

29 April. Tuesday. Fished Tebolt. Found the stream very overgrown with rhododendron. Much too thick to handle a fly. Took a number of small trout - fingerlings that were evidently native. Kay took one $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". Returned it. Got up after four o'clock and fought our way back up the ridge to the car. Flushed some grouse. saw two of them. The country is extremely wild. But the stream rather impossible. Not too much fall.

13 May Tuesday. Mrs. Harris stayed at home with the dogs and we drove the back way to Tethers. Dropped down over the ridge to Roaring Creek and found the water high but clear. Started at the mine and fished down. Began taking small trout immediately. looked native and are too small to have been stocked. I took possibly three or four between five and five and three-quarters. Kay took some the same size. But she completely redeemed the stream's reputation when, about 1:30, just below the bend of the stream with the dramatic, rocky holes she took a beautiful $9\frac{1}{2}$ " inch old native, gorgeous in color and breadth, red speckles in his dorsal fin, the lower fins a deep brilliant red. In the confused excitement that ensued, Kay nearly lost her patience with me because I thought she said it was "little". Actually, it was a tense moment for her line caught on overhead branches and prevented her handling the trout quite as she would have normally, pulling it away from her each time she tried to net it. But net it, she did - and we ate lunch looking at a pretty spectacle, - this gorgeous big trout, Kay's 2nd next to largest I believe - and the largest taken near home - in its cruelful of hemlock. After lunch we fished on down into even more striking water - greater fall. but except for a few small ones, had no luck. at 4 o'clock the rain drove us out and we came back to the car, very wet. Saw and heard grouse. Kay's 1st 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

(16 Oct - Thursday). Ray, Blue, and I opened the season this year with a new shooting companion, Old Humboldt Puff, just past six months old. We went for woodcock, hunting the very promising looking country up little Sandy back of Mrs. Francis's place. We hunted up the right bank and crossed upstream from Hog Run, hunting back down the other side. We saw absolutely no woodcock whatever but did flush three separate grouse. I had borrowed Nulden's McAllen's .410 double and took a try at the third grouse. I feathered it lightly and shot both right and left but the bird didn't falter. We followed it and I wanted it was a henlock, seeing it on the ground. Blue and Puff came up and worked around. I don't know if Blue pointed, but the bird took off. I missed with the right and it circled around and landed in a tree overhead. I finally flushed it again but missed a quick snap in the glimpse I had. We returned to the car. I don't count my misses today as regular grouse shots for I do not consider the .410 gun enough for me.

(28 Oct - Tuesday.) I have been out a couple of times in our marsh along Wagonwheel below the house but with no luck. Also one afternoon for an hour or so in the swamp back of Ryan's and the Messer Place. There I flushed two grouse, one Blue may have had. But no woodcock. The other day I went back to Rexroads and hunted out their little alder thicket to the right of the road. Blue almost immediately found a grouse that I couldn't tell if he pointed it. The leaves were so dry and noisy that the birds didn't lie well. There were no woodcock. As I returned into the woods below our line I heard and saw a grouse that Puff had put out. Later another rise occurred as the dogs worked in that could have been the same bird, but I doubt it. I hunted out some nice swampy cover on the far side of Sandy at the foot of Spillers hill, then crossed back and covered the alder swamp along the long Rexroad field below the Matheny place. Also found a nice

kind. However the longest hunt since the opening day of woodcock, was the one we took on the 28th over in my old favorite swamp above them. Shavers'. It was a real pleasure to hunt it again. The weather had turned cloudy and began to drizzle, after one month of drought and Indian Summer.

Kay, Blue, Puff, and I hunted the entire country all the way to the Hull Pond and back with nothing but a couple of nice points to credit us. We had eaten our lunch on Dick's just near a nice corn field but there wasn't even any quail. We were somewhat shocked at the built up quality of that country - eating in the scalon place and the hard unfarmed road at Donald's. In one of the last little spars or thickets of the swamp Puff walked right into a big grouse and surely must have got a good noseful of scent. I took a shot as it rose on the far edge of the cover but missed. I'd have given a great deal to have killed that bird over time. Incidentally I was using my 12 gauge again, having found the .410 too fine for me after shooting at clays on Sunday. We hunted for the grouse at the top of the hill but didn't find him. We returned to the "shooting brake" as Kay sees fit to call it now, the rain came. We just got back in time.

One shot - no hit

1 November - Saturday. The opening day of grouse season! We altered our plans due to threatening weather and Kay, Blue, Puff, and I all went to Lower Shaver. We found conditions ideal after the rain that had dampened the woods. Hunting and traveling conditions were excellent, but we found no birds on our first trip around the ridge and more on Charles Kelley's. We returned to Frank Shaver's place and worked up the rear slope where Blue began showing signs of scent. The grouse flushed to one side and in front of Puff who watched with interest. Following, we

flushed a possible second bird up over the top. This one landed in a tree on the far side of the kno and flushed below me when I approached. I missed a snap shot at him. We got two more rises without points and then lost him. We ate lunch in the hemlocks along the little run that borders Charles place. After eating, we moved back around



Shaffer ridge and a grouse flushed wild, a moment later followed by a second. I swung past and shot, folding him up beautifully. I marked the fall and ran in, calling Puff to get him in ahead of Blue. Both dogs came and I set Blue to work to find it. He hunted ardently but we never did find that bird altho we searched for nearly an hour and a half. We did notice a strange whistle as the dogs came in for the retriever, at first sounding like someone upon the ridge calling a dog then like some sort of bird. I was too concerned with locating the fallen grouse to give it much thought, but after a futile period spent hunting it we later decided the whistling had been our bird, running and crippled, not stone-dead as it had appeared. We tried the dogs in the area where it had occurred behind us but with no results. It was only the next grouse I can remember being lost over that since the end of his first season in 1939. I feel responsible partly for this situation for I held him in rather close. We moved the other one of the pair but had no further rises tho we crossed hardly to



Carters, until I left Puff & Kay at the lower Shaffer house and took Blue to upper Shaffer where we moved an wild grouse. altho I lost the grouse this day, I did so definitely drop him that I am counting it a hit.

3 November - Monday. Ray stayed home as the weather didn't justify making a trip to the Breckinridge country, and after a later rising following our drive yesterday to Jetties in California, and our visit last night from Wright, Andy Culley, and Bill Hynes, I took Blue & Ruff to the Hog House Hollow below Brandenburg. I started to hunt about 12 m in time and fifteen minutes later Blue flushed a grouse on the north side of the hollow. I missed a snap shot as it climbed over the trees and made for the top of the ridge. The second rise occurred about



where I expected it, just in from the edge of the woods, flushing from the approach of the dogs and myself and going straight up in the air and back over my head. I missed the first barrel as he climbed and turning back over my left shoulder hit him squarely, the bird crumpling and dropping into a quivering. Ruff came in to my call and swung to his left, locating the bird before Blue got there. He snatched it and



seemed anxious to do something with it, but I couldn't persuade him to bring it to me. When Blue arrived and tried to pick it up,

Ruff growled and wouldn't let him touch it. Finally, when I had failed to get a retriever from Ruff, I held him and let Blue get it, which he was busting to do. I tried Ruff again, this time he picked the grouse up and carried it away. After a little coaxing, he finally picked it up and brought it to me, very nicely. He was delighted with the entire proceedings. The bird was a large cock, probably a three or four-year-old and quite possibly one of the original grouse not found in that valley. I left this section rather than kill any more birds there today and hunted down into Horn Run up at the Merrill set. It had been drizzling all and on but stopped when I got down into the hollow. I decided to hunt up to the woods behind and across from the

Williamson place. Following a new barbed wire fence line, then small
cover, I was nearly up to the Power line when Blue pointed. Ruff
was above him and flushed a grouse that rocketed down into the
thicket where we had come from. When Blue worked on above, a second bird
flushed down the hillside, not too far from me, but the intervening cover
prevented a try. I turned back to follow these two, and Ruff put
up what I felt sure was a woodcock. I heard the wing-whistle and got
a short look at the bird as it cut away from me. 
I tried to follow it, being especially anxious for a shot at
woodcock, but didn't find it. I did make a third pass from a tree
near where I expected the woodcock to be, so it may have been a
young grouse keeping it. I moved neither of the first birds,
into the brush in the bottom near Mason. with young Ruff jealously
guarding our grouse from Blue who wasn't permitted to approach it.
after lunch, about 2 P.M. I went back up toward the Power line and
Blue pointed, Ruff going in and flushing the grouse - the bird put out
of the tree earlier. I followed on up the hill and in a small thicket
near the top the grouse flushed from me a little piece out, and Ruff
rather low. I shot and he fell, a straightaway shot. 
I marked him too closely, and then looked ahead where Ruff had found
him; again standing guard and keeping Blue away from the bird. Again
I failed to get him to retrieve it until after I had let Blue bring
it to me. Then I tossed it out in the leaves, twice, and ~~the~~ time Ruff
retrieved it nicely. ^{a yearling hen.} It was a mild day, rainy at times but with the smell of
the mountains from the knob a thing to remember sleep - sleep with
Ruff's first two grouse. We turned back and made our way down

across Mason and up to the deserted farm to find the final stretch
we did not do. At one point, the view back to the north was
stunning. Chestnut Ridge was like a stroke of raw ultramarine dragged
across the skyline. A few minutes later it was lost in rain.
Home to a hot tub bed and dinner before the studio fire. 4 shots - 2 hits (both retrievers by Blue)
Ruff retrieved them after manipulation.
missed 4 quail and a woodcock(?) missed 4-7

5 November - Wednesday. Yesterday was a loss due to rain. We did
drive over to Addison in the evening to see Wright, Andy Cully and Bill Hyman.
at Cliff Springer's and learned that Skipper and Beau had been doing fine.
On Monday, his second day in the woods on grouse, Skipper had made two
staunch points, holding for some forty-five seconds. On Tuesday, his third
day, he had made three dozen points and had two birds killed on him.
Beau had picked up one of the grouse and retrieved it several feet, then laid it down.
We are very proud!

To get back to today's hunt, I worked all morning on my thumbnail sketch
for the American illustration due to muggy rain that cleared around one o'clock.
after a bite to eat, I left Kay at work on the "Due Date" manuscript and took
Blue and Ruff back to the bridge at Sandy and hunted up on Skipper's ridge
above his old sawmill set. Fifteen minutes after leaving the car, they should
indications of game and worked around a bit, finally going out of sight in the
thick cover below the path I was on. I think he had the bird, or I didn't
hear anything of him for some time. Then a grouse flushed and came
up and across to my right, a straight across or pass shot over the low
thicket. For a moment I hesitated to shoot, then swung past and to a -
dead and dropped him dead with the right barrel. I ordered Ruff in to
retrieve and he ran ahead, then swung his head
to the right as he caught the scent, weaving
back and forth until he located the grouse lying
by a small log. I ordered "Fetch" but altho he mouthed the word gently, he
would not pick it up. Merely stood guard over it and warned Blue away
when he came up. After repeated efforts to make Ruff retrieve, I pulled



him away and let Blue find it and retrieve, which he did beautifully. Then I tossed it out and Ruff went to it, finally picking it up and in a big circle out and away from Blue he retrieved it to me nicely.

I am faced with a problem of jealousy, and question the advisability of working the two together. Blue is absolutely tolerant of Ruff, but I wonder whether the latter wouldn't feel freer to retrieve without the fixation he has developed about old Blue (and "his" birds). The grouse was a beauty, a huge cock, at least four or five years old. It was killed outright. I moved in around the top of the ridge, going up toward the two old farms above Muddy, and definitely intending to hold my fire if any grouse flushed in that locale. I thought I heard one just below the old stone chimney but can't be certain. Further around the ridge I saw Ruff flush a grouse that I only heard. Then in a little while I flushed one close by me, that ran not quite straight away, but slightly to the left.



I dropped him with the right barrel and I saw him hit the ground, flutter, and then rise about a foot and fall again. Ruff needed no directives, but tore in and soon had the bird in his mouth. It fluttered and broke away, leaving a large quantity of tail and back feathers and both bird and pup lunged along, ending up under a log together, with Ruff's nose on the bird. I was unable to get him to retrieve it, tho he was very pretty about Blue who naturally can't understand why he must back. Finally Ruff came out and left his bird tho he stayed close to keep Blue away. I held him and ordered Blue in, and the old boy brought me the bird very promptly, to Ruff's vocal displeasure. I tossed it out twice but Ruff wouldn't pick it up, so I tried no further. This was another very large cockbird, I would say just as old as the first one. I prodded him just as the other cock, and we hurried

back to the station wagon in a heavy downpour, getting a thorough
 drenching as we crossed a long open field at the top of the ridge.
 In the car I changed to dry sweatshirt and coat and turned home
 to a hot bath, a nice nap, and a good dinner before the fire. Before
 dinner, I laid one of the grouse on the living room floor and then
 ordered Ruff to fetch it. He located it and brought it up to the
 studio in a perfect retrieve, and incidentally in as pretty a picture
 as I'll ever see.
 development and I
 handle him



Ruff is in a very interesting stage of
 only hope I can do him justice and
 sympathetically and well.

2 shots, - 2 hits (both retrievers by Blue
 Ruff retrieved one of
 them when thrown out
 near 3 certain birds.

score 3-3

7 November - Friday. What promised to be a nice day, clouded up and
 became windy and overcast, but we had already started for the Puerco,
 Ray, Blue, Ruff, and I. We left the "shooting brake" at the head of the
 road above Canyon and hunted to Roaring Creek bridge without a sign of
 game. On the other side of the stream however, a grouse flushed from
 rhododendron as we walked down the left side of Roaring. I made a very
 quick snap shot and it almost seemed that the grouse fell, but after
 searching well for it, we decided it had lodged down out of sight
 and I had missed. We hunted around below the road to Grimes but
 moved nothing until we dropped down to the swamps near the foot log
 across Roaring Creek, where the dogs put out two grouse. I couldn't see
 either and so was unable to judge the direction of their flight. However,
 I tried by crossing the footlog and working up the far side of the stream,
 leaving Ray in the hemlocks on the far side. I recovered by making the
 stream and came back into the area where the Tuckers flushed.

Ray had whistled to beat me and I had whistled in reply, then taken a few steps when a grouse flushed and started away. I dropped him with only a glimpse as he fell, but I felt he had gone down. Ruff ran up with me and began hunting. I saw him throw his head to the left and begin circling and felt certain he had located the vent. I went ahead to the water's edge to make sure it hadn't fallen into the stream.



When I looked back at Ruff I saw he had found the bird and was mouthing it. No amount of coaxing, however, would prevail upon him to retrieve it to me. Later on I tried him again but he would only nod it. The next day, we tried to get a picture of him with the grouse in his mouth and he retrieved it beautifully again and again from the living room, the studio, and the screen porch, carrying it out to the walk in front of the house. He wouldn't retain his grip on it however and released it as soon as delivered. Which is considerably unlike Blue who, altho he won't pick up the bird the next day, does clamp down on them and hold immovably when he delivers. Ray suggests it is the competition and it may well be. I had him feed and retrieve this grouse after Ruff refused, and I nearly had to beat his head in to make him release it. His fang tore my thumb slightly, so we went up to June's house and went inside for some salt. As anticipated. June was away, so we left a note. It was quite late and we ate lunch below June's on an old woods path. Immediately after lunch when we started hunting Ruff went in ahead of Blue's indication of a bird and flushed a grouse down into the bottom. The last bird we saw that day, altho we hunted hard all the

may down to the old fields where we'd flushed quail last year. We
came back up the far side of Roaring then excellent cover but no
birds. We hunted up to the road to Jim's and I say walked from
Roaring Creek bridge via the main road to the station wagon while
I took the dogs to the woods along the "Pike" and then into the
redbrush on the upper side, ending up along Hick Run - and
back to the car. This area should have yielded over a dozen quail.
The wind and passage of storm may have altered the situation.

2 shots - 1 hit (Blue retrieved)
Puff found but no retriever.
Mond 5 mond 5-5

8 November. Saturday. I worked on the manuscript in the late morning,
tipping several pages. Ray stayed home to get things ready for the Franklins,
due tomorrow, and I took Blue and Puff to Nestor's Corners. The weather
had cleared from a rain in the night to a cold windy day with quite a lot
of sun and clouds at intervals. I started in the cover below the ridge
road (across from Ray Butcher's) and then worked to the upper side, Puff
put a quail out of a grapevine, and it went back down the slope. I continued
to the upper edge, however, and planned to circle back down hill there
some good-looking grapevines. From the edge of the woods to my left and
entirely flushing from the dogs, a large quail rose and came across
to my right - a crossing, rising shot ~~the~~ ^{from} the trees. I swung along with
him and shot. He folded up and fell hitting the leaves out ahead and
fluttering for a moment. I called Puff in to retrieve and he was there



in no time, locating the grouse in short order. It was the same as ⁴⁷ before, with Ruff standing over the bird and driving Blue off, but refusing to relieve. I then after his performance this morning with the bird from

yesterday that he might do it, and for a moment when I tossed it out, it looked as tho he would. But he only picked it up and laid it down, no go. I left Blue feed and fetch it for the old boy really loves it, and this time I got immediate results when I wanted him to release it on delivery. I pulled the hair on the inside of his hind leg. Only once. He unlocked at once. We moved from that country without trying further to locate other birds and took the edge of the field to behind Cuff's. I then hunted their swamp nearly to the main road, and stayed in the hollow just short. I was looking after a deer that had jumped ahead of the dogs, when Ruff, who was to my right, put out a grouse from some crab apple trees. I turned as it flushed behind and took a quick swing, shooting a bit too soon as it was about to make the cover, and missed.



Had I had been able to swing a second longer it should have been a possible, for it was in the open. I didn't follow as it had cut back. I found promising looking ground some cover and hunted it out to within sight of the forest near school and church, then turned and hunted back the far side of the hollow. I believe a lot of this was on Cuff's. I put up maybe four grouse myself, and followed him back up the ridge with a second flush by Ruff, no shots either time. At the top of the knob which looked like Hillman's to me, tho I can scarcely believe that, I came back, I came

into excellent cover, old logs and paperwines. But no birds. It was
about five o'clock and I was miles from the car so I started back
down the ridge. I heard what I thought was a truck engine,
but could have been grouse flushing, out ahead. If so, there were
several of them. A few moments later I heard a similar sound,
and this time actually saw the grouse flush. But I can't count the
others as definitely certain. I was unable to hear this bird again. When
I dropped down I found I was between Cuppi's house and the main
road. I hunted back to the head of our "special photodendron
raime" which is not so special looking now that the timber
operations have gone there. I moved nothing here and had started
along the ridge road toward the car when I stopped below to get the
dogs into cover. Blue waded into a tangled brush heap, and a grouse
took me completely apart with a surprise takeoff down the hill. I pulled
directly on him, once, and again, each time sure of my shot. But he
went on, untouched, to the bottom of the slope. I can't figure those
shots. They seem directly away with no lead called for, and that's how
I held. I sometimes think, especially at some distance, that the small
profile offered by the straight-away view of the bird, manages to escape
the pattern, though I really doubt that. At any rate I missed
double.  I followed him and finally located him in a clump of
small hemlocks at the bottom. He flushed while I was tied up
knee-deep in brush and I waited a second till he cleared the cover and cut

to the left, but missed. That shot should have been a hit. I was taken by surprise in one sense, but on the other hand when gunning for grouse no flush should be a surprise for flushes are to be expected, always.



I never moved him afterwards tho we searched the area rather well. However, there were too many alternatives and he had taken one of them. That, number 6, was the last bird we moved. Another example of an area that should have provided a dozen birds at least. I find the grouse very scarce and scattered so far this year. I hope it isn't indicative of so few birds, but rather that the weather is to account for it. Later, I hope to find them bunched and more plentiful. My shooting was rather ragged today, after the one shot. Circumstances contributed some.

5 shots - 1 hit. (Blue retrieved)
Puff found but no retriever
6 moved.

moved 6-8

10 November. Monday. Yesterday was just 12 years since Speck died. The Franklins arrived yesterday and I took Bill, with Blue & Puff to the Laurel Run - Sandy Creek country above Rockville. We covered a vast area, going up the left side of Laurel nearly to the houses before we moved a bird. Then we flushed one large grouse and later Bill flushed four together that went out as a single that he missed tho I saw it land and that he had hit, and then three. He missed another shot. We were unable to reach any of the latter and turned back after eating lunch. The shots were all going to Bill and when one of the birds flushed he shot and missed that bird but not the bird flushed and he shot again, this time he said he saw it fall. We hunted hard for the bird arching again in rocky difficult

cover but never found it. A grouse flushed from nearby that could
scarcely have been the same bird if it had fallen as Bill described.
We went back downstream, moving it twice again. As we approached
the lower end of Laurel before the trestle, a grouse rose above me and
scooted off into the distance as tho' it would move steps. We followed
and I walked into it above the old path I was on. It surprised me,
and rose in thick cover against the sun in my eyes and I fired both
barrels before it reached the tree tops apparently missing. I saw, however,
as it turned and crossed the path above the trees, that one
leg was dangling, altho' the bird appeared to fly at nearly
normal speed. I called the dogs and marked the line of



flight, knowing that it would scarcely get off the ground
once it had landed, but it seemed to have gone quite a distance. I expected
to have to go to the creek but Bill called to me. We heard something thrashing
in the brush ahead of him and asked if one of the dogs was there. They
were both with me, and when I went in I saw my grouse, still and
lying in the leaves. Puff located him just then and we went thru
the usual routine, with much growling - no retrieval from Puff. Finally,
I took him off and let Blue find and retrieve the bird - a very
large ^(cock) ~~also~~. Ray found upon checking it that the bird was badly shot thru
the legs and entrails and lower breast, but the amazing stamina had
carried it on into flight. Flight into death.



after admiring the bird, we crossed the trestle and
hunted the far side of Laurel up to a small feeder valley. We worked up
this and about 5:30 turned and went to the top, flushing one or two birds

along the old fields at the crest of the ridge. Bill took a shot at one and missed. It was fast getting dark and we dropped down over the steep side of the shoulder to Kandy, making a couple more birds, one that Blue had nearly found. Across the trestle again we walked back to the car flushing two grouse separately and two more together that could have been the same two. Altogether we made either 12 or 14 birds, my grouse being number 6.

Weather had clouded all 2 shots - 1 hit (Blue retrieved)
to warmer and threatening from 2 shots - 1 hit (Blue retrieved)
a sunny day. Heard 12 or 14 Puff found, no retrieve.
saw 12-20

11 November. Another Day. Monday. Awoke to a heavy rain with little hopes of shooting, but it let up after a high wind and held off for a nice grouse day. We left about 11:30 taking only Blue, and Bill and I went to the Myers Rocks. We moved our first grouse in the thicket below the rocks, just in from the more open woods and Bill shot it. We left that area to go to the hemlocks and back to the meadows, where after some bit of hunting a big grouse flushed from Bill and crossed to my left, going high. I swung past him to a dead and pulled. He tumbled and I moved in, calling Blue. I saw a few feathers and soon detected the bird lying dead. ++



Blue came in and found and retrieved. It was one of the largest cockbirds I've shot - huge tail fan. Hit head about the head and wing. We moved there were birds in the meadows, two together that Blue got a bit later. George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

worked back thru the hemlocks. Probably they are that Bill heard flush as we came up. We hunted down to the hemlocks in the lower point of woods above Tray and Floyd Gutters but made nothing. After we came back up to the pier above the road, the rain drove us in. We met Ray and May at the Hardy Grove Church and the Franklins left for Washington.

Franklin also
shot 1

1 shot - 1 hit (Blue retrieved)
made 6

made 6-6

12 November - Wednesday. This, figuratively, is being written in red. Today, on the date he was seven months old, Ruff pointed his first grouse. It wasn't a flash point, it was a freeze. We - Ray, Blue, Ruff and I - had gone to the Collins Kudo country and had hunted to the top of the wooded ridge, having made one lone bird on the edge up there. We had eaten lunch and had begun to circle the clearing at the top, counter-clockwise, when we came on Ruff standing. At first, I thought he was listening for us, a Blue. Then I saw him turn his head impatiently at Blue in the leaves behind him, then back ahead again. Then I saw his nostrils working and the fixed expression in his eyes. I said, "Ray, his pointing. His first point." He held for about thirty seconds, tho it seemed longer, then in a beautiful cautious movement,



RUFF'S FIRST
POINT

he moved in several steps and froze again. I was almost shaking for fear I'd miss his bird. Blue had come up, and tho he couldn't see, had somehow sensed what was happening and backed Ruff. It may have been my voice and ~~some~~ words to Ruff that ~~he~~ ^{it} was a first.

47-17

The two dogs began working in closer and ^{we} heard a grouse go out, about forty yards from where Ruff had pointed it, with the wind in his face.

Were we proud! I got no shots at all, but the day was made for Kay and myself. We didn't cover beyond that point, but heard two more birds on the edge below the cleared top, four in all. We heard one - merely heard it - when we started up from the swamp. This area should have had more grouse in it. No shots Ruff: 1st / mod.
heard 5 - 5 flushes

13 November. 7 hunting. I took Ruff alone to Faulkner's ridge in the late afternoon after working in the morning. We hunted the entire hillside stripping the lower hemlock cover, but heard exactly one grouse. I missed it on the second flush a fast rise straight across ^{to the right} and I shot too quickly. On the next rise from a tangle of blackberry thorns that was  terrific I got a look at him in a quartering shot to the right, out over the briars and I pulled ahead and shot. He tumbled into the brush near two small trees I marked. I couldn't get there and had to run down the hillside to find an opening and fight my way thru unmerciful tangles. When I  got to the spot, Ruff was standing over the grouse, mouthing it. It was still alive, but he had it absolutely. However, he wouldn't retrieve, even without Blue there. We hunted the tops of the ridge, still too thick and short for good cover, and around toward the north end in better woods, heard number two go out. As I returned from the corn field at the far end Ruff put out a grouse that could have been the latter, but ^{probably not}. We came back along the

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

upper edge with absolutely no sign of game. Finally in the little thicket
at the point behind the flat fields near the small house I think I may have
heard a bird flush. Came to the car and home. The grouse I shot was
either a yearling hen, or a last-year's bird. No sign of grouse tho the tops
of the trees are somewhat
2 shots - 1 hit
This area should not be
hunted for some time. moved 3-5 flocks

14 November - Friday. I left my dog at home typing the manuscript, and took
Blue & Puff to the muddy creek end of the Prineas. I found the grouse
very scarce; and the cover almost ruined from cuttings all the way
from the bottom to the old train road and from Peckard's Run toward
Homer's. Flushed one grouse from the rhododendron along the
little run, high up and shot too fast, missing both barrels.



I missed a bird on the left side of the run, higher than
was likely the same grouse and again on the right ridge
above the run when I returned after hunting out toward
Homer's and back along the train road. This cover is very

poor now and didn't yield a bird. On the left side of the run and
around the hill where I flushed a grouse from a brush heap, that
gave me a fleeting sight. I swung ahead quickly and he fell near
a large tree. When I ran up I heard him in the leaves and saw
him flutter and start along the ground.
The dogs weren't up yet, so I shot to stop
him. However, I don't know if I hit him
a shot, for he hid in the brush. Blue came in and pointed, with Puff



Could have included yearling males.

was working too high up. Blue located the bird but couldn't reach it for the dead bushes it was hiding under. It made an attempt to run out, then dodged back where I finally had to reach and get him. I killed him and laid him down for Blue, who found and retrieved. Have another very large cockbird - about a four-year-old. I have had so many large quons this year. Only three of the ten I have brought in so far have been yearlings, and one of those - yesterday - could have been a late last year's bird. Puff refused again to retrieve. I can't figure him out. On around the ridge not more than three, and on to some distance, four and five. Number ~~17~~ flushed after I had covered a vast area of vines and briars and had got down into Muddy Creek. The bird was just above the rhododendron fringe. I flushed number eight in a little acidity as I started back down to the car. The bird went out thirty yards behind me and I missed a nice rising turning shot. Followed but no flush.



Remember the cave south of the Burn is no good now!!

Four shots - 1 hit (Blue found & retrieved)
(no credit to Puff)

Ward eight (found no sign of the hatching we located last year along the bottom)
more 8-10

17 November. Monday. Our first snow of the year - a light sugaring when we awoke. I got a leisurely start, leaving today at work in the mannered pot, and took Blue & Puff to the Bourgeois George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center

stationer in a lot and a buck jumped across the road behind me. A minute later as I had left the car, another buck leaped into the road, mounted at Buff and turned back up the hill. I hunted there by the old saw-mill set to Mason Run but found nothing until I started up Sandy, at the foot of the hill. A deer moved out of some rhododendron above me and a few moments later a grouse flushed from some tangled vines just above me, keeping low and went straight away up the hill. I shot between two trees and hit him squarely, a yearling that fell in a cloud of feathers. Buff was on him and had him at once, but no retriever. I had Blue find and retrieve.



I moved around the ridge and a bit higher flushed a bird from a little ravine in open brush-heap, even that I let go. The dog was on hand but had no scent. Suddenly, a second bird flushed and went straight up the grade from me. I hesitated for a moment and then pulled ahead and dropped it. It, too, was stone dead but Buff had located it immediately. He is amazingly fast in finding them, but he won't make a move to retrieve. I have decided to just let Blue bring them in with little or no coaxing to Buff, and hope he will eventually come into it naturally, or next summer can be fore-trained.



Blue did retrieve this bird. I had shot my two birds within three-quarters of an hour, but I wanted to canvas the territory, and with the dogs. I went up as far as the valley below the Clifton section with no birds marked, saw another doe. Found the rhododendron cover along the creek above the power line cut to ribbons by the lumber operation. I went to the top of the ridge, flushing a grouse at the edge of the wilderness fields that came over

my head in a dramatic flight. I built a fire and ate lunch, then ⁴⁷⁻²¹ moved



to the slope along the Brumfield - Clifton power line. Puff made a small point just below the edge and a grass tore out, a very nice job of pointing. I heard

another flush wild a little further around toward the road. I moved to the next ridge and the disturbed fern in front of lot whites but have about decided they are no longer there. Just below the buckwheat stubble and in the woods a grouse flushed and I saw Puff go in after it a few feet and I am certain he was standing it, for I would have seen him had he been moving. I flushed the bird. Later we moved it again.

I walked to the car and home.

We took a snapshot of these birds the next day.

2 shots - 2 hits

(Blue retrieved both.)

Puff found both.

" 2 prod.

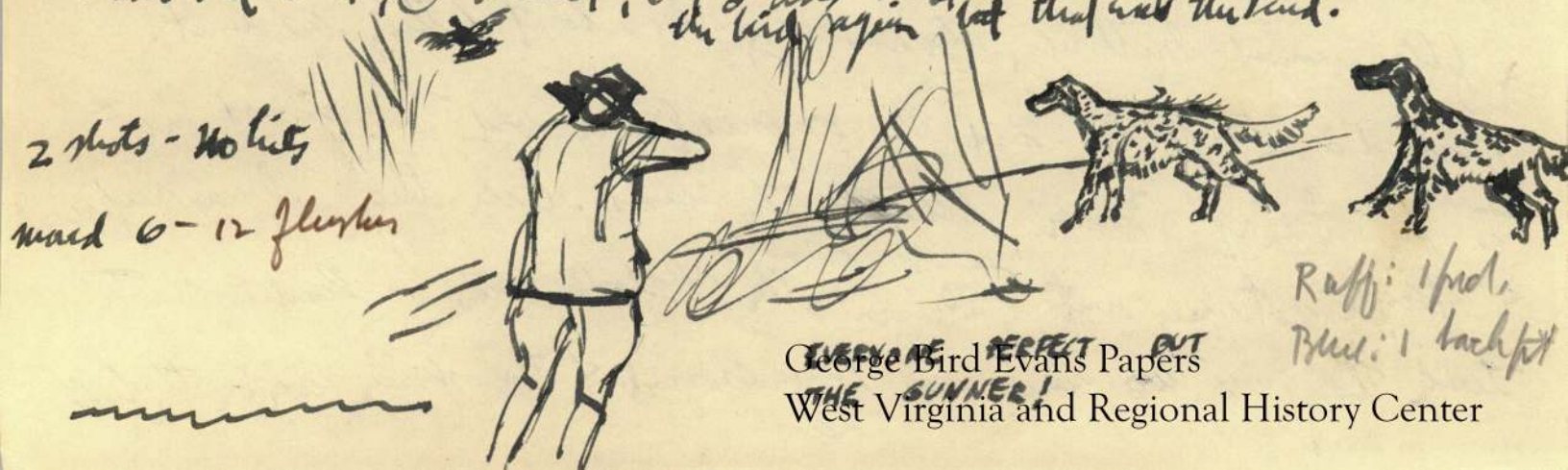
7 moved.

18 November - Tuesday. I walked in the morning on the stretch. And after lunch started late for the Upper Beaver section, getting hunting after three. I moved two birds on the right side of Beaver below the upper road, passing up a beautiful pass shot to the left - out over the low trees, for I don't know why! I moved this as the first bird late and followed to the large woods below the lower road, where I met the owner, a fellow named Guthrie, who was very nice about letting me hunt. I flushed a third bird and the original one and then moved one to the far side of Beaver, between the roads. Over there, I was surprised to flush not one, but two, from the rhododendrons - leading me to think they were two new ones. They crossed the road, came to the

and I moved two flocks there, one from a hummock - another Puff
 flushed ahead. That last bird completely fooled me. I had
 him marked but never found him. I then left that area and
 went up to the knob on the upper right side of Bear above the
 road where I found nothing until I had started down again
 after circling the top. Puff came to a sudden point into some
 poplars over below him and Blue backed Stomachly, that can't
understand how he'd do it without seeing unless he got the next.

Puff and Blue both held beautifully and I stepped up but
 nothing happened. I saw I'd have to make in them cover and
 approached from the left, climbing thru some brush and vines.
 I had just got them when a grouse took off with superhuman speed -
 and I missed, right and left. It was a crime, for both dogs
 held stomachly and I am proud as can be of them both. They
 of course, ran in when I shot but I had to disappoint them. If

I had held my fire a moment and shot only once I could have
 made the shot, I believe, but I was tense. ^{It was my only shot. We would}
^{the bird again} but that was the end.



19 November - Wednesday. We were somewhat disappointed in one of our old favorite coveats but the day was a success when we got a grouse.

Kay, Blue, Puff. & I hiked to the Brinnies above Dooty, taking the car back the road to the second house in order to be nearer the far country. We hunted all the way to the rocks above the gap with no single sign of a bird, tho there were lots of grapes. After lunch on the very point of the gap - and in a stiff breeze - we hunted down the face of the ridge, the shortest path. Partly down, a grouse flushed in front of me, quite close, and I shot and dropped him as he cut away from me to the left. I shot he was stone dead from his fall - and the shot at close range - but I saw him lying in the leaves with a broken wing, a big bird. Blue and Puff came in for the retrieval but oddly enough, neither dog got the scent until after some little while Puff found him.

+



The bird seemed all wing which was

right except for his left shattered, so I didn't leave him for Blue to retrieve. However, altho I had hoped to bring him home alive for training purposes, he turned out to be injured more than I thought, and I killed him. He was a huge cock, almost as large as the one I shot the folks this year. We hunked down to the main road and followed it where it dips toward the stream, which looks promising for trout. (However, we saw a muskrat set in that section and by fishing now it may be laid waste. We hunked back to the car with a nice point from Puff. In fact two nice points but there were no birds there. We came home early with an beautiful bird. One shot - One hit (Puff found, no retrieval for Blue). We took 2 pictures of this bird in 1 hour. a.m. - 1 flush

20 November. Thursday. I went alone with Blue & Buff to hunt the
fores of Big and Little Sandy. I found the place where we had left the
station wagon when Art Thomas took me several years ago. The "house"
turned out to be an old log ruin. I went up over the ridge and talked to
Mrs. Miller in the cornfield - "just another Miller". She said I could help
myself. After talking about their trout pool, I went to the woods where
Art and I had finished and where Art had broken his gun stock. I
covered the scattered little thickets and edges down over the hillside, and in
me a nice grouse flushed to my right. I shot as he reached his peak,
but didn't hold quite long enough, for altho I felt he was hit lightly,
he slid down over the steep field and out of sight. I hunted hard along
a hedge now, halfway down the slope, then curled back
to the top and hunted straight down over along a row
of cover, then crossing, along the edge at the very bottom
of the hill. Finally in a last cast, I called



Buff in to hunt in front of me at the left end of the lower edge. He
suddenly pointed straight at me in open leaf-covered ground. I could
see no sign of a bird; then suddenly a feather! between us. But still
no bird. I called Blue in and at last, Buff, who had held his a
minute while I walked in to him, moved up a few feet and plunged
his nose down in to the leaves. I saw he was moving into a promising
hole full of leaves. I pulled him out and reached in. At first nothing.
Then a wing tip! I pulled the grouse out - a nice two-year old cock with
only the extreme tip of his left wing broken. I decided here was my chance
to take one home alive to train with - and so I wrapped my hands around

him and carried him back to the car, getting pecked on the finger
from time to time.

put the grouse in it, then
his wing heels from
home. So far, the bird
expect him to eat



interesting experiment.

I drove home and repaired my dog crate and
made a wire cage to use in the woods after
 $\frac{3}{4}$ " mesh I bought at Ewing's on the way
seems fine but very mild and I don't
for a day or so. This will be an

one shot - one hit

heard only the one
stopped early

(Puff found him)
'Gosh! (mod?)

DRUMMER ID A
BANDANNA



21 November Friday - A short hunt today to get back for dinner at the
Melrose. I left Ray and Blue at home and drove to Upper Mafer, hunting
the top edge. Puff made a beautiful point and held it while I walked
in. The little dickens is staunch as a rock and points head high. There
had been one there not long before for the scent was hot. However, we
heard no birds until the thick cover across from Ray Guthrie's where
two grouse went out separately. I followed the one that went around
the ridge and never the far did flushed him considerably down the
south. The shot was really too uncertain and I wish I had tried.
I feel the bird came down for I saw no further sign of him on
the rise - normally he would have come on up into my vision and
when I went in I heard a flutter to the right of me in dense cover.
I took Puff and followed as rapidly as possible, but was unable to find
or see him tho I heard the flutter again - almost as tho he were
making short flushes of the ground with a damaged wing. At last,

when Buff went down over the side a bird flew out that I believe
must have been the same grouse. I didn't see where he went. I
hunted along the top to try to flush it again if I had been
mistaken but moved nothing. Returning along the snow margin
of the hillside we ate lunch just off the path. Then we crossed
sandy at the bridge and hunted out the cove that used to
 be so good on Ray Gutierrez. It is disappointing to see what
the mammals have done to some of my favorite coveats in the past few
years. Of course, they'll come back, and the birds go somewhere. But they
do seem to go. I moved nothing where I used to find half a dozen
grouse. At last on my return to the upper corner near the road,
Buff pointed and I walked up. I could tell there was something
real close but he held and three birds flushed about forty yards
down the hill - one at a time. I shot - very foolishly - at the last
and of course it went in.  I felt they either settled
along the creek in the rhododendron, or crossed to the far side. I finally
flushed one above me while working the near side - a surprise flush
straight across to the right that I might well have made had not
the timber cutters left one extra white oak standing. I felt it
coming up out of the corner of my eye and shot too quickly - and
missed. There was no chance for a left barrel try. I finally went
across the creek and flushed one of them
back to the original cover, much to
Buff's surprise. He was becoming a little
dull and groggy after a hard day's straight hunting but he

47-27

soon perked up after that. I got up after several circles and made tracks back down the valley, being already half an hour over time. This was the beginning of some ragged shooting.

3 shots - no hits
saw 5 - 9 flickers

Ruff: 1 prod

22 November Saturday. Deep in the doldrums of a mid-winter slump! I was rudely awakened and turned out of bed at 9:30 or so by Felix Robinson who drove down to go grouse hunting on the spur of the moment! They got me breakfasted and started while Felix played "John Peel" and "A Hunting We Will Go" on the piano, getting slightly fuddled up with "Farmer in the Dell" on the latter. We left Ruff with Kay to rearrange and took Blue, deciding on the forks of the two mudys back of the brick house. Worley and Wend lived in. I saw two roosts of quail in the fields across from this place but we made no grouse until we returned to the right side of the road. In a little thickets, Blue made one of those perfect points, working up and freezing and holding while I hustled Felix over and we both walked in. Three grouse flushed with no shot for either of us. I was proud of old Blue for it was beautiful work. We couldn't locate any of these tho we completely circled the last, finally dropping in over and hunting along the ridge toward the forks. In a brushy cover Blue started to work a scent and a bird flushed wild! I took a try I should never have attempted and missed. Merely a map shot.



We didn't locate this bird either, tho I saw it drive down over the hill. We

stopped to eat on a shoulder that was topped with thick rhododendron. I believe it was across from Boy Miller's as nearly as I could tell. After lunch we hunted back the top of the ridge above Little Sandy then excellent cover but made nothing. We had heard a few shots and a rabbit dog and I finally ran into the two fellows - one of them George Remon's son. The other, from Morgantown - with a pump gun - had shot a grouse he said, and that they had flushed there - one of which had come up over the ridge. A little further on I walked into it and in a beautiful state of confusion, shot too rapidly and missed the right barrel - holding more carefully with the left. The grouse rocketed into the sky, climbing about three times as high as any bird I've seen fly - and twice as high as any under similar circumstances. He ended up headed back toward me and I thought I was going to get another shot having reloaded my barrel. Then he recovered and



turned, setting his wings in a dive that carried him out over the tree tops. I felt sure he'd be dead when we found him, if we did - and ran up, marking the line of flight but having no idea as to range. Felix had seen it, and marked it just a bit to the right of me. Blue found no scent and we circled the area - rather open small woods. Suddenly the grouse exploded to my left and I shot too quickly again - a snap shot - and he flew on. The question remains, as to whether that was the bird we were hunting. At first we thought not - then when we found no sign of him and that of his being out in that kind of cover - away from food and about where we expected to find the dead one - we changed our minds and called him the same bird. That was the

best sign of game - then we hunted a terrific area before giving up. I felt
my shooting about the wildest ever - and the hunting very poor. The
cover should have yielded fifteen or twenty grouse.
4 shots - no hits

moved 5

moved 6 - 6

25 November - Tuesday. Yesterday rained miserably all day and I stayed home and
typed on the manuscript. Today we awoke to a sugaring of snow on the ground and
the thermometer at 27°. I took both Blue and Buff - leaving Ray at home - and drove
up the Clifton road, crossing Sandy on a sawmill bridge and parked. That put me
into the heart of the Clifton cover that I wanted to hunt. Along the base of the hill
in the swampy place, Buff pointed very soon after we began hunting. He held it
for a few moments but nothing happened then he worked on, showing signs of scent.
I walked on several yards and soon flushed a grouse to my left that cut
back. I waited a split second and then swung past him to a lead and pulled.
He folded and dropped in the path I had followed. I called the dogs in to
find and while Buff was hunting too far behind me,
 Blue found and retrieved the bird - a yearling hen.

We all admired it and congratulated each other on our luck and then the dogs
cast out again. After putting the grouse in my coat I moved on and a bird
flushed a few yards to my right and went up the hill. It was a beautiful
open shot but I naturally was not killing any more in this immediate section.
Suddenly another grouse boiled up and came over my head and it too
went up on the ridge. It too was a good possible shot. Then I saw that Blue
had been pointing - that he had these two birds. We hunted on at the foot of the
hill toward Clifton flushing a fourth grouse in the first section - and a
fifth at the foot of the ravine in the upper end. These are sent out from a low

both and Buff chased it. We didn't want it again. We hunted up the ravine
 and dropped over the far side into the head of the hollow between this ridge
 and the Wilkinson place. There we made what I think were two birds, cat
 mouse. I ate lunch, building a fire at the upper end of the hollow
 and making mental notes on the peculiarities of sausage that stayed
strong cold while the bread around it burned away - finally dumping the meat
 into the fire in an effort to warm it. I retrieved it and ate it seasoned
 with wood and ashes. After lunch I took a notion to hunt to the far
 side of the upper Clifton road into the cover I had made birds in several
 years ago - before the war. In the very thick patch at the lower end,
 I found a nice lot of grapevines and an ideal cover developed. Blue and
 Buff both pointed and a grouse flushed - looking close above - a more ris-
 ing and low movement. Buff moved up a little and a second grouse flushed, going
 low and straightaway. I shot and dropped him. Buff was there almost
 immediately and had the bird which tried to get away. Buff
 held it with his mouth but wouldn't retrieve. I took it from him,
 another yearling, which I consider a good sign. I continued hunting for the
 day, not and to get a census of this cove, but only moved on more
 distant bird. I returned to the car and home. The weather had
 held cold and dark, moving at times. This definitely ended the
 mid-summer slump as far as I could see.



Moved 10 - 10 flashes

2 shots - 2 hits

Ruff's first kill on pt.

Blue: shot
Blue found &
retrieved one

Ruff found one,
no retriever

2 prod. (1k over pt.)

26 November - Wednesday. Another cold rainy day, perfect Thanksgiving weather for tomorrow. Ray, Blue, Puff and I went to the Boy Miller country and hunted down the ridge from the old log house, keeping rather high. We found beautiful coveys, small ~~birds~~ briery woods but except for tracks of one large grouse, we saw no sign of any. Finally above Big Andy we came to thick rhododendron and hemlock cover and dropped down over the ridge into it. We still heard no birds, but ate our lunch there in that gorgeous forest, above the roar of the stream below. We were a little above the falls of Andy and Laurel. We had a nice fire, afterwards climbing the steep ridge back to nice cover at the top. There, from a clump of small hemlocks on the edge of an old field, Puff found a bird - I couldn't tell if he pointed - but I heard it flush and saw it cut straight across to my right, low and fast and not far from me.



I made a fast rising part and dropped. Puff had it almost fired, and the bird as soon as it hit the ground. It was a yearling and may be a cock, the tail feathers in the center were partly solid. I thought Puff was going to bring me that one, for he picked it up but then dropped it. I finally had Blue find and retrieve. We hunted to the point of ridge between Big and Little Andy, Ray seeing a bird shortly before this place. And on our way up Little Andy, high up, Ray saw two more. I saw two other flush further along but could get no further rises. I heard number one flush below Boy Miller's house, and in a little point of cover up near where Drummer came from. Ray heard one flush - and the dogs got his next too late. I circled this case all but got no rises. We went to the car with the snow still falling.

one shot - one hit (Blue found & retrieve)
Puff found

Team

22 November - Thanksgiving Day. This was a beautiful Thanksgiving Day with quite a nice covering of snow on the ground, especially as I approached the Brierley. The main ridge between Snow and Roaring Creek Gaps was topped with an ice cap from the tops of the trees. I left Ray and Blue at home and drove with young Ruff to ~~Summers~~ Summers where I left the car and hunted up the first small gully from Sick Run at the old train road I was in the direction of Summers and soon came to a lot of brush piles, tops of trees that had been cut this year. Not far along, a grouse flushed from one of these, rather well out in front and I took a shot I shouldn't have tried - and missed. I marked his flight and found he had gone into a section with many brush piles, but I couldn't find him or any other birds for some time.



I had circled back and suddenly walked into a pair of birds, the first of which I missed with a quick try and then heard the second one flush back the ridge. Both appeared to be young birds. I followed the first one and he later flushed ahead of Ruff. I tried to locate him, but in my efforts flushed a grouse that I now think was the first bird I put out today, back along the train road. He rose to my left and ahead of me and crouched, rising, to my right. I dropped him with one shot before he had gained much height, and young Ruff was on him in a few seconds, but wouldn't bring him to me. This grouse was an exceptionally large cock, much larger than the two I had put out.



His fur measures $14 \frac{3}{16}$ ". It was a striking effect, the snow red with his blood. A beautiful Thanksgiving bird. I moved from that cover and walked on to the rocks on the ridge, passing the overhanging boulder where Ray and I had our ~~first~~ first one in the past.

At the little run on the far side of the rocks, a grouse flushed up the slopes from Buff and I followed, feeling it had possibly gone up the stream. I was mistaken, for as I came to the face of the rock cliff at the upper end, the bird materialized off the face of the boulders and cut across to the left in a short space or opening. I shot too quickly - one careful shot would have done it. As it was, I missed both barrels, tho it seemed for a while that the bird might have fallen on the second shot. This, I believe, came from its diving over the rocks on the far side, for I hunted hard and felt sure I'd have found it. Later developments bear out my idea that it was unhurt.



Anyway, I ran up and around the far end of the cliff, for I couldn't get over at this point. Finally, giving up the idea that it was hurt, I hunted along the spine of the ledge toward the tram road and just about a point above

the "campfire" boulder, Buff heard a short flush sound and I decided the bird might still be crippled. As I rounded a big rock a short piece further on, the bird flushed, hugging to the face of the rock just enough to prevent any shooting. It looked very red as it went up and over the tops of the trees. This time I lost it, and after some further hunting, went back to the place I'd missed him. I double-barreled and built a fire under that very rock I've sketched above. I ate my lunch and dried out my breeches where I'd kicked snow up on them. The big grouse we had shot, looked mighty pretty to both Buff and me. After lunch I covered the flat above the rocks where we used to move birds, but found none today, returning and hunting once again along the steeper face of the ledge. I wonder if this wasn't the "campfire" location of the counterfeit

activity Johnny and June have told us about. I came across grouse tracks in the snow. Both old and new - and I can't decide if they had been made by my one grouse I had missed. After another cast to the little run and the train road with no luck, I turned back and started to cut thru the lower end of the rocks. I was in the midst of a step on a slippery rock - having been clinging with prehensile toe grip all day on the moss and leaves covering the rocks - when a bird - my bird - flushed about me. I turned on my pedestal and managed to send my ounce of number seven into thin air, and the bird rounded the cliff and flew away. I followed

and guessed that he might well go back to the upper end of the rocks. And it was exactly there that he did make his last flush, from the left shoulder this time.



and this time, as I said aloud, by god, I really did hit you." The cloud of feathers and the wild tumble over the rock and out of sight were unmistakable.



Once again, I ran up and around the end of the rocks and the downy feathers that

floated down into my face were a pleasant assurance. The bird, however, was now hard to be seen. I decided to climb up on the rock for I felt the grouse might be lying on top. I laid my gun down and called Ruff into find "dead bird, fetch." Suddenly I saw him in a deep crevice between huge boulders and he had the bird, mouthing it. I gave him the command to fetch, but he just kept mouthing it. Finally after I whistled and repeated "fetch" again and again, he picked it up and made his first actual retrieval, a beautiful thing to see. The grouse was a big bronze cock - my first bronze this season. We returned to the station wagon, Ruff pointing a bird that flushed before we reached the way in! We returned to a gorgeous Thanksgiving dinner of grouse and mung bean soup. Ruff is good.

Nov 6-11

7 shots - 2 hits
Ruff found both and retrieved the 2nd.
Nov 5 1 prod.

RUFF RETRIEVES HIS FIRST GROUSE ON THANKSGIVING DAY 1947.

28 November - Friday. After a late breakfast of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, while waiting for the snow to let up, I got a late start and took Blue and Ruff to the Panther Creek country. I found no birds at all in my first cast along the edge of Mason Run, tho the birds were probably lying close in the snow. Rhododendron. I finally hunted higher and worked out to the end of the cover near a small clearing across from Jack Copemans. A large grouse flushed from Ruff - I couldn't see if he pointed - and went into a sapling, sitting and pipping before it took off. I realized the hopelessness of such shots but gathered myself and waited. In due time the bird flushed quartering to the left, and in due course I fired both barrels without touching him. I

think now, that the mistake I made under such circumstances is in holding my gun to my shoulder instead of the usual ready position with stock below elbow. The latter is



more inclined to give a good swing. I made two circles trying to miss it but didn't succeed. At length, I hunted up the creek, coming out in some nice grain cover in Lloyd Beazley's. In a strip of cover along the run and quite separate a big grouse flushed ahead of the dogs, and I didn't move him afterwards. It was clouding up and getting dark so I dropped over the top of the knoll towards the stream, making number three bird. He went down over into the rhododendron and was lost to all purposes. A sawmill was to be heard working down the hollow where I'd hunted last year and so I was limited to the first cover I'd been in earlier. In one last circle before leaving, I went out the hill side and a big grouse flushed about mid, rising and quartering to my left. I shot, too quickly probably, but he fell, but missed. Since Ruff was not close and Blue was on hand, I gave the dog the full of returning

without any interference from his son. It was an enormous bird, the
four measured $14\frac{7}{16}$, one of my largest. We stopped hunting and returned
to the car. I want to mention that I at first thought
 I had killed the same bird I had missed earlier as
it flushed from the rafting, for it, too, was
a big bird. But I examined the snow and found old tracks, probably
from the day before leading into the dense poplars, and a spot where
the snow had been melted from the bird's body - with considerable
droppings that looked at least a day or so old. So I'm led to
believe my bird had been lying close since the note before a longer.
My tracks indicated that I had hunted thirty or forty yards above
him on one of my circles, and the dogs evidently found no
scent as he lay tight. On my way home the snow drove in piles
and it was all I could do to get up Chapin Hill.
3 shots - one hit (Blue found & retrieved)
ward 4-4

29 November - Saturday. The last day of goose season, and we awoke to
a strike. Dark and snowy. We ate breakfast, then gave up going
for a while - and Ray began work on the manuscript. However, we
decided it was going to behave when the snow finally abated, and
we all four - Ray, Blue, Puff, and I piled into the shooting brake
and drove back to Upper Beaver, getting stuck on the Ruizer Hill and
putting on chains. We left the car at the upper bridge of Beaver
and hunted down on George Guthrie's side where I had never hunted
before. This time we didn't find a thing. I shot a small corner

of cover toward Ezra Kelly where the dogs found no scent, I saw tracks of two. I circled and after a while one of the birds went out wild. I made the foolish mistake of trying a too-long shot as he leveled off out ahead - and missed. The second bird flushed within hearing and I judged their flight and followed. In the big woods - hemlocks - along Beaver we circled and came back, Ray the heard one. Soon after, one of them flushed from a hemlock over my head and I made a quick swing and put most of the pattern into a small tree. We failed to make these birds again, and ate our lunch on the far side of the stream. After lunch we hunted upstream above the lower bridge, and while Ray warmed himself by a fire on the log boat, I hunted up the steep hill to thought where we moved a grouse from a log and vines. It went up the ridge. The afternoon was drawing on - our late start being time, so I didn't wait to call Ray, but



gives us much
went up into the

rhododendron to find the grouse. After no luck

I circled around the brow of the knob and Rufus pointed a bit to my right - solid. I knew the bird was within a few feet of me, and I maneuvered back and around toward Rufus for better footing. He held beautifully. Finally when nothing happened, he moved in a few steps and the grouse flushed - down and rising - straight ahead. +

I folded him, ~~hit~~ hit hard and he fell close. Rufus was there immediately, and I that he was going to retrieve this one, but that I coaxed him, he



find and retrieve. Ray, who had been
whistling frantically during this action
and the point itself was still trying to
locate me down in the valley.
didn't want to raise too much noise
so near John Dellip, tho he had given
me permission to hunt last year, so I



dropped down over and tried to answer Ray. However she got partway up the
hill & I got down before we got together and I could tell her my good
fortune. We hunted along the upper road to where I'd missed the shot
over Buff's and Blue's point before but I decided not to take any more
shots. It had ended too perfectly, as we gathered gobs for "Drummer"
and circled the hillside - with no birds - then came back to
the station wagon and home - stopping by John Perka's store where we
got news of Ray and Madeline, and information about his fishing club.
The last week of the season ended a wonderful spell of shooting - with
meat in the pound from Tuesday on. I hunted five days and got
seven grouse. Young Buff had a glorious introduction to a life of
gunning for ruffed grouse, with an amazing demonstration of real
grouse sense. Old Blue who is definitely slowing up - due to age but
more definitely to his blindness - is going to have a worthy successor in
his boy Buff. Meanwhile, Blue will be around 7 days before the gun
for as long as he can walk.

47-39

never lets me down when there's a bird to be retrieved. I hope by next
season to have Ruff over his strange aversion to retrieving water birds.
made only 3 (1 new one) 6 flashes 3 shots - one hit (Ruff found
Blue found & retrieved)
Ruff: 1 prod, killed

I made 22 hits out of 54 shots during the season. That makes one out of
2.454 shots or not quite 41% shooting. I believe this is much the best
overall shooting I've ever done on grouse. The swing past to a sustained
lead is the best method, with some cases of pulling the moment the lead is
gained on close shots.

During his first year on grouse Ruff began pointing on Nov. 12th, the day
he was seven months old and pointed the rest of the season with a few flashes.
He pointed the last grouse I killed. Altogether Ruff made 12 good solid
points, 9 with birds (the others had been there) and I killed 2 of the birds
over his points. ^{He hunted 21 days} He found 17 of the birds shot and retrieved one of them, his
first, on Thanksgiving Day.

Blue found and retrieved 15 of the birds shot. In most cases either
would have found had he been present or given time.

Blue had 18 of the birds shot over him, Ruff had 20.

I moved 111 distinct grouse, but I still felt the birds were
much more scarce than last year. I covered a large number of
my coverts - repeated on only two? and should have raised nearly
twice as many.

"Drummer" is still alive and seems to be getting along all
right. The wing tip looks pretty hopeless but he is apparently eating.

A little over four weeks after I got "Drummer" the cats got to him thru
the wire and killed him. He had been doing fine. The wing tip had apparently
fallen off, but he was in good condition. I wish I could get him over

1947

20 counts

Bird Count
5.55

marked 111 quail

22 days in all

Season 11/1-11/29

21 Days / 19 Coverts 1947

mixed 106 - 154 flashes.

22 hits / 54 shots = 40.74%

SHAFFER N1. 5.9.1 / N4-0

LOG HOUSE N3. 1.2.1

MASON RUN N2. 3.5.1 / N17. ①. 2.0 / ~~N25~~

L. SANDY S N5. 3.3.2

ROARING N7. 5.5.1

CUPP N8. 6.8.1 / N21 - 2.4.0

LAUREL N10. 12.20.1

MEYERS ROCKS N11. 6.6.1

BRYTE N12. 5.5.0

FALKENSTONE N13. 3.5.1

(cut within last few years on top)

CLINT RECKERT N14. 8.10.1
(cut back)

WILKINSON N17. 6.6.2 / N25 - 10.10.2
(cut along Sandy)

~~MASON RUN N17. 1.2.0~~

UPPER BEAVER N18. 6.12.0 / N29. 3①-6-1

LOWER DORITY N19. 1.1.1

HOY MILLER N20. 1.1.1 / N26. ⑧. 8.1

RAY GUTHRIE N21. 3.5.0

FORKS OF SANDY N22 6.6.0

SUMMERS N27. 6.11.2

(new cutting)

POWER LINE N28. 4.4.1