

9814

HUNTING NOTES 1939(copied from
torn sheet)

11

October 16

Opening day! The first day of hunting from our homeplace - the first day of shooting over "Old Blue" and the first day hunting together after a long, long time. We got up at six a.m. and drove the station wagon back to our log road and left it - walking down to the bridge over Sandy and started to hunt up from Spiker's sawmill through wonderful looking rhododendron and hemlock and firs, but saw no birds until quite a way up. We had been walking through cover and quite a distance ahead, from the base of a huge hemlock, a grouse flushed up the hill to the right. A moment later a second one cut off diagonally to the left, and finally a third one rose, following the first. I took a long quick shot at it and, surprisingly enough, dropped it with my right barrel - a long distance for number 7 in the right barrel. I called Blue, and Ray and I hurried up to the bird, which fluttered and finally rose in a crippled manner. I fired as it turned beyond some brush and, whether I touched it or whether the first shot did the damage at last, it fell and I found it after some search. I let it lie and had Blue find it - handling him and getting him to point nicely, which he did. We were delighted to have such luck at the first shot. After a bit of rejoicing, we went on and flushed the first bird without taking a shot, as we didn't want to clean out that section. We went on up along Sandy and soon crossed to the north side of the stream, as we were disappointed to find most

of the cover cut off the south side. The north side is beautiful laurel and rhododendron cover with huge hemlocks in places - one growing out over the top of a large rock - the biggest hemlock I've seen grow that way. Not far along the log road a bird flushed but we were unable to find it later.

We went on upstream, climbing the ridge as the bank became a cliff. We found no birds until we had reached Sisler's line fence, which we crossed and saw a bird flush down at the foot of the hill. It returned to Sisler's land and we hunted it, flushing it from some laurel and into a tree - and from the tree back up to where it had originally risen. I notice that the grouse in this country has a way of flushing off the ground into trees, making it difficult for a dog to wind them and providing a hard shot. This one flushed without a chance to shoot. We followed but did not relocate it.

Beyond the intersection of Sandy and Beaver creeks we dropped to the stream and ate lunch on a big rock at the stream's edge, while T-Bus went wild over our bird. I never saw a dog take so much interest in a dead grouse as T-Bus does. After lunch we climbed back up the side of the

ridge and proceeded up to a sawmill we could hear operating. I found it was Carter's mill. Ray picked some Bittersweet while I talked to some woodsmen. There was a regular thickset of it. We had no sooner started back downstream when Ray saw a grouse flush back toward the mill. As we went to find it, another bird flushed as Blue walked up to it; I couldn't shoot - but Blue soon put it out of some rhododendron and I missed at it and missed.



I marked but it was a quick shot and all over too soon. The bird landed on a branch and sat there, stunned, from the report, while I waited for him to go on. That he did in a moment, but away from me and out of sight. We got another rise from him, and this time he practically flew thru the sawmill itself. We came on downstream, trying the far side but found it too thick and too low in cover - and no birds. A bit below where we ate lunch we put out two more grouse - one crossed the stream - the other flushed out of sight. We saw the big deep pool where "Beaver" goes "Nasty" - a beautiful well looking spot - and very inviting looking on this hot day - which had become unbearable, hot in a coat. We found the south side of the stream too cut out - and the north bank unmanageable - so walked down the middle of the stream from George Bird Evans Papers We went back

ashore at the point we had crossed over this morning - and intended
 hunting that side back down to the road - But soon we flushed
 three grouse - one of them soaring down from a big pitch-pine
 - crossing in front of Kay - who marked him down up on the
 top of the ridge to the right. We determined to follow and
 mounted the ridge - munching tea-berry leaves to keep
 from choking from lack of water. Well up on the top of the
 knob Blair found the grouse and I took a map shot as he
 rose thru the thicket, practically straight-away. I didn't
 see it after I shot, but Kay said it dropped. When I
 ran up I couldn't find the bird but saw a number of
 feathers go down over the hill. I called Blair and put
 him on the trail but we couldn't find anything. In a
 moment the grouse flushed apparently only slightly but -
 and I felt right bad. But soon I saw Blair trailing
 and after a bit I saw him worrying over something, and
 his tail wagging - and I knew he'd found my bird. Sure
 enough he had it, badly messed up but the bird I'd
 shot, the other one had been a separate bird. We gave Blair some
 appreciative resounding thumps and decided to come in for the day -
 in order to keep him fresh for tomorrow's hunt. We had a fine meal
 of buckwheat (our own) cakes and orange - fruit of an apple tree. All
 flushed 13 grouse.

3 shots - 2 hits
 (10-15-1 north side) (3-4 on South side)

139 5

October 17. Second day of a wonderful season! I hunted alone with Blue - Kay driving me to Sandy and then leaving for town. I started downstream in some excellent grouse cover - medium hemlocks and rhododendron. It was cloudy and somewhat cool - perfect grouse weather. We hadn't gone so far until I heard a bird flush downstream and soon after, one or possibly two flew up the opposite direction - I merely heard all of them. I followed the first one but couldn't resist and after a bit of circling up the slope, I returned to where the first bird flushed, and followed it. I soon came to a nice fence (spicers) and much larger timber - large hemlocks and rhododendron. Before long the grouse flushed and I followed by sound. At last a grouse flushed up ahead. I could see the leaves blow up as it went - and then another - the last was the one I'd followed, I believe - went from a tree. I continued, and after a bit - a bird flushed up the slope to my left - going away and crossing to my right. I dropped him with my right - and as he rolled over and over, I called in Blue to find it. He walked around a bit and soon ~~found~~ ^{found} it and grabbed it. It was a beautiful grouse, dark and red. After enjoying it for a few minutes, we went on - dropping down down the hill to avoid flushing the other bird - as I want to have plenty of birds there to find in half-day hunts.

I explored a flat along the creek - a hard hill - and a wonderful

39 - 7

October 18. Kay, Blue, and I went to Kellogg's for the day. Charles and I hunted down around Beaver in the forenoon - raising a number of grouse. Blue made his first real point - had two grouse. Later he made another. I was delighted with the way he worked. We returned to the house for a marvelous chicken dinner - a real holiday feast - and we ate and ate! After sometime, Charles and I went back over about the same country and flushed a few grouse - I had no shots all day - Charles shot once at a bird. It was purely a matter of not really hunting - we didn't follow the birds properly. However it was a nice day - and some of the most beautiful country I've ever seen. We came in about 3:30 and Kay and I drove home.

no shots - round 7-7

October 20th. I went out with Blue in the afternoon - having worked here all day yesterday and this morning. Kay drove me to our sawmill road and came back home. I hunted out the bottom of Resroads' to our sawmill and on to our corner, at last flushing a grouse in the swampy tangle between the Matheny place and Resroads' field. I missed him both times - a rather hard shot - thick and straight across to the right. I flushed him again without a shot. Further down a grassy field and only

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flew into me — then sailed up into a hemlock. From there, he floated down as I approached and I never did find him in the rhododendron, till later on. I went on down the edge and flushed a bird from an old down tree-top — an easy shot — that I missed miserably.



I followed him and when he cut up thru the trees I turned and sent a dog after him, without touching a feather. I was unable to flush this bird, but on my way back up I put out the one before him, from where he'd been in another clump of rhododendron; or, of course, it may have been another grouse. Anyway Blue pointed the clump and the bird flushed without a chance to shoot or see where he went. I put up a bird on my way up, that probably was this same one. When I got about the swamp where I'd missed the first grouse today. I flushed one or two more — and later flushed one again. As I couldn't raise him, I crossed Sandy onto Mr. Spiker's hunting upstream along the base of the hill. I heard one go out and think it may have been the one I'd been hearing drumming. I followed, and about Faulkington's hole, a grouse flushed from a hemlock. I went down to find him, but couldn't and when I came up thru some hemlocks a grouse tore out of the branches.

~~Two~~ heard another bird, piping as it flew - and I recognized
 a woodcock, flying from the branches? I shot and that
 he fell, tho it was rather thick. I called Blue in and had
 him hunt around, and he soon showed an interest in a
 brush heap where he stayed a few minutes, and soon picked
 up a woodcock and brought it part way home. I was
 delighted with him and to get the woodcock for King.

After a bit I started on around and a grouse flew from
 a tree branch without a chance to shoot: and of course,
 the dog has no chance to scent them. A few feet further
 a grouse flew out - whether or not from a branch I can't
 say - but I shot as he cleared the thicket and saw him
 fall in down in a terribly difficult place - all grown up
 with rhododendron. As I plunged in to the tree I'd marked
 him by, and called Blue, I saw a regular cloud of feathers
 floating in the air. Try as I could, it was impossible for
 Blue to locate any scent, and of course, you can't find a down
 bird without a trail, if his supplies. I hunted until it
 was too dark to see and then finally quit. I know
 did him, but where he is I can't figure out. I'll go back

tomorrow morning and try to find him. I had a wonderful afternoon - and came home to a cherry backstreet cakes and sausage meal.

moved ^{new} 6-11 Weather
moved 5-5 Falkenberg
Carnew

- 1 woodcock shot. 1 hit
- 5 grouse shots - 1 hit

Saturday October 21. We went back to Sandy about 10:30 to find the grouse I shot down last night. We started in at the location, in a rain - and this we crawled thru all that section and searched carefully, we could find no sign of him, and at last, gave it up. As the morning was too far along for me to accomplish any work at home, we decided to hunt a while. We flushed a couple of grouse - hearing them only - but followed on to Spikers' line. At last after flushing one near Blue, I saw the grouse flush back around the hill, to where it'd been. We went back, and after crossing the line again, we walked a short piece, and the grouse tore out of a tree below us and started back downstream thru the hemlocks. I made a quick shot and dropped him with my right barrel. I could see him where he fell, and as I ran up I could tell he was a big one. I called Blue in and let him find him. He was a proper big

cockbird with black ruffs and a beautiful tail. It was a real thrill to get one of the large birds. After a few moments of admiring him, we decided we'd better get to the house and eat lunch, as I was to meet Art Thomas and hunt in the afternoon. We drove home and Kay took a picture of Blue and myself with the grouse - and while she got lunch I took two more of Blue with the bird. I hope they turn out well. We went to Bruneton when we'd finished eating - and found Art waiting for me. He suggested that we hunt up toward the new hollow instead of the country we'd planned. We drove to the hill above the Mussen place and started down over the ridge. We flushed two birds at once - one of which I missed as it rose. We were unable to find either - but hunted up to Ryan's run, flushing a grouse on the way. As we went up the hollow we flushed a bird which crossed the run and landed on the other hillside. We hunted that hollow well, flushing about four grouse. Art shot at one and missed. We hunted down to the hollow below the car, raising nothing! We came in about 3:30.

We've just cleaned this morning's grouse, and the result is a fine big bird.
 Falkenstein covered 2 - 2
 Ryan covered 7-8
 2 shots - 1 hit.

Tuesday - October 24. Kay and I and Blue drove to the foot of
 Jimmy Guthrie's hill and left the station wagon just this side of the
 bridge. We started hunting upstream and had no sooner set
 out than we heard a grouse flush ahead - and it rounded large.
 Following, we heard him go again, without a sight of him.
 Some ways ahead, I was walking along and had just
 come to a standstill when the grouse tore out of some low cover,
 a brush heap - and flying close to the ground - started down
 toward the stream. I dropped him with my right barrel - and
 found him lying at the foot of an oak tree - a really
 large bird - a cockbird, with beautiful black ruffs and
 a huge jaw. I let Blue find him. He was the largest bird
 so far this season. We decided to hunt on upstream, but not to
 shoot anymore in that particular cover. We came to Barnes run,
 flowing thru some beautiful rhododendron and hemlock cover -
 and as we crossed, we heard and saw a grouse flush upstream -
 where Blue was working. We cut back to Sunday and crossed,
 and a third grouse went out of the rhododendron just across the
 stream. However, instead of hunting him, we continued on up
 the right bank and thru some rather good country but saw no
 more birds. At the road from the White Oak corner we crossed
 to the left bank and went up along the stream, thru some
 gorgeous hemlock cover - and ~~at last~~ as we turned inland a

bit, we flushed a bird. We went up the hill to Ray Matthews -
 and left the money for the buckshunt threshing that I owed him.
 Then coming back down to the stream, thru wonderful
 cover all the way, we found a nice dog on the waters
 edge and ate lunch. Sandy is by far the nicest dog in
 this section. After lunch we crossed the stream and just
 around the bend, came upon a beautiful long pool. Near it, a
 small run emptys in, and we started to hunt up this ravine -
 which turned out to be wild and beautiful, with lots of rhodo-
 dendron all the way up the ridge. We followed this up to the top,
 with a rejoinder to be ~~sides~~ hunt out some likely looking cover
 with loads of wild grapes. After we continued our climb up the
 ravine a pace I worked up over a steep bank thru the rhododendron
 and a grouse tore out near me. I waited until I saw him go
 into clear view and turned and shot - but I waited too long, for
 it went on untouched. I likely undershot it. As the bird had gone
 on up the gorge, we followed, but tho I hunted hard, we were unable
 to flush it. After circling and hunting up to some huge rocks - the
 backbone of the ridge - I decided to cross and hunt down the opposite
 side - where I felt the grouse had to be. I had just gone to the stream
 and was half way across when the bird flushed - rising high.
 I waited for a shot and took it. The bird sailed down with a wing
 broken. I marked it and called Blue who came at once and
 began hunting. I saw the grouse on the ground - and already it


had started to run, so rather than chance losing it I decided to shoot it. Then began what seemed more like stumps blasting. I shot one and then again - and still I didn't seem to hit the bird. So I reloaded and shot still again - as the bird was getting well down the gully, this time I turned her over. I let Blue come up and find her - and he picked her up and started to me, but stopped a piece away. I was pleased. The bird was a large hen. We decided to go back to the hole in Sandy before returning to the car. We came out a bit downstream, but at an even more striking pool at the foot of a cliff - dark and very deep. We crossed when we could, and soon flushed two more grouse and later another that might have been the one we'd put up this morning. However, we heard too much drumming. Instead of following the stream, we climbed the ridge by the road, and passed nesters and Aphrodis, and after a chat, then, we went to the car and home. We felt this was about the most successful day yet, what with the two birds and the new country we'd discovered.

3 shots - 2 hits

Jim Dutton: 3-5
Cupp: 5-5


Thursday. October 26. I worked at the cabinets in the kitchen all day yesterday and this morning. About noon the rain let up and I started out hunting about 2:00 or 2:30 - going alone with Blue. Leaving the car at the sawmill road, we cut up over the hill behind Beerroads and had started down the slope...

flushed from a rhododendron bush well up the hillside. He went out close to me but I had no clear shot for any length of time. I fired, however, and he charged towards a tree trunk. I followed but couldn't miss the bird, and then I scoured that hill, I just couldn't find him. I worked back down and came out on the road very near Rearroad's field. I then hunted up along the road to the Venton section near our crossing the first day of the season. Hunting the bottom well, I decided to try further up the hill above the rocks ^{ledge} and in the hemlock and rhododendron cover. I cut up over a small gap and put Blue over. I hadn't been there long until a bird flushed from a tree and then another one, or it may have been the same bird, flushing from the ground. I cocked a piece before following and immediately two more grouse went out - one down over the cliff - the other back along the ridge toward Rearroad's. I was terribly hot with my coat on and sweating - and furthermore - was hunting directly into the sun. I hunted clear to the end of the ridge without a rise - and then I returned, higher up - first hiding my coat in some leaves under a bush. Part way back I raised one of the grouse, but too wild to shoot. I hunted hard for the others but had no luck. At last I started back into the sun once more - having worked out the entire hillside, and flushed a grouse near where I'd put up the three or four. I shot in a wild impulse, but the bird had already turned out of my sight as I

pulled. Altho I hunted the bottom thoroughly, I couldn't raise a feather.
 At last after the sun had dropped behind Spikers ridge, I cut
 back to the car and then down the sawmill road to the Matheny
 corner, where I immediately flushed the big grouse I've seen before.
 I was too far to shoot, altho I got a good look at him. I put him up
 once  again but had no shot and tho I hunted out
 the thicket I couldn't find him after that. I returned to
 the road and to the station wagon - seeing the Hunters' Morn, full
 and yellow - thru the newlocks.

Little Sandy N: 6-7
 Matheny: 1-2

2 shots - no hits

Saturday - October 28. Kay and I went with Blue to
 the hillside across from Records' - hunting down from the saw-
 mill; we flushed a grouse about the line at Spikers' and followed
 down some piece without a rise. We cut down to the rhododendron
 thicket in the bottom and put me out while crawling thru it.
 On the way back up the stream we flushed two more - one
 sailed out over my head without a sound before I could
 shoot , and another flew back down the hillside. Kay saw
 it, but I didn't. As we were out only an hour till dark, I having
 worked late at my drawing board, I got no shots.

no shots - Falkenstein 4:4

Monday - October 30. Kay drove me back to Johnny Guthrie's
 about 3:30, after I had worked all day. When he returned

home while Blue and I cut half way down the road and over into the woods. I hunted up Sandy to Barnes and at the mouth of the latter, Blue flushed three birds - as the third one came out of the hemlock offering me an open shot, I fired, feeling certain of the grouse - but he flew on and turned into the trees again. However a big bunch of downy feathers floated down and I know I touched him.



I thought I might find him

crippled but I followed and couldn't find him, one way or the other tho I hunted hard in some likely looking places. I then crossed Barnes Run to the point of land between it and Sandy and heard another bird flush where Blue was. I soon put up one of the first group but without a shot, and after some marching I hunted out the entire cover, with no results, tho I walked across Sandy and back again and back to the first side of Barnes. At last I flushed two birds

together in the point between the streams, but saw neither, as they took out of trees. These particular grouse seem well able to fend for themselves, as they almost invariably flush from hemlocks - making a dog or man look foolish. At last I felt I had lost all of them, and was just about to cross Barnes fairly high up, when a big bird flushed from the ground. I marked him and

followed, crossing the stream twice and only got to see him
 as he left a hemlock and went out of the country. I
 crossed Sandy again and came back in an effort to raise
 him but to no purpose. Just as I neared Barnes rice meadow,
 a bird went up from the ground but I merely heard him. I
 followed to the other side of Barnes and started down Sandy
 and put him out of a hemlock. I followed him down
 the stream and finally flushed two grouse from an elder
 thicket back from the stream. It was so dark I could
 scarcely see, but I followed them and put both of them
 out of oak trees later on, but had no shot. It was so
 very dark when I got out of the woods I could merely find
 my way. Kay was at Knithers to drive us home. I felt the
 grouse made workup of both Muel and me today!

One shot - no hit. mowed 9th - 15

Friday November 3. I had worked all day and finding a
 good stopping point I decided to have a little hunt before
 dark. Kay drove Muel and myself back to Sandy and I
 cut up Stem Reevards cornfield and hunted up along the creek.
 Halfway up two birds flushed wild and went on up the
 ridge. I followed and came to the edge of the thicket woods

From a bunch of "down" tree top, where he almost had to be, I heard the grouse start out and I hit him as he flew away from me. He tumbled and as I dropped my eyes to reload he righted himself and cut around and over the brow of the hill, leaving me dumbstruck. I had Blue search thoroughly in case there had been another grouse, much as the case had been in that very hillside only a few feet away the first day of the season — but there was no bird to be found.

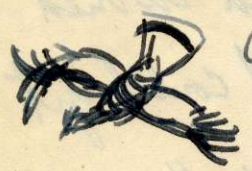
I went to where I expected the grouse and in a short while flushed him from some more brush. This time he hit the ground when I shot and I called Blue in to find him. The bird started to run when Blue came up but once he saw the grouse it was all over. He caught it and carried it almost all the way to me, laying it down before I could get him to reach me. It was a thrill to have him do this, as he is going to be a real retriever.



I made over him a lot. Then we hunted down over to the stream and not raising any other grouse we crossed Sandy and hunted up the ravine where I got my first grouse on opening day. However this proved empty so we hunted back down to the moraine, on the way I shot at and missed a bird that was out on a hawk,

but it turned out to be a wood. Then or Indian. Then. I was glad I missed. I believe my hunting is different as I'm used to shooting only at grouse. However I don't count this in my record of ~~grouse~~ shots as a miss.

at the sawmill, I decided to hunt up along the ridge parallel to the road, as it was nice looking oak woods with rhododendron clumps and developing into laurel growth and quite steep. It was fast getting dark. Part way along I flushed a bird wild, without a shot. Following I decided to hold a bit higher on the ridge to explore it. In some laurel a big grouse tore out and away from me overhead. I missed with my right and took a shot with my left, and don't remember having made - tho I've missed loads of them.



This time I hit, for the bird fell

x
hard, and at the same instant another grouse tore out above me. I ran to where the bird had fallen calling in Blue, and as I stopped to listen for it flapping its wings I could hear it running away, down over the steep hill. When Blue came, he hit the trail at once but back-tracked and by the time I got him in the right direction I had ~~discovered~~ ~~him~~ and he was

inclined to go out away from the right place. I was in a
 sweat over it as I felt sure I had lost the bird for good.
 To be sure I hadn't been wrong about it, I went to where it
 had fallen but tho I made Blue search, he could find no
 trail. In a faint hope of coming on it, but with no real
 conviction I headed Blue down over the steep hillside toward the
 road. Shortly I saw Blue make a leap and heard the bird
 flutter away from him along the ground. He soon had it, but
 by the tail, and as its feathers pulled out, Blue went down
 over the cliff after it. I grabbed up the tail feathers in
 passing as I saw Blue carrying the grouse down along a little
 run at the foot of the cliff. I climbed down and tried to get
 him to bring it home but he laid it down in the stream of
 water where I picked it up.



It was a huge bird, a
 big ^(cock) hen and it made the day perfect to have found
 her after feeling sure she was lost. I admired both my grouse for
 a while and patted old Blue, who seemed rather sorry about
 finding them. Then we walked home along the road in the dark to
 the little shanty, where Kay met me. Hilda and Dorothy
 Galloway were with her and we all rode home to a nice dinner and
 open fire. Both birds were very large.

measured 3-3 South
 2-4 north

Friday - November 10. Kay and I started out on our "second"
 hunting season - the last three weeks. We drove to the bridge
 back of Kay Guthrie's on Nuddy and hunted upstream. I soon
 flushed a grouse without a shot and was unable to find him
 again. However, I put up one that was drumming, and missed
 him as he flew from under a hemlock. We followed and tho
 I flushed him twice more, I didn't get to shoot. Later on, Blue
 found me down nearer the stream and Kay said he was nearly
 on a point, tho his tail hadn't frozen. I flushed the bird after
 that with no shot. We skirted the cliff back of Guthrie's and crossed
 over Nuddy, putting me out before we crossed - merely hearing him
 go. On the other side the cover looked good and we were covering
 it carefully, when we heard Blue flush a bird. I hunted a
 bit and finally, partway up the slope a grouse went out - across
 to my left and low. I had to shoot thru some leaves and
 missed him as he soared on up over the ridge. We followed
 and after hunting some bit Blue put him up as we came back
 over the brow of the hill. He was a beautiful red grouse and
 I had no chance to shoot as he cut thru some hemlocks.
 We crossed some severe cuttings in what must have been
 gorgeous hemlock woods and dropped over to Nuddy, eating
 our lunch at a beautiful spot in hemlocks and rhododendrons.

with the stream in full sunlight in front of us. While we ate
 we listened to a grouse drumming on the ridge just above us.
 after lunch we went up to try to flush him but not shoot
 him, and he cut out of some tall hemlocks over my head.
 We hunted up thru thick rhododendron cover along the old
 tram road. Flushed two birds we could only hear -
 and another we flew low over Kay's head. It soon became
 so thick it was impossible to get a shot and we worked our
 way out of the thicket a bit higher up. Som we
 recognized our situation as being Hileman's land - the old
 road was familiar. We dug out a small spring of water
 and satisfied our thirst - The day was terribly hot and dry.
 after a rest we decided we'd better start back, and we
 hunted the ridge back - keeping higher. We flushed no
 birds all the way back until we had crossed the stream
 and returned to the car. Just as we were stepping out of
 the woods, Kay walked into the bird that I had shot at and
 missed this morning. It flew up the road. We followed and
 flushed him twice without a shot. It was nearly dark
 when we pulled out, driving up the other road and nearly
 reaching the station wagon as the creek bed of a road.

2 shots, no hits
 saved 3 new 8 of Ray Sullivan
 " 7(2)-8 Capt

November 11 - I went to Muroton in the morning, intending to hunt in the afternoon, but Mr. Fronsburg told me of a lot of grouse he'd flushed the day before and we decided to try them. I drove home for my outfit and left Ky.

I picked Fronsburg up and we drove out the road toward Hopewell. We started in the woods where he had raised so many the morning before - but, as so often happens, we found only one grouse that got out without a shot. We jumped a deer - I couldn't tell whether it was a buck or not. We ran into a number of rabbit hunters and that likely accounts for the lack of birds. Fronsburg shot one grouse and missed another. I missed the latter one with bullets, then some rather thick cover, a poor chance. I followed and missed another shot at the bird as he got out low to the ground.

We came in at 3 o'clock. Place was limping, and tho I hadn't been able to find a thing wrong, that morn before we went to bed, I discovered, a long thorn from a crab apple tree that had run into his paw a full 3/4". It bled profusely when I pulled it out. However, several days rest will fix him up.

3 shots - no hits. missed 3 ^{Ramsburg!} 5-v

Monday, November 13. I hunted alone without Blue today, leaving him home to recuperate. I started at the sawmill and hunted up along the road, where I had flushed 2 or 3 the other mths. This time I did no good until I was climbing down the steep side of the valley up the ravine I planned to hunt. A grouse started from some rhododendron in the very open cover, and tho I waited till he was opposite me I missed him with my right barrel, as he cut thru the trees, low down.



x

I followed and flushed him without a look at him. Unable to raise him

again, I hunted on up to the two old farms that lie up the hollow. It was beautiful in these old spots and I spent some time looking about. One ruin was that of a log house. The other had a stone chimney partly standing, and I got some pintels from the doorway. I ate my lunch sitting on a stone wall or fence, looking out on a glorious view. After lunch I started to hunt some good-looking porcupine cover that I had noticed around the brow of the hill. I soon flushed a bird that cut diagonally across to the left and away from me - dropping him with my right. It was a terrific thrill to see him fall

x



In a few minutes I hunted on George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center

around the hill in the pines and flushed two more. They all appear to be young grouse. I didn't shoot at these as I wanted to see more a few more left. Around the hill a piece I walked into a grouse in a "down" tree top and I don't believe I ever missed a shot as clean as this one - straight away and well open. I missed both barrels. I finally put ~~the~~ this bird in my handkerchief below. I decided to return ^{out} and hunt out the hill top and up ~~under~~ the top of the hill, covered with wonderful poplars I flushed 3 young ones and shot one. The other two flushed and disappeared. ~~They~~ I killed my bird, unfortunately pulling out the tailfeathers as I did so. I explored the woods on top and flushed another grouse making either 6 or 8 in that section. I started to walk home a long distance away. I cut across to Charles Kelly's side of run and walked down to run, crossing at the bridge near Schaffers and walking home via Faulkners and Forquers. This was a cool sunny day and a piece of a one to hunt. Day had cleared the birds while I wrote this on front of the log fire.

5 nests - 2 birds. new moved 9-11

Tuesday, November 14. I hunted alone again today, as Blue's
 paw is still tender and I wanted to see him for tomorrow to
 hunt with Promesburg. Ray stayed home and I took the car to
 the bridge below Jimmy Mathews. I flushed a grouse in the
 way upstream and couldn't raise him after the second time. I
 hunted clear up Barnes to the road and back along the
 upper edge of the woods, putting up a grouse near the edge of the
 field. I finally crossed Barnes and hunted out the point of
 land between the two streams. Not far along, a big grouse
 flushed to my left, very close, and cut away from me,
 very low. I dropped him with my right barrel, and
 reloading, ran up to where I'd seen him fall. I saw a few
 feathers, but couldn't see my bird. I ran ahead to cut him
 off if he was running, but saw no sign. At last I got down
 to search very carefully where I'd seen him flutter when he fell,
 and after a moment I located him hiding under some
 briars and leaves - his wing shattered. He was a huge
 cock. bird, one of the largest I've ever shot. His tail
 measured 14 inches across the fan!! It was a huge
 thrill to get him. I decided against hunting further
 in that cover and returned to hunt down at Castles.
 as I crossed Barnes, I flushed a grouse and a
 covey of quail. Down at the sawmill, I flushed two
 grouse from brush traps.

put up a second covey of quail. It was dark when I returned to the car and came home, after a fine afternoon's sport.
1 shot - 1 hit and saw { 4-5 from ^{Buller's} 2-2 L. Sandy N.

Wednesday, November 15. I took Blue and picked up Mr.

Romestory and we drove out the Haystack Road and turned down where Art had taken us fox hunting this summer. We left the car and walked down a road to a good looking hollow with rhododendron down the center. Romestory, flushed three birds close me and on the second rise he missed a shot at one - another taking down the hillside in plain view, but offering no real chance to shoot. We hunted well around the hill above ^{Big} Sandy and flushed several more birds and a covey of quail. Romestory shot at them and missed, claiming he thought they were grouse. We hunted back to the original hollow but raised no more birds until we worked back down to the road from Clifton along Sandy, where Romestory missed a shot at a grouse that we followed along the hill, lower down than we first tracked it. The next rise was close and low and he missed again. We followed the bird and Blue at last showed signs of game up on top the ridge in some grape vines. The grouse came out like a shot straight down the hill ^{toward me} and I held my

shot until he was sideways overhead and hit him squarely with the right barrel - the feathers flying as he rolled over and over.



him and pick him up but he wouldn't fetch. This was a large grouse, a big hen!! We heard a second bird flock as we stopped to eat lunch. Bousberg missed a rabbit as the grouse flew. After lunch we hunted on downstream, but high on the ridge and made a circle flushing a grouse twice with no chance to shoot. The day was hot and sunny, and very dry. We hunted back to our first hollow and to the car about 3:30. Driving out to the main road, we left the car and hunted both sides of the road, flushing a bird on the down side and another as we walked back to the car at dusk, tho it was quite

Nov 12-16

early. One shot - One hit.

Friday - November 17. Day on Briery !! This was one of those perfect days. We got up at 6 A.M. and left about 8 o'clock for Homer Miller's, driving by the old Terra Alta Pike past Centenary Church to Kenox and turning off there - back up on the ridge to Miller's. We found them at the barn milking and Mrs. Miller greeted us with "Well I'll be dogged!!"

After meeting their son and being invited in for supper, we left and cut up over the ridge, by the old trail we'd followed last summer, tramping about a mile and a quarter to the top of the mountain. There we dropped over to find the headwaters of Sick Run, but were suprised to find the cover poor for grouse - all burnt-over for miles, with only red-bush growing up.

So we decided to hunt down another run we found on the map and went to the source of it and started down - a nice little stream, crystal clear, and lots of rhododendron.

We soon flushed three grouse without any shots and then we hunted them, had no chance to shoot. We hunted back and down the run, passing a wonderful big white pine and some pitch pines - then sighted a grove of hemlocks. We went to it and found the undercover thick rhododendron. As we stepped in Blue found a big grouse that flashed up the stream. I followed and put him out - back, down the stream, where he apparently left the hemlocks. We decided to eat our lunch there in that wonderfully wild spot under the hemlocks.

After lunch, we hunted back down to the original stream and at the fork Blue found three grouse - one flew downstream, one up, and the third into a tree, from which we flushed immediately in front of me when I stepped up.

I missed both barrels, snapping at them as he tore away!

They marked him as going into the hemlocks where we'd catch.
 We followed back, and on the way, a second grouse flushed
 and went to the same hemlocks. As we entered we heard two
 grouse rise - but evidently only up into the rhododendron, for
 a moment later I saw one go, without shooting. I intended
 to follow it and then heard the other one roar out and
 just glimpsed her as she cut out thru a sunny spot in the
 hemlocks and rhododendron. I pulled square on
 her and she dropped in a thicket. Blue
 came when I called and soon I heard the grouse flutter and
 then all was quiet. Blue had her and started to carry her to
 me but the tailfeathers pulled out and he dropped her. She
 was a beautiful huge hen; verging toward the bronze in
 color - evidently the big red bird that had first flushed from
 the hemlocks. It was a real thrill to get her and we were all
 three delighted! Of course we didn't hunt the other bird but left
 it to live in that marvelous spot and went back to the main
 stream and hunted down it. We hadn't been traveling very long
 until one of the group of three that we'd flushed, cut up from the
 stream and went straight across to my left, flying low. It
 was a very open shot and I dropped it with the right barrel.



I ran up and found the grouse but let it lie for
 Blue to find. He did finally and packed it for me to

retriever to me - as he dropped it. We decided not to shoot any more grouse, but to explore and hunt on down the stream, as it was no more than 20' deep. We flushed another bird in a short distance - eight altogether in that one valley, and we left six of them, and doubtless a number of others. It is good to know such an isolated spot exists where likely no other birds were shot and none will be this year. We crossed a road and followed the stream to a cabin - Clint Records' - "so they called him" and went on downstream a piece, flushing a ninth grouse which Blue pointed after he had flown. We took an old tram road back around the ridge, thru gorgeous looking bird country and could undoubtedly have raised grouse, had we got down into the thickets and hunted them. We came back by the road to Muller where we had a dandy time at supper - and left late (with sausage and honey Mrs. Miller gave us) arriving home very tired and late and very happy after a real Day in Briery!!

arrived 9-15
 4 shots - 2 hits
 Blue / no pts.
 2 ret.

Tuesday, November 21 - Hunted on Faulkenstess' ridge - having stayed home yesterday due to rough weather. Today looked cloudy and I went out in afternoon - as it cleared nicely. I felt the birds might be out feeding after the stormy weather, so decided to try the grapevines

high up the ridge. I flushed a bird without seeing him down
 in the usual henlocks. As I worked up and around the hill I
 came to excellent looking grouse cover and having nearly reached
 the end of the cover I and seen one grouse fly out and down the
 hill I was on the lookout for more. Blue worked up above me
 and a grouse tore out coming right past me - not eight feet
 away. I very carefully turned and shot twice but missed -
 tho I was almost certain of my shots. I had just reloaded and
 hadn't moved from the spot when Blue who had worked out ahead
 put up another one. I seemed to have attracted the birds this
 day for it came right past below me and I missed
 another shot. That sort of thing does things to your shooting.
 I followed these grouse and succeeded in raising one twice
 but without a shot. Having hunted the hill side thoroughly (I
 saw one bird go out down in the valley and another high up on the
 hill as I covered the upper edge) I hunted around to the upper
 part of Spicers hill side - as I remembered having flushed a
 grouse there early in the season. I had just reached the place when
 Blue put him out ahead of me and I took a shot as he
 soared up against the sky line - and missed.



Then another one flushed and another, and a fourth. I took a
 snap at him without more than

a fifth grouse flushed. I had but a bunch I never expected. I hunted these birds but had no more rises as they had all sailed down over the ridge into the briar thickets that is a safe hiding place for them. I cut down over this piece with a lot of struggling and waded Sandy getting my feet good and wet. I followed our western boundary line up over the hill and home - running into a covey of quail in the thirty acres as I came in at dark. One of my very wild days' shooting.

5 shots - no hits.

Friday - November 24. I decided to take an all-day hunt over the territory I covered Tuesday - as I felt I had sufficiently calmed down to do some rational shooting. Blue and I started in the lower hemlocks after Kay drove us back - and flushed a couple of grouse over into Palmer's part. I decided to follow and after putting me up I turned back the hill higher, and a grouse flushed low ahead of me. ~~He~~ I shot and he turned over and spiraled straight up and I let him have the left barrel but missed, and then I stood and watched him flounder away over the trees, merely able to keep to the air and finally settle down out of sight. That was a rather poor way to begin a day's shooting! I followed the grouse feeling certain I'd find him - and then I hunted for most of an hour and ~~unsuccessfully~~ and

at flush one grouse ahead, I don't believe I ever found that
 bird. I hope he recovered. I feel I had shot the end
 pinions out of his wing without doing him any injury.
 I hunted, at last, around the hill to the grapes up in Faulkner's
 and flushed one bird and jumped a deer. Then I decided to
 work around to where the five grouse had been on Tuesday.
 I ate lunch high up on the brink of the hill, just short of
 the territory where I expected them. It was a beautiful outlook -
 I could see snow still on the north slope of Kelly Knob and
 the ridge above Hazelton. Also could see our own hemlocks - both
 in the hemlock gorge and at the house. After lunch, Blue
 and I started on around the hill and I hadn't gone far until
 I put up the bunch of grouse ahead, but instead of five, there
 were nine!! Grouse seemed to fill the air!! Blue went wild and
 put them up, one after another. As we tore back past me, I
 tried a shot but didn't touch him. a straight across ^{to the right} shot
 and then the trees. I followed and later put up a number of the
 birds but had no shots except a quick double oump that
 I missed. I had very little luck in raising them tho there were
 loads of grouse in that woods. On the way back around the ridge
 Blue made a very nice point, but there was no bird there. I
 hunted the lower hemlocks and took a ~~map~~ ^{map} of a grouse that tore

out of one of the trees, but missed. It was scarcely a shot, but in such a hair-trigger state of mind a person will try them. I ~~climbed up to the high groves and flushed~~ hunted the hillside until dark and tried the path thru the hemlocks again flushing two birds - one of them a pretty shot - diagonally across the path and overhead - usually a rather fair chance for me, but I missed. I was disgusted with such shooting as I had done Tuesday and today. I walked home up the road.

7 shots - no hits. missed ~~155~~ - 22
155

Saturday November 25 - I took Blue and went to blow Jimmy Guthrie's - Ray driving us as far as Guthrie's house. I started in hunting halfway down the hill below the road - dropping over to the stream. At the bottom in the laurel a big grouse flushed and cut away from me down the path. I held on him where I thought was just right and fired as he disappeared into some cover, but missed. Blue found him and he flushed from under a small hemlock and I followed and flushed him again - when he apparently dropped over and hid in the thicket just above the bridge where I usually park the car. However I was unable to find him and decided he may have gone below the bridge - where, sure enough, I put him up, but without a shot. I couldn't raise him again, I believe he must have crossed the stream.



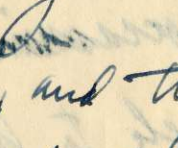
that section to try around Castels' sawmill for the large birds I had seen there. I finally reached the mill site - it had burned some few days before - and near it I heard a grouse flush ahead of Blue. I took the lower path and after a short piece a big grouse tore out from the side to my right - a clump of small hemlocks and cut almost straight across to the left. I hit him square with the right barrel and he never moved after the shot struck him - but fell against a log in the path.



Blue came up at once and searched and getting wind of the grouse as he approached the far side of the log, he pounced on him and at my command he retrieved the bird as beautifully as I ever expect to see one brought in.



I had seen it was a bronze when it fell - and it was a huge one. I don't know when a grouse meant quite so much to me - for I had been in a rut with my shooting, Blue had been acting omery, and this rather broke the streak - for Blue's work had been about flawless, my shot was really a peach, and a grouse like that is news on any occasion. We set down and reviled a bit and then walked back to the country above the bridge, leaving any birds in that section for other years. As I worked up to the intersection of Barnes

birds, and not soon as I entered that corner where I've nearly always found them. I crept up under the big hemlocks and was clear in under them when I was surprised to hear one tear out of the upper branches. I got a mere glimpse of him as he sailed into the open  and I cut loose and was surprised when he fell, - wing tipped. I ran up and called in Blue who was a piece away. I soon saw the bird on the ground, walking rather in a daze. I wanted Blue to find him, so I stood still and tried to get Blue to the proper place - and this he tried hard, he seemed to be extremely excited and ran up and at one point actually put his foot within a few inches of the bird and stepped over him - neither seeing the other. That convinces me that Blue searches for dead birds by scent almost entirely. The bird walked directly into me so I put him out of his suffering and  let him lie until Blue did find him, when he picked it up, but oddly enough, wouldn't bring it to me. Perhaps my being so close made some difference. As I didn't want to shoot any more grouse I decided to eat my lunch, tho it was early, and then walk home - which I did - much to Kay's surprise and delight. The second bird was a yearling, the day bronze measured 14 inches across the face. Kay took one picture. 3 shots - 2 with  George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center
moved 2-3-1 J. Sullivan
2-2-1 J. Sunday N.


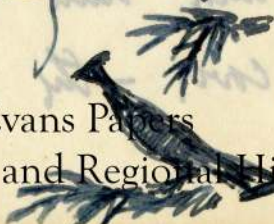
Monday - November 27. I decided to try once more on
 Fullemer's ridge and above Spicers - so went back in the
 afternoon. My memory of this day is rather hazy as it has
 been so long, but I can remember no birds until I had
 worked back above Spicers' humlocks. At last I ran
 into four or five of the grouse on the brink of the hillside -
 three flushing as I walked up from a brush heap and
 as humlocks. The fourth cut across after the others had
 flown and I missed him both barrels - a straight
 across shot to the right - the left barrel cutting off a
 supling. I hunted hard for those birds, but managed to
 miss only me, from a tree. Evidently the others had hidden
 in trees in that thick woods. I covered the top and then
 pointed and then flushed a grouse that went back around the
 hill top. I later flushed him down over the hill side and when I
 covered that hill side once more I put me out of the rhododendron
 half way down. I worked around and into the bottom in the thick
 rhododendron and flushed one or two grouse there. That is remarkable
 cover for them - too thick to get them and shoot in - a fine place to
 protect the birds. I worked around to cover the rest of that
 territory and came home.

2 shots - no hits.

Nov 8-10

Tram

Tuesday - November 28. Second Day in Brier! Another trip to that gorgeous wild country. This time to Leop and on to Lick Run where we left the car at the house in the turn of the road. We hunted up along Lick Run, the clearest trout stream I've ever seen anywhere. We saw no game tho the rhododendron cover along the stream was excellent. Finally we crossed the stream which is cold and sparkling - the day was frosty and cold with clear sunlight - a perfect day! We hunted up along the first tributary run and some piece up I put out a grouse from the rhododendron. I mapped and missed him as he cut across to my left and away round the hill. I marked him and tried hard to find him but just couldn't. So we returned to where I had flushed him and went on up the ravine, but saw no other birds. At the top we decided to cross over to the next ravine, by map, instead of returning to Lick Run. Over the backbone of the ridge we dropped over into good looking cover - open woods and grape vines with an inch or so of snow still on the ground. From a spot a few feet from me a grouse flushed and cut away - I waited until he passed out behind some interesting cover and dropped him with

my right. I saw where he crumpled up and found him
 lying in  the snow when I ran up. Blue came in at
 the shot as he always does and in a moment ~~located~~ ^{located} the grouse
 and picked him up and brought him to me, but ^{had} pointed
 first when he got the scent. It was nice work. We suddenly
 discovered that this was the first bird I had missed and
 followed before - our tracks in the snow were the clue. We had
 been within a few yards of the grouse and somehow Blue had
 not found him. Probably lying very tight and the snow had helped
 hide him from us. We decided to go on over to the next ravine
 and eat lunch, and as we were on an old tram road we
 followed it. Just above the run another grouse flushed and
 rose in clear view and sailed down over to some hemlocks in the
 hollow - but I didn't shoot. We went down to those hemlocks
 and ate our lunch with our grouse lying on the ground between
 us, and with Blue aching to be up and away. After eating
 we started up the ravine to hunt it out - and Blue soon put out
 a bird, also up on the tram road. I saw it sail toward the
 hollow where we were and turn and come right past me
 and land in the hemlock Kay was standing beside. We watched
 it for a full minute as it sat on a branch  and
 finally fly off into the valley.

We had no other birds up, tho we hunted well up the hill and
 they turned and came down the other side of the ravine - at least
 flushing a grouse - or rather it flushed to the right ahead of
 Blue and came across and into the ravine, but I didn't follow
 as I was anxious to cover as much of this territory as possible.
 We soon struck the tram road again and took it up the hill
 along the course of Lick Run. I took one side of the road - below -
 and in some good cover and soon put out a grouse that got
 out and away about as fast as anything I ever saw. I
 saw him turn and go out around the hill - so we followed, but
 didn't raise him. We dropped down into the next ravine and got a
 drink of good cold water and then went over to Lick Run and
 took it in upstream - but raised no birds. That cover is particularly
 cut over - with only a few hummocks remaining, not very good
 grouse country. I believe now that the best bet for grouse is up
 at the head of the various ravines that run up to the right of
 Lick Run. As we were working up into barren cover we
 decided to turn and work back down as it was getting late and
 we were well up in wild country. We followed a sort of game path
 downstream and then cut up the hill side thru the thickest and
brickest cover - the ridge of mountains is well named. At last we

struck the tram road above where we ate lunch and we took the hill side back down to Dick Run and then back to the car - just above the house we went to the stream to look at a hole - a long deep hole that was as clear as a spring - a beautiful stream. Kay picked a bunch of mountain laurel and green-eyes berries that is still beautiful. ^(and it still is) We talked to the man at the house - I can't remember his name - and then drove home by way of Kenox and Centenary Church. Another wonderful day in Pinery.

2 photos - one list. * record 5-6

Wednesday, November 29 - My last day of Pinery - as the deer season opens on the 30th. Kay drove us to Johnny Gutherie's and Blue and I walked by the road to the White oak corners and into the woods - hunting down to Nuddy but saw no birds - this usually I had found three or four in Kay Gutherie's woods. I hunted it quite well and then crossed Nuddy and hunted the bottom along the stream on the other side; about opposite Kay Gutherie's house. A grouse soon flushed from some rhododendron and went upstream. I soon found myself in the same section where I had flushed and missed a bird on the other trip up here. I ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} felt I was dealing with the same bird. That put him out

up on the hillside above the hemlock cutting and I saw him soar out and down the hill, curving into the cover along the path. I knew then how he had slipped me the time before. I worked up to him carefully, but he went out and upstream. I got no sight of him as he took to cover far upstream, and I marked him by a dead snag. I located the snag at last and tho I hunted hard I couldn't find the bird. I had made a circle and was about to leave that cover when I came onto a place winding to the left of the path. I waited and he worked in and the grouse tore out - rising straight up to clear the steep cliff. I snapped at him and missed, blowing away part of a dead sapling. I marked him down, up on top of the hill, but tho I went up and searched carefully, I had to give up. I dropped over to the stream and ate lunch on the sand bar where Kay and I had eaten before. at the bend of the stream. It was wonderful - this time the rocks in the stream had snow and ice on them, being in the shadow. After lunch I crossed to below Guthrie's and the mill and hunted up to the Old Pitch and around into the bottom again without a sign of game. It was deadly hot and dry. Crossing Rudy's and ~~mill~~ I cut up the hillside below the hemlock cutting and started to work downstream -

meeting an old man and his dog. After exchanging a few words I went on down the hillside. I forgot to mention that just before I saw the man I had put out a bird - hearing it cut down the hillside, I had marked it by guess. Soon after leaving the old fellow I was working along slowly when a grouse roared out of a rhododendron clump to my right and I ducked him as he came into view on the other side +



He crumpled up into a rhododendron bush just above. Blue - then "ruffled himself and started to crawl over a log. I called Blue! dead bird!" and the action began. There was

a flutter as Blue dove in, he had already seen the grouse and needed no command - then quiet, after he had picked him up.

First he turned around, trying to locate me - bird in mouth - and decided to come straight thru the clump of rhododendron - which

he did  bringing the grouse to me beautifully. Was I delighted! in the full

We lay on the ground just trying to drink pleasure of it all. It was another huge

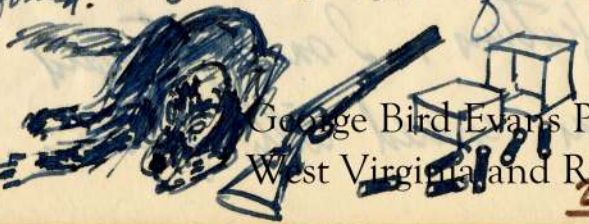
bronz, I believe about 13 3/4 across the fan; the Blue had taken out one or two of the tail feathers. I saw afterward where he had grabbed the bird - the log was covered with feathers.

ruffs and a tailfeather before me now - a gorgeous bird. We decided not to shoot at any more grouse - and after a time of rejoicing, we came on down the hillside to the woods path we had found before - flushing another grouse. I fully believe the bird I shot was the first one I had missed and the same one I had missed on the other trip. So I only flushed two birds in territory that should have been full of grouse. I stayed on the left side of the stream all the way - locating the lower run that shows as a ravine on the map. I drank at the outlet, from a rock covered with numerous ice-sickles. The lower end of this cover is entirely cut off. I crossed at the bridge and went down the right side to the sawmill cut above Burns, looking at my bird once more. Then I crossed Burns and up the hillside to Jimmy Kuthers and on home by the road - meeting Mary at Forquers gate - on her way to pick us up. It was the end of our first season at home - a wonderful year in wild country. There still to locate a real abundance of grouse but I shot some of the largest grouse I've ever killed and more of them - a sign of more virgin territory. I killed 18 grouse, dropped another I never found, and killed one woodcock.

2 shots - one hit.

My shots for the season are 58 shots - 19 hits on grouse alone, or 1 out of 3 1/9, a better record I believe than I've ever made. I counted the one bird I hit but never found. I made 1 out of 1 on the woodcock.

I used Kleanore #7, 3 drams in right, and Super #6 in left.



Maid 114-245 - flushes 13 counts 8.77 bird per hour

22 DAYS

13 COVERTS

8.77 bird/covert

1939

LITTLE SANDY ^{S.} 016. ~~13.19.2~~ / N3 ³ .3-1 / N13. ⁹ .11.2 15-11

N.27.8-10.0 18-15

FALKENSTONE 017. 7.9.1 / 020. 5 ¹ .5.1 / 021. 2.4.1 / 028. 4 ¹ .4.0 / N21. 10 ⁴ .13.0 / N24. 15 ³ .22.0

MATHENY 017. 2.2.0 / 020. ⁶ .11.0 / 026. ^{1.2.0} 8

KELLY 018. 7.7.0 7

RYAN: 021. 7.8.0 7

JIMMY GUTHRIE. 024. 3.5.1 / 030. 9 ⁷ .15.0 / N14. 4.5.1 / N25. 2.5.1 10-7

CUPP 024. 5.5.1 / N10. 7 ² .8.0 / N29. 2.7.1 7-5

LITTLE SANDY N. ~~026. 6.7.0~~ 016. 10.15.1 / 026. 6.7.0 / N3. 2.4.1 / N14. ² .2.0 / N25. 2.2.1

RAY GUTHRIE N10. 3.8.0 / N29. 0 3

10-7

HOPEWELL N11. 3.5.0 3

~~LITTLE SANDY~~

SLIGER HOLLOW N15. 12.16.1 12-11

HUFFMAN N17. 9.15.2 9-7

LICK RUN N28. 5.6.1 5-4

March 114 - 245 flocks