

Tham

SHOOTING NOTES - 1941

October 16 - Thursday. Opening day! We woke at 6:30 to find a beautiful day after two days of rain - which made the leaves perfect for hunting - as concerned dampness. However, the unusual situation is the fact that we've had no heavy frost - and the foliage on the trees is heavy as mid-summer. The color is gorgeous but it is nearly impossible to see a grouse. We drove to Honin Millis and out past Huffmans, leaving the car at the usual gate in the woods and hunted out the tramroad. We didn't meet a single bird until we'd nearly reached Roberts Run - possibly due to the fact that a man had walked along before we came, and he saw a couple of birds - Blue found a grouse that flushed ahead of him - he may have pointed. We put it out of the cover along the run later - and heard a second bird flush upstream. Following the first bird we ran into a group - or rather heard them go up - counting five rises - tho we think some of them were double rises - from ground to tree - and from tree. We circled and hunted that piece out thoroughly but only heard two of them go out without seeing them - so we followed the tramroad and after crossing the main road - flushed another pair - Blue had pointed them. We proceeded to the end of the good cover and returning to a nice spot we ate lunch on the tramroad. As we were getting up after eating a bird flushed from the tramroad - where it had come from I can't say.

so far had given us as much as a glimpse of the birds.
We dropped over a piece below the tramroad and began
hunting back along the ridge and before long a grouse
rose ahead and quartered back up the rise - coming
into a fair view and keeping about 3 feet off the ground.
I was so anxious for a shot and the sight of a bird after
all day of hearing them only made me shoot without
waiting that crucial moment which I believe would have
made the grouse mine. However I shot quickly as it
was crossing to my left and missed - tho for a moment
it looked as tho it had been hit - as it landed in the
tramroad after my shot. However it must have run up
and flown out again as we didn't find any sign of it.

We came around the ridge - flushing two separate
birds without shots tho we followed both. At last reaching
Beckert's Run we hunted downstream and flushed two more
birds - one of them, I believe was the same second bird,
It flushed out of brush and up over a rhododendron cliff.
Finally I hunted up the stream leaving 1 day to wait -
and flushed a single without seeing it and then four in
a bunch - taking a ~~flushing~~ ^{shot} at me over

the rhododendron - and missed, not much of a shot.

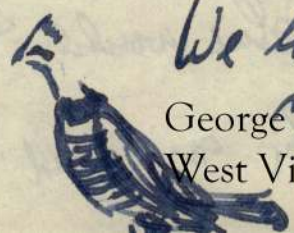


We came home along the railroad without moving a single bird. Drove in - stopping at Mullins but they were out. On

the road to Center school we saw a woodcock against the twilight sky - This was a good day regardless of luck - as there were lots of grouse - but the leaves made shots nearly impossible. 2 shots - no hits ^{around 19-21}



Friday October 17th. Today was cool and partly cloudy. We drove out to Laurel Run and down toward Rockville where we left the car at the old road leading down to the abandoned dam site. We found the leaves off to some degree in this section, as we had hoped. Kay followed the road and Blue and I began working the thicket of rhododendron hucklebush tangle. Almost immediately a grouse flushed from Blue and flew into a low sapling just below me where he sat with his top-cock bristled until I flushed him and missed blithely - both barrels. However, it was merely a glimpse shot. We looked for the bird, as I had not been able to see it after



We looked for the bird, as I had not been able to see it after
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

it and worked our way a thru some dense tangle and up
on the ridge - passing a couple of inebriates who were engaged
in hunting and changing a tire on their car. We hunted
on upstream higher up in the ridge and soon flushed a bird we
couldn't see. Heard another no drumming. In fact - we heard
drumming most all day long. We missed nothing for quite a
long stretch and decided to hunt back downstream and still
higher up the hillside. On the way up Blue suddenly flashed
into a point - headed toward me and held it while I walked
toward him. He worked in closer and stopped while I stood
waiting. Shortly a large grouse roared up and cut over the
trees - a rising shot crossing to the left - I missed. Mapped
both barrels. Should have waited that vital moment. We followed
to a deep hemlock ravine where we gave up the pursuit and proceeded
on down the ridge. Not so long after this a grouse flushed up
to the heights below me and I shot and felt certain he tumbled
as tho his wing was broken. It was a long shot but I think
I had hit him. However, try as we might we never found him
and I am convinced Blue would have found him, had he been
down. We returned to the car and just before reaching it I

saw a grouse run out ahead of Blue and strike across the road, but I didn't flush him when I tried so he must have flown well away. We all lunch in a beautiful spot in some hemlocks - looking down toward Sandy then some brilliant maple splings. After eating we drove to Rochnille and explored the far side of the river - but ran into impetrable rocks and rhododendron - and notices - so went to the ^{old} road with the overhanging rock and hunted out that hillside. but heard only one bird - so gave up and drove back up to the bad road at Laurel Run and after a short sortie into more notices and limited Territory along the road we gave up and came home.

5 shots - no hits

Saturday - October 18. My back seems to hold. First of all, it rained all day. Set up at noon enough for me to decide to eat lunch and go out. On my way to the hillside along Sandy below Jimmy Brothers - it began raining harder. Day had stayed home. Blue and I began hunting up my favorite piece of cover - inch for inch about the best piece I knew - only to find most of the hemlocks cut and that section opened up so that the cover won't be any good for years to come. I was

very disappointed to find it so. Even the piece up along Barnes
Run and the ~~entire~~ section between Barnes and Sandy. I
even doubt if the birds stayed around. I certainly raised none.
I hunted up to the road that drops back of Jimmy Guthrie's barn -
and on up the ridge on the other side. I soon got into the grassy
and heard a ground flush. I pulled on him as he was cutting
up the hill - straight away and a few feet from the ground.
I was certain he rolled over - and I ran up calling Blue in
to retrieve. I was literally dumbfounded when he failed to find
the bird. However, I can't doubt Blue's nose and I know he
would have located the bird had it been there. So the only
other answer is that I missed. I can scarcely see how
I could have - unless it was because the bird was gaining
elevation and I pulled on him directly - and possibly under-
shot him. I hunted around the hill some piece and at last
heard a flush back the ridge. It could have been my bird.
Some piece ahead - beyond Guthrie's fence and in Spikens
woods - I heard a bird go out and after a time raised him again.
At last I turned and hunted back lower down. By this time
I was as wet as anyone has ever been - even thru my good shooting
jacket and my boots were full. Helping birds I found a large one


7
We also missed the first grouse - tho I didn't see him. I finally
decided to go to the car - and was walking down the road to Sunday,
when I heard a grouse flush up on the right side and at last saw
him cutting along the skyline just on the upper edge of the
woods and land. I went back and up to the place but it
was some time before he went out and from a jumpy impulse, I
took a shot at him as he cut low and fast along the woods
edge above me - missing of course, as I expect to always do
now!! I saw him land about the edge of the woods and just
then another bird went out below me - tho it was impossible to
see him due to the leaves. I went to find the first bird
and they returned to find the second one - and never found
either - tho I actually covered that section. However, they had
completely melted from this world. Finally I got to the car
and drove home in a pelting rain. It's strange about a
terrific depth of despair you can get into thru missing a
consecutive group of shots. And I really feel my over-quick
tendency is greatly due to the slight glimpses I get of the
birds in the heavy foliage which is still on most places. I hope
this rain disposes of some of the leaves by Sunday.

Monday, October 20. Kay stayed home again today while Blue and I went to Mason Run - leaving the car at the bridge. The weather had cleared to partly cloudy - partly sunny day - fairly cool - but warming to really uncomfortable temperatures later. I hunted down the right side of the stream - flushing the same bird I had encountered last season. He flew from a tree and I followed and put him up twice without a chance to shoot. Immediately, today I was determined to hold my shots until a really decent opportunity - and to a certain extent, I did. Rounding the hill on to sandy - low down, Blue pointed and later on I heard and saw a bird flush way above him. I found this bird nest in a rhododendron clump - saw him run out ahead of Blue - who seemed to get no scent and who left the spot only to return when I called him and then point - but the bird had gone up the hill - running. Blue located him and pointed - but the bird rose behind him and I didn't see him again. The next grouse flushed further upstream opposite Heather's - from the side of the path and then I located him. Blue never got a staunch point on him - but the bird hopped up to a low sapling - about two feet off the ground in plain sight, where he sat and watched Blue - who even walked right past. Finally the grouse flushed out over the stream and back down sandy U and I believe Blue pointed him this time tho I didn't see the rise. I moved the bird once more. The next game was at the edge of the powerline clearing where we flushed three birds - one I saw distinctly but couldn't shoot. I raised him again.

Finally I came to the Rhododendron where I killed a bird last year (I
 really have shot grouse I guess!!) and a bird flushed up above
 me - tho I declare Blue must have run past him. A few yards
 ahead Blue jumped in at a grouse that was running out from the
 hill side and I took a double shot at it as it came onto the
 path - a road survey that I'd been following. I was sure of the
 shot - have killed countless birds in just that manner - but I
 didn't ruffle a feather. X



I never did
 move this bird after that but I feel he went on
 for Blue surely would have found him. By this time it was
 hot and I should have stopped for lunch, but I was determined
to have a grouse to eat lunch beside so I kept on - covering the
 bottomland at the mouth of the valley. In this section last year
 I flushed a group of birds. Blue soon moved one ahead that
 came back below the path - but I never found him again.
 I hunted the bottom on up and at last started back downstream
 but halfway up the hillside and suddenly saw a bird run up
 along a log and heard it go out. Blue was almost on top of it
 and yet didn't seem to get any wind of the grouse. There surely
 was some strange factor affecting recent conditions today for I
 had implicit faith in Blue's nose and still I actually saw
 three birds move ahead of him ~~that he~~ ^{the} couldn't pin
 down. We went up over the top and moved the bird on up over the

hill - hearing another grouse flush to the left. I ~~followed~~ ^{was following}
and old woods road along the ridge and, without warning, my
grouse plopped down in the center of the path - evidently
from a tree - only a few feet ahead, so close I could
see the bars on his breast and see that it was orange
colored. I felt it wise to flush him before he had time
to burst off to one side - so I made a sound and a
sudden movement that sent him cutting out the path -
straight away from me and only a foot or so off
the ground - an absolutely clear shot - and I missed -
right and left!! I doubt if I could have held any more
accurately on him if I were to do it again - the probably the
best way would have been to let him get further out and
shoot only the right barrel. Anyway, he went on out the path.
I tried to ~~miss~~ ^{miss} find him on the edge of the woods
but finally I  went out the path thru a tangle
clearing of yuccas and blackberries to the edge of an old field -
and, nice enough, at the very edge of the field and on the
right side of the path he tore out - cutting sharply to the right
so that even tho I ran into the field - he curved back in
without offering an opportunity to shoot. This would have been a
real chance had I been two steps ^{further} when he flushed! I went

back but didn't move him after that - and finally had to give
in and eat lunch ~~without~~ a grouse - for I was about
"one to a prairie" It was unbearably hot hunting with a coat.
after eating I covered that section well but found no
grouse. So I dropped over the hill and returned down sandy
to the rhododendron group where I had missed the other bird - and
from there cut up to the top of the woods bordering the Williams
field - flushing two birds on the way. at the top Blue found
two more grouse - one cut to the right and I followed. We
moved two more (was the last bird one of them?) - and I put
them up again. On my way down to the car I dropped on
the hill thru birch cover - but thick - and flushed still another
grouse. It was only 4:30 but I had really over done the
fore noon part of the day and was too tired to do any good
this afternoon. However I felt I had discovered a good section -
moved fifteen or more birds - of these - only had two fair shots -
and missed them both double-barreled.


4 shots - no hits.

Nov 15-21

Tuesday - October 21. That date should be written in red. For today,
the hunting season really began! Kay, Blue, and I left the car at
noon. Then and hunted downstream, as I did yesterday. We flushed
the "Old grouse of Mason Run" but didn't see him. I hunted over

to Naudy and Blue located and pointed a bird very nicely - tho
I got no shot at it. I returned to where Kay was waiting for me
and we worked up the ridge to the top edge along the Fish Knob field.
Nearly to the top and among rocks and grasses, Blue found a
grouse that started up and then apparently fell and fluttered -
while Blue, feeling it was a cripple - went after it and would
have caught it if I hadn't ordered him off. He obeyed nicely,
but evidently was puzzled at such a command. The bird may have
been crippled by a shot from some time back or I felt it might
have injured itself in flying up - possibly striking a rock or
spring. However, the last I saw of it, the grouse was waddling
down the hillside looking very indignant about it all - but,
aside from a game being - which I believe will heal up - it
appeared all right. We hunted out the top edge but raised
nothing until we reached the large high tension line where Blue
entered the far side and evidently moved a bird that cut across
below us and entered our left side. We went to the place and
put Blue in. Shortly he found the bird and it flushed out
a long distance below us and when it reached the opening of the
clearing along the line it turned and sailed away down the hill.
Obeying an impulse to try this long shot, I sent my left
barrel after it, and foolishly, shot the right. My third time the
bird was so far the pattern would be too high to be dangerous -
in fact - I believe even the left barrel was ineffective - so

I held in as nearly the correct spot as I knew how. The bird sailed down over a hump and disappeared. We went down to where I thought it had gone and I entered the woods below Kay - and had just started along a sort of cleared path when the grouse tore out from in front and I dropped it with my right - a

happy and interesting moment for me!  Blue reached it while it was still fluttering and retrieved it beautifully. We were all three delighted to put it mildly! We decided to hunt on upstream and went to above the Rhododendron before setting.

Out on the slope among the golden beech leaves and looked out over the bend in Sandy. Blue just stood entranced - gazing at the grouse on the ground. I said when I made him lie down, he practically laid his head on it and after a long time fell asleep with a blissful expression on his face.

~~top~~ ground at the us but raised nothing and hunted out the night



bird I had shot at yesterday - but couldn't see him. After I went back to Kay, Blue pointed to a grouse that we followed and I merely heard go out. We decided to return to the top edge of the Williamson woods and in the way up the hill. Blue pointed another bird - but only heard him flush. We ~~gained the top of the woods and set~~

on a log and ate slices of lemon that really is very refreshing
on a hot, dry day. We hunted out a path until we came to the
end of the woods and turned right to follow it out. Suddenly
a bird flushed from a tree and crossed over my head. I turned
and swung my gun ahead of him as he went away from me
and shot - tho at the moment he had disappeared behind a
tree full of leaves. I hardly hoped that I'd hit him, but
I sent Blue to the spot where he would have fallen, and
after a couple of tries for the scent, Blue made a line
for something and picked up the grouse! I really had hit him.

That about made the perfect day. It was a yearling. (The first
grouse was a last year's coldbird); this one was a young cock, I
feel. The shot was rather spectacular, the first of just this
kind I'd ever made and it rather took me by surprise - making
it. After a great deal of rejoicing and making over the birds
and Blue - and me - we came on back to the car by
the field and over the woods to Mason Run - flushing a bird -
by sound - on the way down. This was more than a day's
shooting to me - it was the regaining of self esteem and
confidence. It was an event.

4 shots - 2 hits



11
11

Wednesday - October 22. Blue and I went to the Melkes' ridge section -¹⁵
but hunted to the left of the road. I raised nothing until I had hunted
out the swamp and up along the ridge - past the power line - when
I heard a grouse go out ahead of Blue. However the leaves are so thick
in this area that it is like mid-summer. A second bird flushed later
on without my seeing it, tho it went out a few feet over my head from
a brush. I hunted along the ridge till I came to the high knob with the
large rocks - and on the top I heard a bird go into a tree in front of Blue -
and saw it sitting for some time. I put out fire in this group - one at a
time and re-flushed several of them but with no chance to shoot. I
finally ate lunch on one of the big rocks - overlooking the Chestnut Ridge
and Wepuffs Gap - fully turned in the October sunlight. This was
a clear blue, sunny day - very hot and dry. I hunted in my
game bag - as I had done yesterday. After lunch I returned back
the way I had come - and raised nothing. I rounded the ridge at
the head of the swamp and at least a grouse went up. I followed into
small thickets and old corners and, after considerable searching, I
moved the bird out of the top of an apple tree. Blue found it on the
next rise - landed into a point from full tilt and held it
beautifully, but ran in as the grouse went up. I couldn't locate the bird after
that. In hunting down the thicket along the road, I was just behind the
old fellow - in house when a woodcock flushed in front of Blue and

I dropped it as it forgot its way thru some crabapple tangle it was mixed up with. It was close and hit hard - I fell badly about tearing it up so - but awfully glad to have got it. Blue picked it up and then refused to retrieve it - as he had done last year. It was the only shot the bottom and a couple of the other bellbirds, but raised nothing - then I jumped a large deer in one treetop. one shot - one woodcock



Thursday, October 23. Today we had planned trying the McKey place but it rained all morning with lots of wind and until three o'clock - when the clouds broke and intermittent sun and clouds came over. My decided to stay home, and I took Blue back to Faulkenstein's ridge. We flushed a grouse almost as soon as we cut along the lower hemlocks - and another on top the ridge. I followed it around "damstream" but didn't find it - so went on and covered the top without moving any birds. I returned across the fields on top and reaching Faulkenstein's line started up the valley - keeping to the top. I returned down about one-third of the way toward the bottom and soon heard a bird go out before Blue. Shortly afterward, I flushed two birds from the same small, slender sapling and later moved one of these from a hemlock. At last, toward dusk, I started out more along the

sunbark path and after ordering Blue into the rhododendron below
 the path, heard two grouse flush out. Soon I heard another bird go
 out and saw it cut up the hill about Spiker's line. I decided to
 try to flush some more from the humlocks and on my way down into
 them heard one flush in front of Blue. I started running up thru the
 thicket and had climbed up under a deep clod of humlocks - when the
 top seemed to blow off one of them and a grouse shot out from a few
 feet over my head. It was becoming dusk, and I had taken several
 steps and a second grouse cut out of a humlock over me and I
 missed with the right as he went straight away and pulled on him
 with the left - and saw him go down.



down thru the tangle, calling
 retrieve - and thinking
 bird I lost in the very place year before last. I located the spot
 to the right of a humlock where I felt he had landed and searched as
 carefully as I could in the dim light - and had Blue go over it
 well. He soon lost interest however - I suppose he that it "just
 another of George's misses. But I called him back and made him
 search - but with no luck. It is a mystery to me, unless these birds have
 fallen in the water and been washed downstream. It is really
 a crime to lose them that way. I feel too, it may have been able to
 hide and not get so much scent. I feel too, it may have been able to

daylight - but tomorrow will planned on the way starting so can't
very handsly go back till Saturday, when I aim to hunt that
section. I got up at last - nearly pitch dark and waded back
to Remond's field and to the car. However, I am thoroughly
convinced the grouse was hit - and am counting it such.

2 shots - one hit (lost)

Friday - October 24. Kay, Blue, and I drove over to H. C. Miller's and
leaving the car at the road, walked up the woods road to the McKay place.
The hollow on past the old house turned out to be too recently cut -
and so we decided to go to Charlie Meyer's - eating lunch in the
car on our way. We found the Meyer's away, so drove toward the
Harrison Brothers place, and hunted into the piece on the right side of the
road. As we approached the woods a grouse flushed over them and we
made a mad run after that. Then we hunted down around them and
up the hollow. At the head of a tangle of briars and berry bushes we
came into a few scattered hemlocks - and there was, and was, until
we were within a forest-within-a-forest. They covered up a hundred
and twenty or fifty feet and one, Kay and I could not quite reach
around. Really an unusually striking hemlock woods - and quite
large. The way they hide in the large tract and yet are so tall
and dense hummocks - we feel we have found one of those spots
in a lifetime. In the heart of them I heard a grouse go out. We

hunted up the little run that cuts thru the humlocks and at the upper end - Two grouse - and possibly a third - flushed from a small humlock and I, impulsively rather than intelligently, missed a shot at one as he tore behind some pines. Shouldn't have tried it at all. We didn't move the one I'd shot at, so we went after the one Kay had worked, and in a corner of a woods - where I felt sure he'd be, I saw and heard him leave the ground and I shot and missed - and missed again as he reached the clear edge. My and I both saw his leg dangling after the first shot - and saw him land fairly soon - so felt he was partly wounded and doubted if he could rest again.



We hunted for fully a half hour - with Blue and without but this we combed that section, we never did find the grouse. If he had been unharmed, I know we'd most likely have flushed him. I believe he has hidden so carefully that Blue simply couldn't scent him. We hunted out the woods and Blue pointed a bird that I saw go up. Ran into Sir Collins and talked a moment. Then we circled back and hunted some more for the bird and at last gave up and scouted down the hollow - flushing two grouse, but couldn't move them afterwards. At last we climbed up over the rocks and nearly at once, flushed a bird and followed and flushed again, and I missed a shot at it. We missed two ^{or} more grouse and flushed them a couple of times and then

old road to the power line cutting - flushing a grouse on the way.
While ^{pointed} ~~pointed~~ it above the power line but it flushed back over him
and I couldn't shoot. This was good country to describe.

4 shots - no hits.

Saturday, October 25. I went back, alone with Blue, to Faulkenstein's
ridge and - having got up at 6 a. m. planned to get in a good
hunt before 3 o'clock - when we planned to get ready to go to
Muffards' for dinner. I moved a grouse in the hemlocks but only
the one - when on Thursday I had put out four at least. I
began climbing the hillside up the valley and had come back
down on the level with the promontory, when a grouse
flushed from above and came toward me - about a yard to the
side of my head. I turned and shot him as he cut on down
away from me - a nice direct hit that rolled him over and
filled the air with feathers. ~~Blue~~ Blue came down and
I had him find and retrieve the grouse. It was a nice
large cock - last year's bird. After a bit of enthusiastic gloating
on the part of the two of us, we went on around, leaving the
other birds in that section - and covered the top of Spiker's hillside -
to the end and back. About noon I came across two men with a
couple of young children and ~~two~~ two English and a kid

I talked to them for a while and ~~frustrated~~ painted a rather dismal prospect for them. They were from Morgantown - mentioned leaving seven days with them - left the others in the car. After I left - (I believe they were on their way out when I saw them last) I cut down over the hemlocks - looked for a moment when I'd lost the bird on Thursday - raised a bird from the rhododendron - and came on home to eat lunch - as I had my one grouse - and having had a good morning's sport, felt I didn't want to kill any more game in that cover for that time.

One shot - one hit

marked 3 (two new) - 3

Friday October 31st. I have been working on my sketch for the story all week and haven't been out. It had rained all morning, but seemed promising about noon - and so Kay fixed my lunch, and took me to Mass Run - where we ate in the car - while it got going on the rain again. Finally I decided to hunt anyway - and covered the valley down to Sandy and up to the main power line without missing a feather. The first sign I heard was the grouse that drums up on the ridge and we went up and flushed him, without a look, to the left of the right-of-way. I covered the top edge a bit around the bank and then returned by the field to the line and hunted out the top margin -

finding a grouse very shortly. As he flew down on the ridge I didn't follow him. Before long, another bird went out and down - and soon another one that I glimpsed. I had come to the fence that is near the small power line and had decided to drop down a piece and hunt back for those three grouse. Below me four grouse flushed singly - two, I couldn't locate, and two, up the ridge. I followed this last one and shortly put him out of a tree. Going after him I walked into three grouse (may have been all new ones) that were on the edge of the small power line - and flushed singly down the cleared stretch. I missed at the second one and missed. I felt I couldn't get the proper amount of lead on it was as I shot.



I missed two of these but without shots. I then went back down the ridge and soon had two birds moving but couldn't miss them. Turning and dropping down a width I shortly saw a grouse on the ground - and watched him rise and cut across to my left. I fired thru the trees but missed. I hunted back the ridge and cut down to the run - flushing one - a possibly two more - birds in the bottom. I was saturated as it had rained constantly, and hard, all the time I was out. However, tho I missed, they were both fair tries, and I had missed

2 shots - no hits

Saturday, November 1

The rainy morning cleared after lunch & ²³
a gorgeous sunny afternoon I char as a hill with the ridges
glowing and sunset colored in the twilight. Ray stayed home
again, and I took Blue back to our yesterday's cove. This time I
hunted up the small plover line at once - along the fence to the
lower side. I was almost at the top when Blue found a
bird - he may have pointed it. at least it flushed from his
direction and flew to me - landing on a log a few feet away.
I flushed it almost at once and shot and missed at it once.
I saw where my shot had cut off two capplings and I was
astounded to see how low I had shot. I realized I was not
letting the birds rise high enough to get a decent pattern
and lead ahead of them. Following this point to the top I
soon flushed a bird from some logs below me and as he
rose and cut away. I took that split second that makes
all the difference and then dropped him with the right
barrel. I ran up and called Blue, who immediately waddled
with his head up and acted as tho the grouse had run. I had
marked where he had rolled over and over but there was no sign.
Blue was gone down over the hill what seemed a long time,
while I stared at the leaves, trying to locate the bird. When I
saw Blue's tail wagging as he made his way back up the hill,
over and around logs - and then he came with the grouse in

his mouth! What a thrill! It was a large bird, only a few tail feathers



left after Blue's capture, but the breast not hurt a bit. Blue and I were delighted. We did a bit of gloating and then hunted on

around the ridge toward Andy, but Chig up. I had left my jacket under a log as the day had become hot. and, with no game bag, I had my pockets stuffed with shells. I tied the grouse to my belt by its feet and proceeded thru the woods. Before long I decided to return and endeavor to locate the birds near the small lake but found none. I then struck a level below where I'd missed the first bird - and soon moved a grouse ahead of me.

Further on I flushed and saw one a piece ahead - I believe a new bird - and followed where he seemed to go. I was turning to go higher on the hillside when an explosion occurred to my left - and a big bird tore up the hill quartering to my right and away - rising. I waited a second and missed - and then ^{crumpled} ~~strangled~~ him with my left - reaching out as he almost gained the tree tops.




I ran up to some big rocks and found him lying quite dead - on his back with his tailfeathers - loose and in a bunch beside him - possibly pulled out by some forked branch. Getting him til where he'd fallen, I called Blue in and as he came running we swung to the left and nailed the bird - and retrieved him nicely. This was the largest grouse I've shot this year - 22 inch wingspread - the both looked alike. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ^{arrived 1/2 Nov 1907} ^{W. J. Evans} ^{sent me to the folks.} I can still account for 16 or 17 grouse left.

Monday - November 3 Ray and Blue and I went to "Meyers' Rocks" and left the car in the same place. The day was overcast and sunny by spells. We almost at once flushed two grouse (out of sight) above the rocks and Blue raised a third one later, that flew toward us and landed in the rocks and rhododendron. I stood above and watched as Blue worked in - and soon the grouse flushed wild - low and away from me. We hunted back along the rocks and to the corner of grapevines - at Mother's field - where we flushed a big grouse there. I hunted out that edge and down to the hollow. Found some excellent grapevine cover, but no birds. In the hollow, Ray and I took a series of roads back to the one we found last time - and followed it across the valley to the foot of the Rimlock gorge. There we found the third bird where I expected him. Blue made a peck of a point and I put it out, without a chance to shoot. On our way to the Rimlocks to eat lunch I flushed a fifth and later saw a sixth grouse, fly from trees. It seemed impossible to reach them later, and so we ate lunch under the two tallest Rimlocks - at least 150 feet tall. It is gorgeous in that forest of Rimlock trees. After lunch we worked up the run along the right side of the Rimlocks and heard a bird go out but couldn't locate him later. We covered the east margin of that cove without any signs but two breast feathers Ray found. We decided to cut across to the north valley and through the cove.

of rhododendron along the stream - "Barren Run". Crossing to the far side we found the cover too closely cut. Jumped a big deer over there. We returned thru a dense growth of rhododendron and were resting on top the bank. Then as we started out, Blue came into a point behind us - but after some work, seemed to lose the scent and went about me. I decided to hunt out a sort of path and after a few steps a grouse flushed below me and I shot as I glimpsed him over the thick rhododendron. The bird went down over the bank as tho it had been hit - but, tho Blue and I hunted on both sides ^{of the run} for some bit, we didn't locate it. I may have missed, tho it looked like a hit.



x We got it up after quite a while and


went down the valley where we shortly moved another bird. We followed and saw him flush from Blue back below us and land not far away. I walked him up and took a foolish try as he went out low and partly behind trees. One big wing took about half my pattern. We were determined to follow him, however, and did move him again without a shot, this time a very long flight back down the valley. At last Blue came into a nice point in some short cut over brush some piece ahead of me. After his first point he moved in and froze. Soon the grouse flushed ahead of him and cut straight across to my left - quite open but very distant and I missed him with my right. I possibly should have used my left barrel  as it was quite distant. I'm determined to

learn to hit such shots and want to try them after we get our hand trap which really should improve my shooting. This grouse cut across into a field and up along the woods - out of sight and we never did raise him. We hunted back to the humlock where we heard a bird flush from a tall tree and later moved another bird about the rocks.

↳ Kiss is hard shooting cover but very interesting. On our way home in the car we turned and saw the full moon - large and very red - rising over the cover we had been in - the Hunter's Moon. Blue hunted beautifully today. 3 shots - no hits. mond 12-16

Wednesday, November 5. This was a rather unexpected hunt! I had stopped work on my illustration and had taken Blue over to the cover along "Wagon Wheel" to try to locate the young grouse, just to see if they were around. Blue showed signs of scent when we first entered at the lower crossing, but as he left it when I ordered him on, I thought nothing of it. After he had covered the lower part, I called to him and started up the run - and immediately stepped into a woodcock at my feet. Quite evidently Blue had found some scent of it. It flushed up the run and landed not far above me. I ran to the house for my gun and returned with Blue and worked upstream. I had taken the outside edge along the field below the house, and had reached the trout hole and returned to a clump of alders that I had Blue work out, but with no results. I knew the bird had landed somewhere nearby and was flying tight. Blue was once more in the woods and I was on the edge when the woodcock flushed in fact

of me in the woods and rose straight up to the tops of the trees and
comes - almost motionless in the air at times as it gained height
and then as it started away I shot at it and missed and then -
waiting as it sailed out over the field I dropped it with my ~~right~~
left hand.

 I marked where it had dropped and called
Oke in, but tho he went over the place hurriedly, he found no sign.
However, I called him back again and again, and at last I saw
him doing something and - there was the woodcock on the ground -
dead. Oke, however - wouldn't pick it up. He definitely has
no use for them. Whether he would develop an interest if I could
get him into a number of woodcock, I don't know. However, I'm
satisfied with him as he is!! I hunted on down the run, with the
woodcock in my shirt pocket and surprised Kay when she came over
loaded with flashlight and lantern, to look for it - having heard my
shots. It was a beautiful little sporting interlude, and the shot
against the sunset sky was thrilling.

2 shots - one woodcock

x



Thursday November 6. Finished my illustration and stepped out
about 5 p.m. to ask the impossible and see if any more woodcocks had
dropped in along "Wagon-Wheel". This time I took my gun and started
along the lower end of the field below our last straw pile. I was walking
in the swamp grass and approaching the alders when a woodcock

- of all surprises!! - flushed from them and cut across to my right. I pulled rather too quickly and missed and then took a careful lead and dropped him with my left. He fell in the alder thicket - where I shortly found him moving him - but refusing to retrieve him. It was a nice big woodcock and a terrific thrill and surprise to find the second one here.

Their flight is lower than grouse - and with half a look at them, I find by holding myself in check, they are reasonably easy to hit - But both yesterday and today I was unable to wait that moment on my first shots. It was getting dark fast as storm clouds were gathering it soon became impossible to hunt. As I had my glasses off, to see at all, I soon ran a twing along my eye and put myself out of running for some few days. However, I had my woodcock, anyway!

2 shots - one woodcock



x

Tuesday - November 11. Last Sunday - the 9th - was the 6th anniversary of Speck's death. His collar has completely lost the scent of him, which it held for years, but it's still in my hunting jacket. Today my eye was clear enough for the first to try hunting. The weather was cold with a sugaring of snow from yesterday. Ray drove me to the bridge beyond New River. I rather let me out on the hill above the bridge on Sunday. I shot and I put out a grouse

almost at once along the woods and the road and I took a fleeting
shot as it left a hemlock - and missed. I chased the bird track
after that without another shot. We crossed Sandy and I hunted
the left side of the road and crossed to the old Bishop place
and to Hilman's where I flushed the second bird of the day.
Blue found it later and put it out of some thick brush. It
cut over my head and I turned and fired both barrels after
it as it went away from me. I find my eye is not clear
enough for a perfect vision of the birds - but I can get a
reasonably good idea of them. However, I can blame my shooting
on it, anyway.



I couldn't find this grouse after
that shot so went on down Sandy keeping partway
up. Blue made a ^x mis point in rhododendron and a bird flushed
out far ahead of us. It was down in a terrific tangle and a big
area - so I gave it up and hunted on down the ridge, higher up.
As I got into the hemlocks, proper, I heard a fourth grouse
flush and soon put a fifth one out of a tall hemlock. I
sawed this bird two more times, both from trees and lost him above
the hemlock cutting across from Ray Butcher's and the Old Brick.
after doubling a bit I finally climbed the ridge and ate
lunch on an old woods road below Capps. It was bitter cold
and I soon got moving again. I climbed up to the top edge and
behind it to the rhododendron line - the whole grouse valley that

is such perfect cover. I forgot to mention that I feel I heard a grouse flush before I stopped for lunch - making the sixth. As I entered the valley Blue showed signs of game recent but no real point. I worked down the path on the right side of the run and saw a bird go down the ravine from a big hemlock above Blue. I followed and tho I didn't find him I heard Blue put out two birds from way above me - that I watched sail a terrific distance down over the hillside. I went after them and Blue finally put out one above my - from a rhododendron - and I ducked low as he came over my head - and took a quick shot as he sailed down away from me - but I didn't hit him. Possibly not enough lead, but I think I had.



I followed and flushed him and then returned to the rhododendron run up on the hill where I hunted up the other side and put out three birds! from a rhododendron clump along the run. I took a repeat the third one but believe I over shot as he ducked over



x

the cover. I moved two of the birds later without shots. Finally I decided to work on toward home and followed an old tram road down the ridge - keeping well up. I found some excellent looking new territory. As I passed the top edge of the cut off thicket, above the bridge and hillside back of Ray Guthrie's but still in good cover myself, a big grouse tore out about and

I waited long enough, I missed him both times, much to my
regret. I felt like giving up - and walked up to the old
road above me and kept on along the ridge. A few yards
farther along - a grouse flushed from a brush heap in the
road and cut across to my right - rising. I dropped it
with my right hand - a direct hit apparently for it lay
where it fell - fluttering.



I had then found it and
he seemed as delighted as I. It was one of those last moment
incidents that reclaim the entire day - washes away the
blame of all my misses makes the ridge more glorious -
the air more aromatic - in fact, is the essence of grouse
shooting - the unexpected element. The bird is a huge hen -
according to the tail feathers. Blue and I sat and gloated for
a spell, and then came on home, following the ridge to Upland's
and on to Shafter where I rode home with Alva in his
truck - what a way to ride! In the ridge I looked back up the
valley up around several folds up sandy - all wild hazy blue
hills - rough and steep, and realized I had hunted from above
even when I could see.

enrolled 15-23

of shots - one hit

tail spread is 13"

Wing spread is 23"

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Wednesday - November 12. Kay, Blue, and I drove to St. Joe -
 stopping at Albright to ship drawings to Kay Hughes. We went up
 the road on the right of Dangerity Run and left our car at the
 forks - walking out the ridge to Elroy Run. We found this
 valley one of those perfect grouse covers - wild, remote, and
 rugged - a true wilderness country. Kay followed the road, and
 I took the cover below and we worked clear up the valley to
 the forks of the streams - raising exactly one big grouse. We followed
 the shoulder of land up the right ridge - then hills of *Shadblow*
 which should have held hundreds of grouse - all the way to
 the top and I went up & below Mrs. Paugh's house where I talked
 to a Sylph man, who tried to direct me to some birds. We
 dropped down over the ridge and ate lunch on "Ragtown Run," one of
 the forks of Elroy. Had a fire and toasted our sandwiches.
 We came back down Elroy ^{on} the left side - but didn't raise a
 bird until we crossed the road and worked down a log road
 to an old sawmill set where we flushed what I believe to be the
 bird we raised in the morning. We failed to move him - he had
 raised about and flushed over us and into the tangle along the
 stream - incidentally this looks like a good ~~nest~~ ^{nest}.

We waded downstream thru terrific jumbles of rocks - rhododendron,
and hemlocks - and suddenly I saw Blue showing signs of
scent. I watched as I crawled thru the cover and after a
bit, a bird flushed going to the left and rising. I
dropped him with my right barrel and saw him disappear
on a large rock amid a puff of feathers. I called to Ray, who
cried not to let Blue retrieve until
we got there - and I ran to below the
rock - but could see nothing but feathers floating down.



I thrust of the top of the rock, and when I looked found it
was a sizable declivity with a small hemlock growing
on it - and there lay the grouse on his back - in the
light sprinkling of snow. I let Blue find him and
retrieve - and we were both astonished at the size of the
bird - a huge bronze ^{cockbird} - a perfect bronze in fact - with
bronze tail band as well as ~~rusty~~ ^{ruffs}. He was enormous.
In fact his measurements were: tip of bill to tail - 19"
That exceeds wing and tail sizes of the } wing spread - 24 1/2"
largest one so far by 1/2 inches } tail spread - 15"

Since then I've shot a number of larger cocks, when my suggest that in their first days, they were more yearling.

It was one of those gorgeous birds, shot in the perfect wilderness where he had lived - down in that deep valley where I doubt if many grouse hunters had ever been. After admiring him and drinking in the perfection of it all - we started up the hillside and into the teeth of a real cliff - which we finally found our way thru - seeing large grouse tracks in the snow - and up to the road. At the corner of the road - Ray went on to the car while I took the woods on the upper side and missed three grouse. I met a man and boy - who said I'd miss more birds by hunting on that part where I had finished. I must try it sometime. We drove home after a perfect day - very cold - and the glow of discovering new ground - good ground. This was the largest grouse of my entire hunting experience - and this I live to hunt for years on end. I may never shoot another as large as the "perfect bronze of Elsey Run". numbered 5-6

One shot - one hit

(Ray turned his ankle and sprained it on Thomas' steps)

(1977) 7 Thursday. November 13. Leaving Ray at ~~home with his foot~~ ^{Kulms Millers} ~~a bucket of hot water~~ - I took ~~him to the~~ "Myrtle Rocks" section -

going after lunch. Left the car at the corner near Guthrie's and
hunted the flat above the rocks - but raised nothing until I
reached the edge at the east end of the humlocks. Blue put out
a grouse that sailed back past me - too fast to shoot at.

I moved him over and didn't find him after that. We
hunted across to the other valley - "Barrow Run" where I
put a grouse out of the upper fringe of the Rhododendron -
and missed as it flew across to the left - and down into
a thicket of small trees where I saw it land in one.

We went down and it flashed, and I shot as it
made the tree tops and started out to the right - dropping
it with my right barrel.




* Blue

retrieved it nicely. We hunted on up the valley and into a
broad basin of Rhododendron I'd never been in before -
flushing another bird - and soon I heard still another one
go out. This is a good cover - excellent protection. At the

upper end the Rhododendron ends and Blue pointed two grouse
that flushed without my getting a shot. I came back
to the car, flushing another bird above the humlocks and rocks.
This is the grouse we sent to Ralph Whitney.

2 shots - one hit

Friday, November 14th. I went with Blue to the ridge above
 High Run - what I've incorrectly called the Melcer ridge - We
 put a bird out on the first ridge above the road but tho we flushed
 it a few times, I got no chance to shoot. I crossed to the
 main ridge and hunted clear to the old deserted farm
 and raised nothing - but soon after heard one flush. I
 decided to follow the ridge top out toward the Collins' Knob -
 and tho I went thru beautiful cover, didn't meet a bird. I finally
 dropped down to some open large woods and started back up the valley.
 On an edge in some grapes and wild coals a bird flushed down
 the hill past me. We went down and two birds got out - which I
 followed. Tho I don't feel I necessarily found those birds I
 flushed them more - one going into a sapling and watching me.
 I got no shot as he left. But in following him I flushed
 him - and missed a flight and left as he went out and
 turned up the edge where I'd first found the bird a while back.
 I returned to the original nest of the three years and on the
 way flushed one and later moved him up the hill where he flushed
 twice - the last time cutting him from a branch.

my left - and I missed him.  I moved no
more birds until I worked ^x in up the valley and got into the
thick cover that runs up ~~to~~ to the old farm - moving two big
birds - and a third on top in some grapes. On my way
to the car I flushed two that were probably part of the bunch
I'd found early in the even - and another bird part way to
the power line. The shots were not very decent ones -
3 shots - no hits. ^{12 new} ~~14~~ - 21

Saturday November 15th. Art Thomas, Blue, and I went down
"Little Sandy" to a valley that leads to "Big Sandy" above Rockwell.
We moved no game - that we could be sure of - tho I tho I heard
two birds. The cover is excellent - *Microtus* and hardwoods -
changing to dense *Amelanchier* and *Microtus*. We decided to
try the top and worked around the edge to the ridge above
Big Sandy. I heard a bird flush and later another one flushed
as Blue worked up on the foot of the ridge. In some *Amelanchier* further on
a bird went out and Blue made a nice point at the place.
Soon after I saw two more flush ^{and later a fourth one went}

out of some rhododendron as Blue went into it. We followed down
 a piece and around the ridge when I did ^{at} and missed a
 bird that tore out of a hemlock tree. Later that or one of the others,
 flushed up over the ridge. We returned and flushed another
 pair that went up into rough cover. We ate lunch and then
 started up the ridge up "Little Sandy" valley. - flushing a
 pair on the edge - that we couldn't miss again. We hunted
 on up the ridge and suddenly, I heard one that seemed to go
 up toward det - but I realized that it was coming my way - in
 time to see it come over me and down the hillside at a terrific
 speed. I swung a line, and to my surprise, dropped him.
 I called Blue, who promptly retrieved him and on the way I
 could see the very unusual color of its ruffs - not a
bronz - but actually a ref. It was a beauty - a big
 cock - and its tailfeathers had four small ones - just
 coming in after the molt. It had been a rather neat shot.




We hunted on up the ridge and after a point
 that looked like the real thing - we went on - and

son flushed a grouse across the corner of an old ~~field~~ buckwheat field.
Art missed it. We followed this bird and as I intended Art to have
the shot I worked the brush. Finally the grouse rose - straight
up - and as I felt certain he wasn't able to see it to shoot
I fired - almost simultaneously with Art - and the grouse
crumpled up. Phil returned to me and I insisted that Art
take the bird - tho he was mild about wanting me to have it.
I felt he had probably hit it as well as I had. We hunted
up the edge of a woods where this grouse had risen and, sure enough,
another one flushed and Art shot, his pattern landing in a tree.

We followed and after a flush we put out 3 grouse - marking
them in their flight. Two went up the hillside to the woods - but
we only found one and I missed it - rather by surprise -
in following this one - Art fell and broke his old hammer
gun - Cally. We went back to the car and home.
I cleaned Art's bird by him and we found we had both hit it.

4 shots - 2 hits.

Nov 16-20

Monday November 17th. I had started to go to Roaring Creek, but found the car battery dead - so got up and decided on "Dandy" - back of Ray Guthrie's. I walked back to Marcellus Faulkner's and hunted the upper side of the road on joining Guthrie's Hill. I flushed and missed - a bird almost immediately. I really don't see how or why, but he went on. After flushing him down over the road I followed  and heard one go out. Later in the afternoon along Dandy I heard a grouse flush from a clump in front of me - and as he came into view - going straight away and slightly rising I fired and he went on - turning to the left into some scrub oaks - and I fired again, pulling ahead of him in the brush - and I saw him land on the hillside. I went to the spot and found some hemlock boughs - dead and in quite a brush heap but didn't find any indication of my grouse. as I was starting up the hillside to one side of the brush, I saw the bird flutter and attempt to rise, directly in front, but being crippled, it ran into the brush pile. I called Blue and pointing into the heap I called "Dead Bird - fetch, Blue." and in a moment he had it and retrieved it to me - a yearling hen. After that I went and walked up to the country behind Ray Guthrie's, going by the ridge on Frank Hubert's land - flushing one grouse on the upper edge in

the very spot I'd missed him before. I flushed two grouse on the
prairie below Houdersholt's. Blue pointed the first beautifully, and
two of the second rises - three points in a row - and done like an
old timer. I took a shot at one of the rises and missed. After
following these birds with no results, and going on out the path, I
flushed a grouse below the road. In the *Stodolunda* ravine I
found no signs until I hunted on the far side, where above the
old tram road Blue pointed and two birds flushed. I
missed one of them - partly by shooting into a sapling. I finally,
in following, hunted up the ravine and flushed four young birds
without any shots. After some circlings and doublings I
missed two or three of them and then dropped down the ridge
toward Mundy - shooting a foolish try at a bird near the bottom
as we tore back up the ridge. I used the stream and hunted the
section of Ray Guthrie's woods, moving about three birds or more -
and missing one that tore out of a humlock - hardly possible shot.
I walked up the road to the White Oak Corners - finding the
White Oaks cut down - and then home by Jimmy Guthrie's -
into the sunset.

7 shots - one hit

missed 3 returned 3 Guthrie

Nov 14-19 Cuff

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Tuesday - November 18 - We drove on and met the folks at the Dinner Bell and Ray and Mother drove towards while Father and I went to Spital. Ray took Mue to rest up, which Father had found. I started us out the ridge in front of Spital and kept Father on a level route while Mue and I did the bushing. We heard one bird go wild - and saw none until we started up the first ravine - when a grouse flushed above me, fairly close, and went straight away. I dropped it before it got far at all - a large hen. I felt rather sorry Father hadn't got the shot, for I was afraid he wouldn't get much shooting - and this trip was definitely to get him some hunting. Father heard another bird flush behind me as I hunted out the ~~same~~ ravine without seeing anything. We went on out the ridge - in excellent cover all the way and among some grapevines and crabapple trees Father stepped into three birds - missing the first as it went out wild - and then each of the others went out separately. He felt badly about missing the bird - tho it incidentally had been a slim chance - way out. As we dropped over the slope to follow these birds - another one flushed and further down I put out another - tho it could have been one of the three Father flushed. As I was making a final circle below a rock ledge and among rhododendron, a grouse (one of the three I believe) tore out in front of me as I worked the bushes and I dropped him as we cut straight away, thinking ahead a cloud of

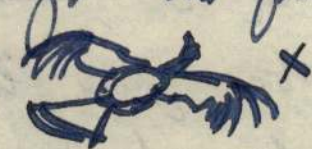
feathers



at first I automatically called - "get him!"

but then decided to carry out a plan I'd had in mind - and I tried to hurry and find the bird before Father arrived on the scene. I was looking down into holes - in the pile of rocks - where a dozen grouse could have fallen and been smothered - and was trying to guide myself by the feathers lying around - while Grouse was busy hunting in the cover above me. Suddenly I looked up to see him retrieve the bird, laying it on the ground and turning away. I got it and nearly got it in my game bag as Father looked over the cliff above - and I said I'd missed, evidently. After a bit of pseudo-searching we crested back the ridge - and as I approached the place below where he'd missed his bird - I suggested that perhaps he'd hit it after all - and was he sure it had gone on. Naturally I knew that human nature clings to the slightest hope - and especially after shooting at a grouse - and it was no very matter to have him expecting to find the bird. When he wasn't looking I took it out of my bag and calling Grouse to me - I yelled down that Grouse had found it and ~~was~~ was bringing it to me. Father came scrambling up the hill - practically with tears in his eyes -

and exclaiming that he felt he was on that bird - and then you were - if you didn't have a dog you'd never know when you'd hit one! It was a happy moment for him and I'll never regret my deception. It worked beautifully and it really made the day for him - for he got no more shots. We ate lunch on a log, in very high spirits - and I got a real kick out of it. I felt badly not crediting Grouse for his very nice find among the rocks - but I felt my improvisation had given him comparable glory - and he grinned very knowingly at me. After lunch we started to follow a bird that had flushed just as we were about to sit down. Evidently it had worked back toward us, for I was about to step over a dead tree not far from our log and a bird flushed and went away from me, slightly quartering and very low. I shot and he crumpled up - and Grouse retrieved him nicely. All three of the birds were new - the last two were yearlings & the first at least two years old. I had decided I'd




Take a shot at a third bird as under the circumstances I'd given up my second one - and the boy was so young. But I really rather regretted doing it - as there certainly is no pleasure in killing three birds in a day - and once the thrill of the moment is gone, I hated the idea of doing it. We hunted on out to the next little run, shooting one

bird - and then down to the tram road and out at some place -
I flushing a grouse down in the cover along meadow. We returned
by the tram road and didn't see a bird on the way back tho
I when we'd missed the grouse, I saw a small trout in "faucet".
at the car I changed a flat tire and drove down to "faucet" and
picked up Father and drove us to "faucet" - where I shared my
joke with Ray. We had a very pleasant dinner and evening.
We gave the folks one of the Star grouse - weighing the large hen -
whose fan was 14". A few days later, Father exclaimed how bad
nit his grouse had been - just showing that you always felt
they were farther out than they really were!!

3 shots - 3 hits

Nov 10-13 Penna.

Wednesday - November 19. I drove on to Roaring Creek - leaving
the ~~the~~ Cat hummers. I was disappointed to find a hunter's car
already there - the man who built the cabin above June Cochran's.
Deciding to hunt the country above the road I went down along
the road - hunting below it to the corner of the red brush on the
upper side where I had seen a bird cross as I drove up. I
flushed three, almost immediately and hunted them hard
for some time doubling back and forth, and moving back

grouse, at least. Finally I followed one up the ridge - after a flush
 on a point by Blue and later Blue had him on the edge of the
 rock ledge. But as the bird came out of the rhododendron, he
 saw me and doubled back on Blue, almost into his face, rather
 than open himself for a shot - a very close work. At the old
 tram road where I reached shortly a big grouse tore out and I
 didn't get a shot as I was reprimanding Blue for going into it as
 it ran. I was unable to mass this bird again, but Blue waded
 and we flushed one on top the ledge some piece above the tram road.
 I missed a shot at it as it quartered away. Possibly should have
 led it more.  x I couldn't raise this bird, so I kept up
 on the ridge and came upon a bird drumming - that is. I walked up to
 the sound and it rose wild. I saw his log with large fresh droppings.
 Blue located him and he rose wild the next time. I was up in large
 rocks and with a nice view of the hill folding in all around - wild
 and rough, so we ate lunch in the sunshine. I had just started
 out after eating and flushed a grouse below these rocks - I
 believe the drummer returning by foot. I got no chance to shoot -
 Finally, after hunting some bit I went down to the tram road -
 just above the Ferns alta Pike at this point - near the Tannery bridge -
 and returned along it, flushing ~~the birds~~ ~~without a shot~~

Back in the redbrush below Summers once more I began raising the
four a few yards in that case and finally missed a quick
surprise shot as a bird I'd been following went out of a brush top
as I walked past. I shot too soon, of course. I had also flushed
two birds down over the rock ledge along the little run that
flows into "Dick Run". On my way to the car, I hunted out the
piece below the road - down to the lower road - had a nice point
in the bottom, but couldn't find a feather, as the
"sawmills" had obviously scattered them from all the drooping
I'd heard all afternoon.

March 12-19

2 shots - no hits
~~~~~

Thursday - November 20. Fake Thanksgiving. As the weather forbade  
my trip to Rowlesburg with Raymond French - very threatening with  
intermittent showers, I went to Mason Run left the car and  
went up the Williams hillside - hearing blue flush these birds  
down along Mason. I found only one bird up on the top  
where I usually find them. Hunted on to the power line - then  
doubled down to the deep cut ravines along the new right-of-way survey -  
and to the next valley. Up the knob and moved my big old friend  
and failing to find him again. *at my check to fall the brush!*



had brought as I'd expected to get raised in) I decided to try the  
 bottoms as the birds just didn't seem to be on the ridges in any  
 numbers, and in the valley Blue ran onto two grouse - One went  
 out and up the valley - The second then rose and came  
 across directly in front of me as I took a careful shot -  
 but missed, tho I don't see why <sup>(X)</sup> <sup>(X)</sup>  
 enough lead. It turned, and landed up the valley - where Blue  
 finally found it as the first one. I couldn't tell - I followed and  
 Blue pointed the next time, but it flushed behind him and went  
 on up the hollow. After another flush I put it out and as it  
 cut away from me to the right I dropped it - tho as I shot I was  
 uneasy that I hadn't raised it enough. ~~Blue~~ Blue found it  
 and caught it, retrieving it. It was a nice ring grouse - a last  
 year's cockbird. After admiring it, we went on up the valley  
 exploring a fork of the hollow and finally coming out at the old log  
 house - fallen in - on the road past the Williamson place. At the  
 road to the left I saw some good looking woods and hunted up the hollow  
 in it - coming out into some excellent grapevine-and-buck-hoop even  
 on top the hill. We hunted out the ridge flushing a bird that we  
 followed and on the next rise ~~but~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~mountain~~ ~~side~~ ~~back~~.



Keeping after the first one I heard him go out of some second  
growth hardwoods - excellent cover - and followed him -  
walking right up on a huge bird that took things up getting  
out of them. Straight up like a rocket. I missed with  
the right - and back over me to the left - and I missed  
with the second barrel. The shots could have been made.

x

x



I followed back after this fellow and finally he  
went out in front of a nice point of trees, but I got no shot. In  
following him I walked up another bird - possibly the second grouse  
that flushed in this part, and from sheer reflex - I shot and of  
course missed. I hunted back up the hollow after moving both of  
the last birds - but missed no more grouse. Cutting back on the  
edge toward the Fisher knob - it had begun raining - I saw a  
group of deer in an old field. We dropped over to Mason run -  
and Mike missed a bird in the bottom. Then we worked down to  
the car and came home - walking wet but with a grouse!

5 shots - one hit

3 miles  
7-15

Friday, November 21 Returned for afternoon hunt to new territory I discovered yesterday, hunting up the hollow thru crabapples and the open beechwoods to the brushheaps and out the ridge to a cornfield and some grassy cover on the edge of the woods. I moved no game until this point - when Blue pointed and later we put out a grouse from a blackberry thicket - and moved him over was without a shot. I then hunted up the other side of the hollow and reached the head of the valley without any luck. Climbing a fence I had started up the edge of the woods - when a grouse blew out of a grassy-wood heap at my very feet. The surprise element was too much for me and I snapped at him and missed. Hunting down the hollow I moved a couple of birds and then worked down to the red brush cover below the brush heap hill top. It was becoming dark and I made a couple of circles in search of a grouse that had flushed that way and failing to locate it, I started down the path thru the thicket. Partway along I saw Blue stop for a moment in a point and then leave it. Going down to the place I flushed a bird - I believe the large bird I missed yesterday - and as he took out and away - quartering very slightly - I shot twice at him and missed. I followed and flushed him again, nearly hearing him go out. It was almost dark so I returned to the car.

3 shots - no hit  
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

Saturday - November 22. This was a clear bright sunny day -  
and fairly crisp. I drove over to Daugherty - leaving Kay home  
again - for she has been off the bad ankle ever since she  
hurt it - and drove to the empty house when we left it before.  
This time I started hunting in the woods about the car - and  
raised nothing. I then dropped over to the hollow below the  
rocks and rhododendron and shortly heard three grouse go out  
single. I saw one of them drop cups over the ledge and I followed.  
I began flushing this group as I walked up. It was noisy and they  
wouldn't lie for Blue. After a number of rises, a bird flushed  
about me and I heard another go out ahead. My bird however  
roost and as I turned to him, was cutting across one to my right.

I had my gun ahead of him about as I wanted it and altho  
both bird and gun had swung into line against the bright  
glaring sun (my head was raised too much for the eyeshade to work)  
shutting out my vision of both - I pulled and was astonished  
and pleased to see it fall - but squarely. I let Blue

find and retrieve it.  
remarkable shot - the  
experienced just that.



It was really a very  
first time I'd ever  
With that very reassuring

plumpness in my game pocket and feeling the weight of it

my back — the perfect way to begin a day's hunt!! — I turned away from the other birds — leaving them for another time and to multiply — I started back around the ridge where I'd never been before. I saw another grouse flush — the fourth one but didn't follow him either. I went a considerable distance across the broad basin and finally secured one bird. When I came to a small run with *Pododendron*, I turned and climbed up the ridge. The cover soon changed to laurel and chestnut-oaks — and didn't look good for grouse, to me. But before long I came into an extensive *gaspawia* cover amid large rocks — where I finally flushed a bird that went back of me. I failed to find it when I went back and so returned to the *gaspawia* ledge and dropped over the brink of the basin. Soon I flushed a grouse that cut away from me — fairly low to the ground. I shot and saw it fall, calling in blue. He ran up to find the bird as it fluttered to get away — but he caught it nicely and retrieved it to me. It was a large cockbird about a three-year-old. I took my two birds up to a rock — upon-a-rock where we ate lunch. The first grouse was a hen — a two year old. After enjoying my lunch — I needed only Ray to make it perfect — for I was feeling mighty good — sitting here in this newly discovered country, two hours with

two shots - and plenty of grouse in this wilderness of cover -  
and a real grouse dog to find them for me. What more could I  
ask of life? The air was damp and rich and fragrant -  
to quote "The Trees" -- you could even smell the game here -

We hunted on - purely to explore and find birds. I crossed  
this second basin - nice good cover - greenbrier and small  
hardwoods - soon struck a surveyed line fence cleared to a sort  
of path which I followed - crossing a tiny run of cold clear  
water that raced along a solid rock channel for fifteen  
feet or more. At the corner of the "line" I turned downhill  
with it and had it gone far until a bird flew to my left.  
Going in to see if there were more I heard two more go out below  
me and behind. One cut up along the fence line. Following the  
slope of the hill downward I put out another grouse into some  
shotokindness. Then I came out on the road - and after a short  
scurry out to the next house I returned to the car - finding I had  
hunted a really considerable piece. This is good country and today  
was one of the best days I've had this season.



2 shots - 2 hits

Nov 10 - 14

PDJ 1/95

Monday, November 20th. I drove the car to the "White Oak  
corner" and walked down the road toward Sandy - turning in to the  
woods on Ray Gutherie's place.


he'd been at heel - as we both almost stepped on a grouse that went out from our feet - and into the half grown up clearing. I followed him to the woods but didn't miss him and on my way back along the lower slope of the hill I heard Blue put out a loud that I saw cut back below me - and tho we hunted hard for him - we never missed him. I returned to the original flock on the principle ~~that~~ that he could have turned and followed the open field. Working up the edge of cover along the road we flushed two birds from an old tree lying down, in the very open - and I didn't get a shot as one went each way. I finally located the one I followed into the woods - at last I saw Blue make a lunge as he went out. I gave him a round <sup>scolding</sup> ~~scolding~~, for he knows well enough that he shouldn't and then began to follow the bird - at last flashing him out of a hummock as I walked under. I shot as he gained the clear space and saw him go down! -



I ran up thru the rhododendron calling Blue, who came quickly and began hunting. There were feathers still floating down (a heartwarming sight!) and a few on the ground. I that I heard a fluttering down the hill in a thicket and ordered Blue down there - but he soon returned empty-mouthed - and as I let him hunt where he would. Very shortly he came out of the rhododendron with ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~bird~~ <sup>mouth</sup> a big

cockbird - and an odd color. The ruff and tail band were not black - nor bronze - but a half way compromise - a sort of steely brown. And the general color was rather a silvery cast - the tail feathers were quite gray in quality - I classify it as a silvery bronze - the first of that color I'd seen. I left this cove and went to cross muddy - only to find it high and fast. However, rather than return to the ledge I selected a wide spot and waded it - slipping partway over and soaking my arm and one boot. I soon had a fire going and did a good job of drying myself - as it was really rather cold and no day to be wet. I ate lunch by the fire down in the hummocks. A bird had flushed just as I came up - and after eating I started up the hill, but didn't locate it. However a bird did flush across to my left and toward the rhododendron run. As we approached the ravine I heard Blue put out another. I followed the old team road to the other side and around the hill of pines - then going higher - just under the ledge of rocks started back to the ravine. Very soon I heard three birds flush and one came up the slope almost hitting me. I made a sudden motion to keep it from landing - and it began to settle - then rose up and went over the ledge to the flat above. I called Blue and we went up after it. Once on top, Blue had not gone far when



he wheeled suddenly and before he could freeze - the bird  
 went up under his wing nose and turning as it rose it  
 out across to my right. I shot as it went out over the rocks  
 and it tumbled down in the tangle of rhododendron. Running out  
 to the spot  X I was prepared to climb down in  
 the jumble to begin hunting when Blue  
 leaped over to a sort of island of rock and growth and I soon heard  
 a flutter and Blue brought it out to me - a yearling hen.  
 After looking at both my birds for a while I went on - reaching the  
 old ridge road and returning to Howdershelt's - going to one side to  
 explore the piece behind Lovell Summers' place - good game place  
 and a place I'd never been before. Saw no birds, but found  
 across where they had been feeding. Raised one bird along the  
 road - Dropped down to muddy and up to the car. Another  
 really soul-satisfying day. <sup>bnew</sup> 11 - 12  
 2 shots - 2 hits

Tuesday, November 25. Very cold this morning. Found stovepipes in  
 kitchen burned them, so spent the forenoon replacing it. As it was  
 about the coldest day so far, I felt I hadn't needed too much by  
 waiting until after lunch to go out. I drove Blue to Myers' Place and  
 left the car at the side of the road - my usual place being filled by  
 a telephone pole. We hunted along the upper margin of the rocks  
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

and up to the far boundary of the hemlock woods, but didn't see a  
bird. I crossed to the other valley - keeping along the long field  
and found some good grapevine corners but no birds. Reaching  
the head of the rhododendron thicket along "Barner Run" I  
worked it out and started down the near edge. Suddenly -  
a grouse flushed from a clump to my right and I snapped at  
him as he went away - rather far out. The bird went straight  
for the run and the other side. I continued a piece and heard a  
meadow cross to the far bank, so I crossed, too, after working  
rather hard to get over. I found the other side quite grown up and  
difficult going. Covering the entire area as well as I could, I  
failed to move either bird. Finally I returned to the original  
side and as I worked my way up the tangled slope Blue pointed  
and kept up until a bird flushed wild. I put out two or more  
grouse on the same margin of rhododendron without a shot. I  
went down to the corner near the field where I had missed a long shot  
on another trip, and there Blue made a good point, but the bird gave  
no quarter and went out wild. After hunting about for some  
time I returned across the woods to the Myers Poles, and flushed one  
bird on the way in to the car.

One shot - no hits

Nov 7-7

59

Wednesday - November 26. I drove back to Roaring Creek, leaving the car at Summers again. This time there were no varmints. I had just stepped into the woods below the car when, a grouse flushed just to the right of me and as he tore up, was bewildered by finding himself over the open road, and so flew on up the hill - over Summers' sheep and into the woods above the clearing. I was too involved to get a shot - and Blue never knew he had flushed. I believe the wind had been wrong for Blue to get the scent. I found that to be the case most all morning - Blue walked into and flushed a number of birds - and I'll back him up for having an exceptional nose. The high wind must have been the reason. We followed this bird above the road, and tho we hunted hard, never moved him. I really feel he must have flushed wild. Once above the road, I decided to hunt on down the ridge along the old tramroad. I moved no game until I came to the ravine where the tramroad is crumbled - and there Blue ran into and flushed <sup>two or</sup> three grouse. I took the one to the right to follow, but never found him. Going back down the ravine I flushed two birds and following one put him up two more times and a fourth bird. Mostly by sound, and never a real chance for a shot. I returned to the little ravine or valley and at the foot of the rock ledge

to find them but couldn't - and moved one of the first three up on the flat above the ledge. I finally went back into the hollow and ate lunch. After lunch, back up on the flat, Blue made a nice point and the grouse went out wild. After working up along the main road I crossed to the woods below it and had gone ~~for~~ <sup>about</sup> a hundred yards (Blue having made a point without a flush) when I sensed that a bird had risen and suddenly I saw him coming straight for me - about shoulder high. I made a sudden motion to keep him from landing and as he recoiled from the surprise and tore past me - dodging. I turned and shot as he rounded a bunch of dead leaves on a cut down tree top. He fell and Blue came up and retrieved him to me - a huge grouse. It puzzles me how I turned and shot quickly enough to drop him before he got behind the treetop. After admiring my prize - and he was gorgeous - we went on down the ridge - crossing Roaring Creek at the bridge and hunting out a piece below the road and stopping to see June. He was husking corn and felt he couldn't go out, but he wanted me to see his dogs and trophies. The master of the Briery Mountain Kennels is quite a character. I hunted down the ridge above June's house, just above the road and before long saw a grouse go up ahead of me.

miss point, and as I walked up two grouse rose, and I shot too <sup>61/41</sup>  
quickly at the one going out - and missed. I hate to confess it,  
but as I've said before, to walk up to a pointing dog completely  
unnerves me for the shot. I'm much better off when one flushes  
wild. I followed the bird I'd missed as it rose later and dove  
down over the ridge and I never found it. However, this did find and  
point the other of the two birds and I missed a slim chance at him.  
I finally gave them up and went up on the ridge a piece higher -  
flushing a big grouse that I followed up and back in a series  
of rises - then some gorgeous grouse cover. That is an area well  
worth hunting - excellent cover and unlimited territory. I'm  
sorry I haven't hunted it more. This big grouse finally led me  
back into the country toward the little cabin, but higher up,  
and at last sailed over a ledge and completely eluded me. I  
decided that it was time to head for the car as the sun was going  
down and this section was in shadow - so cut down the slope thru  
an old orchard (eating a frozen apple) and up over a low shoulder  
and started down a deep steep ridge - presumably into Raring Creek  
valley. Partway down. One boy into a point in front of me, and then  
worked up on footrest and a gain flushed and below me. I'll never

know if Blue was standing at the time or still working up - I do  
 know that I took a quick lead as he was quartering away to the  
 right and tumbled him with a broken wing - a long shot. Blue  
 saw him falling and ran up - or rather down - and after a moment  
 had him safely and brought him up the steep hill to me -  
 the bird still alive - and Blue breathing hard from the steep  
 climb and the heavy mouthful. When I took the grouse it  
 was dead, and only then did I realize what a big one it was -  
 a beauty and a good match for the first bird. I laid them  
 both on the ground and we gazed on our luck - Two of the  
 largest grouse you're apt to find. I finally started for the car -  
 carrying both grouse rather than ruffle their feathers in my  
 jacket. We soon came to the tram road above the little cabin  
 and I realized just where I was. Went down to the bridge and  
 up the road to the car.



There were both very large  
 cockbirds - the first measured -

|                                                        |                     |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|--------|
| second {<br>tip of bill to tail<br>tail<br>wing spread | tip of bill to tail | 18 1/2 |
|                                                        | tail                | 14 1/2 |
|                                                        | wing spread         | 23     |
| first {<br>tip of bill to tail<br>tail<br>wing spread  | tip of bill to tail | 19     |
|                                                        | tail                | 14 1/2 |
|                                                        | wing spread         | 22     |

4 shots - 2 hits

March 14 - 21  
George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday November 27 - Thanksgiving Day. Warm and sunny. I really feel that as far as shooting goes, my season ended with yesterday. However, I'll briefly sketch the last three days. As we ~~had~~ were to eat Thanksgiving Dinner with the folks in Mountain, I had to hunt only a short day - and so drove to the new cove near the Wilterson place. I started in the red brush, hunted out the tree-tops cove and had circled on the hardwood ridge when I flushed one grouse wild. As I watched it go away a second one flushed much closer and took me by surprise and I shot too impulsively and missed it. I had no luck in locating these, altho I did have another bird from the upper gorge come near the corn field. I had later - after eating the meager lunch Day had limited me to - worked up the hollow to the head and circled in the vast gorge area. Finally a bird flushed from below and came toward me, cutting across to the left. I shot as it was crossing - too close and quickly and missed a second shot at it. I was unable to move that bird tho I practically "cornered" the cove for it. I had decided to cross to another woods and was traveling along the edge of the field - going toward the house when two birds exploded behind me - I missing one. I hunted hard for both birds but failed to find them. They pointed nicely above the old sawmill set and then lunged in as a bird sailed down the hill. I panicked him and then followed - missing a snap shot at the bird as it flushed into the hills.

oak tree. I missed no more birds and after hunting some bit, I returned to the car by 3 o'clock and drove home to get Key and ride to town. Very rugged shooting. Too anxious.

5 shots - no hits

and <sup>1</sup> ~~1~~ - 8

Friday, November 28. I returned to the Daugherty Run country - the weather sunny, but warmer this time than last. I found no sign of the 3 birds I'd left in the first cove - then I hunted up the ridge and back around above Casey. As I rounded the shoulder I heard one go out wild - never saw it. Having come that area I crossed the first basin and had reached the brink of the run before the first bird I'd seen flushed without a chance to shoot. I came to the rhododendron along the run and soon had flushed three birds. Looking down to the road I had begun to come up the stream when a bird went up and came right over me. I would have wagered any amount of money that no situation could anymore disconcert me enough to make me shoot before the bird had passed - but that's what happened. Some crazy impulse possessed me and I flayed away as he came to me - and turning fired my left when I should have been shooting my first shot. Of course, I missed.



I followed this bird, after leaving another flush, but had no luck.



Continuing around the ridge Blue found a grouse on the lower edge of the redbrake cover that went straight away up the hill. I fired as he was rather well out and missed. I have made shots that way, but not this time. After some search I saw the bird go around the hill above me and I followed - missing a quick shot as he tore out of a gravel clump to the left of me. On the next rise in the large "granitic rocks" I missed after he had got a good start, keeping behind an chestnut pole. I searched hard for him, circling after I'd gone a good grouse-flight and on the second crest as I started up the hill he flushed close to me and cut away - crossing to the left. I missed him again. Both this shot and the second one I'd fired at him were the result of shooting too quickly and not waiting for him to quarter away more decidedly.

X




I was thoroughly discouraged after such <sup>fruitless shooting</sup> and sat down and ate lunch on the big rocks. After lunch I went on around the ridge raising nothing. This I went clear around the shoulder to above the 'Dauphin Gap' and at last flushed a bird on the return. I must have missed no more than three birds - and I finally hid the road back to the car - cutting up into the forest cover in hopes of getting another shot <sup>near the top of the ridge</sup>.

Almost none of the shots today were anything but indifferent.  
6 shots - no hits.  
6-13

Saturday November 29. The last day. It was clear and sunny and I drove to the road from Cuyper to Coker school leaving the car at Muddy Creek. Talked to a Mr Rebert - Clint's cousin - who was very pleasant tho I was suspicious to be off hunting. I walked up the old road to the tram road - out the tram road to the run from Clint Rebert's where Blue made a guess that crossed in front of me to the right. I refrained from shooting as I felt it was best not to begin new shooting today, after yesterday's and Thursday's shooting. I followed down the run after this bird but couldn't see it. Suddenly I looked down to see Blue carrying a grouse, in his mouth, to me! The bird was quite warm and fresh. In fact, I feel Blue had caught it crippled, shot by some hunter and killed it just then. I was rather put out by the waste of a chance for sport. However, I put it in my game bag. Going up the run we were unable to see any of the birds I expected to find there. We worked around the ridge along the tram road - Blue pointed nicely and I saw a bird go back the ridge. However I went on and missed as Blue was below me

and as I was walking along a grouse flushed up my direction and  
cut back above the road into the large rocks. I pulled a wire and  
missed as he cut straight across to the left and again as he went  
up over the rocks. This time I thought I saw him back and that I  
saw some feathers fly as I shot. I climbed up to the rock.

calling Mike in and we  arrived on the scene together, but  
found no grouse. After quite a bit of hunting Mike worked up about and  
the bird rose and went back the way he had come. Crossing to my  
right. I missed a quick try as he went over. It is strange, this  
thing called grouse shooting. There are times when any shot you

take - tempered with judgement - connects. And just when you  
think you are getting rather good - your eye is let down a long  
~~ways~~ and you go to pieces. And once this has occurred for a few  
days, you have a perfect shooting slump. Then with no confidence,  
you are worse than ever. I followed this bird and he moved on up  
the hillside. Following, I couldn't move him, and so worked back to the  
train road. Mike walking smack into a bird. Somehow he couldn't  
seem to get the scent today. It was quite dry and windy. Had been  
warm for a couple of days. I hunted in my shirt and game bag  
today and yesterday. About this time I believe I was aware of some

hunters blow me and around the ridge in the rhododendron or  
Huffman's Wood. They had been shooting a terrific lot -  
quite obviously at birds - and I could hear them talk to  
a bird dog. I didn't care to run across their path and yet I  
wanted to head that bird back or get a good chance at  
him. I did finally flush him away from them but had  
no shot, so I worked up above the main road, leaving those  
"worms" playing away. Whether they killed any grouse or not -  
I can't say. If they did no better shooting than I did, the birds  
were unharmed. It's sinister how the presence of other grouse hunters  
annoys me. No matter if I had been into excellent shooting,  
it would have been a waste of time on me in my state of mind -  
and, realizing this, I decided to hunt back to the car and  
clear out. On my way a grouse tore out to the left of me -  
straight away - a nice shot if I hadn't been tangled, and  
I fed myself and mopped at the bird - just as it turned to  
the right - or so I felt. ~~the bird~~ I went on and down to the main  
road near where Peter had pointed earlier - and so I started in  
the direction his bird had gone. I hadn't traveled far when the grouse  
exploded immediately ahead of me - and instead of going away,  
quartered across to the left - almost straight across. I waited  
a moment to get ahead of him - and missed both barrels.

I felt like throwing my gun at him. I could see where practically all of my first charge had been stopped by two trees, but what about the second? It was one of those days when the breaks were not any way. I soon made tracks for the car and reaching it - drove over to Summers' dove Roaming Creek - eating my lunch on the way to one time. Not exactly as I like to eat my lunch on the last day of the season - but it was almost two o'clock by this time.

Leaving the car at the road I dropped down to Roaming Creek by way of the rhododendron and large rocks - crossed and up to the little cabin where I drank long and deep from the spring - then up to the top of the ridge. Blue found scent on the edge of a field and soon the grouse flew across to the cover on the other edge. We followed and moved him again - around the ridge. On the next rise Blue had a beautiful point and when the bird went out, didn't break at all. That was almost worth a shot to me. I lost the bird after that and was unable to move the other I'd found the other day above Jones place. My next game, was up on the ridge in dense cover - a bird went up - moved him twice and lost him down over the ridge. Back up once more I flushed me up a little run - and on the next flush he went the wrong way out the ridge. I felt it too late to follow - as the sun was going down rather low.

We soon moved a couple of others, but the thick growth makes shooting nearly impossible. The next bird, Mue found - and it went out wild as he was working on the footscent. We followed and found there were two separate birds - young ones I believe - that is, yearlings. Mue made a beach of a point and I flushed the grouse - close to us both and could see him as he started off the ground - the bars under his wings as clear as light.



My sketch is as minute as any shot - which was a quick snap as the bird turned away and behind some growth which was about shoulder high. I couldn't see it after the shot, but we found no sign so felt satisfied I missed. We followed and moved both of them - one rise was almost the same as the last bird this morning - a quartering shot to the left - and I missed one shot at it. In this sort of cover, such a shot is no easy one, but nevertheless, I ordinarily can do something with a few of them. However, I followed this bird and moved it twice again and then lost it. Later I started a new bird and after moving him, followed to the grapevines at the top of the rock ledge - a good grouse-flight and after a few moments heard him go - out into the valley - and as I only heard him, he could have gone any direction. It was

getting dark now - at Darkness reaching out to end my last  
days' hunting. I decided to drop over to the woods that runs down the  
hill on one side where I'd started around the ridge earlier today on  
the chance this last bird could have gone there. I was nearly  
there at when I turned toward some likely looking cove - and  
sure enough - out he went and up the hill - quartering  
away - and rather well out. I pulled and the bird worked -  
his hind quarters dropping, but righted himself and kept  
on. I shot for a moment I had him - probably put shot thru  
his tail feathers but no injury. Just enough to throw him off  
balance for a moment. It was a chance but it didn't happen.



This may well be the grouse I'd flushed over the ledge a few days before  
on Wednesday - as he disappeared into some such cove. I followed  
this bird - Blue quite worn out by now - but I was relentless  
and kept going until I was sure he was nowhere about. And at  
last had to give up in almost darkness. It had been a good  
season - the best in terms of grouse, so far 22 birds (one lost -  
one shot together with Art) 18 shot over Blue and he retrieved every one  
of them - as well as the odd one he found today. I went back by way  
of the road to the car and home. A miserable showing of shooting  
today and the last two before it. I decided that my season ended Wednesday  
9 shots - no birds

My shooting average for the season is deplorable - tho, at that, not as poor as I expected 100 shots - 22 hits or one out of 4 1/2 on grouse alone. On woodcock 5 shots - 3 hits  $\rightarrow$  corrected: 100 shots / 24 24%

Old Blue is curled up in front of the fire - a wishful expression on him - Kay's wheel is practically well at last, and I am almost counting the days until next season. It's hell - and wonderful too - to be a shootin' man!

11.64 bird/court in W.Va & Pa overall  
 overall = annual 198 - 413 started 10 bird/court Pa  
 16 courts = 11.75 bird/court W.Va.  
 27 days overall court counting 2 alliums or on the woodcock  
 record is a good one - he has retrieved the following

- 1939 - 7 grouse - 1 woodcock
- 1940 - 12 grouse - refused 1 woodcock!
- 1941 - 18 grouse - 1 old grouse found and retrieved - found 3 woodcock but refused them!

This year Blue has really developed his pointing to almost his peak.