

Sat. 16 October. Opening day. Puff's second season. Blue's tenth.

Kay, Blue, Puff and I went to the Roaring Creek country. It was clear blue Indian Summer, hot and with too many gorgeous leaves. We left the shooting brake at Summers' and hunted to the bridge and down Roaring and around to the old mine without even a snell. We ate lunch at the edge of the stream, watching a gray squirrel on the bank above us do everything but commit suicide by extroversion. He finally sat upon a stump before leaving. We hadn't gone more than fifty yards from where we ate before three birds flushed wild from the open cover under the hemlocks, one - two - three. The dogs worked in and Blue froze. Then Puff came up and both were holding till I moved them on. I saw one of the birds move into a tree well ahead and Kay flushed the other two. We crossed the stream and put one out of a tall tree and later moved him higher up on the perpendicular face above the mine. All of this with no slight chance to shoot. We finally got up and hunted down to the intersection of the two tram roads where I left Blue with Kay and took Puff on down the valley. He had lost heart and didn't so well at all, tho he flushed a mouse below me as nearly as I could tell. I had no shot



We returned by the upper tramroad to Jones, keeping Ruff  
in leash most of the way. It was terrifically hot and I  
suppose Ruff just isn't conditioned to long hunts yet tho  
I felt he had the stamina but not the will. After drinking  
Jones Spring half dry we started back to the car,  
meeting June on his way home and so sat down to talk.  
He told us about seeing young birds below Summers  
this year and on our way there that cover we moved one  
bird twice. We came on home after I covered the margin  
along the road while Ray got the car. On the way we lost  
Blue who, from the volume he disgorged the next day, must  
have found something to eat somewhere.

no shots  
moved 5-9 flocks  
one point by both dogs  
after the birds had gone

Tuesday 19 October, Missed yesterday because of Father's illness. I drove  
up alone today in time to see the snow still clinging to some of the colored  
leaves as Ray had described it yesterday. It was gorgeous. I took Blue  
and Ruff to Lower Mafer. Moved one bird wild and two more that Ruff  
didn't pin - I don't know why. I ate lunch and drove on to the Sandy  
Creek country back of Ray Guthrie's leaving the car at Nestor's Corners. After  
I crossed what was left of the bridge I heard two grouse in the Guthrie  
woods with one very nice point by Ruff. The bird flushed without a shot.  
We soon moved a second that I later walked up. It wasn't a shot but as  
he showed out ahead I took a crack at him but missed. We didn't  
find either bird so returned to the car and then to the house.



stream. I didn't like the way the single footlog got round in the middle.



We worked our way up the hillside losing Blue a few times, and nearly stepping on a trunk that restrained

that impulse. At the upper margin of the woods which hasn't been cut off, Ruff made a nice stand and then moved up and froze again. This time he moved in a bit too close and bumped the bird which I didn't find again. I drove home and got the boys and the furnace fed and after cleaning my gun, drove to Uniontown. Old Blue was about all in today and after we got home just sat and peered at me with his eyes closed.

Today the weather was nice and cold and not too dry. We should have found more birds out feeding in the sunshine.

One shot - no hit 2 points by Ruff  
Moved 3 birds on lower Shaffer 7 flushes  
" 3 " on sandy bank of Ray Brothers

Thursday 21 October. I went up home from Uniontown and took Ruff to the Log House Hollow. We made a grouse partway up the left side. I saw it stake off and tried a quick shot before it disappeared in the thick tree tops but missed. After some bit of hunting for this bird I hunted to the head of the hollow and moved a bird on the way back, a big grouse that shot out behind me from a little ravine and took off up the hollow. I shot twice but again I missed. I moved this bird again at the top of the hollow without a chance to shoot and



I think he crossed the paved road. On my way around the hill I jumped a large deer. The next bird was over in Mason Run when I flushed it wild. We followed and Ruff pinned it with a beautiful point which he held firmly while I walked in and flushed the bird from the far side of a brush heap. I missed both barrels. Why, I don't know, unless I was not swinging to a careful lead. Instead, I seemed to be snapping away at the wrong place.

This last grouse moved into a neck of woods across the stream where



flushed again and again I tried both barrels and missed. This flush  
wasnt a good chance and I should not have attempted it. I wasnt able to  
locate the bird after this so I hunted down Mason Run to  
the Bowermaster Bridge and back to the station wagon with  
no birds. The cover has been slashed beyond recognition and there isnt  
enough left for grouse to feed in.



7 shots - no hits  
made 3 birds - 7  
1 perfect point by Ruff.

Saturday 23 October. Kay and I went up home together for the first time  
since Father's illness. I left Blue at home again to be with Kay and took  
Ruff to the Meyers Rocks. We didnt make any birds until I had made a  
complete circle of the Rocks country and had nearly covered the swamp.  
At the upper end a grouse flushed from in front of Ruff and  
crossed from right to left. I shot before I was much more than  
aware of what was happening and hit it with my right. It managed  
to stay in the air and I thought it was going on, so I tried another  
shot but it was falling and I missed. Ruff ran in and caught the  
bird as it fluttered on the ground but he wouldnt retrieve it. No  
amount of coercion would turn the trick so I  
did all I could do. Forget it. That is one of the  
few birds I've ever hit with my right barrel  
and missed with my left. It had no tail



feathers when Ruff got them catching it but it was a bird. My first  
one of the season - a yearling and a happy one of course in the family.  
Soon after Ruff made a gorgeous joint that must have been reeking  
with scent. He held it like a rock while I walked in but there was  
nobody home. Later we moved two more at least and then no more till  
after I ate lunch at the big hemlock with the best in it. I decided to



just the Rocks and they try before leaving that section. At the far end of the Rhododendron a bird flushed downhill and later Peck moved another one out of the cover that sailed below me and landed in a sapling.



I watched it for some time and finally moved in and flushed it and like so many other birds in similar circumstances it went untouched as I shot the air about it.

We hunted down into the valley and moved both birds again - and I believe a sixth, but with no shots.



Finally I gave up these birds rather than hunt back over the same country I'd covered and returned to the car and drove to Sandy behind the Frauers Place. I noticed there were cars, five hunters, and a pointer and scrub setter at the house so I take it that country was being well canvassed. I hunted up the left side of Sandy to the thicket where I'd missed a bird with Mike's 410 last year but he hadn't stayed around. I crossed Sandy on a half-submerged log and began to hunt downstream. In a deep ravine below the little shock a big grouse flushed just as I was scrambling up a steep clay bank. I pushed the safety up and swung around in time to take one at him just as a branch knocked my hat over my eyes. I got it off and saw I had missed although I was sure I'd get him. Again, I hadn't swung with the bird but had snapped at the spot marked X and it won't work.



It was hopeless to follow him into that cover so I hunted on downstream and in a similar ravine, close to the creek, I flushed another grouse that went back the same direction as the first. I was even sure on this one for I shot it dead after I



shot, but it must have dipped over the hill for we simply couldn't find it. That made 5 shots - 1 hit



10 flushes

moved 6 in the Meyer's Rocks cover  
" 2 in the sandy cover back of Trades place

Ruff found the bird and caught it but would not retrieve. Ruff made two points in particular, one with bird and other rather certain points where there must have been scent.

Monday 25 October. Kay and I came home to stay for the first time since Father's illness. I left Blue with Kay, and Ruff and I drove to the Boverman Bridge and walked thru what is left of the Wilkinson place. Except for an occasional clump of cover they somehow overlooked there just isn't anything there. Beyond the power line I came to my old favorite laurel cover along the creek completely opened up. In spite of this, a grouse flushed from above me and in an open left to right shot came along the slope, not fifteen yards away.

I swung to a short lead and fired, and saw him flop over as tho the charge had struck one wing. I wanted for him to fall, but he turned and drove straight up the slope. I snapped another shot at him but I managed to miss tho it was as open as I'll ever have it.



We combed the ridge for him and never found a feather. Finally we moved on to the next cover at the foot of the knob below Clifton. Tho I found droppings on a log in the laurel along Sandy we didn't find the bird. I drove to the Rhododendron cliff across from Elmer's. It was too late to see any more.



I decided to hunt to the upper end beyond any point I'd gone before. The piece ends in an old hillside field and just on the edge a nice grouse flushed back along the steep hill. Ruff froze on a point and I tho' he had the warm scent, but when I walked up, a second grouse took the hill, low and among crab trucket. I tossed one at him but it was too far behind. On top we mowed both birds wild without a shot.



I covered the country on the brow of the land and dropped over to the Wilkerson side of the ridge and hunted up the old log road on the slope. Some few yards above the power line from Brandonville to Clifton I turned and started back above the road. Ruff was ahead of me and I heard two grouse flush. The second one was coming back my way and I waited till I saw him set his wings and sail above the trees below me in preparation for a dive into the cover. He was in full flight but tilted slightly down and I swung past and held a lead for a split second and pulled.



He folded, tail over head, and landed ~~was~~ down, beating his wings for a full minute or more while I called Ruff in to fetch. After a moment Ruff saw him and soon had him in his mouth but he would not retrieve. I begin to wonder. The bird was a nice cock, if my standards are correct; probably year before last (1946) We quoted over our wings after I made Ruff carry it to the spot where I'd been standing and then cut back to the ~~mountain~~ <sup>mountain</sup> ridge over ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> I didn't want any further shots in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~vicinity~~ <sup>vicinity</sup> of course, but we mowed



another bird that I counted the first flushed. At the bridge  
we did our acrobatic stunts on the skinny logs that are all that  
remain of the bridge and, on the far side, we started to  
hunt back downstream. There, again, the lumber business  
has put hunting back another fifteen years. The rhododendron  
hollow that Ponesburg took me to is nothing but a sunny open  
brushheap. At the upper margin I crossed under the big power  
line and entered a narrow strip of woods that separates it from  
a field on the upper side. I'd gone a few steps when I heard  
the flush and turned to see a big grouse take off at the  
edge of the woods I'd entered and fly up the power line  
right-of-way. I decided to follow and stayed in the woods,  
just in case there were any more. We didn't go far before Ruff  
practically walked into me - again on the edge. This bird  
crossed and I think it may have gone on down into the hollow.  
We went on and Ruff finally flushed the first bird. Since  
I had no idea what direction it had gone and it was rather  
late, I turned back and hunted the brow of the hill downstream.  
On the edge of the field high above the house John Heath used  
to live in (it's burned down) I called Ruff in to help before crossing  
the open. My voice flushed a bird from a crab thicket on  
the edge and he must have cut back around the hill, for I  
didn't see him. Once across the open we hunted the east  
wooded knob above the bridge and missed another large grouse  
without a shot.

4 shots - 1 hit

missed 5

" 4

Ruff made one good point  
and found but did not  
shoot.


17 flushes

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



Tuesday 26 October Another hay of October day brightening to  
 sunshine after breakfast. We took four mapsheets of the  
 grouse from yesterday <sup>one</sup> with Kay & Puff, myself & Puff, and  
 two of Puff retrieving the bird — why he'll do it when they're  
 odd, I can't understand. One of these that Kay took should  
 be a honey. We went in the studio and worked for an hour or  
 so on the Friday Day redo and then after a lunch snack, Blue  
 and I meeked away from Puff who has a stiff wrist  
 and drove to the Power line country on the hard top. We  
 hunted down to the stream in the hemlock section. It's probably  
 quite barren like most Preston County streams, but I  
 can't help getting a thrill from merely looking at water  
 like that. Deep under the hemlocks that meet above it, fast  
 water falling into nice pools among rocks, lots of  
 rhododendron — it's all a trout should ask for. On the  
 far side I found the timber cut to the bone and being cut. The  
 same old story everywhere. It's worse than during the war. ?!

In the cover that is above the cutting we hit an old log road  
 and worked down to the stream. In a little thickety flat  
 I saw the grouse start off and moving to a lead above  
 it, dropping it solidly.  I marked the spot,  
 reloaded, and ran up. No bird. Old Blue  
 had taken over and tho I felt it was somewhere at  
 my feet, I let him have his way. There was plenty of time to  
 call him in for the bird had dropped too hard to run. Blue  
 got a happy grin on his face <sup>and</sup> with his tail wagging like



an outboard motor, proceeded to bore further and further away from the spot marked X. I was beginning to get a little impatient and had decided to call him in from his wild goose chase when I saw him coming back - way out there in the woods, proud as a peacock, with the bird in his mouth.



THE OLD BOY BRINGS IT IN.

I'll never know how he does it. The old boy still has what it takes when it takes it. We had quite a celebration. It was the first of the season for Old Blue and he practically tried to swallow it. From then on, he could do no wrong. That was the only bird we moved tho we completely canvassed the entire basin around Lloyd Beechley's place, thru cover that is ideal for quail - swamp and cornfields and marginal woods. There still weren't any. On the way to the car thru the original cover I wasn't certain I didn't hear two flush wild. It was a very large hen with 13 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" fan. !! 1 shot - 1 hit Perfect retrieve by Blue mailed 3-3 Blue had 5 moments and unrated 77 times not counting the time he started and then decided it wasn't worth the trouble. What a dog!

Wednesday 27 October. Ray drove to Luontown to check up on Father and dropped Blue and Ruff and myself at the state line on the Flat Rocks road. It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny overhead with Indian Summer haze in the hollows. It was cold at first but warmed up so that I had to hunt bare under my hooding jacket. We started on the east side of the road in the red brush cover, dropping over to the little stream and following it up to the woods along the Marllesburg road. We moved a bird wild and then crossed the road and hunted the cover on the south side, moving two grouse. George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center flushed a quail that was much better than the one I had.



double-barreled try as he cut up thru some trees and missed. I followed  
and he went out wild from a brushy tree top that was  
down. The next miss had to be exciting for we had  
followed out to a point of woods where the cover



+

thinned to low crab growth, huckleberries and oaks. The dogs didn't  
get any scent on these birds and I was the one who finally walked into  
him. He flushed a few feet from me keeping about three feet above  
the ground and almost straight away. I was as certain of him as I'll  
ever be and I missed him both barrels. I really believe he dropped  
below my shots as he was skimming over the brow of the woods floor.  
Anyway, I missed. We crossed the road again trying



to shoot him but never did. We returned to the  
upper side and ate lunch in a cornfield, leaning against a cornstock in  
the lazy Indian summer sunshine. It was pretty well. After lunch  
we hunted back thru the top of the woods sloping toward the state line  
some bit later I saw a grouse flutter to a landing, having flushed  
ahead of the dogs. I waited and sent both Blue & Ruff in, hoping to  
get a point but they weren't persking. I suppose it was the dry weather.  
They walked into the grouse and I tried a shot as it flushed but



didn't connect. I missed him one more and later moved  
number 6 wild. I crossed to the Penna side  
and put out a grouse that could easily have been  
number 7. There were no signs of deer birds

till I hunted back to the starting point and crossed to the triangular  
piece of woods. I had hunted most quit and was cutting across for the last  
time when a grouse flushed a little ahead of me and straight away.

I dropped him with my right barrel and called Ruff in  
and altho he picked the bird up he dropped it and wouldn't  
make any move to retrieve. At last I shot Blue Ruff in and bring it to me  
and I made over him to give Ruff the skin. It was a quail and had





the interrupted tail band of a hen! We sat in the pleasant sunny woods on a stump trying to decide where to hunt if any before Ray came for us. At last we got ambitious and hunted out the Mason-Dixon line, west. At first it looked like no go, but the border of woodland went bad. After a half mile or more we turned and started back and I saw a big grouse flash from the very edge of the right of way and go up the hill. Both Blue and Puff got the scent after the bird had gone and stood in a double point that was a picture in the falling dusk, even if it was only a work-up.

ON THE  
MASON-DIXON LINE



I sent them on and we worked up to the far edge of the cover and out onto a point of woods where I fully expected the grouse to be; but we got no rise. Rather than give it up and leave, I turned and walked into redbrush up to my armpits and in about two steps I had him up. I only got a peep at him and shouldn't have tried to shoot, but I did, and missed both barrels. I count him number 9. On the way back to the road, Puff made a very nice point but it was unproductive. Ray came at 6:30 and found us on a rock beside the road: one blue belton, one orange belton, one tired man, and one grouse. A very good day and loads of fun exploring new country. My shooting was back to ragged.

8 shots - 1 hit  
Mood 9 - 14

Puff found but didn't retrieve.

Blue retrieved.

No productive points that I could see.

Friday 29 October <sup>17</sup> After an idle day to rest the dogs we all went to The Coppers Rocks State Forest: Kay, Blue, Puff and I. We checked in about 12 noon and then drove to the archery range where we started in on the east side of the road -- the west side of the road -- the west side of the road --



a bit of the old Ryan farm but decided the birds were down along the streams and since the cover was too open to be promising we dropped down to one of the headwaters of Little Laurel. We hadn't gone far before a bird moved out of the rhododendron wild and went back up the hill. The dogs were working it wonderfully so we proceeded along the little run. Not far beyond, a grouse flushed and crossed close in front, angling to my left. I shot and dropped it, tho it tried to escape. Puff came in and soon had the bird. I must too hopeful but I went with my net and to my unbounded delight he picked it up and retrieved it beautifully. Fortunately, Kay was there and saw it all: the flush, the shot, the fall, and above all - Puff's retrieval. We really gave him the old back slapping and he looked tickled pink with himself.



The grouse was a yearling with the interrupted band - a good one for other birds in that cover. We finally moved on down the hollow with Puff taking the country apart. At the intersection of another hollow, we turned up the tributary and hunted upstream. At the water's edge, I saw Puff begin to show signs of scent and while I whistled him on to get his head up, a grouse flushed along the water and, crossing, went straight up the steep left side of the hollow. We followed and only a few yards up the hillside, Puff pointed nicely. I called to get Kay's attention and a grouse went out - following the same line as the first. I count this number 4, because it was too soon for the other to have landed. A little above this, another one flushed and tho it could have been a new one, I'm conceiving that it could have been number 3. What followed was



and then some of the nicest grapevine cover I've seen in years.  
Tho I didn't know it, Kay called that a grouse had sailed down  
past her. I went on, however, and covered some excellent looking  
rocks and a grapevine plateau but missed no birds. I worked  
back down to Kay, and ~~we~~ ate our lunch, halfway down the  
slope. This country is immense - bigger than any four or five  
days' hunting. It folds back on itself in hollows and convolutions  
that I didn't realize existed. It's a find, for it is 13,000 acres of  
unbroken wilderness and under the restricted management it  
should work well. After lunch we went back to the stream  
and tho we didn't meet the bird Kay had seen, we did hunt on up,  
and after a while heard another bird go out ahead of Puff. I  
can't tell if he pointed or not. He was working like a dream, laying  
a pattern all over the hillside above me and down into the hollow  
in front. The birds were not flying well - probably because of the  
dry noisy leaves, and they kept moving well out ahead. We  
kept to the left hollow at every fork and soon were working back  
in the right direction for the car - tho miles away and several hollows  
over. I can't recount each rise but I can say definitely that  
we had moved number 8 by the time we were well up the side  
of the shoulder we were climbing - following an old path up the  
ravine. Then I saw a grouse flush and go back along the  
ridge as tho it didn't intend to go far. I suggested that Kay wait  
while I hunted back. I moved him about where I expected, but  
he went to the top without giving me a shot. At the top, about high  
rocks and on the edge of a flat ~~it flushed wild again~~ - this time



in the right direction but too far out. I swung Puff that way and started out the bow of the rocks. We hadn't gone so far when he flushed and came back below me, fast and low. I swung to a sustained leap and shot and he fell among some boulders.



Puff ran in and found him immediately - then, when I ordered him to retrieve he

hesitated a moment, took hold of the bird, carried it a few steps, and after getting a new grip, retrieved like a champion - sitting to deliver it to hand. It's a grand feeling! We called

Kay up and everybody was happy. The bird is a huge cock, with three new tail feathers just starting in on the left side of the fan. That made the day. It had been as perfect in every way as the clear blue weather. We walked along the ridge to an old field, saw the fire tower over to our right and decided to stay up a top till we hit the road. It was about 1/4 mile via the road to the car, where Kay took our picture in the waning sunlight. The range tells me there have been about 68 prints missed so far with only 9 or 10 birds killed before my 2. It looks like a source of real shooting for us and within easy reach.

2 shots - 2 hits  
1 good productive point by Puff.  
Nov 9-12

2 perfect retrievers by Puff.  
We didn't let Blue retrieve for we felt Puff wouldn't understand after his nice performance

Saturday 30 October. Very dry, hot, sunny Indian Summer day. Puff was quite tired from yesterday so I made it a half day hunt to the Collins Knobs section. This time I approached from the opposite direction, driving in from the Hopewell church and leaving my car near the knob at a farm belonging to



<sup>Haleman</sup>  
Hallman - as nearly as I can tell the name. I hunted the entire stretch to the  
big power line before we saw anything. I had left Blue with Kay and Puff  
was working nicely as to range but was trying to get his scent from the  
ground - probably due to bad conditions. As a result he roared into  
several different birds today, among them the first we raised - a  
big grouse that flushed at the edge of the right of way and crossed  
the power line to the scrubby brush that has been cut off so close.  
We never found him. The second bird flushed wild in top the  
ridge above Bryles and the third grouse was a nice point by Puff -  
the only good production we made. He held it well but before  
could walk in close enough, the grouse moved out. We couldn't find it,  
and at last hunted back to the end of the ridge with Puff flushing  
there on the way back - very badly handled. The seventh was one I saw  
point of a tree in the last scrub cove and we moved him twice  
without a shot. No shots. One good point by Puff.  
Mond 7-7

17  
Monday, November. It began to rain yesterday while Wright and Dudley  
Culley were here and today dawned foggy and drizzly - a typical  
first of November. The drizzle let up about noon and we took both  
Blue and Puff to the State Forest for a half day hunt in the West  
Run headwaters. Leaving the car across from Bryan's place we  
raised two birds almost immediately, both put out by Puff. I scolded  
him and we went on, having flushed one of them back toward the  
highway. We didn't move the second one. At an old crossing down on the  
run a grouse flushed wild with no dog near and headed up the  
for side. Puff ran in and I called him off. We decided to follow this



and had both crossed the stream when Puff came back in and pointed into the rhododendron where the bird had been. I turned to tell Cay about the point and suddenly Puff ran in as a grouse flushed out - a second one. I waited to see what he was doing, then caught sight of him as he cleared the thicket. I shot, feeling certain he'd fall, but he turned and went directly down the run and I shot and missed again. I don't see how I did it.



We didn't mark him again so circled and flushed the first of the pair high up the ridge about where I had spotted him. He went out on his own. No one was near him. We followed to the Pisgah road but didn't find him. Crossing the run to the right side again, we stopped and ate lunch and listened to two grouse drumming. After lunch we went directly to the nearest drummer and the both dogs caught scent and almost hunted, Puff worked on in and flushed him, ignominiously. I got him a little spanking for it and I don't believe he bumped any more. How he didn't really nail any others. Hunting conditions would have been perfect; I don't know why he has been so ragged. Of course, this is the year to expect flushes from him. We followed and I think I missed the drummer in the second rise but in a few moments we heard two more go out, so it's hard to say they weren't all new.

They were in a large stretch of popes that make wonderful cover in here. In fact, this country looks about right. We count the last two #6 and #7 to be conservative. In the next hour we moved 2 more that could have been the last two flushed and we count them, sure. While Cay located Blue who was lost, I went to follow one of the grouse but he went out wild. It had to be a pair and at least



getting soaked so we cut back to the People road and the car - getting  
thoroughly wet on the way and flushing #8

2 shots - no hits  
ward 8  
15 flushes

one good point for Puff  
and another solid one that  
was just after a bird had  
flushed.

Tuesday 2 November. The weather was warm with clouds and  
foreboding storm. I took Puff alone to Charles Kelly's and leaving  
the shooting brake at the house - this was election day and we had  
voted and eaten a bit of lunch before I left - went to the upper  
tract above Beaver. We worked a grouse in a short period and got  
three flushes. Puff made a nice point on the second and on the third  
I got a shot. The land rose from a little branch of water and ~~crossed~~  
offered a crossing shot to the right after I had turned toward it.  
I dropped it with my first shot and called Puff in to retrieve.



He found the grouse and moved it some little  
but couldn't seem to understand what I wanted  
him to do. Finally he acted as tho he was  
going to walk away and leave it, but I

remained standing in the little stream and ordered him back to  
fetch. At last he took hold of the grouse and brought it to me -  
a beautiful picture, carrying this huge bronze, breast up with the  
large tail and its grayer colored band matching Puff's own  
markings. I kept retreating so that he had to carry it down  
over the steep bank, thru the water and up the near side where he  
sat to deliver to hand in perfect form. It was well. The grouse

was a hen if not quite red center tail band  
means a hen. The fan measured 14 1/4"

We left that cover and went up Beaver  
where we crossed into a hollow above  
Mrs. Bingers cabin. We worked nothing



AN ORANGE ROAN  
BELTON DELIVERS A  
BRONZE.



on the right side and crossed over to a surprisingly large basin on the other side with too large timber but lots of rhododendron. On the way back downstream we passed ferns that didn't turn up again. On the edge of an old field in the Beaver valley I stood and watched three white-tails go up the far ridge into Charles' big woods about the cut over section. I decided to hunt down to Beaver along the edge of the thicket below me and stepped into the woods and nearly walked into another grouse, #6. It ran along like a rabbit and never did clear the trees but cut out low to the ground. I tried but didn't make it again so went to Beaver and crossed over and went up the ridge I had seen the deer climb. On top near a little open space a grouse flushed in front of Puff also evidently hadn't got the meat. We hunted along the far side of the ridge, about the tributary of Beaver and followed it all the way up the hollow. I expected to come out below Howdershells but nothing happened for a long time except more woods. It was getting late and I decided it was time to get out of the cover but there was still nothing but woods. Finally I saw an open edge and stepped out to find myself behind the house upholds hid in now - where John Deed used to live. That meant fast walking to get to Hellys before dark so I cut back into the thicket to follow a straighter line. Just inside grouse #8 who roared off against the sky line. On the way back across country I jumped two deer, both of whom would have offered a chance to shoot but they certainly moved out - fast across an open field. I hadn't been exactly lost but I shot - 1 hit One point by Puff One perfect retriever: I certainly had to change my mind about where I was. more 8 10 flushes.



Thursday of November. We skipped yesterday to go to Quantou to see the  
folks. Father is considerably better and we all enjoyed a good dinner.  
We drove over to Springers to see Wrigst and Andy and Chap and Dean and  
found Andy had got the only bird so far tho the dogs were doing all right.

We slept late today and I took a half-day hunt back on Miller's ridge  
across Sandy with Puff, leaving Blue with Kay. He is too difficult  
to keep in touch with when I don't have Kay with me to take over. We  
had no signs of birds till we got around the top of the ridge below  
the old farm. There, along an old stone fence that looked like  
everything that is New England, I flushed a grouse from under a  
small hemlock. I was just inside the thicket and the bird cut across  
the stone fence and out over the grouse up field keeping low to the  
ground. I fired <sup>through some cover</sup> and missed and then pulled myself together  
and found the spot ahead of him and fired again and he went down.




Puff ran in and had him almost  
a moment after he fell near a  
small crabapple tree. He pecked  
him up and came back, head high and actually trotting. It was the  
fastest most spirited retrieve I've ever seen made! A large yearling.



We searched there more just around the ridge and all  
off them near the upper edge. I hunted up lower  
under a pine but saw no game so we returned  
around the shoulder and dropped over to the far side  
of Sandy and hunted back to the car at the bridge below Recroads. We  
sawed nothing on the near side tho I don't doubt there are grouse  
there. It will be a good place to look into later.



17

Friday 5 November. Intensely hot and dry. Saw a deer come down  
 the hill field on the other side of Wagonwheel Run before breakfast -  
 about 10 AM. on time - and later tracked it across the road into the  
 woods. After doing a few things back around the far end of the  
 place where Calhoun is cutting Beechwoods' timber, I ate a bite of lunch  
 and took off for half a day on Lower Laurel Run, with Buff.  
 We left the car at Gibson's house and went down the left side to  
 the sawmill set where we crossed an old stone base for a tramroad  
 over Laurel. The water was clear and about 6 inches deep. On the far  
 side in the heavy hemlock cover we made one grouse once and after  
 hunting for not over 15 or 20 minutes we came back to the stream.  
 I was surprised to find it high and muddy with thousands of  
 fallen leaves floating down so that they had been washed from  
 the banks and backwaters. The old tramroad base was almost  
 invisible and the water came up fully 6 inches higher than when I'd  
 crossed a few minutes ago. I guess they had let some water <sup>out</sup> of  
 the Lake of the Woods. # I decided to climb the steep hillside to  
 the grapes above the sawmill set tho it was a real drag on a  
 sunny hot day like this. Buff was tired and had most of the  
 day. While I was hanging on the side and getting my breath I  
 saw a grouse rise up into the sky above me and set his wings to  
 sail down on the hill. I tried to reach him with my left and missed  
 and then sent my right  +  
 after him in vain order  
 and missed again. His wings were



not like a turkeys and tho he may have flushed a snake on the second shot I don't think he was hit for he made a beautiful glide down, down to the stream - melting to a tiny spot as he seemed to skinned up in distance - then he spread his tail and, still without moving his wings, sailed up the far ridge to a dead snag partway up. There he fluttered his wings and settled at the base. It was too far, too hot, and the stream too deep for me to go back and follow so I hunted on around the ridge to a little hollow where I found good cover, a few beautiful big hemlocks and no birds. I pushed myself up the steep ridge on the far side and hunted along the brow of the ridge above Laurel. Finally I moved up to the flat in top and almost immediately stepped into a bird that I missed neatly - both barrels. The second shot should hardly have been tried. In a

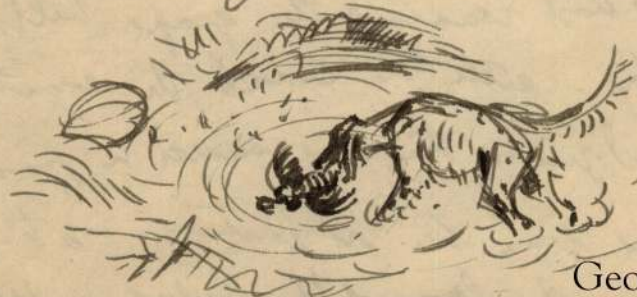
moment a second bird flushed out ahead and Puff went after him. I called him in and corrected him but I made it vocal since I could see how he might have that it a crippled bird after my shots. He just didn't know my shooting today! We didn't find either pass again tho I



hunted hard. I came across some feathers - back and tail - where something had killed a grouse - perhaps a quinner. We got up and dropped down the steep ridge into the valley that leads back from Laurel parallel to Hazel. It's a small run but well grouse cover. I sat down to rest while Puff lay in the cold water of the stream so tho he really intended to stay. I was hunting in a shirt with a game bag and I was saturated. After our rest I spoke to Puff and a grouse flushed about fifty yards away and went up the far ridge.



We decided to follow and went to the top but didn't have time. I recognized the point of land I had considered at the end of Laurel above Big Rudy. I find it is one of a twin formation - part of the ridge between Laurel and Hazel and I won't have as far as had that. However, the old field I wanted to hunt along was behind me, so I turned and hunted back the ridge. About where I expected to find birds, one flushed and I took it on myself to try a shot - tho it was out of season. The grouse dove down the hill. I went out a little further and then dropped down to follow the land and Buff pointed partway down. I stepped in and he held like a dream. The bird exploded to the left as I stepped over a log and I had to reach over to poke over at him. I did and he went on down the hill - probably across to the far side. At the bottom I looked for either bird to flush but nothing happened. We hunted along the base of the far ridge and still didn't see them so I started around toward Laurel. There was an old tramroad and the grouse had been lying tight. It blew up at my left foot and went away from me, very fast. I shot too soon and missed but my left barrel dropped it and I saw Buff go in after it and down over the steep hillside out of sight. When I got a look at him again, there he stood in a pool of the stream - "drinking" the grouse. He'd let go quit and watch it and it would flutter and then he'd drink it again. as tho he felt with my shooting he had to know the bird to get it.



BUFF  
COOLS IT OFF



It took a good lot of coaxing to get him to retreat it. Ray suggested later that we probably had difficulty getting a grip on it - like bobbing for apples - and I think that was the trouble. Each time he'd try to pick it up it would go under water. Finally he took it by the neck and then started over and at last got a good grip and brought it to me, sitting to deliver a very wet but welcome mouse. It was a big bird and a ~~hen~~. I don't know which of the last two birds this one was but I believe it was one of them. I hunted up the hollow away from Laurel and jumped a deer and made another mouse, # 8. In the first little hollow I spoke of with the humlocks, we made another # 9. It was late when I got back to the car. I had climbed some powerful ridges and it hadn't been exactly cool. My shooting had been something to forget, if possible - but it ended on a perfect note! At the house the Gibson boy said he had flushed 6 or 8 mouse on the ridge along the hard top road on Wisnuck's farm.

8 spots - 1 hit	One perfect point by Puff
made 9	One perfect amphibious
10 flushes	retire by same.

Monday 17  
8 November. A nice sunny day and we went back to our last Monday's hunting ground - Scott Run below the Pizgah road in the State Forest. We missed one of the first birds from last week almost the moment we stepped into the woods. We didn't see him again. We didn't see any other birds till we had reached the grape hillside beyond where the drummer had been before - altho we covered the country just as we'd done last Monday. I guess they are easier to find in the rain. We hadn't located any grouse down low or partway up the slope so we worked higher. Up under the ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> of the ridge a bird flushed



up and over the rocky ledge. I tried a shot but  
 didn't get him. On top the dogs didn't cover the  
 ground too well and the bird flushed wild but didn't  
 go too far. I think he flushed wild again. We went out  
 on a point of the ridge - very rocky and with a well view looking down  
 toward the Cheat Valley. After a rest which we all needed because  
 it was terribly hot and dry we hunted down into the first hollow  
 and finally missed two grouse down near the forks of the run.  
 The second one was a hundred yards or more beyond the first and  
 flushed off a bank to my right, crossing the log road I was  
 on. I fired quickly and missed and he straightened and  
 went straight away and I fired again - then some branches  
 He went on and Kay marked him generally going up to a low  
 ridge beyond a mudst pile. We  
 worked the ridge, looking for both  
 birds but didn't see them. Kay and  
 I got separated and I had a chance to  
 see them again in making my circle but they weren't there.



When Kay and I got separated again we stopped to eat our lunch.  
 Afterwards we decided to cut down to the blue fork of the run and  
 went out along the ridge about fifty yards or less from where  
 we'd eaten. There, under a log, both dogs found him -  
 dead. My second shot had found the mark. Puff was lying  
 on his belly and reaching under some branches to get hold of the  
 bird and he retrieved him to me beautifully. Later we let Blue  
 find and retrieve him, too -



since both dogs were on the spot and meeting the power, I can't say  
 which gets credit for the find the Puff was the one nearest. However,  
 I believe either one would have found him. He was a nice cock, about  
 a three year old, I'd say and he really redeemed the day for me -  
 because I'd got fairly despondent over that miss. We dropped into  
 the hollow of the far fork of North and found it too closely cut -  
 it will take several years to be good cover - so we climbed  
 the ridge behind us and on the way came across a perfect  
skull of a 6-point buck with the rest of the skeleton. We were  
 going to stick it on a sapling than decided to take it home so  
 Kay carried it the rest of the time. On top we found some  
 nice grapevine cover and Puff froze into a solid point. He had a  
 bird that flushed now and crossed to my right. I shot twice -  
 the first shot rather made him hesitate but he went on for a  
 short flight. The sapling was the size that cut the  
 view of the bird and if it  
 hadn't been on a point of



Puff's I doubt if I'd have shot. Puff flushed him next and I think  
 he may have been spooked for he had landed too soon. Down on  
 the ridge Puff pointed again and held while I walked in and  
 flushed the bird from a tangle of peculiarities so thick he could hardly get  
 out. I couldn't shoot. We missed him twice again and I still think  
 he had some shot in him. I hope he recovered. It was late so we  
 took the ridge back to the car up on the road near Ryan's place. On  
 the way I left Kay and took Puff alone to try to near the first  
 bird of the day again. Puff pointed him out and we followed and



moved him twice - the last time on the far side of the Pigeon road  
 over a point of Puffs but without any shooting.  
 5 shots - 1 hit  
 Moved 5 (1 new)  
 14 flecks.

Perfect retrieval by both  
 Puff and Blue.  
 4 points by Puff

Thursday 11 November. Two days of rain made a big hole in this  
 week but we used them to redo "Every Day is Monday". They stayed  
 home today to type it finally and I took Puff alone to the poles of  
 Big and Little Sandy. It was a beautiful clear sunny day after a  
 heavy frost and there should have been a thousand grouse out feeding.  
 I left the car at the usual place on Hog Killers and hunted the top  
 woods without a flicker. So I cut over other points of the creek and  
 a grouse flushed from the edge above Big Sandy. We couldn't get  
 a second rise so we hunted upstream on the ridge above Little Sandy.  
 Instead of the usual birds near the old springhouse we didn't move  
 until well along the hillside - and parting down. He flushed  
 wild and out of reach. After eating lunch in an old fence corner up  
 high, I moved on up the ridge and then down to the creek below  
 Muller's house. There had been a couple of squirrel nets and trap roads  
 and it looked promising. Puff pointed up the road above me and a  
 grouse flushed against the sun. I didn't get to shoot. The usual bird  
 moved was well upstream and parting up the ridge. I'm certain it  
 was a point by Puff for I had missed him for longer than usual  
 and I ~~whistled~~ whistled and the bird flushed below me. Then I heard  
 him run in. We moved this bird wild once again and got him up.

Number 5 was also a point by Puff - a beauty on the edge of a



woods not far from where I got "Drummer". Ruff held beautifully but the grouse didn't, flushing way out as I walked up. We followed and moved him and another. Following the last track in the opposite direction we moved two more - one of them a point by Ruff, I could tell. He was really in the gear today on points. Finally I ended up in the redbrush on the knob above Miller's near the hardtop road. After one trip that yielded nothing, I returned lower down and a grouse flushed and rose, crossing to my left. I was wearing the sponge rubber pad on the sleeve of my shooting jacket to save my arm after the drumming on ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> and wondering that left it sore and I didn't get my money into action too fast. Instead of continuing as I'd hoped, the bird turned and flew away from me and I had to shoot straight at him. I missed. We moved him once again, but I only saw the leaves blow back as he took off.

1 shot - no hit  
 Moved 8  
 12 flushes  
 4 points by Ruff



+

Friday 12 November. Weather overcast and hot and dry. King, Blue, Ruff and I went to the State Forest, making up little Laurel from the hardtop road. We were disappointed in the number of grouse around the big hummocks and for the next mile or so. One big grouse flushed from the edge of the tramroad in a slow lazy flight while I was fussing about ~~stalking~~ <sup>stalking</sup> of my sweatshirt. He practically crawled out of the Laurel bush but I didn't get my gun out. <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup>  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center



him again. The second bird moved out ahead of the dogs up a little ravine further on and he didn't crawl. We moved him once again and for the last. There were no more flushes till we had got up to the last fork of Laurel in the hollow below the firetower. This one moved out of a tree and crossed directly into a steep hillside to the right. I followed, leaving Ray at the bottom and finally crested the hill top and started back with no sign of the bird. Puff, who was in front of me, suddenly crowded into a flash point and the grouse went out almost immediately. I shot and he dropped and, as Puff ran in to retrieve, fluttered off the ground a but Puff caught him and after I made Blue lie down, brought him in to me in a perfect retrieve.



We went back to Ray at the foot of the hill and everybody rejoiced properly. Instead of hunting up the hollow we climbed a ravine on the left side and followed a nice growth of poplars. Three grouse flushed wild ahead of me one at a time and in following two of them a fourth flushed. Later we moved one of them and I missed him twice ignominiously.



We couldn't move any others so we started back down the tramroad. It was five o'clock and we were more miles than we realized from the case. Down toward the point of the second fork a grouse exploded to my right and climbed up the hill. I shot two shots where one was in order and of course missed. If I could only restrain myself and hold with the bird for a second longer -- but I prefer to do it this way and then get extreme melancholia for the rest of my life. *Raymond* I missed.







Puff pointed him on the steep hillside almost at the point of the ridge but he rolled up over the contour of the hill without a chance of a shot. Below the fork of the valleys along the old tramroad we were following, both Puff and Blue froze on a double point and there we found them.

Blue was turned a little to the left and Puff was out ahead - wanted to the right. The grouse flushed in front of Puff and went straight down the tram. Later Puff



FATHER AND SON

running off the tramroad went into the woods to the left. He stopped and I know he had the bird, for I waited and there was no sound. It was getting dark and we were hard pressed to

get about of the woods in time to see so I couldn't follow. I hustled him on and we heard the grouse flush and Puff came to us. It was his fourth solid point for the day. He is really a phenomenal grouse dog considering that he was only 19 months old today. We got to the car at 6:30 and just about solid dark. We covered about 8 miles at least.

5 shots - 1 hit (over R point) 4 points by Puff  
 1 " " by Blue  
 14 flushes  
 1 perfect retrieve by Puff

9-14

Monday 15 November. Saturday rained, so we went to Mountain. Today began cloudy and very windy after a perfect day yesterday but since this is the <sup>last</sup> week of the season we decided to go to the Forest anyway. We checked in and then drove to the Mud Springs tower and left the car on the approach entrance. We hadn't been in the woods five minutes till the first flush - back around the woods below the tower. Boy saw it a <sup>short</sup> distance away there'd been a flush. We didn't find it again. I hope the old field we stopped



down over the <sup>left</sup> side of the ridge and hunted the upper slope along the gorges. We moved two birds that seemed to hold up to the top edge of the slope but we couldn't <sup>flush</sup> them. I left Kay in a little hollow place on top and dropped over to meet two other grouse from some gorges - one of them was a good point by Puff. We got together with Kay and we all dropped down to the stream where Kay called into a bird that we tried to move but failed. Number 6. After a bit of lunch - we ate lightly because we hadn't started in the woods till after one o'clock - we creaked up to the very top of the first ridge and finally moved a bird that could have been any one of the first three flushed. He went over the rocky crest into the next valley and for all we know is going still. It looked fairly good on this side and as we wanted to hunt out to the end of this ridge we stayed here on the south slope. Kay saw a grouse flush and come

back and land somewhere up on a big rock. I didn't know it happened. The wind and the noisy dry leaves make it hard to spot them. Inventually the day cleared to a honey and the sun was out bright. We went back to where Kay saw the grouse settle and while I stood on the far side, she climbed up on the rock but the bird was too clever. I merely heard him go and saw his shadow on some saplings - We didn't go back after him but went on out the ridge to a point that seemed to be the end tho it didn't appear for a while. I

started down the side jumping a George Bird Evans Papers  
 a good long distance from the point of the ridge. West Virginia and Regional History Center



We decided to hunt back the north slope and keep partway down, into the good grapevine vines that run down its side. We did exactly the right thing as it worked out. A few yards down over I saw Ruff pointing into a clump of grapes and I walked below the vines to come in ahead of him. He held solidly and as I walked up a bird flushed cutting out and down the ridge. I shot and missed.



As I stood there with my right barrel empty a second bird flushed and settled on a little sapling a few yards above me. I made a movement and flushed him out and he turned to follow the first bird. I fired my left and dropped him.



I took my usual precaution of

reloading and it was well I did for as I stepped up to have the dogs retrieve there was a sound of a flush from where the bird had dropped and I saw him fly away several feet off the ground and perfectly sound of flight. ~~missed~~ I held directly on him and fired and he dropped. As I called the dogs and moved up Kay said, "There's your first bird on the ground!" and I saw it fluttering along - winged. ~~It was~~ I realized then that I had shot two grouse instead of one. I saw the first bird would get away if I wasn't careful so I called Blue who was closest and in a moment he had the scent and in another grabbed the bird.



most of its tail feathers but he caught it again and I called <sup>to</sup> Kay to take his retriever and went on to get Puff in to retrieve the second one. There was no sign of it on the ground tho we'd seen it fall solidly. Finally after Kay came up carrying Blue's grouse she saw some feathers on the ground and I put Puff in on the trail. Puff, however, had little enthusiasm for it all - thinking Blue had done all the retrieving but he worked out ahead as tho it were all over.

Finally, well down the slope, he swung into a point and in a moment I saw the grouse huddled against a log ahead of him. I ordered him in to retrieve and for a while he hesitated, feeling it was a tough job. At last, he moved in on my command to "fetch" and caught the crippled bird and would have retrieved at once if Blue hadn't tried to get in the act. Puff laid the bird down and growled at Blue and not until we got Blue away would he bring it in.

At last he did it nicely. After we got both grouse in and had a chance to think it over we could add it up and see just what it meant. Puff had pointed 3 birds. I missed one. I shot the second, a third flushed. I shot it. In fact I had two birds on the ground without knowing it and I regret having shot two out of one bunch of three.

Something I wouldn't have done knowingly. Anyway, the excitement was terrific. We started back along the ridge and found we were in excellent grape cover we hadn't located before - mostly below the saddle of that ridge.





In a little while Puff froze on a point ahead of us and I walked up and flushed two more birds. <sup>11/4/12</sup> In a short distance two more flushed wild (we felt these last could have been numbers 4 and 5 tho we may be too conservative). We moved two more of the last flocks - one of them on a very staunch point of Puff's (all of his are staunch) and I walked in and flushed it. I swung my gun on it and I feel it would have been a very possible kill. We topped the ridge and followed it up to the tower at a little after 6. It was a day!

We drove back to the lodge with the full lemon-yellow hunters' moon now left and a red November sunset on our right -

3 shots - 2 hits

Moved 12 - 8 new

18 flushes

4 points by Puff

1 retrieve by Blue

1 " " Puff

Tuesday 16 November. I hunted with Puff alone in the Upper Beaver country. There were no flushes in the area on either side of Beaver between the two roads tho I covered the entire knob on John Kelly's side below the far road I moved two birds wild that crossed to Ezra Kelly's place and I believe I moved them again in the little thicket below his lane. One flushed twice - the second time sailing back over me from above and offering a nice shot I couldn't take because of the saplings I was under among. Puff made a nice point on the other one and I walked up behind him and got a rising shot as it went out - cutting a number of feathers out of him but he went on. I couldn't see where he went but I estimated his flight and covered the entire possibility with no results. Saw a big buck go up the hill.





north side of Beaver and then hunted the south side above the upper road. We moved nothing until we were on top the ridge above the Cuyper road. A grouse flushed from Proff and came back below me. I swung with him as he circled - shooting thru the branches and saw him lose control and falter as his wing went bad - then he settled to the ground near a big oak tree. I reloaded and ran to the place but I couldn't see any sign of him. Proff came in and seemed to act as tho he'd flushed the bird and expected correcting. Nothing would induce him to search for the bird and I don't really think he ever understood what was happening. Anyway we never found him. I regret it doubly for it is the first one I've lost on Proff and it breaks his sequence of retrievs.



When I finally abandoned the search we stepped into two more birds that we couldn't move again.  
 2 shots - 1 hit (lost) 1 point by Proff  
 Wood 5 no retrievs  
 8 flushes

Wednesday 17 November I hunted alone with old Blue on Upper Valley. I moved a grouse within minutes after entering the woods and then didn't see or hear one till I had covered the entire area north of Beaver and up to Upkaddo. After an unproductive couple of hours I crossed to the far side and moved two birds in the hollow above James Pike's place - only once - and another in Mrs. Rung's hollow above the house. I returned to Charles's place and moved two more - once.

(Ray walked to Valley and met me) and we stayed for dinner. no shots moved 6-5 near 6 flushes.



Thursday 18 November. All four of us went to the Forest for another day on the Fire Tower ridge. It was hot, sunny, and above all dry. Walking thru the leaves sounded like splitting shingles and with Blue staying in front of me a good part of the time, I didn't know what was going on. The old boy pointed and nailed the first grouse - the only decent shooting point of the day. I shot when Puff came in and flushed the bird without getting any scent - and I missed. It wasn't too much of a set-up and somehow I couldn't seem to get enough about him.



Went out the west side of the ridge to the fork of the valleys. We moved a bunch of three (new) in a grassy ravine partway along but at no time during the rest of the day did I as much as get my gun on a bird. They all went exactly the wrong direction or started too far ahead. Puff made three points, but I felt he was in too far on them and they flushed. That, or the birds just weren't lying well - and they went. He also bumped a couple. What a bunch at the end of the ridge, down along a branch of little Laurel, then hunted up the valley - with Kay taking the tramroad and me taking the side of the ridge. We moved a bird almost at once, then further along a group of three - one of which we followed clear to the top with no shots. One of my best chances was over a nice point by Puff - but the little devil took a notion to move in - and the bird flushed. We hunted up the upper right fork we'd never explored and moved two grouse - #9 and #10, both new. Then about 4:30 we came back



and started to work on the main ridge on the properties where we had high expectations. We could expect but that was all. We flushed four on one point - hearing 3 of them. The fourth was, I believe, over a point of Puff's. Blue had pointed - perhaps where some of the flushed birds had been. When I walked up - watching him - I saw a grouse flush at the brow of the hill and saw Puff move - as tho he'd been there on point. If I could have known it, I might have had a net at that bird. We finally moved one of the other 3 we'd heard and it was another one of Puff's ragged points. We moved this bird twice again - the last time on the top of the ridge and he looked enormous. We hunted for him all the way to the tower. It was a good day, I suppose - but at the time and as I write it now - it seems to have a lot to be desired - especially since the season is drawing to a close. We need a good rain.

1 net - no hit	4 points by Puff
Moved 14 - 6 new	2 " " Blue
22 flushes	

Friday 19 November I took Puff alone to Lower Laurel after a rainy beginning of the day. The ending was true to type. We moved only 3 birds - one from the first ravine on the left - the second from some promising looking cover on the upper edge of the ridge between Laurel and Big Sandy beyond the old hamlet with the white pine. This is worth exploring on a good day. Today was just before a storm and the birds weren't moving or even on the ground #2 was a new bird. The rain began when I was at the first point from the car so I



took the quick way back: up Sacred along the lower path. At the deer hunters' cabin I crossed on a very neat suspension bridge and waded the far hemlocks up to Gibson's house, moving number 3. He went up the steep ridge and I couldn't find him. An owl sailed leisurely out over my head and I shot twice and missed him as I don't know how I could. Mr. Gibson had raised four or five grouse in the swamp about his house yesterday so I waded the stream and hunted it out - but they weren't at home. Dripping like a dishrag, I sopped back to the station wagon and changed into dry clothes. The 3 birds I moved were all in hemlocks so Puff didn't stand a chance.

No shots  
No points  
Moved 3 - one new  
3 flushes



<sup>17</sup>  
Saturday 20 November. ~~Last legal day of grouse season~~. Kay, Puff, Blue and I went to the forest a little before noon, checked in, and left our car at the Fire Tower where we found two other cars out ahead of us. We decided to try it anyway and it worked out well for the others left about two hours later. The weather was fine, damp cloudy and cold but no rain. We moved our first grouse well down the ridge from the upper papers. It sailed within feet of my head and landed up on the crest of the ridge. I took Puff and covered the area thoroughly and we never did find it. What birds! We decided the grouse were lower on the ridge and hunted down to the stream and back up the valley. Partway back the hollow Puff made a swell point and I walked in and flushed the grouse, which went toward Kay who had stayed down at the lower end. I heard her blow her whistle and probably



had sighted it. When we got to her she indicated a place below her and Puff worked on there and pointed some bit beyond. I walked in and flushed but he was a wise old customer and went out low and on the far side of a tangle of brush. Kay and I watched him rise to the other hillside, turn and fly out the crest of the land and go out of sight on the far side - as long a flight as I've ever seen. I decided to follow and as we moved on, another grouse (#3) flushed wild. Further on Puff pointed and a bird flushed without my seeing it. I felt it was too close for #3 and must be #4. I left Kay with old Blue and took the steep ridge with Puff after the long distance bird. Puff found him on the very top of the knob - almost half a mile from where he'd flushed - in a stance point that he held like a rock while I walked up and hoped the bird would flush the next way. Nothing happened. So I had to take a few more steps. That's all the grouse wanted and out he went on the farthest side of the gap where and disappeared around the ridge. I followed but didn't find him and so I dropped lower and hunted out the far valley to the hollow where I'd left Kay. We got together and stopped for lunch. Meantime poor old Blue had got lost from us and we called and called till finally he got up and started to cry away up the hollow. I went back for him and we finally got straightened out again. After eating we hunted down the main valley toward the point of the ridge. I stayed on the steep hillside about fifty yards above Kay who was on the transroad. About the place where we'd almost been last time I heard a bird roar up and in a moment saw it coming back toward



me. I let it pass and turned and swung - and shot straight into a  
negable tree that took the entire charge only yards from the muzzle.  
The bird went on.



at the sharp angle  We turned and followed it. Just  
of the ridge the quail flushed ahead  
and rose sharply to go up the hill. I swung to a lead above and held  
for a split moment and dropped it nicely. It was something I'd  
needed for a long time - Paddy.  Puff was on the spot and  
had the bird by the time I got there. Blue was eager for  
action and I had trouble keeping him out of the act. as

a result Puff needed a little coaxing but he finally retrieved but  
held to the quail in a determined clamp. Very unusual for him. The  
bird was a large hen (13 1/4" fan) and apparently a clean bill.

Puff did his usually belly-up retrieval with the fan on his right side.

We moved on down the ridge after some heartfelt rejoicing by  
all four. Around the point we put up #6 wild - over the top. We  
didn't follow. At the gorge we saw where we'd made 3 last time

dropped down and flushed two of them at the bottom. They crossed  
the run. When I returned to Kay partway up he flushed the  
other one and we followed but couldn't find him up on top. We  
stayed up high on the same side and then dropped down a little.

Out ahead I saw Puff standing and hurried to get to him but  
the quail wouldn't wait - and as heard him go. It was Puff's  
5th point. I saw this bird flush wild from the hill ahead of me  
on the next run and followed him.  He made  
a sudden takeoff and seemed to  be not into the deep



48 41  
valley. It was late we had our bird. We were satisfied. We  
got back to the car a little after 6. It had been a small day.

2 shots - 1 hit  
Wound 10 - one new  
14 flushes

5 points by Prof  
1 retreat by Prof

Sunday 21 November. About 5:45 I took a stand on the deer trail  
down in the Wagonwheel woods near the old apple trees. It was clear  
and cold after a sunny day and became increasingly uncomfortable  
just standing after the sun had set. at a little after 6:00 I gave  
up and started for the house - deciding to follow up the run a ways  
before cutting over the field. At the remains of the pool I left the  
woods. Just as I climbed up over the brim of the little basin on the  
outside (near where I'd put the salt) I saw two white tails rocking  
up the hill on the far side of the field near the path to Forquers.  
I felt it was too far to shoot and yet I thought there might be a chance.  
I laid the front sight on the white tail a little to the rear and  
on the right. The deer stopped for a second and I fired. ~~Both~~ tail -  
the one on the left - bounded away to the woods along the line fence.  
The other had disappeared. I could hardly believe it but I  
ran toward the spot. The forearm on the rifle had come loose  
with the recoil and I tried to stick it back and threw another  
cartridge into place. as I ran up, I saw  
a spot of white on the ground and saw a  
thrashing movement. I  
had hit! Then I saw it was a doe, lying head toward me  
down the hill. She might be only wounded and I didn't want to





risk her getting up and away so I shot again and she lay still. I could see the top of her head was hit and I couldn't spot the other shot. She was a nice fat sleek doe, medium size, and very clean and white under her gray body. I ran to the house where they had seen me cross the field. Bill tilted after the first shot. We went back and removed the entrails by flashlight as it had become rather dark and then we carried her to the cellar and skinned the carcass - stopping to eat some dinner about 10 p.m. and finishing the job of cutting it up into sections after dinner. The next day we spent the whole time cutting it up and canning it - finishing the last canning at 10 p.m. It is a wonderful thing for us. It means good meat that will do us most of the winter. The next morning I paced the distance and found the shot was 123 yards. The first shot that dropped her had taken the top of her head off. I'd held for the tail and since she was going away I'd hit the head - almost in line with the white flag. I found some brain scattered into a low limb of the sapling she fell near. My second shot - entirely unnecessary - had entered the right shoulder, shattering it badly, and come out the left hip. The bullet lay just thru the hide.

### Tram

Tuesday 23 November. This was a clear, very cold day. Ray, Buff, and I left Mom at home and went to Alice and Homer Millers, where we left the car. We crossed above their back barn and entered the cut over woods on the far side of the mail route. We hadn't been in it more than a few minutes when a deer came out ahead of Buff and cut around the hill.   
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center



in the teabovies and so we followed. A few yards along, another one flushed about me and I dropped him in a cloud of feathers with a quick swing and a lead held for a moment. Puff went to him and with some coaxing retrieved him. He didn't



int to deliver but otherwise it was fine. I think the bird fell from his mouth and since it was at my feet he couldn't see any reason to pick it up again! We moved on after examining our bird - a nice yearling. We soon heard a third one flush. Evidently a brood of young ones in that brush cover. We

moved on till we topped the ridge and came to Slick Run where #4 flushed wild. After eating at the stream's edge we hunted along the far side of Slick and almost immediately moved 2 more - not exactly

prumped. They crossed the stream and I heard another one, #7, go out. We followed and on the far side of the rocks one of them flushed but we decided we'd lost track of the others so went back to our original direction. On the way 2 birds flushed and I think they were new ones. We followed getting another flush from one and

marking it at the water's edge. We finally got him out - downstream again and at last flushed him wild from the cliff of rocks on the right side. He went on down the stream and we got up.

Returning to the place we'd marked him on the third flush I walked into a bird that ruffled out at my feet and flew back the opposite direction. I whaled and messed with the first shot, then steadied and dropped him with the left - at first we couldn't locate it. Puff was taking the lead.



to my left. Then I saw the bird, fluttering on the ground. I was just getting Puff to the place when Kay yelled that she was killing herself in the greenbriers and I told her I couldn't do anything about it then. Puff suddenly heard the bird's wings and then he had him. He retrieved this one nicely - a very beautiful bronze with ruffs the color of milkchocolate. Puff brought him in holding him by the shoulder and presenting him tail down, breast foremost. Very effective. He



got to deliver nicely. After this high spot we decided to hunt up the tributary of Dick to take a census of the birds and moved two nice big ones. The second gave us a nice point by Puff on a second flush. #10 and #11. We decided it was late enough to head back and we returned to the stream and started to look for our way back down the ridge toward Homer's but it all kept looking alike. Finally I spotted some of the far lower ridges and we got our bearings. On the way down we moved #12 and #13 and I mean to infer we moved them. #13 was headed for the top of the mountain when we saw it last. In the corner of the woods below the timber cutting we heard #14 flush and also moved what was probably one of the first young birds on the crossing hillside. It was a highly satisfactory day and the evening with Arnel Jane and Homer helped make it even more so.



RUFF WITH #9

This is territory for next season. 3 shots - 2 hits  
 Moved 14  
 21 flushes  
 1 point for Puff  
 2 retrievals by Puff



Wednesday 24 November. I left Kay and Blue at home and took  
 Ruff to Barney's Run hollow leaving the station wagon at the foot of  
 the hill below <sup>mine</sup> Butcher's near Sandy bridge. We didn't see a  
 feather (except to shoot twice at a hawk too high to reach) till we  
 had hunted clear up to the woods behind Och Fraulhausers. In  
 there I heard a quon flush and saw it wave around the hillside  
 upstream. I followed and Ruff made a nice point. I walked in  
 and the bird flushed, taking off low and crossing to my right.  
 I swung but sensed some brush interference and shot a shade  
 to soon. I could feel it as I did it. Of course, I missed.



I followed up the hill where  
 I'd marked it and as the  
 way flushed two more - both  
 wild. One sounded as tho  
 it had gone down the hill



the other one I saw flying out a log road to a separate little neck of  
 brushy woods. As I proceeded on to the top I flushed the one I'd  
 shot at, I suspect, not just where I shot it would be. He was on the  
 outside of an old rail fence and flushed across the corner of an  
 open woods and went into the same neck of woods as the last bird.  
 We followed and missed them both - one around the hillside in  
 clear open toward Fraulhausers' house; the other below me and  
 back into the original woods. I wasn't able to find the one  
 so dropped down for the #1 bird which we flushed wild.  
 I followed it and just inside the far edge of the woods it  
 blew up at my right and bored for the tree tops. I swung and  
 did a snap shot without much



right spot, for the bird folded up and dropped. Ruff came  
in and soon had it, tho he took his good old time retrieving it to  
me. I tho't once he was going to dump it in the spring run he  
was beside. This was a big bronze - another  
like the Lick Run bird yesterday. We moved out  
and went straight up the hollow and crossed the run and searched  
several good looking fields on Cal Spiker's land for quail. They  
should have been there but we didn't find them. It was after  
4:00 and <sup>the near side of the ridge was</sup> in shadow, so we started at the upper end and hunted it  
back. There were enough quaperries - especially near the old  
Scott place - but no birds. I followed an old road that cut down  
the ridge and had stopped to sit on a fallen tree across the path  
and admire our grouse. It was fast becoming dark so I started  
on. I turned onto another path that went more nearly our  
direction and suddenly a big grouse flushed in front of  
me and crossed to my right - fast and low. I swung and  
held to the spot ahead of him and turned him over like a  
leaf. Ruff came in and found him - holding him but waiting till  
the fluttering stopped and then retrieving very  
nicely. It was a huge bird - one of the  
largest I've ever shot. The fem measured  
14  $\frac{3}{4}$ " ; the wingspread 23". The tail band was interrupted but the ruffs were  
so dark and large I felt it must have been a cock, ~~tho I know its sex~~  
~~indicative~~. I got out my other bird and laid them both on a stump and  
was admiring them when I sensed a movement behind me. I turned and found  
old Ock's house watching me. He came over and talked for a while and





then moved on. Before I reached the old road from Jennings' barn we moved  
two more birds - in some cutover stuff near a sawmill site. One of them  
flushed the second time. Brown Pewee had yielded some nice excitement.

3 shots - 2 hits

1 point by Puff

Waxed 7

2 retrievers " "

13 flushes

Thanksgiving Day 25 November. I decided to take a short hunt in the late  
morning before we drove to Charta for late afternoon and dinner with the  
folks. It was a beautiful clear sunny day - cool. The recent cool weather  
has had a lot to do with the good shooting this week. I left the station  
wagon at the Sandy bridge below Resroads and found a car load of  
rabbit hunters up the hollow on Jim Spikers. I had planned to hunt  
Falkestein's hill so I hoped they hadn't been there and moved in.

Puff and I covered the hillside halfway up, along the little shelf  
below the brow and then returned along the top edge without moving a  
bird. At the upper end with the gaperies I dropped to the bottom and  
had gone a short distance when a bird flushed from one of the little  
ravines. He bored straight up and was high and against the sun  
when I spotted him above me. I made a quick shot and he tumbled.



→

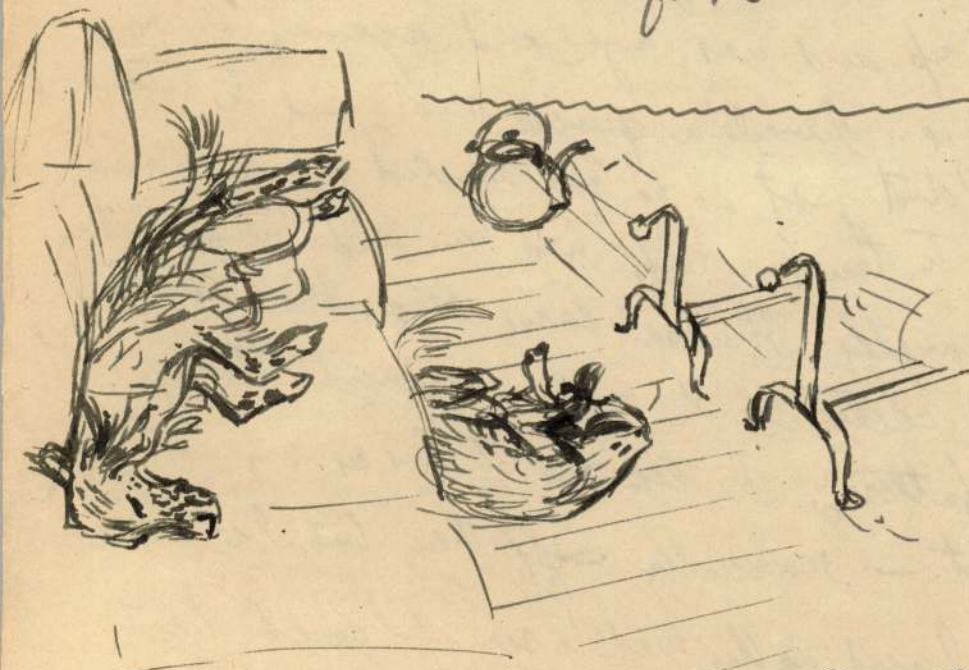
I believe I shot just as he had leveled off and was  
getting set to travel. Puff had him and brought him  
to me promptly. It was a large bird. Most of the tail

feathers were gone from the center so I couldn't decide the sex. It  
was hit hard - a centered pattern. I decided that was my last  
quail and after admiring it - I usually sniff them but I've never  
learned to smell them - I went up the hill to see if I could locate  
the quail on top. In the gaperies up there Puff moved signs of nests -



a shot point and then moved in. Shortly I saw him rising something  
 and when I went over I saw he had a crippled grouse. I had him  
 retrieve it tho he dropped it without sitting to deliver - as tho he  
 felt it was irregular and I saw it was a yearling. It was still alive  
 when Puff brought it in but it died in a few moments. When we  
 cleared it for the folks - I took it to them - we found an old shot  
 wound in one leg, festered - and they found a shot in the shoulder. I  
 felt it was a near miss by one of the rabbit hunters or Paul Resroad,  
 who'd been banging at a lot of grouse. With my time running short,  
 I decided to go <sup>to</sup> the car what with that much contraband cargo.  
 I made this my last day. a short but perfect one.

One shot - one hit 1 retrieve by Puff  
 World one and and a retrieve on the  
 found another crippled cripple that I am not  
 1 flush. counting in my list of  
 retrieve since I want  
 my bird.



150 moved  
 23 counts

6.52  
 bird/count

THE END OF  
 A SEASON



Here are the vital statistics. I hunted 25 days and moved 150 grouse  
 I repeated Upper Kelly once, and the Purzich road (Scott's Run) once and  
 Upper Laurel four times. I made 20 hits out of 67 shots (29.8%). From  
 November 1st on I made 14 hits out of 39 shots (35.8%). I killed 18 of the  
 birds over Puff; 9 over Blue. Puff made 38 solid productive points and  
 14 retrievers. Blue made 3 points and 4 retrievers. I counted the one lost  
 bird as a hit but not as a kill over Puff and I didn't count the retriever  
 Puff made of the cripple he found that someone else had shot.

267 flushes

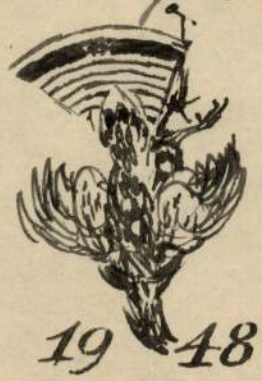
1 out of 3.35 shots  
 1 out of 2.78

Puff 23 days

This was a hectic season at first - lots of interruptions; too many  
 leaves. We located some nice new cover - especially the forest where we  
 hunted 7 times. Puff did beautifully, falling into his stride as a  
 retriever and he points like a dream. He is still not steady to shot a wing  
 but that can come later. He ranges vigorously and when fresh he hunts  
 at a snail speed. He's everything we dreamed of. Old Blue has  
 slowed pathetically due to his blindness. He got lost several times and it's  
 largely a matter of taking him for a walk. This may be Blue's last season.

Of the 19 birds brought home, 13 were hens by the tail feather standard  
 and all were hens by the double-gland standard - both methods I doubt.  
 3 were broyles and 6 were yearlings. Some of the others were very large birds.  
 I shot 3 of my birds over Puff's points.

This is the first year I  
 can remember not finding  
 any of the parasitic fleas  
 in the grouse. We found none  
 at all.



1948

Puff's lifetime record: 1947 & 48  
 47 productive points  
 5 birds shot over his points  
 15 retrievers  
 38 birds killed over him  
 44 days

25 days

150 moved - 267



1948

JUNES (ROARING CR) 016.5.9.0  
SHAFFER 019.3.4.0  
RAY GUTHRIE 019.3.3.0  
LOG HOUSE 021.3.7.0  
MEYERS ROCKS 023.6.10.1  
FRANK'S PLACE/SANDY 023.2.2.0  
~~BOWERMASTER BRIDGE~~  
WILKINSON 025 - 5.8.1  
BOWERMASTER BRIDGE W. 025.4.5.0  
POWER LINE 026.3.3.1  
COOPERS ROCK/LITTLE LAUREL 029-9.12.2/N12-9(5).14.1  
COLLINS KNOB 030.7.7.0  
COOPERS R./SCOTT RUN N1-8.15.0/N8-5(1).14.1  
KELLY N2-8.10.1/N17.6(5).6.0  
LITTLE SANDY S N4.4.4.1  
LAUREL/ROCKVILLE NS. 9.10.1/N19.3(1).3.0  
FORKS OF SANDY N11-8.12.0  
COOPERS/SAND SPRINGS TOWER: N15-12(8).18.2/N18.14(6)22.0/N20.10(1)14.1  
UPPER BEAVER N16.5.8.1  
HOMER MILLER N23.14.21.2  
STATE LINE FLATROCK RD. PA 027.9.14.1  
JIMMY GUTHRIE N24.7.13.2  
FALKENSTINE N25.1.1.1