

20 October, Saturday. Home to our hills, for all time - and all the hunting that will ever be! Indian Summer at its golden height made for poor visibility today, but glorious autumn woods to walk thru with Ray, Blue, and my gun. Delayed by the necessity of a phone call to New York, we started our opening day after lunch - hunting the territory along Sunday across from Ray Guthrie. We found several operations in this section had changed the cover considerably but evidently not to any degree to affect the birds. We moved two quail below the log road in the thick growth that covers the ridge above Sunday. Blue found another at the edge of the fields in a brush pile that almost gave me a shot. We covered the rhododendron ravine with no results, but a very nice point from Blue that ~~was~~ produced nothing.

at the foot of this ravine Blue made a beautiful point upon striking scent and then moved in and froze. a big quail flushed to my right from under a large humlock and zoomed skyward without my having a chance to shoot.

Soon after we flushed another from the edge of Sunday.



We crossed to Ray Guthrie's side and about midnoon found four quail that gave us some excellent hunting but no shooting. Blue made another beautiful point - striking scent and then moving in and pinning the bird - exactly the way I want him to handle quail. in the light

of the full "hunters moon" after a beautiful day in beautiful woods.  
NO SHOTS (flushed 10 or 11) moved 10-10

22 October, Monday. After working on carpenter job at home until lunch time, I took Blue for a short hunt. Ray dropped us off at Ryan's Hollow on her way to Brandonville. We covered the rhododendron on both sides, finally flushing the first bird up high at the edge of Ryan's woods field but had no chance to shoot. The next sign of game was a double flush, first one grass on the right of an old path - down near the coal mine - and then a second bird tore out to the left of the road. I missed both barrels on the latter - but the vision of the bird was very obscure and I don't feel I did anything I could have helped by missing.



We followed these grouse around the hill but they gave me the slip, exactly as one did last season. It may have been one of these two. I must work out when they go. We moved one more on the way home in the woods on the Chocomaing place.

2 SHOTS - NO HITS (flushed 4) moved 4-4

24 October, Wednesday. Yesterday was rainy most all day and I stayed home and worked on my drawing cabinet. Today dawned with a deep fog - heard quail outside our bedroom. Worked until 11:30 and after an early lunch Ray drove Blue and myself back to Faulkensteins ridge where I covered my old territory without a sign of grouse. It was a damp, fragrant day - overcast and drizzling from time to time, perfect for scenting conditions with everything heavy with moisture. Color that remained was brilliant in its soggyness. When the humlocks proved unproductive we turned back and hunted higher up the ridge, going all the way to the upper end of this territory without seeing a feather. I then turned and started back down toward "Sandy" but staying at the very top of the steep ridge. At the edge of a cornfield on top I saw a dead raccoon - probably caught stealing. Half-way back Blue started showing signs of game - making several casts and ending on a half hearted point at a brushy fence row - about fifteen yards from the brink of the cliff and the woods. As he and I worked up a few steps a large covey of quail flushed to the steep edge. I missed my first bird but centered the second one squarely and saw her drop over the hill as the covey also dropped out of sight. I believe I missed because I shot too close on the first bird. There must have been fifteen or twenty quail.



I saw a cloud of feathers floating down as I approached the bank  
of the cliff and Blue found my bird well down on the side -  
and retrieved it to me - a hen - and Blue's first retrieval of the  
saw. I followed down over and after a while located the  
scattered birds by their calling. Blue found them pretty well  
bunched in a brush heap, but they flushed three and four at a time  
away from me and offering no shots. I saw them plummet down  
over in the hemlock and rhododendron cover at the base of the  
ridge, and there I followed them - and succeeded in flushing two  
from the hemlocks. The others had swung to the right in an inaccessible  
part. I followed the two singles over in the cutoff section to the left  
and downstream in what used to be gorgeous hemlock forest, now a  
tangle of blackberries and scrub about shoulder high. Blue got wind  
of one of the birds and worked into this maze while I stood in what  
had once been a path. I heard one bird flush up the hill - and in  
a few moments the second one flushed. I merely caught a flash as  
it sailed across to my right, below me - and I swung past  
and fired ahead of it - getting a distinct impression that it dropped -  
tho I saw only a clump of leaves shaken as if the quail had dropped  
them there. Working this clump of leaves between two bare saplings, I  
called Blue and worked them the

feathers stream along but no sign of the bird in the thick rhododendron and profuse moss. Blue couldn't seem to get a scent tho he tried hard. and finally went off on a cast ~~to~~ returning with a crippled cockbird in his mouth. I had no idea the bird was out ahead - possibly it had run. I would never have found it without old Blue - and his manner seemed to imply as much! We decided that two birds were enough from this covey - and left them to gather. Blue and I went up over the top of the hill and covered the flat up there that used to have grouse in it - but found no sign of any. as I skirted the very thick scrub growth behind the pair of houses in the top fields we swung back into a triangular field of meadow. near the edge of the woods Blue made a sharp turn left and pointed, - head high and stiff-legged. He moved up once and froze.

I walked in and flushed another covey of quail - about a dozen or more birds. I dropped my first bird hard, and swung my hands to a second, hesitating a moment - and then leading one of a pair that were grouped together. But I must have stopped my swing - or flushed - for I missed what I felt was a certain chance to complete a double. Blue retrieved my ~~first~~ quail - another hen.



I did not follow for any further shots, but went on into the woods on top behind "Sewalls" or Barnes - where I used to always move grouse - but today flushed one bird - well down over the ridge - and saw no more of him. I returned to the road along the base of Faulkenstein's ridge and flushed one grouse twice - (or two grouse singly) but had no shots. It was a glorious day and lots of sport - even tho it turned out to be quail shooting. Ray was at the bridge on Spickers side - to meet me with the station wagon. march 2-3

5 SHOTS - 3 QUAIL. (flushed two coveys)  
2 grouse

25 October Thursday - Went out about 3 o'clock and hunted up Sandy about Reynolds' flushing one grouse. Covered the woods edges around the sister place and made a second bird. Blue injured his eye and we came in about five o'clock. march 2-2

NO SHOTS (flushed 2 grouse)

26 October Friday. Blue's eye seemed well enough this morning to take an all-day hunt. Ray and Blue and I drove to Mason Run. Just before we dropped down the last hill a grouse flushed by the road and ahead of the car. I got out and went into the woods but was unable to move it. Ray took the car to the bridge and I hunted the hillside. From there we all hunted up Mason Run a short distance flushing <sup>at least</sup> two separate birds - and

possibly three - missing one both barrels - a shot I cannot understand missing.

We followed this bird to the lower side of the road - getting a number of rises that amounted to three distinct birds. I took two more shots at one rise over a nice point by Blue and then I missed I knocked feathers from him.



Crossing the stream from the car side, we hunted up the steep cover and from a brush heap a grouse tore out ahead of Blue starting at me and turning - crossing to my right. I swung and led, and dropped her "stone cold" - a nice clean kill - and a close shot at that.



Blue retrieved the grouse while I lay looked on, coming up from below me. It's a wonderful thrill, that first grouse of the season. This was a last year's hen. We returned to the car and

drove to the country in back of the Walkison place - going a short distance in the glade and building a hunting campfire - for a very well "Aberecombe & Fitch" bunch of "Pemm" and Swiss cheese roasted on forked sticks - and orange <sup>colored</sup> ~~colored~~ after lunch we worked on

way to the ridge above Clifton and moved a grouse just about where  
 I knew he should be. But we unable to move him again. We  
 went down to the edge of Sandy and hunting downstream flushed  
 two more without any shots. On down, we entered the Rhododendron  
 along Sandy that usually produces birds - and, sure enough,  
 flushed two - one going out just below me, but I missed  
 seeing it entirely. Later we flushed it wild ahead again  
 and I hunted to the other side of the power line and back -  
 they waiting below me. Just as we started back upstream  
 the bird flushed from Kay - rising and crossing to my right.  
 I dropped him with my right barrel - another nice clean  
 shot - this one was a bit more of a reach as I shot the  
 bird well out ahead of me and thru some trees.



She came in and retrieved the  
 grouse, a big cock-bird, from behind a  
 stump where he had fallen. This was  
 a perfect day - with the weather cool and partly cloudy after a  
 muggy morning - the woods not too dry and my back running  
 high!! It's a marvelous feeling to be on top of the world with  
 the right girl, the right dog, and the right gun!!



27 October. Saturday - Dawn, Blue, and I hunted the Ridge Road section to behind the news place - flushing one grouse on the way and one on the return, down on Barnes Run - the only two grouse moved all afternoon. I was so surprised by the grouse behind the news - since we had found no birds at all, that I took a snap shot - utterly impossible - just from sheer astonishment. After covering the entire ridge on the Barnes Run side returning with only one flock, I went down to the edge of Muddy below Jimmy Guthrie where I used to make half a dozen grouse - and found none. I did flush a woodcock, that also surprised me and I missed a quick try - wading across Muddy in an effort to follow him - but saw no further sign. Walked home at sunset - a beautiful one.

March 2-2

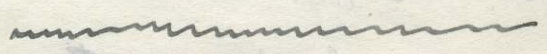
(flushed 2 grouse)

←



1 SHOT - NO HIT

1 SHOT AT WOODCOCK - NO HIT.



29 October, Monday. Kay, Dawn, Blue, and I went for an all day grouse hunt with the Brierley around June Cochran's place. The weather was perfect - clear and rather warm - leaves well down most places - and a sunny blue sky overhead - the kind of sunshine that makes the sunset red leaves glisten like wax. We left the car at Summers' after a chat with June down at Cannon's, and hunted immediately to the cover below June's house. We heard four grouse drumming about the same time and in that section. We flushed two birds close together - one of the drummers - and followed them to the other side of

"Roaring Creek" which is, incidentally, beautiful looking trout water down there below the confluence with "Lick Run." We came back to the upper side of the stream and worked back over the cover - I stepped into two birds as I started down the steep bank of a ravine - and being tied up with branches, completely missed the best opportunity for a double or quail that I have ever seen. We followed these and made five quail in the ensuing half hour - crisscrossing that thick bottom. Finally we recrossed "Roaring Creek" on James foot-loy - and made three quail from hemlock & rhododendron along the stream - probably the first two birds we flushed, and an extra one flushed on the upper side. This accounts for seven distinct quail at least. - and no nests. We put the last three back across the stream, I feel - and then ate lunch - another fancy "meat" variety - under beautiful hemlocks. After lunch we recrossed the foot-loy and found no birds till I took a circle along the very edge of the stream - about where I expected a couple of the pre-lunch quail flushed on the other side. Sure enough. Blue put out two birds simultaneously - one crossed the creek I believe, and the other flushed from the rhododendron to the ground in front of me. I flushed him with a sudden movement and a noise and

fired as he went straight away and rising - hitting him  
about ten yards away and knocking a great cloud of feathers  
out - as well as tumbling him over - but he remained  
"air-born" and flew away over the thick cover. I knew certainly

that I had under-shot a bit and had hit him in  
the lower portion of his body - probably broken his legs -  
so that when he landed, he would remain down. It



was a matter of following him and the dogs would be almost sure to  
find him. Seeing the feathers floating down I put Mue and Dan  
to work on "Dead Bird" and Kay and I followed the line of the  
birds' flight. After several exciting build-ups, I heard "dog cry."

"Mue has him!!" and the old master came in proudly with a  
huge cork-bird - both legs minced and shattered and part of the big  
fan blown away. It was a huge bird - gorgeous ruffs and tail  
and Mue literally retrieved the day. After a period of admiration,  
we went up to James place for a drink of



water, but were unable to locate a  
spring till we had gone on out the road  
where we found a trickle of cold sweet  
water that we took.

We admired Jones' house, and his trophies thru the window of his house - and especially his ~~honor~~ sign.



We worked down to the tramroad and then beyond to "Bowling Creek" below where we had hunted in the morning - and after we reached a clearing at the ad mine, we got into a

series of four grouse that flushed singly as the boys worked up to them - We worked two of them the second time - but had no shots due to the cover and the distance the birds were flushing.

We returned via the tramroad and covered the cover around the cabin on upper Bowling & back to the bridge but saw no birds.

1 SHOT - 1 HIT

(flushed "grouse") moved 11-21



30 October, Tuesday -  
about 2 o'clock Blue and I slipped away from Dawn - who stayed at home with Kay - and went down "Wagon-wheel Run" to the Copeman edge where Blue left me for some time. I felt he was on point, and climbing up the steep bank I came upon him, just as his grouse roared out - crossing to my right about ~~four feet~~ <sup>four feet</sup> off the ground. I missed

with the right barrel and for a moment that I had missed entirely with the left - for the bird went on, but I saw a lot of feathers floating in the air and found them on the ground. Evidently I undershot this bird just as I had done the one yesterday. But this time Blue was unable to find him tho we covered the territory three times. Incidentally, Ray



found in cleaning yesterday's grouse that the pattern had caught him higher up on the body than I had expected, as several pellets were found under the skin at the front of the breast, having passed clear thru the body of the bird. That is a rather strong case against mumble sight shot, and I may decide that I should use nips, or at least screws - altogether. After giving up the search for this grouse we crossed Wagon wheel down there below the Copeman house and went up the far side to the lower edge of the Choppening place.

Suddenly a huge grouse exploded a few feet to my left and went nearly straight up. I tried for a lead above him and fired - missing - and fired again - but he leveled off and tore away - leaving a lot of oak leaves floating down - but not a sign of a feather.

I marked his line of flight carefully and followed hoping to get another shot on the next rise. After covering a normal grouse flight. I was amazed to see Blue carrying him in -



I marked his line of flight carefully and followed hoping to get another shot on the next rise. After covering a normal grouse flight. I was amazed to see Blue carrying him in -

a beautiful big cock-bird - a mate to the other two large cocks  
I've shot this year. It was almost fantastic, for I had no notion  
I had touched the grouse - tho I surely tried hard enough. But it  
was the same old story - his leg - the left one was shattered -  
and probably will find he has several pellets in the body -  
I had under-iced him a bit and the grouse was able to  
fly on - but once on the ground had either been found dead -  
or had been unable to rise when I was near him. It was  
a most pleasant surprise. I later raised two birds back of  
Byans - one of them flying into a fence wire and tumbling  
in mid-flight - but righting itself and flying on.

This was a beautiful Indian summer day - very hot -  
and sunny. I came out to the road at Byans' bridge -  
and walked home in a beautiful sunset. sunset 9-4

4 SHOTS - 1 HIT. (flushed four grouse)

1 November Thursday. all four of us went in late morning to the Meyers' Rocks section where we hunted hard in very hot sun and weather - making three grouse without a shot. This is one of the places definitely a hot club for grouse. We gave up and came in about 3:30.

NO SHOTS  
minimum  
(3 flushed)

5 November Monday. Friday and Saturday rained - and we picked up the packing in Mountain Friday - & I worked on it Sat. & Sun. Today was clear, sunny, and cold - to begin with. We drove to the "Elsey Run" country - hunting out the ridge above the road from the car - toward Elsey. They flushed the only grouse on that piece - tho we saw signs of wild grapes - and loads of acorns - some partly eaten - and lots of scratches. We followed the "Pike" down into Elsey valley - flushing a second grouse on the way. at the upper bridge we heard some shooting ahead, so turned back and I crossed the stream and began hunting along a small tributary. a grouse soon flushed above and came down over my head.

I swung fast as he passed and after I shot the bird landed in a clump of hemlocks down the run. Thinking he might be hit, I followed and tho I couldn't



section thoroughly, I never saw or heard a sign of him. I am satisfied that he was not there, for both dogs went over and over it.

They found a lunch fire in the forest on the far side of Elsey from me, and we joined for lunch and had a small version -

Pram, and Boston brown bread sandwiches roasted on sticks -

and cookies and candy. After lunch we hunted on up the

territory and heard another grouse flush. About 3:30 we worked back to the road and walked back to the steep part of the ridge above Elsey - covered a good part that yielded nothing.

Climbing up to the road I hunted the corner above - just about feeding time, and where I'd seen watchings in the morning. I hadn't gone far until a grouse flushed above me - and I dropped him into the right barrel - a quartering shot to the left - one that used to be my nemesis. When found the bird and

our day was "perfect". I was pleased to note that this was a yearling - the first

+



this season - and indication that, here at least, some others must be extant. Hunted to the car and they took "our" picture. A well day, though we didn't raise many birds. The country was gorgeous. The stream looks wonderful for fishing.



7 November, Wednesday. Worked all day yesterday on paneling and  
 for an hour this morning. at eleven I left with Dawn & Blue  
 and drove to the power line on the Clifton road - hunting up the  
 rhododendron ravine and back along the power line - flushing one grouse.  
 crossed above the old house Heath used to live in and went into the  
 thick cover beyond - where I ate lunch by a little stream with  
 a beautiful fall of water - retrieving my discarded game from  
 the leaves when I discovered I had none for afternoon!! I  
 made no game until I hunted beyond the Darby place,  
 where I flushed what could have been either two or three  
 more single grouse but had no chance to shoot. at four  
 o'clock I returned to the car via the lower end of the rhododendron  
 and drove to the foot of the hill to Mandeville, leaving the car at  
 the fork of the road at the old sawmill entrance. I hunted up the  
 hollow below the deserted log house and flushed two grouse almost  
 at once. Later I moved two that could have been the same ones  
 tho it would have been a coincidence. Blue made an excellent point  
on me - standing staunch as one grouse flushed far to the left at  
my approach - and holding his point wonderfully until his own bird  
flushed. Later he pointed down this bird again - but Dawn ran in  
 on his point and caused him to flush when the grouse went out,  
 toward 7-9

8 November, Thursday. As the weather was cloudy and threatening, I went out in the morning, leaving Dawn & Ray at home. We left the car at the foot of Brandonville hill and hunted the new hollow I discovered yesterday - flushing a grouse very soon and following it up to the ridge above Mason Run. Being that close, I dropped over to Mason and flushed a bird upstream a piece from the rhododendron. On the second rise I took a quick wing shot as he cleared the thick cover but couldn't lead him enough. I returned to the first hollow and flushed a bird that could have ~~been~~ been a new one, or the first. Followed and after lunch flushed what I think was the same grouse - and got two rises but no shots. Back over in Mason I flushed two more grouse.



One shot - no hits

around 5-9  
(flushed 4 or 5)

10 November, Saturday. After painting the paneling all day yesterday I was ready for a hunt today - so after a morning spent unpacking drawing materials and getting set up to work, I left after lunch and took both dogs back to Sandy behind Ray's kitchen. It had drizzled a bit earlier and was cold and damp - excellent hunting weather. I covered the south ridge above Sandy without seeing any birds, but as I approached the ~~hollow~~ <sup>hollow</sup> (which was being set out

to my disgust) I saw a grouse that sailed from up the ridge  
where Dawn had moved him - down and across Mundy -  
with no sound whatever, to warn me.



We crossed the high stream on a huge  
hemlock that had been felled into the water -  
and after a bit I heard the bird go out from the  
thicket on the ~~left~~ bank as I stood there waiting.

Turning downstream (on Ray Guthrie's side) I entered the hemlocks  
and after a few steps on, not heard, a grouse flush to the  
branches of a hemlock - then as I waited, takes off crossing to  
my right. I fired - swinging ~~past~~ quickly when he was in  
the air a few yards - and again when he  
cut across - shooting thru thick cover - a



replying taking half my pattern when it was only just out of the  
gun-barrel. The grouse went on but appeared to sail down - rather  
than rise and go on and




having marked his landing in a  
place - Blue showed signs of scent - and in a few  
moments froze - stretched out on rigid point. I  
gave him the order "Dead bird" and



that old familiar dip of his head told me he had found my bird.  
It was a yearling hen - still alive when he picked her up. I'm  
curious to see where she was shot if  
there is any clear evidence.



Rather than put any further strain on  
the bird content of this cover for today, at least - preferring to save  
that for a future time - I left by the road and bridge - turning  
left as I crossed Sandy. On the lower path, I heard a big  
grouse roar up from behind me - I am not sure but I think - and  
saw him coming directly over my head  I turned and  
saw down on him as he zoomed  
away from me, plucking a shower of



fine feathers  
from his underparts. It was a quick shot, well  
action and a half-way decent try. If I had waited  
a fraction of a second longer I believe I'd have  
had him. I saw later when I returned - that I had  
shot while he was quite close. I marked his flight - hoping to  
find him down - but altho the dogs found him - he flushed -  
or another in exactly the spot I suspected to find him - and

I took a rather hopeless try thru the thicket at Linn - before he crossed Sandy. I followed - wading the stream but heard one flush in the deep hummocks on the far side - when I circled - and then came on back to the south side again - hunting up the ridge to the car. By this time it was raining some and I drove home - stopping to consider the bottom below Frank Shaffer's and getting stuck in the soft ditch, downing chains, and with the help of a passer-by - got out to solid ground - and home.

to a cozy warm home and log fire - hot bath and delicious dinner - and Ray!

4 SHOTS - 1 HIT . (Flushed 3 or 4)

12 November, Monday. This was a wonderful day. I worked in the morning on a sketch - with the world blue and sunny outside - the Chestnut Ridge beautiful in the distance - thru my studio window. At last, about eleven o'clock, Ray came to my rescue and expressed what I had been feeling - namely, that this was too perfect a hunting day to stay at the drawing board any longer! So after an early lunch, I took Blue and Dawn back to Sandy at Frank Shaffer's old house - and hunting downstream. It was as warm as

a summer day - the rhododendron so fragrant it smelled like  
trout fishing. We made no birds that I saw altho I heard  
Dawn barking down by the edge of the creek - and I later  
realized she had been barking at a flushed grouse! I reached  
the deep hole at Beaver Creek and turned up a path away from  
the stream that led to Charles Kelly's. About this time I heard a  
grouse drumming up on the side of the hill and when I got him  
located I swung to the left of the path and almost at once  
flushed a grouse to my right that completely surprised me. I  
managed to swing a bit ahead of him as he rose but he went on  
after I fired - tho I did see some feathers fall - one looked like  
a back feather. I followed and hunted for some time in an  
effort to move this bird again but failed to do so. I returned and  
flushed the drummer without an opportunity to shoot. Following  
my original path I crossed the small run that borders Charles  
Kelly's and worked up it thru rhododendron and Tuckert. As I  
was walking under a hemlock - I saw a big grouse rise to the  
left and in front of me, and waited as he crossed back on my  
path - giving me a fast close shot straight across to the left as I  
then stood. I held on the lead <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> ~~of a second~~ <sup>winning all the</sup>  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

time - and fired when he was just past opposite of me - and  
never saw a bird hit harder in mid-flight. He seemed almost  
to disintegrate at the shot. Old Blue was in at the sound of the  
shot - and soon had the bird - which  
had fallen stone cold in some rhododendron.



I sat down and ate a candy bar on the strength of this good  
fortune. The bird was a huge one - enormous tail feathers - a cock-  
and the shot was just right. While sitting on a stump under the  
hemlock - I heard some shots above me and up the run - so I  
turned direction and followed the edge of Charles' woods down toward  
"Mason Creek". About the bottom of the hill I heard I saw early  
and saw grouse number four flush across. A bit later the  
fifth bird went out ahead of Blue - and soon after that another  
grouse fluttered down to the ground from a rhododendron bush -  
stopped a few steps and took off low. I made a fast swing and  
at the moment I fired had lost sight of the bird. As I pushed  
thru the thick low hemlock cover I saw some fine feathers settling to  
earth - and a few feet ahead me I saw picking up the  
grouse. It was a stunning color effect - an orange bellton  
setter with a quiver bronze ground

the bird to me very gently and tender-mouthed and has been delighted with herself ever since! The bird was last year's and the center tail feathers were not completely banded and so it was likely a hen - tho the marking was on the border line. The grouse was as I mentioned - a ginger bronze - quite red overall. I took the dogs and returned to the station wagon where I endeavored to get a number of game - dogs - and game tho the light was poor.

after this I walked both sides of Andy below Jimmy Guthrie's trying for woodcock - without results - tho I did flush two near noon - one on each side. It was a well day and after the first shot - I changed to 10z - 7 - 13 drams in a huge success. 3 SHOTS - 2 HITS

both barrels instead of left only and was impressed with way both birds were hit hard.

(Flushed 8)

run 9-9

The large grouse had a wing span of 22" and tail span of 14 1/2"





Tram

15 November Thursday - Last night's snow that we encountered on the high ridges on our drive from Huntington had dusted the tops of the Brieries and some of the woods above Roaring Creek where Kay and I and Blue and Dawn went today. We hunted the cove above the road toward the Tannery Bridge - moving a group of three or four grouse at the big rocks and a fifth and sixth up the little run above this point. Some of the flushes were possible shots - just missed being in several cases. One of the original groups on the second rise flushed from the top of a large rock with a clump of rhododendron, just above my head - giving me a scant glimpse as he tore away, and from the time and direction



taken, I'm certain this was the grouse Kay heard land on the top of the big boulder immediately over where she was preparing the campfire for lunch. As the first grouse flushed I exclaimed and climbed up to where I could judge his line of flight tho he had, of course, disappeared. While straddled atop a wedge of rock - a second grouse flushed behind me where the dogs had worked him out and I could only turn and see him disappear. Both of ~~these~~ rises might so easily have given me very fair shots under different circumstances -

but that's gross shooting! We ate our lunch over a roaring fire (Kay had built under a huge rock - I lay back in "the fireplace" as Kay said Dawn said.



After lunch - and the fire felt good - but the day was cold - and after noon the sun was covered by clouds - we walked up to the Tannery Bridge - crossed Brown and hunted down the far side without moving a feather - to below Jones' house where we

immediately got into birds - moving about 4 and finally I took a fleeting shot at one that rose well out - and crossed the stream after I missed him.

1 SHOT - NO HIT (flushed about 10) moved 10-12

16 November Friday. We picked up the manuscript on our way out to Sugar Valley - where we left the car at the church, hunting the ridge opposite. Blue injured his eye <sup>remembrance of blindness?</sup> soon after we began to hunt - and we had started to return to the car - when a grouse flushed ahead of Dawn. I took a snap shot and missed - and as Blue seemed not to feel too badly - we decided to hunt for a while.

We never found the bird the <sup>next</sup> day and returned to the top of that

ridges - all the way back to the back road where Art had taken us to see a farm for sale. It was quite built up in there with shanties and the cover very poor on the ridges where I had hoped to find birds - so we decided to walk quickly back to the car - eating first - and hunt behind Ryan's on the way home. We soon made the car - put drops in blues eye and leg dropped both dogs and myself at Ryan's bridge. I saw no birds till I got behind the ridge and across from Noble Hallways - tho I had glimpsed a fox in the photoduckton behind Ryan's. I flushed two grouse back of Hallways - one from a tree - the other rose in the cleared border line along Hallways line - rising and coming at me. I tried a shot as he came - missing - and turned and fired as he left me - on the tree tops - but I missed again. It was a good chance - and if I had waited my time as I did the similar shot on Charles Kelly's - I think I'd have made this one too.



missed 3-3

up to this point my shooting average has been 28 shots - 8 hits  
on grouse - not counting the several birds I had "feathered". The  
5 shots - 3 hits on quail brings up that average & the I have  
not counted the one miss at woodcock. What amazes me in what  
has seemed a very sparse season is that so far I have raised  
<sup>81</sup>  
72 separate grouse - and left 64 of them.

27 November, Tuesday - Having set up and finished the third  
rough on the current job by lamp-light last night, we were  
able to take the day to hunt, as the first sketch did not  
arrive in the mail this morning. We left the car on the  
Clifton road at the foot of Manderville Hill, hiked up the  
hollow below the old deserted log house - Blue flushing  
(or pointing first?) a grouse that went up the run. Shortly  
on our way up a second bird flushed from Blue cutting  
back down our way - and I missed a distant shot as he  
passed. I count this a separate bird, as I feel the first  
one flew much further up. We didn't move either of these  
grouse again - but Blue put me out ahead of Ray -  
well up the hollow - and we worked him and followed.  
Keeping well down along the little run I covered each cover  
well - and then out of a clump of blackberry vines he

surprised me - flying almost straight away - quartering a bit to the right. I shot too quickly with my right barrel, but held correctly with the left - for he fell hard.



We put Blue in to retrieve - and felt disgusted when he worked way out beyond where we felt certain the grouse had fallen. But after a short time he came in carrying the bird - a big cock bird that had evidently been able to run. It was what I call a brindbill on the tail - usually found only in old birds. His right wing was broken.

We cut up over the ridge to the next hollow - Mason Run - flushing a fourth grouse in the first section - which surprised me. We found no birds on Mason until we hunted below the bridge - and then none until we crossed to the far side from the hemlocks. Then we flushed one down in a little glade back from the stream - and in following it - Blue pointed two more consecutively - and did very nice work on both points. We followed these two up the Walkerson ridge near the road - pausing at the top to eat lunch and admire our grouse while we were eating it before to spit rain. This morning had been clear and sunny with snow on the ground after a couple of days of snow.

but during the morning it had clouded over and become warmer  
after an hour we hunted down Mason to Andy - moving nothing -  
it had begun to rain hard now - so we cut over to the  
Masonmaster bridge and hunted up some beautiful *Stoebelium*  
corn along the run below the road - flushing one big grouse  
that Ray said. We were unable to miss it the second time.  
Reaching the car about two o'clock we came in as the  
drizzle had us - and - all the woods - wet. We made

8 grouse - 3 of them new birds in my count.

3 SHOTS - 1 HIT

~~~~~

Saturday 15 December - Art and I went to the Meyers Rocks  
country to hunt grouse - the meeting Dick Pearson - Art's interests  
lay in the fox hounds Dick was running. We covered a terrific  
lot of country - leaving the car behind Copmans and hunting all  
the way back to the Frank's place - eating alone below the "Old  
Brick" while Art and Dick blithely followed the fox hounds.  
No one got any shots at anything - altho about sunset I ran into  
two birds behind Mrs. Frank's place - in the flat to the east  
of the road. We started an hour before the sun set - the  
country deep in snow - it had been a clear cold day.

was never quite so tired in all my experiences of hunting - and I suspect Art was nearly so. I had been sitting for three weeks working on illustrations with no walking - and I was soft.

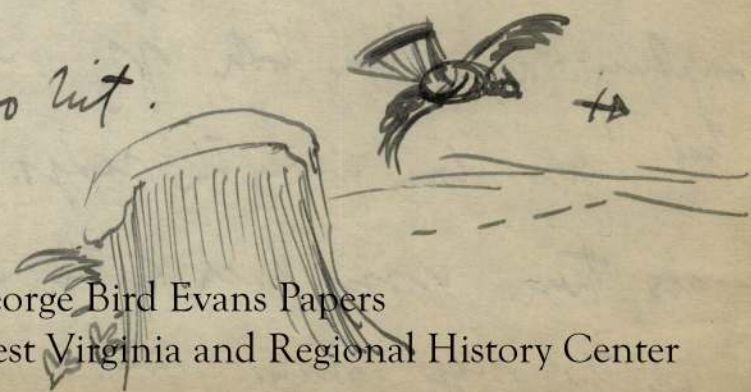
no shots

flushed 4  
mowed 4-4

17 December, Monday. Hunted alone with Bob - in deep snow - down Wagon Wheel on the Copeman place and below the Chorpenny ridge. Came across grouse tracks that appeared to be at least two birds - and soon mowed one. Flushed him the second time and on the third rise - within two feet of my nose from behind a stump, I took a quick shot as he sailed about a foot off the snow - but missed. I would not have tried had I realized he was not actually "airborne". I later saw his tracks and realized he had touched the ground after I shot and then had taken off. I had no further sight of game tho I found other tracks around the ridge on Reynolds in the upper edge of the woods field.

One shot - no hit.

mowed 1-3



18 December, Tuesday (a week before Xmas) This was my last hunt of the season - Snow on the ground cloudy skies. Kay and Blue and I went in the morning to the foot of the hill behind Mandowille on the Clifton road. We hunted up the first hollow

finding grouse tracks and flushing one bird along the run. We moved a second grouse upstream a piece - the bird flushed to the left of Kay and roared back over her head and up the hill as nearly as we could tell.

We followed and hunted the entire ridge high and low without results. Finally after riding up the hillside we stopped on top to build a fire and eat lunch in a snow flurry. After lunch - and we have had truly "Abenacombic & Fitch" lunches all thru the season - I left Kay to keep warm by the fire - and hunted out the ridge - encountering grouse tracks at the head of the hollow - leading down to the stream. Working them out slowly - Blue found the bird which flushed up into a sapling - and then took off. I couldn't see it but assumed it had gone down along the ridge. We hunted out the entire bottom and then crossed back to the original flush to take another "tack" up the ridge toward Kay. Within a few yards of the spot





the grouse flushed about me - being straight up. I

caught him as he topped the saplings and dropped him with one shot.



she retrieved him from the snow and Kay arrived within seconds after called her from the top of the ridge. That made it a day - and a season.

March 4-4

One shot - one hit

My season's shooting average was not bad - 33 shots - 10 hits on grouse - not counting several "feathered" one out of 3.3 shots. With 5 shots - 3 hits on quail my "grouse-quail" average was 38 shots - 13 hits or one out of 2.92 shots. My over-all average including the one miss no hit on woodcock was 39 shots - 13 hits or exactly one out of 3. I have found the swing past - sustain the lead for a moment - following them the natural method for me and I intend at the present to use it. I do employ the "fast swing past" on close shots but for any normal shot the split-second longer it takes to sustain the lead pays in accuracy. Altogether I flushed 79 distinct separate grouse - and left 67

March 88-137  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center  
6-29  
19 days

1945

19 days  
14 counts

marked 88-137

6.29 bird/count.

CUPP 020 · 5.5.0 / N10 · 2.5.  
 RAY GUTHRIE 020 · 5.5.0 / N10 · 1.1.1  
 RYAN 022 · 4.4.0 / N16 · 2.2.0  
 FALKENSTINE 024 · 2.3.0  
 L. SANDY N. 025 · 2.2.0  
 MASON RUN 026 · 8.8.1  
 WILKINSON 026 · 5.7.1 / N27 · 3.3.0<sup>(2)</sup><sub>A</sub>  
 SCOTT 027 · 2.2.0  
 ROARING 029 · 11.21.1 / N15 · 4.4.0  
 CHORDENNING 030 · 4.4.1 / D17 · 1.3.0  
~~RETTA~~  
 MEYERS' ROCKS N1 · 3.3.0 / D15 · (4) 1.0  
 ELSEY N5 · 5.5.1  
 BOWERMASTER BRIDGE N7 · 4.4.0 / N27 (1) 1.0  
 LOG HOUSE N7 · 3.5.0 / N8 · 5(2) · 9.0 / N27 · 4.5.1 / D18 · 4.4.1  
~~CUPP~~  
 SHAFER DOWNSTREAM N12 · 9.9.2  
 SUMMERS N15 · 6.8.0  
 BISHOP N16 · 1.1.0