

SHOOTING NOTES 1940

Monday, October 14th. Opening day! The second season at

"Old Hemlock". The day was clear and hot - Indian Summer.

We drove to the foot of the hill below joining Bull Run on Sandy

and left the car. Very shortly after starting upstream we

heard a bird go out. Soon after a second bird flushed from

Blue and landed in a tree above us and then settled down toward

the stream. A third bird flushed from a tree before we reached

"Barnes Run". I left Kay and started to hunt up along the

Hemlocks and heard two Grouse go out ahead of Blue. Ardently

into the trees for when I crawled under the branches of the

Hemlocks a grouse went out nearly at my head and another from

a higher branch. We had heard Blue bark several times and I

presume he has barked at the bird in the low branch. About

this time I heard Blue start to yell and when I reached him

I found he'd torn his lip on barbed wire of an old fence. This

rather disrupted the hunt for a moment, but in a little while

we went on up Barnes and finally Blue put out one of the

birds. We crossed over to the piece of land between the two streams

but heard nothing. The Kay heard one go out near Barnes. We

went across a barren cut off piece to reach the next

bridge in back of Ray Bull Run. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} Then we hunted up the left

side of Sandy with no results till well up, where I heard one go

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out ahead of Blue. I followed and put up a terrible record. However it was some time till Blue raised the same bird again and I tried to locate him without luck. We sat down to the stream and ate our lunch on a rock in the water, looking upstream and across at a glorious outlook. Another grouse had flushed before we ate lunch. Eight birds flushed up to this point. We crossed carefully and hunted up along the right side and soon heard and glimpsed a bird go up over the rhododendron and up the hill. We followed but didn't miss it, however we had reached the wild ravine we knew from last year. I heard a bird going above Blue and followed on up after it. I left Kay at the top of the ravine and made a walk. On my way up the path to where I'd left Kay, I felt a bird sail overhead and into my view as it soared across the ravine. I shot and saw the bird flutter down into a tangle of rhododendron, and searched him by some dead trees. When I arrived there was no sign of him, and then we hunted hard, Blue couldn't locate him. Soon, Kay came down and had his gun then long until she saw the grouse - crippled and running thru the cover. Then we put Blue at the place we seemed unable to follow the trail - possibly the extremely dry conditions - and after hunting just a while I saw that Kay

up the search. As I was making a trip down the far bank I heard something flutter and saw my goose on the ground and fast getting away. I took a shot and missed and in a moment I ran up and got a sight of the bird and shot him ~~not felt~~ as there was too much danger of him escaping. I let Blue find and with him up and hand him to me. Well that made a real day of it. After admiring our bird some time we walked on down the stream and began on the stream and then cut downstream to the bridge (- crossing end) and down the left bank to Frank Hafer's house and across onto private property. Here we down the bottom to the car. Just before ^{we} arrived I flushed a woodcock and shot him. We then went down to the car. Incidentally, Blue wouldn't retrieve the woodcock - didn't seem to like the smell! On the way home up that hill of Butterfield's the color was gorgeous. It was dreadfully hot and dry but felt I had had excellent luck just the same.

around 11-16

1 grouse shot - 1 hit

1 woodcock shot - 1 hit

Tuesday October 15- It rained hard this morning after breakfast and I took the chance to make a don for the paragliding closet speech. It was lunch time ^{and over them in 8cts}

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at the house alone - Kay having driven to Uniontown. I walked back to the bridge on Sandy and started in on Faulknerstein's land. I heard a grouse flushed, flushed another, and heard a third. I was unable to raise them and went on around the hillside but saw nothing. I worked up on an steep hill side and came out on the flat at the top. I saw no birds until I had begun walking along a path when I heard them go out separately. I followed the best I could and at last a grouse flushed and came back toward me. I pulled as he was directly opposite and raised. I followed him and put him up and then followed one more down town this trail. I worked out into a semi-clayed space and shortly, Blue who was out ahead, flushed the bird. It came back past me below and I turned and dropped him just before he made the woods. As soon as I was sure he couldn't get away, I took tasks and let Blue find and retrieve him, which he did wonderfully. I heard two more go out without a sight of them. At last I hit Hinkie's land and came down to Sandy. I crossed the stream and hunted along the

down edge of the Hunting place with no luck. At last I ran into some fellows hunting so I turned and came up toward our place and home.



2 shots and one hit

Nov 8-11

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Wednesday, October 16.

I drove to the Castell place and walked down to Sandy. flushing a bird almost at once - but no sight of him. I couldn't make him go west down to the Beaver Creek drift hole - hearing one go out on the way. I hunted out the bottom on this side very well and then crossed over and worked my way up Branch, flushing a bird over onto Charles' Kelly's. I couldn't find him - I hunted upstream on Charles for a piece and then the rest of the way on Mr. Spelers side, but didn't raise a feather. At the bridge and road I crossed and didn't raise a feather. Some heard and saw a grouse come back down on Charles - soon heard and saw a grouse fly into a tree and then down the hill with Blue chasing it - we had been doing unusually all day - as concerns range - they we'd hunted hard - too hard. I punished him for chasing the grouse - and discovered he had torn his foot

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lay in a mean cut on banked wire. I followed down to find
the bird and raised three - two out of the top of tall oaks and
one from the brush. All seemed to cross Barn - but I was unable
to flush them when I crossed myself. Once more back on
Charles Kelly I put up a bird - a rather Bluebird, that went to
water and then down over to the stream. I tried to mark it
but had no luck. At last I cut down over the point and
started along the edge of uplands and heard a grouse flushed.
I think Blue may have pointed it. As it came closer and
then passed to one side I waited and shot as it was
opposite me and again as it went on - but missed both birds.



I followed into the deep hemlock and rhododendron

and we flushed from a tree quite unharmed. I hunted on around the
point and came onto Paul Shaffer and James Capps. Soon after I
left them Blue came onto and flushed three more - one went
up the hill and the other two left the ground together and
cut around the ridge - a perfect double chance and I was
able to even get my gun on one! I followed the first one
and finally put them up to wing and took them

unable to raise him where I had gone into the rhododendron -
but shortly I did put up two - one of which may have been the
same grouse, tho I doubt it. I finally gave up and came
out on the Pine Swamp road and down to Sandy and up the
ridge to the car - then a dismal tangle on Faulkner's hillside.

I could I raised 13 grouse - 11 on Charles Kelly. I tried out
my new hunting jacket ^{on the first today}
2 shots - no hit. *Mars 13-14*

Thursday, October 17.

I went hunting alone today - leaving Blue at
home to recuperate with his leg. Kay drove me to the old road to
Charles Kelly's in the morning and I started hunting down the road
along the rhododendron where I had flushed a few grouse last night. I
rained nothing for a while, and then saw two grouse flushed together.
I followed down toward Beaver but didn't find them. Very
shortly, however, another grouse flushed above me from some
rhododendron and cut up along the hill to the top which I
missed it both barrels. Evidently I didn't "raise" him enough.
I follows this bird and he flushed from a hemlock ahead.
marked him and finally put him out and turned and shot
as he was rising - dropping him with my right barrel.

He was a huge grouse - one of the largest I've shot - measured $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches across the fan, and $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches from tip to tip of his wings. I floated over him for a bit - and then hunted on up Beaver - fairly low and then higher at times. At last I decided to try the top of the ridge and had gone to the edge along Charles' fields and had just dropped over the hill when I ~~saw~~ ^{spotted} saw 3 grouse flushed. I followed and was hit by shot and I flushed another grouse and dropped him with my first shot - another flying up as I fired. I caught my grouse and sat down to eat lunch on a log with the two birds beside me. After eating I explored the bottom - land below Kelly's old barn for woodcock but found none. I returned home via Beaver, Sandy, Carter's house and our own home with Foggers. It was a glorious day, sunshiny and wonderful fragrance.

4 shots - 2 hits. saved 8 (5 new) - 10

~~Friday~~ ~~Saturday~~ Oct. 18, last evening the folks brought "Gone" up for me & red white Blue is getting better, so this morning - George Bird Evans Papers
Grouse and I drove to Mason ~~then and left the car~~ —
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hunting up the hollow. Hoss put up a bird below me and we followed - and I shot and missed a flying chaser. I followed this game up  the hollow and missed him a number of times. At last I returned to the car - and missed two more on the way - merely heard them. I hunted on down the stream and almost immediately missed 2 separate grouse - I followed the second one and missed him 5 times - finally deciding to let him live. I soon flushed two more before we came to Sandy. I hunted on up Sandy and flushed another bird, and then ate lunch. After eating I started to hunt quite low, and it wasn't long until Hoss put out a bird that headed right toward me. I waited and turned and dropped it with my right. I let Hoss catch it and retrieve it. It was rough on the grouse - But he did retrieve it nicely. After a while I went on up Sandy and came to a small thicket and was walking along the old border road when a grouse flushed and cut out along the road, close to the ground in as pretty a shot as

I could have ordered. And I missed!! A second and a third grouse went out of the same section and took me fourth on my way back. I followed the grouse and put him up and missed it. As these seemed young birds, I decided not to hunt them too hard so returned the way I had come - raising several up to the car. I count that I raised 14 grouse today and tho' I shouldn't have missed the birds I did, I felt delighted to get another grouse. "Grouse" did very well, ranged wonderfully but did put up most of the birds. However we covered the country amazingly.

4 shots - 1 hit. morn 14-21

Saturday, October 19. ¹⁷ Jim Dillough, Grouse and I drove up to the Wyoming Gap country to hunt on the Gleason set. Blue is still at home to heal up his leg and Gay stayed with him. It began to spit snow on the way up and by the time we started hunting it was moving fairly hard. We hunted up along "Sawed Run" and Grouse was walking in a thicket when two birds flushed ahead of him. I marked one very well and saw the other land ~~and take~~ and walked up.

40-11

The cover is terribly cut off so that it is very open with brush heaps everywhere and only a few hemlocks and red brush. However, tho we scoured the hillside we never raised either bird. We went up to the mill site and started to hunt up the hollow along "Laurel" when Grouse flushed a bird that flew up the hillside and landed on top the ridge. It appeared to be a large one. We followed and reached the top, turning and starting out along the ridge when the grouse flushed in front of me and cut off to my left. I got a nice glimpse and shot as he cut thru the leaves. It fell in a puff of feathers and I ran up with the feathers floating down everywhere, but didn't see the bird. I called Grouse in and he found it immediately and retrieved it nicely. The grouse was about the smallest one I'd ever shot - a late-hatched bird that I would never have shot at had I known. It was hit hard from head to feet. We went back down to the stream and hunted to the Penna. West Virginia line - and back down stream. It was snowing hard now - and we were making wet from the waist down. As it was such an impossible sort of day we gave up and returned to the car and drove home - eating our lunch on the way. The snow continued all afternoon and ~~lay on the ground thru the next day~~ -

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one of the earliest mows for October. That country undoubtedly has
grown in it and should be hunted hard. Some day I want to
return on a good sunny day and really give it a try.

One shot - one hit

Nov 3-5

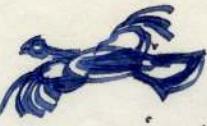
Tuesday, October 22. I went out alone after working on my
ideas for my story. The weather was warm again - Indian Summer.
Iay drove me to our old sawmill road and I walked up Regards
line on Pikes and down over the hillside along Sandy. I
covered the entire section but never moved a bird. also hunted
a little on the hill along the road above the sawmill.

No shots.

Thursday, October 24. I walked back to Sandy on the
Matthew place - lay having driven to Hanksburg to put
my sketches in the mail. I covered the area along the
stream down onto Pikes but raised nothing. I decided to cross
and hunt Pikes' hillside and ridge and had just waded
over Sandy when I heard a great tear out of the rhododendron
on the bank across from me. I turned and shot at him
tho the man was steady in my eyes - and missed! about
as open and pretty a shot as anyone could dream of.

140 13

I realized that I had misjudged the bird - he was further away than I had counted and therefore I hadn't led him enough.



A grouse in full flight at that distance would have required ten feet at least!! It was worth missing, however, just to try it. I went back and flushed the bird twice without a shot. I finally cut down to Reservoir flat field and crossed Sandy and climbed Spiker's ridge, but heard nothing. It was getting dark so I cut over the top and dropped down to the hemlocks, flushing one bird from a hemlock, and finding grouse feathers where I'm afraid one has been shot. I walked out to the road and met Kay just as she arrived. On the way home we got a load of stalks at the mill.

One shot - no hit

Saturday - October 26. Went out at 3 P.M. after working. Blue stayed at home. Drove to study below Jiminy Branch - and hunted upstream. I flushed a bird very shortly, but didn't get a shot. Then I followed him I never raised him, but did flush another that crossed Sandy onto Shaffer's, I went after the second grouse but couldn't find him. When I returned I covered the territory thoroughly but to no end. I then hunted out the path along "Barnes" and finally put up a grouse but

with no shots. At last I corralled Murphy and hunted down the ¹⁴
for it and then back to the original woods in Jimmy Gathers'-
and hunted till dark.

No shots.

Thursday October 31.

Thursday ~~October 31.~~
I drove to Albright and shipped my drawings and
then returned to the section of Muddy Creek along the Buckton Road.
Leaving the car, Blue and I went down over the bank to the
stream and hunted up to the mouth of the valley called Sybolt Run.
There was good rhododendron cover along Muddy, but I found
Sybolt hollow, altho of excellent contour, to have cover much too
open - in fact large buck woods - and none of it than I've
ever seen in our place. I hunted up one side of the valley while
Blue efficiently covered the country along the path but raised
nothing. We got up the hillside and crossed the top of the
valley and dropped over to Muddy creek - following it back to
the car. Blue made a very nice boar at one place but the
bird went thru. I ate lunch and drove up to Sybolt hollow -
as I felt that part along Muddy was too populated to hunt
me - I had seen four or ~~most~~ ^{most} hunting cars. I left the

car at the sawmill at the mouth of Pine Hollow and hunted up Martin Creek there being the neatest looking grouse cover I've ever seen - steep hillsides and hemlock and rhododendron. I left the valley the road follows and hunted up the right fork - all of it gorgeous looking trout water - comparable to French - and went to the head of the valley where it opens into red fields. Hunting back the left hillsides and ridges up I at last heard one grouse flushed the first one today - but as it seemed to go down into the rhododendron along the stream where I had already hunted, I felt my best bet was to proceed. However I raised no other birds.

When I came to the left fork and the road again I went up that hollow & the end of the woods and back down the left ridge - returning to the stream and the road at the shack. Then I hunted it reasonably well, I may have overlooked some birds. However, there is something very irregular about my not finding none in cover as marvelous as that. I covered the bottom of Pine Hollow and

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then returned to the car and home. The trip was really worth the
time to discover No ^{the} shots beautiful trout stream that will certainly
be my next spring ~~immmmmmm~~ ^{Nov 1-1}

Monday November 4. I hadn't been out for several days because of
the Milligan's visit and the weekend. Today Kay, Blue, and I drove
over to "Roaring Creek", by way of the Cross Lick Rd. We left
the car at the house where the Summers fellow lives and walked
down the road over the hill. On the way down we flushed two grouse - one
on the left and the second bird on the right of the old road. We started
to walk up Roaring Creek on the right side and kept on that until we were
nearly up to the cabin that has been built on the ridge. Blue found three
pouss along the stream in some hemlocks. Invariably that is nearly
perfect hemlock and rhododendron cover along the stream, which
in itself is a beauty. We followed these grouse to the other side of
the stream and one flushed very close in front of me from some
rhododendron, but I had no shot. I left Kay and walked that section
at last returning to our crossing and Blue put out a grouse
very near where I had begun my investigation. It crossed the
stream to the original side - and we shortly did the same. After
a bit of hunting Blue put out this ^{near} ~~near~~ ^{along the stream banks and} ~~but~~

40 - 17

it cut up across where Kay was and landed in the top of some rocks and rhododendron clumps. Kay showed me the places where I came up and I soon had him moving again - this time back down the ridge. We followed him - all this without a shot - and he flushed down toward the stream, but not far. Blue showed signs of game and then hopped in as the grouse took out. I punished him for flushing it and after hunting for the bird we decided to eat lunch along the stream, sitting on a log down among the rhododendron and looking at gorgeous trout water. After lunch we had just begun to climb up the hillside from the stream, when Kay stepped into the big - which had evidently worked out from its hiding place. I took a shot that was too quick, as I didn't get a decent look at the grouse but after so many rises without shots I was a little "ragged." Naturally, I missed. We put that same grouse up one more, how many times in all; I can't say, and finally raised an extra big on the other side of the road to June Cochran's. We decided to go on up Rosine creek as we had started earlier in the night bank and so we

followed the train-road up quite a piece without flushing a
 thing. Finally as both Kay and I were feeling a bit "soggy" after
 too much food for the past few days, we decided to walk back
 to the car, and crossed the road and climbed the far hillside -
 reaching the road, much to our surprise. Blue worked around a
 bit near the edge of the road and shortly a grouse cut down toward
 the stream. I followed, leaving Kay on the near side and hunted around
 in the far side of a gully and finally crossed back over and was
 just climbing up out of the run when a grouse ripped straight
 up against the sky. I snapped at him with each barrel but
 he went on untouched. I should have held above him and
 ahead of him on each shot, as I realize now. I decided to call it
 a day, and we walked back the road to the
 car.



It was a very exasperating, hot day, and since
 we weren't in our usual form it was best not to
 go on hunting. We missed about seven or eight
 grouse. 3 shots = no hits. Nov 8-15

Tuesday - November 5th

As this was electric day we didn't get out hunting

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until noon - eating a meal and starting & hunted about 12. We left the car at the old "disembodied" rock on Charles Kelly's and hunted down along the rhododendron over next to Upfolds'. We flushed a grouse almost at once - and I took a quick snap at him and missed. It was really no shot. I couldn't raise him, but had high hopes of moving a lot of birds with such a good start, but then we hunted diligently the entire hillside around to Charlie's buckwheat field, high up, going - and along the stream returning - we didn't see a thing but a big hawk that Bill cornered - and that miraculously didn't let him have it. The day was cloudy and very hot walking. I hunted in my shirt - and Kay carried my coat. as we had nearly reached the end of our com - returning to the path to Kelly's - a bird flushed in front of Kay - & my rear and above me - I watched it fly low across the path and circle across in front of me to the left - well out on the trees. I shot well ahead of it and was delighted to see it cartwheel over and over into a tangle of rhododendron I called to Kay

that I had hit him - and ran to the place with Blue, who immediately began hunting. Suddenly the bird got off the ground - about six feet or less, and managed to keep his height, but no more - but I felt it best to stop him. Blue went in and made a beautiful retrieve - which I prolonged by walking backward so Kay could get up and see it. It was a picture - and the first full retrieve Kay has seen him make so far. We were all three delighted with our luck. The shot was really a nice one - the longest with the right barrel that I remember having made for a long time; if ever before. The grouse was a large ~~cock~~^{hen (3)!!} - a real beauty. The fan was $14\frac{1}{2}$ " and the wingspread $21\frac{1}{2}$ ". It started to rain as we walked to the car, but that was all right too!
 2 shots - 1 hit.

Nov 2-2

Thursday. November 7. The Jacksons and Robert Johnston came over - arrangements having been made yesterday in town - and after warming them before our fire as we finished breakfast Jack and Robert and I drove over to Roanoke Creek and left the car at the upper end of the road, hunting downstream. We raised nothing until nearly halfway down when Blue found and flushed a

40-21

grouse that we followed on around the hill. Jack flushed it and we followed on. Suddenly I put out a bird that cut out of rhododendron and I snapped at it thru the leaves and missed - really shouldn't have tried it. We went on but put up another bird. Deciding to try the hemlocks on the other side of the creek we went down to the stream and crossed - hearing a bird flush as we neared the water. Once on the opposite side we hunted out that section and finally located a bird off the top of the big rocks and clumps of rhododendron, that sailed around the hill, downstream. I feel it was the one Kay and I put up so often on Monday. We followed it beyond the point where it could have flown but kept on and soon Blue started to make game and soon located a bird, after a short point. It rose far ahead & started across on an angle to my right. I shot and it went down with a broken wing. Blue and I arrived on  the scene together and he soon located the trail and after a moment had the situation in hand and the bird in mouth. On the way toward me he got the grouse caught in a gnatcatcher's wing and couldn't get them - so he lay the grouse down, got his head around and free, and picked the bird up again and came to me with it - quite a nice bit of work. It was a young grouse - either a yearling or a late last year bird - and I believe a cock.

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We hunted on over, crossing the road to ~~Jones~~^{Junes} place, and down toward Roanoke, in the main valley, flushing one grouse that Jack missed. We took a break at lunch over a cheery fire that was very comfortable.

We decided against hunting into the sun, so returned to our first valley after following a bird that Blue pointed. We went up ~~the~~ toward the big rock and while standing, talking, a grouse flushed out of a ^{down} her top and cut over into the stream bottom - I knew the bird originally flushed from the rock. We couldn't raise him so went up the hillside below the main road and once more worked down the valley. Before long Jack called that he had flushed one - and I saw it cut across ahead of me - and a second bird came directly over my head and down on the hillside. We couldn't find them so continued to the road that leads down to the bridge. Shortly on the other side of this road, Blue began to scent and walked down the slope and soon made a very pretty point - holding it for a bit - and then lunging in as the bird rose. It was nice for all of his final range. That grouse was, I believe, an individual bird - and went down over the hill to the tangle just above the Lick Run road - when I put him out without a shot. As we crossed the creek into rough cover, we didn't follow, but returned and hunted out the first hillside and then turned at the old orchard and ~~ended hunting back up stream~~

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just below the road. We hadn't gone very far when Blue began to run and worked up to and probably flushed a grouse that went on up the valley. While we were talking we heard a second bird rise and saw it circle back and go into the corn across the road. Soon three more went up and into the same place and then another, and a seventh - all of the last six hunting back into the red-oak corn over the road. We decided to follow and as we entered the field, heard a couple go up ahead. We hunted out the strip for quite a piece, but evidently didn't have the proper direction for we raised no more until we had turned and come back to the edge of the corn - when two birds flushed up the hill. We followed them, and after a bit flushed them again, Jack shooting and missing. As it was quite dark, we gave up and came down to Summers' house and out the road to the car. It was a remarkable day's hunting. The weather was perfect - cool and sunny - and the shots were rare, I got two chances, and Jack three - we all enjoyed it. We returned home at dark to a cheerful fire and a very pleasant dinner. Afterwards the Jacksons and Robert left after a nice visit. I am proud of Blue, Kay's dinner, and our home.

2 shots - one hit.

Nov 17-26 ^{9 mew}

Friday November 8th. As we slept in late - and the day was dark and cloudy, we didn't get out until near noon - driving to the Bowersmaster Bridge and hunting up Mason Run raising absolutely nothing till we had gone above the bridge and started back downstream. I had discovered a bunch of grouseies that looked good, number in back of Cal Vickers & Dillot's - but had raised nothing and had returned to Kay and started back down the hollow when I saw a grouse fly from a tree and evidently land in another. However I never saw him afterward. We recrossed the road to the left of the bridge and built a small fire under a tarpaulin, after the manner of yesterday, and ate our lunch - toasting our sandwiches and warming the "old-timers" cookies. We hunted back down to the car. Kay took it back to town and I hunted down Arts' house where I met Kay. Raised a bird on the ridge going down to Bruceton but didn't get a shot all the time I was out.

Nov 2-2

No shots

17 Saturday, November 9th. I met out in Bruceton and we drove to the Bush Run country. The day was beautiful cool and sunny - later warming up a lot. We started hunting in a ridge at the head of Sybolt Run. We heard a grouse drumming below us and on the way

down the ridge, but heard a bird flushed. We hunted up the run and Art heard another bird go as I climbed up a bank. We met a friend of Art's and after a short talk we decided to go to the car and hunt Peck hollow. On the way a grouse flushed to my left and went over Art's head. He shot and missed and the bird crossed a big flat field to some corn on the far side of the ridge. We followed and soon put him up, Art missed both banks and the bird went back across the field to the first woods. We decided to hunt out this side and Art soon saw a bird go out the ridge. He marked him as well as he could and we hunted way past where he could have gone. We returned down down and after a bit I saw Blue making scent and soon I saw the grouse on the ground. Just then he flushed and came quartering toward me and I shot as he crossed and missed both right and left. He sailed down on the ridge and probably went all the way to Martin's creek - a Dug Hollow Creek as they call it over here. I should undoubtedly have waited for him to start quartering away and then taken a careful shot. I was so tied up getting around as he was moving away to my right and I hadn't turned enough that I had my nose pressed to the gun which kicked enough to make it bleed. a very dignified bit of shooting!! We tried to find the first bird back across the ridge but couldn't so drove the car to the Scott farm - stopping at the way to eat lunch at

Mt. Union church where we had a glorious view of the Brierly Mountains - the best I've ever seen. I could see Pegg Knob over the ridge. We had a whole pumpkin pie which we enjoyed immensely. After eating we went on to the head of Peck Hollow and after a bit of hunting flushed a bird which I couldn't quite get a shot at. We put it up again and it went down over the cliff into the valley. We were on a high point above Cheat River - and it was a real sight to see - the wild ridges dropping down into this dark rugged valley, and the Cheat way down below, shining in the sunlight - and the valley to our left dropping off steeply with acres of rhododendron tangle on both sides. We hunted down on the brink of the point, which was rocky and rather open, and back around toward Peck Hollow - there cover that had burned over some years ago. We went up Peck Run after getting a drink of pure cold water, each taking a side of the hollow, then what looked like perfect grouse cover, but heard one lone grouse go out. We returned to the car and drove down a side road, stopping to hunt a small valley behind Scotts. Hunted the car and hunted another piece of good looking woods, but with no luck. Finally we returned to the Union Road near Valley Point and to the Organ Valley section and hunted it, seeing nothing, tho' art ~~had~~ ^{had} a ~~bad~~ ^{bad} ~~old~~ ^{old} speck ~~dead~~ ^{dead} 5 years ago today - also a Saturday.

140 - 27

Monday - November 11. This was a cloudy, threatening day and looked like rain. I decided to hunt Faulkner's ridge and Spikes' hillside. I left the station wagon at the bridge on Sandy and started hunting along the lower path thru the hemlocks raising nothing. Instead of hunting higher on the hill as I had planned, I thought it best to cover the low part, as it had begun to drizzle and I felt the grouse would be in the rhododendron. But the I hunted in the tangle along Sandy and across from our place, I didn't move a bird. Climbing the terrific hillside to the top of Spikes' wood I began to cover the flat, and was walking along the path when a large grouse seemed to rise out of the leaves in front of me. I held a bit above him as he rose straight away, and dropped him with the right barrel. Blue came in and I let him find the bird where it lay beside the path, and he retrieved it beautifully. It was an enormous bronze cockbird with the tail band a rich bronze color. He certainly made a wet day bright. I turned back, as I didn't care to shoot at any more birds in that part of the hill, and hunted back around the flat toward Faulkner's. The wind had risen and was howling now - driving the rain hard across the top of the ridge. I dropped over the brow of the hill, and just not more than "felt" a quail rise somewhere above me. Looking up I was in time to see one against the sky and coming to light at the

edge of the woods. I soon had Blue up there but he apparently got no wind of that bird at all - and tho we both hunted it out well, we never did find that grouse in that corner. I thought I'd try the brink of the hill, as that one had evidently been flushed in that location. A few hundred feet up along the hillside Blue found and put me out of a gaperine. I was rather expecting it, and shot as he started out - the bird turned and went across in front of me - only feet from my head - and I sent my left after him as he sailed around the hillside - but never touched him. I followed and later saw him flush from a hemlock - as I got up. I then proceeded to hunt out the brow of the ridge - and just as I approached the promontory of Faulkemsties, I saw one go up in front of Blue. I caught up with him and as I saw one go up in front of Blue. I caught up with him and as I passed another flushed up on the edge over my ~~back~~ head. As I climbed around the point, a third grouse flushed, also on the edge and followed the fence line on the brow. I was unable to find these grouse - tho I suspect Blue flushed them - as he had taken one of his wild rousing sprints. After I heard one of them fly down over the hill. I ate lunch on that hillside under a small hemlock - The rain had stopped and hunting ~~continued~~ was fine. After lunch, I started back along the ridge ~~and walked out to one of the hills~~

140 - 29

that ran from my feet and I missed him both bands - shot too quickly I suppose. x



I followed that bird and put him out
Returning to the original flush, I hunted

into some hemlocks and flushed a bird from one - that bird got completely away as I couldn't locate him tho I hunted hard. I decided to hunt over on Spikes and covered the territory up to and above the old farms and around the ridge and on top when last year I'd raised a bunch of young avs. But I saw not a feather - so returned to Faulkner's again and immediately got into my two birds again, seeing one alight, tho I never did locate him, altho I hunted hard, also flushed the same one from the same hemlock, and never found him! Also flushed the same one from the same hemlock, and never found him! After covering the top of the ridge again I came back to the road with the red-colored clouds of a beautiful sunset on the ridge. Saw six grouse. My bird had a $13\frac{1}{2}$ " gun. 5 shots - 1 hit. I used the foot as it was large. weight 22".

Nov. 12 " moved 6-14

Tuesday - Day in Briony!! Our annual visit to the Hower Valley country; and it hasn't let us down yet. This time we drove the car on past Millers and out the ridge road to a big wood where we left it and began hunting up along a little hollow - with rocks and rhododendron. We hadn't gone far when a nice grouse flushed at my left and cut out away from me toward the road. I missed him with my right - this was a very nice shot and I would have taken it, but

30

to that bird for a long time but never saw it. We then went on up the ridge and Kay flushed one that we followed along the tramroad and up the ridge, but without success. We finally took the tramroad on out the mountain till we came on some cuttings. The man working there - a pleasant young fellow - said there were birds along the ridges and to help ourselves - as it was his place. We raised nothing, altho I had seen droppings of large grouse - almost like turkey sign. We went up the ridge in back of his house - learned later his name is Smith - and following our map, hit out for the valley with the hemlock swamps. Just before we arrived, Blue put out a bird that flew over into that valley. We couldn't find it and decided to eat lunch up in the "pine swamps" - which we crossed well first. After eating, we hunted up the run to the top and back the other side all the way to the ridge road without seeing a feather - particularly strange, as last year we raised 7 in them - Crossing the road we went on down the stream to Clint Reckarts - as they call him - where we had a short chat - then hunted on down toward the tram road. By this time Blue had taken to the path almost entirely and was ~~as~~ completely without pps. As result, I had to cover the brush, and I flushed a bird to my left and when we walked up a hemlock we went out. Blue did make a nice point after this first bird. We made several walks after this but saw nothing, but did

find the tramroad, which we followed back toward Mullens'. Hunting for me let below the tramroad, I heard Kay call that she had flushed two and when I went up she showed me where they had gone. On our way, we had just passed the large rock where we had rested last year and — zoom! a big grouse tore out of the rhododendron and cut back around the hill. Kay ducked, but I wasn't able to shoot. He looked large. We returned to follow him, but I never got him up. While I was hunting for one of the pair Kay had put out, she heard another go. It was getting well toward 4:30 by now, and the light was failing, so we took the tramroad full steam ahead. Suddenly, Blue made a point and jumped back into action and did some very nice work on an old reent while he was ahead and below it, a grouse flew out of some brush from left, and this time Kay really ducked, harm as I called, "Look out, Kay". I dropped him with my right as he cut away thru the thicket.



I called Blue and ran up — hearing the grouse start to run along the ground. It was rushing headlong toward some brush, when Blue saw it and soon had it in his mouth, retrieving it wonderfully. We were happy three. The miracle had happened as Kay had said — and over near Old Briery Bend ~~and there with~~ a real day.

We soon came to the ridge road and returned to the car - running into "Jauntry" Wakefield on the way - a strange sight on my road. After exchanging a few amenities with him we got to the car and drove to Homer Miller's with about the most beautiful sky ever - up to the left - a lavender reflected sunset with the purple trees against the rolling clouds - it was magnificent. At Miller's we talked a while, refusing an invitation to supper for that night and excepting one for a future time when we go back to Briery.

A beautiful day in Briery" Rained 10 gross. - 10 flushed

2 shots - 1 hit

Blue: 1 prod.
1 ret.

Wednesday, November 13th. I left Blue at home to rest up and Kay drove me back to Faulkner's ridge again. I started hunting the grapevines corn first as it was nearly noon when I went out. The weather was overcast - clearing to a nice sunny day. I finally put out two gross halfway up the hill, then I'd covered the top and bottom. Couldn't find them again till at last I flushed one that flew into the rhododendron along Sandy, in the Newlocks. I put him out of there without a shot. After eating under the Newlocks, I went up onto the ridge and around the top of Hinkers Hill, flushing a big covey of quail on the woods edge. I raised nothing in the usual thickets so worked out to the grapes on the end of the hill top where I put up a fence. I stalked

140
33

him to the very corner of the clearing and cover where I knew he had to be - and sure enough - out he ran - (could hear him) and took out, cutting back just outside the woods and along the field, about two feet off the ground. I got two shots at him and missed. He looked like a big one - as he roared up after my shots and winged his way over the trees. I suppose I was out of line, tho I felt I held just right on my first shot.

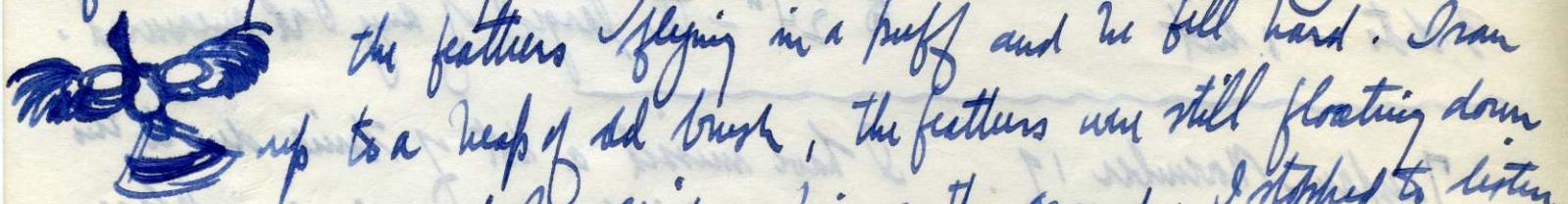
I marked him as well as I could and followed,



Covered the rest of the thicket as I went. and

✓ evidently getting off my mark in doing so - for I couldn't put him up, that's not quite far enough. I made a circle and then returned to the corner to see if I could have hit him and perhaps feeling there might be another posse. However I had missed him clean, but I took another line on his flight and this time I held it, by marking several trees as I went. I had gone a fair good flight and just started to hunt into the main thicket when he took out below me -

* quivering and rising to my left. I dropped him with my right,



the feathers flying in a puff and he fell hard. I ran

up to a heap of old brush, the feathers were still floating down and for a moment I couldn't see him on the ground. I stopped to listen for him but heard nothing - and then I saw him lying where he had fallen in the forks of some branches

a foot or so off the ground. At first

large - but when I picked him up I saw what a really big grouse he was - a huge cockbird - and a gorgeous one. One of those black-ruffed, really typically marked grouse - and yet so beautifully colored as to be unusual. I don't remember ever seeing such jet-black ruffs. His breast bars were not faded, as no often they are in the old birds - and yet they were on the "guinea-colored". The black ruff feathers carried solidly across his breast at the throat and the breast itself was actually golden. The most striking thing of all was the gradation of shading in the feathers between his wings from a grayish color to a rich chestnut down his back - something I never saw before - and really stunning. He was one of those perfect grouse - truly the spirit of the mountains. I almost regretted killing him. His tail fan was $13\frac{1}{2}$ - not the largest I've shot - but his wings spread to 24" - the largest of any I've measured.



and 4 - 7

3 shots - 1 hit

Tuesday - November 19. I have missed a lot of time due to the heavy snow we had on Thursday and Friday - and in some places it is still flying. Kay, Blue, and I drove over the Terra Alta pike past Stationary Church to Cuzzart and over beyond the Pine Grove school where we ~~fish~~ ^{were} part of the upper

bridges over Muddy Creek. The snow was still heavy on the ground along the creek and the heavy hemlock - shortleaf pine cover looked perfect for such a day. The air was warm and the sky blue with loads of sunlight. Much to our surprise we didn't hear a bird in the entire hollow - hunting first low and then high on the hillsides. We spent the forenoon covering it well. The hemlocks were a beautiful spot to eat lunch and after eating we got in the car and drove to the mouth of a valley that opens into Muddy Creek. Here I spent a few moments talking to a driver of a truckload of snow - who first told me the land was posted and then invited me to the best place for birds. I took his advice on the latter, and climbed the ridge to a flat on top where I found excellent corn - ginseng, greenbrier, and old logs. On the way up I saw some grouse tracks in the snow - the first tracks I'd seen all day, tho the snow was several days old! At last I flushed a bird (he may have pointed it) and I heard it go out clearly enough & follow it and miss it in some greenbrier - the shot would have been a miss one - rising and fluttering away to the left - but in swinging my gun up the corn was so thick that a bunch of greenbrier leaves caught on the barrels and completely obstructed my view of the bird - but I was so jumpy for a shot that I pulled anyway - and, of course, missed.

corner of woods but later found he had circled back into the main cover, and I put him up in a thick bunch of small saplings and briars and missed him again. This time he took out and sailed across an open field where Kay marked him into the woods on the far side. There, after a short search he flushed on the edge and sailed across in front of me - away - way down to the hemlocks in the bottom. I decided to turn up the valley instead of following at once - and it worked out the best plan. Soon I flushed a bird on the hillside below - meadowlark having heard Blue suddenly move another grouse down in the hemlocks or if may have been the same bird. We marked the bird I'd flushed and on the way to it, I put out another. I put up both of them gross with trees - at the head of the thicket - and not at the largest as it cut out - the bird turned down and then kept right on flying down the hollow. I followed and after I'd passed where I expected him, the grouse took out of a hemlock to the right of the path, and cut across to my left - almost straight across. I dropped him with the right barrel and he lay where he had hit the snow. Blue came up and made a very quick pounce when he came upon the bird and held it over the I kept ordering him to fetch. Finally the grouse made a reflex move and Blue took hold of it and retrieved it nicely. He admired it for a few minutes and had ~~just wanted to~~ ^{and} then another

bird flew out of a nearby hemlock and cut away down the ridge.
 We hunted down the rest of the valley but the parts of it looked good, we didn't move a thing. We reached the car about 4:30 and drove home in the twilight. On the way up our road from Records hill we saw a grouse flushed down from Spiller's woods and sail over into ours. This was a good day even tho we passed not few birds - only 3 or 4 in all. And as usual, "Old Bruin" didn't let us down. This was a nice size grouse.

arrived 4-10

4 shots - ~~1~~ hit

Wednesday November 20.

Kay, Blue, and I drove over to Mrs. Frankles' and left the ^{car} pathway down the hill toward "Sandy" and hunted around the ridge downstream, first high, in the grasses, and then low, along the creek but raised nothing until the "Old Brick Church" where I saw a grouse sail from above me - across and back to my left - landing apparently just below the old foundation. We hunted for it, and tho I combed the entire section we never raised it. The conditions were dry and Blue seemed to be unable to find scent of it - and of course, it may have sailed on over the hillside. We ate lunch in the hemlocks on our milk bottle rock and now Kay and George Bird Evans Papers
 "Sings" peacefully sleeping side by side after lunch we climbed West Virginia and Regional History Center

the ridge and crossed into Meyers' woods in back of Mrs. Franks' hunting out the flat when I heard a bird flushed and glimpsed it enough to follow - tho I never missed it either. That cover showed considerable signs of grouse in the logs and ground. We circled to this Franks' place and on the way flushed a grouse twice - that finally landed in the cover across from the white pine growth. Blue found it and pointed - the bird flushing in a good open place - except I was behind a hemlock and got no shot. While Kay picked spicberries from bouquet I followed, but with no luck, and I missed nothing on the entire ridge high up, all the way to the car. We crossed Sandy and hunted up on Hileman's ridge - flushing no grouse immediately at the bottom and another up high - but that was the extent on that ridge - tho we hunted into first grapevine cover. About dark, as we returned to the car I hunted out the corn below the road and just up a bird on the edge of an old field down near Sandy - a good chance if I had been closer. We returned to the car and home - empty - hunted except for some beautiful leaf and berry arrangements they Kay had picked - a white pine and spicberry group - and a bunch of laurel and greenbrier - berry and leaves that we awfully miss.

Thursday - November 21. I hunted alone with Blue today - starting in below Jiminy Gutteris and flushed a grouse almost at once. I put him out the second time from a tree overhead and when I followed I heard Blue flush two birds - one going up into the hemlocks on Barnes Run - and the other sailed back past me and landing near the path. I selected the latter and after a bit flushed him on back and beyond finding the I called for him before hunting on up the valley. As I approached the fence before you come to Barnes Run a bird flew up out of a tangle and I made a quick map shot, but he turned as I shot and went on - I believe this was the first grouse I had flushed. I hunted on up into the hemlocks and saw a grouse sail down and back past me - landing in the hemlocks I had just passed under. I returned and flushed him and another (my first bird I believe) - both from the tree tops and the I marked them as well as I could, I hunted hard before I at last flushed one of them from the corn across Barnes. This bird crossed back to the original corn and after I went along I soon spotted him sitting in a medium sized hemlock just overhead. I couldn't find a good place to stand but did my best and flushed him, missing gloriously. This was an interesting miss in that I had ^{my gun} ~~had~~ ^{had} the bird, and

40

When we flew I kept them on him instead of on the spot I wanted to shoot at, as admirably. I put this bird up twice and at last left this cover and hunted up the ridge above Barnes' Run in back of Bathurst - flushing two grouse at least - possibly three - in the grapevines and along the top edge - the last bird was a big red fellow and flushed in the fence row as quite a surprise. I hunted hard for him but never did locate his hiding place. I ate lunch on a rock in some grapevines. The day was hot and dry and I used my gamelbag. After lunch I covered the top of the ridge clear to Bill Mullins land and was just returning along the bottom when a small grouse flushed at my feet - cutting ~~the~~ out over a gully and away from me - quartering to the left. I missed, then I waited a moment to get a better shot - but felt it was largely a "surprise miss". I never could raise that bird again, though I made several circles. I hunted back up along the bottom - jumping two separate dots. I found a beautiful grapevine cover in back of Willam Frankhauser's place, but it was empty except for a rabbit. I returned to the favorite cover along Barnes and Sandy and raised two birds - one in the hemlocks and one at the lower end of the cover just before I reached the run. This last one was the first I put up this morning I think -

40-41

and I followed him for two more miles - as on the other side of
the road in the meadows on Faulkner's steep hillsides corner and
again from the top of that over back down over the hill again.
I finally gave up and don't know - to see a gorgeous sunset
then Forquer's meadows and over our house with the sugars and
meadows silhouetted against it.

Nov 9^{even}-20

3 shots - no hits

Friday November 22. We started back to Hunt Faulkner's
mfg - taking Max Forquer along to find his pup which was at
Jewell's - but it began to rain so monably that we gave
up and brought Max back to the house. I worked on the coffee table
I'm making, and after lunch the day cleared beautifully. I
drove back alone with Blue and hunted the ridge out - raising nothing
till rather high up above the meadows in a sort of alder cover that
had never produced before. I heard two birds flushed where Blue
was working. I followed them and put one out of a meadow
well below me - too far to shoot - and couldn't find him again. From
his actions and directions I believe he was the bird I had missed from
that same hillside sometime ago. I returned to the meadows and a grouse
flushed from the top of one and cut back up the path. When I went
after him I flushed a third grouse from the ~~shrub~~ ^{shrub} close

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Wandy and decided to follow him back downstream. Blue meanwhile had developed a phobia for rhododendron and I had to "brush" it myself - and at last flushed the bird within a few feet of my head, but couldn't see him until well out over Wandy, when he cut back into the corner of Mr. Spiker's woods. I practically "skinned" that rhododendron cover but it was lying too tight and I never found him. I returned to hunt for the second bird that had gone up the path but couldn't locate him - so went back to the top of the ridge and just above where the two had flushed - two more birds went out - following close to the ground and the brink of the ridge. I put up one of them on the promontory without a shot and shortly the other one flushed ahead and as he sailed out over the hillside I took a flatting shot at him and missed as he soared down over the trees. I followed on over the side of the ridge and after a pause a bird raised from a grapevine - the first of the two. I went on after this grackle but never found it, as I was covering the territory low down along the path near the hemlock where one of the birds usually feeds. I flushed a grouse (probably the one I'd shot at earlier) and shot both right and left at it as it rose to my right - and went on over the trees and out the ridge. I marked it by a dead tree tho

40-43

glimper of it after my second shot. I couldn't raise the bird where I'd expected it and had turned to circle back down when Blue pointed to my left and toward me. I stood waiting for the rise - and suddenly Blue reached down and picked up a grouse, quite dead - and started toward me - stopping on the way with a sort of what-the-heck expression. I was just as un-planned. The bird was unquestionably the one I'd just shot at - apparently hit by the left barrel and flying until it had dropped dead. It was warm and quite limp and was lying slightly lower than I had marked it by the dead tree. Old Blue was delighted - and, of course, so was I. I have often heard of such experiences, but had never had it personally. We decided not to hunt that cover any more this season and returned to the car and home - after a very full and exciting afternoon. The folks brought "Grouse" up this evening for me to use next week. 3 shots - 1 hit. The bird was a yearling hen.

Saturday. November 23 I took "Grouse" today. Kay drove me to

Murilton at 7:30 and I met Art and went with him in his car past the Pierce Evans place to the McKees' ridge country. We left the car in the bottom and hunted to the right of the road, raising two birds separately in the valley. After that we ~~were no more birds~~ we hunted the

44

entire section, low and high. Returning to the car we crossed the road into the swampy country in the bottom and Art soon flushed two grouse down on the edge of the swamp grass. The day had become overcast and the fog held low, later on - almost foggy on the ridge tops. Art had missed his shot at one of the grouse - and we followed and flushed it on top. After this rise we were unable to raise the bird, then we hunted carefully for it. At last we gave it up and ate lunch on the right of way of the power line. After eating we hunted on down the hollow with no luck. Saw a doe somewhere had evidently shot. While Art stopped to rest - having a bit of a headache - I went on up the ridge and in some thick cover near the top "Brown" put up a bird - a large one that cut up the hill - across to my right - and way out over the sulphur. I shot and missed - not leading enough - and shot again - but the bird kept on up the hill and on the top. I called to Art that I had missed - and went to raise him again. I had covered the brow of the hill where I felt he had sprung in - and then went to a spot in a direct line with his flight. Brown was to my left and pointed toward me. I got ready for the rise but none came. In a moment Brown lowered his head and picked up the grouse, it dead, and

brought it to me. It was warm, quite limp - in fact the situation was exactly a duplicate to that of yesterday afternoon - except this bird was immense - a huge cork bird with a marvellously big tail fan. I evidently had struck him with one or more pellets from the second shot - he was bleeding heavily from the mouth. I sat down on a log and enjoyed the sight and feel of him for a while and made over "house" who was as pleased as I was. Finally I called Art who came up and after a bit of talk about the bird, we went on around the ridge at the level I had flushed the grouse. Shortly we put up another big bird that, we flushed twice more without a shot. Hunting along this ridge we at last came to the corner where we had been unable to find this bird he had flushed. Art had just finished remarking about it when the grouse rose directly in front of me and crossed to my left. I dropped him before he reached the tree tops. It was hit hard. I let him go and retrieved it. It was a young hen, not slightly larger than a yearling, I would say. It was about the blackest bird, the feathers on the back from the neck to the shoulders were predominantly black. The under side of the tail feathers also had a grayish cast with black bars. We hunted down a draw ~~at the ridge~~ ^{in the bottom}

I stopped for a drink of water. After taking a few steps, a bird rose from within three feet of me and cut up over the hill in a beautifully open shot, tho' of course I didn't shoot. I called Art and we went up on the hill top where I soon flushed the grouse out of a tree - another possible shot. On the way down the hill to the swamp Art flushed me in some low and scrubby trees and shot it as it rose. I got to the bird before "Grouse" to prevent his tearing the bird in retrieving - and soon "Grouse" couldn't understand it all. Once down in the swamp Art walked into a covey of quail, ~~that we~~ ^{a quail of which} flushed later, and I handled Grouse in front where one had been. Having reached the car, Art decided to hunt up the hollow while I turned it and on my way flushed a grouse several times and shot it on the last visit. We returned to town early as I was most likely at 4 and go to dinner at the Wilhelm's. The largest grouse we had roasted and stuffed on Sunday - and it was a sight to see - and we little & eat. It was a large one - about the largest I've shot - and the largest this season - according to its measurements - wing spread 24"; tail span $14\frac{3}{4}$ ". I could find no shot marks on it, tho' I even searched for them on the neck. However, I came into a pellet left in the ~~bowl~~ ^{but not in my last} bits of it other

second evening we had it.

Nov 9-12

3 shots - 2 hits

~~~~~

Monday - November 25. Today looked cloudy, but cleared toward noon into a beautiful day. This is the last week of the season. Kay and I took both dogs and drove to the Roaring Creek country - leaving the car at Summers and hunting back along the main road where I had flushed the 7 birds before, with Jackson. However we found none and turned and hunted upstream, finally dropping over to the creek. Kay had heard one bird flushed well. After crossing the stream another one flushed, and the dogs found the spot soon after. On the way up the valley a third group flushed upstream and we followed it up to the hemlocks. Here I heard a bird go out - but couldn't locate it due to the noise of the high water, but Kay saw it cross the stream in open view and marked it on the other side. Leaving Kay on the far side, I crossed and tho the dogs tried hard, I didn't find him. I returned to Kay's side of the stream and we hunted up along the farm road - flushing me out of the upper hemlocks and later put him up again - a perhaps another, that seemed to cross the stream. However we didn't follow, but continued up the trarroad and ~~wind higher - and up the~~ a short

circle by myself and the dogs, while Kay waited - we built a fire on a rock and ate lunch. The fire was welcome, for it was quite cold when not walking. After eating and warming ourselves, we hunted downstream but didn't raise a feather all the way down to the house and below. We crossed into the redbrush woods where I took a big circle and heard a bird go out. Failing to raise him I returned to Kay, and we crossed into the redbrush on the other side of the road, below the orchard. There we heard a bird go out but never found him. Hunting upstream and more and just above the Fish River road, I saw a grouse sail out over the opening and circle back in the woods. On our way wings to apparently land just on the ledge of rocks. We were small to miss either of them. We met Jim Cochran and talked with him a short while - then hunted up to the car and drove home - stopping by Abingdon to my folks and refuse his usual invitation to supper. We saw no birds about 10 grouse today where we had raised 17 the last time I was here.

No shots

raised 10 (all new) - 11

Tuesday November 26. Tho it was cloudy and spitting rain or sleet, we left for Home Millie; leaving George at home in the cellar and taking Blue with us. We arrived after meeting Ralph on the road, to find a terrific wind blowing down over Bridge and bitter cold. After some conjecture we decided to abandon our hunt and return on some good day this week if possible, and so drove down off the mountain side. However in the hollow at Muddy Creek we decided since the wind was stiller upgo up the hollow and ask about hunting the hemlock cover as is seen from the road. We found a Mrs. Wolf - ~~and~~ very friendly old woman who was quite cordial. After talking to her some bit we walked up the hollow and into the hemlocks - where we found beds of rocks, rhododendron, and gaphne. It is a gorgeous valley and wonderful cover for birds. However, the weather had roughed up considerably and by now was sheeting steadily. ~~However~~ Nevertheless we hunted up the hollow a good half mile and came back down on top the ridge - walking up into a small ravine with a little stream where we built a fire in the gale that was blowing and ate lunch. After eating we decided to make a ~~long~~ line for the house and the car as it was ~~wetting inside now and as rough~~

50

a day as could be imagined. We cut along the side of the ridge and had nearly reached the end of the cover when to my amazement a grouse flushed to my left from a stump in a still open place and flew back to the woods we had left. I don't know whether it was ~~for~~ <sup>because of</sup> my frozen fingers, sheer surprise, or a chronic weakness in such shots - but I threw both barrels at him and he went on undisturbed. We followed back after him but never raised him, quite logically as the cover was a bare hemlock forest and rhododendron hell, and he could easily have been in any one of a thousand places.

We gave up and returned to Mrs. Wolfe's where we talked a while and then got in the car and drove home. The short hunt was entirely ~~to~~ <sup>of</sup> the schedule and tho I missed a shot miserably - it was real fun and an important addition to our grouse country - and I hope to hunt it again at the first opportunity.

Nov 1-1

2 shots - no hit.



Wednesday November 27-

This was a drizzling wet day and for some time it appeared too bad to hunt along toward 10:30 of it

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

up and the weather remained cloudy it stopped raining enough to permit me to hunt without spotting my glasses - provided I was a hat. I took Blue and drove back to Sandy, below Jiminy Grottoes - over fierce road. I found Sandy at flood stage - high, fast, and muddy. I started to hunt upstream and about half way up to "Burns" Run I flushed a grouse back down toward the car - the old bird I've often raised in here, I'm sure. I put it up twice and I felt this second flush was up to the marksmanship on the hillside of Faulkner's, tho' it must have been across the stream for I didn't find the bird in the hemlock cover. Having hunted it well, I returned on my original path upstream and this side of Burns Run a grouse flushed to my left about me and quartered away from me up the edge of the stream. I dropped him with my right barrel and as he fell in an arc I heard him hit the water. I ran to the bank and to my surprise I saw the grouse swirled out into the current. It struggled but was hard hit - a broken wing quite probably - and was swept down with the heavy flood. I called Blue who had come in to the shot, but he couldn't see the bird which had stopped struggling. Having gone under a few times - tho' I'm certain we would likely have gone in after it. After it was over, I realized it was well he hadn't, with the water as dangerous as it was. I ran along the bank and down the path - hoping the bird would lodge in some place or other - and by hard running could manage to keep up with it. The grouse was quite dead now and floated just in view.

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Finally as it passed me, out in the middle of the stream I decided to try one more chance, and broke into a run down to the opening near the bridge. I saw then the bears and thicket with all the steam I had left and arrived at the opening at the water's edge just about winded and wheezing like and bellows - but evidently the grouse had floated by ahead of me - or had sunk which I doubt - for tho I waited some time I had to give it up. To be sure it had not lodged along the shore, I made a very careful trip up the edge of the bank and studied the far shore and am reasonably certain the bird had gone on down the creek. I felt dreadfully sorry - would much rather have missed than to have so wasted a grouse. Tho I knew others were there in that cover, I of course did not hunt further there, but walked downstream to Castells' old nowmell set and began hunting - having made several trips to the water's edge to look for my bird. On the steep hillside I flushed a grouse from a bunch of grass and worked him down up on the hill. I finally flushed him on the upper edge of a good grapevine cover (a new place to me) tho Blue hadn't been to the edge. I followed as nearly as I could but the Blue found scent in me place it wasn't a point, and I decided the grouse may have foiled me. Soon I saw Blue showing signs of scent ahead and after waiting a moment I climbed two fences and walked toward him, after this <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> ~~first point~~ he began trailing

down the slope and a grouse flushed ahead of him. I walked along to where it had gone and as I neared the spot Phil swung around into a tangle and the grouse flushed straight across & my left and right open. I waited until he had become at most of an angle and dropped him in a cloud of feathers. Phil found and retrieved him very nicely. I was delighted to get him as I hadn't had much luck at actually getting the bird in hand for some time. It was a young

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bird, apparently a  yearling cock, tho most of the tail feathers were out after Blue had retrieved it. I went down over the hill and started to eat lunch but as I was quite chilled and the weather bitter, I decided to return home and eat my lunch in front of the fireplace. As I hunted back up the stream I was on the lookout for another shot - for tho I had actually shot my two birds for one day, I would never feel justified in trying for <sup>one</sup> more under the circumstances and considering the possibilities of bad weather in the last few days. However, I raised no more birds. Returned home about 2:30 or 3.

2 shots - 2 hits.

missed 4 2 now  
1 - 8

From  
Friday November 29 -

Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day - but too snowy to hunt. This morning also looked too bad to go out - snowy and windy. We drove to town and on the way in decided the weather was going to break enough <sup>to go on to Homer Miller's as</sup> we had planned. We had ~~planned~~ <sup>planned</sup> to go to Chippington

Till when his car was stuck and after stoppage in the house  
for some sandwiches we dropped Ed off at the summit on  
our way back the Terra Alta Pike. We arrived at Mullens  
about noon and drove on back past Hoffmann's and left our  
car at the gate by the road where we had been before. We sat  
in the station wagon and ate our lunch before starting out, as it  
was late. On the way over we had run into another heavy  
snow flurry but it had cleared out more and the sky was  
blue - everything covered with new snow. I started in to  
hunt down along the photodaktron run below the road -  
and almost at once Blue found a large grouse that  
flushed across in front of me - without offering  
a shot. However we followed across the tangle and  
rounded it out well but didn't raise him. Then we  
proceeded up the road and out along the old train road  
to the left. This was wonderful cover for such a day -  
old brush heaps from timber cutting. Almost exactly  
at the place where I had killed the grouse on our other  
trip over here a grouse flushed and cut away from  
me thru the cover. I waited until I was out of him  
and dropped him into a brush heap with my  
right barrel. We ran up and Blue running into a  
pint and a bit tore ~~out~~ and ~~won~~ to my right

almost convincing me that it was my bird tho I felt it had been too hard hit to leave the ground. In a moment, however, Blue found my grouse and retrieved it beautifully - and all was perfect! It was astonishing the way my bird had fallen almost on to another grouse. We went back and hunted on out the train road - not caring to follow the other bird which hadn't gone far. We raised nothing until we had passed the large rocks to the right of the train road where I fully expected to flush a bird. Just beyond I saw tracks crossing the path and leading up the hill. I stepped in to follow them and in a few moments a grouse flushed from in front of me and flew up the ridge - without my shooting. I had taken a few steps to follow him and suddenly a second grouse rose and started up the hill. I gave him a moment until I could find my lead and dropped him at the foot of an old chestnut tree. There we found him lying in the snow.



one of those marvelous sights and one of life's moments you never forget. I let Blue retrieve this grouse - which we did nicely. Both of these were blues. I felt exuberant at this remarkable duck-and

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of course had all the shooting I cared for, for that day.  
However, we wanted to have our day's hunt and were  
anxious to take a census, so to speak, of this section of  
"Brier" and so I had Kay take the gun and we hunted  
on both the train road, crossing the run below Clint Beckers'  
where we found tracks but no birds. We went on and shortly  
flushed two grouse along the train road and followed and flushed  
what I believe now to be one of this pair. We followed this bird  
again and worked out a rather neat trick where he had  
made a sudden right angle turn and sailed up along a  
road (the road we had strayed down a couple of years ago on  
our Pine Swamp journey) — and flushed him just to the  
right of this road — and gave him up as he flew back toward  
the original road. We hunted on out the old train road  
and soon flushed two birds to the left of the road (they  
seemed to have been in pairs today for the most part) and  
further on flushed another — which Kay shot toward —  
shall I say? None of these grouse did we follow as we were  
not anxious to do more than raise them. We finally turned  
back as we had left the very excellent cover we'd been in  
all the way, and come out into scrub thicket that had been  
cut recently. From this point ~~we went back along the~~ <sup>Report - Pine</sup>  
~~train road on the far ridge.~~ <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup>  
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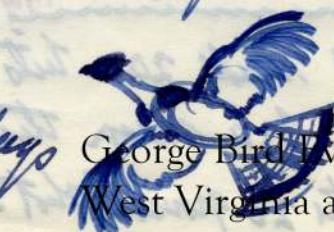
train road without raising any grouse. On the way we picked some bitter-sweet berries. Heard a rabbit hunter and his dog down in the hollow. Regardless of local hunters - and I can't think there are many - I consider this practically virgin grouse territory. They seem to lie along the old train road - as I've found they do along the miles of cover it stretches there - and I feel we raised at least ten grouse today - and left eight of them. We returned to the car and drove to Millers' where we had a dandy supper and evening. Another perfect <sup>day on Briery.</sup>

Two shots - two hits      round 10 - 12

Saturday November 30. <sup>Train</sup> The last day. All good seasons must have an end but sometimes it's hard to see them come! We drove back to Lantz and down the ridge to Lick Run and on to Summers' place. There we saw John Feathers whom we chatted with for a bit. We began to hunt the right side of the road leading down to Roaring Creek but raised nothing until we neared the bridge where a bird flushed up the hill toward the rocks and thick rhododendron and we were unable to raise it. We crossed the stream and hunted up the right side but didn't locate a thing tho we covered that section well. The weather was more warmer and it was overcast. We ate lunch under the hemlocks near the large rock group and after eating we covered that country a little

Further up and then returned down the ridge and crossed the road to Jimie Cockran's and started to hunt below the field where Father said he had flushed about four grouse on his way over this morning. almost immediately Blue ran into the brush and they started flying out singly - but the cover is so dense - red brush thicket of the worst order - that I could not get my gun up in time to shoot. Some I merely heard. There were four or five young birds - yearlings. I marked them as well as I could and soon flushed a few of them the second time, working back up toward the road. On a sortie after one of them, I left Kay and crossed to above the road and flushed one at the edge of the thicket. The grouse flew low out across a small clearing and I dropped him within a short distance. It was a young bird - a yearling <sup>him!</sup>. I called Kay and went back to show her the grouse. I had Blue retrieve the bird - which he does to perfection. We walked to Jimie's house and talked to him for a while. He advised me to hunt the woods below his place but I wanted to cover the territory on down the ridge so decided to hit the pieces back of his house on the return. *We went down the ridge then fire*

cover but raised no grouse - tho I don't understand it - for it was perfect country. We worked down the ridge toward Roaring Creek and once more found our old Tram road - the same one we had been on many times at different places along the entire Brier mountain. We went down to look at this stream which is wild and gorgeous down in this deep valley and then came back up the tram road. Almost up to Jane's place - a grouse flushed from a tree and I made a quick miss as he quartered them the trees and marked him as crossing an opening and going above the upper road. I hunted this piece out minutely for I was sure he was there - but Blue was not up to his usual performance and wouldn't cover the ground when I ordered him on. As a result I had to quarter it foot by foot and still didn't locate the bird. At last, I was making one last cast and I flushed him just above the road where he'd been riding and I had not looked quite far enough along. I missed him as he rose up into the trees and roared back down the hollow.



The shot could have been made and on other days I might have made it.

But this time I missed and he went on - big and red. We followed and I flushed him in a small clump of trees not far from Jim's house and in following I flushed another bird - and still another - having three grouse on the move in the thicket back of Jane Cockran's. It was getting late and duck was falling - but I was desperate now. I followed one of the grouse - with no luck - made a long circuit and came back and took the trail of another one which I finally flushed out of alders into bottom land along the creek - but a shot was impossible. At last I had to admit that old Darky had the best of me and that the season was over and so we started back for the car. On the way I flushed another bird that I merely heard go out and after crossing Roaring Creek I hunted up the right side of the road until it began raining and we took to the path and back to the car and home - Drawing to a close one of the best seasons I've ever known. Old Blue has developed wonderfully this, his second year. He retrieves beautifully, works well, and is pointing nicely. Another year or two and he'll be a kennelout.

27 Days / 8.33 <sup>(by count)</sup> 3 shots - 1 hit moved 10 - 17

18 counts ~~1940~~ moved 150 - 282

75.7 %

I shot 56 shots and made 20 - hits - or one out of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  on grouse - by far the best shooting for a season that I can remember. Out of 18 woodcock I lost only one out of the 20 grouse. ~~Not bad at all from Sandy!~~



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