

eeee

TROUT FISHING 1943



SAT	APRIL 24	UPPER AUGHWICK	KAY ~ BROOK TROUT	7
			GEORGE ~ RAINBOW	10 - 3/8
			"	6 3/8
MON	" 26	LOWER AUGHWICK	GEORGE ~ RAINBOW	8 1/2
			BROWN	7 3/4
WED	" 28	BUCK RUN	KAY ~ BROOK TROUT	7 1/4
THURS	" 29		GEORGE "	8 1/4
			"	7 5/8

Our second day on this perfect stream.

We feel sure these are native brook trout, because of their excessively large heads - indicating age - and a limited diet. Probably a self-stocked stream from the trout in the dam lower down. We have lost far more trout than we have taken, as well as returned small ones - and have seen still others. It is fishing such as we have not known since the first year on Ramont. This second trip we began fishing about the oil line and covered that upper portion - yesterday having fished the lower part. Probably a few more trout in the upper part. At late afternoon - about 6:30 - we stopped on our way home at the place where the stream enters the dam, and Kay went out on a point of land and I waded into the head of the dam - casting my spinner into the channel where it begins to lose itself in the deeper water. I made possibly two fruitless casts and had placed the spinner a third time when I got a sudden strike. Immediately I saw this very large trout - his back quite spotted looking and his sides iridescent. My impression was of a rainbow and my spirits fell a bit. As I played him - and he fought hard but not frantically I could finally determine that he was, after all, a brook trout. In fact, the brook trout I had always dreamed of - for he was far larger than any I had ever caught. I had called Kay and she was there when I brought him in, after a good long fight, tho I couldn't

hold off any longer for fear I'd lose him. Kay had the rule - and  
 he measured  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches - very solid and broad - gorgeous coloring  
 with red and some orange speckles and red spots on the dorsal fin.  
 His head was large but more in proportion than the ones upstream -  
 indicating plenty to eat in the dam. It was the trout of my life -  
 and I doubt if I ever catch another like him. A dream come true.  
 We had a fine crew of four besides this one. Kay had caught one  
 over 8 inches. This is certainly the season of year to fish.

KAY -	BROOK TROUT	$8\frac{1}{8} +$
"	"	$6\frac{3}{4}$
GEORGE -	"	$10\frac{1}{2}$ (502.+) )
"	"	$7\frac{1}{8}$
"	"	$6\frac{3}{8}$

SAT	MAY 1	AUGHWICK	NONE	
MON	" 3	BUCK RUN	GEORGE -	BROOK TROUT 8
THURS	" 6	BUCK RUN	KAY -	" 8-
				BROOK TROUT 7
				" $6\frac{3}{4}$
			GEORGE	" $6\frac{3}{4}$
				" $7\frac{3}{4}$
FRIDAY	" 7	BUCK RUN	GEORGE	" 7
				BROOK TROUT $7\frac{1}{4}$
MON	" 17	UPPER BEAVER	KAY RETURNED	3 6"
			NONE	

x



x



x



x



x



x

Sunday Oct. 31 - We arrived home late Saturday night to our home warm and snug with a bright fire blazing on the studio hearth and the folks and Old Blue and Gray to welcome us. After visiting a while, Mother and Father returned to Unadilla and we went to bed with our minds full of our ride over miles of mountains, our being home again, and of the good living to be crammed in the full days to follow.

On Sunday morning Kay got me off to a good start after breakfast and soon I was in the woods with my gun and following Blue once more - a pronounced feeling of "rightness" about everything. I hunted onto the Chorpenny place and followed the edge of the woods to the point below the Watsons' house, where Blue made a pretty point and held it for a long time, until I came up and two or more quail flushed. I didn't shoot as I preferred not to attract attention unduly. I found no birds until I had hunted around the ridge to the first clearing - and below that lower margin we finally moved a grouse. Following it a second bird flushed with only a slight glimpse and after that I lost them. However, climbing the ridge to Ryan's woods field I moved two or more grouse and almost got a chance to shoot as one took off the ground low - but in line with a tree. I finally took a shot at a similar flush but missed. <sup>None of the birds were close or good.</sup>

I marked the grouse as best I could and followed - and when a bird rose above me and sailed down overhead I turned and missed as he flew past thru the trees.

I knew as I shot that I should have pulled much further ahead but the trees didn't permit. X



SAILING !!

I was unable to move the grouse when I went around the ridge where they appeared to have gone, but I thoroughly hunted out the hillside above the rhododendron above McGraw Run. At the foot of the cliff, Blue made a small point and I was in an excellent position to shoot, but, "grouse-like", the bird took the other point of the compass and I saw him climb well up over the trees and go up the valley toward the road.

At last after hunting out the bottomland I entered the alder thickets and almost immediately flushed - and missed - a grouse - and a moment later flushed a woodcock. I followed the grouse and finally missed him without a shot. I had abandoned him and had started around the hill again when Blue put me out of a rhododendron clump - a crossing shot to the right - and as I shot, I knew I wasn't leading enough, and missed. The trees just don't permit enough lead in many cases. That bird was at the foot of the hill where I

flushed the first group - may have been one of them. I  
ate a bit of lunch above the rhododendron bank and then  
hunted the country back toward home, without any success.

It was damp, cloudy weather, but clearing as the day wore on  
and warming. At last, having reached the woods next to our  
place I was without hope of a bird - when I turned to find  
Blue on a gorgeous point by a large log. I walked in and  
flushed a big grouse that went almost straight up, and  
crumpled ~~at~~ may shot as he nearly reached the top of his  
rise. He almost fell on Blue, who had him before he stopped  
rolling, and retrieved him beautifully. We both sat down overjoyed  
and excited, - full of that thrill (that comes only when you  
shoot and hit a grouse - certainly one of life's richest  
experiences.

we cleaned him  
and green




CLIMBING FAST

This was a large cockbird and when  
we found his crop full of leaves  
"stomach bugs"

On the way in I walked into a covey of quail near our mail box on the  
road I and missed two shots as they flushed!! Father and Art Thomas  
and I shot at a few clay pigeons after I returned. I raised ten grouse.

5 SHOTS (GROUSE) - ONE HIT

raised 10-12

Monday - Nov. 1. This day we had planned to go to the Briery  
Mountains but it looked a shade too threatening, so we decided on  
"Myers's" Rocks - going by the hard top to the road by then  
Copers' and in that way! We left the car just off the  
road near a sawmill shanty and hunted down the right ridge  
along "Barnes" Run thru terrifically thick cover where one year  
that had moved a lot of grouse while fox hunting. However we  
didn't get a feather. Crossing the run we worked up the left  
bank - but upstream - this time - and moved nothing until  
climbing out of the rhododendron we had reached a log  
road among loads of tree tops and brush heaps from the timber  
cutting (very unlikely place)! - and I heard a grouse  
take off in front of me who was above me - and I saw it  
come fast and low across the road, down toward the creek. I  
pulled on it as it crossed the road and dropped it into a belt  
of cuttings - a shot I was extremely proud of. I believe the  
+  bit of practice with the trap the  
day before helped my eye and  
judgement - and I want to shoot  
clay pigeons to a greater extent when I can. Blue came in and  
retrieved beautifully as usual

George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

was something like it"! We hunted on across to the Meyers  
 Rocks - skirting the fields on top the hill. A grouse flushed from  
 the swamp and made the woods well ahead of us as we approached.  
 The day had become hot and dry. Kay carried my sweatshirt  
 and I hunted bare, under my shooting jacket. I left Kay  
 in the woods at the far end of the swamp and I worked out a

piece and hunted back up the edge, planning to move any  
 other grouse that might be feeding in the swamp - just out from the  
 woods. Once and I hadn't gone far when a bird rose from the

alders and started for the woods - well out in front and to my  
 left. I didn't lead far enough with my right for such a  
 distance, but folded him neatly with my left barrel. I ran in  
 and soon Blue  
 retrieving him to me.



had the bird and was  
 Kay couldn't long stay  
 action and she came

away from the  
 tearing them the roughest piece in the entire swamp to be on hand.

This grouse was a large cock bird - a bronze - but not an extreme  
 example. The first one was also a large bird - the tail feathers  
 indicated a hen, tho the throat marking bespoke a cock. We  
 hunted on and finally worked down the little run into the hummocks -



where Kay sat on a log beside my two grouse - and I lay  
on the leaves at her feet beside Blue, and we had lunch - a  
beautiful place to eat. We had flushed a grouse into the  
big hemlocks before we stopped to eat. After lunch we moved  
three grouse at the foot of Meyer's Rocks but could not shoot.  
We moved two of them on top the rocks and another bird I  
think. I left Kay in that section while Blue and I hunted  
down into the corner of the Harrison Guthrie place - with no results.  
When I came back up the road and called Kay she rose and a  
bird flushed a few feet behind her - where it had obviously  
worked out while she sat there. We moved three more birds on our  
way back toward the car - one I shot at and missed as it  
cut away to my left - not an open shot; Blue showed a  
tendency to run in at the birds as they took wing - this he held the  
points nicely - due to retrieving, probably and I must curb him.  
We got back to the car and Kay took a snapshot of hunter, dog,  
and game. Rained <sup>traced</sup> ~~and~~ grouse. missed ~~the~~ 12-16

4 SHOTS ~ 2 HITS

Tuesday Nov. 2 This <sup>was</sup> a rainy day and I decided to stay home - so I took Blue and went to the Wilkinson place as it has stopped raining - having had heavy thunder and lightning last night. I left the car at my usual place and hunted down to the light line from Brandonville - flushing one grouse down Mason Run. I could move no birds up on the ridge tho I covered the margin of cleared ground on "Fishes" Knob. Dropping down the high tension power line to Sandy we raised three birds together or nearly so. It had begun to rain hard now - and Blue and I huddled against a tree trunk with little effect. However we were out to hunt and so I followed one of the birds, ending up in the rhododendron clump on Sandy where I've had luck before. A grouse flushed wide from the cover - crossed the path - the "Sandy Trace" I call it - and I followed upstream and up the slope to find him. A second bird soon rose from the hillside above me and went in the same general direction. Following both grouse I saw one take off low and cut back. A quick shot only missed - tho a few feathers drifted down and I feel I came close. However the bird went on and I later

raised him and another grouse. This season I so often  
 shot too short a lead, knowing as I did so that it was  
 insufficient - and yet I was crowded by trees and it  
 was shot that way or not at all.



I hunted all the way to Clifton Mills - at least to a point  
 in full sight of the houses - raising a group of three or four  
 birds in the bottom at the foot of the next ridge and just near  
 the upper end of my hunt - halfway up on a steep hill, Blue  
 pointed one of the grouse and as he tore out and down over the  
 hill - remaining the ground I took a shot as he seemed  
 straight away from me, but I didn't touch him. I hunted



back down the valley and at  
 last it was raining so hard the  
 water had soaked them my new  
 rain hat and had begun to run down  
 over my forehead and eyes - so I had to remove my glasses -  
 and that was the end of hunting for that day. My boots had a full  
 cup of water in each of them.

Wednesday Nov 3

#9

I had eaten lunch sitting beside an old woods road - It was a cool day, and damp, tho the rain was over. All morning I had combed the ridge above Sandy (across from Ray Guthrie's) - excellent grass country - without a sign of more than one bird that took out of a humlock grass and merely showed me his barred underside. I got up from my rest and had gone a few steps when Blue showed scent and I found scratchings to a greater extent than usual. I felt it must be a group of grouse - they looked like Turkey signs - and after determining the direction in which the birds had traveled - I followed up the ridge. Near the top I came on more scratchings - having lost the trail for a while, but to my disgust, saw a flock of robins take wing. I decided to get up and cross to the far side of the valley - thinking about the best way to get to the bridge and over Sandy.

Suddenly I stopped and realized Blue was pointing - and that I was looking at something I had never seen before in my life - a flock of wild turkeys. It took me only a moment to decide they were not tame ones.



The position of the heads - all snapped to an erect vertical. All looking at the dog on point I believe - none at the man with the gun. Their shiny glistening bodies like big charred, black stumps - the feathers making a checkered pattern - those blended and merged with the woods - but the heads red, and bluish bald-stood out like shots in the night. I froze like Blue and the turkeys. I couldn't bring one down on the wing at that distance - a good fifty yards or better - with number seven in my right and ~~number~~ six in my left. I couldn't hope to sneak up on them and would they come closer? Of course not - even now they were getting crestless - beginning to "talk" - they'd fly any moment! I pulled carefully on the head of a large bird and shot my left barrel - and the flock exploded - some

flew - a lot ran. One took to a tree and stayed there as I ran up to find my bird on the ground struggling and flapping - one eye partly shot out and obviously badly hit.

It was hard to know how to finish off this big gangly bird that struggled surprisingly when I took hold of it. I made sure my gun was safe and hit it over the head with my gun stock. Finally I struck it back of the head with my knife.

Meanwhile the bird remained overhead, bewildered - a half grown one. I could see others thru the trees, "frozen" where they had run. Apparently they had never been shot at. They were wild ones, all right - I had seen the brown tail steps

and tail coverts when I came up to my bird - and its dull burnished reddish legs. I had never seen a live wild turkey in my life and this was such a surprise I was in a daze. I picked up my bird - it seemed enormous.

Then I wanted to follow the others for another look and laid mine down, together with my gun. The young one still stayed overhead - having hopped clumsily to another tree top. I ran at the three to my left but they didn't

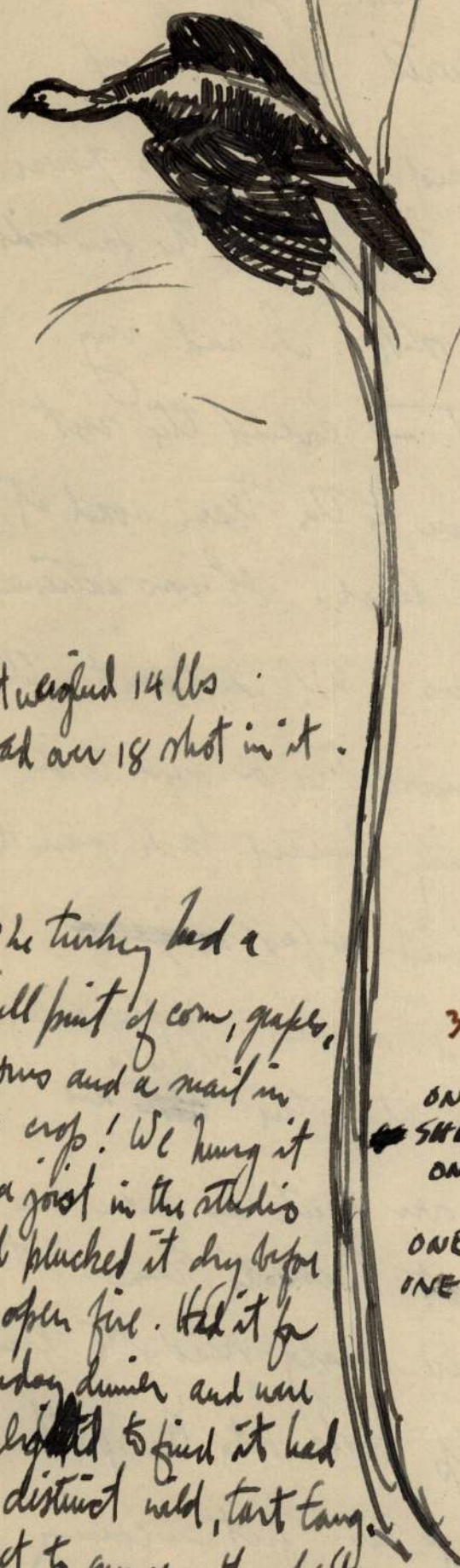
#11  
to fly, but ran a few yards and stopped. Finally I went back  
to my bird and - checking my gun - found I had thrown  
out a good shell from the right barrel - leaving the empty in  
the left! that's how excited I had been. I picked up my  
bird by the legs and started to carry it, but soon bundled it  
under my arm and walked more comfortably. I had started around  
the ridge on the road when I saw the rest of the flock that had  
flown down the hillside - to the left of  
the path - ~~the~~ running and stopping  
and watching us. One was nursing a  
foot - and I expect I had sprinkled  
it when I shot. I moved on slowly  
as a not to scatter them and cause the others to leave the  
cripple - for I feel it will recover. There were ten of these and  
I accounted for fifteen at least, in the original group. I  
took my turkey to the car, <sup>wrapped</sup> in my coat - feet and tail protruded!  
and got it covered with a jacket and some magazines on the floor  
in back. Then I returned to Andy and hunted Ray Gunther's  
hill side - and moved four grouse without a chance to shoot.  
The grouse are very mischievous - and great wild - with no real



George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

shots to be had.

I finally climbed the hill to the car and on the way home I stopped on the hill below Jimmy Guthrie's and hunted my old bottom country & raising a bird nearly at once and taking a slim chance and missing. I followed the bird - raised a second one but never did was the first. However, I had had a real days living - in fact I feel that time turned back at least fifty years to the days when turkeys roamed our hills - and gave me my chance of a lifetime.



It weighed 14 lbs.  
Had over 18 shot in it.

The turkey had a full pint of corn, grapes, acorns and a nut in its crop! We hung it on a post in the studio and plucked it dry before an open fire. Had it for Sunday dinner and were delighted to find it had a distinct wild, tart tang next to grouse - the best game we'd ever eaten!!

3-3

ONE SHOT AT  
ONE GROUSE - NO HIT

ONE SHOT AT  
ONE TURKEY - ONE HIT.





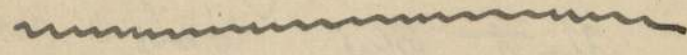
Thursday Nov 4 - Ray, Blue and I decided to go to the  
Pinery mountains and drive to Cuygart and left the car  
on the other side of Muddy Creek near Reckert's. I hunted up  
the little stream I call "Reckert's Run" and flushed two grouse  
well up the ridge along the stream. We followed to the far side  
and I missed two more birds without a shot. I had very  
little luck in moving game after that - covered the rest  
of the stream well up and then cut back down to the tram road at  
the big rocks where we built a fire and ate lunch. It was extremely  
cold and the fire felt fine to all three of us. We went on to the  
next little run near Huffmans and missed two or more birds  
but had no shots at all. Finally having hunted back down to  
the foot of the mountain we began to find a few ~~sight~~  
birds. I took a long shot at one and missed. After going  
so long without a shot it is tempting even <sup>chances</sup> ~~are~~ ~~are~~  
unlikely. We had raised several grouse over quite an area and  
had returned back up to the tram road at Reckert's Run. It  
was getting on toward sunset and we were nearly ready to leave  
that section when I was about to step back onto the path  
with Ray - and a grouse exploded at my feet - coming

straight at my head. I whirled and pulled on him  
as he tore up and missed right - and left - and he kept  
going way - way up over the trees. After followed ineffectually



we came back down the same path and now  
two more grouse - all three had begun to  
move out of the rhododendron to feed -  
apparently. We came back down off the

mountain and reached the car without flushing any others.  
This was one of the few days the King's left me down. However -  
altho the grouse are all flushing too far out and offer almost no  
opportunities - I should have shot the last bird I missed.  
We count we missed 18 grouse. missed 18-18  
3 SHOTS - NO HITS



Friday Nov. 5 - Blue's foot was badly worn - raw in fact  
in one spot - and so we decided to leave him with Kay, while I  
tried the Wilkinson country alone - having raised no more birds on  
Tuesday in the rain. I had only begun to hunt down Mason when  
I encountered other hunters with a couple of pointers - coming up  
the valley - and they informed me four others with a couple of dogs  
had started up Muddy. That let out that section for me - and  
so I cut up over the ridge - missing one bird along the light trees -  
and dropped down to Muddy at the ~~Chumps~~ Chumps

heading of the "varminits". I did not see a bird from the cover I  
expected and followed him upstream to take a fleeting shot as  
he went out ahead of me. When I reached the next cover about  
the valley mouth - where I'd heard several grouse - I was unable to  
raise a thing. I ran into another hunter - after quarts - up on  
the hill - but only after I'd gone all the way to within sight of  
Clifton again. I decided to leave those parts and headed for the  
valley up in back of the Williams place above the road. I was  
disgusted to find a car parked there with a man asleep in it -  
but I later reasoned that this was probably the squirrel hunter's car.  
I put a grouse up once - after starting in, but couldn't repeat  
so - stopped up on the ridge and ate my lunch. Seems funny to  
eat a hunting lunch without Blue. While I sat there on a log  
I heard what might have been a squirrel barking - but I believe  
now - it was a grouse that was "talking" - for shortly I heard him  
rattle as he flushed. I have no notion what made him go out -  
some distance up over the top from me - and well out of sight.  
After lunch I hunted that country thoroughly - made two birds -  
and finally gave up and about four o'clock returned to the  
station wagon - and planned to drive back to Falkenstein ridge.  
Partly up the hill from Masson's house - I saw a grouse walking

up the road in front of me. After following him a few yards he <sup>142</sup> flushed <sup>#17</sup>  
in front of the car and flew up the road and into a small sapling beside  
~~it~~ it. I stopped the car - aimed two shells into my gun and dipped  
out the door - feeling I'd get a shot as he left the tree!! But  
I had only touched the ground when he left - not flying hard  
as I'd expected - but plummeting down on the steep hill  
with wings half folded - and I banged into thin air.

I followed and moved  
another one from the steep

bank of ~~the stream~~ and missed him as  
he sailed out on the stream and quickly cut  
back downstream - not in any shot. I moved

the first bird later on but with no shots. Finally in desperation I  
hunted above the bridge - upstream some way - meaning it had  
begun to rain. However I moved nothing until I had begun to  
hunt back down the valley - higher up. Saw two quails very close  
to me - apparently unalarmed - the one that he was hidden very  
closely behind a thin sapling

I soon saw a grouse go out very far ahead  
and in following I moved five, altogether, - not in pairs or singly  
but without any shooting. I'm glad to hear they are in there.



3 SHOTS - NO HITS

Nov 14 (6) - 15

45/43

Tram

Sat. Nov. 6 - We pulled the station wagon into the old spot beside the road just beyond Summers' house - and after a few words with Mr. Kramer while I assembled my gun - we - Kay - Blue - and I - started hunting back along the lower side of the road - flushing a grouse in almost the same place as the one I shot - starting out - last year. A second bird - well down near the edge of the woods and the old orchard, flushed ahead of Blue, and came up thru the woods - streaking low thru the trees - and in my excitement - I shot twice and missed. A third grouse went out wild after I had begun to return back the ridge, lower down. Sometimes later I moved two more separately - all went out wild with no chance to shoot. We decided to work on up past the "Gold Mine" toward the tannery - but the rest of the piece was unfruitful. Instead of crossing Roaring Creek, we went above the "Pike" and began hunting back toward Summers' along the old tram road, hoping to meet some of the birds we got into on our one day here, last season. Not far along, while Kay was on the tram and I was

working my way along the steep bank above - a grouse - and a  
 big one - went out - but I had no shot. I returned to  
 the tram road and shortly another grouse flushed ahead of  
 Blue, who evidently had been pointing at the place the little  
 run crosses down to the main road. Blue has been showing  
 an unfortunate tendency to rush in a few steps as the  
 birds flush - of late - and altho I can control him - and  
 not only stop him in his tracks, but prevent this if I have an  
 opportunity to give him my full attention while he is on point -  
 I had my entire mind on obtaining a shot - and so -  
 in he went - and the very situation that makes this fault so  
 undesirable occurred - more birds were there - and more birds  
 flushed - one into a tree and others down over the ridge, and  
 back the direction we had come from. I walked into an opening  
 to get a shot as the grouse rocketed down over the hill into the  
 valley - to the accompaniment of two misses!! I turned to  
 reprimand Blue - physically - for flushing the other birds when  
 a fourth grouse flushed - and a fifth - which I missed at and  
 missed. I gave up! but finally settled down and decided to

follow the last bird and a sixth one took off!!

The day was terrifically hot and dry, and clear and sunny - the kind of a day the grouse really move around - and these birds hadn't fed for several days of threatening weather. We were soon up among the large rocks that dominate that woods - and then on up into the head of the ravine. At last another grouse flushed - one of the scattered birds no doubt - and came over my head and I missed him - tho I declared I was on him with the proper lead. We came back to the rocks for lunch, after combing the woods around and ate out on a ledge in the sunshine - and cool air that was surprisingly chill to a shirt soaked in perspiration. The lunch and cool air and rest, calmed my feverish pitch of excitement somewhat - and we decided to hunt up the ravine again - and did this, circling up on the brink and back to the tramroad near our original entrance. When we reached the run again I walked up, feeling some of the birds might have come out after so long a time. And to be sure - as I moved sidewise along the slope - a grouse flushed to my right and quartered out in front of me.

I shot quickly - and he went down - fluttering. I  
marked where I shot he fell and ran up -  
reloading and calling Blue in to retrieve -  
confident of my shot. However, Blue hunted  
hard but showed no sign of any scent - and



after some time I became very messy. Calling Kay to come up and  
help look - I continued the search. Just as Kay came below  
me she walked into what was apparently my grouse - which  
managed to take off the ground and keep a few feet in the air  
and fly away. There was very little to be said - but I

said it. It was extremely discouraging to us all. No  
matter how hard I hunted I found no sign - and so we  
left - right glad. We reached Sumner's house - drank at  
the spring - after a sheep - and hunted down over the ridge  
flushing a bird in point of a charming point by Blue.

His time we crossed Roaring creek and hunted all the way  
up past the cabin and crossed the stream below the little  
run - the scene of the six birds earlier today - and once more we  
went up to the train road and started down the ridge. It was  
getting near sunset - and I finally made a bird two a three



times - wild, without a shot. at last it looked as tho  
the day was over - and we abandoned hope - now that  
dusk had nearly fallen - and started back to the car.  
Topping a small rise - we found Blue pointing - and  
upon working up - two grouse went out - too wild  
to shoot at - but in tandem - a chance for a double,  
had I been closer. We kept after them - red beauties -  
both - and walking out on some rocks I stood looking  
around - while Kay went nearly into convulsions trying to  
attract my attention to one of the birds that flushed  
behind me, and flew out just without my hearing it  
at all. Some Blue came in and fell into a point - and the  
second bird flushed over the rocks and into the valley beyond.  
As I look back now I cannot remember an impression of it  
as a shape and there is little wonder that I missed the  
shot I snapped at it.

We followed more as a matter of duty, than in hope -  
down over the ledge into the darkening valley below - a

strange territory to me. Some little ways along, the  
 bird suddenly exploded a few feet from me and bored  
 straight up into the air - bang - the right barrel missed -  
 another foot up - bang the left - and the grouse went spinning  
 end over end to the ground  
 and Blue was in and had him  
 before he stopped rolling.



It was what we all needed -  
 of course it had been a perfect day - one of those we always  
 have in the Briery - for the Briery never let us down.  
 We returned to the car with the very reassuring plumpness of  
 the grouse - a hen - bronze and red - in my coat - into the  
 glory of a vivid deep red sunset sky - flushing another bird  
 over a point by Blue -  
 10 shots - 2 hits (one lost)  
 March 15 - 26

Sunday Nov 7 - Kay stayed at home, but got me started  
 with Blue to an early beginning for this last bit of  
 grouse hunting. I worked down the ridge on the Chocomaung  
 side of our line to a point well down the hollow - moved a bird  
 that I only heard go out - and then hunted the entire ridge  
 around to Ryans and covered the rhododendron without moving  
 another feather. Finally having gone across the valley to  
 the far side, Blue pointed and a grouse flushed from a  
 rhododendron clump that was along a little run. We moved  
 this bird again, but had no shots. I hunted over some  
 bit of territory before I at last moved two birds (some of these I'd  
 seen a week before) from a brush heap - or old tree and then  
 lost them until later I came across one that went out of  
 rhododendron. I was unable to locate him further and  
 so returned to the top of the ridge - bordered Ryans field and  
 had begun to hunt out the head of the ravine back of it. Suddenly  
 a big bird flushed and rising, crossed in front of me. I shot  
 and missed and missed a second barrel as he straightened out  
 and tore down the hollow.

I moved him again but had no  
 chance. Hunting back home, I  
 wound up a very pleasant and wonderful  
 dinner ~~with~~ wild turkey - and returned to Washington late that afternoon.



8 days. 2 SHOTS - NO HITS  
 moved 5 - 8  
 moved 78-115 .900 / 8.66 bird/cent

Friday Nov 26 - We were well on toward Warrenton when the sun came up - huge and red and distorted - on a frosty world - Virginia quail country. Carl Covington had invited me to go down to his home in Culpeper County - quail shooting - and he and I had been talking of little else for days. Kay had got me off to an early start, and now we were on our way.

We arrived at his home - a beautiful old place in a group of trees - after driving an hour and a half. After meeting his parents and sister and getting acquainted with the two setters, Jack and Duke - we started west toward

"Mount Pony".

We covered some piece of country before we raised birds - and they were only a group of four or five that had evidently been scattered by a hawk. One flushed to a tree and then cut off toward Carl's side and another went out. Then a third flushed from a tree, cutting out my way - and I dropped it with my right barrel - a hen.


We heard at least one more go out and followed on down the draw or ditch bank grown up with thicket. at the far end - a bird flushed behind our backs as we stood talking

but neither of us got to shoot. On the way back - a quail  
cut out of the bank my way quartering a bit to the right  
and turning away from me as I shot - once - twice -  
and didn't touch a feather. That took some of the cock-sure  
attitude out of me - that I had experienced after dropping the  
first bird. Shortly after - Carl missed a bird over a rather  
wide point by both dogs.

Thereafter we were unable to raise any of the quail - and  
we hunted hard and long - until one o'clock after crossing  
miles of country without seeing a thing - tho we found a  
very large roost. After eating lunch on an old log in a  
field - we continued without any success for an hour or more -  
then, having stepped out onto a road I found Jack showing signs  
of scent and suddenly a large covey exploded all around  
me and headed straight up the road at Carl - so that I  
dared not shoot. Carl pulled himself together nobly and made a  
very nice double - one of which the dogs found and caught -  
the other one I found after some search.

We continued after the scattered covey and soon began to  
put them up - singly and in pairs in the thickest sort of  
woods - where due to their small size they are as difficult as

#27

grouse to shoot. I took a nap at one without any results. Later  
Carl made a phenomenal shot - I thought - low and fast - a  
crossing shot thru thicket. After a time we had the birds  
completely scattered and was unable to locate them - so started  
toward a darky cabin for a drink. Jack pulled into a  
slow thoughtful point on the road - which neither Carl nor I  
gave much thought to - but when he held - we walked back  
to investigate and flushed a nice covey at the edge of  
the road. They flew straight away from me down the  
open road - a more perfect chance for a double was  
never offered anyone - and I missed a bird with  
each barrel. How - I'll never know. I did shoot too  
quickly and I suppose at close range I could have not  
located my charge when I shot - The second bird  
settled about as I shot and I thought I might have crippled  
it - but it flew beautifully when I went up. I was  
absolutely disconcerted. Carl, meantime, had knocked me  
bird cold. He is an extremely sporting person to shoot with  
and very considerate. We followed these birds into the  
woods but only located about two - one of which I shot at  
as it rose in thick cover - and missed.   
I believe if I had shot the left barrel as it cleared  
the trees I could have had a chance.

We returned to the cabin and got a drink of water - and then started back toward Carl's home. We had miles to cover - and we hoped to hunt a good piece of the way.

In a beautiful corner of two fields we came on Jack - frozen beautifully - and Duke backed as we went up. Carl wanted me to take the shot alone as he thought he "flustered" me by shooting!! I insisted on no foolishness however - so we flushed the covey and I dropped one bird with my right and caught another climbing for the tree tops with my left - an old fashioned double! Carl shot one and dropped his bird.



+



We soon had his and my first one - but couldn't locate my second one, which was crippled. However, after a long time - we finally found Duke - the

young dog - pointing it - and he then caught it -

The double made a real day of it for me - We moved a few of the singles - but had no shot. As the sun was about down we worked our way to a road and back to a wonderful home - cooked chicken dinner - and later, back to Washington and Ray - with my story of a wonderful day in old Virginia quail country.

Saturday Dec. 4. Ray met me at 1130 and we got an early start for Antioch - where I met Carroll Wright. Leaving Ray at the house in the car, I went with the boy and Queenie, the very attractive brown and white pointer - over some very tasty looking quail cover but we didn't raise a feather - due partially, I feel to the fact that Carroll - and Queenie - returned to the house early. I, however - hunted until sunset - and tho I didn't see a bird - I really enjoyed my afternoon immensely. Ray and I drove over the Bull Run mountains to the Plains - where we ate supper and then drove to Middleburg, where we spent the night before a Sunday in the Blue Ridge mountains -

no shots

January. About the second week in the new year I took a second hunting trip with Carl Covington at his home - this time taking Ray, who remained at the Covingtons' house while Carl and I hunted. We covered some new territory this time and some of the old - moving a couple of covers. I got two birds - and, I believe, Carl two. The dogs did poorly tho I enjoyed my day very much. We had a fine dinner that evening.

Before Christmas we went to the Warrens at Middleburg, arriving after lunch and I went out with Mr. Warren and his pointer, "Petie" - a nice old veteran who would handle birds, I feel sure. We covered some nice country, but got into no game - tho another sharp-eyed man had some birds nearby.