones - but got no shot. Plenty of game but its flushing wild mostly. Should have had the one bird I shot at in a.m. Had a fine time anyway.

11.16.0 5 shots - no hits

November 5 - Out alone without speck of gun from pine trees thru birds woods to Kaulitts and over into valley where I found someone had been into the fair ground trees. I finally raised one of them and by following, raised several more - at last very close - and shot too hastily with both barrels. Hunted down the old road toward Pop Springs without raising

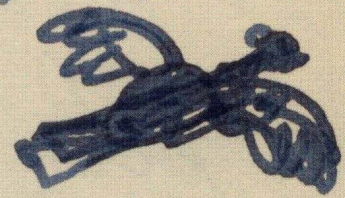
that bird again - so crossed the river and
immediately jumped a rabbit and flushed
a grouse. Followed the grouse and took a
shot at it that was foolishly useless. Put
him up several times - working around the
ridge to the part in back of Mrs. Purkes little
cabin - where I flushed two more grouse
without a shot. Ate lunch and after a
drink at the little cabin sprang in passing
I cut around the ridge above Meadow Run
and to the Mill Dam and only heard one bird
ran into Dick Brown and a stranger and
found they'd been over that country ahead of me.
Flushed a big grouse in the pines near the
maple trees and missed a single shot at him.
Followed and by patient working, at last
flushed him unexpectedly and altho he
acted queerly after I put both barrels
at him I shot I must have missed. When
I looked up I saw a shower of fine feathers
and knew I hit him fairly hard. I hunted the
ravine carefully twice but couldn't find
him. Hate to leave a cripple. Hunted back to the
road and down into the hollow below where I
flushed the two birds they without any more
shots. I should have got two grouse today.
6 shots - no hits.

6-13-10

November 6 - Out with Father and Mr.
 Barclay - in back of Kings to the
 old Lemon place and Cromwell place.
 Weather was fine - cold, damp, and
 overcast with mere suggestion of rain
 toward evening. Raised about twelve
 grouse. Father shot at me and missed.
 Later we put him up and at last flushed
 him from an old brush head. I shot and
 my first barrel turned him over and
 I thought he'd fall, but he righted himself
 in midair and flew away over the hill.
 I missed my second barrel at him.



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Following we were unable to find him. Poor
 after in hunting. A grouse flushed from
 my feet in back and I turned and missed
 him with my first shot but dropped him
 with my second.

Later he hunted
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to Mr. Barclay's old homeplace. In a
little hollow filled with brush heaps, a
grouse flushed and flew away from me.
I dropped him onto the far bank, with
my right barrel and he immediately
took to the air again merely able to
keep up - practically standing still
in the air. I couldn't shoot because
Father was nearby but he took two
shots and missed. The bird went down
at last and after an excited search
old Speck pointed staunchly into a
dense pile of old brush. I stood watch
with my gun ready while Father
and Mr. Barclay dug into it. At
last Father found the bird - crippled.
Hunting some distance we flushed a
grouse without a shot. Later one blew
out beside me and cut across quartering
to my left. I shot ~~at~~ ~~it~~ but he

went on - altho I knocked feathers
out of him. We couldn't find him so
ate lunch. We hunted some little
distance and finally Father got a big
grouse going out of some scrub oaks.
He made a very nice shot on it. all
the while we I jumped an occasional
rabbit or two. Jack worked fine. On
our way back we were hunting along
a steep hillside and Mr. Barclay flushed
three grouse. We followed two and one
flew out to the side of me quartering to
my left. I shot quickly thru the
brush which was fairly open and the
bird didn't tumble but fluttered
down ahead. I ran to the spot and
he soon roared out. This time I
knocked him going straight away.
He'd evidently been hit lightly behind
the first time.

We soon raised another of the trees and
after extensive hunting, following uphill
and down and after several flushes
Father got a shot - hitting him with
the second barrel. Both this bird and
the last one I had shot were large
grouse. I sent you this last one of course.

We hunted back - raising several
birds one of which I missed - a poor
chance but I took it. Mr. Barclay
missed three or four shots during the
day and the last thing Father shot at
a grouse that acted slightly list as it
flew away. Barclay shot a quail.

My first bird that got away was a straight
across shot (to the right). The next one which I got
was away and rising to the left. The next was
away and to the right. The next one got away was
quitting to the left. And the last bird I got
was first quartering to the left and later straight
away. I feel I shot behind the ones I "described" by
not being enough.

12-16-3

10 shots - 3 hits
counting as hits birds actually found.

November 7th - Out with Father
Speck and Nat. The first game we
raised was in the bottom below Bishrafs-
on an old road, where two grouse flushed
over Father's head - he missing one shot.
We hunted the entire bottom but couldn't
find them. Decided to hunt the hillsides
above the road to Pop Hausels - that is
the left side and I soon flushed a
bird that appeared crippled, but believe
it was the high wind holding him
back. Anyway, I missed him cleanly,
with both barrels. Had no further luck -
altho we hunted clear around to the valley
above Dick's - until father flushed a grouse
from the scrub oak thicket, off Donald's
field near the Mill Dam - missing it
with one shot.

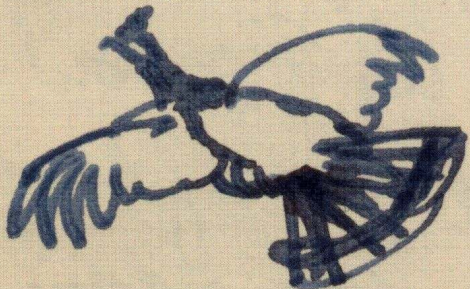
4.4.0
2 shots - no hit.

November. 9. Out alone without Speck
and hunted the usual country around

the valley back of Raullets. Saw no birds
but plenty of rabbits and squirrels, until
I started above the road to Pop Hausels -
as I did the other day - when a grouse
flushed ahead - too far for a shot. Followed
and hunted the entire ridge - way
around above Meadow - but couldn't
raise anything - altho I heard a couple
drumming. I hunted back up over the
same country and on my way home decided
to try the bottom below Birds house, and
just below Mrs. Burkes road and I
did raise a grouse but couldn't get my gun
up in time. Couldn't find him so hunted the
woods above the road, to the left going out to
Burkes and soon heard and saw a big
fellow boom out to my left. Watched him
climb high as tho to go on over the hill, and then
suddenly drop and sweep sharply to the right
and low along the ground - an old grouse, and an
old trick. I charled the spot, but hunted them some
crab thickets without raising him. Just before giving
up I tried one spot again and after circling it I saw
him run out and roar up on the other side. I got him
with my only shot of the day - then the bushes.

(November 9th continued). Another word about
this grouse. I'm certain I've raised this
bird last season and even before that, for
he has eluded me by that same trick -
going high and then dropping to one side -
really landing much closer than apparent.
It was only luck for me that I happened to
see where he dropped and I got a real
thrill - getting a wise old fellow who that -
He was a perfect specimen, quite large and
beautifully marked and formed, a fine
head and ruffs (greenish bluish ones) and
an extremely broad breast - well barred
underneath with large bars. Large tail
and puffs of feathers on the thighs. A
fine type of grouse and I'm proud to get him.
The shot was quartering sharply to the left
and away - thru brush.

x



November -10. Father and I took York and
Kot out in the afternoon and saw one grouse
- but altho we raised him three times -
(saw him twice) we didn't get a shot.
Put him out of a thicket not far from
Rouletts field and just up from the Pike -
a rather remote place we found last season.

1.3.0 no shots
November 12. Heavy snow made hunting
impossible - but I went out - dogless -
about one o'clock. Ran onto grouse tracks
rather dim, in same thicket where I shot my
Friday's grouse. Soon flushed a large bird
without a chance to shoot. This is on ridge above
the road to Mrs. Gunks's. I hunted the next hill-
side fully four times across to try to find
where the bird had landed but couldn't find
any sign. Hunted up to tree tops of "Daisy
Field" and heard one go out. I then hunted into
the grapes bordering the field on the Meadow Run side
and found grouse tracks and soon flushed a nice
grouse but also failed to raise him again. Came on
around ridge keeping well up and cut out to where I
started but no luck. Wonderful weather to boot. No shot

November 14. Out with Speck all day, still
too much snow. Covered entire ridge above
Meadow Run (the lower part along the
stream twice) as well as the far side of
the stream back to the Mill Dam and saw
one grouse, and couldn't even get my gun
up on him. Did see a number of tracks -
mostly toward the bottoms and also
raised some singles of a covey of quail
but couldn't shoot. Speck worked
nicely and found the one grouse I saw.
Ate lunch above the Travis hole. A
nice day to be out but tame sport!
no shots

November 15, a gorgeous day, crystal
clear and bright sun - on a heavy snow
fast disappearing. The first good feeding
day after a period of storm. Saw tracks
everywhere. Out alone without Speck. I
went almost directly over to the grapes
above the Travis hole and after some following
of tracks flushed a grouse wild. I
marked him as well as I could, and put him
up again - this time nursing a snub shot.

Following, I covered quite an area without
finding him - tho I found tracks of other
birds! At last I made a wider circle and
he flushed close to me, and out the far
side of a brush heap. I pulled on
him quickly and hit him very hard.

He was a wonderful bronze bird - the
reddest I've ever seen - quite large -
and the dark on the tail feathers was
a reddish color instead of black. I put
him in my coat and hunked back to where
I first raised him. Noticed some tracks
crossing my first trail and felt certain I'd
have spotted them if they had been there before.

Followed not expecting anything, but suddenly
a grouse "blew up" a few feet ahead. I missed
with my right barrel and dropped him with the left
as another bird went out nearly between my
feet! With two birds on hands I decided to get back
to the car which was a couple of miles back, and
I ate lunch when I got there - on the old perogone.

Hunted up into Bird's woods with lunch, flushing two
grouse but snuffed my safety net and I had
all the sport and on could ask. Wonderful day. 4 shots - 2 hit

November 17. Out with Father and both dogs.
Covered the entire section above meadows and
raised these birds. Father got a poor shot -
missing. I didn't get any. County flooded
with hunters. Did come close to getting a
shot. As I was going up a steep hill a
grouse flushed out the other side of a stump -
quite close to me - but he kept sufficiently
well covered by brush to prevent my
getting "on" him. The snow was almost
gone and the sun was fine and bright.
However, I believe the birds had been
flushed by hunters ahead of us.
3:30
no shots.

November 19. Out with Cal Rohrbaker
and Speck. flushed a number of grouse
back of his place in dense cover
but couldn't get a shot. Speck
worked fine, altho Cal's two dogs
aren't broken and were all over the
place. We came in without any birds

about 4:30 tired out. I hadn't had a
shot. John William - the boy - and I
took old Speck down into the valley
across the pipe - dense cover with
huge rocks and rhododendron and
grapes - It was dark down in the
hollow. We soon flushed two birds
beyond gunshot. Following Speck
nailed one of them in a ^{fully} tree-top. It flushed
out back and I dropped it - going
about straight away. The air was full
of feathers and the bird tumbled head but
altho there were feathers all over the ground
we couldn't find it.. as it had landed in a
thick clump of rhododendron. Speck trailed
some distance and I brought him back. It
was getting dark fast and I suggested that
John go back for one of Cal's dogs that
retrevers while I continued the search.
I knew if Speck did find the bird it
would keep on running as he wouldn't
grab it while Cal's dog would. I
hunted and hunted - my glasses

steamed up and so was I. At last
I'd given up. When I worked way
above and got old Speck up there.

Suddenly he pointed right at me.
And I looked down in a crevice under
a large rock and saw the grouse -
huddled down in the leaves - perfectly
camouflaged, with only his head
showing. Was I pleased! He was
hard hit, one wing shattered but game
as they come. I had a terrific time
killing him as he seemed to be full of
life. I soon called and got in touch
with John who was almost down to
me with the dog. He was as pleased as

I. The full moon - over that wild
valley was a beautiful thing to see as
we climbed up and out.

2.3.11 One shot - one hit.

November 20. Out alone - no dog -
having been up in the mountain alone.

up with the sun - and out by 8.30.
Found two grouse - after extensive
hunting - on Bishops. Flushed one
and after following flushed another.
This one surprised me and I missed
with both barrels. Then followed some
miserable shooting. After flushing one of
the birds several times I got another
shot missing. Hunted and hunted and
at last put him out and missed
again. Some of these shots were deflected
by trees. One oak "abraded" an entire
left barrel charge. I missed one
more shot - my fifth and finally
flushed a bird about where I had searched
the one I was following. I dropped him
- on almost side wise shot above me to
the left. As I went to him another bird
flushed but I couldn't shoot. After
much all the excitement subsided the
I covered the entire meadow from valley
on one side - missing only one bird below
the falls. 6 shots - one hit.

4.10.1

November 21. Mr. Craig, Father, and I took
speck back to the "Glades" in the Flat Rock
road. Found the country cut off and no
fit cover for grouse - couldn't see a bird.
Returned after covering a lot of country and
ate lunch at "Glisson's" farm - coming
out to the Pike and left car at Cab's.
Hunted down into the Beava Creek valley
across the road. After hunting about we
went lower down the hillside and flushed
a bird wild ahead of Speck's point. Going
by sound I soon flushed two grouse.
I marked them as they flew up the hill
and after climbing back up, Speck
spotted one in a brush heap. It flew out in
front of Father who couldn't see to shoot, due
to the sun. I nearly got a shot but couldn't
quite get on him. We hunted the entire tops
as well as we could but couldn't raise either
bird again. That is a marvelous valley
overlooking a tremendous view, a real sight.
Father and Mr. Craig were tired out so we
stopped at 4 o'clock - just when we should have
begun hunting.

November 22. Out alone after lunch -
having had to spend the a.m. at the
dentist's. Covered the valley and ridge
of Bishops low and high. also part
of the country about Mrs. Burkes road.
Didn't raise a bird. Very dry and ^{warm}
no shots.

November 23. Out with old Speck in
a real rain. Never got any wetter
in my life. A hopeless prospect
but that I'd give it a try. Covered
Birds woods beyond our place -
over to grapes back of Raulitts. Then
I covered Birds valley - getting a
nice point from old Speck but no
game. Walked up to the road and cut
into the area about the road and
went out toward Burkes, finally
coming down and crossing at their
gate - and hunted Burkes woods, below
the road. Came up to road and home -
eating my lunch on the walk. Old
Speck took it as a good job and I did him
off and wrapped him up in a blanket in the car.
no shots. O

November 24. ^{The last day.} Out with Mr. Barclay
and Speck to the same place near
Kneys' farm. The day was overcast
and cold and very damp. We raised
one grouse soon after starting - Speck
making a nice point but couldn't
shoot! Hunted a long while and finally
we raised another that shot straight
up from a "red-brush" thicket and
we both shot and missed. Couldn't
find that bird again so hunted that
section carefully but found nothing
for some time. At last, after we had
been standing resting - a bird flushed
in front of Mr. Barclay but he missed.
We marked him as well as possible and
on following. Speck pointed but we
couldn't find the grouse. We sat down
nearly and Speck gave it up too. When
we got up to move - the grouse flushed
as neatly as could be! We finally put
him up again without seeing him and
merely guessed his direction. Hunting
around the hill. Speck pointed in front

of me and the bird flushed close. I almost shot at him as he came up under an old leaning tree trunk but waited and got a good shot as he came up above it. He tumbled and lodged squarely in the forks of a red-oak sapling about fifteen feet off the ground! fluttering and at last lying still. I pulled off my coat and went up after him - a novel experience for me - picturing grouse from trees! He was a beauty - large with a big breast and nicely marked - and surely pleased us all - old Speck acted like a pup. We hunted the balance of the day, raising one more without a shot. at last after it was too dark to shoot we came in. I returned to the cottage where the folks had dinner. The end of a fine season, ten grouse - and the marvelous mountains. 19 days
4.7.1 Two shots - one hit.

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Average for both woodcock & grouse: 10 hits 40 shots