

October 2. I have been out four times before today - evenings after work - but have had no shooting. This is pre-season activity - due to the prospect of very scarce hunting this year what with a job in aircraft. Today was my first day of luck. At lunch, a covey of quail walked into the yard above the house and nearly into Blue's arms! They flushed when he got up - and for a while after that Blue had some good experiences working them. About 4 o'clock I stopped work and went out with Blue, covering the section near the house to try to get a shot at the quail, for I have determined to get all possible shooting. I worked around the hill to "Ficheys" woods below the long field and heard a grouse flush wild. I had moved two or three here with Kay a couple of days ago, and saw one by myself with before last. I hunted down to the head of the neck of woods that runs down the hill and a grouse flushed from a paperine tangle - helping low and only slightly quartering to my left. I dropped him with my right barrel and got the thrill that only the sight of a grouse on the ground can give!! Of course, Blue came in to the shot and when I pointed toward the bird he rounded the paperine and wheeled on the scent - then had it in his mouth - standing for a moment with the bird and looking to me for orders. He is a picture that I mentioned him in and

now had my first grouse of the season in my hands! a nice size  
cockbird - Two or three-year old.

I moved away from that section and went  
end of the woods when I sat down to  
and think it all over! I returned to the house and hunted out Wagon wheel  
above and below the road but had no shooting. Raised a grouse along the  
small buckwheat field. The leaves are turning fast and beautifully.



enjoy my bird

one shot - one hit

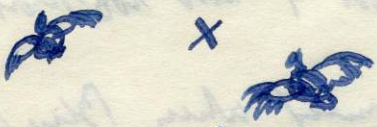


Sunday. October 4 I was out a short while yesterday after work - raised  
a couple of birds on Kurt Neuman's but had no shooting.

Today we went out in the morning in a fairland of color -  
the light - I believe - of the early burst of autumn. The weather  
was cloudy - with a drizzle from time to time - developing into a rain  
toward afternoon. We - Kay, Blue, and myself - started back  
along the old field road and walked into two quail at the lower end  
of Hickory Spring ravine. I decided to try to get a little shooting and  
called in Blue - who to my surprise - couldn't locate them at all.

The two birds had risen and landed almost immediately. Blue had finally  
shown signs of game scent but was out ahead of me - and the  
birds flushed below me to the right. I was far too jumpy - expecting  
them as I was - and I missed the first and hit the second with my left.  
The bird struck a small tree and then fell to the ground among a thicket of

feathers. Blue finally located it and retrieved it - a very small cock  
quail - quite hard hit. We went on back to the mill and down the log road  
to "Sandy" crossed the bridge - then came the




reached it as all the way. We were delighted  
to find the new mill gone and to know that now we'd be undisturbed once more.

We sidled up the steep hill - stopping to drink in the gorgeous sight  
several times - "Sandy" below fringed by flaming color. Once on top,  
we hunted back toward down's and soon flushed two birds. We  
turned and followed them and Blue made a strutting point on me -  
it flushed to the edge of the woods and cut along the field where I marked  
it. We heard another fly out below us. When I reached the corner where  
I'd seen the grouse land I walked in but nothing happened for a moment -  
then as Blue approached me below, a bird flushed and shortly my bird  
took out of the gap in front and I took a snap at him as he cleared  
the trees - then flew - and missed.



on, but after Blue had hunted and failed to locate him,  
I was ~~not~~ satisfied I'd missed. We followed back around  
the ridge - moving on a few birds a couple of times - covering the woods  
out to the point above Lewis. Then we returned - taking the field's edge and  
heard one flush twice before we reached the steep bank across from "Barrows"  
and on the line of Faulkner's and Spitzer. There we had just  
decided to eat lunch when Blue apparently walked into one - then two -  
then the third - the last one cutting ~~away~~ below and

as he quartered away I let him have a try but missed - a very  
exasperating miss - for the glimpse I had of him was open and I  
felt I held the proper lead - tho I suppose it was too short.

After this miss  I was rather disappointed when Blue swung  
on the bird in a bush full and tree tops, and then, as it started out -  
lunged in wildly - hardly worthy of him - tho in keeping with my  
brand of shooting today! We ate our lunch with a rather stiff  
shower pelting down - tho it soon subsided. We decided not to  
come in as we both had things to do so returned by the old field  
road - hearing three grouse drumming on our place! As we entered  
the hemlocks back of the Springhouse - a grouse roared out and up on  
the hill - we had heard him there this morning in bed. My shooting  
was sour today - but the sport was keen - and the color one of  
the highpoints of life.

2 shots - no hits.  
2 quail shots - one hit

My shooting went too ragged to keep records, due to the  
circumstances under which I hunted. However, Kay and I and  
Blue had a wonderful day's sport like old times over in the  
Roaring Creek country one Saturday. I got the first bird that fledged  
& tho I raised about 25 birds only shot the one. The next day I hunted  
on Kurt Niemanns and shot 2 grouse. My total bag for the year was

4 grouse total estimated 4 months unweaned 39-51 9.75  
4 (or 5) quail - a double among the quail

1942

COVERTS 4(?)

9.75 bird/covert

FAULKNER 02.3.3.1

MOVED 39-51

L.SANDY 04.9-16.0

ROARING ?  $\overbrace{25.29.1}^3$

CHORPENNING ? 2.3.2