

29 APRIL, MONDAY - KAY & I left Blue with Mrs. Harris, who was visiting us, and tried Little Laurel. We passed a lot of cars at Big Laurel, and ran into a number of people in Little Laurel. The water was nice. We started with spinner (Kay) and I used a wet fly - but after a while saw trout rising to flies - so changed to dry flies. Took about five trout - under seven inches - all were hatchery - no color and no fight - so returned them.

30 APRIL, TUESDAY - Taking advantage of Mrs. Harris' willingness to keep Blue, we fished this day on Roaring Creek, leaving the station-wagon at Summers' and walking down to June's - starting in at the "crossing log". We still couldn't realize that dry flies would do at this early season and Kay used wet flies and spinner. I now changed to dry flies - a Royal Coachman - tho we neither took any trout in the morning. After lunch we got a small rise ahead, but no action until just below the Calfish Mines where I floated a Royal Coachman over a beautiful little hole of fast water that cut under a brushy tangle on the right bank. Nothing happened, but I continued as it looked so good - finally twitching the fly back upstream again and again. Suddenly there was a broadsided flash,



and the fight was on! I whistled for Kay and he started back upstream at once, with the net - meantime, the trout which was a big one, was giving me a going over all over the stream. When Kay reached me, we netted him at once for he was well whipped - a beautiful thing - colorful and broad - 11 inches - my largest brook trout. An old native - deep dark color (later his flesh proved to be a deep salmon pink, or peach color). His speckles were orange as well as vivid red.

This dry fly fished downstream proves effective. I changed to a plain Coachman and had Kay try the Royal Coachman I had used (we were now on flies) and a little further on I took a nice native  $7\frac{3}{4}$ , and returned him after a good fight. We found no other signs of trout but

excellent water - wonderful dramatic holes. About four o'clock a heavy thunderstorm threatened and we pulled out of promising looking trout water - returning by June's and showing him the trout. June told us that the stream had been teeming with men since the opening day - but evidently the lower part is not fished as much as the stocked trout stay above and the crowd wants meat! We hope to get back this year. Water <sup>almost</sup> clear and rather high

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23 May, Thursday - We took Blue with us to Lick Run and found the water quite high and crystal clear. The lady-slippers were in bloom on all sides of us. The day was hot and sunny. We fished downstream - using Coachman dry flies. We took 3 trout, Ray one 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ " and I one 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " and one 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " - keeping the two largest. We had several strikes - nothing very large - that missed. All seemed to be dark colored natives.

6 June, THURSDAY - Our Blue-Ridge trout fishing trip! The weather had been "hellacious" - convincing us several times on our way to Washington, that we couldn't hope to make it. But the sun came out and the weather broke on Tuesday in Washington, so that we arrived at Mrs. Cloes on Wednesday morning with blue skies and the streams looking very hopeful. The still fell. We waited until Thursday to try the trout - going up old "Ross" our first love. Drove the car (almost ruined it) up to Dark Hollow and walked up the road to the path and entered the stream just below the hole with the big rock on edge. Went on up to quite a rise in the stream where it is very narrow - but not nearly so far up as we have been before. I believe now, we should have gone further up for better fishing. However, we had a good day considering the water being so high. We hadn't expected too much - but we now believe it a very good time to fish - especially as the water begins to drop back to normal - which it did the next day on the Rapids. The trout we took on Ross, ~~2~~, were the fattest, heaviest, trout for their size I've ever taken - all of them deep rich coloring - ~~parties~~ - born in the stream. Returned all ~~seven~~ <sup>six</sup> most of them between 6" and 7" - none 8". Lost a number of small ones - of one about

9" that I mapped the fly off and lost - and finally - at the big hole with the large rock near Dark Hollow I lost the big one I've always heard of. At least I like to think now that he was big. I didn't see him at any time - the Kay did twice and estimated him to be between 10" & 15". As there are nothing but natives in "Ron", I felt sick. I was standing on top of the big rock, where I had climbed, while Kay fished from the opposite side - both of us fishing the head of the hole. Had floated my fly - (we used Royal Coachman) down under the rock when I felt him take it. I had no time to strike, but when I tightened up - feeling him tug strongly, I had the dull sick sensation that I was sneezed. When Kay saw him - she cried "That's no snag, it's the trout you feel!" However, tho I let him take some slack line I always came to the dead stop when I retrieved him so far. We worked with him for what seemed a half hour - trying, waiting for him to make a rush that would free the leader - for I could get within two feet or so of the end; but that never happened. At last I took the chance of running my rod all the way down to the end, trying to work the leader off

the snag, but after a bit of forcing the leader snapped at the fly - or nearly so - and he was gone - with a Royal Coachman to decorate him. May he live to be a huge one!

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7 June, Friday - Our perfect day - weather ideal (how would we have felt if we had abandoned this trip) - water receding and apparently the best condition of our trip. We drove to the Papineau and started in at the Shiflett Bridge, beginning to take trout almost immediately - using dry flies - Royal, and, then later and with nice floating qualities, plain Coachman. The Abercrombie & Fitch Coachman was very nice flies - lots of hatches. We fished upstream this day - tho a lot of the time we fished down water for it makes a nice way to handle the dry fly inconspicuously.

We took: Kay 14 ( $8\frac{5}{16}, 8, 7\frac{1}{2}, 7, 7$ ) Range 20 ( $8\frac{1}{4}, 7\frac{3}{8}, 7\frac{1}{4}, 7, 6\frac{1}{2}$ )  
Returned all but 2 best brook. <sup>3 rainbows (9 $\frac{5}{16}$ , 7 $\frac{7}{8}$ , 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ )</sup> 34 brook trout -  
Covered the stream up to the White Oak - then returned to the Shiflett Bridge and fished down in two segments to below the big Rocks Hole considerably.

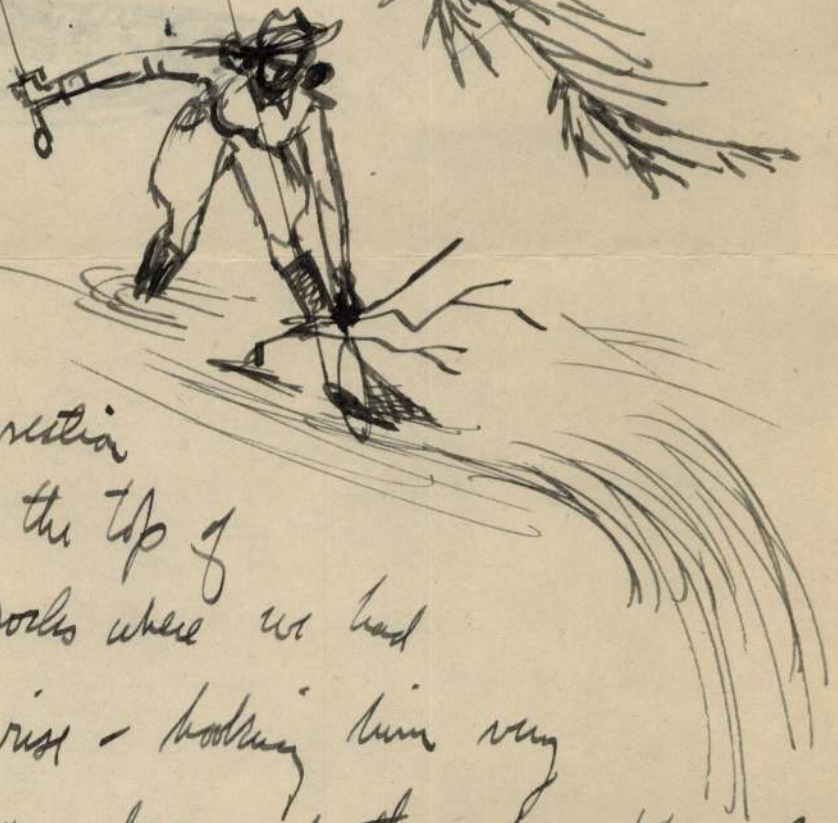
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8 June, Saturday - We fully expected to encounter a crowd but saw no one while actually fishing and only a couple of cars on the road. We began by driving to the upper limit of the stream and fished down to the Cabinet Camp. I alluded to a rather decent looking chap in

a car with his wife. Wife didn't fish. He was a dry fly man.

Back at the car, we drove down to the swimming hole where we started fishing upstream thru gorgeous water. Fished quite late. The high point was Kay's battle with a nice trout, almost 8", that got her tangled with a floating snag - but she handled the situation beautifully and netted him, snag and all - then returned the trout.

I lost one just after this, on the opposite side of the stream, that I feel I could have had with a net.



Just after lunch on the upper section we fished I floated my fly in the top of a small hole below the high rocks where we had sat to eat - and got a nice rise - looking him very securely, I thought. Played him from above and then when Kay & I approached to net him, he gave a simple shake - and was gone - sinking slowly to the bottom of the pool - a beauty about 9"!

We discovered a nice section of the stream toward end of day and will give it further attention later. We took 24 netwise this

day - water was lower (not quite so good as yesterday)

May 10 (7 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 7. Lost one about 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ) May also lost 2

May 14 (77. Lost one about 8 and one near 9)

Returned them all.

Used plain Gorchumers entirely this day. Weather was beautiful.

Our trip was a great success - taking altogether  
64 netwis and three rainbows - returning all but 2.





## SHOOTING NOTES 1946

7 October Monday. - This was the opening day for us - tho' the season  
 actually came in on Saturday the 5<sup>th</sup>. Due to my eye injury (from  
 a "NO HUNTING" notice) I was unfit for action until today. The season this  
 year is entirely too early - the leaves are almost entirely on the trees -  
 the weather is hot and dry - much hotter than any weather we've had  
 in July or August. However, in spite of these factors, Kay, Phil, and I  
 went over to the Brierley for our first day. Leaving the station wagon on  
 the brink of the ridge above John Feathers' we hunted out the hillside -  
 moving one grouse - until we came to the path down the steep hill to  
 Roaring Creek. I had expected grouse immediately on the other side of the  
 stream (back of Jones') but we hunted out that entire cover before  
 moving one out of an alder thicket on the edge of an old sawmill  
 clearing. Later we flushed another grouse a bit higher up the hill  
 and I missed a shot at that one on its second rest - it flushed  
 low off the ground and cut down the hill. Moved another bird upon  
 following this one but could not pin them down again. Kay and I  
 ate our lunch on Roaring Creek, sitting on a large rock and watching  
 trout rise. We suspended operations for a while during the heat of  
 the day - going up to Jones for water, and finding it low and cloudy -  
 and then digging out a small basin in a hill-side spring.

about 2:30 we worked down over the hill to the tram road - following it

to below the old mine - seeing one bird on the way. Just above the point where the two trails join I flushed a grouse from some rhododendron - the bird going up the hill through somewhat open hemlock. I missed the first shot but dropped it with my left barrel - well out and up the slope. Ray, who was just behind me - had presence of mind to call Blue in to retrieve - I was too excited. Blue soon had the bird and brought it in - one more wonderful season began the wonderful way! The grouse appeared to be a last year's cock - and proved to have nothing in its crop when cleaned. I'm writing these notes - having just finished eating it three days later! It was, as always, more delicious than you can ever remember. This time we tried something new - grape conserve - tart and rich - and a wonderful complement - instead of cranberry jell. We also had the unusual feature - lima beans and crock neck quark - due to the early grouse season and our late garden. After fully gloating over our bird - and all three of us gloat - we worked back upstream without moving any new birds - flushed two in the swampy piece below Jim's that were a pair of this morning's birds. Walked up that terrific hill to the car.



x →

3 SHOTS - 1 HIT (LAST YEAR'S COCK)

moved 6

moved 6-8

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8 October - Tuesday - I hunted with Mue this morning before going to the doctor in town. Covered the Chorpemung place and the Pressler Ryan woods. Mined 3 birds without a chance to shoot, within the first 20 minutes after leaving home - all on the Chorpemung hill - and didn't see a feather after that. Can't understand the lack of grouse below Riparis. Also Hafer has cut considerably in there, but can't see that he has done anything but improve most of it for game.

In the way home I jumped a deer.

mined - 3 - 3

NO SHOTS  
mined 3

9 October Wednesday - Having brought Dawn & Anson back with us last night, to simplify things in town while Father is ill - I decided to wear off the ragged edge from both of them - so leaving Mue at home with Kay. Stood these two to the country across from Ray Gutierrez. I mined a bird almost at once, in the piece to the left of the road down to Mueby. But after that I hunted hard before I finally merely sked a second bird, some way time later. I was very much disappointed to see what the timber operations have done in there. The good grouse cover is nearly all destroyed - and the ridge on the south side of Mueby particularly is completely ruined. - masses of tree tops and brush piled everywhere with large areas grown up into weeds. The logs

found two more birds - making short points - after lunch - but I  
could not get second rise. Having covered this section with almost no  
results, I returned to the car and drove to Sandy - below Shafers.

I hunted downstream on Frank Shafers place - moving two birds to the  
right of the path - well in toward Mason Creek. I finally flushed  
a third on Charles Kelly's lot could not follow it into the thick  
cover along Mason. Returning to Frank Shafers side of the line, the  
dogs put out what may have been two, tho I'm counting it as one - for  
it could have been a flash from ground to tree - and then off -

I saw it come up over the thicket and cross to my left - high up.  
I tried for a crossing shot - tho I held about right - but missed as  
he cut thru the tree tops. After several  
unsuccessful tries at finding this grouse

←→



again, I started back around the ridge in a drizzle that soon increased  
and soaked dog and man. I flushed another bird on the way back. This  
cover looks really good for another trip.

1 SHOT - NO HIT

Moved 9 (4 back of Rays  
5 on Frank Shafers & Charles Kelly's)

Thursday 10 October - Kay, Paul, Dawn & I left late - after a matter of dressing some game of Grouse this morning. Hunted the valley behind Brandmill and below the old log house. The leaves were still on in masses of gorgeous color - tho not so gorgeous for shooting. I began a series of "jumpy" shots, due to poor visibility, almost upon entering the cover. I had four shots - only one of which was at all decent. It was

on the second rise that I had a possible chance as the bird took off from a tree. We counted four separate grouse in this valley. All hunted along the little run among beautiful leaves. Our lunches were all Abnombic & Fitch items these days. I killed a Black-throated Green in a patch.

During the process Paul walked over it and it struck at him. After working out this cover fairly well, we got in the



1ST SHOT  
CLOSE TO GROUND

car and drove to Mason Run - to find it completely gutted by timber operations - all the small hemlock gone - and nothing left but deep rutted roads and stumps -

and a sawmill working up the stream cutting out what was left. Timber cutting has ruined more of my old covers than any other factor. The birds have to go someplace - but so far I haven't found them.

We drove up past the Wellbison place to behind Fike's Knob - only to find three cars parked back there. We left the station wagon



2ND SHOT  
FROM TREE

in a woods beside the road - a piece further and hunted the hill  
 above Sandy - near Clifton - moving four or five birds. Two in  
 the rhododendron along Sandy - <sup>(that may have crossed the creek)</sup> two more from the alder swamps at  
 the foot of the ridge, and a fifth - a drummer - from the hill top  
 as we worked back up and returned to the car. That cover will be  
 worthless later with less leaves and fewer squirrel hunters

We drove back over abominable road -

wondering how we ever got up over it and  
 how we'd get back to  
 hunt that Clifton cover  
 later on!



3RD SHOT. OUT OF BEIERS  
 BEHIND A TREE.



4TH SHOT. RISING  
 THROUGH THICK SAPLINGS

4 SHOTS - NO HITS

4 BIRDS MOVED IN FIRST COVER

5 IN CLIFTON COVER

11 October, Friday. Yesterday was a nice day to be in the woods -  
 warm but not hot - Wednesday's rain had conditioned the  
 woods nicely. Today, the weather was cloudy and sunny -  
 very hot and dry. Later on, I left Sam with Ray -  
 and took Blue and Brown back to Falkenstein's ridge. It, too, was  
 thick with leaves. Mouse was too wild at first and I got little  
 out of him for work in the lower rhododendron. a bird flushed

wild twice, going into the briery hillside on Spiker's land. Returning back the ridge higher up I flushed a grouse that also went onto Spiker's. Neither dog would it - nor did they find any scent at the location of the flush. The grouse are abundant everywhere this year - and especially so in this cover. Having no luck raising this bird - I once more walked back the ridge, about the same level and again flushed a third bird, which went down to the lower corner of Spiker's cut-off land. I hunted on out the ridge, however - and dropping down to the photodendron cover at the head of the little stream that follows the main road, I flushed a bird from the upper margin - that I failed to raise again - tho' Blue made a nice point in the thicket. I hunted out that cover well and then walked back down the ridge and up to the top fields hunting for the quail - two coveys last year - but with no success. I ate lunch up on top and then took a look at the far end where I used to always find birds - but since the large hemlocks were cut, the grouse seem to have picked it up.

as I dropped back down over to Fallenstein's ridge I stopped

into two links (probably two from the morning) and missed a  
car shot - away and rising. This grouse kept to the upper edge of  
the steep ridge - flushing up and over the shoulder  
at its steepest point - and on the third flush -



down over to the bottom of the ridge. During all this last action  
I had lost touch with Grouse - who had begun following me  
around soon after his morning burst of speed - and then  
had been reduced to tagging after me - completely worn out.  
Poor old boy - old age has overtaken him - 10 years at last

August - and he doesn't conserve his energy. I climbed back  
to the top of the ridge - whistling and calling - and succeeded in securing  
three mowies - two of whom - black & white - became my dearest  
slaves. I decided Grouse may have returned to the car and went  
down but he wasn't there. After whistling, calling, & blowing the car  
horns I fired my gun - patterning it at 13 yds with  
 $1\frac{1}{8}$  #6.  $\frac{3}{4}$  draws - found it had a dense 10" pattern.

Still no Grouse. Leaving the gun at the car. I once more climbed to  
the top of the ridge and back down and finally found the old fellow  
in the creek (the little stream) mouth hanging open and entirely fagged.  
Scanned him to the car. Returned home to find the two black & whites had followed  
me. On an way to Uniontown later, they were yapping at our tires down the



Chorpanning Hill. till I called to Adberg to chase them back. #9

ONE SHOT - NO HIT.

MOVED 5-8

MOVED FIVE BIRDS & HEARD ONE DRUM

14 October, Monday. Weather clear, sunny, not too hot - but warm after frost last night. Leaves a bit less numerous but still too thick. Ray and I took Blue and Dawn to the Frank Shafer hill and started moving birds almost at once. Heard no flush wild from the dogs - later Dawn flushed one that cut back above us - and led us to one or two others - some of which we were able to find thereafter. After combing the cover all the way back to the road we hunted on around to the Beaver Hole where we flushed a fifth grouse that went into thick rhododendron along Beaver. We worked up the little tributary of Beaver to a hemlock and alder bunch. After sitting there for some ten minutes or longer, an exceptionally loud exclamation on my part caused a grouse to flush from a nearby hemlock where he had been since before we arrived. Unable to find him then we may have heard him flush wild we hunted the Charles Kelly Woods - flushing me in there - in the upper edge of the hemlock cover - a seventh - that we put out wild later on. The cover on both sides of Beaver further up was quite unproductive - and we returned to the Shafer Hill about 4 P.M. and made one grouse on the way in - that Ray saw and felt around Nundy. I got fleeting glimpses of two birds all day long. They are flushing so wild the dogs cannot work them.

NO SHOTS

MOVED 7②9

15 October, Tuesday. I hunted alone with Dawn on the Falkenstein hill in the morning - with no shots - and merely heard one grouse - didn't see it - flush up near top of hill about the fence line between Milser and Falkenstein. Dawn worked very nicely.

NO SHOTS  
MOVED ONE BIRD - 1 flush

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16 October, Wednesday. Ray and I took Blue and Dawn to the highly recommended ridge above Deep Hollow. Hunted <sup>along</sup> out the old hill top road and back below it - there nice cover but didn't move a feather. Crossed the main "road up the hill" - and out to the upper edge of the woods and fields on the left side. In a little alder thicket the dogs found a grouse that flushed to the top of a spruce and perched there while I waited with thumping heart. I moved it by walking in and missed two rapid fire shots in the short space I had a view of it.



We circled the backmost stubble on the left and back in the woods on the right. I moved a grouse that I cannot well believe was the same bird. We ate lunch under a bendable on the brow of the hill - above a lot of boulders strewn down the mountain and sprinkled with leaves. After lunch we hunted out the top of the hill - but found the cover unlikely and decided to return to the car and drive to the cover on the ~~right~~ right of the road to Gusman. We left the station wagon and crossed Muddy Creek to a beautiful cover of rhododendron and

haulocks where Kay soon discovered a wealth of nice big hickory nuts. Leaving her to gather them, I made a big circle up the hill and downstream thru thick haulocks - dropping down on the side. Just at the bottom a grouse flushed fairly close to my right. Turning I made a fairly careful shot thru intervening cover - and saw the bird go on - as a small haulock doubled on itself and collapsed where my shot charge had cut it off. Following the flight of the grouse, I worked up the hillside and reached a place where I expected to find the bird had landed. Blue came up as I stood waiting for the flush, and pointed to the left of me. Then he reached down and picked up my grouse and retrieved it! Another case of the bird having dropped after carrying some shot on with it.

It was a huge thrill and made the day for us.



I returned to Kay and surprised her by pulling the grouse from my coat. We hunted up the hill side and along the ridge upstream to the mine where Johnny Peathers worked one time. Just beyond it we got into two or three birds that flushed wild. Returned to the car by hunting down low along the stream.

3 SHOTS - 1 HIT (LAST YEARS COCK)

MOVED 5

17 October, Thursday. I waited until 2:30 and took Blue and Grouse back to Andy above Reservoirs. Worked nothing on the new side - tho both dogs

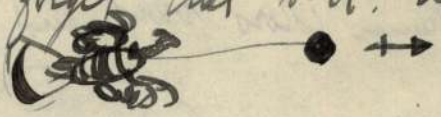
were inclined to prefer the path to the side cover. It is unmercifully  
thick in there and Blue seemed tired out - the grouse was rested up.  
I crossed Sandy to the far side and walked back down stream. Blue  
found the first bird near the place where he retrieved the first grouse  
I had ever shot over time - just seven years ago - almost to the  
day. It went up into a big hemlock, then took off down a path - far  
away. I located it however, tho' it flushed in front of Grouse  
who seemed to have no scent of it - the bird crossing Sandy to  
Remond's side. Grouse hit it out over there and later I flushed it back  
downstream without further sight of it. We left this cover and  
crossed the bridge - hunting along the road on the left side - moving  
nothing. I dropped down from Spiker's - to the main road - Grouse  
going into Falheurstein's rhododendron - and Blue sticking to the middle  
of the road. It was then that I made a complete ass of myself.

Grouse flushed a big bird out ~~to~~ <sup>over</sup> the road in absolutely open view.

I swung ahead of him - missed - pulled ahead of him again - and  
again missed - as he sailed straight down the open road - settling to  
the right edge. I'll never in my life get a better chance at a grouse -  
and unless I didn't take enough time to steady down to the exact point  
in front of the bird where I tried to aim - I don't know how I ever missed.  
Both dogs let me down when I most needed them - Grouse running  
wild and Blue looking stupid and refusing to go in to hunt. I tried to

coerce him, but we couldn't see eye to eye - in fact we ended up  
toe to tail as I sent him in forcibly - which is more satisfactory.

All in all it was a low grade piece of work from top to bottom - with me  
at the bottom. Some day I hope to forget that shot. We never did  
find the grouse.



2 SHOTS - NO HITS.

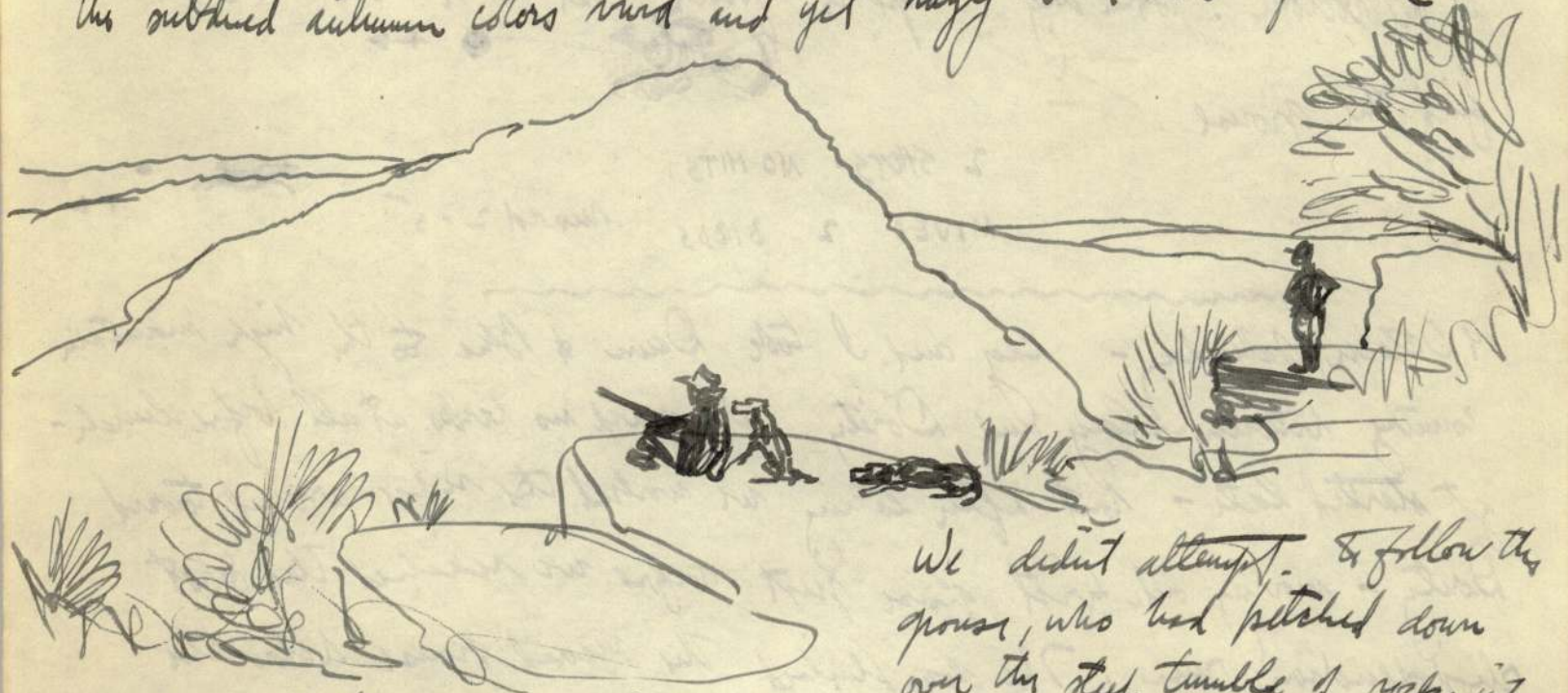
MIVED 2 BIRDS

ward 2-5



19 October, Saturday - Kay and I took Dawn & Blue to the high mountain  
country between Elzey and Darity. We made no birds at all before lunch -  
got started late - but after eating we worked the ridge around toward  
Darity - moving out first pass just before we reached the first  
rhododendron run. The dogs flushed the second grouse below the  
big rocks and grassy cover on around the ridge. The third bird  
was a drummer we located - as was the fourth, both taking us  
up the mountainside. In following the last one, Kay - who was above  
me - walked into a group of three - high up in some rocks and  
thick cover - Two went out the ridge and one dropped to the left - none  
offering a shot. Following the two we got a second rise on one by Dawn  
who flushed it. The third rise was by me - talking as I stood  
out on a rock within yards of the grouse lying tight - but I didn't  
even see it go, the Kay marked it well. On the last rise, Blue and  
Dawn were in on the bird and I don't know if Blue was to blame or not. The  
grouse rose and darted down over an edge of rock in a power dive. When we

walked to the cliff we found ourselves looking out and down on a breathtaking spectacle - the massive shoulders of the Brierly forming Dooty Gap - it was magnificent in its vastness with the subdued autumn colors vivid and yet hazy in the late afternoon.



We didn't attempt to follow the grouse, who had pitched down over the steep tumble of rocks into the tops of the trees below. Instead we drank in ~~the full impact of~~ what was before us. To the right the ridges folded upon themselves and we at first couldn't locate Gregg Knob. Later I think we identified it. To the left was the "Cub Orchard" ridge as we know it - just west of Baring Creek and beyond that we knew by Chestnut Ridge. The big form in front of us was in effect, a "sectional" view of the Brierly, cut down by the gap of Dooty Creek, which we could hear far below. We were grateful to that grouse for leading us up to a spot that very few people must have seen. As it was late we started back to the old log roads we had crossed on the way up - and followed one of them down the mountain. Alas found, and I think flushed, two grouse shortly after we started down - one of which I followed and saw go out

wild. later we heard a drummer that we located and Dawn flushed. Went a long piece down this old road - joining other log roads a couple of times - and came out at an old farm I didn't know was back there - further out the road than I had been. We walked the long, long road back to the car in a gorgeous sunset - One of the main features - as Ray said - of this trip to the top of the Pteris. The sun was red as it sank behind Chestnut Ridge - with Cheat River Map showing - and it left a mottled pattern of cirro-cumulus rose-red in the sky over the place it went down.

NO SHOTS  
 MOVED 10 GROUSE - 14 flocks.  
 HEARD ANOTHER DRUM



21 October, Monday. This was a swell day after the rain yesterday. Ray and I took Blue about to the Sandy Creek country - leaving the car at the Brownwater Bridge, we walked up past the sawmill in operation to what happens after such an operation finishes with a stream like Mason Run. Cut to the quick with nothing growing except rhododendron it gave no warning that three birds would flush out of a clump along the stream. We followed and one of them power flew fast and low to the left and landed up in a tangled bank a couple of hundred yards away. as it was so open all around this landing spot - we felt sure a little strategy would net a good shot - so we approached with a plan. Blue, however, passed up the place entirely and rather than flush the bird by talking to him, I

Let him go on. Kay carefully circled to the left and came in  
on the spot from above while I stood ready on the log road with a  
full view of every possible exit. Blue came up to Kay and the grouse  
went straight at Kay's head and left the country without our having any  
further luck in morning it - tho we hunted hard for it and the other  
two as well. Blue did not cover the country well at all - tho later  
in the day he did much better work. The cutting had gutted a large  
part of the ridge above Sandy - on the Wilkinson place - but when I  
worked into the sunset part further around I flushed a bird from some  
stones and grapevines - a dark-looking bird that I made a try for  
but missed. Just as I shot, a second one flushed to the right and  
I pulled my eyes - and probably the wing as well - also saw two  
saplings took a good bit of the pattern. We followed the second bird  
up the hillside getting four rises wild - fire in all - one out of a tree after  
we had sat below eating lunch fifty yards lower.



We crossed the power line and entered the good  
rhododendron cover down along the creek - and  
toward the far end. Blue moved one out that landed up the path from me -  
and then flushed across the stream when I walked up. Just then Blue  
found another that tore at me and over my head. Kay saw it go a  
long distance back the path. We hunted back for it, to the far side of  
the power line - then returned and put it out, much closer to the first  
flush than we expected. I missed a straight away and rising shot - but



that I might have dusted him when we both saw the bird duck into the hillside to the right. However I finally lost it out - after Blue had missed it squarely and I had walked past within a few yards. I marked it and we all followed - and the fourth flush took it further around the ridge and up a bit. The fifth flush occurred to my left and close as the grouse took up the hillside - holding close to the ground. This time I laid the bird just where I wanted it and the bird collapsed and rolled down the slope fluttering feebly. Blue came in and retrieved - as I kept walking away from him so they could get there in time to see, which she did.



It was a last year's hen, but very hard. Will take this one to Dr. Smith tomorrow.



We walked down over the hill after stopping to rest and drink in our good fortune - and entered the cover along the foot of the hill that leads up toward Clifton. I saw a bird flush very wild up the path and later on Blue pointed in the path and a clever dodge took the grouse around and away from me without a shot. We followed this bird with no rails, but after a bit they heard a drummer to the left. Some time later after hunting the hillside well for the first bird I followed Blue low on the edge of the creek and a grouse flushed from him and came out my side and directly at me. I pulled the gun aside to keep it from hitting the barrel.



and turned to take a quick shot that missed as the bird tore past and turned behind a tree, going up the hill.



I followed but missed raising it entirely.



We came back down the canyon we had hunted up - locating the frame structures for a bridge across Sandy - that would indicate plans to cut out this cover soon.

In the rhododendron along the creek, Blue made a bird that I mistook as the one that had crossed Sandy earlier, but when I followed and missed a shot at it thru thick cover - as it flushed out onto the power line,

another bird flushed nearby.

I followed up the power line and Blue made a well point on the far edge further up. I stayed outside



while he held like a trooper. Then he took a couple of steps and the bird flushed, but was smart enough to stay within the cover until well up the edge - then cut out and up the cut off right-of-way. as I missed a

far try with my right barrel. Should have used my left, and more lead - but it was rather dark. The bird landed just over the skyline and I went after the

thing but with no more chances. We hunted back to the car - hearing a drummer beating out his thump-thump in the gathering dusk - across from the station wagon.



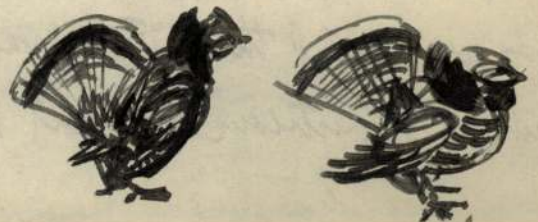
10 BIRDS MOVED - 6 SHOTS - 1 HIT  
- 25 fakes



22 October, Tuesday. I hunted alone on Falkenstein hill - starting out with Dawn - but was overtaken at Remroads' by Grouse who had been on the prowl since before breakfast - so I had to take time away. On my way back thru an place I saw a grouse flutter down off a stump as I drove past the old shack site. The bird was on the left of the road, just inside the fence. I suspect had been drumming - for his tail was spread and up vertically, and his large ruffs were erected as I had never seen them except in drawings. that I had considered extreme. He remained motionless as I watched him with the sun shining thru his large tailfeathers. then as I eased Dawn out the back door he walked down into the thicket. I got out and worked on Dawn as she got the scent - then let her go on down and after a long time I heard him flush. My actual hunt would much due to Grouse, who completely demoralizes Dawn - making her wild and too wide - running away at first. Then ranging a couple of hundred yards ahead - where I could hear the grouse flushing. I saw only three birds on that hill - with no chance to shoot. That afternoon when I came in and went to town, we returned Grouse - much as I hated to do it - for he is incorrigible - having run away into and morning for as long as he was up. He even ran away off this morning's hunt when I took him to the house. Now, with only Blue and Dawn, all is calm, for she follows Blue's behavior,

newest-3-3

NO SHOTS  
MOVED 3 BIRDS



23 October, Wednesday. More glorious autumn weather. Blue skies, clear hot sunline - gorgeous October leaves - that are thinned down to something decent for shooting. Today Ray and I took Blue and Dawn to the briery for another wonderful hunt, left the ~~car~~ above Feather's and went down the steep hill to Roaring. We hunted out the bottom country well with no rises - and then started back higher up. We soon flushed two grouse and they followed and moved two more that went back. We flushed the first two later - so can account for four in that cove. We hunted after one of the latter two and moved him once again, just above the old English mine and just beyond the old clearing this side of it. The dog put a big bird up across me - and I hurried my shots and missed both barrels. The careful lead would have done the trick. I thought he acted but as he disappeared into the cover - the we never found any sign of him.



We ate lunch on the stream watching two young trout feeding. When we had crossed the foot-logs

we saw a nice brook trout lying up on the log itself back from the edge of the stream - what put it there puzzles us. After lunch we hunted up to the tram road and while they tried to clear out a little spring run - Blue moved a bird above us that went out the ridge. I was unable to locate it - so we hunted the tram road to the fork where the mine branch cut off - and on downstream a short piece. At a likely looking piece of cover, I

worked up to the left - and in a golden corner between two old log #21  
roads under a beech tree and from some grape vine tangles - a grouse  
roared up straight away up the hill. I swung up on him and  
dropped him before he had gone more than a few yards - a good solid  
hit and a solid feeling!

he and Dawn came -  
and then both dogs found



as Blue scented it and reached - Blue held by the head - Dawn had a  
solid grip and won out - carrying it to me. It was a huge bird -  
three or four years old - a big cockbird. We all face set down and  
lived the moment - Dawn growling when Blue tried to get to the bird.

We hunted a short distance further and then hunted back upstream -  
moving an eighth bird immediately below where I shot mine. On the  
far side of the stream, just above where we stopped fishing last season -  
the dogs moved about I count as two more. Back up at the old  
English Mine we hunted up to James' place moving one bird - and as they  
crossed the foot-log - a grouse flushed so close the rapsire nearly  
knocked her off the log! We returned up the steep hill - the weight of  
the grouse seeming light (in Kay's coat!)

3 SHOTS - 1 HIT

MOVED 10 BIRDS - 15 feathers

24 October, Thursday. I got a late start today - taking Dawn to the  
Meyerses Rocks country. It was another sunny hot day like yesterday -

terribly dry. I left the car in the usual place and hunted along the top of the rocks and then back below the rocks while the hill side was still in cool shadow - this it was about eleven o'clock. Dawn worked the rhododendron well - moving three grouse in a group - while just below her I flushed two moe. Later I moved a sixth up in the swamp at the upper end and late in the afternoon a seventh flushed in front of Dawn in the hollow below Guthrie's. I kept to the one area rather well - covering the best part below the rocks & rhododendron several times and getting rises each time. I tried one rising quartering shot but missed so I couldn't swing enough ahead.

ONE SHOT - NO HIT

MOVED 7 BIRDS - 10 flushes

I ate a half lemon that helped no end.

26 October Saturday - Yesterday was too windy to hunt, so I stayed home and worked. Today was beautiful - clear and warm after a hard rain last night. I took Blue alone to Sandy below Guthrie's - left the car at the bridge and hunted "Upper Shefer" moving two birds singly down low. Hunted up to Ray Guthrie's - and hunted out the cover across Sandy from his place. Moved a bird on upper edge that led me to two moe from a tangled brush heap. I shot as the first flushed and the second went out. Couldn't see the bird after I shot and that I'd hit it - but the Blue hunted hard so found no sign of it. Further on Blue flushed a grouse from a brush heap that could have been the first bird I moved or one

of the pair. I took a quick wing and missed as the bird disappeared behind some cover. Then as it reappeared I saw it turn and land up the hill a short piece. I had too little time to make a decent shot of this chance.



I followed this bird and

let it flush and catch me with my "gun open" as I checked my shells - a silly trick I should not pull again, tho I know I shall! I returned to Muddy - crossed the bridge and hunted out Ray Guthrie's with no luck. Returned down the far side of Muddy (very high and muddy after last night's rain) and hunted higher up the hill in "Upper Shafer" moving two new grouse. Crossed the main road at the car and hunted "Lower Shafer" moving two birds and one in Charles Kelly. Returned - crossed bridge and hunted below Jimmy Guthrie's moving at least two birds high up and about dusk - no chance to shoot.

2 SHOTS - NO HITS

- MOVED 4 UPPER SHAFER
- 3 ACROSS FROM RAY GUTHRIE
- 3 LOWER SHAFER & KELLY
- 2 JIMMY GUTHRIE

moved 12 - 15

28 October Monday. While Ray and Mrs. Harris stayed home to administer Tapsdown therapy to Blue, I took Dawn off on an early start, to the Muddy Creek country - hunting up from the Powerwater bridge. I heard one grouse flush just before I reached the power line - other than that, no sign of game until I worked up to the section just below Clifton. Dawn put a bird out of the rhododendron near the log bridge

across the creek - and I think the grouse flew to the far side. The  
 next action came thick and heavy in the rhododendron further up.  
 I had seen a grouse flush wild and go into this cover, near where  
 I had left bag to pick hickories last trip. as I approached the  
 rhododendron a bird flushed within a few feet of me and I missed a  
 too-quick try with my right. The grouse landed in a sapling a  
 few feet over my head - and there I was, too close for even a  
 modified barrel - and all I had left was the full choke. I finally  
 moved the bird and of course missed.



I was unable to move this fard for a long time, making several tries, but  
 at last it flushed nearer the path than I had expected. A straight away  
 shot - and I missed both barrels - tho I laid them just as I tho they  
 should be.



The next flush was wild without any shots but the  
 bird did not go far. After two times I flushed this

grouse myself and on a rising shot from below me - quartering away -  
 I shot rather too quickly - but down it came! I scarcely had my head  
 down to the stock. Dawn hunted well, but a bit too close in, for the bird  
 which I could see clearly beyond her. However, I made her find it  
 herself - and she retrieved nicely. It was either a late last-year's bird  
 or a yearling hen. I hunted up to the upper end of this cover and then  
 climbed the steep gully to the top of the hill and ate lunch with the grouse



at our feet - The first time this season I've had a bird by lunch time. The day was extremely hot and very dry and noisy. I found a run of water I could drink, and then we covered the top - dropping down over the far side across from the William Place. Hunting up the hollow (where I've never found birds unless flushed there) I soon made a large gorse that gave me as merry a chase as I've ever had. Eight rises - unless I've counted the bird incorrectly, and never a shot. Just after the last rise I made several fire traps. Finally I left this cover and walked downstream to the power line with no rises until the very edge where a grouse flushed wild, crossing the cut-off right-of-way. I had rested and drunk good cold water from the little ravine just before this bird moved - so I started after him. As I made the clearing, he flushed wild again sounding as tho he went up the slope within the far edge. I worked close to the top but found no bird - so dropped back down to cover the hill lower down. I hadn't gone far before the grouse flushed - crossing to the left and rising. It was well out - 25 yards or so - but I ran past and shot, and the bird dropped. I could see it lying in the leaves when I got to the spot - having called Dawn in to retrieve. She had difficulty locating the bird - trying to work to close to me, but she kept at it till she got the scent and retrieved nicely. Dawn is the softest-mouthed retriever I've shot over - doesn't even kill the birds. And she is as nice a ringer - covering the birds cover beautifully. It came from her first day in birds being in rhododendron country - and I intend to train any pups in that sort of cover exclusively at first. Today, Dawn made some

nice points on scent - but unfortunately it was after the birds had gone.

This grouse was a large cockbird - probably a three or four-year-old - beautiful dark markings - hit in head and left wing. After stopping to admire our two birds together, we came in to the car in a beautiful evening - I missed one bird on the way in.

6 SHOTS - 2 HITS

MOVED 7 BIRDS - 21 flushes



30 October, Wednesday. Took a short hunt, curtailed due to the excessive heat and because of my profuse perspiration after penicillin. Took both dogs to "Lower Meigs" <sup>two or</sup> moving three birds without a shot. Also covered the far side of Sandy without moving a feather.

NO SHOTS

MOVED

2 OR 3

- 3 flushes

2 November Saturday - after a "raining yesterday" and a too hot "day before" during which I completed my sketch for Lopper, I was very anxious to get into birds. Kay and I took both Dawn + Blue to the Dixie Gap country - hunting north from the car instead of toward Elsey. We didn't wear a grouse until just before lunch in the section around the big "Panther Head" Rocks when one bird flushed to one side of the road I was on. After lunch, we walked around to the Dixie Gap shoulder - going there cover where we usually find all kinds of birds. Just before we got to the gap, Blue found a bird that flushed across the old road ahead of us. Leaving Kay, who was tired from the very hot weather, I followed her directions - as she had seen it - and came

on the ground, which flushed from a brush pile ahead of me -  
and rather close - being straight up. I shot carefully  
but missed - and as he lured off and cut back over me,  
I missed again - knowing as I pulled that I was not far  
enough ahead of him I but was too tied up to make it!



Ray saw the bird as it came over her  
head where she sat - going fast and high  
for as far as she could see. While I was



in that cover, I made a circle in an effort to sweep the  
group of three we had found in the large scattered rocks that we had  
missed - and altho I did not find the rocks, I missed another bird.  
We went out to the outlook at the gap and then started hunting back  
down the ridge about 4:30. I covered some good country - locating some  
rhododendron that should have held birds - but didn't - and tho we  
went all the way down the ridge to the main road - we didn't  
run another grouse - tho we had heard a couple drumming that we  
didn't find. The weather is, and has been, entirely too hot and dry.

As we walked back the road to the ~~car~~, we were  
treated to a gorgeous red  
Ornery Mountain sunset.  
2 SHOTS - NO HITS  
MOVED 3 BIRDS - 1 flushed

4 November, Monday. Hunted alone with both dogs back on Falkenstein  
and spider. Weather very threatening. Heard no birds in usual places until  
the upper rhododendron section on Falkenstein - and low down at base of  
ridge. Moved a bird that Blue missed - from a brush heap - missing a

quick shot as he flushed. Dawn moved him on the next rise - and shortly  
 I walked into another bird that flushed toward the main road. I  
 covered the upper section of that hollow and flushed grouse #2 across  
 onto Spiker. I hunted the steep hillsides and tops along the road  
 with no success. Working around toward the old mill site, I put out  
 a bird in some excellent brushy cover I have never hunted before.  
 Followed him around the ridge and finally flushed him again,  
 taking a quick shot and missing - as he rose and curved around  
 the hill. As it had begun to drizzle, I came in,  
 about 1:30.



2 SHOTS - NO HITS  
 MOVED 3 - 1 NEW ONE.

moved 3-6

15  
 5 November, Tuesday. We dined election day by staying away  
 from the polls and hunting the upper Beaver Creek humlocks we have  
 looked forward to. Found this country posted and impaired of John  
 Kelly as to hunting. He was very nice about letting us go on.  
 The rhododendron and humlocks are gorgeous this practically  
 improductive on this particular day. Moved one bird at lower end.  
 Returned upstream on the far side - reaching the car for a post lunch  
 candy bar and apple - as I was flushed. About the road on the far side  
 of Beaver the country improved to much thicker, better cover. As we neared  
 the second main road (Cherry Grove to Cuygart) a grouse flushed  
 around the hill top ahead of us from below. Following it I flushed  
 it across Beaver over Kay's head - tho she didn't see it. Crossing the


stream Blue pointed and Dawn and I flushed two birds together - then a third. I moved one of them just before I reached the main road - and Kay marked it upstream. We walked up the far side of the stream and Dawn put out a quail on the edge of the field. Further in I approached a good looking corner and as I passed - a bird roared up to my right - quartering to my left and rising. I swung to a lead and dropped him just as he reached the edge. Dawn found the bird before Blue and retrieved him - a large cock-bird - three or four years old. As we didn't want to hunt down any more of those three birds - we hunted up the hill side on the right of Dawn - finding good cover and flushing two birds. One would have been a good chance shot - but Blue not been in line - On our return, Dawn pointed a quail just a few yards away from where I shot the one - and it flushed across the stream. I followed and moved it and another one - all of them members of the original three I had flushed together. The day was cool and sunny.



ONE SHOT - ONE HIT  
 MOVED SIX 8 - 14 flushes

6 November, Wednesday. Leaving ~~Dawn~~ at home with Kay, ~~for his~~ follow up on the ~~old~~ ~~med~~ ~~line~~ - I took Blue to the country above Collie's Bend - and found the first hollow and hillside below the road had been cut out during the time I had been away. However,

the cover from the power-line and around the ridge was as good as  
over. I hunted around the ridge about two-thirds of the way up -  
missing nothing until I went to the top - There in the semi-open woods -

I missed two grouse from a grape vine - missing a quick snap at  
the second one. I followed it and heard Blue stop in  
the leaves ahead of me - when I called him. Thinking  he was listening for me, I called him in - and a grouse went up -  
I believe he had pointed it. I marked the bird - and went after him.

On my way a fourth bird flushed and I circled to find it -  
without success. Blue pointed the #3 grouse beautifully and it  
went down the hill side. Returning to the top, Blue made another nice  
point on the edge of a clearing and one of the birds cut across to my  
right in as open a shot as I'll ever have. I missed both lanes -  
realizing I stopped my swing.


I marked this grouse and after some  
circling on the far side of the hill flushed him down over into the next hollow.  
As I took a few steps another bird, #1, I think, flushed from  
below me and I caught him just as he made the thicker cover -  
dropping him into a papery tangle on the far side of me and made fence.

Blue warned his way between the rails and now  
had my bird - a yearling hen. I decided not to shoot  
into this group - obviously a hatching - any further this  
time - and carried my bird - with my gun on side up the hill

to eat lunch on the rocks at the far side of the hilltop. Not far from  
the scene of action #5 flushed and crossed in front of me. a  
nice group of young birds to return to later on. I ate lunch  
looking into the Chestnut Ridge - close and mysterious - directly  
in line with Heaven Hump and in plain view of the Sand Springs fire  
Tower - to one side of which I saw the power line cut over the brow.  
after eating I dropped into the next hillside and on out the ridge -  
moving #6 down over on my way. I worked further out than I had  
ever been - and just below an old field in buckwheat stubble I  
found a grouse that flushed to a tree ahead of him - and then  
down the hillside field it was near, into the big woods. I followed  
and after much hunting stumbled onto what I count as the same  
bird - tho it could easily have been another. This time it flushed  
back up the hillside for two flushes wild - then a third flush  
a few feet from me - where-upon I made an outstanding pair of  
misses - stopping my swing again - a bad habit. I moved this  
bird one more time. Then I saw #8 flash out ahead in my way  
back. Moved #6 on the lower hillside (or I count it as that bird)  
Finally below the hill where I had flushed the first before lunch -  
a bird flushed twice ahead of us - probably one of this group.  
It was getting late - the light failing and the damp coolness  
settling in after a fairly warm day. The sun was down but

dropped down to the bottom of the ridge feeling certain I could wear a  
bird. Sure enough before long one moved out of the little run-  
nild - and flew straight ahead. I stopped to drink the ice-cold,  
crystal clear melt water from the small stream - then followed.

Blue put ~~him~~ up into a tree from under a <sup>humboldt</sup> - and stood  
pointing into the tree - as the bird flushed on. I started after him tho  
I could hardly see - and another bird, #10, flushed below me to  
the left. I took a shot as he rose and when he went on I shot  
again - evidently missing as I could see the bird fly up the far  
side - but with one leg dangling.

‡  
 move on a lot of the birds and reached the far  
full side. As I approached some lively looking quail were  
near the edge of the woods. I called Blue in to try to  
locate the birds, if they were there. As he came down from above me I  
turned to see him carrying a huge red bronze bird - the one I had  
just shot at. It was a gorgeous picture and Old Blue certainly rated  
high if ever before! This was a perfect end of a small day. The bird was  
a huge cock - four years old at least. His fan was 14 1/2"  
and wing spread 24". One of the largest. My shooting  
was ragged today but these two birds made me soar!

8 SHOTS - 2 HITS

MOVED 10 BIRDS - 22 flushes





7 November, Thursday - Took my flat tire from last evening to be repaired - and about 11 o'clock got out into the woods as it began to spit rain. I took Dawn - leaving Blue with Kay for his follow-up of traps worn medicine - and went to the Power line and the Markleysburg road - hunting down the ridge to upper Mason Run. I found this new cover excellent rhododendron and some hemlock - with good small growth on the near side, particularly. Finally near the Power line and the stream, Dawn moved three grouse in separate locations. I got a quick crossing

shot at the last one as it cut low, out of a rhododendron, to my left.

I cut a handful of small feathers out of him that made him roar up over the tree tops and up over the ridge.

←



Dawn and I hunted diligently for him all over the hill side but were unable to move him. As the rain was coming down steadily by that time I felt I'd better get to the car. Hope he isn't badly hurt.

ONE SHOT - NO HIT (?)

MOVED 3 BIRDS - 3 feathers

~~~~~

8 November, Friday - Today began very windy with lowering clouds muddying ~~the~~ - flashing momentary spots of sunlight on the Chestnut Ridge. The wind was much too high for grouse shooting - so Kay stayed home and I chanced it with the two dogs. I returned to the country I explored

yesterday. In our way down the ridge we made a deer that Dawn  
chased for a short piece - for which I punished her lightly. We  
made no birds in this first cover - tho I am sure we could have had as  
stayed to work the photodendron - there is so much of it. I also  
discovered some stunning hemlocks - tremendously tall down on the  
stream. The next piece of cover downstream is excellent looking and on  
a sunny day should be well - low briery growth, little gullies -  
all bordered down low by photodendron along the stream. But today  
the birds weren't moving and we went on down to a little alder  
thicket just off the lower line and near the Shady Grove road. Dawn  
put out a grouse from the alders that came directly across  
the path I was on - to the right. At first I almost let the shot pass -  
but I swung just time, held the lead a split-second, and crumpled  
him up. The bird fell in a thick patch of cover just to the right of  
the path. Both dogs came in to retrieve. Blue  
being a little slower due to his blindness



didn't find it as soon as Dawn - who picked it up - then laid it  
down and wouldn't retrieve! Blue came in and located it, retrieved it  
surely. The bird was hard hit - a three year old cock I should say.  
I probed him and didn't hunt that piece any further - crossing the  
road and following the power line to the old deserted farm house on the  
hill side where Ray & I had walked one time. Cutting up on the hill I  
entered the thicket on top which I had been heading for. Entering the good  
cover up there I soon saw a grouse flush wild in front of me - out beyond

the dogs. I marked him and hunted quite a bit before I moved him further on. I was on an old log road both dogs out ahead of me on side when the grouse flushed close to the left side of me and started out the path. I pulled after he was out a piece and had leveled off about head high. He went down in a shower of feathers. Here again, Dawn reached the bird before Blue - this time refusing to pick it up at all. Merely nosed it and went off. Blue ~~needed~~ <sup>found</sup> it a few

seconds later and retrieved it to me. This was another three-year-old cock. the size of the first one. Terribly hard hit. This idiosyncrasy of Dawn's baffles me. I can't think what kind of the shots. She's never been punished in any connection with retrieving. I may have to resort to force retrieving methods - which is a nuisance. Dawn is here at my knee now - head on my writing hand - trying to make amends.



After the excitement subsided, I ate lunch with my two grouse on the log beside me, and my two setters on the ground at my feet. An eminently successful day. I hunted

a bit further to cover this old section I hadn't been in for years but saw no further signs of game - so returned across country to the power line and back to the car - after having covered a considerable piece. It began to drizzle as I reached the car and came home about 2:30.

2 SHOTS - 2 HITS

MOVED 2 BIRDS - 3 flushes



TO DATE I HAVE MOVED 99 GROUSE THIS SEASON  
 BEGAN USING #6-1 1/8 - 3 1/4 LOADS, BUT CHANGED TO MY OLD  
 #7-1-3 IN RIGHT BARREL AND LIKE IT BETTER.

9 November, Saturday - Ray and I hunted with both dogs on Sandy near Rockville - and up Big Laurel to within sight of the houses off the hard-top road - then back the other side of the stream to Sandy and to the car. Moved 10 grouse, some in pairs - one grouse - a "tree topper" that gave us four or five rises from trees. Dawn flushed two from some grapes in very open cover, high above us on the ridge just after we had crossed Laurel and out down to rest. Both birds sailed down and appeared to cross the stream - tho we didn't find them later. Moved most of the birds on the left side going up Laurel. This day was cold and cloudy. Good hunting.

NO SHOTS

MOVED 10-15 flocks

11 November, Monday - The Franklins came Sunday to spend Administrative Day with us - The weather was typical - rained some Sunday and drizzled most all day on Monday. We abandoned plans to hunt the Roaring Creek country and went to Lower Shaffer instead. Moved only two birds there. Bill shot at one and must have sprunkled it for there were feathers when it landed against the hillside - but we never found it. Think it must have flushed before we got there. After eating lunch and changing to dry clothes in the car - we drove to Nestor's and hunted along Sandy across from Ray Guthrie's. Moved three birds there - Bill getting a double shot at one and missing. The rain set in with a vengeance about 2:30 and soaked us thoroughly by the time we reached the car. I got no shots.

NO SHOTS

MOVED 5

moved - 5-5

{ 2 lower Shaffer  
3 across from Ray Guthrie's

12 November Tuesday - After Franklin's left I went out with the two dogs - rain spitting as I drove toward town - so I decided to hunt the old "log house" country nearby. Heard only two quail - one very poor flash shot thru thickets which I missed. Dawn flushed a covey of quail that rattled all around me and then moved out to the edge of the big flat field where Blue pointed 3 of them - They made the woods in a flash before I could shoot. Then Dawn bumped the main bunch - and they sailed down on the ridge before I could get a chance. I wonder when Dawn will learn to point? I was unable to locate the birds in the hollow - did flush one of the quail clear over the ridge to Mason. Think the quail circled ~~without~~ landing and went up to the head of the hollow - as I worked up - Blue pointed a single at the upper fence. I dropped it rather nicely so it quartered - almost straight away - and Blue found and retrieved it. <sup>a</sup> After eating lunch I went up over the top to Mason Run but missed nothing there. As I returned to the top - I came on a nice stand of corn fodder - just back of an old house on Cal Spillers'. Dawn found and flushed more quail - I now believe it to be the first covey gathered together - I was unable to shoot because of her flushes. I tried the throwing thicket across the open field for those of them I had seen - and the dog soon had scent - I had to yell at Dawn after



she flushed one and finally got a point out of both dogs - Blue  
had been kidding most of the time. The second bird rose - and  
I fired both barrels as it went away low - - and saw it  
flutter down. Then a third one flushed. The dogs worked in  
and soon I heard a flutter and saw the cripple running and  
trying to rest - just ahead of Dawn - who tried to catch it -  
but failed. The bird seemed to stop in some branches on the  
ground - but tho I hunted hard and Blue tried - we found no  
bird. I had been doing a lot of calling to the dogs and was  
about to make a large circle - tho I felt the bird had  
escaped - when I heard a rifle shot - and a bullet whined  
over my head somewhere. I suspect someone at the house or the  
hill shot in the air over my direction - I decided to get out -  
on the way to the car - Dawn flushed a grouse - I never was able  
to mark again. She was exceptionally bad that day today -  
as the quail was down and could easily have been mine. I count  
it as a hit - even tho I did not get it.

~~4 SHOTS - 2~~

1 SHOT - NO HIT

3 QUAIL SHOTS - 2 HITS

MOVED 2 GROUSE - & COVEY OF QUAIL

Train

13 November, Wednesday - Ray and I took both Blue & Dawn to the Brieries - at Muddy Creek. Leaving the car there - we hunted up the Clint Peckert road and very shortly moved a bird that went back. Near the train road Blue found two grouse - got a bit too close and they flushed into saplings - then up the hollow. We followed one and Dawn put it out about me. The bird came helling straight at me - I turned and snapped a shot at him as he tore down the ravine - back the way he had come. We moved him twice again and Blue



pointed the other bird - Dawn running in front and flushing it. We followed this one but could not

locate it - so ate lunch just above the train road. The weather was swell - cold and sunny. After lunch we finally moved two more birds into the rhododendron along the little stream - one of these was probably one of the original pair. In following one of the grouse we ended up around the ridge and well down over - so we hunted into a real apple type of thicket just above the hemlock cover along the stream that follows the foot of the mountain. Almost at once Dawn flushed four grouse that scattered all over the cover along the stream - we got ~~seven~~ <sup>thirteen</sup> rises from this group - the most exciting of which was the bird that I saw silhouetted against the sunlight, on a branch of a hemlock. I stood motionless writing and writing - so did the bird. The dogs worked all around him and he held his flight. I pointed him out to Ray and suggested that he go around and circle in front left - expecting the grouse to flush back to my right along the opening over the stream. I felt

the shot would be impossible if he chose to fly out the edge over the field - for I'd only see him for a moment. However as Ray came in on him I could see he was going to make for the edge rather than come my way. I hit him as he was six feet or more out in the air - shooting




them hemlock branches and other twigs. <sup>a rather spectacular shot!</sup> He went straight up about one and a half

times the height of the tree - like a rocket - and for a

moment I thought he'd come back over me, high up. However my next view of him was in a power dive - nose down - wings beating. He must have struck the field at a terrific jolt. When I



made the edge I saw him doubled up and trying to  move. Blue and Dawn had some trouble locating him - but in a moment Blue was down - wind from him - working up - and had him.

It surprised me to find he was a large cock - possibly four years old. We made the shores of this group without any shots - so hunted out the base of the ridge and then up the side to the train. - quite a distance. We flushed a number of birds going up the mountain side. I took Ray to the rhododendron ravine below Hoffmann's - where I left her to walk to Home of Amy Muller's. While I hunted back the ridge above the train road. I soon flushed #10 grouse - then jumped the two deer Ray and I had seen lower down.

They turned out to be a buck and a doe - the buck working his way through the thicket with his head down - the sun shining on him - about 6 or 8 points.



Back above the blind Peckert Run, Dawn found and flushed a big red grouse that shot straight up - then leveled off over the ridge. I missed both barrels!



4 SHOTS - 1 HIT  
MOVED 11 BIRDS - 25 flushes



14 November Thursday. This cold weather is well for grouse hunting. But we slept so late after yesterday's big hunt that we postponed our trip to Roaring Creek as planned and instead went to the Collins' Knob country. Kay and I taking both dogs, who seem to be tough and holding up well. We hunted the first ridge which I passed up my other trips - and Dawn made a grouse out of it. Blue flushed it on the next rise - his transgressions are sins of omission - in that he has not been flushing them by working too close - but has missed the scent which can be due to wind, etc. Kay saw this bird cross the field to the next woods on the Bayte farm.

Over there we failed to see it - tho I think the dogs found it and put it out. We hunted out to the knob where I'd found the first last week - but tho we hunted high and low - we didn't see a feather. At lunch we ate rocks - looking at the massive Chestnut Ridge - Heaven Hump - Sand Spring Tower - Wynne's Gap. After lunch hunted more for the missing grouse - more found them. About 3:30 we dropped to the bottom west of the rocks - and almost at once Dawn flushed the bird I expected there. Whereupon we put Miss Dawn on back (my belt) and Kay led her most of the time we spent out from there on. Blue walked into the grouse on its third rise. I had put it out of a humlock on the second. The last time it went up to the top where Blue <sup>found</sup> ~~flushed~~ it beautifully (the spanking he received on the last flush having had some effect!) I walked in and flushed it - missing a rising shot - thru branches, etc. The ground roared away toward the power line. I hunted the far edge - then lower down came





back to the near side and worked around the edge of some old cutting and  
brush heaps. After circling I started down the Mill and Blue almost  
immediately pointed in one of these piles. The bird tore out and dived  
around just as I managed a too quick shot - no time for anything else.


I ran it out across the hollow and marked its entry into the woods on the  
three sides. Leaving Kay and Dawn on the power line

I went after the grouse - keeping above some <sup>timber</sup> cutters on  
the far hill. I expected the grouse to flush by this time. Then I hunted  
among some brush piles where they had been cutting - about this time

Blue winked it beyond and drew up on point just short of the far edge of  
the cover, holding nicely. I walked up and the bird flushed - circling  
around to the right. He was well out and cutting across to my right - high up

when I shot. For a moment  I thought I'd missed -  
then he ~~dropped~~ <sup>plummeted</sup> down  into  
the leaves on a log road. I ran out and

to the spot in time to see two feathers float down. I heard a  
rustle of movement in the leaves but couldn't see a thing - as it was about five and  
dark with my glasses on. Blue came in struck some scent - then cast off up the  
path or what I thought an error. I called him in several times but neither of  
us could locate the bird. Finally back up in his original cast he running into  
a hot interest point and I knew he had found him.

He soon grabbed for the grouse which fluttered away from   
him on the ground. In another moment Blue had the bird - a large <sup>one</sup> according to  
the tail feathers - tho' the ruff collar might contradict that. It was a small end to  
what was now a small day!!

35 SHOTS - 1 HIT  
MOVED 2 (1 NEW ONE) March 30 - 9



15 November Friday - Next to last day of the season! Cold and sunny. I took Blue - having Dawn with Kay - to the Meyers~~es~~ Rocks country. This time I hunted in reverse as compared with last time. Covered the tops along the rhododendron and hunting east. Dropped over at the first easy break and walked into four birds - heard one go out - the second one flushed from in front of me - going away - and I missed a quick try - then a third quartered away - and a fourth cut across immediately over my head. Fortunately I reload automatically after a shot and was ready for him. Waiting till he passed me I made a fast swing past and shot as he disappeared behind a tree. I couldn't see him fall tho I saw a sapling sway as tho it had been hit.



When I climbed around into view the air was full of feathers floating down. The rocks were strewn with so many feathers I that I had torn the grass to pieces - large clumps of breast feathers and wing pinions. I couldn't see the bird at all - but when Blue came in to retrieve the bird actually fluttered from in front of me and managed to try to escape along the ground till Blue caught it. Their sheer nerve and vitality is amazing. This shot was made fifteen minutes after I began hunting!



I didn't want to shoot into this group - the bird was a yearling cock as near as I could tell - the tail was shot away and one leg and wing shattered - I did not follow the others but hunted out the ridge below the rocks. Blue made a nice point in the rhododendron and a fifth grouse flushed up a tree. A sixth bird - a larger one - flushed from what may have been a point by Blue - and went out the mill - where I moved him later - with no sight

of him. We swung back lower on the hill and walked up to the swamps  
 above the humlocks - taking lunch on their edge. Gathered some of the largest  
 pheasant-carry vine I've ever seen and took it home to Ray. After eating  
 I worked to the car - moving another bird - by sound - on the way. Left the  
 ground in the car - and hunted out the flat thicket of Charley Meyers' and  
 round #8 in some open - briars and crabs near the Frank's Place - Got a  
 second flush without seeing it. I crossed the road to the Old Brick  
 Church and hunted below it to the bottom land where we used to  
 move birds. Blue pointed on the edge of the humlocks and as I stood  
 ready, a large red grouse flushed off the far side of the path to my right  
 - and cut back. I held a lead for a split second and folded him up.  
 He fell into a clump of grasses without ever moving or knowing what  
 hit him. Blue had difficulty getting scent of him - but finally  
 found him and brought him to me - a huge cock - nearly red bronze.  
 Limp from a strict hit. Never saw a bird more heavily feathered -  
 sides fur. After a spell of rejoicing we walked  
 back up past the Old Brick with the autumn sun



→

shining on the old tombstones marking the graves in the thorn thicket - I  
 wonder how many of those old boys got to live their share of full moments  
 such as I was having? The myrtle has grown out over the woods floor - and I  
 saw only half a brick to say there had been a church.

3 SHOTS - 2 HITS  
 MOVED 9 BIRDS - (2 NEW)

march 9(2) - 11

Tram

16 November, Saturday - The last day of the grouse season and what a day! Kay and I got up earlier - took Blue and Dawn to the Roaring Creek section - leaving the station wagon at Junctions'. We hunted out the tram road above the "Piles" to the rocks - dropped down to and crossed Roaring Creek - climbed the ridge on the far side and up over the top before we raised a feather. We moved one bird up there. No flushes until we had gone down the far side of the mountain to the road past Junctions'. We moved a grouse below the road (and two deer) but got no second look at the bird. We ate our lunch on the lower tramroad. The day had warmed up a lot with some sun - but later clouded over altogether. Down the tram road where I shot my second bird in this country, on the last trip - a big grouse flushed from the middle of the tram road while I was turned talking to Kay - and appeared to ~~cross~~ cross the creek. We gave up any idea of following and continued on down the old tram. Below us the two dogs suddenly seemed to get into a couple of birds from the rocks we heard - and when they came our way and landed on the old track in front of us, we realized they were part of a covey of quail. They ran as soon as they landed - and some flushed on out of sight. There were about five or six. Suddenly from below me a single flushed across ahead and I dropped it up on the left bank with my right barrel. The dogs came up (Kay had kept Dawn at least) and Blue found and retrieved my quail. We hunted on out the ridge and Dawn flushed another single beyond Junctions'. I saw



another bird flush ahead of Kay and land down the trail a piece but  
we never located it. I covered the edge of the old fields in that cover (and  
also noted that Roaring Creek has some choice looking trout water down there)  
and then we hunted back upstream on the same side. Kay was on the  
train road and I below - trying to move the balance of the quail -  
when a big grouse roared out about shoulder high from a little hemlock.  
Mae had been trailing. The bird crossed the creek with the manner of  
someone going places. However I decided to follow. I count this as a  
new bird #4, tho it could have been the last grouse as that we flushed  
clear across the hollow. Just as I climbed up the far bank of the stream  
and got set to plow thru the thick cover over there, another grouse  
flushed from my right - crossing in front of me and disappeared behind  
a hemlock. I swung on him so he came into view on the left of the tree  
and dropped thru into a thick patch of briars and branches. I whistled  
Blue in to help me find the bird for I could see no sign.  
Dawn was there by that time and I urged  
both dogs to find it. Blue seemed to want  
to work further out and nearer the creek - and  
I soon heard the bird's wings flutter and after I  
plowed down over I saw that Blue had it in his mouth. I'd never before  
found that bird without him. It appeared to be a yearling hen. On  
my way back I drank some more of Roaring Creek and took a cup of it  
up to Kay. I remained below the train road most of the way back



and saw a bird flush twice going upstream, too. It could have been two grouse - but I count it as the same - # 6. We didn't see it again but while resting up on the tramroad over now we saw Dawn above us quite a distance and heard two birds routed out. In the thicket just upstream of the old clearing near the English Mine, I flushed # 9 up the hill and followed - only to miss ignobly as I walked into him and tried both barrels. I could have made the first shot easily if I had taken a modicum more of time - for it was a beautiful chance - flushing from a brush heap to my left and quartering away and to the right.



After following and failing to make him I returned to Kay and we went on - to hear (and #10 & #11 Kay to glimpse one of them) two birds a flush

above the humlocks below Jones's. We followed and I finally walked into one - seeing it on the ground as it took off and having too little time as it crossed an opening and sped away.



I heard another flush a moment later.

Just beyond a few yards - Blue swung into a well point up the hill and worked up to a rock and an old fallen tree and held - then a bird exploded just beyond him - and I shot and hit it within a split second. I thought the bird had hit - but ran around to where it fell back in the leaves - but no bird! Blue was unable to find it - then cast out along the hillside. I called to Kay to release Dawn. Just then I saw some feathers along the ground in the direction Blue had gone - and after

a moment - way out ahead I heard the bird flutter furiously - and felt Blue had found him. Some way - who was coming up to the scene of action - called that Blue had him - and I looked down to see Blue carrying the bird very beautifully - a wonderfully long retrieve. It was another quarrying here - identical color and size with the first one. Old Blue had wound up the day - and the season - with another of his very spectacular retrieves. He is a real grouse dog - there and there - and I only hope I can get a son by him that will live up to the present Blue has set. After our joint glorifying and rejoicing, we went back along the trail to see June - and as the way Blue sprang into a beautiful point as he was running along the path - frozen hard. My voice put out a grouse - #13. As we climbed the old woods road up to Summers it was almost dark - and I thought of other "last days" I had done that very thing - but the very pleasant weight in the back of my coat reminded me that never had there been one quite like this. It has been a grand season.



5 SHOTS ON GROUSE - 2 HITS  
 1 SHOT ON QUAIL - 1 HIT  
 moved 13-18  
 MOVED 13 GROUSE - ONE COUPEY OF QUAIL

This season I moved 127 separate grouse - leaving 110.  
 Blue did wonderfully - especially toward the end of the season



when the birds lay better. He retrieved 14 grouse and 2 quail -  
 crediting him with a retriever on one grouse that Dawn pulled away  
 from him and brought in. Dawn did better retrieving earlier -  
 bringing me 4 grouse. Later, for some reason, she refused to pick  
 up two or three grouse. She did not do well on points - making  
 only a few after the birds had moved - tending to flush all  
 her game. I think I can steady her down with some specific  
 work. She hunted and ranged beautifully however, all season  
 long.

My shooting was more ragged at the first - due largely, I think,  
 to thick leaves and a tendency to try to shoot before the bird vanished  
 in the foliage. My overall grouse shooting for the season was 17 out of 64, or  
 1 out of 3,764 or 26.5%. During the last of the season after the

leaves had cleared off (from 24 October on) my shooting  
 improved to 13 hits out of 41 shots, or 1 out of 3,153 or 31.7%.

One quail (which I hope to do more of) I made 3 hits out of 4 shots,  
 or 75%.

I have definitely proven to my satisfaction that the  
 swing past to a slightly sustained lead is the method best  
 suited to my reflexes on grouse and quail. There are times when the  
 lead is scarcely sustained, but the mental process of trying to  
 sustain it, fixes the lead accurately - and it works!

This was a small season - the birds are not at the low point in the

cycle curve as suggested - for I know I have more  
grouse as an average this season than last. 6 of the 17 grouse  
shot this year were hens. 8 of the birds were yearlings - a  
better proof of hatches this year than last, when most birds shot  
were old ones. However, I killed a number of very large old  
cocks this season - 3 and 4 years old I should say.

This was the first real grouse shooting undisturbed I've  
enjoyed since before the war.

26 November, Tuesday I took Blue back to the Faulkner's Ridge to hunt the two  
coveys of quail that used to be there. Had no success with the quail. On the  
return trip back from the end of the cover across from Fikes, I finally flushed  
a grouse that got out above me. After a long period away from shooting I was too  
nervous and missed as he rose some piece from me. Shouldn't have shot at all.  
Further on, Blue pointed him in a trunk heap and held gorgeously. I trumped  
and talked but the bird didn't flush. At last I crawled thru vines in  
impossible shooting positions and came out in front of Blue's point. He  
moved in a few steps and froze hypotetically a couple of feet on the other  
side of a fallen branch. Now I was certain the bird had been hit by the  
shot I tried - and was surprised when the grouse started out on the ground  
toward me - then tore away - ducking around to the left behind some  
cover while I missed, right and left, shooting too quickly - but otherwise  
there'd have been no shot. I was unable to find this bird after that rise. Around  
in the humlocks Blue made two grouse that flew round the ridge.  
I missed a try at one over a nice point by Blue, in almost  
darkness. Blue pointed later and a bird flushed that could have



seen this same individual - but may have been another. My shooting was disgraceful.

4 SHOTS - NO HITS.

MOVED 3 OR 4 - ONE NEW ONE  
moved 3 @ 5



28 November - Thanksgiving Day. The day was beautiful. I went out for about an hour with Blue - going across our line onto Faulkners to try to move the quail in the long field. I found Blue standing on a solid point in the cover at this end of the field. Had been calling him and don't know how long he'd been standing. I walked around and circled to get in front of him - and flushed a grouse that went down the hill. I shot twice - the first barrel lodging almost entirely in a tree - the second shot lifted the bird a few inches in a sort of "bounce" and a sprinkling of feathers floated back and down - but he went on over the crab trees and dived down into the cover below. I really thought I might find him wounded - but then I hunted down - and down over the hill and back up I couldn't locate him.

I made another trip down the hill and further. This time I nearly stepped on him and he blew out to



my left - I missing a snap at him thru the small cover. He landed close - and Blue pointed him in a tangle where the fluttering he made as he flushed almost convinced me he was hit. However, he took off nicely and the last I saw went down toward our land along the thicket bordering the run. I made a couple of circles in there but couldn't find him. I am ragged as the devil with my shots.

3 SHOTS - NO HITS

MOVED ONE (NEW) moved 1 - 1



30 November, Saturday - I took Blue about 11:30 and went back to Faulkner's long field - covering the woods first - but found no sign of birds. After hunting along the upper edge of the field I started back to finish the woods below and turned just in time to see a nice bunch of about ten quail flush at the edge of the woods away from Blue who was running to me and who had no mistaking of the birds. They settled down in the very thick tangle just inside the woods where Blue got their scent and pointed. A few flushed - not too far - offering no opportunity to shoot. I was around the vines we worked slowly along - for they would hid close and with little scent. One flushed wild - oddly - below us and I dropped it.

This quail shooting is a matter of waiting cool and calmly if possible until the bird gets started on its way - preferably a little distance away. We went down and Blue retrieved very soft mouthed - a young hen. We waited a few moments and then worked on out the woods. A bird flushed



from a vine off the ground and dived into the tall some piece ahead. Further on Blue froze into a hot point and

I walked in, around below his point. He held solidly - and I walked up to him - facing me. The bird jumped between us - out back over Blue - disappeared behind some cover and just as it made the edge of the field I swung ahead and dropped it - an exciting shot...



We went up at once but couldn't find any sign of the bird. Blue was overly excited and anxious and ran too far out getting hot and panting - so that I questioned his ability to scent the



bird.

bird. at last I gave up after repeatedly calling Blue in from his  
 too wide casts - and went back to the site of the shot - locating again  
 the spot where I thought the bird had fallen - walked up - and in a  
 couple of steps found the bird stone dead. Calling Blue in I had him  
 search and he walked over it twice without any cognizance of the  
 dead quail!! Explain that. Finally I put his nose down to it and  
 then he picked it up. It evidently had no scent he could detect or  
 he was too hot to get it. Anyway, he doesn't get credit for this one.

It was another hen - the larger than the first. Possibly the hen of the  
 old pair. I hunted along to try to get an idea as to the number of birds  
 in this covey - but found her none. I would not have shot more than the  
 brace out of it. I walked down to Mark's lower woods around the road

and worked in behind Forquer's knob - moving a grouse in the run in the  
 hollow, and surprisingly - another grouse from a gully above Mr. News'  
 where I expected quail after Blue showed signs of game. When I got in  
 Ray cleaned the quail and we had them for dinner - mistered in our cream gravy.

- 2 QUAIL SHOTS - 2 QUAIL
- 1 RETRIEVE FOR BLUE
- MOVED 3 GROUSE (1 ON OUR PLACE)
- 2 NEW
- ONE COVEY OF QUAIL

moved ② - 2

2 December, Monday. I took Blue to Barnes Run below Jimmy  
 Guthrie's and hunted the valley upstream - looking for quail. The best  
 fields below Och Frauchhauser's were ideal in appearance - but I didn't  
 see a sign of birds - tho I hunted all the way up to Troy Guthrie's -  
 just down the hollow from Troy's I approached a good looking alder

thicket - hoping to more quail. To my surprise a big grouse flushed ahead of us - cleared the low growth and started across to some larger woods to my left. I missed him the first shot (didn't hold for that sustained lead) but folded him beautifully with the left barrel (number seven). Marking his fall, I hurried them the



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thick bushes and put Blue on the

job. It took him just a few moments to wind the bird and then take hold of him - and retrieve - a huge red bronze - a beautiful grouse - four-year-old at least - and a cock. Blue was delighted and so was I. I have just finished eating this same grouse - (Wid. nuts) smothered in cream gravy - and it was about the largest bird and one of the best tasting ones possible. Its crop was full of what appeared to be hazel nuts - <sup>skunk cabbage seeds!</sup> a filberts. Getting back to Monday's hunt - shortly after killing the grouse I jumped a nice doe up near the road. I hunted back the far side of Barnes - circling up to a good looking cornfield below the Cal Spiker place on the hard-top road - then back down Barnes hollow at a time of evening when quail should have been feeding - but found none.

2 SHOTS - 1 HIT

MOVED 1 BIRD (NEW)

1 RETRIEVE FOR BLUE

11 December, Wednesday - after yesterday's rain - the weather cleared to a fine sunny day - and Blue and I took the afternoon off to hunt the Faulkhampton

ridges for quail. I hunted high up - moving one grouse that Blue had a point on - out of my sight. Topping the crest of the hillside I covered the fields on top - circling all the way back to Sarens - crossing the road and hunting the far side thru thickets & the corn stubble near Faulkenstein's, but no quail. Finally about 3:30 I dropped down on the cut off cover on Spickers hillside to the edge along Andy - hoping to find quail across from Perroads backbrush stubble - but no luck. Moving along the lower hill side above the hemlocks I heard a second grouse flush from a point of Blue's and I assumed it went out my direction. Further up the base of the hill I heard one go out like a turkey - making a terrific racket - and I saw that Blue had been there (probably on point). I worked almost all the way up <sup>the bottom</sup> and came back down the Rhododendron along the run. It was quite cool and the entire ridge had been in shadow for about an hour. I tried going back toward the hemlocks to attempt to near the lost bird. About two thirds of the way along the hemlocks - Blue made game - and pulled into a swell point above the path - and froze. I moved from behind some obstructions and stood. The grouse rocketed off the steep hillside and cut back - giving me a moment's view of it against the sky. I found myself already moving past and pulled as I reached the lead - and saw the bird plummet down, landing in the path with a bounce amid floating feathers. It took Blue a long time to find it, I saw the grouse first - stone dead on its back - and it seemed to have almost no scent - for Blue was near it twice - but at last scented it and retrieved. It was a hen - last year's I would

moving past  
saw the bird



a bounce amid floating feathers. It took Blue a long time to find it, I saw the grouse first - stone dead on its back - and it seemed to have almost no scent - for Blue was near it twice - but at last scented it and retrieved. It was a hen - last year's I would

say - or possibly a mature yearling from this spring. Blue was annoyed - and I was mighty proud of the shot. We came back to the car and home.

ONE SHOT - ONE HIT

MOVED 2 OR 3

MOVED 3-3

1 RETRIEVE FOR BLUE

14 December - Saturday - The last day of the quail season. I worked on my second covey hatch (thunderail) and mailed it about 2:30. My dog dropped Blue and myself off at the hard-top road beyond Fearer's and we had gone into the little draw only a few steps when Blue leaped over a log and froze on all fours - out in an open patch of swamp grass. I expected quail from there on - as Blue worked up the run showing distinct signs of hot scent. Just after I climbed the rail fence I saw the coveys explode and scatter up the run - evidently from a point by Blue. They appeared to settle down almost within a few yards - but their tactics fooled me - for I couldn't see them anywhere near the spot. Blue found scent and I think they had run upon alighting. At last I hunted beyond this place and on the right side of a fence that separated the woods from a cut over piece, full of luxurious cover in the form of brush piles and grass. I walked up a single that took off to my right into the low sun. I didn't feel flustered or off my balance - but I couldn't see at all clearly into the sun with the light glinting off my barrels and I missed right, and again left, as the bird leeked off and bored into the very distant landscape. I was "beat" as our friends say - the shot was



completely in the open and should have been a ~~sure~~ sure thing.

I was unable to move this bird again so returned to the site of the original flush. Approaching I saw a quail flush wild and dart up, over the trees to the old fields on the far side of the woods. I followed and Blue soon



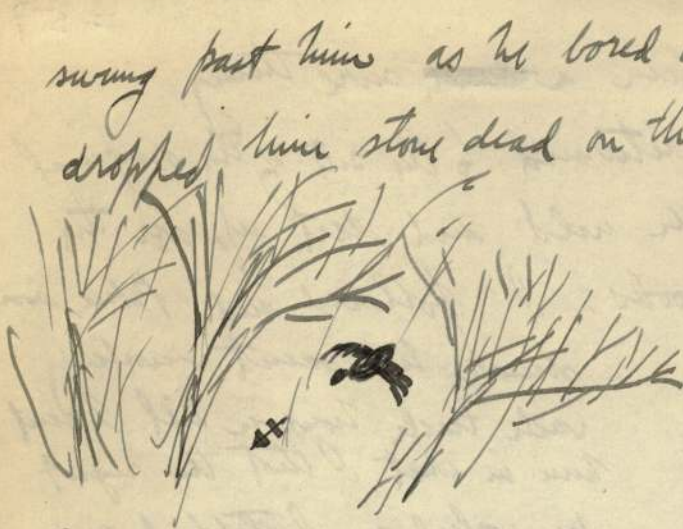
struck hot scent - working back track however till I sent him in what I thought the right

direction. He made a couple of stands - then as he walked on I stepped around some thickets and walked into five or six birds in some trees. They flushed to the woods only ten or fifteen yards away - while I shot at one - seeing a shower of feathers fall, and at another - seeing another shower of feathers - but both birds went on with the others - deep into the woods. This was incredible



for the bird was in wide open space and I clearly undershot both birds - instead of leading a bit above them to account for the rising flight. My shooting had been ragged this day. I hope both birds were not hit seriously.

When I followed I moved only one bird on the far edge of the woods. I hunted the entire section over and over but did not locate the quarry - the later I shot I heard a flushing sound and saw a movement under a windfall tangle - as tho one or more birds had flushed. I heard one or two call so returned to the original flush and as I approached - it was getting dusky for the sun had gone down - a quail flushed (evidently from Blue out ahead) and came back over my head flying high and hard - like a grouse going places. I turned and



swung past him as he bored over the tree tops against the sky - and  
dropped him stone dead on the edge of the woods. I marked his fall -  
and hurried to the spot calling Blue in to  
retrieval. He, however, seemed to have  
difficulty in getting my scent - and  
I couldn't see any sign of the bird. At

last while Blue cast further out - I spotted some feathers and soon  
found the bird - a cock. Blue still couldn't get my scent till I  
pointed it out to him - so I can't credit him with this retrieval.  
We didn't move any other birds, tho Blue made a well point and  
a grouse flushed from the hollow where I'd hunted all the time. We  
left this section and hunted house via the gully, getting another good  
point (but no results) in the gully where the grouse flushed on my  
last visit to the hill side below Forquers woods. The view from this bank  
was beautiful with the far Chestnut Ridge and Brandonville in the  
middle distance. Now, as I write this on Monday - I smell the  
delicious aroma as they prepare this days quail in our cream -  
a wonderful treat!!

FIVE SHOTS - ONE HIT (QUAIL)  
MOVED 1 NEW GROUSE AND ONE COVEY OF QUAIL

moved ① - 1

140 grouse reborn 21 coveys 6.66 bird/covey  
130 22 5.9  
34 days

see → Summary on page 48

74 shots / total hits 19 = 25.6%

March 124-301 flashes 1946 30 day/20 covers mixed 124 thru 11/16  
6.2 bird/court

ROARING 07. 6.8.1 / 023. 10<sup>5</sup>. 15.1 / N16. 13<sup>4</sup> - 18.2

CHORDENNING } 08. 3.3.0  
RYAN }

CUPP 09. 4.4.0 / 026. 3.6.0 / N11. 3.3.0

SHAFFER 09. 5.5.0 / 014. 7<sup>2</sup>. 9.0 / 026. 7.7.0 / 030. 3.3.0 / N11. 2.2.0

LOG HOUSE 010. 4.4.0 / N12. 2.2.0

WILKINSON 010. 5.5.0 / 021. 10<sup>5</sup>. 25.1 / 028. 7<sup>2</sup>. 21.2

FALKENSTINE 011. 5.8.0 / 015. 1.1.0 / 022. 3.3.0 / N4. 2.4.0 / 026. 3.3.0

CRAB ORCHARD 016. 2.2.0

DEEP HOLLOW 016. 4.4.1

L. SANDY N. 017. 1.2.0

L. SANDY S. 017. 2.5.0

L. DORITY 019. 10.14.0 / N2. 3.4.0

MEYER'S ROCKS 024. 7-10.0 / N15. 8.10.1

JIMMY GUTHRIE 024. 2.2.0

~~BOWERMASTER BRIDGE 028.~~

UPPER BEAVER N5. 8.14.1

BRYTE N6. 10.22.2 / N14. 3<sup>1</sup>. 9.1

UPPER MASON N7. 3.3.0 / N8. 2<sup>1</sup>. 3.2

LAUREL RUN N9. 10.15.0

CLINT RECKERT N13. 11.25.1

OLD BRICK N15. 1.1.1

64 shots / 17 hits = 26.5%