

Nov. 8 "First day" of grouse for me. Father
 and I got up at 6 A.M. and arrived at
 Wilhelmus at 8:40 - taking "Grouse" with us.
 It was a very hot day and powder dry. After
 speaking to the Wilhelmus we started in above the
 house and I, almost at once, flushed three
 grouse - apparently young birds. I saw one
 as he started off the ground but couldn't get a
 shot. Father fired at one and missed. We finally
 raised one of the birds twice but too wild. Another
 hunted around the ridge after the other two -
 Grouse flushed one of them and we saw no more
 of those birds. We hunted quite a long time
 without any sign of game - climbing that
 mountain back of Wilhelmus diagonally to
 arrive at last at the top where there are huge
 rocks and rhododendron I've mentioned. I
 fully expected to find the birds in that cover on
 such a warm day but evidently they were
 lower down. After hunting the top out will

we sat down to lunch at 11:30 - a little
early but we were stowed! I had two of the
outmeal cookies left over from the train lunch and
I relished every crumb of them. After lunch
we cut down the side of the hill - striking a
second bank of rhododendron on the way down -
I got into some interesting rocks among it, finding
lots of grapes down. It looked like a perfect black.
I hadn't hunted into it very far before a
big grouse cut up out of the thicket of
rhododendron with a roar and I just
got a snap shot at him as he roared and turned
behind some trees. I tried ~~to~~ to get on
him a rather ~~close~~ above him
but couldn't do it in the
time I had. We followed back uphill
and cut through some terrific climbing
- on rocks and ~~the~~ the growth but saw no

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more sign of him. Finally we hunted down
to the house where we got some water in the
thermos bottles and quenched our thirst and
that of horse - for we were all parched. Immediately
horse ranges nicely and is an undistinguished
little hunter. He flushes birds whenever he comes
across them but is just on the verge of stopping
& point. So he won't get a lot of shooting
over him this year but today was good for him.
After our drinks and rest we started back in
where we began in the a.m. and flushed a
grouse near ^{where} the first bunch of trees had risen.
We hunted for him without luck and
finally went around the hill a long way to a
small creek that flows thru Laurel and Rhododendron
However we saw no sign of birds this we hunted
hard. At last we returned across the face of the
mountain to about the part back of Williams
house and started to hunt in. It was quite
late - about 4:30 and Father flushed a bird

to one side of him - missing with the
right and dropping him with the left. It
was a fine big cock grouse and well he got
it. We hunted a while longer after getting
around to look at the bird. Came in about
5 o'clock and after talking to the Wilhelms for
a while & they gave us some turnips and a cabbage
we returned to town.

It's blowing hard and raining quite
but I hope it'll stop enough to make decent
hunting tomorrow as I want to get a full
day. We had a good time tho the weather
was not as the devil and game powerful
scarce.

One shot. no hit

NOVEMBER 9.

I hunted alone today using Pal. Went to the Cucumber section. It had rained last night - clearing into a beautiful day - making fine hunting conditions. Left the car at the first house in from Belle Grove walking to the log house (Sykes) and dropped over into the valley - hearing one bird go up on that hill. Crossing the stream I hunted the opposite hillsides high and low - having raised a number of birds there last season. I had no luck until I went around the hill to go up the hollow along the main stream. A grouse flushed from a brush heap above me going back where I'd been hunting. I followed but couldn't find him so went on up the main valley as I'd begun. I found only one bird up here. *Colaptes auratus* a *geopelia*

Taylor (he's not as industrious a hunter as "Lover")
and he flushed the bird which I couldn't shoot
at. I marked him well and went to the place.
The bird flushing below me - cutting back
making a close, fast shot straight across to
the right. I missed him both barrels. I
hunted hard for him but never did find him.

I ate lunch up on the ridge and wrote you a
note. After that lunch - with a beautiful
view - I hunted back down the hollow -
crossing over the next ridge at the end of it
and crossed down over "Schoolhouse Run"
working up to the ridge where I'd gone with
Bob Phillips years ago (the one above Abbeys)
There had been shooting over in this part

and I'd heard voices - so probably any few
birds there had been scattered. I did see one
go out but couldn't shoot. I returned to the
first hillside where I'd begun my real hunting
in the a.m. and when partly up the steep
side, a grouse flushed up over the hill. A
second bird rose to my left and also cut up
the hill. I took two fleeting shots at it but
missed. Having them the trees like that is an
almost hopeless shot. I followed around the
hill to where I was certain they'd be - hunting
for a bit, I started back lower down and saw
a bird go out and fly over the hill top. As I
only expected one of the grouse to be in this part, I
was taken off guard when the second one tore out
closer to me and above - turning around the
hill. I missed him with my rifle.

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as I shot entirely too quick and had a
poor look at him. I've had so few shots
I am entirely  to "hair trigger" and
unpoison x for what shots I can take.

I hunted for both these grouse without results.
I returned to the car among a marvel of
damp evening scents and breathed it all
in for no both - as I looked at the
pink of the sunset with black bare trees on
the skyline. Came down the mountain with
the windshield wide open and ~~thoroughly~~
thoroughly enjoyed it. Killed ~~four~~ grouse
and ~~saw three more~~ 6 shots - no hits. Five

NOV. 10.

Am getting up at 6 A.M. every day.
This was a fine day. Father and I
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went to "Tub Run" - leaving the car at
Jim's hummingbirds - ~~speaking~~ ^{talking} with him.
In a short while - He said five fellows had each
got a grouse a few days ago in this section and
that it has been hunted hard. It seems there
are more hunters and fewer grouse this year
than in a long while - a bad combination. We
stepped up the main valley on the road back
of Jim's, soon cutting up over the hill to the
good grapevine part on top - but saw no birds.
We hunted the head of the hollow and back
down the road along the stream - I took the
rhododendron for a while - flushing the
first grouse without a look at him. Forgot
to mention we had "Hovet" who worked Jim.
We hunted around the hill to above Jim's
place and paralleled with the head top - and
down to the ~~rhododendron~~ ^{stream} along the stream.

Just as I ~~stepped~~ stepped off a path, a grouse
flew low from a brush heap - away and
slightly to the left.



I shot and
dropped him with the right barrel. We had
House come up and find him. I was delighted
to "break the ice" with the first bird - and then
it was a yearling hen it filled the bill!

We hunted up the branch above Jim's House -
clearing the ~~more~~ open laurel and rhododendron
thicket - the heavier growth being impassable.

Father flushed a covey of quail and later
shot one on the second run. I could have
taken a shot but somehow didn't care to.

A few minutes later Father flushed a
grouse that I thought was a quail at first.

and then recognized and shot too late. We
put this bird up twice after this and both
shot at it - I missing one shot. We ate
lunch and then hunted back down the
hollow. Among a terrific tangle of rhododendron
I heard a grouse start out - perching on a
branch until "Grouse" worked up to him. I
didn't see him, but could tell what was going
on. I was in a fair position to shoot with
a moderately sized opening - but the bird
was out and across it before I could get a lead
on him and I snuffed - of course missing.
Gosh, he was a large one. When they are so
close to you - a straight across shot to the
right as this was is nearly impossible. We
followed and flushed him out of sight. We hunted on
we heard drumming and flushed him without a shot.
then out across the opening where I was.

where we had our campfire. I saw the old
scar of it still there and it brought you
close to me. We hunted the point of land between
the two forks of Dub - I crossing with the
dog to the Turpale side - and grouse flushed
a bird which might be the one we flushed
last Thanksgiving for he acted the same
and went about the same place. When I
first crossed the stream it was at a bend where
we have caught trout - a narrow part and I
returned a $6\frac{1}{2}$ inch one last year - I saw
one about 6 dart upstream. And when I
recrossed further up I recognized the hole
where I had been unable to hook one - and
this time I saw one - a good one. Father had

Stayed on the other side and returned to the
shanty ahead of me. Jim was very friendly.
We raised 6 birds - killing one and Father got
4 shots - one hit a quail.

Nov. 11 Armistice day - Up early as usual.

This was a colder day - clouds but no rain -
a good hunting day. I took "Mousie" again
today as I much prefer him to Pal. I
decided to try Potter's Mill and drove directly
to Schaffers' where I picked up Son and we
drove to Spittals' where Jackie had raised
a number of grouse a few days before.

We hunted around the ridge behind the
house - following the valley of "Sawed Run".
I flushed two birds without a shot. Finally
I flushed a grouse from a big log and
fallen tree branches. He flew out trying to

a few feet from the ground. I shot
first the right and followed with the left -
feeling fairly sure - but he went on. I
find I hit a large portion of the first charge
in a large sapling which would be ample
reason for a miss too, I probably missed
him clear. We followed but never put
him up. After hunting around that section
well we covered the one side of Laurel hollow
up around some distance - finally cutting
up over the steep hill into as promising as
looking grouse cover as I've seen - a
veritable wilderness of grapevines. But
we didn't raise a feather until we nearly
reached the top when one went out far
ahead - we only heard it go. We were
up under the very hump of Sugar Loaf.
and the view west was marvelous. We crossed
the Sugar Loaf road and hunted back

down to Muttals and on the opposite side. We
had promised Jackie w'd meet him about 11 -
and tho we were late we sat down and ate
lunch before we crossed and reached the house.
I had son eat some sandwiches and soup
and a cookie. "Grouse" made himself a
likeable nuisance by trying to eat son's
part of the lunch. I had some dog
biscuits for him - Father has been taking
several along as a bit for the dogs. I
couldn't help noticing how much Grouse is
like the type of setter you and I prefer
and all it would take would be to have him
with us a while and he'd be a dandy.
We found Jackie had been in the woods an
hour when we reached the house - Mrs Muttal
said he had gone in the look for us. She said
Miss Leonard had called and sent word I was
to come there for supper at 6. We found Jackie

and the three of us started back around the
hill we'd hunted in the a.m. I saw flushed a
grouse out of sight which we failed to put up.

As we were going down a steep hillside a
grouse flushed from a grapevine tangle in front
of me - cutting straight across to my left.
It was definitely my shot for I was on
the right and Jackie beyond him. - I
missed with the right shooting too quick
and just a split fraction of a second before
I fired my left I heard Bob's gun crack.
The bird fell as the two shots ended - it
was impossible to say which one had dropped
it. X I ran up to get it if it was



crippled and was afraid it looked as tho I were
running in to be the first. I found "Grouse"
searching for it and he soon came into almost

a point. Ned stopped and was looking around
wondering and with his eyes "bugged out".
He has a fine nose. The bird lay several
feet from him. When the others came up
I said I couldn't be at all certain I'd hit
it and asked Sam if he felt he had. He
said he'd probably missed it and for me to
take it. I could tell however, he felt he'd hit
it so I insisted. He said to keep it - that
he'd shoot another one; and that settled it.
I made Sam take it. Tuck it in his coat.
I must say it looked in his favor - the
wing on the far side from me was broken -
tho it is still possible that my shot could
have done it. But it sports it for me if
someone else shoots at a grouse - even if I or
him miss it. It seems like another bird altogether.
We hunted on until dark - Jack had to
return home. Later I took another shot at

a bird going up in the distance. I drove
down home and then went down to Seavards
where I found the most cordial welcome -
and the most luscious chicken dinner
awaiting me. We ate and missed you. Had a
good time the, talking of things that you'd have
enjoyed. After supper I dried the dishes and
mom after came to town. The moon was faint
then rather heavy clouds and it was very cold.
On the way home the car balked and I
had to phone from Hagans and the folks
drove up. Got home late.

Altho we covered lots of country we raised only
5 birds that I can be certain of. and shot one.
Saw two or three bunches of hunters even
up in that section and heard lots of shooting
5 shots - no hits.

Nov. 12. Got up early again but got a later
start as we took the car to the garage - leaving
town about 8:40. Took "Pal" this day
and Father went. Returned to Tab-Rab
leaving the car at Jim's. It had begun
to drizzle on the way over and did so
intermittently all morning. We hunted
up the branch behind Jim's - paralleling
the road. and went well up that run
before we flushed anything. Finally a
grouse flushed just beside the path I was
on but went over the rhododendron before I
could ~~shoot~~ ^{shoot} it. I told Father about it and
we hunted for it - he taking a path and I
followed the thicket. The grouse flushed
across to my left without a chance for me to
shoot but Father got it as it was an
open shot for him. We hunted a while and
I found ~~it for him~~ ^{nothing}

little bitter about the breaks I hadn't
been getting. Almost none of the shots I'd
had were even chances. So much of the time
the birds went out when I'd been in the
thick cover. We hunted the hollow thoroughly
without finding any more game. Just as
we reached the edge of that opening behind
Jim's Pal put out a grouse that we followed
around the hill and up the road we use
to return from fishing. We flushed 3
grouse from the part below the road and
very near it—two going into the thick
cover along the stream. I wormed my way
thru this and put one out without a shot.
Then we followed the third bird that had
gone up around the hill. At last we stopped
and ate lunch on the road and just above
the falls — we were facing a big group of

gorgeous hemlocks and a mass of rhododendron
which of course you remember. While we
were eating two young fellows walked up the
road and went up the hollow. only one of
them had a gun. We soon heard lots of yelling
and a few shots tho I doubt if they hurt
anything. After eating we walked up the
hillside to those grapes up on top. About
this time it started to rain and first thing I
realized, Father was nowhere to be seen! I
blew my whistle and yelled for him -
going back where I'd seen him last and
finally going down over the ridge to the
road and back to where we'd eaten. I felt
he might have cut down the hill behind me
and I hoped he'd go to Jim's rather than
keep looking for me. By this time it was
really raining and the noise was so great
I couldn't hear him any more if he'd

made me. I took Pat and went to the
shanty and found my guess had been
correct. We were saturated and it was
foolish to consider hunting in such a
downpour - so we got in the car and
came home. We had planned to go over
to Beckens to hunt after eating lunch
but the birds we got into kept us there and
the rain did the rest. Returned to a
meal of delicious buckwheat cakes -
maple syrup, and sausage.

We raised 4 birds, killing one.

No shots.

Nov. 13. My last day - but what a
break! The downpour of rain which had
lasted well into the night had stopped and
the day was perfect for hunting - damp
and coolish - ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~travelling~~ ^{and} ~~a~~

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fine mist from time to time that kept it
good. I got away soon after 7 - took Pat
as I was unable to use Grouse - who'd
sprained his paw the two days he'd been out
last. However he got over it by the following
day. I hated to leave him for I've learned to
like him a lot, and he's just at the stage
to begin to pick up the idea of hunting.

I had planned to hunt the cucumber
section in the forenoon and go to the place
across the Pike from Abolachers' later.
But on my way in the Shidpyke road I passed
Edward Case waiting for someone he wanted to
see. I had that I'd like to take a hunt with
him to locate new territory but hadn't seen
my way clear to arrange it. However I
stopped the car and talked to him - arranging
to meet him about 1:30 and hunt the afternoon.
I went on to the cucumber country having

the car and walking on the hill to my
favorite hillside. After hunting it fairly well
Pal finally flushed a grouse that went out of
some grapes and up over the hill circling in
a nice little trick that would have ~~misled~~ ^{misled}
me if I hadn't been able to follow him
with my eyes. I cut across to where he
had gone and almost found him at once -
but he flushed in such a way I couldn't
see him and therefore didn't know where to
go. I was unable to put him up so went on
up the main valley - running into other
hunters - something I haven't done
nearly every day. I didn't put up a thing
I heard these fellows shoot after they'd
gone around to where I'd lost the grouse
and I believe they flushed him and
missed. I hunted hard for him - taking

the short way around the hillside - Just
as I'd almost covered it well I saw and
heard ~~the~~ grouse take off the ground and
flash behind a tree in front of me. I
waited till he came in view on the other
side and missed him with my right
and dropped him with my left - a
wonderful feeling for I wanted a bird
to bring home to you in the worst way!

Pal ran up and grabbed

the bird which I think was still alive and
picked it up but then dropped it and
ran away - as he that he had done wrong.
I found the grouse and killed it - tho it
was practically dead. It was a beauty -
a big bird with a gorgeous fan of

big feathers - a cock bird. I took a
good long while floating over it and
smoothing the feathers. I found Pal had
squeezed the intestines out a ways so I
pulled them in out - making him seem
a little empty - but none the less beautiful.
Unfortunately I found the breast rather
torn but I don't think it will spoil it for
us. I finally got Pal in and praised
him a bit for picking it up. It's good to
have a dog that'll get crippled if they
are getting away - but I do hate to have
a bird torn up when it's not escaping.
I started to hunt on around the hill and
another big grouse flew out below me -
the bird I had flushed first I believe. I
hunted and finally after covering the
bottom along the stream I came back

up the hill and put him out. He is a clever
one for tricks. I followed to where I was
sure he'd gone - finally flushing him from
the place he'd gone out of this a.m. I took
a quick shot as he turned around the
tangle of grapes and missed. I saw him
do exactly as he'd done this a.m. - going
back over and around the hill. However, he
fooled me for he was no place to be found
when I went there. I sat down to eat
my last hunting lunch of the season -
looking out over wild rugged country -
blue-violet and brown with heavy
clouds overhead and an occasional bit
of very blue sky breaking here and there.
I ate with the grapes on my lap -
wrings spread over my knees. He surely
was a beauty. As I was getting
past time for the next hunt toward

finished lunch and took a final round
for my other bird (I had hoped a
second one to bring you, but must admit I
felt complete and happy with this one!).

I had started across the top to return to
the ridge with the car and was walking along
brushy when an explosion occurred to
my left, and I whirled to snap both
panels without much reason at a
dark shape cutting down over the
ridge. The cover was thick but fairly
short and the bird close enough. I
suppose the shot could have been made
with care and good judgment but I
shook neither - and he had me figured
out perfectly.



Earlier he had

gone up without much noise. *W. E. B.*

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time he tore things up getting out. I followed him but without any luck and I feel he earned his freedom. I hope no one gets him this year.

I got to the car as quickly as I could - getting my thermos full of water at the house. I ate the two remaining cinnamon rolls on the way back to Husteads (the lower one) where I found Edward waiting for me. We started up over the hill toward Mrs. O'Leary's and Pat flushed a grouse which we followed and put up me. (However Edward had a place in mind where he'd put up a number of birds on Hunter's Day, and we headed for there - crossing the road in to O'Leary's from the side and cutting across woods to that road and walked home to Mrs. O'Leary's.

summer. We went beyond that on the far
side and hunted a crab apple thicket and
on into the woods - certainly good cover. At
last we put up a grouse and then another -
Followed them and must have raised four
or five in that cover - but all too far out.

Edward is very excitable and talks a blue
streak all the time - putting the birds up
wild. I finally got him quieted a little
and slowed down to a human pace - he

had been going like a deer. We went on
still further to a woods he had flushed
four in. However by this time it was
almost too dark to shoot. But he did take a

shot at a grouse which he claimed he saw

fall. However, tho he may be right, I
doubt if he hit it - he's too flighty to
shoot well. We hunted hard for his bird
but couldn't find any sign. I'm sure Pat
would have nailed it. We were clear back
of Boyds at a farm you and I saw the
road into last summer - It was a
beautiful place to end the season - dark
falling and being way up on all of those
ridges above Beaver Creek. The house is an
old log one - in bad shape - a rather
interesting stone spring house. No nice trees
that I could see, however. We were just
about three miles from the cove and all
the way thru woods. However, Edward knew the
way like the palm of his hand. We traveled

what seemed ages and finally came to Mrs
2' camp where I spoke to her while Ed
left his gun - got me a few apples and two
beans (which tasted like nectar. It was 6:30
and I was starved). We walked down the path
to Hartsfield and I left him and drove to Mrs.
Knowers - got her out of bed and had a nice
visit in front of the fire. Left about 8:30 and
stopped in Hopwood for our camp and arrived
home to a delicious meal of half the grouse
breast of father's bird. Finally cleaned my
bird and my gun for the last time. It was
a fine day, making the entire week seem better.
I prefer hunting alone, I find and I really
only had two sharpshins. Raised 2 birds (killed)
on Cucumbers. and about 7 with Ed.
5 shots - 1 hit.

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