

## SHOOTING NOTES 1944

29 October. Home for the grouse shooting! Two weeks this time - the first real season since we left home in 1942. Arrived home at 4:10 last evening (Sat). I went out about 9:30 this a.m. with Blue - covered the Chapman ridge - Blue found one bird that flushed wild - and then swung onto Ryan's place. Blue pointed a grouse that offered no shot as it left the rhododendron clump - then as Blue held his point I discovered a rabbit that went out later. Blue pointed the grouse in the second field - and I flushed it but had no shot. I covered the upper side of the stream with its hemlocks and rhododendron and then crossed McNew Run and went down the lower side - very thick. Toward the bottom of the hollow Blue found some grouse that went out singly - I took a long shot at one as it came up the stream - rather an unprobable shot. I managed to move about four of this bunch but had no shots - mostly heard them flush. On my way back home about 1:30 I moved a bird twice and missed it once each time - none of the shots today were really decent. Returned home without any further excitement.

moved 10-15

⑩

3 SHOTS - NO HITS

Monday 30 Oct. Kay, Blue, and I drove the back way to Roaring Creek and left the station-wagon in the usual place - a shack has been added to the Summers' household. We covered the ridge below the road

down and back and then climbed the hillside about at the "Gold Mine".  
 Crossing to the main road above - we went out to the spot where we  
 flushed seven last fall - and only found one bird up some pieces  
 along the little run. I moved it there. Found no more birds - tho  
 we covered the ridge all the way back to the second tributary  
 up Lick Run. Upon returning we moved two grouse, singly along  
 the first tributary and then hunted down Lick to the road and  
 down the Lick Run Road nearly to the bridge on "Roaring Creek"  
 On the left of the road, a bird roared up out of the rhododendron  
 against the setting sun and I was unable to shoot. Later we  
 hunted up the main road along Roaring Creek - moving two  
 birds - crossing the stream to the Pike and I took the  
 toward back down to the car (above the Pike). I didn't fire  
 a shot all day - Saw six grouse and heard a seventh in  
 country where last year we raised 25 birds in one day.

count 7-8

NO SHOTS

⑦

Tuesday 31 Oct. Kay drove Blue and myself to Charles Kelly's  
 woods beyond Frank Sheffer's where she left us and went home.  
 We covered the rhododendron edge along the lower part of the  
 woods - and finally saw one bird flush out of the thickest  
 beyond - wild. I believe I may have shot another later on.

In the hemlocks along Beaver Creek I saw a second bird flush  
 wild from a rhododendron clump and circle out of gun shot where I  
 couldn't follow. I covered Charles Kelly's woods thoroughly with  
 no results - down along the stream and then up on top the ridge -  
 returning to the place I had started. I then covered the thicket  
 on Frank Sheffer's side - up over the knob and down the ridge  
 to Sandy - crossing Sandy and up there that perfect bird cover  
 to the old sawmill set - where I raised loads of grouse in the  
 past. The woods is dry and noisy - with a number of laws  
 remaining in places. all conducive to uneasiness in the grouse -  
 causing wild flushes. But regardless - I cannot fathom the  
 lack of grouse - something is wrong. I must remember to  
 consider taking my hunting trip later in November next time -  
 after reaching the old sawmill set behind Faulkners - I  
 recrossed Sandy and was walking upstream along a woods  
 road where a grouse exploded to the right of the path and  
 rising and quartering tore into the air. I swung past him to  
 a lead and fired - following them - as I'd been drilling myself  
 to do - and the grouse folded up and lay where he cut the  
 leads. I ordered Blue to fetch - <sup>he soon had him -</sup>  
 in a sort of hypnotic trance <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> <sup>West Virginia and Regional History Center</sup>

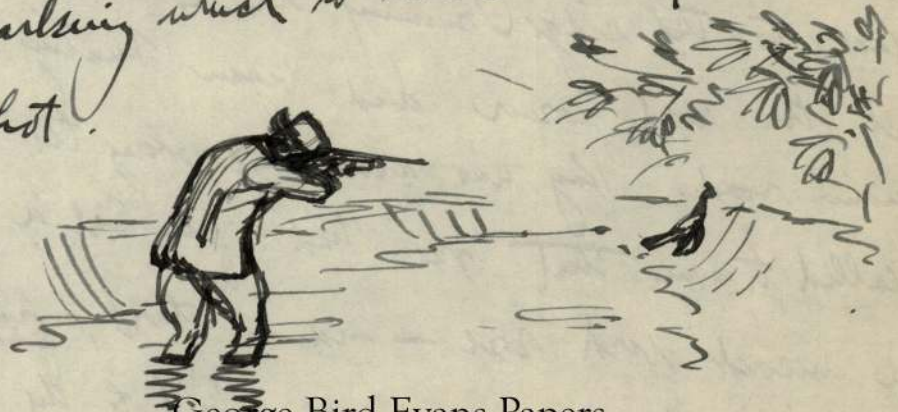
The first grouse of the season and a night pretty shot, if I so say so.  
X This was a last year's hen - very red - but not a bronze. Alce and I took this occasion for much gloating and mutual congratulations - and finally lunch.



after eating I went up to the road and crossed to Jimmy Gutter's side where I used to find so many birds. Today there was nothing there. At the lower edge of the old field back of his barn, I entered the half-size hemlocks that were left standing and shortly a large bird flushed from the edge - ducking around a tree as though it were crossing Barnes Run to the triangle between the streams.

I remained on my course and covered the very thick ground up hill side (all my old paths are now a mass of black berry thorns - ~~it~~ it has actually been 3 years since I've been on some of this country) - and then I returned down the same side - hoping to <sup>had</sup> move the grouse if he stayed on this side - which he evidently ~~did~~ <sup>had</sup> done. For he went up in front of Alce into a small hemlock - then hopped into the very top - and as I wanted he took off ~~then~~ some hemlocks to cross the stream. However I shot as he entered the trees and didn't see him after that - but did see a cloud of small feathers floating down.

Blue and I reached the spot together - and Blue soon was in there taking the cover apart - very thick low hemlocks on the edge of Maries Run. Blue was soon some bit below me and I believe heard or saw the bird flutter as tho to cross the run, for he sailed across without more than wadding his feet (Blue, that is) and tore thru the cover on the far bank. However, he soon returned to the near side and was hunting hard for the bird when I, from my position in midstream saw the grouse hit the water and flutter back to the right edge and start up the muddy bank - crippled, but going places. I stopped him with a shot and let him lie till Blue found and retrieved him - I had waded pell-mell into the long pool - over knee-deep and both dog, and hunter - not to mention the grouse, were soaking wet. The bird was a beauty. At least a 3 year old sort of grayish in color - is here by the tail feathers but a cock by the throat marking which is nearer correct, I understand. It was badly shot!



Blue and I rested - then covered the point of land between streams - and finally hunted home via the upper ridge above the road back to Faulkners' and home over Max's hill - to the view over the valley and the Chestnut Ridge after a very successful day - with the pleasing plumpness of two grouse in my coat.

After Kay returned I went into the Chestnut along Wagon Wheel and tried to find a woodcock but saw none. Did

bring two deer - one young doe and ~~and~~ larger one.

I should have raised a dozen grouse in the cock I hunted today. Cannot understand it. I saw 4 grouse - and shot two.

missed 4-5

2 SHOTS - 2 HITS

(4)

Wednesday, November -

Today was another warm Indian Summer day - but a bit cloudy. Kay, Blue, and I went up past the Pearce Evans place to the ridge running down to Collins Knob. We left the car at the road corner and began hunting down the little run beside the main road. Kay was above me along the edge of the field - and called to me that she had flushed a grouse. I went up and a second bird rose - and a third, from an apple tree. The first and third had gone over the field to the edge of the woods above.

We followed these two and at first found no sign of them - the Blue indicated some scent. There were a number of brush heaps in fairly open woods - and as I moved on, one of the grouse flushed above the spot I had been investigating. Kay walked up the edge and I started up inside the woods - and before we had taken a few steps - the other bird flushed and offered me a very nice open shot - but a long one - too long for the right barrel, I believe.



→

However, I shot the right barrel and the bird tumbled and righted itself and flapped its way up the steep rise and gradually settled into the hillside among some logs and grapevines.

I ran up, reloading - and put Blue to work to find it, but except for a short stop at a grapevine, he was unable to locate the bird - being very excited and eager. We all hunted for some five or ten minutes - and at last, during a final circle, I saw Blue point and hold it, and in a moment I saw the grouse, tumbled against a log, hard hit. Blue stepped in and after a short flutter, had the grouse and was retrieving it. I had expected to find a broken wing, but both were sound. One leg was badly shattered and I believe some shot had found the body - tho I still believe the left barrel should have been used on so long a shot.



We were delighted to find the bird, and decided to leave the remaining two grouse undisturbed - and so hunted on up over to the top of the ridge and back away from the road. We soon flushed a bird beyond the power line and later a fifth and a sixth. Mostly near the top, but could raise none of them the second time.

We went to some big rocks overlooking a beautiful view of Chestnut Ridge and ate lunch with our grouse at our feet. And then collapsed from fatigue, after these first four days' hunting. After lunch we continued back the ridge flushed one more grouse below the rocks - and seeing a deer leap and bound down over the ridge. Reaching the far piece of woods where I had found a number of grouse one season, we flushed the eighth and ninth birds of the day, but found neither the second time. We hunted back over this territory and to the swamps - hearing one grouse flush - wild. After covering the swamps for either grouse or woodcock - but finding nothing but some delectable apples, we returned to the car - after a very pleasant day, but with little shooting.

Nov 10-12

ONE SHOT - ONE HIT

(10)

Thursday 2 NOVEMBER -

I'm writing this by the student lamp - with two beautiful setters lying at my feet - while my <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> Christmas fruit cake.



As this morning I was "fresh out of dog" - Blue having worn himself out during the hard steady hunting so far - I went out alone to the Williamson place, where I hunted till nearly one o'clock - flushing one grouse on the sandy side down low - following I raised him by way circling back on him - rather than following in a direct line - a ~~trick~~ <sup>way</sup> I find very effective and causing the bird to lie tighter - or for a better shot - However I missed a shot as he took out thru some thick cover - and later on the third rise I missed both barrels as the bird flushed. I then went to Brandanville where I met the folks whom I had called and who brought up Dawn for me to use. I stopped at home on my way back to Faulkenstein's ridge and had a glass of milk.

Leaving the car at "Crossroads" at the bridge, I took Dawn into the hemlock cover and there ensued a hectic ten minutes or so - during which Dawn took apart every rhododendron clump in the place - and got lost from me a few times. Finally I herded her in the general direction I want to go - and she soon put out a grouse, and I'll say no grouse was put out faster. I marked him as going in a general direction and hunted down to the cut out cover - incidentally noting a terrific number of hemlock and hardwoods <sup>had</sup> been blown over during the tornado last fall - making excellent

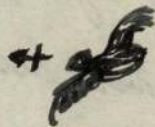
cover for birds. I worked up the edge thru tangles of blown down  
trees and suddenly - about where I expected it - the grouse exploded  
from a tangle and I dropped it with my right barrel. I  
tried to get Dawn in to find the bird - which I could see - dead -  
but the shot and flush had so excited her that it was five  
minutes, at least before I could call her in - and then she seemed  
unable to find the bird - only a few feet away. This was partly  
due to excitement - and partly to being so overheated. Then, too,  
she had no idea what to look for or about the meaning of all  
this was. She refused to pick up the grouse but did enjoy  
mulling it. After some time walking with Dawn and the bird,  
we hunted on up the valley to the upper end of the ridge and then  
returned along the top. Just above the steepest part, Dawn made a



rush and a covey of quail flushed and  
dropped over onto the hillside before I could  
swing on any. I followed over into the deep  
shadow - for the sun was going down behind  
this ridge - and before long a single quail buzzed out at my  
feet and I swung up and over it as it rose and folded it neatly.  
I got Dawn in when I had seen the bird fluttering on the ground -  
and after a short bit of hunting, I couldn't see the

quail - Dawn trailed a <sup>few</sup> to where it lay - perfectly camouflaged -  
a beautifully colored hen - much richer than the Virginia quail.

I was unable to find any other singles - but decided to hunt  
further to try to get a second quail - and finally at the end of  
the cove in the very tree top tangle where I shot the grouse - Dawn  
showed sign of scent and a group of the covey exploded in every  
direction. I turned and dropped one as it made the tree tops -  
and this time Dawn found the bird nicely and picked it up, but  
didn't retrieve - tho I made her carry it a short way. This  
bird was a cock. This made a perfect bag - a grouse and a  
brace of quail.



1 SHOT 1 HIT

2 QUAIL SHOTS - 2 HITS

mixed 2 - 4



Friday 3 NOVEMBER

~~Thursday~~ I left Blue at home to rest up, with Kay - and  
took Dawn to the Wilkinson place - hunting up over the power line  
from Mandanville to the top of the ridge. This perfect Indian summer  
weather has held ever since we came - and I've hunted most of the time  
in a shirt - with my game-bag. We flushed one bird on the near side  
of the high power line - three times. Also saw two young does very close.  
Dawn flushed a second grouse beyond the little swamp past the small creek.

The next sign of birds was all the way up to the *Rhododendron* clump at the creek's edge - just below Clifton - where two grouse flushed singly at the very side of the path - and I shot one at each. These were possible shots but improbable - as they offered only a short time to swing on the birds while in view. Each grouse sat in a tree for a moment and then flew on down the creek. A third bird took out after a little investigation on my part. And I moved each of these birds at great distances. Then after lunch I hunted for a long

times and finally put out a bird half-way up the hill side. After losing Dawn for a spell I got her to me once more and we covered the top of the ridge - out to the cut off thicket in back of this hill - where a grouse went out after my standing still for some time. Altho it was a fair shot I was unable to take it properly. I saw a nice big buck on the far side of the old field beyond this thicket. On circling this piece of cover Dawn put out another grouse that cut straight across me to the right - low and in good fair cover - and I took a chance - and missed.

I could see this bird go in the direction of the other one, but much further along the edge of the woods. I followed and hunted diligently but with no results. Finally after much circling thru the woods, Dawn put me out of a clump of *Rhododendron* and being somewhat grumpy from



these very limited time shots - I snapped when I never should have  
tried a shot. When I followed this bird we flushed it again without  
a shot - and upon following again flushed two others - who had just  
worked out over the brow of the hill - as it was getting well on to feeding  
time. One of these exploded near me in the path I stepped on to and  
went up directly against the sun - and I missed both barrels. This  
was the one shot of the day I should have made - but like the others,  
I shot too quickly -



I put up one of these birds  
just five o'clock and climbed the ridge to the Wilkinson place - hearing two birds  
flush ahead of Dawn. Hunted down the Mandowille light line and flushed  
three quails in and around the rhododendron & hawlocks along Moon Run.  
Too many quick shots - the sort that is conducive to misses.

6 SHOTS - NO HITS

ruined 16.27

~~15~~ 16

Saturday 4 Nov. Today began by being overcast - working up to a  
rain which is now a steady drizzle outside - as I sit here in  
the studio before dinner - writing these notes - Kay and I miss  
and dry - and Blue and Dawn curled up before the fireplace.  
We left the car at the "Howard's Hall" corner and began

hunting up Sandy, well up on the ridge. Dawsa flushed a big  
bronze grouse to my left in a thick cover - and I shot too  
quickly and missed. He was a beauty - I could see his unusual  
coloring even at that distance. I circled back to find him, but  
was unsuccessful.



Ray waited up on the ridge

and when I returned we continued  
the bushy briery thickets just below the grapevine cover. Blue found  
scent and worked up on three birds that flushed down on the  
hill, singly. We followed, picking our way thru the thickest sort  
of cover - while more grouse buzzed out above and around us!!  
at least six altogether - two sailed in plain view down to  
the hemlocks at the bottom of the ridge.



One of these

roared up above us and came straight over our heads sailing and  
zooming down the ridge. I was balanced on a pointed rock and  
turned and tried a shot at him but missed. I'd like to have a  
chance with my feet securely balanced to try the new "wing follow-  
thru" method. I believe I can develop this technique over  
a period of time. We finally found an old path crossing  
the ridge - and by it we reached the saw mill site.

(pile) and took another path back to where two of the grouse had



flushed. Just about where I thought they would be, a bird  
took up to the right of the path and I swung and ~~led~~ <sup>led</sup> him  
and shot just as he disappeared into a hemlock - acting  
I think, as tho I had hit him. However neither of the dogs  
or Kay or myself could see a sign of the bird - tho we  
looked carefully - and so we had to



leave and hunt on along the base of the ridge. Soon  
another bird fluttered up to a low sapling and tho I was sure we was still there, I  
was unable to move him - till we started away, when he went out - tho I  
didn't hear him. After covering the neighboring hemlock and rhododendron  
cover with no results we crossed Sandy and immediately flushed a bird that  
recrossed the creek. Soon the dogs put out two more - we felt some of the  
original bunch from the other ridge. Then we started flushing birds on  
all sides as we worked our way thru the deep hemlocks and after following  
one of them, we stopped for lunch under a hemlock, as it had begun  
to rain. Since the rain did not abate while we were eating, we  
decided to hunt to the road and go to the station wagon and were  
into the hemlocks beyond where we had been earlier when the dogs  
moved on, then a second bird - and I had just started to go  
back to hunt there when a third ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> flushed into a hemlock and I

waited for him to take off - a straight across shot to the right -  
and I swung past him and shot and dropped him stone-dead -  
a surprise to me!! Blue came in and found and retrieved him.  
Then Dawn came in and located the bird and picked it up for  
her first retrieval - very gentle-mouthed and proud. We were all  
agreed that the day had been a huge success!!



After I shot, another grouse flushed from the cover  
ahead. So it is difficult to say how many birds we  
raised today - definitely seven on the far side of the  
stream - and certainly four or five on Ray Guthrie's  
side - for we moved another bird (one of the same ones perhaps) as we worked  
out to the road and back to the car - soaking wet.

must 12-18

4 SHOTS - ONE HIT

(12)

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Monday 6 NOVEMBER. Yesterday it snowed off and on all day and this morning was much the same sort of weather, and so I stayed at home and dislodged the maple tree along the road that had blown down last summer. As the snow let up after lunch, I went out about 3 o'clock, taking drawing Blue and me back to Reynolds bridge, where we began hunting Faulkner's ridge. I was sorry to note that there were no grouse in the hemlocks, for I feel certain it's a sign there are practically none left there - as this cloudy dark day with wet snow partly covering the ground is just the sort of condition that would bring the birds in to such cover. Blue flushed the coveys of quail up on the side of the ridge - and they "rained" down all around me - tho I had no decent shot. We followed and moved a few singles without any shooting. I finally worked around the top of the ridge (most of it cut off) and raised exactly one grouse. I hunted down to below Worley Timberlugs', moving another bird near their house - and met Blue there. I feel the lack of game is largely due to the weather - nothing was out feeding. Certainly hope tomorrow is a better day.

NO SHOTS

Mowed 2-2

(2)

Tuesday 7 Nov. Kay, Blue, & I drove over to the Brierie above Dority  
after Kay voted in Brandowills. The day dawned clear as a crystal and  
cold, with some snow remaining on the leaves - perfect weather. We started  
in the woods lumbering up the side of the ridge above the car - and soon  
flushed two grouse. We missed the first one the second and third time - and  
after intensive hunting finally walked into him on the edge of the road  
above Elsey - surprising me by its unexpectedness I missed the bird  
with the right barrel - but dropped him solidly with the left some  
little piece out. Blue came in and found and retrieved very nicely -  
a yearling hen - by the tail feathers. A small boy to begin the day. On  
our way back around the ridge we missed the other bird we had flushed  
first - and two more that Blue put out. Somehow for the entire day  
Blue seemed unable to locate body scent enough to point staunchly -  
moving up on foot scent and fleshing so many of the birds - whether  
this is due to carelessness or to conditions I can't say. We hunted  
east along the entire ridge toward Dority Gap and flushed eleven grouse  
- I missing a long try at one that I should never have attempted.  
Toward about sunset Blue pointed beautifully and a bird rose well out  
from me - and I missed him both barrels - really that I'd get him  
with the left. A thirteenth grouse went out soon after this. It was  
a wonderful day and the old Brierie did not let us down.

Wednesday 8 NOV - This was a day! Beautiful and clear - all I needed was Ray. But due to car responsibilities - Ray drove me back to Nestors and left me with Blue to hunt the sandy country back of Ray Guthrie's. I covered the area we found birds in the other day, to no avail - until I started down the hillside - when two grouse went up - singly ahead of Blue - one (the bronze I missed the other day, I really believe) up the ridge, the other straight out. I followed the first and had stopped to rest when he exploded and tore up and away, from a grape vine.

I shot too quickly - and again with my left barrel, but he went on.

flushed above me



I followed and this time the bird without any opportunity for a shot - going to the left along the edge of the woods and a field. I located it again and this time it went up in front of Blue - and came across to my left - out among the trees - but I swung past and tried a shot that missed.



I went back to the original section where these birds had flushed and finally moved the second grouse without a look at him. Covering the hillside rather thoroughly by means of some paths I found - I moved - a rather Blue found -

that came up against the sun and out over me, forming a pretty  
shot that I was unable to take because of a tangle of vines and  
twigs that had me tied up. Later I crossed over Sandy to  
the hemlock cover on Ray Guthrie where I promptly moved three  
grouse - one singly, and two from hemlocks. I followed the  
latter out the hillside toward the road and just as the path  
nearly reached the road - Blue put out a large grouse - one of the ones I was  
following - that went down toward the stream. I doubled back and  
soon flushed the other one - and followed it - as I had it located  
more accurately. On the way after it - Blue put out another grouse  
that I caught the first of the three I flushed - and it sailed up  
in front and out the ridge. I went a long distance and had  
begun to double back before I flushed it - a surprise rise that  
I shot at without much chance of connecting - shooting ahead and  
above three leaves - and missed. I moved this bird again  
and when it crossed Sandy. I decided to go back and



attempt to find the first grouse that was near the road. I was walking  
along the path when the bird - which had worked back up the  
hillside - went up in front of Blue and into a hemlock - and then

off up the hillside. I marked its flight by a hemlock and when I approached this tree, the bird rose out and circled back ~~to~~ <sup>toward</sup> the original hemlock cover. I followed it with my gun - swinging past to a lead which I held a split-second and following them, fired on a wild impulse - and down went the grouse with a broken wing - to my amazement. I ran down, calling to Blue to fetch and marking the spot



by a tree, I waited till Blue located the scent and soon had the grouse - a beautiful golden bronze -

a very large bird, a. h. by the tail feather standard - Not a true cinnamon bronze but the most golden breast I've seen. I took this occasion to enjoy lunch - with a grouse after all.

after lunch I left this cover with what grouse are in it and crossed Knolly - covering the "rhododendron ravine" where I heard one drumming, but didn't move him. Circling back upstream high up the ridge, I was stooping over to go thru a tight squeeze when a grouse went out in front of Blue, coming straight for my head - I ducked as he whizzed past my ear - the closest a bird has ever been to me! - and turning on one knee I sent my right barrel after him - clipping a couple of feathers -

but the bird went on. I followed down on the ridge and heard Blue move him in deep hemlock cover. Apparently the bird had gone into a tree, for as I walked up he roared out above me, coming high over my head. How I did it, or even why I tried, I'll never know, but somehow in a twenty-fifth of a second I managed to swing past and follow them on a shot that dropped him with a heart warming thump in the leaves where he lay fluttering, but dead. This was almost a perfect



mate to my first quail - same type of bronze - tho not so golden on the breast. A huge bird - a cock - with some break white mottling on the back of



color the neck and back - and some pure white down under feathers. That made a perfect day that much more so. I gloated over my good fortune for some time - and then hunted out the ridge higher up - moving a bird further out - and returning by the loose path. I met Kay about 5:15 after looking at a glorious view of the hills we call home, with the "Chestnut Ridge" as far as the eye could see to the south and into the north, and the "Brieries" to the south east. Kay stepped up to look at it with me. A swell day. This cover is improving with each year. mired 9-20

7 SHOTS - 2 HITS

(9)

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday 9 NOV. Warm, overcast, very dry - not good hunting conditions - but Kay and I took Blue and Dawn over to the ~~the~~ <sup>Briers</sup> near Homer Millers. We found the tornado had done immeasurable damage, flattening huge areas of woodland. Eventually it will be a perfect game refuge, for even now it is nearly impenetrable - and after a few years the briers will completely bind the place into a tangle that no man can penetrate. Due to the fallen trees, we were unable to hunt the old tramroad - and started higher up the ridge. We hadn't gone far before a grouse flushed away from me - and I missed him -

a low fast shot - slanting and rising - one of my weak ones.



We followed <sup>and flushed.</sup> this bird and flushed a second - but could not move them again - so came back up to the original level - and Blue found a bird and flushed it. I don't know if it is his fault - or the dry weather - and being windy, the day was not favorable to close lying shots - but Blue seems unable to pin the grouse down tight this year. Some times I've known him to handle them perfectly, but of late he seems to hit the foot scent and work up too close - invariably flushing the bird. At times I think he deliberately rushes in - at others I don't feel this is so. Unfortunately I don't feel I can spare the time in a short <sup>two weeks season</sup> ~~two weeks season~~ to work on him to

thoroughly steady him, which I know I can do if I have the time.  
another grouse flushed on our way up the ridge. A little later up on  
top Blue made a very nice point - not dead frozen - but a cautious  
stop - and a grouse flushed behind him. Soon after another one flushed  
ahead of the dogs - making six rises. We worked down to the old train  
road near the big rocks and Kay that she heard a grouse on the way. At  
the old crossing at Reckert's Run Blue hit out a bird from some  
rhododendron that started toward us then turned - crossing a straight  
to the left direction and I swung past to a lead and had to fire  
too soon due to obstructions to the view - and missed on a try with  
the left barrel - both loads partly distorted by saplings. I couldn't  
find this bird tho I couldn't properly cover the thicket and rocks along  
the stream and so returned to hunt up the right side of the hollow.



On the way up a bird flushed from behind  
me - and I could barely hear it due to  
the leaves and noise from myself and the  
dogs, who had missed it entirely. Kay saw it go down stream. I saw put me

out of the rhododendron and when we crossed the stream and started down  
the other side Blue found another that crossed the hollow - making ten  
birds flushed so far. After walking our way back to the train road we  
hunted out the ridge and down an old road flushing a big grouse that  
I couldn't shoot at. Crossing the



side of the hollow to the top where we finally reached the upper road to  
 hunt back about 4:30. We had eaten lunch at the tram crossing on  
Reckert's Run. Well along the road a bird flushed before Blue and  
 went down the hill ~~slightly~~ slightly. I followed and Blue flushed it  
 from a tree top blown over. I moved it a third time and about that time  
 Kay called that she had flushed a bird on the tram road. I went up  
 and following Kay's direction as to where it had gone - had started  
 up the rise - thru fallen trees and tangles when the grouse flushed -  
 out a little piece. I swung past and above him and shot and to  
 our delight he fell - rather a far shot for the right barrel. I  
 nearly dropped him on Blue - who soon had him and brought him  
 fast way to me - and then stood posing beautifully on a rock - with  
 the huge grouse in his mouth - a beautiful picture.



Well, as usual, this made the day a perfect one - all misis forgotten, all flocks  
 forgiven - a clean slate. And Kay showed us how and where to do it.  
 The Brieries never let us down. We returned to a very cordial welcome and  
 dinner at the Homer Millers.  
 moved 11-16

Friday 10 NOVEMBER. This was a cool cloudy day with a light mist off  
and on all the time I was out. I left Kay and Blue at home - to  
rest Blue, and took Dawn to the Wilkinson place and Sandy near  
Clifton. We hunted out the Wason Run section above the bridge first,  
morning me bird from the rhododendron - then went down the hollow  
to Sandy morning a second grouse on the way. Around on the hillside  
above Sandy Dawn put out a big grouse from the rhododendron,  
that rose and appeared to cross the stream to the far side of Sandy.  
at the high tension line Dawn found and flushed a fourth that  
also seemed to cross Sandy. At the very nice rhododendron cove  
above the power line, down low on Sandy Dawn made her first  
real point - a very nice one - into some grapevine tangle -  
and then moved in and flushed a grouse that flew upstream -  
I didn't shoot as I was separated from her by a deep gully - and  
was too far to reach the bird. To ~~my~~ surprise as she worked in  
further - a second grouse flushed and came straight across in  
front of me to the right. I apparently shot too quickly as I  
missed with the right, but dropped the bird with the left barrel -  
- a ~~cloud~~ <sup>cloud</sup> of feathers floating down. Dawn saw the bird fall  
and was on the spot in a moment - and after a few preliminary

attempts, retrieved it beautifully — a complete performance.



Dawn was as proud as I was. I decided to wait on a bit before eating lunch — meaning nothing until I passed the valley between the

Williamson Place and the knob above Clifton, where I flushed a grouse from the alders below the path — failing to mark it later.

I ate with Dawn curled at my feet. The weather was cold and damp — good hunting conditions but no birds feeding to

speak of. After lunch I continued up to the rhododendron just below Clifton but made nothing until I started up

the gully toward the back of the knob — when a grouse flushed well high above me — and I followed — and saw him flush close in front of Dawn and myself and after a short

stop-off on a bank — go on up the slope and disappear for good, tho we hunted hard for him in a new little corner



discovered that has several small little gullies in it.

The next birds were two that flushed close together ahead of me in the briery little cover between the woods and the "Buck Field," but I couldn't locate them again. I hunted over this section without results and then returned to the car by the Williamson hillside — Dawn moving an eleventh grouse high above ~~me~~ <sup>my seeing it.</sup>

We covered most of the upper Wilkinson ridge on the way back to the car and ended the hunt in a drizzle out of mist, but very happy.

(11)

2 SHOTS - ONE HIT

moved 11-12

Saturday 11 NOVEMBER. The weather was so threatening when we awoke this morning that we loitered around the log fire after breakfast until we decided the day would be a possible one - and left with both Gus and Dawn for the Meyers Rocks - leaving the car behind Copmans near the "Pouss line". We moved no grass until we reached the alder swamp about the hemlocks - where I saw two birds flush wild and singly to the big woods. We covered the edge of the swamp before we turned and came back into the woods - where one of the grouse waited until we had passed within feet of it and then rose behind us. We followed it into the rocks on the southern edge of the hemlocks but couldn't move it. Kay called to me that she had come across a foxhound - "Silver" - and shortly Art appeared. We hunted back to his car with him, moving two more birds. After leaving Art, we soon built a fire - a more properly, soon stopped and started to build one for the

wood was wet - and not until I used the entire box of matches did we get it going - tho I had, with all the woodsman's foresight, a candle stub in my pocket for just such emergencies!!

We did get a nice fire and had what I consider a treat Abercrombie & Fitch hunting lunch, steaks and orange cake.

and we were hungry enough to fully honor it. I left Kay building new fire - for the day remained cold and overcast, while I took the settlers down to the Harrison Guthrie line and before long moved a

quail - one that came out of a rhododendron high above me. I saw it first against the sky, fighting the wind and should have shot it, had I taken a moment's more time, but instead

snapped, right and left barrel - and it went on. I looked down over the ridge



the same quail, which

up the valley below the rocks. I returned to Kay and called her to join me, and we proceeded up the valley after this bird. We

secured at least two distinctly new quail and in following, I "compulsively" snapped at one that rose near me - entirely too close and quickly to be a good shot. It was in following this bird and the other one that

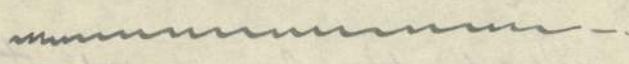
double point. It wasn't a backpoint,  
 for Blue had frozen and Dawn walked in  
 past him and stopped. It was a hot scent,  
 but the bird had moved out ahead of us. We moved no more game this morn  
 covered the swamp and humlocks well, until we crossed to the Dames Run  
 hollow and put a grouse out of some small woods into the rhododendron,  
 and out of the rhododendron after that. We crossed the run and  
 literally tore our way up thru numerous blackberry briars to  
 the top of the far ridge, thru beautiful crops of wild grapes - and  
 back to the car.



3 SHOTS - NO HITS

(8)

Nov 8-11



Sunday 12 NOVEMBER. I left with Blue about ten o'clock to have  
 one more short bit of hunting. Kay stayed in to get packed and ready to  
 leave for Washington, and I left Dawn with her. I hunted down our  
 line and on the Chespeny side - and moved a grouse in the hollow  
 below the Copman place, twice (or perhaps two birds). I worked around the  
 ridge toward Ryans and on the lower road Blue flushed me from a  
 laurel bush that went into a tree, and then flew back along the  
 road. I followed back after this bird and finally heard him flush  
 wild - so returned and hunted to the lower ridge near Ryans place

Just about where I expected him (the grouse I'd shot at the first Sunday) a grouse exploded close to my right and I shot too quickly on the rise and missed the left barrel, tho I declare I couldn't have held on ~~to~~ <sup>him</sup> more closely as he went away. It may be the bird actually was still rising and required "lead" above. I missed this grouse again after much searching, from a rhododendron above the Great Run, but was "behind the white oak". After a sweep up the stream itself, <sup>missing nothing</sup> I returned to the Choppeny ridge -



I had worked up to the upper road when Blue flushed a grouse that went up and back along the edge of the woods and the field above. It is a strange thing the way Blue hits the scent and stops, and then without much hesitation works up all too boldly and puts the birds out. I've encouraged his moving up on footscent first and boldly, but I must work him thoroughly when I have the time to be with him, to make him stop before working in on the grouse so close. He will hold staunchly if the birds hold tight, but they seldom do, and he can well afford to be more cautious. I punished him and scolded him well and then returned to where the grouse had flushed <sup>back around the edge</sup> following the

"upper road" - tho it was past the time limit I'd set for my morning's hunt. Not finding the grouse along the path as I'd expected him to be, I returned higher up, just below the edge of the woods. Looking up I

saw Blue silhouetted against the sky, frozen on point. He made a move and the grouse

as nearly as I could - back and for the edge of the woods, rising and quartering away from me to the left. It was well out but I swung past to a lead

and fired, blowing them - and the bird tumbled!! That glorious feeling!! Blue soon had it and retrieved



it to me - my eleventh grouse (and on the

last hour of the last morning's hunt!! The shot that made the day!! On the way back home a bird was above me and came straight over my head - a try I couldn't resist, tho I missed. I'll make one of those shots some day!



Blue's making that small point, my hitting the bird, and his very nice retrieval was a fitting culmination to a wonderful season at home.

Nov 5-9

⑤

4 SHOTS - ONE HIT

Ray has just cleaned this last grouse near the table beside me so I write these notes here in Washington. We brought it back with 3 birds.   
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center



100-

I raised 95 separate grouse that I am certain of .91 in eleven days.  
 I made 11 hits out of 42 shots, or 1 out of 3 7/8, or just over 26% hits.  
 Counting the quail shots I made 13 hits out of 44 shots, or just better  
 than 29 1/2 % hits.

<sup>14</sup> days on home trip. moved 100-174  
<sup>13</sup> counts 7.69 bird/cover

Regardless of these figures, I feel I raised fewer grouse  
 this season per day than I have in the past few years in the same  
 covers. This may not be accurate, however.

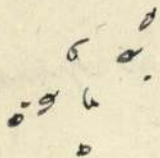
Saturday 25 NOVEMBER. We had planned to take Monday as a full  
 day's hunting, but the report of predicted rain made us take the  
 "bird in hand" and leave it now today for a half-day's quail shooting,  
 and it was well we did for Monday was miserable. After our experience  
 last week at Capon Bridge - losing the Monday due to rain, we felt  
 wiser. I want to mention the very fair (for this country) number of  
 grouse we found in 2 1/2 hours west of Winchester on Sunday Nov 19th  
 in the foothill country, moving 5 grouse in that time. Later that day,  
 we scoured the Capon Bridge section and moved only one grouse, but  
 we had the thrill of seeing wild turkey tracks way back on a wild ridge  
 and about dusky dark hearing them call as they went to roost.

But back to the Middleburg section where we picked up "Pete"  
 Warrens' 12 year old <sup>& hit</sup> blue pointer - and drove to Mr. Fred Warrens  
 place, 700 acres - and started out to find "birds". We dropped into a

pretty looking piece of bird cover in a valley back of the house, and sought out the various covers. Suddenly Kay and I heard quail calling ahead of us, and having heard shooting on the next farm, deduced part of the covey had come our way. We couldn't locate them at first - but after Kay as we were hunting up the creek bank - two hens flushed at Kay's feet and passed me in a beautiful opportunity for a double. I swung past the first - to a lead and followed them as I shot - dropping it in a cloud of feathers - and missed the second, knowing as I shot that my lead was insufficient.



Pete came in, made a few business-like searches - then decided I'd missed and went on his way. I tried for some moments to find the bird, tho I had the spot well marked - and then called Pete in again, - this time he picked it up, and almost immediately dropped it - not at all Blue's performance under these circumstances.



We hunted on up the left side of the creek and look down the other - but no bird. Finally on the right ~~bank~~ bank we went further upstream and the quail flushed behind me, after I had passed. I turned and dropped it as it rose and quartered away from me.



This was another hen - and I believe to be the second of the first pair. altho it had both

wings broken and one foot nearly shot off, it ran very actively till I caught it. We missed no other bird that afternoon tho we hunted hard and for them likely looking cover. Poor old Pete was soon worn out, tho he tried hard, and Kay and I had the quartering to do. We returned after a good afternoon's sport to Warren's house, where we waited and nearly starved till we were fed about 8 o'clock. The next day we drove to the far slopes of the Blue Ridge and finally located 2 grouse and saw droppings of a large third one - but not enough to justify hunting them, altho the cover was swell in spots.

3 SHOTS - 2 HITS

Monday 4 DECEMBER - We drove into Virginia Sunday afternoon to prospect for grouse in the Blue Ridge near Key Gap - but tho we walked thru excellent cover, we saw no birds. After dinner at Round Hill, we drove to Mrs. Baker's in Winchester and next morning got an early breakfast and drove out to Hogue Creek, leaving the car at Math Brown's. It was bitter cold and very noisy and dry in the woods. We hunted out several of the little valleys that lie between these chocolate-drop hills before Kay flushed a grouse that we followed - and put out again, together with a second one. We dropped over the hill after the latter and eventually missed the grouse - one going

up the ridge and the other we merely heard. Was one of these a third  
bird? I'll never be able to say for certain. None of these risks were  
even possible shots - They didn't let us approach that close. We finally  
gave up following the bird we had heard flush and I when I  
moved the one that went up high, for I saw a grouse "flicker" up  
and out the ridge with scarcely any sound. It wasn't too far away for a  
shot - had the view of the bird been clearer and longer. Soon after  
this, Kay flushed a bird that I rather doubt could have been the  
same - This time we resolved to approach from ahead of him -  
and circled around him and came back. It served its purpose  
in that the grouse lay tight - letting us pass him and didn't  
move until we got up from a rest and started over the hill. We  
got no further view of this fellow at this time, tho we heard a bird  
go out. This was in very good looking cover - and well back in the  
hills. The view from this highest hill was wonderful. We hunted  
over a couple of ridges and Kay made a fire while I made my last  
circle before lunch - a very pleasant affair before the fire, warming  
messages on sticks - definitely a lunch on the Abacrombie & Fitch order.  
I count that we raised at least three grouse and possibly four, before  
lunch. afterward we moved no other birds tho we penetrated deeper in  
this country - finally turning back about 4 o'clock. at last we came to  
a mine that reached in a piece of cover I recognized as a place where

I had moved a grouse the first Sunday - and almost to the spot -

I put out a bird



that went up and out of our life, flush it again. Probably went over

the ridge to the open valley side in Hoyne Creek. We hunted up a valley where I had moved a grouse and lay two of them - and we heard one flush,

but never saw him tho we heard him go out a second time. Finally at the head of a small draw, a bird flushed to the right of lay - within gun shot - tho I never saw him - and as believe it is the wisest bird that fooled us just before lunch. This time we took pains to

follow by an old log road, avoiding all leaves - and making no noise at all, but he flushed wilder than ever - proving that he was looking for us and took wing at the movement - rather than sound.



We followed this fellow and after two tries in different directions, heard him go out wild. I've never seen more wary birds.

at last we give up just as it was getting dark and are amazed to find how far back in those valleys we were. It was completely dark when we reached the car and we were cautious. We had a good dinner in Winchester and, feeling rested, drove on to Washington, arriving about 10:15 P.M.

The grouse are in that country, tho they seem to be near the road from our encounter. Kate Brown told of "flying" a big red one the night before, back of his house. On a damp day, I'd like to try again. This day remained cold.

NO SHOT George Bird Evans Papers

Saturday DECEMBER 16. Ray and I left Washington in the morning and drove out toward Middleburg - turning down the road to Mr. Warren's Farm - but went further south and took an old road west into excellent looking quail cover - inquiring several places about shooting "birds". A young man named James Edwards said we could hunt on his brother's farm - a 400 acre piece of exceptionally fine looking country.

We were, of course, without a dog. And altho we combed the section thoroughly we didn't move a feather. Can't visualize better looking country for quail. Edwards offered to go out with me some day if I would call him at the Plains. We ate dinner at the Evans Coffee Shop.

No shots

Wednesday DECEMBER 27. Ray and I drove out to Winchester, ~~seeing of course the most beautiful snow from the Blue Ridge~~ last night and found Thornhill the epitome of Christmas warmth and atmosphere. After washing up, we walked over town to the "Jack" where we had a good dinner and walked back - passing countless charming old houses lighted and decorated with wreaths and Christmas trees. This is certainly the ideal little town to visit at this season - views, in passing, of cozy old interiors - early American furniture, candle light.

and old woodwork - beautiful old Colonial houses - just what  
you expect in a southern town at this season. We opened some  
late arrivals in Christmas cards, after we had got into bed -  
in our huge old bedroom with its pink plaster walls, white <sup>deerskins</sup> ~~apricots~~  
woodwork and mounted and countless lamps. Then Kay read to  
me and we turned in for a good rest before our hunt on the  
morning - clear moonlight and stars outdoors. The weather  
couldn't be better.

The next morning dawned red and fiery - with overcast.  
We ate breakfast at the "Jack" and drove out to Kate Brown's.  
I left the car and hunted south of the road. I took the ridge  
hill side with Kay below me, in her new hunting cap and  
jacket.

Not far along I flushed a grouse which came back  
and across - apparently going up over the ridge to my right.  
We followed and just as we neared the top, put him out -  
lying closer than I had expected. My glimpse of him  
was so limited that I took a snap shot - and missed.

Kay saw him go over the top of the ridge  
and we followed but tho we looked it  
twice were unable to move him again.  
The weather was very cold and windy and he could have flushed  
ahead of us - or may have dropped clear over the hill or to  
across the road to Kate Brown's side.



We hunted on our way, further south - following some of the ravines where we had moved grouse before but didn't find a sign. We got a little off our course but into excellent cover. It began to spit rain and sleet, slowly at first - and then with a vengeance. My gun barrels coated with ice and even the interior gathered ice drops that had entered the muzzles and frozen. I had to cut a ramrod from a sapling and wipe it out with tissue paper. We built a fire in a pine grove, and ate lunch and melted off the ice that had coated our jackets and hats. After lunch we hunted on - hoping all along it would let up - but it became worse. Finally after hunting as far as the "grapevine ravine" near the old sawmill site, we turned back to the car and after a long trudge found the road inches deep in icy snow and sleet. We put on chains and drove slowly back to

Druckster, fully expecting that to be the end of our hunting.

Note Mounse said we might easily have come across a turkey on a day of this sort - in where we were.

Mrs. Baker kindly consented to give us dinner - and after hot baths and a change of clothing we felt like a million. Cole, the darkey, brought egg nog to our room before dinner - and we went down to a charming meal served by candle-light and amid gleaming silver and old woodwork. We had consommé, creamed chicken with eggs of peppers, candied sweetbreads,



artichokes, creamed celery, and corn sticks (in corn cob shapes).  
with coffee and frozen eggs <sup>& cake</sup> for dessert. After dinner we  
sat with the Babers in the living room with a blazing wood fire -  
and then went to our room where Kay read to me, in bed.  
I had cleaned my gun before dinner - and we laid our clothes  
around the radiator to dry - tho we didn't expect to get to  
hunt the next day. Traffic was blocked and we expected to  
wait till afternoon and then drive to town.

ONE SHOT. NO HIT

Thursday DECEMBER 28th - My 38th birthday - and it was  
beautiful and clear, blue sky and sunshine, with the ground  
white with a frozen snow. We had a good breakfast of  
papafruit, fried apples and sausage at Mrs. Babers' and  
left for Nate Brown's - this time hunting the north side of  
the road where he had seen three grouse.

The snow crust was a glare of ice and we could scarcely  
keep our feet but we edged along the ridges low down and then  
half way up. Suddenly I saw a covey of quail spread out on  
the snow under a thick bush or tree top - and up they went!  
I had promised Nate I wouldn't shoot any quail - and was about  
to say to Kay that we'd have to be careful not to hit any  
grouse flush and pass for quail - when a single bird rose from  
the same spot. I felt it was a straggler - but to my surprise

and delight, it was a grouse!! I swung on and past him and shot, not seeing the bird after the trigger-pull.



I called to Ray and she said "I saw him fall". I ran up and there he lay on the snow -

fluttering, but dead - a thrill of thrills - and the best possible birthday event! Ray came up and we gloated over our good fortune and picked up the bird - a yearling hen. Evidently she had fiddled with the quail or very close to them, altho upon chawing we found she had a full crop of wild grapes - which <sup>implies</sup> ~~implies~~ she had fed that morning. We moved on, and tho we weren't going to shoot them, I was anxious to move the quail again, but we didn't see a one.



About a half mile further on - we moved a second grouse from a fallen tree snag on a sunny hill side, but tho we literally combed that section, we didn't see any more of him - or any other that day.

We covered those hills well as far as we traveled - the steep slopes were like ski runs and finally worked our way to the top of a high ridge a knob where we had a stunning view west and north over snowy fields in the sun - and big old North Mountain white with snow and ice. The cover is better looking on this north side of the road, more like home. We worked down to a valley and built a fire and ate lunch in a beautiful world of white. We got back to the car about 1500 and drove to

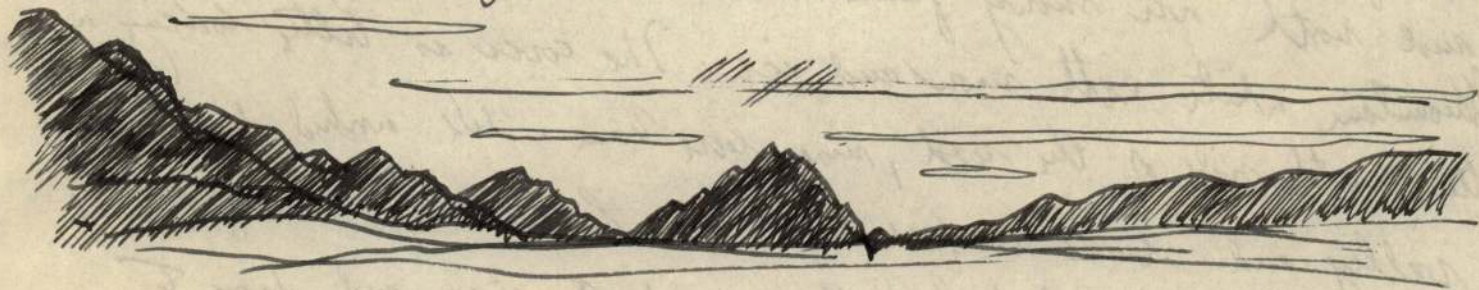
Winchester - removing our chains on the way - and then on to  
Washington, lay driving all the way - and finding a  
surprising amount of ice on the road in spots. We arrived  
at the apartment about 1815. A glorious birthday - and  
I hope to do the same on my 58th!!

ONE SHOT - ONE BIT



Wednesday JAN. 3RD


Tuesday after working hours we drove over to  
Winchester - on the strength of a favorable weather report -  
dropping down the west slope of the Blue Ridge just at  
sunset - the glorious experience that is the Shenandoah Valley  
at such a time - the Alleghenies clear as a bell, piling  
down into the South to meet and blend with Massanutten and  
the mass of the Blue Ridge with the sky streaks of red  
against the blue of the mountains




We had dinner at the "Jack" and then went out to Thornhill for the night. The next day - Wednesday - was as good as promised - and we drove out to Kate Brown's to find the woods a glare of ice - worse than last week - due to heavy rain a few days ago. This time we couldn't dig our heels thru the crust - and so slid along as best we could. I took the top of the ridge behind Kate's and Ray covered the base of it.

As we approached the spot where we flushed the quail and grouse last week, one of Kate Brown's hounds - the blue-trick - followed Ray and hit the scent of a grouse - running in and flushing it - we both heard it but couldn't see it go. That was the only bird we saw all day - tho we hunted both sides of the road - and even the west side of the ridge - along "Hogue" Creek hoping to meet the quail we had found before. The footing was terrific, one side of a ridge took us 20 or 30 minutes to negotiate - and that ended in a sheer cliff of eight feet or so - into a stream and a barbed wire fence. We were sore from our twists and strains - and Ray fell a number of times - quite hard - once landing on her head - and had a sore neck muscle for days. We returned to Winchester, had dinner at the "Jack" and drove to Washington. The weather has been such that ~~hunting~~ <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~impossible~~ <sup>impossible</sup> - either due to conditions ahead or underfoot.

Wednesday 17 JANUARY - The last time out before the season ends. Ray and I  
drove out to Antioch, to Wrights - leaving the car there and hunting the forenoon  
on their place - without a dog - as Queenie refused to go with us. The  
ground was covered with lots of snow - and the birds seemed to not be moving.  
After some long time I walked into what I took to be three quail in a  
vine tangle along the run at the east end of the farm. I missed a  
snap shot at one rising. We followed the birds and two flushed wild -  
sailing to the edge of the woods below the long field. We walked along this  
edge and one of the quail flushed after I passed - I shot too quickly on  
the rise (too close) and then missed the left barrel as he turned behind me.

 We followed back after this bird and finally flushed him again and  
I shot without any chance of connecting as he sailed out low and curved  
up the edge of the woods to a long hedge-row. Failing to locate him this  
time - we gave up and ate lunch with a fire down in the edge of the woods.  
After lunch I hunted up the remainder of the hedge-row in reverse, and just a few  
feet beyond where we had stopped looking before lunch the quail flushed  
and quartered away from me as I turned and missed the right, but  
dropped him with the left barrel.

 Game, at last!! We  
worked back to the Waterfall road and over to Mr. Bourgeois farm where  
after introducing ourselves we were told we could hunt provided we stayed away  
from his stock. We went to a likely looking place

and scrubby woods. We soon discovered quail tracks in the snow - ranging from clump to clump but no birds. Seeing where they had crossed an old road and apparently flushed into the dense honeysuckle on the far side - we started this impenetrable cover and worked back on them - and I shortly flushed about six from some heavy tangle.



without a chance to shoot. I calculated their probable direction - but evidently underestimated their range - for we hunted high & low but had no luck. At last

near sunset - on one long circle very beyond where I would have expected them I walked up a single without a shot. And some bit later put one out in the midst of a tangle - after I had passed it buzzed up behind me - and



I missed as it gained its rise and then hit it squarely with the left as it took out over the cover - dropping it in the tangle of vines at the foot of a dead snag near a cedar.

that I marked carefully. But then we hunted for 45 minutes we never did find that bird - even with snow on the ground. It is possible that it ran a short piece - there were tracks all thru the cover from earlier feeding and we couldn't tell.

The first bird had run from me with 2 or 3 pellets thru its body and wing - and then fallen when I grabbed it. Anyway we lost this second bird tho I felt it was killed outright. We returned to the camp to a delicious dinner of

steaks and ice cream, with chocolate sauce - eaten by candle-light.  
Drove back to town ~~at~~ at eleven o'clock.

8 SHOTS - 2 HITS

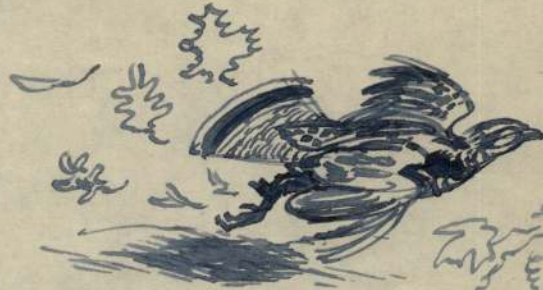
~~~~~  
This last day's shooting considerably disrupted my average for the season

My grouse average was rather fair 12 hits in 44 shots or 1 in  $3\frac{2}{3}$  or better than 27% hits.

My quail shooting alone up to this last day was excellent 4 hits in 5 shots - but dropped to 6 hits in 13 shots - or 1 in  $2\frac{1}{6}$  or better than 46% hits.

The overall grouse and quail shooting was 18 out of 57 - or 1 in  $3\frac{1}{6}$  or better than 31% hits.

My shooting, I believe, improved this season - (tho not my best average ever -) still I think the "swing past - lead - and follow them" method has proven itself the best for me. It is disappointing the way I miss clay pigeons thrown from a hand-toss - tho most of these shots are rather difficult ones - taken for practice. But I still believe I'm poorer at this than shooting birds, possibly due to the different flight of the targets which slow down and settle whereas birds rise and accelerate. However I hope to do better as I try more. It was a wonderful year - particularly at Old Hancock - and then later in Virginia and Regional History Center.



after 1944 notes