



June 18. First day. We went down Braddock - found water fairly high and very muddy after a long rainy season. We fished as far as the hole with the rock - and I went on down to the next large hole - catching a sucker or chub there. We didn't see a sign of trout but had a fine day back on a trout stream after two years. Kay saw the stream for the first time since it had been cut over. Had one or two rain showers during the day. Came in early leaving stream about 4.

June 20. We left the house about 9:15 and fished Trout Spring from tram road up. Flushed a grouse just before we reached the stream.

 Found the water fine - clear and high. Fished the best spots up to bridge and ate our lunch there in the old place. Kay picked wild strawberries on the way and we ate them with our lunch. Went on up and looked for the trout spring - at last finding a small inlet and by following it came to one of the springs - probably "Sand" Spring for it was deep and clear with white sand bubbling up - a striking sight. The spring was large -

surrounded by yellow birch trees. We came back down and fished down to the train road - getting one trout at the hole where I caught the $9\frac{1}{2}$ inch one the other season ago. We found the stream in fine shape - excellent holes but only the one trout.

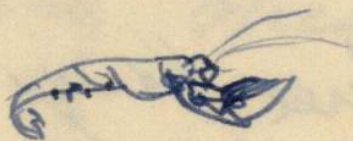
Trout 1 (about 6)

June 22 Back to Trout Spring and fished from Train road down to second bridge. Have had miserable rains that have kept us from fishing - but we found the stream in fine shape - a little high and clear. I caught a small trout a few holes below train road - along a log in the stream - fine hole. There are excellent bits of trout water in this stretch of the stream but evidently they are fed up. Ray got a good strike on down but couldn't get him to take it again. We ate lunch and Ray tried for him again but with no luck. Just below I saw a small one take my bait and I pulled the hook out of his mouth - believe the no 12 too small unless you hook them immediately. Tried and failed to get him. Just below this Ray saw

a large hawk over the stream. at the hole where
the water drops from a nice basin into a rather
deep place below a log I cleaned out some
brush and made a good place to get in to it.
Perhaps will do some good there in the future.

at the hole down down where we caught trout
in the past we fished some times but caught
nothing but crabs and a chub. Came home
early - about 3:30 as we had to drive down town
leaving stream at the best time to fish.

George 1 (about 6)



June 26 - Fished Madrocks again. Water
just mucky and nice but not a sign of trout.
Fished down to below hole with arbutus bank
and got up. Caught countless crabs - and chubs.

June 28. Fished Cucumber and found a
sawmill set along the stream. The stream
became too small to fish upstream so tried it
down but found the holes too cut out and
dry - altho the water was nice - rather
clear. Not a sign of trout so after



eating lunch along the stream we climbed
back up the ridge and drove over to
Meadow Run. Talked to Bryner who had
his land ported but he offered to let us
fish. However went up the road to Leonard's
place - a beautiful spot. Left the car there
and fished above and below that bridge.
Excellent large water - clear but fast -
full of chubs, which cleaned our hooks as
fast as we threw them in. I tried some
wet flies and caught three large chubs.
Decided to go down to the bridge near Bryner's
for the late evening. Got a drink at Leonard's
before leaving. That is a wonderful valley
along there. Arrived at the lower part just
as the shadows hit the water. Some excellent
holes. But had no luck until we fished
way down. Ray caught a fine trout, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$.
It was quite green and spotted. Guess it was a
rainbow but it had no iridescent stripes
down the side. We fished till dark, cutting them
some fields to reach the car. Came home and had
wild strawberries or ice cream for dessert - a fine day.
Ray one - 8 $\frac{1}{4}$

I'll sum up three more trips to Trout Spring
as they were fairly uneventful. I caught one
each time - none much over six. The water
has been fair enough but the trout are scarce.
We've fished these three times between tram road
and second bridge twice, and once from
second bridge down nearly to the lake -
caught one down there among a bunch of chubs.

May 3 - about 6

Took Mrs. Hoover over to Bert West's and
fished Mc Intyre below his house. Fully
chubs but no trout. Sluggish holes and
plenty of water. Came in about 3 and after
resting and stopping for a drink at the house,
we decided to try the upper part of the stream.
Found it much nicer - Rhododendron
and Hemlocks - faster water and rocky.

I finally caught one over 6 at a hole - quite
long - and under a log. Below I caught another
nearly 7. Some excellent holes. We fished
down to about the house but only caught the
two. Decided to try that part of the stream some
other day. May 2 - one over 6; nearly 7

notes for July 22 come in here!

July 29. Kay came home yesterday, so we're starting to fish the last 3 days of the season. Went to Tub Run, starting at pool behind Cummings. Kay caught one and I caught a smaller one, later. Fished down to below intersection of main stream and ate lunch.

Immediately below I caught a small one, too hurt to live. Only got 3 this day but lost a number. They seemed to be more deliberate. Kay lost a nice one at the hole where I had caught the Trick trout before. Water was lower and clearer, but plenty of it at that. Fished to below the road and walked upstream to the fork and fished up the main branch, well up the ridge. Saw one trout and both lost one - but all small. We saw a mink at one of the holes. Beautiful country up there. Returned and fished for the large one Kay had lost, but no luck.

Kay out, around 6 +
George two, under 6.



July 30. Went back to Bert West's and walked up the stream to his line. Fished down thru a beautiful hemlock forest - largest ones I've seen and almost exclusively hemlocks. A few very large white oaks. Ate lunch lying on the ground under these trees. Saw a hummingbird on its nest above us.

Altho the stream has fair holes along here, it's not as fast as I'd hoped. I caught a large chub at the long hole with the log. That I had a trout. Kay caught a nice trout below in the hole where I got my second one before. Came in about five o'clock - walking thru the corn field where they were cultivating, to the car. Kay one - over 6

July 31. Last day of the season, over to "Tub Run" again. Water rather clear and lower, but fair enough. Started at house. I got one in the large hole, and just below Kay got a small one from a little pocket. Next I got a small one from a hole where I'd caught a trout the first time. Kay caught one at

the tail of the large hole just below the
intersection. We ate lunch and then started
in at once and I caught another immediately
below where they got hers. Fished on down
to road and kept going downstream. I caught
another in a small pocket. Ray lost one
in a hole below and stayed; working on him
for some time without any luck. I lost a
fish that might have been a chub or a trout
in a nice pool just below. Fished well down
the stream with no luck except a chub
or so. Went up and decided to try the hole
behind Cummings before leaving. The
stream loses its nice fast rhododendron
character below the road. At the first hole
we fished till past dark it seemed, got a
sign of a bite but no real strike. Finally
gave it up after a fine last day of the season.

Ray two - all under six
George four

For season Ray 5, George 20.



July 22.

after changing my mind with the weather
a dozen times I finally decided to get ready
and go over to meet Ralph Wilson as per
plans. Left here at 10:10 and reached Wilson's
a little before eleven o'clock - stopping on
the way over to look at the stream where it
crossed the road (Tub Run) and found
it perfect - just enough water and slightly
murky. Ralph was very sorry but couldn't
make it, having to help a neighbor pitch
hay. So I returned to the stream myself -
leaving the car at a little shanty, where
a fellow named Cunningham lives. No one
was around so I walked thru the place to the
stream in back and started to fish at
a large pool below a small falls.
I soon felt a slight nibble, not hard,
and lifted the line after a time, expecting
a chub. I could see at once by the red
color that I had a trout, a trout I had,

but until I landed him I couldn't believe it,
having got him on the first try. He was a beauty
just 6 inches. As I've said I felt like
leaving at once and waiting for you, but
the water was remarkably good so I threw
in the same hole and in a moment had
another trout just over $5\frac{1}{2}$. As I have
so many times this year come back with
one solitary trout I decided to keep him
as I would probably not get any more. I
threw in over to the far side of the same pool
several times and before long I had another
nice trout - this one about $6\frac{1}{4}$. All were
brilliantly colored, and all gave a very
light tug - but fought stiffly when hooked.
I have no doubt there were more trout in that
hole - for it was very deep and ideal water
but I went on (hoping I hadn't taken
all there were). Almost the next good little
hole gave up a small trout. I had seen

him ~~that~~ my bait and I avoided him but
in trying another part of the hole I caught
the same one. He was quite small but as far
as I could see unhurt when I released
him and I'm sure he'll live. I had decided
not to keep undersized ones as I only wanted
to get a few and save the balance for us
together. I fished down a piece and
came to a nice looking hole and tried under
some over hanging twigs but nothing
happened. I looked beyond and saw a
nice hole over the twigs and crawled
around and plopped my line in as tho
it had fallen from a branch and immediately
I felt a nice stiff pull and let him have
it a few moments. Then I hooked him and
brought him to me, keeping him under
water. He was a fine fat fellow over
6 $\frac{1}{4}$. I regretted that I had kept my one
undersized one but it was too late to remedy it.

I also regretted every trout I caught because you hadn't been there and caught it yourself. Darling, I almost prayed for you to be there yesterday. I decided to try an unbarbed hook so I could release any more I caught unless they were larger than the ones I already had.

I hammered the barb off my hook (no. 12) with my knife. At the next few holes I had no strikes but soon a small trout made a grab for the line and I tried again (deciding to try to hook him before he swallowed the hook) and he took it and it never got off. This he did again and I saw that in crowded quarters such as this small stream (it's no larger than Praddock along there) it takes a better man than I to keep a trout on a barbles hook. I replaced my hook with a regulation one, for if I got a nice big trout I didn't was him slipping off. I left the little fellow for the next

trip (He must be $5\frac{1}{2}$ or over) and fished along until I came to
a wonderful hole. I couldn't see it all thru the thick rhododendron,
but I could see it was deep. Do you know I tried to get my line in,
where it should have been placed, for nearly ten minutes. I
got my boat full of water and most everything else and I haven't
got it in there yet! So I crawled along the bank and worked
my line thru and after trying a couple of places I got a business-
like tug at the end of the hole. I soon had a beauty running
all over the place - I could see him in the water. After playing
him a while I landed him on the bank where he fell off the
hook (only slightly caught). He was the nicest of the day - seven
inches even. (I measured them when I got back). That hole is
good enough to hold half a dozen like him and I am no doubt
there are some more there, but I left it for you to work on and
fished on down to where another stream joined mine. I found out
later it really was Tub Run and I'd been fishing the branch.
at the confluence was a gorgeous hole, about 25 or 30 feet long
and as soon as I threw in I saw a trout about 6 inches long go
after my line. I pulled it away from him for he had gone
name on him and thrown or around so foliage to the middle
of the hole and soon had a nice tug. I landed him and
found he was less than six so tried to release him. I worked and
worked, holding him under water but after a long try I seemed
to injure him. Guess he had it down his gullet. I could see he was

done for but nevertheless I tied him to a line and left him under water to my big river while I ate lunch but he didn't.

after lunch I went up the main stream a ways to look it over and found some nice holes but no fish. However I didn't go far. We might try it altho I believe it may be fished more than the branch. I went on down stream then and found some fine holes. I saw one of them a nice trout - about 6 - came at my line again and again but I shook him off. Then I threw him a worm and some crabs and a white miller and watched him come up and take them. He too, has your name on him!! Not far below I threw in a hole and a trout dashed out from a rock and smashed it as pretty as can be. I thought he must be a large one but soon saw him splash out of the water - and altho he was near 6 I thought I had all I should take unless I got onto a big fellow. I didn't hook him and he soon got off. I tried to see if he'd come at it again but he seemed to be mulling and thinking it over where I saw him last.

I fished down to the road, and went across and fished down a ways. Very near the road a nice trout 6 or over took my line and started upstream where the bait slipped out of his mouth. He seemed to get frightened for I couldn't get him again. I thought I'd really try to get him as he was so near the road, someone might get to him before we fished the stream together. I saw lots of turkeys along this part of the stream

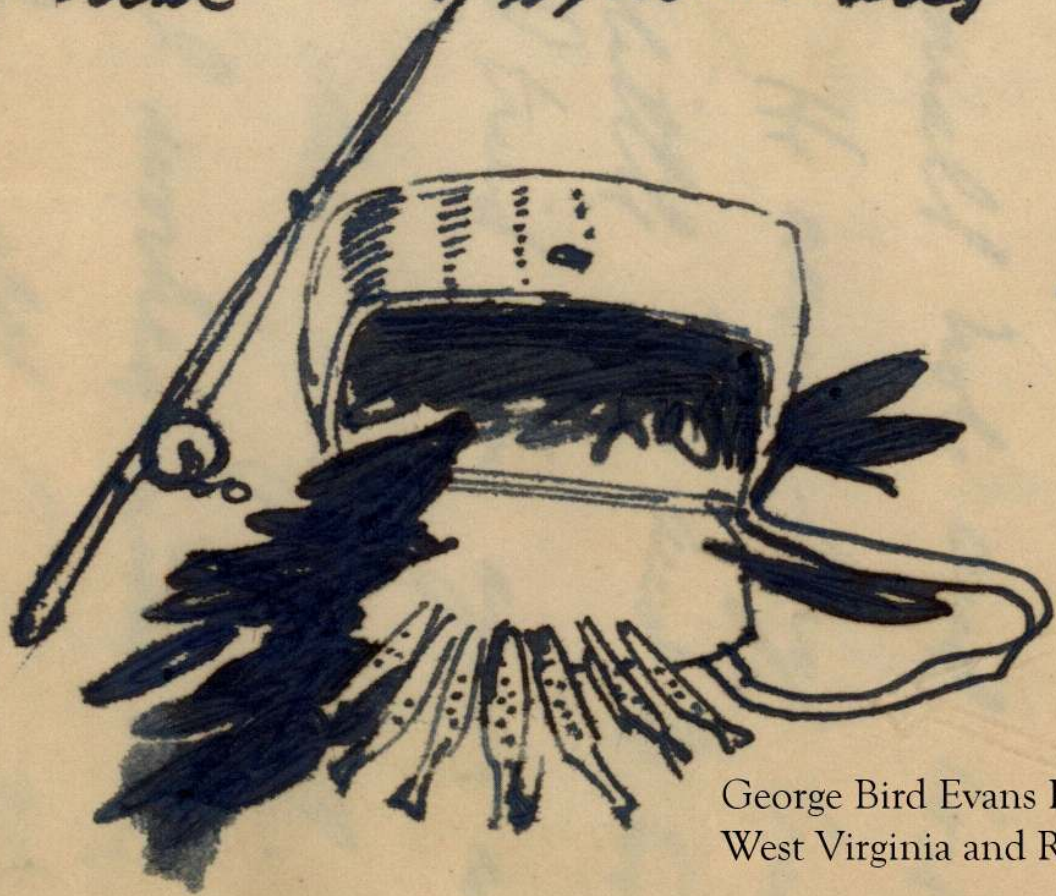
that looked like worm combs, so I deduce the part below the
road is fished heavily. I decided to walk up the road to the car
as it was only 4 o'clock and fish upstream from where I began.
I found the stream tiny up above - a mere drain but as I was
about to stop I got a fair little rise in a small hole and lost
him as my line tangled around some twigs. He wasn't large but
he's still there. Not far above I felt a good little tug and he, too,
got off, the same way - leaving me tangled. I tried him again as
he felt nice and soon had him but found him very small.
Unfortunately I couldn't release him altho I worked with him
nearly ten minutes and at last I kept him, altho he was the
smallest of the day - under 2 1/2 inches. I fished on upstream

and found only one good hole - but it is a beauty. I doubt if there's much above but I think the trout go way on beyond. The stream is almost a rhododendron patch up here but it was beautiful - the blossoms were everywhere. The foliage ^{was} so deep the leaves were still wet from a rain in the morning. It had been overcast and threatening all day but in late afternoon the sun came out and along this part of the stream a thick vapor hung over the water that I could actually see. It almost seemed to be that deep rhododendron smell that we like so much. On my way back to the car I picked some buds and blossoms.

I ran across Cunningham - an interesting old fellow - talked to him a while and he invited me back, altho I neglected mentioning I'd caught anything.

Kay, yesterday I was in Paradise. I only needed you, and it nearly spoiled it because you weren't there. It's a glorious

stream - all rhododendron, moss-covered
 rocks and swift clear water - slightly
 murky yesterday. There are no paths along
 the edge - only the thicket and marvelous
 hemlocks - some nearly as large as the ones
 at Conglaren's Spring. The stream is near
 the road but that doesn't spoil it at all -
 it is so secluded. And there are plenty of
 trout - not a club all day - only had one
 small minnow and a small crab. Take
 my line all day long. When you get a
 strike it's a trout. And there are others
 there besides the ones I saw and left,
 just waiting for you, so hurry home to
 your real "Fisherman's Luck".



seen: 7"
 6 7/8 +
 6 1/4
 6
 5 3/4 -
 5 1/2 +
 5 1/4 -

Mooring notes 1935

November 4. Arrived and after a morning with Speck, who needed attention, I finally got going about 3 o'clock from town with young hat. The weather is the hottest yet - warmer than we've had it - and they haven't had any of the rains we had. So the mountain is powder dry and noisy. I dressed for the occasion (looking more disreputable than ever) in an old pair of thin khaki trousers I'd had at camp as a boy (and they fit me thus) and instead of boots wore an ordinary pair of shoes and silk socks. I wore the thinnest of my old blue shirts and no jersey and if the hunting license hadn't been so securely fastened I'd have taken it off my coat and pinned it to my back and carried the trout creel for a

game bag. (However I wore my coat and
by traveling slowly didn't suffer too much.
That hunted like a little trooper all day -
remembering to obey me when I ordered him
to lie down etc. He wounded several rabbits
and started chasing a few but at my
first command gave them up and came in
at me. He's going to be a good one, I'm
sure. I started in at once after driving
into the orchard, which looks so strangely
thinned out but so like home. Poor
Ray, I wanted you there to see it again.
Hunted thru our woods below the chicken
coops for a couple of grouse that Mr Farland
had flushed. Found nothing so cut up
our Birds hillside below the Pine Trees
- really 'thumps' - and at last heard
and glimpsed a grouse go out ahead of that
on the flat just off the road thru Birds'
that leads to Raulitts' field. Couldn't begin
to shoot. I marched him as well as possible
but was unable to get another one so

proceeded to the grapes back of Rawlett's
field and heard a grouse go out (another
bird). Not being sure where he went I hunted
down into Bishop's hollow where it was
twilight by this time - and smelled
that marvellous damp smell. We found
nothing there, so cut over toward the
hillside field but kept within the woods.
Upon reaching Mrs. Burke's grapes
again we flushed the grouse I'd heard
go out before - and soon after he went
that showed extreme interest and excitement
at the scent - tho of course as yet he doesn't
point. I followed the bird and that
flushed him, tho he wasn't so close. The
birds are flushing wild due to the weather.
I couldn't shoot but watched him.
However tho I hunted well and hard I couldn't
find him, so we came back home in
a dark that was so silent and

hurled - except for a cricket rattling
in Budd's field - that it seemed incredible
after the roar of traffic - and I was
surprised when the I'd been expecting it.
The half moon was clear and calm
over my left shoulder as I stopped
and talked to Bill Budd who came to
the door to greet me. Calm is the key
word for all this life up in the
mountain - the blue hazy ridges over
under the red sunset I saw, and
it's like a relaxing sleep to sink into.
I'm going to bury myself in it to the
fullest possible extent and have old
speech up there too and treat him with
all the care I can give him. I saw the
Marclays on the way in. Mr. Marclay is
joining the two of us in a hunt tomorrow
over near Kings, you know the country. We'll
leave immediately after the voting taking that and
speech and parking them at the college and seeing
Boy. Mother will drive up later and then I'm
going to dig in season. No shots 2:40

November 5 Out with Father and Mr.

Barclay to Mr. Barclay's old home place. Weather
terribly hot and dry in a.m. changing to
cooler with rain in afternoon. Mr. King
hunted part of day with us. Where they had
raised 13 grouse the first day (altho they
got none) we raised no more than five birds.
We used Boy who worked excellently -
pointing several grouse. I got the first
shot - a fleeting glimpse that I missed -
Mr. Barclay shooting and missing on the
next rise. Later in a swamp Boy showed
signs of game and a grouse flushed out of
thick alder cover - tho I could see him
fairly well. I missed him as he rose and
missed again - ~~he~~ going on over the tops of the
thicket. Not easy shots but I really
should have hit him. I watched him
and as found him - Father missing both
bands. Following Boy pointed and held him
nicely and I missed ~~him~~ both bands -
a shot I really should have made -

Father also took a shot and missed. We hunted
all over that section and late in the afternoon
saw a grouse several times that Mr Barclay
finally shot at and brought down. He could
tell he was only winged. We called Boy to
the spot and he threw into a staunch
point - going on a bit he pointed again
and soon hurried on down the hill side -
much to our disgust for we were sure the
bird couldn't have run that far so fast.
We continued to hunt the brush heap
for the crippled bird when I saw Boy
coming up the hill carrying the grouse
as pretty as a picture - marvelous
retrieving. He brought it to me as
nicely as could be. I've got to admit he's
a real bird dog. Don't know if I could
have been any more pleased if it had
been my own shot - altho I'd probably

have killed him!! He had gone after
that bird and caught it. Of course, that
may not be good if his toes used to catching
running crickets he may try to catch birds
that aren't hit - but that will have to
be determined later. As is - I've
certainly decided his theory. We hunted
till nearly dark and then came in.
3-8.0
Fair shots - no hits.

November 6 Today was much colder - clear
and sunny. I took net out about 9 a.m.
going thru Birds woods and over into their
valley - then around to grapes behind
Raukett's. Incidentally, there are practically no
grapes this year - making the grapevine
patches merely hiding, not feeding, places.
I hunted out Berhafs valley well with no
results and at last hunted up to the
ridge of his where I've found birds so often.
I finally flushed a grouse from a brush
heap on the edge of a same place and

took a snap shot - must have been about four feet
behind him - after having resolved to shoot
more carefully - ancient history! I followed
where I thought he'd gone but had no luck - at
last I made a last circle in another direction and
heard him start out of a grape vine tangle and
took a quick shot at him then an opening and
saw him tumble. I ran around to a space to
go after him - losing my hat at the time -
and saw him begin to run. I hurried after
him and got another look as he ran around into
a fence tangle - I shot quickly at him on the
ground to keep him from getting away but didn't
stop him. I put that into the birds at this
point and he soon got the trail. Altho he didn't
point - he did show a definite interest at one
place. I tore away some brush but couldn't see the
bird. That went right in and I felt sure the
grouse was there. Finally by getting my face on
the ground I looked in and could recognize the
marking on a part of the wing - the bird was hiding
quite still. I carefully reached in and grabbed him.

I was delighted to get him and it was
fine experience for him. He made no effort
to retrieve but did get a fine nosebill and
actually found the bird for me for I'd
never have had any certainty as to where he
was. I killed the grouse and found I'd
broken his right wing where I shot.

That was the only shooting I got today - in
fact I only saw one other grouse and heard
two more - poor game for the country I
covered. After all the excitement I found my
hat and hunted out the rest of that section
and then dropped off the ridge onto the road to
Hause's cabin. Mr. Sherry and two men with two
bind dogs had left their car at Bruns'
and proceeded up a little into the country
along this road to Hause's that Sherry runs.
I heard all kinds of shooting from their
direction and every other - One volley consisted
of five shots. This place any more is about
as private as the Mount Park. It drives

know the more clearly that eventually we must
get back into the hills as we are already
agreed. I walked up the road toward Mrs. Bunker
bart ways and into some country on the side
until I came to the hollow behind Mrs. Bunker's house
and where that road crosses the stream. I went
back into the trees and ate lunch with my
grouse in front of me and hat lying beside.

The shooting continued on all sides, not close.
After eating I hunted over to the Maple Tree
which I saw and around the ridge to above the
mill dam and on around to the grapes down
off the "Daisy" field - where I raised a large
grouse that was gone before I could raise my gun.
Following I raised him again and heard
another go out. Later in the day I heard the
fourth grouse - all the birds I saw across
the I hunted all the way around to the
intersection of roads near the Mill Dam -
back to the Maple Tree - across and along the
ridge above Mrs. Bunker's road down across Bunker's
valley and home stopping to see Mrs. Hoover on the
way on. I was delighted with my grouse.
4.5.1 2 shot - 1 hit.

November 7 Out to the Connell place
with Father, Mr. Barclay, and Boy -
Raised a number of birds - several in
a swamp - Father got one grouse up on
ridge above the Connell place - I had
no shot until very late when I took a
flashing snap at a grouse going around
a corner - and missed. Last Tuesday
we found a young buck fawn dead in
a thicket back of Mr. Barclay's old home -
Father, Barclay, and Mr. King had seen
this deer the first day of the season as it
ran from them - apparently crippled -
and immediately had heard some more
shots. Someone evidently had got cold
feet after killing it and hadn't taken it
in. We also passed the carcass today.
Cold and rainy but raised quite a few grouse.
One shot - no hit. 5.5.0

November 8 Out alone about 2:30
after a morning with the dentist - Used

Boy as I want him up here for tomorrow.
I started in at once at Dick's gate and
Mrs. Purkin's road. Hunted over to the hill
above the mill dam and high up, just off
the "dairy field" Boy pointed a grouse which
flushed wild - the only bird I saw and
couldn't shoot at it. Heard one go out on the
far side of Dairy field - in the grapes.
I hunted all the country bordering this
field - and at last came back the
second time to the hill with the Maple tree.
Boy pointed and when I walked in, expecting
grouse - up flew a bird much smaller than
I took for a woodcock - merrily. Then with
both barrels - tho I tho I had him each
time. As I shot two more flushed. I followed
and Boy flushed several times - one following
constantly until I finally saw one as it flushed
and recognized it as a quail. I went to
where it landed and Boy soon pointed and I
got him with the right barrel. I've cleaned it
for you and tomorrow Mother will cook and send
it up. Hope you enjoy it. 2.2.0

~~November 8.~~ Out with Boy in afternoon
having spent the morning in town at dentist I
hunted the country bordering the Daisy Field.
Day was wonderful - sunny and clear. Boy
pointed one grouse that flushed wild. I heard
another go out later from the grapes. Having
circled entirely around the Field I returned to
the side with the maple. Boy soon pointed
and I put up what I thought were three woodcock.
I missed both barrels at one straight away
from me. Following these birds, Boy pointed
and flushed wild on several singles -
in some cases the same bird. He became so
excited he ran into them without pointing.
At last I got a good look at one, sailing down
on the hillside and recognized it as a quail.
I went to where it landed, whistling Boy in
and he pointed nicely and the bird flushed,
and I got ~~her~~ ^{her} with the right barrel, rising
and away from me. That's the one I sent you.

~~Three others - one hit~~



November 9. Hunted with John William
Rhorbacker today, using Boy. It was a fine
day - clear and sunny. We hunted before
noon behind their place - flushing a
group of seven grouse first thing. We
followed these birds and flushed them singly a
number of times, but the cover was so dense
we had no chance to shoot. Boy pointed
nearly all of them. He finally made a mis-
point and we flushed some quail - each of
us taking a shot and missing. We continued
our hunt for grouse and Boy pointed in a
little hollow. I was on the bank to the right
and had an excellent shot as the grouse rose
going across to the left. I hit him hard
with the first shot.



flushed another grouse that had got up as I shot and
John missed - We found another bunch of quail
that flushed wild. We returned to the house and
ate lunch - hunting on the other side of the
road in the afternoon in the valley that

drops down to Beaver Creek. We raised two or
three grouse there but had no shots. As we
climbed up out about five thirty the moon -
nearly full - came soaring up over those
hill sides above the rhododendron. It reminded
me of the night last season I saw the moon
there after hunting for and finding my grouse.

all together today we raised about
fourteen separate grouse and Boy must have
made twenty points. Will send you this bird.
Two shots - one hit
14. 19. 1

Speck died tonight.

November 11

Today was very foggy with slight
drizzle when we got up. Father and I took
Kat out around Paulett's Field in a.m.
seeing no game. About eleven o'clock we
returned to the house and got Boy and went
over to King's, leaving Kat at home. Mr. King
went with us - starting in the section
we are hunted with. Mr. King left

to feed his stock, and we continued, arranging
to meet him at the house later. We found two
grouse which Boy pointed but couldn't get a
shot as they flushed. Watching them, we
followed and soon Boy pointed. We walked
up and a grouse rose - coming across and
high toward my left. I shot too quickly
with my right and missed but dropped
him with my left. I caught him after
a headlong chase and killed him at once. We
soon flushed the other bird - Father running
him. We returned to the house for lunch -
having brought our own - and afterwards
took Mr. Cline and drove to Kersh's where we
proceeded to hunt out along the ridge
behind his spring. We soon got into
birds - Boy working up to a brush heap
- the place is a tangle of grape vines -
and a large grouse came across to my
left - high - almost identical with the

shot I had this a.m. I also did the same
as this a.m. missing my first shot
and tumbling him with my left - only
this time the bird landed in a small
sapling where he immediately righted
himself and perched on a branch - ready
to jump. I knew his wing was broken and
that he couldn't fly - but I also knew he'd
give me a merry chase if he started down
them that tangles of vines - so I shot him
off the branch. He was an enormous
grouse and I tore him up something
fierce - mutilating one leg and part of
the breast. I really should have
whistled my way to retrieve or have
attempted to catch the grouse - and
not shot - but I might have lost him
crippled. However, next time I'll do that.
Of course you understand my shooting him
in the sapling was like shooting a wing tipped

bird on the ground - he'd actually been
dropped and I'm sure his wing had been
broken. Almost at once - Two more grouse
flushed across the ~~hillside~~ and we followed
but Father didn't get a shot. The he put them
up. On around the hill I succumbed to
a fantastic desire to send you two grouse
and I took a fleeting shot that missed - even
tho I had my limit. We raised about six
birds in a very short time on one hill top and
we're convinced we've found some virgin
territory. It's wild as all get out back in there
with high hills and deep valleys and I think
it's chuck full of birds that haven't been disturbed.
We plan to go back Wednesday for a full day
(day after tomorrow). The day turned out a fine
hunting day with good wet footing but no
rain - overcast. ⁸⁻¹²⁻² Five shots - two hits
Came back to buckwheat cakes and sausage
for dinner.

November 13

Didn't go out yesterday because of rain all day. Found a heavy fog this a.m. but tried it anyway - taking Nat. I covered all the usual country of Mrs. Burkes and not until late - after lunch, - did I find a bit of game. I put out one or two grouse from old piles of brush behind Mrs. Burkes place - between her house and the road to Hawks' cabin. I followed one bird in particular and before I gave him up after several tries, I had Nat on the verge of pointing. In fact, I can almost say he did point once or twice when the grouse had flushed from. I took a pop shot as the bird went out once, thru some brush but didn't touch him. The weather was fierce - couldn't see over a hundred feet ahead, sometimes not that, and each leaf and twig dripped water - making it like rain whenever I went thru them. On the way in Nat found and flushed a grouse in the hollow below the hill side

field - which I followed and heard go out way
ahead. ^{flushed some quail in Burd's woods on way in}
Came in sudden.

~~2.5.0~~
2.5.0

One shot - no hit.

November 14, Out again with weather exactly
the same. In fact it's the same fog as it hasn't
risen since Tues. morn; took shot again
and tried to find the same birds but didn't
win a thing all day. Hunted down over to
Meadow - going along the foot of the rock
cliff then Laurel and rhododendron.
and finally hunted over and ^{the} then
Mill Dam, thinking some woodcock might
be there but tho I hunted in there the woodcock
wasn't, found nothing. This was the last
day for woodcock.

Was even wetter than yesterday - and
shot was drenched tho good humored.

0.0.0

No shots

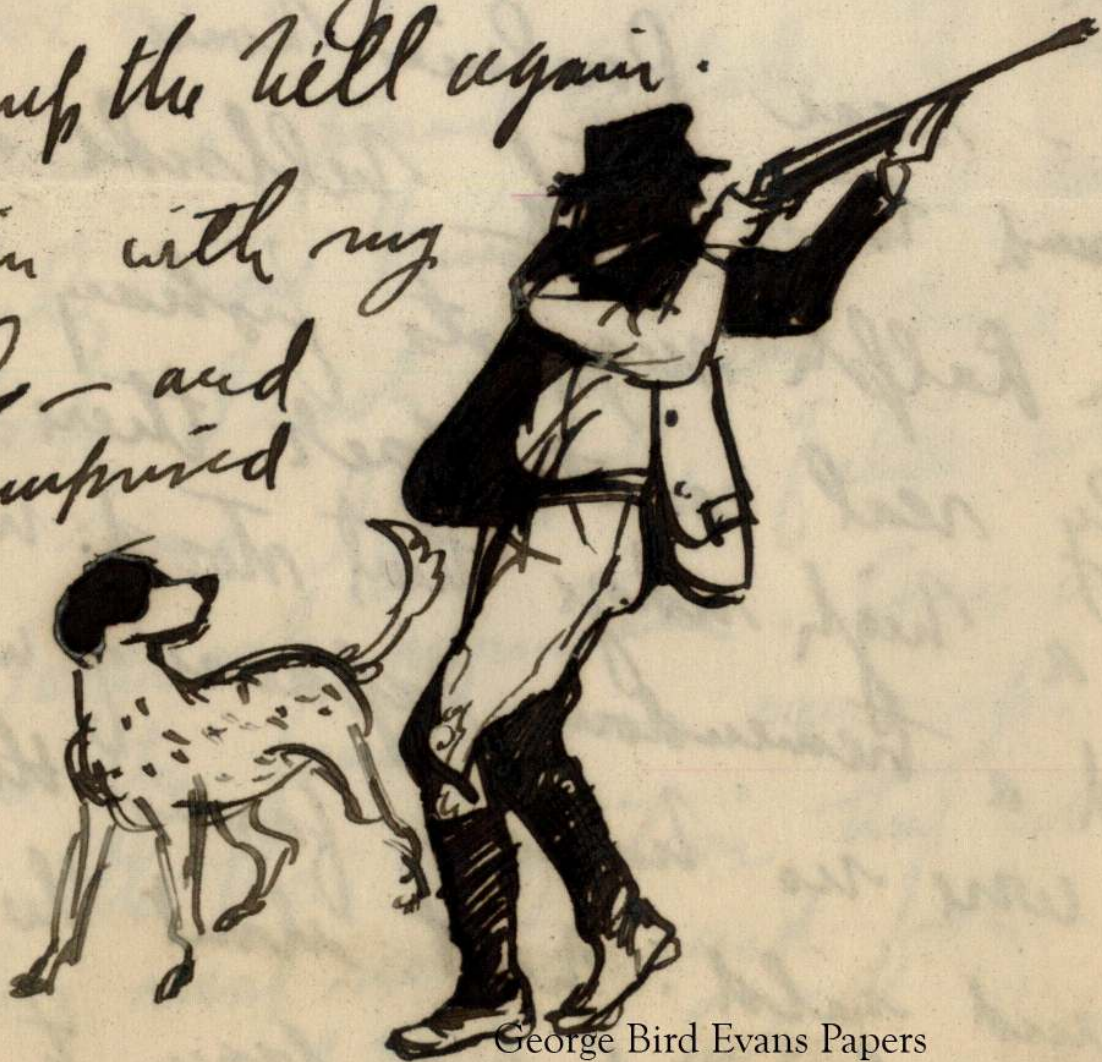
November 16 Having been in town yesterday
due to weather too bad for hunting, I left with
Boy from town about 8:30 and found a heavy
blanket of clouds overhanging the mountains but
high enough to cause no fog - the first the
fog has risen in days. Drove over to Ralph
Wilson's - arriving about 9:15. We started
soon after - hunting around that section. there
various pieces Ralph that likely but didn't
see a bit of game - good looking cover but
obviously too near the good road. At noon we
returned to the house where Pauline had out-
done herself with a huge dinner. After
stuffing ourselves past capacity we got in
the car and drove over to Ralph's uncle's place
- the very house where we ~~stayed~~ turned the
car that time we first tried to find Pauline's
home place. We then walked down the road
along the valley to the right to another uncle's
farm where we started in to hunt. We had
brought along a young boy about
ninteen years old who's living
with the Wilsons. The

three of us hunted up a long hillside - excellent
looking cover. Boy was insistent about working
too far out all day and he found a grouse way
ahead which he evidently pointed, and it
flushed wild - coming down over Ralph who
marched where it flew. We followed it,
unable to get Boy in close enough and Ralph
put it out of some rocky country, missing a
shot at it. The footing was unsteady and bad
for shooting. Following it carefully we flushed
it once more and Ralph missed again - all
the while Boy blithely worked out far
ahead of bird and hunters. The next bit
of following proved fruitless - we worked down
to a small stream but couldn't find the bird
and were about to give up when I went to one
side and the grouse flushed from a log-
going low and to the right (quartering) and
I got him with my right barrel! I
went after him and found him
running down to the stream.

He tried to fly all the time but was too
hard hit. Boy, meanwhile was industriously
trying to find the bird - about a hundred feet
ahead. The grouse plunged into this little
stream and splashed and waded a few feet
and then flopped into some rocks and hid
in a hole in them as neatly as could be. I
reached in and got him - killing him at
once. I let Boy find him and pick him up
for me. Mother cooked him today, and I'll
mail him to you tomorrow from Chalk Hill.
We went back up the hill and hunted hard
but found no more birds - but covered good country
and wild - near Paulmier home. At last we
worked around to a steep hillside above Rameau
the stream Ralph suggests fishing next year.
It's surely real country back there - I looked
across to a high ridge that stood way across the
ravine, and a tremendous expanse of woods - Ralph
said there were no houses or farms there - just
woods and wild. Just about the way we want
it! By this time it had begun to rain, having

been overcast all day and soon it turned to
part snow. As we rounded the ridge and came
along the little flat on top we flushed a grouse - the
second one we'd seen. We followed him but couldn't
raise him again. Worked on out along this ridge
and Boy who was slowed down a bit by the rough
weather, pointed down into a thicket of blackberry
bushes to my left. I was anxious that the other
two got a shot and as they were below me to the
left I expected them to shoot as the grouse rose.
Coming up high and across in back of me. I
turned around to my left and kept turning
until I had nearly twisted around in back
and faced up the hill again.

I dropped him with my
right barrel - and
was more surprised



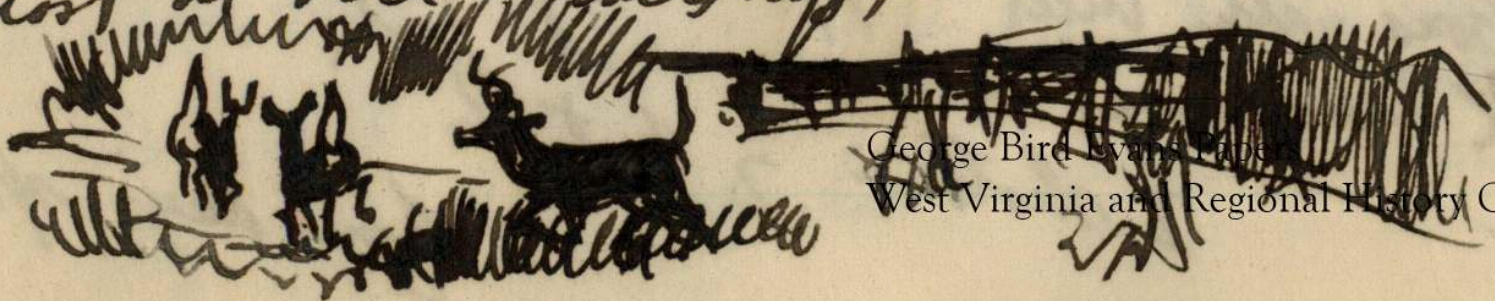
than the bird. (He too was only crippled and I had
to catch him. after killing him I had Boy find
him and retrieve to me. This bird was the
"regulation" black ruff and the largest of the
two, while the first was a fair bronze. Both
were big grouse as you'll see by the tail feathers
I'll send. I saved a ruff from each as per
your order for a hat decoration and you
can have your choice. These two shots were
my only two shots of the day - the best
shooting I've ever done, if I'm not mistaken.

Of course neither were killed outright
and therefore not direct hits but



Both were the kind of shots you either

take quickly or not at all. Ralph and Russell
the boys, were very much impressed! but I soon
let them know that was rare for me! Very
soon after this Ralph spotted some deer then
some buck. They were in an old field - Two does
and a big buck with a fine set of antlers -
beautiful - each one of them. They galloped off
almost at once, tail up, and across them some



thicket. This crazy boy with us took all shot in
their direction but of course didn't touch them
and couldn't have hurt them at that distance.

We worked back towards the car, going
through good country and did raise two more
birds but without any shots. That is -
no real shots tho the boy took a fleeting
shot at one bird without aiming and far
too late. It seems the season was getting
too late. I had my ~~gun~~ ^{two birds}, and
too great for him. I had my ~~gun~~ ^{two birds}, and

didn't intend to shoot anyway. By the time we
got in the car it had started to snow right
hard. I wanted Ralph and Pauline to take
one of the grouse but, tho I insisted, they refused.
Pauline gave me a pound of honey to bring
up to you, and a pound to take to Mother.
They certainly were kind to me and couldn't do
enough. Gosh, I wish you could have been along.

As I drove home I found the fields white with
snow on Woodcock mountain. Came on to the
cottage where the family soon came up. I left
the Wilsons with their suggestion that we arrange to
see each other next summer and fish.

4.8.2

2 shots - 2 birds

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a fine days sport

November 18 Father and I Hunted Boy
over behind Kiroke's place - day overcast
and cold. Raised four grouse almost at once,
three in a group - but no shots at them. We
were unable to find any for a while - and
after covering an entire hill on all sides Boy
found one of the birds. We had eaten lunch,
so followed this bird but with no success.
At last we doubled back to where we flushed
the bunch and Boy pointed below this.
Working up - we flushed the bird without
a shot. We marked him and followed -
sooner than we expected a grouse flushed
between us - and being closer together
than we should have been - we both shot -
I a fraction of a second before Father. The
bird fell and we found him with both wings
broken. Later in the day we flushed one more
bird without a shot. This we were lucky
enough to get as we had expected a little
more shooting, from our experience in finding

so many birds than the other day. We were
uncertain as to who really had hit this grouse
today until we cleaned it. I found the wing
on my right (facing the bird as he flew with
his back to me) had hit and know Father
couldn't have shot that, as he was shooting into
the bird from the left side. The wing on his side
also was hit - but strangely enough



no shot went on into the body as you might
expect, with the shot coming into the bird from
the side - so he may or may not have hit it. Also
found a no $7\frac{1}{2}$ shot in the right leg - the number
I was shooting at the time. So I count it as a hit.

One shot - one hit. 5.8.1

November 19

Went over to John Wm. Rharbach's to
hunt - using ~~my~~ Ket today. He did well -
after quieting down. He's so much easier to
handle than Boy and the most eager dog -
and willing to do ^{any thing} to please me. The

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day broke beautifully - gorgeous sun and
blue sky - the first in weeks. However, the
clouds soon covered the sky - and altho it
remained just overcast for a while - it started
to rain hard about four o'clock. Nothing
as well! We hunted the same country as the
day we raised our money grouse and didn't
see any - until toward late morning, I put
one out without a shot. I called that in and
gave him a good smell of the place. Then we followed
where I'd marked the bird. Soon we looked
up and found that pointing at me - very nicely.
I walked up but nothing rose. He then worked
into some thick briars and the bird flushed
wild and went across the pike. We returned to
Rhebachers and ate lunch - going on the other
side of the pike afterwards. We hadn't gone far into
some laurel when a bird flushed and cut
across and lit to my right. We walked it up, and
I took a distant shot at it - and tho I didn't
really hit it at all hard, some feathers
drifted out - but I'm sure the bird was unhurt.

We tried to find it - or where it had flown -
and flushed two birds without a shot. Nat pointed
where they got out. Following one of these - Nat
made two nice "stands" in it and pointed well.
The grouse flushed over the hill back towards
the pike. We raised about four more grouse
during the rest of the day - but without any shots.
I was delighted with Nat's first real points on
grouse. One shot - no hit. 9.11.10

November 20. (14)

Went with Don Hass over to
some country near Sistonburg - using Boy.
The day was dark and cold and damp - really
good hunting weather. We got into more
birds than I've ever seen, I really believe,
and I shot as wildly as I've ever shot -
a lot like that day you and I were out -
year before last when I shot 9 shells without
a hit. This time I shot 9 shells but did
get a beautiful big grouse. I can't begin
to tell you about each one - but I wanted

about twenty distinct birds - and must
have had thirty "rises." incidentally I was
amused to find that Har does call each
rise a bird - as I had suspected. He
turned out exactly as I had him figured -
the greediest sort of game - hog who shoots
at anything and everything that goes up -
shots that should have been missed - a lot of
them. He shot 15 shells and didn't get a
feather - just a little worse than my
shooting - but not much. I'll never hunt
with him again if I can help it. It's one thing
to really hunt grouse with a sportsman,
and another matter to hunt with a fellow
like Har. I really went to find some new
country - which I did. It's posted but we
found the owner nice enough to let us go
ahead and hunt. I have no alibis for the
raw shooting I did - I shot too quick - but
should never have missed the bird I did.
However, knowing that Har would shoot no

matter if the shot were really mine or his,
I was jumpy - and getting off on the wrong
foot - so to speak - I continued that way all
day - missing cleanly every shot I made
except the one bird I killed - and it was
good and dead the minute I shot. The first
grouse I shot at - flushed in front of me
straight away thru moderate cover and
rising - and I could see I shot under
him. Should have held about a little.
The next one got out almost under my nose -
as I climbed a hill and I had sent two
bombs at him before I knew what was what.
Incidentally I had shot twice at him as soon
as he could see him - regardless of the fact
that I'd just pulled the triggers. This same
bird later raised behind me and cut straight
across to my right. I thought I'd taken time or something
but missed him both times. This time I
knew he would have shot at it but voted to

rush me. The bird had come straight to my
side and away from him - but any shot is
legitimate to Hass. They should elect the
H in his name! The next shot came as I
climbed up over some rocks on the summit of
the mountain we were hunting - with laurel
among them. It was rising and straight
away and I hit him hard and square with
my right. Hass said he was about to shoot
after I'd fired - tho the bird fell like a
dead weight the moment I'd shot. Roy picked
this grouse up - but instead of retrieving he
proceeded to chew it - making a messy
job of cleaning tonight.



Hass got all the shots for a while - after
lunch - Roy started working in much closer.
He made a beautiful point on two birds -
I missed one shot which Hass shot them at
them. My last two shots were thrown at a
grouse just before we quit tonight. Roy pointed
toward me and the grouse came at me and over
my head - I shot too quick and missed and

so he rocketed straight up ^(? hit?) into the sky I shot
and missed again - I've not mentioned the
birds I could have had shots at - had I
been with a decent companion. Hans
repeatedly walked in front of me when Boy
pointed and deliberately took shots that any
one else would have divided with me.

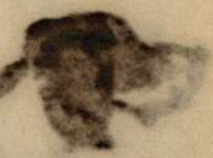
I didn't say anything for I fully
intend to go back tomorrow with Father
and look up the owner (named Wilhelm)
and really hunt it. It's a paradise
of grouse and should provide a bird or so
apiece. At least some good shooting. We'll
take that tomorrow

20.30-1

9 shots - 1 hit.

November 21

Father and I took
~~back~~ back to Wilhelm's, where Hass and I
were yesterday. The day was clear and
sunny - beautiful weather - as opposed
to the damp cold day yesterday - with some
rain and snow - but we only raised
about eight separate grouse today. Left the
car at Wilhelm's house after talking to
them some time. We flushed three grouse
first thing - I shot at one going away
and slightly quartering to the right. He
tumbled over and then struck a small
sapling that righted him and fluttering
for a moment in one spot he took off on
a bee line and disappeared like a streak.



I fully expected him to fall and when he straighten-
ed out he was gone before I could realize it and
shoot another shell. We raised him later
twice - and are sure he was unhurt. We
hunted some time without getting into

the wrong action - and on a ledge of rocks
too far to the left. We found birds along a
little stream that cut down a basin high
between two ridges but got no shots. Coming
down the mountain toward the house we
flushed a grouse without shooting. Later
father put me out of a greenbrier tangle
missing it and I also missed as it
came over my way - crossing straight to
the right - a hard shot for me. We hunted
again but



won't sure if we flushed
the same bird. One went out and that made a
nice point at the spot. A few moments later
a second one flushed wild. We hunted till
nearly dark and then drove home.
Father shot three grouse
I shot



2 shots - no hits.

8.8.0

November 22. Out with Dick Hoover
and Kat in a snow storm - hunting around
the old section. Flushed 1 grouse very wild
on edge of Dairy field and put him up
wide two times. Finally hunted over to
little cabin where Dick flushed three in a
bunch - seeing only one of them. At last on
way in, he walked into two in a tree top - and
shot them the leaves at the second one. We started
to follow it - having no idea he'd hit it -
when Dick saw Kat mulling at something
and we found he'd located the bird, stone
dead where it had fallen. Dick was
pleased and I was too. Came in as I had
planned to go to Princeton but abandoned the
idea when the snow held out. Stayed in that
afternoon as it wasn't fit to hunt. Mrs.
Hoover came up and spent the afternoon
in the little kitchen - just as entertaining as
ever.

6.8.0

No shots.

November 23.

Having spent last night in

town and not coming up till after lunch -

reason of details to be attended to, I had
little hunting in the p.m. altho I flushed
two grouse singly - one in back of little
cabin - put up twice, and the other on the
edge of Mikhail's both wild. Used Boy,
and he pointed both birds. Still morning,
but not more than nothing since in a while.
Am writing this on Monday and this
would have been a day for birds to move -
bright clear sun after snow.

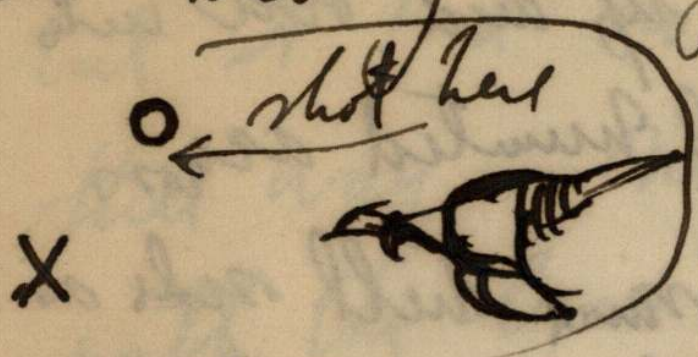
No shots.

2:40

November 25

Out alone with Boy at
Wilhelms. Wonderful sun on remaining
snow - clear blue sky. Found lots of
grouse feeding. Boy flushed the first one
wide. Watched him and followed - only
to have Boy flush him again. Finally
flushed him myself from the back of a

high hill - and he sailed across to the left
and down. I took a snap at him and missed.
over-shooting among other faults. The next
shot I had taken or should have
been made and I missed it



lady. a grouse tore out of a grapevine close in
front of me and straight across to the left rising.
I missed with my right and he turned and
went away from me rising but straight away
I missed with the left - tho I was sure I had
him. Shot too close and quickly both times.
Followed but couldn't find him. However flushed
another bird but didn't get a shot. I put up a
number of grouse from time to time - about ten
separate birds during the day. My next shot
I missed a right barrel at a grouse too far away.
He flew in into rocks and I never got him up
again. I ate lunch and noticed it was becoming
overcast - making me hunting for
ordinarily the sun blinds me on this hill

in the afternoon. On the way back down the
mountain (this country makes up what is practically
a mountain - and I'd hunted up and over into
a high basin in the a.m.) I hunted across
back and forth covering the same hill side as
this morning. Boy made a point and we
worked up to a grapevine where I stood and
Boy went in. I heard the grouse start out -
but he never made it - Boy had him in
a flash and killed him - then carried him to
me. I felt like killing the dog - I was
thoroughly disgusted with him - we've
never had a dog that would do such a thing.
I tried to get to him in time to save the bird
to release it but it was over in a
second. It's the retriever instinct and must
be expected I understand. The dog can't know
a wounded bird from a healthy one but
I don't like it. The grouse meant

nothing to me - I merely kept him as it
would have been a crime to throw him away -
but it had no attraction for me - killed
that way. My sympathies were entirely
with the bird. As he'd returned it to
me perfectly. I didn't dare punish
my, but Jake didn't bat him. We
went on and I flushed two birds in the
distance and at last flushed one of
them from the top of a tall tree high
above. He went out like a plane and I
missed twice - a hard shot for me

x



Following, I walked up to
some thick rhododendron
and heard the grouse tear out thru the
foliage making a great noise. I waited
till he cut into view below and going
away to my left and dropped him with
my right arm. x I marked the
spot and went to it at once finding feathers

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but no grouse. I called Boy in and put
him on the trail. In about a minute or less I
heard a flutter, and he carried the grouse to
me. Perhaps I'd have had a hard time finding
the bird myself. It's nice in some ways to
have such a retriever. I got no more shots
but did save other birds. Just at dusk I
stood on a high ridge above "Whit's Creek"
looking far away thru bare trees at a high
mountain across the valley - and up to where
another dropped off suddenly ^{making} a deep gap -
across which I could see Negro mountain in
Maryland. Also could see still another high
ridge between the two nearer mountains. I
felt it all and drank it in for you, dear.
Such a view as the best of country will give
in some day. The air was perfect mountain
air - and the quiet was perfect mountain
stillness. Nothing but trees and hills and
sky. Talked to Mr. Williams and then drove home. It
was dark. Stopped at ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~Springfield~~ ^{to speak to Cliff Springer}
and at Charlestown. ^{to say goodbye} ~~to say goodbye~~ a perfect day. 12.1

November 26 a beautiful day - clearing in
a.m. to crystal blue - melting the snow that
fell last night. I took Nat over and got Mr.
King - hunting the hillside above his spring -
and finally Nat put up a grouse - back on
Winst. I took a nap at it and missed. We
hunted till noon - and returned to the house
where I ate my lunch with the Kings. After
noon we drove over to Kirsches' and only
managed to find two grouse - flushing each
two or three times. I managed a shot at
one - but landed most of the condensed
pattern into a sapling. We hunted all over
that hill and returned to the cabin too
early to call it a day. So returned to King,
where I hunted alone with Nat - Mr. King
being fairly tired - and went up onto the
usual hill - across the road from King
and flushed two grouse without a shot.
It was a beautiful day to be out tho I
got no decent shots. 2 shots was better

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5.7.0

November 27

Went out back of Buedi with Boy.
Hunted as far as the cuttings below Mrs.
Bueh's - near Hausel's road and there I flushed
a grouse - merely getting a glimpse of him.
It was the only bird I saw. I followed but
was unable to raise him again. However, I enjoyed
walking around and looking over the country as
I didn't feel particularly anxious to kill birds.
A half day is scarcely enough to undertake
much hunting. I returned to the cottages
and caught the bus for New York at 4:35.
~~----- moved 1. p. no stops -----~~

I had a fine season altho I believe the
grouse was harder to find than usual - when
I ran into them I usually found them in
some one place such as at Wilhelm's. But
so much of the time I didn't find game.
It has been nice discovering new country.
It also has been fine for the two young

dogs - from now on they'll both learn fast.

I got 9 grouse out of 39 shots or 1 in $4\frac{1}{3}$
counting the 4 shots and 1 quail my total
was 10 hits 43 shots.

My best average was from the 4th to the
19th of November inclusive. I made
7 hits in 19 shots. My shooting fell down
from that time on.

However, the season was wonderful and I
felt fine after all those days in the pen.

Returned to Thanksgiving dinner of grouse
in New York.

	on grouse		
1932	12 hits	42 shots	$1 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$
1933	13 hits	54 shots	$1 \times 4\frac{2}{13}$
1934	10 hits	40 shots	1×4
1935	9 hits	39 shots.	$1 \times 4\frac{1}{3}$