




SHOOTING NOTES 1949

Saturday
15 October 17#

opening day! Ruff's third season; Blue's eleventh.

Kay and I left with Ruff and Blue about noon after a rainy night-before and a morning of heavy fog, driving to the Forest and passing a dozen cars parked along the road within the boundaries. We found that the Forest is open to squirrel shooting this year, accounting for most of the 152 permits that had been issued before mine. We started hunting the Scott Run valley, since no cars were parked exactly at that spot. Several hundred yards down the hollow two grouse flushed - one ~~two~~ and went up the steep slope to the right. Ruff had been traveling like a dream in the damp brown-melting leaves and moved up the slope when I sent him in. I think I heard one of the birds go out wild but Ruff made his first point on the second one although he wasn't too solid. I let him move in and the bird flushed above him and came down the hill toward me, turning out the ridge just before could seeing on him. We moved him later from a tree. There was no further action for quite a spell, although Ruff hunted beautifully and old Blue really did his part. We worked down to the run, hoping to find the birds watering but made none. Swinging up the ridge again we entered the very small grass cover on the point and things started happening. We decided Ruff had been pointing for he seemed to have been in one spot. I saw one grouse flush then heard another, saw a third and heard two more. Ruff moved in on the last two or three and I called to him. None of them had been shots, what with the leaves that were still on. We followed

the largest "migration" back up the hollow and I soon found
 Puff on solid point. Blue and I moved in below him and
 Blue pointed too. Puff made a dart in too close up the space
 and I stopped him with the command to "stay" which he did
 even tho Blue moved ahead of him. Still the bird didn't go out,
 so I sent Puff on after I'd walked a dozen yards ahead of
 him. I didn't see him when the grouse exploded and bored up
 below me. I turned and got a rising-to-the-right try -
 missing with the right and connecting with the left, just as he
 reached the peak of the rise above the trees. He nearly fell on
 the day who had dropped  the spot. I sent Puff in to
 retrieve, which  he did with his best manner and with the tail
on his right side as per custom. after he had taken
 delivery Key held his head and covered his eyes
 while I let old Blue find the grouse and retrieve -
to a mournful series of sounds by Puff, but it pleased Blue and
made him feel sure he was the hero. We adjourned to a large
 boulder and ate our lunch, breeding Blue to stay away from the
 bird with dog biscuits. after eating, we moved over the
 ridge, flushing another of the group of five on the way and leaving
 them unmolested, ending in the next ravine where last season we
 made a few birds. This time we made exactly one # 8, and as far
 as I know, the only one Puff passed by. He went out beside the path
 after both dogs had passed and we had stood there talking. We
 went back all the original ridge 

birds. I can't say that Ruff did or did not have them so I'm not counting it. We flushed one of them from a tree for the 16th flush of the day. Ended up on the Pisgah road and checked back in at 4:30 on time. The game technicians asked for the tail and wing tips and weighed the grouse, a large cock, at 1 lb 8 oz.

a swell first day.

2 shots - 1 hit	1 point by Blue
more 10	3 protective points by Ruff
16 flushes	1 retrieval by Ruff
	1 retrieval by Blue

Tuesday 18 October Yesterday, I followed an impulse to stick to my job which is always a mistake. So I spent the day applying plaster board to the kitchen ceiling instead of hunting in damp perfect grouse weather. As a result, we hunted today in dry noisy woods and tho' we enjoyed our trip immensely, we had no success. Ray and I took Ruff and Blue to Homer and ~~James~~ Miller's and hunted the headwaters of Slick. We found the woods in summer green and far too dry but the day was crystal Indian summer and wonderful. We moved our first grouse in the bottom below the terrifically thick ~~astors~~ hillside and then walked up to the Rich Run valley where we moved #2. All day long we heard grouse drumming and if there is a girl grouse for every boy grouse the woods must be full of them, tho' God knows we didn't see them. Ruff bumped the second grouse twice on the second and third rise by roading into him. I corrected him and he did no more of that the rest of the day. We lost #2 after three flushes and after covering the country rather well we ate lunch on the bank of Slick, among hemlocks, rhododendron and Laurel and drank the cold clear water. Ruff hunted well, except for ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~spikes~~ ^{spikes} of roading and

made innumerable points where quail had flushed & where the
scent seemed strong, but since they weren't productive I'm not
counting them. I should take my place beside Ruff on the
black list for missing #2 on the second rise. I had been
holding Ruff and my voice flushed the bird, probably as
much as Ruff did and I took a snap shot at a glimpse of the
bird that probably should not have been attempted. After



lunch we worked up the far tributary and heard two
drumming, moving one of them twice. We covered the near
side of the next valley that forms a basin on the east side of
hill and then worked and worked upstream, moving a bird that
could have been #2 twice again. It was late and we were
quite tired, so we swung down the ridge, hitting the road below
Mullers, at the Peckert lane. On the way up to Honer's we
turned onto an old log road that took us around the hill through
woods that belong to Honer & Annee. It was nice thick quail
ever, too green and impenetrable except by road. Partway
around the hill we walked into three quail that flushed
separately, with no dog work. We followed one and missed it
twice again. I had left Kay to rest on a log and on my way
back found Ruff frozen solid on a clump of rhododendron.
I walked in and a large quail flushed from under his nose and
took back below me through very open woods - but there were still
too many trees. I swung and fired, missing what I thought was a
certain bird, and missing again as he sailed on, keeping below the
trees. It was a gorgeous point and I have no alibi for
not connecting the first shot. We missed one of the first three

works on our way back with nothing but a peck at him. We had stepped into that piece of cover with his idea and made 4 grouse for 7 flushes. Puff hunted well today in spite of the dry weather, and some number of his points were sure to be hot spots just vacated by some of the birds we never saw or counted. Never heard nor saw grouse drumming in any one day; Amee and Homer wanted us to eat with them but we declined.

This is over to hunt in November
 3 shots - no hits
 moved 8
 15 flushes

1 productive point by Puff, and it was a noisy, even if missed.

Wednesday
 19 October
 about 3 o'clock I took Puff to lower Shafer and went thru the motions of hunting that cover -- for the last time, I expect, in a good long while. I moved one lone grouse on the top of the knob, altho I had covered the entire base of the hill around to the old road on Charles Kelley's. Of course, the birds may have been along sandy in the rhododendron, but I'm rather fed up on that for cover. I crossed to upper Shafer and Puff pointed a grouse just below the edge of one of the top fields. The bird offered a short look at himself but I couldn't get my gun up. We moved him four times in all, one ^{a crowd} squabble resulting flush by Puff for which he got ~~hit~~ and a spunk. The two birds were the result of three hours hunting that nearly tore my shirt off. I was hunting with a game bag. The weather is terribly hot and the woods hopelessly dry, so it's no wonder I'm not finding grouse. Yesterday was just as dry but at least we heard them drumming.

no shots
 moved 2
 5 flushes
 one productive point by Puff

Thursday
20 October


Ray, Blue, Ruff and I went to the forest and hunted new cover, back of the Ranger's house at the Hope School. The weather was its same unbelievably perfect blue, and hot and dry. We kept to the right of the road that leads to Chestnut Ridge camp, moving a grouse from some paperwines and following to flush him again. at the camp building, deserted now, we found the stunning valley of Darnell dropping down too steeply to hunt, so we circled up the ridge and started back toward the road. at a fork of two old log roads a grouse flushed, rising and straight away. I held ^{above} ~~with~~ him for a moment and shot ~~about him~~, dropping him in a cloud of feathers. Ruff came in and began to search at my command of Dead Bird, and then found and retrieved him after a moment's hesitation that was probably due to his panting and not wanting a mouth full of hot dry feathers. He sat and delivered, Neither Ruff nor Blue had got a whiff of the bird or any of the three flushes -- no did we get any dog work on most of the birds now. It is the weather and the dry conditions. We all sat down and rejoiced at our good fortune. The bird was a large cock with solid tailband and a very broad beautiful chest, and I get it the same #1 I had been following.




we hunted back to the road, jumping a deer in a grassy damp spot in the woods. Ruff started after it but came back with perfect manners at my whistle. Below the road on the little run called Glade, we ate our lunch sitting on a log with our boots in the water. We saw other birds in the woods.

tho there was a car parked on the road near where we entered
 the lower side to eat. Soon after lunch I put up a grouse
 at the water's edge, one Puff had passed up with no sign of
 scent. Kay heard neither me flush behind me -- as I
 passed up and no shot was heard. It was that kind of a day.
 We didn't move either #2 or #3 again. Further down, where two
 hollows joined we found an old tram road and followed it expecting
 the birds to be in the rhododendron along the little run. When we
 had gone some distance and had not moved any, I swung Puff
 up on the right slope and followed. He made a beautiful
 unproductive point where one must have been but wasn't.
 A few hundred yards along I walked into two that flushed
 wild ahead - the second young but at my voice when I called
 Kay to come up. It was in a steep little draw that led
 up the slope and it was draped with grapevines. After a breather,
 of which we took lots this day, we started after the two birds
 and found a shoulder full of grapevines. Puff drew up into
 a point that he held while I walked in and tramped around
 on part of him. The bird flushed behind him and some few
 yards away, and then a second one. From then on the
 hillside began to erupt in separate muffled roars --
 #4, #5, #6, #7 and no one of them did us as much as
 glimpse. They seemed to move up and around the hill and we
 kept walking and listening to the

and mouth flush as two of the first birds but I may be overlooking that many individuals. At the crest of the bank, just over from a pile of broken rocks a tenth flush exploded softly, and Puff drew into a nice point at the spot marked X.



Kay came up and we decided to work around the other side of the brow to pick up an old one or two and then move after the main group. That was our mistake, for tho' we walked up a single bird that went back to the top, we never really got lined up with the others. I suspect now, they traveled further than I credited them with doing. ~~Kay says,~~ Anyway, we didn't find them. I left Kay behind a tree to snare old Blue who had got lost, and I took Puff to hunt out the shoulder of the ridge below. At the edge of a little open spot, I saw a small bird flush from him and light a short piece away. I decided it might be a woodcock and turned and walked to the place I had seen it land. It flushed with a whistle of wings and I recognized it as a woodcock and fired at a lead about it as it disappeared in a clump of leaves. I hadn't heard or seen it fall but I called Puff in to search and then I saw it, lying on the leaves with its ^{soft} orange breast and feet turned up. + Puff found it and moved it but he couldn't pick it up. I tho' it best not to try to free him, for he was only acting true to type. The bird was squarely hit and hadn't known what was coming. 

Buff and I ate lunch in a rocky point, high above Laurel and looking
down the gorgeously wild valley and across to a segment of blue
Brierie into the north. After lunch ~~Buff~~ moved #4 west out
and Buff never knew it. We got two more flushes from it. I
dropped over to the far side of the little run between Hazel
and Laurel and hunted the edge below the old homestead, moving
two deer and a grouse #5 from the same spot. #6 flushed
below the old house site and I crossed to the far side of the
ridge above Sandy, rather than follow these birds. #7
blasted out of the dry leaves about me on the steep hillside
and I missed a shot at him. This thing called grouse-busting
is largely a matter of reflexes and it all depends on
which reflex acts first - as to whether your shot connects.
My gun came up ahead of the bird and I saw the
opportunity to hold and let him fly into it and nothing
in this world could have made me change to a swing, that
would have had time to swing with him and would have
almost certainly have hit him. I didn't. 

I put him up again after quite a while. This time he
flushed from the very edge of an old field. I was below him in
the thicket and I tried right and left but missed. It
was a rather good opportunity but I suppose it could have been
done. I moved #8 further around the hill and #9 at the
the end, making back - with only a sound of him going out.
The trek back was heartbreaking with Buff stalling
every foot of the way. I don't know why.

will but that isn't what I want. I realize it's been too quick
 a series of hunts for him - the weather and too little rest.
 I don't fault him for the lack of work on birds under these
 dry conditions and I really shouldn't expect him to
 maintain a galloping pace with no days off to rest. The
 whole thing adds up to another dog which I can't see materializing
 for a year or so - even if I start now to breed him. I
 think I'll try to get Skipper from Cliff Spring tomorrow,
 and later on, perhaps Andy Cully's Beau. But sooner or later
 I'll have to have a second dog but I dread doing it if it
 will take away from Puff's feeling of security.

3 shots - no hits
 moved 9
 14 flushes.

Monday 24 October We borrowed Milma's Gray last night and I took her
 alone to the Forest, leaving the car at the administration
 building and hunting over the ridge into Glade Run. We moved the
 first bird over a point by Gray on the ridge where we had found some
 lost work - and I got two more flushes from this bird, taking a quick
 shot at the last one, #3 and missing. Gray put the next one out wild and
 we moved a #3 further  up the ridge. Near the gap where the Hope School
 road cuts the ridge I jumped a deer and flushed #4 which I moved over
 again. After lunch, I returned along the other crest of the ridge, hunting back
 south and moving #5 wild. I tried to locate it but without any results.
 I hunted on but what I considered the right ridge and the correct
 direction until I came out on a point  over the mountains.

not wide. Her chief fault is taking her scent from the ground, — which keeps her pottering behind the gun long after the bird has gone. Her points are not stylish because of the low head and tail, but she is intense and honest and she worked hard and well for me and I appreciated it thoroughly. May she have lots of birds and an understanding gun to hunt to.

2 shots - 1 hit (not a Buff)
moved 6 (2 new)
10 flushes.

25 October Tuesday after a drizzly awakening we drove off to the forest to try the power line toward the Cooper's Falls. The weather started coming back down on us after we got out of the car but Ray, Puff, Blue and I pushed on undaunted. We found the country unpromising except for the actual ravines and I mean ravines: deep valleys with sides straight up. The first bird went off a steep bank and over a hill that was a drag to climb but we went after him. We moved ~~time~~ a second one that only got us a sound to think about and on top moved on #1 the second time. That was the end of any sport unless you can call getting wet to the very vertebrae sport. We swung up the second valley to the power line circled the bend and decided to hit for the car. It was a good idea, but a dense fog ^{had} settled and we had no landmarks to give us bearings. After some bit of probing we found the power line where it should have been all the time and splashed back to the car where we changed into dry clothes, except for the wet dacks where Blue had nested. Puff worked all night except for the end where he nearly drove me nuts by sticking ^{to the path} ~~to the path~~ ^{to make} ~~to make~~

them reach the cover at command but it remains to be seen who is
the better man

no shots

no points

heard 2 birds

3 flushes.

Wednesday
26 October This day was the perfect one, sunny and clear after
yesterday's rain. Kay, Ruff, Blue and I took off for
the Brierley after a late breakfast and left the car at ~~Summers~~^{Summers},
starting to hunt about one o'clock. We moved two birds wild from some
rocks above the train and followed to hear another flush from one of them.
That was the end of action, tho we covered all the Gold Mine Boles
where I saw a large doe looking at me, until we crossed Roaring
and climbed thru perfect grape cover to the crest of the other
shoulder above the creek. at the top we ate lunch on a point of
rocks and then hunted down the ridge toward Jones to avoid the
wind that had risen. We drew blanks in the bottom below
the road and at last, below the foot log, Kay heard #3 flush;
but I couldn't find it tho I crossed the stream and circled. We
hunted down thru favorable cover to the Caglish Mine and below
it Ruff made a small point but had nothing. He did that
several times today, I feel, where birds had gone out wild and
quietly like the one Kay heard. We left Kay at the lower train
road and walked down a piece, returning on the upper one. Ruff
showed signs of game and many below the road into the half
cutoff corn and in a short time a grouse came up, crossing
and landing in a hemlock on the right of the road. I walked

up - nice and tense and jumpy, and missed him as he coasted out: a very short ~~shot~~ shot crossing to the right. I followed but couldn't make him again. #5 flushed farther up the tram road below June's and we didn't go after him just in case he might be June's



drummer. We went up and found June's home and saw his ~~house~~ ^{hounds} and ~~lots of~~ trophies and talked a while. June says the drummer has been coming back for about four years, drawing at different places as he moves toward the house in the morning, finally sitting on the rock across the road where he lets June walk up close enough to see him. June also says he knows of three settings of grouse eggs that hatched this spring, two of them in the country we had hunted over. We left him about sunset and

worked back to the car, moving #6 on the left of the log road up to Summers. Puff was rather difficult about not hunting the sides of the road without me but he did better, and he really worked beautifully all day with several well points but no productives. One shot - no hit moved 6 & flushed

Thursday
27 October

I drove to Nulmar's and picked up Patch to use for a shot hunt along the state line. Unfortunately, he is quite green about the woods and shows no hunting ability or interest whatever. It's incredible with the blood he has in him. I hunted west along the line and finally made a grouse near the glade missing a quick try and now making him again. Returning to the road I hunted east, moving #2 for four flushes, missing a right and left barrel shot on the third rise. It's too thick to wait long enough and so it's a matter of banging all at once or not at all. I returned to the car

about 4 o'clock and took Patch back to Milmos's as there is
nothing I can do with him. I'll be very much surprised if his
ear develops. 3 shots - no hits The day was warm and dry.

moved 2
5 flushes



Friday
28 October Kay and I took Blue and Ruff to the forest and went
to our good old Fire Tower Ridge. Ruff started out like
a flash and hunted beautifully all the time we were out.
We and Blue moved out and covered ground conscientiously. We
moved no birds until we reached the grassy ravine running down
to the valley near the upper fork of Laurel. Kay had stayed
on the lower ridge while I circled with the dogs and I was
returning down the path when I saw both ~~of~~ Blue and Ruff show
signs of scent. I moved them on and then Blue pointed but there
was nothing in the immediate cover and Ruff moved on.
Suddenly he froze in a half-styled point, too hot to move a
muscle. ~~I~~ I walked in, making a circle around his right
and came to a stop on the old tram road, but there was no flush.
I spoke to him and called to Kay to try to put the bird out
but nothing happened. That left only one thing to do and that I
didn't want to. I walked down over the uneven footing of the
rocks and moved in toward Ruff who was facing me, head
high and his paw raised like the picture we took of him.
Almost under my nose and at my head level the grouse
exploded and bored up away from me. I shot too quickly
with the first barrel and caught him with the left, turning him

over in the air but not dropping him. As he regained control I saw both legs dangling and I knew w'd find him grounded.



As he ~~climbed~~ climbed and I knew w'd find Key had moved to us in time to see the flock and mark the grouse as going up the steep hillside in front of me, and we followed. Sooner than I had expected I found that Puff had located him, pointing directly

toward me, and I saw the bird on the ground between us. I ordered Puff to fetch and he made a try for the grouse just as it fluttered down on the hill, getting a foot or so off the ground at one time. But he nailed it about forty feet away, retrieving beautifully with the tail on ~~his~~ right side as usual. It was an enormous bird - a cock like the other three have been.

We moved over the ~~hill~~ hill and flushed two more grouse on the side of the ridge in the next valley, feeding on grapes. We ate lunch and then decided to hunt up that valley to the old Greenville road. We moved #4 and #5 from one more grapes but didn't see them again. After a long ascent, we came to the old road - a mere trace filled with leaves

and old logs and came out on a point of the ridge with a breath-taking view of the Gaps and Heaven Hump. We had come three grapes down in the valley but now the cover wasn't very promising but we hunted up the ridge to a flat top on the far side of the road where Key called my attention to a lovely point by Puff. He held it like a rock as always while I moved in a circle and came around in front.

Old Blue didn't get the scent and walked in past Puff, flushing the bird, #6, before I had a chance to shoot.

moved it again and just below the fire tower one I count # 7
 went out low ahead of Puff, who started after it but stopped
 at my command of No! It had begun to rain after an
 overcast day all day and we pronounced the day perfect
 and went to the car.

2 shots - 1 hit on Puff's point
 moved 7
 8 flushes.



one perfect retrieve by
 Puff
 2 productive points by Puff

This quail weighed 692.5 grams.
 1.54 lbs.

Saturday
 29 October. I left Blue at home with Kay and Rana and their
 housekeeping problems and took Puff to upper Beaver,
 leaving the shooting brake at the upper bridge. I passed up the
 cover below the bridge and went directly to the ridge that runs up
 toward the Mountain Dale road. I heard #1 flush wild from the
 corner gopher but didn't see him, so I turned and hunted back the
 ridge, seeing #2 flush ahead of Puff. I followed to the woods above
 the field he'd crossed and heard him go out and later #3. That
 was all the game in that flat on top the ridge that I could find; then I
 hunted well around toward Cuygart. As I dropped over the ridge
 after returning, I struck a twig in my eye and it looked like the
 end of the hunt. Dropping down over the hill the shortest route to the
 car I stepped into a gopher that Puff had passed up and
 missed him with my first barrel - too quick - and caught him
 with the left at the beak of his nose. Puff was in there and
~~caught~~ ^{had} him, then he fluttered hard, and retrieved him to me, ^{still} alive
 and with the tail on his right side. It was a very large cock
 with extremely tan - unusual tail feathers and a

tho the damp leaves after last winter's rain should have made
ideal venting. On up the valley I came onto old fields
grown to grape vines that were purple with fruit - wonderful
cover and feed. When I came to the house where Ray and
Madeline Casteel used to live I got the bright idea of borrowing
a pick and going back to dig out my grouse. I found no one
home but I found a pick and retraced our trail to the hole,
where I am convinced the bird had remained, too frightened to
come out. I dug for an hour getting down to the underground
watercourse it seemed to follow at two places that meant
going thru a yard of earth and roots. And tho I took a long
curved splicing and probed all that area under there, I never
did find my grouse. My one messy thought at the moment is
that I may have buried him in there with no way to get
out. I hope I didn't. ~~At~~ at 4:30 I got up and
took the pick back to the place I found it and hunted
the top of the ridge back. The view was magnificent from
there, the rolling wooded ridges of Beaver Valley, across the
Little Sandy valley, all the way to the Gap and Heaven Camp on
Chestnut Ridge. Just
below the edge in a tangle
of poplar I heard a grouse flush
then another, and a third that



the hollow. # 7, # 8, and # 9. I worked thru beautiful cover all the way around the top, and came out in the grape vine corner near the lower end, returning to the station wagon. I am counting the lost bird as a hit but not as a kill over Ruff.

3 shots - 2 hits (one lost and not a kill over Ruff)
Wounded 9 one retrieve by Ruff
10 flushes.

CS/BNDays

Tuesday after a day of rain yesterday the temperature dropped
1 November to a nice cool level. I took Ruff alone to the Hudson section and set out to find Evan Bishop's place. after taking a dirt road at Mays store, the first right turn, the next left turn and the next right turn I found myself on something that looked like a log road. I passed Mt. Zion school, talked to a chaps named Blake Clark who used to be able to hit every bird that flew up - that was before he went into the Army - and rambled on to almost the end of the road which petered out in Evan Bishop's front yard. I parked in an old field at the last bend and started hunting in some wonderful looking grapevine cover where we mowed a grass field, twice. On the second flush it dove down over the hillside (and I mean hillside) and left the country. I dropped over to the Bishop house to announce my presence and found that Evan was working in the mines, but that I could help myself to hunting. I circled the ridge and entered what to my mind is the most impenetrable mass of blackberry tangle I've ever dropped myself thru. The only relief from the blackberries was the raspberries which were tougher and meaner and the only means of progress was to walk thru brush heads which were just old enough to crumble under every step. Considering that we weren't worrying any birds I decided to get out which was George Bird Evans' Papers after a long struggle, I made an old road and then West Virginia and Regional History Center

paperies, I took it on down the ridge to an old homestead - the
Duesenberg place. It was lovely cover but no sign of birds, the
Buffy made a honey of a point where I imagine one had taken off wild.
I followed an old path down into the valley as most of that slope
was just more blackberry and crowns a stream into some hemlocks
and Rhododendron where two birds were out wild. I only heard them
then I pulled up and up and up and up then more blackberries to the
crest of that ridge with a glorious view of the Cheat valley but
no birds. We moved #4 from a nice corner and after lunch
I dropped down the slope into the most promising valley of the
day. #5 flushed wild and we moved it again. on the way
back up the hollow, lower down this time, Buffy pointed #6
in some Rhododendron and then moved in and flushed him - very
unusual for him. It might have been that the bird was and he
broke point. I can't very well expect him not to, as long as I
can't drop my birds dead. #7 flushed from me and
bugged around some cover - a big red bird. Buffy flushed
#8 from under a hemlock without realizing it was there. I
added him and we followed and then we didn't hear it flush. I
feel Buffy found the spot - for it was interest scent and he held
it beautifully. We found no other birds the I hunted well
up the hollow crossing over and after working back the other
side, climbing them what I hope to God were the last
blackberries I ever see. at the top of this terrific small
I crossed the road and entered the lower edge of the grapes
I had started in - hoping to at least hear ^{the sound} a bird go out.
I did. It tore up into the sky from somewhere in front and
came back, almost over my head but flying very high. I

swung ahead of him and fired and swung around over my right shoulder, firing again. roll on the way they

This time it folded him. He didn't usually do. He folded-- and



dropped down out of the tree boring over, dropped like a torch leaving a trail of smoke - only it was feathers. I sent Puff to retrieve and he found him at the edge of the old rail fence and brought him to me, a young bird. The first yearling I have shot this season. It was a glorious bit of action to make the day. I drove back in a flood of red sunset, past half bare sugar maples that burned with color that was beyond belief, into a valley of the Breeries that burned in the same red glow for miles. The Bishop's trip

→ top of the tall tree he had

was well worth while. This evening Wright, Andy Kelley, Mary, and ~~some other~~ a third person from Beaver came over.

2 shots - 1 hit One productive hunt by Puff One retrieve by Puff moved 8 11 flocks

Wednesday 2 November Ray and I left Blue at home and took Puff to the forest - though we actually hunted outside the forest most of the day. We drove to the Sand Spring and started down the old Greenville road. Partway in, we dropped over the ridge to the left and almost at once made two birds and in following them flushed #3, none with dog work that I could see. at the power line we crossed and followed the forest line along the ridge making #4 and after resting, climbing up ~~the~~ ridge to the top of a steep hill where there were paper vines. On the flat top a grouse flushed ahead of me, going out wild and staying low to the ground. I fired and saw him drop. I ran up and




saw that he was winged and making good progress along the ground. after losing one ~~bird~~ ~~bird~~ ~~bird~~

I was a bit anxious and moved in close but Puff soon had him. He started to retrieve at my command and then he suddenly went stale laying the bird on the ground and mouthing it. Finally he left it and I put him back and after two doses of this he gave up altogether and refused to retrieve. I was disgusted and bitterly disappointed but there it was. So I picked the plover up and ignored Puff, giving him no thanks at all. The bird was another yearling, a male to the one I shot yesterday. We moved on out the ridge to the base of Heaven Camp but as the cover was unpromising we moved back the other side of the slope moving #6 wild. We ate lunch on the shoulder of the ridge that looks out on the Lake of the Woods. While we ate we saw a big hawk cruising high above us. We hunted over the ridge, coming on to the Mendon River Road and moving back down the Greenville Road where we had started. But this time we kept to the right side and hunted over the ridge between the Laurel headwaters in our Fire Tower valley - moving #7 wild. We came back up the head of the valley and out at the car. This bird, a yearling, weighed 557 grams.

1 shot - 1 hit
 moved 7 (6 new)
 7 fleas
 I do not credit Puff with the retrieve.
 ← one of these birds could have been one we flushed along the Greenville road before

Friday
Wood

Yesterday rained and I worked on converting lamps. Wright Spruce was to have come today but didn't materialize, so I took Puff to Nedra's Corners and hunted the valley above Sandy. We moved #1, a big bird that looked almost like a junco with its long tail folded as it sailed over the trees, off the bluestack across from Ray Guthrie's, but I didn't quite have a shot. We couldn't find him again, so, having covered that area, I moved along the ridge and got marked up in my pet hats - blackberries. at the top near the "old mine" a

bird flushed from a bush and paperine heap altho Buff
 didn't get a shot. It was no shot and I marked it down in
 the very center of the ravine which is no longer anything but
 a tangle of rhododendron and old tree tops. We walked into
 him and heard him go and that was that. at the top of the
 ridge after some berry bushes I think I heard #3 flush
 wild. On the flat above Capps and Helman's we came into
 good paper cover and Buff made several nice shots, one of
 them almost productive. I had walked in ahead while he
 stood still as a stone but nothing happened, so I called him
 in. In a moment I heard #4 go out west and he showed
 me the spot by pointing later. We didn't do anything about
 feeding game so I sat down to eat, and soon moved on as the
 day was cold. On the hillside behind George Spilce's a grouse
 flushed, ahead of Buff and I shot altho the cover was thick.
 The bird tumbled and then managed to stay off the ground a
 foot or two. Buff went into action and nearly caught it but
 it gained ^{altitude} ~~ground~~ and  + turned, merely ~~maintaining~~
 maintaining itself in the air. I reloaded, feeling it would fall at
 any moment but instead it cut back to the hollow and I tried a
 right and left barrel at it, evidently missing both (neither a
 good shot) and then watched it make the tree tops and drive
 off down the valley - not too steadily. ~~The~~ The echoes died
 away and I stood there with two more empty shells and a
 silly feeling. Three shots and the bird had not seemed to touch
 the ground. I marked his flight by some trees and started after
 him. at the farthest tree, I ~~marked~~ ~~found~~ ~~him~~ but I went

in a big circle and then returned, hunting back in the opposite direction. about two-thirds as far as I that he had gone, I found Buff, frozen in front and I knew we had spotted him. I walked in and Buff could only roll his eyes, it was so hot. and then I saw the grouse -

Buff and me, one bright eye at probably would flush and be badly hurt, as I wanted.

I ordered Buff

fetch. " He was in too did neither. so with Buff holding like our big oak, I stepped in and the bird shot out in a low flush that misled me. I shot twice and didn't seem to touch a feather. The grouse landed somewhere up in the woods above me and Buff went after it.

I lost sight of him for a while and I thought he must have it, but then I saw him, still hunting. Then he disappeared for a while and when I saw him next he was trotting along head high, looking for me - and



I realized he was carrying the grouse. I called to him to fetch, but when he came he had no bird and I thought I had been mistaken. But when I looked more carefully I saw that he had laid the grouse on the leaves and had left it. I sent him back to retrieve and he picked it up and brought it to me, sitting at command, but dropping the bird from his mouth before I could



on the ground between watching me. I felt get that it might nothing happened, and to fetch; soon; much for traces. He


takes it. Strange dog mind that finds the bird, carrying it to find me and then going thru these maneuvers. It was one of the largest quans I've ever shot, a cock, I believe and one of the craziest sequences I've ever known: five shots at one bird and



the first one the main hit. I found the quon still alive but evidently hit from one of the last shots with one leg shattered.

However, I'm only counting one of the barrages a hit. Up the valley at its head behind the forest quon school I found Ruff pointing and he had a bird. He held it indefinitely until I found him ignoring my whistle, but moved in as the quon went out. But as long as I keep dropping crippled birds for him to catch I can't expect him to be steady & long. We moved another bird, # 7 in the same thicket and then came back and crossed the main road near where Carl Deibel used to live. We moved # 8 on the edge of an old field but couldn't repeat so came on in through the woods that runs into Charles Kelly's. Ruff made a couple of points and # 9 flushed on the other side of a fence. Later I heard it go again. I came out on the road near the car.

5 shots - 1 hit 3 productive points by Ruff
made 9 1 retrieve by Ruff
12 flushes The day was cold and damp and Ruff did perfect grandwork all day long.

Monday 17 #11
7 November Kay and I took Ruff, Blue and Andy Culley's Beane
to the forest and drove down the Hope School road to the
Chestnut Ridge Camp where we parked and started hunting down the
head of Johnson hollow, our full contingent of setters scouring the
woods - especially Ruff and Beane. The two make a beautiful
pair of nicely going dogs and it does Ruff the world of good to be
out with a young dog that moves. For all our numbers, we didn't get a
single productive point all day tho Ruff made two points at hot scent
and held them like a rock while Beane moved in ahead of him. We
moved two single grouse on the left side of the hollow soon after we
started and moved #2 the second time. He took me up to a nice looking
ridge with lots of grapes - a low shoulder between the two heads of
Johnson hollow. We lost our touch with these so moved on, ~~seeing~~
#3 came out of some vines ahead of the dogs. I got another flush from
him and lost him. The end of the shoulder was blue gray with
heavily fruited grapevines but we found no more birds there.
Well along the tram road we decided to go no further and climbed
the ridge on the left, eating lunch up under the ledge of rocks
at the top. Immediately after lunch a bird flushed from Ruff
and bored back my way a bit above head level but sticking
close to the edge of the ridge. I turned and took a quick swing
but ~~missed~~ ^{all I got was the empty echo of the report} and tho we hunted hard, we didn't move him again.
I should have held my shot a second longer but I rather doubt
if I could have fired because of a large snag.  +
We hunted up the ridge through ground blue with grapes, but
empty of birds, and worked over to the middle shoulder we'd been
on this morning. In some very ~~George Bird Evans Papers~~ ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center}

#5 that should never have been attempted and missed. Later we moved #2 two more times and #1 once, ending at the car about sunset. It was wonderful cover but terribly bare of game. Bear is soft and tired rather much toward the end, but Puff did an exhibition days' hunting.

2 shots - no hits
moved 5
9 flushes.

Tuesday I took Bear alone, resting Kay, Blue, and Puff, to the ridge below Clifton. On the shoulder behind it where I usually saw birds I moved two, trying a shot at #1 and that connected at first, for I saw the bird dip and go downward, but after searching hard I decided he had merely dipped down over the hill after reaching the top of the cover. I hunted all around the hollow and then went back up the path toward the electric line when I flushed #2 without a hit. After hunting for him with no results I moved up to the cover that is above the road from the Wilkinson place and found no cover there or no birds either. I must make a note to not return there for several years and then I wonder if it will be worthwhile. I tried a good looking woods beyond that but it was limited in area and there were no birds. On returning to the car I moved one of the first 2 birds along the path and missed a try at him as he took off from the small sapling where he had flushed. It should not have been tried either. I followed him on and was rise up into the barren land that was once a woods on the Wilkinson hill and then went to the car, having had no luck in seeing him again. About 4:30 I drove to the log cabin hollow and hunted it up and down with no luck. Another place to not waste time on. It was a shame not to get more birds.

moved 2
4 flushes

Wednesday King and I took Bean home last evening. Today, Oct
9 November we went to the Forest with Blue and Puff, feeling certain
of birds on the Forester Ridge. We heard #1 go out after we had
hunted all the way to the very end, trapping it on the south slope, and
high and low on the west slope. The birds just weren't there. We
heard #2, #3, and #4 as we climbed up over the opposite ridge on the
north side of the valley and then ate our lunch on the top. After eating,
we hoped for the best and dropped over into the valley on the north fork of
Sawyer - - and found it. Five fleeces from one big goose were
only a glimpse of one of them. Puff went wild but couldn't seem to
mail the scent till the birds had taken off. We followed the lower
two back down the hollow and moved them - one twice. The last was
from a thick grass cover and I saw him top the trees and jump over
the rock ledge. I might have had a shot at him but it seemed
too far out. We returned to the scene of the action and tried to
find the other three. I circled and then I moved no birds I did
almost get run down by a small buck that Puff had put out. When
I went back to day, we sat talking for a while and then flushed
one of the geese when we got up. I had hunted within fifteen
yards of him. One of the others flushed down over the hill as we
moved out the top. I followed and had a good productive point by Puff
but the bird blew off the ground about us and only saw the leaves
move. On our way up to the Greenwell Road a #10 flushed wild
and we followed him to the Forest boundary at the road. We walked
the road back and at one point when both dogs were in front of
me, a quail took off the bank of the stream and I smiled low

straight away, as perfect open, up the road. I didn't dare shoot
and would have hit Ruff who moved in after it. He seemed to
get only two or three points all day tho he worked as beautiful a
day's hunt as I've ever seen. It does him a world of good to
be rested every few days. His style today was gorgeous and
he didn't let down till late birds on the road for a little while,
and they tore back into it. I missed the last bird a second
time but had no chance to shoot. These birds in the one
hollow seemed to have not been disturbed and I'd like to
go back and get some shooting there.

No shots
ward 11
14 flushes.

One production by Ruff
and a well deep work.

7 Thursday
10 November

I left Blue with Day and took Ruff to the Quarry Run
section of the forest leaving the car on the hard top and
hunting around the ridge into the heads of Birch Hollow. I missed exactly one
bird twice on the side of the ridge about Johnson Hollow altho I hunted
three grapes all the way. I got a production point by Ruff on the second
find. After working around to Johnson Hollow I returned, moving
absolutely nothing all the way back. At the car I consulted the
topographic and crossed the road into the cove above the hemlocks.
Ontop the knob, Ruff pointed a grouse that flushed without a
chance to shoot. I dropped on toward the clay furnace and on the
stump hill, ward me out of rhododendron. Aside from a lot of walking
that's about all there was. no shots. 2 productions by Ruff
A lot of good cover with no
birds.

ward 3
4 flushes

Friday
11 November

I hunted alone with old Blue today, leaving the station wagon at the Government bridge and walking up toward the Early Pass. At the top of the knob I saw a bird wild, and when I followed Blue made a shot point, ~~and it flushed wild again.~~ ^{and it flushed wild again.} I dropped back into the open woods, where I had followed a bird ^{one year} before this, and located ~~it~~ ^{one of the two that went out} without a shot. Following, I walked - or climbed - into 2 more, flushing one up over the ridge and the other back down into the big woods. This was too much coincidence to be the first. ~~So~~ I found no further sign of the one I followed, so I climbed up to the corner of Kurt Newman's field and spotted some good cover in the next ravine & valley. I had not gone down into this very far before a big grouse, #4, flushed wild and went down the valley -- where, I never quite found out. After lunch I continued searching for him and finally left that section and moved further down - all there good bird cover. In a little ravine, Blue walked into a grouse and then froze after it buzzed out above, ending in a tree and going out as I approached. The last part I report by sound alone. I had no luck finding it for some time, hunting down to and around a limestone quarry. As a last try, I crossed the run and started up the hill on the far side and then Blue pointed. It wasn't a high-tailed point but for eleven and a half years it was a nice point and it had the important part - which proceeded to explode on the other side of a tree trunk when I walked in. I waited until he came in view on the right side of the tree - going away - and dropped him with the first barrel. The grouse folded in a lot of feathers and fluttered on the ground while I went. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center}

most gratifying for everyone concerned but the bird. Blue was delighted and it was a grouse I'd been needing for several days.



I left that cover and hunted to the power line above the old Heath house site where I found lucky paperwings. Up toward the end of the narrow strip, woods along the left side, a grouse roared out on my right and started back leveling off low. I swung and dropped him, a head shot that sent him spinning in the leaves. Blue came

in and found and retrieved. The first grouse was a yearling, this second - a large bird with the broken tail-land. We did a little rejoicing and allowing that it took the old original combination to break a dry spell and then walked back to the station wagon - a good mile away - and then home. This was the first bird I have shot over Blues point since the last day of the season in 1946 if I remember correctly and it has given him new life. After the first shot, he was at the top of the hill wondering why I took so long to climb it instead of the usual upside order. I can almost imagine he is sticking his chest out to me - or I know he would if it didn't take so much energy.



2 shots - 2 hits (1 complete) 1 kill shot
march 6 2 productive points by Blue
9 flocks 2 retrievers by Blue

12 November Saturday While Ray drove to the Pike to meet Mrs. Harris and Tom, Ruff and I sojourned for a short coverage of the State Line woods near Alvie Shafers. We missed a woodcock the moment we stepped off the hard top road, and later jumped 2 deer -- but didn't find a sign of grouse until we last glanced out the ridge on the left side of the beam among a thicket of blackberries and yuccas. The grouse flushed above me, and kept low, going along the edge. I swung and hit him squarely, dropping him in a cloud of feathers.



with shot.

Ruff was out ahead, but came in I ordered him to retrieve and he brought it to me rather indifferently and dropped it on the ground instead of sitting to deliver. It's a most annoying quirk and I wonder if I'll ever get him over it. I forced him to sit and hold it in his mouth - which he didn't like. Ray picked me up on the hard top road and we all drove home. After Tom got into shooting clothes, he and I took Ruff to Hoy Miller's place and started in the small patch of woods above the road as you approach. We missed a deer and one grouse which we didn't find again.

Bird #2 went out of some thick cover around the hill and #3 flushed in front of Ruff and Tom, sailing straight across my line of vision and low over an open field into the far hillside woods. I marked him and later missed him but a tree interfered with my getting a shot. Further downstream on the hillside, rather high, two grouse flushed and I marked the second. We missed it and, in following, Ruff put out a #6 that came back over Tom who tried a shot but missed. We got another flush up a little

that would just have to have a hiding bird that would take off across the field. It did and that's where he started. I shot a mile quickly with the right and steadied to a careful lead on the second shot and hit him squarely, tumbling him over. The flight was a fast low one - a yard off the ground and it was a rather nice hit.



Puff ran to him and picked him up - tho he was a limp-looking mouthful - and retrieved him nicely - but laid him on the leaves in the current behavior pattern. It was a young bird - and hit squarely. I moved out, not disturbing the other two and soon put a #6 out that went down over the ridge in a power dive. I hunted all the way up Little Sandy to where I had begun and went in to the car. I can't quite remember the details but I feel I flushed #7 on the way.

Puff hunted gorgeously all the day and I have rarely walked up to as many solid points. Only three were productive but I feel the birds had been there. I have decided my gun is not bored modified and chise, but "impulsive" in the right and "retainer" in the left.

The day was cool and sunny.

2 shots - 1 hit
 3 producers by Puff
 1 retriever by Puff

9 flushes

17 #10
 Tuesday 15 November after taking Tom and Mrs. Harris to the bus, Ray and I parked Beau up at Springers and then drove to the forest with all three dogs. We started at the Sand Springs and began our actual hunting at the head of the Middle Valley, moving a house soon after we dropped off the Greenville Road. We moved #2 and #3 out of a sapling on the right slope, halfway down the hollow and I was unsuccessful in flushing either Puff

ran into #4 and I merely heard him flush and soon after he made a nice productive point on #5, who got out the most impossible way he could think of. None of these gave us second flushes; so we ate lunch and then climbed the opposite ridge to drop into the Far Valley. My direction seemed a shade faulty for we came out at the Greenwell Point and the Forest boundary. Turning to our right brought us into the head of the hollow - which seems to really be an enchanted valley. In the big rocks around the point from where we flushed the quop last time, a big quop tore out ten yards or so from me and I took a too quick shot as he roared and went up over the rocks. I felt I had missed but just sensed one leg dangle as he melted away -- a warning sign. In a moment a second bird flushed and John Ray heard a third.



I circled into the quop and saw a fourth cross to my right and heard a fifth take off -- all five accounted for.

Ruff, who had been working like a dream all day (we had given him a barber) took the top of the ridge apart - missing nothing and making one point after another. He made his second productive and I saw the shadow of the bird but it never topped the trees. Nudly darted in and out among them. Another descended the ground going back toward the rocks. Altogether we got five more rises on the top of the ridge but no more shots. I returned to where Clay was waiting behind a big boulder and we started to recircle the cover. Suddenly, I saw a crippled bird flutter on the ground and then try to take off. Bean came in and saw it too and caught it. Then, looking for me, he brought it in a perfect retrieve. It was winged and had to be my bird for it was just where he would have landed. It was a large red bird with George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center rejoiced except Ruff who seemed a little bored.

praise rose in a beautiful straightaway that would have been a good shot had I wanted to try. Under the big cliff further down we flushed #11. It was getting late - about 4:30 our time - and we decided to cross the ridge and hunt back up the Fire Tower Ridge. It was a lovely thought except we came out too far down the hollow - well below the end of the Fire Tower Ridge. It wasn't that we didn't know

where we were, but we were damned surprised to find ourselves there. It was getting dark as we began the trek, Ray keeping to the trail at the bottom while I hunted the hillside. In the lower of the two best quinine ravines, two birds flushed from some vines. Puff and Blue both froze on the scent a moment after they had gone, while Dean moved in alone and worked on the hot smell. Puff went wild halfway over a big log and Blue was a few feet away. Old Parkus had us fairly when we flushed #14, a fast straight-up rise that I spotted against the fading light for a too-quick snafu that missed. The bird perched on a small sapling and then took off and I tried for another shot that missed. A bit further on, Puff nailed me for a small production point, and it was so dark I couldn't see the bird till it topped the distant tree.



It was difficult going by this time - especially seeing the fire tower silhouetted against the day away up in there - but we kept plugging, gaining the top of the ridge and swinging toward it from the old field that was to our left. Just under the tower in the rocky hill, Puff pinned #16, and we merely heard him go away. It was a big day and an old time



praise hunt - with an enchanted walk. George Bird Evans Papers
 West Virginia and Regional History Center
 22 flushes
 3 shots - 1 hit
 retrieved by Dean

Wednesday 17th I took Bean alone to the Scott Run country, ⁴⁹⁻³⁹ heavy
16 November the station wagon at the cutting along the Peggale road.

I crossed to the right slope and walked up into the good paper woods where
I missed a grouse - shooting too quickly as he took out and missed.



I followed up on to the flat on top but saw no more of
him. Going back to my original line of travel, I
walked into the cover where we missed 5 on opening day,

and saw 2 flush up on to the top and heard a third. I followed the
first pair and at the shoulder of the ridge, under the crest, saw a big
red grouse start off the ground. I moved to a spot above him and shot,
losing sight of him at the moment I fired. There was no further view
of the bird and I felt he had fallen. When I sent Bean
in to fetch I saw the grouse lying on the ground, stone dead.



Bean couldn't pick him up, even tho he located him
nicely. So I tossed the bird a few feet away and sent him in. This time
he retrieved very promptly. The bird was a big one, another corker like
yesterday's. I moved off that ridge and ate lunch at the foot of
the hill, then crossed the valley and hunted along the low shoulders
on that side. A bird flushed from the edge of a road, and I followed
up into some rhododendron but had no reaction. In the next ravine, I
flushed #6 from some marginal cover and took a careful swing on
him as he topped the trees, turning him over and over and marking
where he hit the ground.



at once, and I tore thru the
pecubriers after him, getting
set to shoot. It wasn't necessary, for Bean now came in and lead him,
but instead of retrieving, he began to chew so I got the bird away from
him. I moved #7 for a gorgeous possible on my way out, which
was a long way - about 2 miles

There had been a lot of fast-blasting shooting in the steep side of the valley and when I checked out, two Penna. hunters from Uniontown turned in a kill of 6 birds. Just to carry out the spirit of the thing, Beau got to one of my birds on the way home when I stopped in Bruceston and ate part of it.

Excellent country on the far side of south below Pisgah. Must explore it next year.

3 shots - 2 hits
mowed 7 (3 new)
8 flushes

no retrievers by Beau

~~~~~

Thursday  
12 November  
Andy & Eleanor Cully arrived late last night and after a prolonged visit we adjourned today to a world of snow. Andy and I took Buff & Beau to the Laurel Run country, making the old timer from the hemlocks -- and I proceeded to miss a lovely chance at him as he sailed around the ridge behind me. On the flat atop the ridge where I expected to mow a couple of birds we ~~fringed~~ managed to do nothing but get lost in the intensely snowy woods. It was snowing half-heartedly most of the day but at this point the most difficult thing was the thickly browsed cover full of snow. We heard #2 mow out on our way down over the far side of the ridge and as was the case all day -- things kept turning up where they didn't belong, like the little shack at the back end of the old fields. Anyway, we found the rally and mowed #3 wild. At the margin of the woods just below the old home site with the pines we began hunting around the ridge with Andy between me and the edge where I could keep time located. We mowed grass #4 & #5, the latter over a point of Buff's and then a pair, #6 & #7, over another lovely point by Buff. This time Andy took a shot shot at one of the birds and mowed. Buffers in the grass, the way he has been lately, and Beau was ranging nicely too -- making a well pair out ahead. The snow had let up and the ground well covered and the going quiet, it looked like an auspicious afternoon before us.



we flushed the eighth bird wild and I saw him cross in front of me with no sound and drop on the steep side of the hill toward Laurel. We followed but couldn't find him. Back on top and around the other side of the old farm we tramped for a long time with no action; then just as we had almost given up we heard four quacks out ahead, whether over a point or not I can't tell. We followed around the knob and Andy walked into one, shooting and getting the unimpressed bird down. On my way to him I put up one that could have been his bird but probably wasn't and made a charming miss as it bore back around the hill. I shot too quick but probably wouldn't have had any other kind of shot. We couldn't find Andy's



bird and since it was getting dark we moved on, flushing one more of the quacks on the way. It began moving and we made our way out of the darkening woods with one very solid certain point by Ruf that didn't materialize but it surely had been a quack at one time.

Back home after hot battles we sat down to a quack dinner by candle light and a glowing fire. Andy was a small quack, enjoying the day for what it was even tho he didn't get a bird.


2 shots - no hits  
made 13 (4 new)  
16 flushes  
2 products by Ruf  
(with Beau)

Tram

Saturday / The last day of the West Virginia quack season. Yesterday was muggy and I stayed home and worked on the kitchen and rested Ruf. Today was cold with snow on the ground but no precipitation except at moments and it was excellent hunting weather. Ray and I took Ruf and Blue to Army and Homer Millers' and the good old Drieries. We walked thru <sup>all</sup> the wood in Preston County over the fields to Millers' back woods and started hunting.



but spotted tracks in the snow -- new ones -- leading up the slope toward  
some brush and rhododendron. As I approached, a grouse flushed  
cutting low across to the left, then rising to the top of the low trees.  
I swung ~~to~~ and found "that spot" and fired -- tumbling him out ahead.  
I called Buff in to retrieve and while I was getting him on to the  
scout I saw the bird lying in the ~~snow~~<sup>snow</sup>. Buff came in and pointed  
and then a second bird -- a big one -- flushed down near Kay's Buff.  
That it was the bird he was pointing and moved in but I called him  
back and he soon found the dead bird. Instead of bringing it to me,  
he kept mouthing it and I kept ordering him to fetch. Finally he  
dropped it and I lost my patience and picked it up when he refused  
to retrieve. However, when I laid it down and ordered him to  
fetch, he did it promptly. Kay made the very apropos suggestion that  
perhaps he would do better if I didn't confuse him with so much  
talking and coaxing. ✕

We moved out of that cover and  
climbed up on the old wild  Mill Beckert place to Sick Run,  
hunting the entire focus of the stream and up and back the far branch  
with (no sign of feathers). Kay built a fire in a thick little <sup>copse</sup> ~~grove~~ of  
hazels which I could reach that hollow and when I returned we ate our  
lunch. Taking the tramroad, we moved up Sick and at the <sup>top</sup> crossing, I  
found tracks going into a flat to the right of the stream. We moved  
in with Buff ahead and got a nice point, but the bird moved out  
without giving me a chance. We marked <sup>him</sup> up the creek and flushed  
him wild, following his flight up over the low ridge to the right but  
didn't meet him. I had recognized this little cove as the place  
we'd moved birds last year so I returned and we moved two  
more separately along the rhododendron of the creek -- the last one over  
a beautiful point of Buff's. We took ~~to~~ <sup>both</sup> of these but had



no luck, so moved to the woods on the east slope above the very closely cut brier patch of Hovers'. This is wonderful cover, paperwies and old logs in a good sized stand of trees but we traveled some distance with no signs, coming across the old tram road again. We stuck to it, going north, and I remarked what good cover it would be for Mr Reeves's hunt.

Suddenly I was aware of something below the tram. My left and I saw a grouse start off. I fired at him going low and down the slope and missed and fired again. I couldn't see him after that but I feel sure he went on for I hunted carefully and both dogs did too. Another bird flushed from about where he would have fallen, but I saw its tracks and I could tell it wasn't the one I had shot at for there were signs of its walking about leisurely and too far. So I counted them #6 and #7. We moved on along the tram, losing it in a maze of blackberry bushes that wouldn't have been so good for Mr Reeves after all. At last we fought our way thru and came out on the old road we followed



on the mountain to one year ago. Here, I left Ray and went up the road toward some good looking cove above some fields. In paperwies and lots of quambriers I made #8 and a little later #9 from a high paperwie - both seemed to go up the ridge. I decided I could swing back and was then on my way in, and continued out the tram road. Puff made a very certain point but it yielded nothing. It was getting late so I turned and walked up the hollow, to gain altitude for my last circle back.

Without any warning sound, a grouse moved ahead of Puff and I marked him going up the ridge. at the general location, Puff went into a lovely point, rolling his eyes at me and then at the ground in front of him in the brushy cove. I was about 100 yds in front of



him and then moved in, prating with excitement and with clucking. Nothing happened. Then I saw it, head back, on the ground ahead of Ruf. The sharp eyes glistened, then the head extended and the gizzard exploded, yooming off at a quartering rise bearing slightly to the left. I restrained that foolish urge to blast at the first sight of feathers, and deliberately swung on him as he was getting well away, tumbling him in a nice clean stroke. Blue and Ruf both moved in to retrieve and finally Ruf nailed the meat and found him, picking

him up and retrieving to a perfect sitting delivery. Was a gorgeous end in full regalia to the last day of a gorgeous season. No bird could have meant more to me, everything being as it was. Was a huge cork -- the first one of the 'day' being a quail. I walked back along the old road that seemed to follow the crest of the world. Maybe it was these old Breery Mountains that I love, with the far view of Heaven Camp and the Gap on Chestnut Ridge. Maybe it was the way I felt.



4 shots - 2 hits  
 missed 10 (7 new)  
 12 flushes

3 productions by Ruf  
 (one with a kill)  
 1 perfect retrieve

In the West Virginia season I made 52 shots and 19 hits (one bird lost) or 36.53% or 1 out of 2.736. Ruf made 27 productive points (with 2 birds killed), 11 retrievals, and had 14 quail killed over him this year. Blue made 3 productive points (with one bird killed), 3 retrievals and had 8 birds killed over him. We made ~~146~~ separate passes in 25 days and got 266 flushes. I made one shot at a woodcock and made one hit. With the exception of 1947, I believe my shooting was better this year than any other. I found only one of the parasite hypoboscoid flies on the birds this year. Ruf's lifetime record: 1947, 1948, 1949 - to Nov 19 - '49



74 productive points  
 7 birds shot over him  
 26 retrievals  
 52 birds killed over him  
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center  
 23 Grants, W.V.  
 6.34 Card Count



# The Maryland Shooting '49

and Shipper

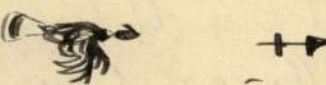
22 November Tuesday <sup>Ruff and</sup> I opened the Maryland grouse season with Cliff Springer, driving over about noon after a heavy coat of snow last night. He warned that the birds wouldn't be moving but finally agreed to go. We left the car at the top of Winding Ridge and walked along the Mason Dixon line to a point well down the mountain where we turned left and hunted under a ledge of rocks where Cliff said he had made 20 birds in deer season. Today they weren't at home. We reached Mill Run - a beautiful trout-creeking stream - and followed the old road up the hollow. A grouse moved out from under a hemlock in front of Ruff and I marked where he dipped into the far side of the creek. About the place I expected him, Ruff pointed into a steep hillside of rhododendron and I walked in and flushed the grouse, which bored up through the heavy growth and emerged rising. I tried for him as he came out and again as he ducked off above the trees but he went on. I spotted his flight by a distant hemlock and followed, getting another solid point on a very steep bank when I arrived. I was nearly dropped myself as I tried talking to put it out, but last I did what I knew I had to do: waded in among the steep tangle of logs and rhododendron and when there was no explosion. I decided the bird was wounded and maybe dead, and began looking for him in the few feet between Ruff above me and myself. Suddenly there was a burst of feathers and the grouse fluttered up over a log to the right of Ruff and started running as tho it were cuffed. I shot of shooting it to keep it from hiding in some hole we couldn't reach and then it took off in a soaring rise which I swung with as best I could in my position and fired, fully expecting it to fall - but it went on down the ridge to the place I had flushed it last. I followed and heard him go out, so I felt I hadn't hurt him too much -- at all.



Ruff held and I walked up but nothing happened. still no reaction. at

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spaniel. We made no more birds until we were nearly back at the state line atop the ridge where we left the car where a grouse flushed ahead of me and sailed back down the hillside along the brushy grapevine cover, red in the light of the setting sun. I took a rather hopeful try but he dropped about the time I fired and I suspect  I shot one time. Later, after marching for time with Cliff, I walked into 2 more, flushing one across the Pike into Pennsylvania and the others along the edge of Maryland. It was bitter cold with quite a lot of snow and not enough sun to get the birds moving.

4 shots - no hits  
 missed 4  
 9 flushes  
 2 productive points by Buff

Wednesday  
 23 November Kay and I took Blue and Buff to Charley Vincent's old country south of Marlinton, leaving the car at a house where we found nobody home. We hunted the hill top, then cut over woods and all of one side of the valley of the North Branch of Laurel with no sign of birds, then the cover looked fine in places. The day was cold and sunny with some snow persisting on the north slopes but a high wind was the disturbing factor. The first bird was a mere sound that we never heard again. After lunch we hunted the forks of this creek near the house where Charley Vincent owned and I saw grouse #2 flush wild with no sound and dart into a little ravine. We followed and Kay flushed it, blowing his whistle to let me know. On the third visit I was walking into a tangled birch patch and heard it go but Kay marked it. The next time Buff nailed it solidly and I had to tramp the cover and nearly black the bird out, but it did a beautiful maneuver, corkscrewing around and between the trunk and branches of a fallen tree so that I could only watch it go. Buff pointed it on the next flush and again it lay tight and both Buff and I ward foot it, only to feel it blow out behind me. Kay marked it generally and I think we heard it for the sixth flush and lost it. It was getting late but we decided to hunt down the George Bird Evans Papers, before we crossed, West Virginia and Regional History Center #3 flushed wild and went over the creek and we followed it down the hill.



Buff and Blue pointed up on the hillside and while I walked in Kay flushed  
 it right beside me and it went down the hollow. We saw no further  
 indication of birds till I had rounded the steep point of ridge going up another  
 short valley that looked perfect. Kay was waiting at the point of the two hollows  
 and a grouse flushed down the steep slope, evidently from <sup>about</sup> me and  
 sailed into the rhododendron along the run. Kay whistled for me and went  
 down, Buff pointing beautifully. I had to walk into impossible positions  
 and the bird moved out the far side of the thick cover. We followed and missed  
 another grouse that could have been the same bird, so I'll count it that way.  
 We crossed a rhododendron tangle and emerged on the road at the foot of the  
 hill. Instead of walking back the road, I hunted up the left ridge of the  
 valley, sending Kay the short way to the car, but I found no further birds.

I am certain lots of birds were leaving unaccounted for ahead of us all  
 day long or lying very close with the strong wind carrying away any scent  
 that the dogs might have found normally. I came back to Kay at the  
 house and found the owners home -- a couple named Bergers who were  
 cordial about our coming back again.

no shots  
 missed 5  
 12 fleckers  
 3 productive points by Buff

Monday <sup>(see season)</sup>  
 28 November <sup>passed on</sup> <sup>WVA & Pa</sup> I didn't hunt the last part of the week because of foul  
 weather. Today was sunny with a soft snow foot breaking up.  
 so I went alone with Buff to Winding Ridge, having missed Cliff Springer  
 who had gone deer hunting. I drove right at the state line and cut back  
 to the top of Winding Ridge, learning that this was the place G. J. and had  
 me hunt down. I hunted out the ridge to the north, missing two large grouse  
 and seeing tracks of others in the snow below the old house. At the point of  
 the mountain in what were evidently the teaberry flats Cliff referred to I  
 saw tracks of a small grouse but no sign of the birds. Down <sup>the side</sup> of the ridge  
 a grouse flushed from a small hemlock <sup>my head but I</sup>  
 couldn't get my gun on him. I saw <sup>the</sup> <sup>side</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ridge</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>birds</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>gone</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>then</sup>



he froze on a very nice point away scattered trees at an old rail fence. I looked in front and spotted the quack's head showing just above the lower rail, shiny dark eye watching me alertly. I had only a short moment's wait until he exploded, cutting low to the ground and straight away. I swung down on him and fired and he tumbled in a puff of feathers, with Puff moving in to pick him up.

He retrieved him promptly but laid him in the leaves. *That's a yearling.*



I went back to the clump of hemlocks to try to locate the rest of the group of birds for census purposes and almost at once heard another flock from the dense hemlock cover. I stood and heard Puff coming up toward me and all at once it wasn't Puff but a small doe that nearly walked into me. I had started back the ridge after locating Puff and hadn't gone fifty yards until a huge buck with a gorgeous rack came bounding across from the right with Puff coming after him. I watched the graceful leaps - he seemed to be in the air most of the time - and stopped Puff and then sat down to eat my lunch. After moving on we put out traps #5 and in following, saw lots of other tracks, but that hunted the entire ridge back I didn't miss another feather. I covered the area below and around the lumberman's place, along the road at the crest of the ridge and all the way down to the next valley on the south and back then blackberry that nearly tore the coat off me, and didn't see a thing tho we had several nice points where the grouse must have been. Then into Paul Swank and another fellow where they had parked down the old road and logged down. Most of the snow had melted when I went out.

*1 shot - Puff on Puff  
retrieved 5  
& flushed  
Puff  
retrieved.*



Tuesday  
 29 November. I drove back and picked up Cliff Sprague as the heavy  
 thunderstorms of last night had cleared and the day was perfect  
 for grouse hunting. We turned off beyond Addison on the Selbyport  
 road and drove up Mill Run, among lots of summer cottages. We  
 hunted the far side of the stream along the base of the ridge, going south  
 and paralleling the power line to the intersection of the next stream -  
 a lovely looking trout stream. Just before I reached it Ruff made a  
 nice point and I walked in only to glimpse the bird go out the far side.  
 I marked him across the tributary of Mill Run and we crossed (I had lost  
 cliff and Skipper long since) and the bird flushed wild. I didn't  
 find him but in searching, flushed another far out along an old log  
 road. In my crosshatching I finally walked into him on the bank  
 of the steep stream bank and the sudden flush at my feet surprised  
 me to the extent that I snuffed at him instead of holding on a  
 spot that might have been male. I marked him where I thought he  
 landed but finally moved him for the lost on the far side  
 of the creek. Having no luck in locating cliff I decided to go around  
 hunt above and meet him at the car route, so I crossed the power line  
 and worked up the right side of the stream in some good  
 rhododendron and wooded cover. Ruff moved #3 ahead  
 and I marked him down where he stopped the cliff  
 of rhododendron. Up there we missed a bird that I think must have been  
 #4 because he was too far up the hill and I followed him as the  
 most directly located one and got a small point from Ruff. The grouse  
 was pumpy and went out before I could walk in on him and  
 I tried a slim chance thru the trees and missed up a rather good





possibility as he leveled off above the tops and made for the creek. I hunted that ridge out rather well and then leaning a stick across the creek, located Cliff by whistle and finally crossed. Once I met him, there was little else but a slow loitering all the way back to the car with



no more flashes. We were greeted by a game warden who checked our licenses and had a lot of very little to talk about. Cliff got one bird

2 shots - no hits  
 2 productions by Puff  
 moved 4  
 7 flashes

Wednesday  
 20 November

Kay, Blue, Puff and I went exploring in a beautiful piece of weather tomorrow. We finally spotted a small looking piece of cover - a long valley with unbroken woods sprinkled with hemlocks along a stream. We parked the shooting brakes and hunted upstream on the left slope, stepping into the best looking grass cover I've found so far in Maryland. Puff made a point soon after we entered the woods and I know one had been there for it was interest. There was no action until I had left Kay and hunted up to some good popovers, bushes, cover on top the ridge and had returned part way back along a little spring drain where we moved two birds. I could mark the second and moved down after it, whistling for Kay to join me. As I did, a third goose flashed near her and since it was the last contact, we followed its flight around the hill. In a little clump of rhododendron Puff nailed it in a nice point but it left with no chance for me to do anything but mark where it sailed into some indefinite cover in the bottom. A few yards beyond, a big goose #4, flashed as we walked onto it and came back over our heads, flying up and striking at my first



shot, ~~but~~ leveling of and leaving the country as I drove the left <sup>42</sup> 51  
bowl at him and missed. We couldn't find time for a second rest whenever  
went back so we continued up the valley. Kay had heard another one  
flush after I shot but it could have been #1. In the bottom along the  
stream I heard one go out ahead of Puff's ~~third~~ production point but it  
could have been one of the first pair also. Kay moved #5 near an old  
sawmill set but we couldn't spot him again so sat down to eat our lunch.  
Soon after, we had Puff's fourth yielding point and saw it go out well  
ahead and dip to the right across the road. We never found it. We  
crossed the stream - a beautiful possible for trout - and then got into  
more open woods. We turned downstream on that side and I hit for the top  
edge and some paperines while Kay stayed in the bottom. While I took a  
side trip to a lovely looking little neck of woods along a branch, I lost  
touch with Kay and when I finally located her I flushed #7 in a  
brush heap on the shoulder, but too far out to try a shot. Kay had  
also moved a bird from an old coal mine sink and then we tried to  
find them, they had done what all the birds were doing today: but for  
the *Arthropodendron* along the creek and when they do it's the last glimpse  
of them. Further along on the same shoulder Puff made his fifth  
production and the bird went out the far side *Arthropodendron* chiefly  
and I couldn't spot him. We followed the sound and in a few hundred  
feet - too soon for the same bird - Puff made another small point and  
#10 flushed up the ridge, after trying to find the two last ones we  
quit up and headed back downstream as it was getting late. On the  
far side of the stream again - when we had moved our first birds -  
a grouse flashed wild and darted across the road and I tried a snap  
shoot but no birds on the way back.

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14  
3 shots - no hits 6 production by Puff  
a lovely piece of cork. We find  
the stream is Laurel Run.



Thursday  
December I left Kay and Blue at home and went exploring again—  
this time out the head top to the left just beyond the state  
line south of Marlinton. At the very end I found a place that didn't  
have the signs of notices I'd been drawing them — the most numerous  
one: "Trespassers with Gun or Dog will be prosecuted" — and the people  
were very cordial about my hunting. I followed an old road behind the  
house that led down a steep side valley festooned with popes but of such  
open beech and maple cover that I couldn't imagine grouse staying there.  
One bird with more imagination than I had took off above me when Puff  
was working some popes and made a 45° glide down and down into the  
far bottom and seemed to zoom to a landing. I raked my bones down  
the mountain and examined the area below but we never found them. This  
was Puff's fourth day in a row but it seemed to be a time for him to  
let out power. He took those steep hillsides like a meadow at top speed  
and he didn't miss a place. It must have been the surberel had  
given him. We hunted around the point of the ridge after I had dragged  
myself all the way back up, with the rocks rolling under my feet  
like billiard balls and at last came to such open woods I had to  
strike out for something else. I could see another steep ridge across the  
narrow valley but it looked like hell's cake, so I piled down into the  
bottom and beaved myself up the other side and into a beautifully  
carving point Puff was holding. I gasped for air and pushed up  
to tramp the area in front and about him but there was nothing there.  
I moved on another fifty yards and two went out singly. I  
marked the last and in a short while moved it again — this time in  
a flush that brought it back my direction and to my right. As he  
passed I tried a swinging shot that cut some of his feathers but he went  
on.



I moved him once again without a shot or point  
going around the ridge toward the river and the



sun, I moved the other way, the pair and saw him go up over the brow of the hill and dive out of sight. Instead of following, I kept around the ridge then excellent popovers and back over and sticking to the steep side about half a plover flight below the crest. In a short while a grouse bored up from below me in a rising shot with the sun shining thru his spread fan and I tried to get my head ahead of him but got tangled in some saplings and stood and watched him go over the top. I got clear of the brush and waited for another -- another that materialized and came boring after the first. This time I got into action when it counted and he dropped into the hill a few yards ahead of me.



Buff came in to retrieve and at first missed the scent, but finally swung into a solid point that he didn't want to break. I kept ordering him to fetch and he at last moved in and took hold of the bird, but then laid it down and no amount of orders or beseeching would induce him to retrieve it. I had to jump in and take the bird and put it in his mouth and force him to hold it and carry it which isn't very satisfactory for anyone. He knew his error but I couldn't make him correct it.

This was my second Maryland grouse -- a fairly large yearling but not a big grouse. I am impressed with the number of yearling birds and the lack of adult grouse in the country I've hunted so far. After lunch we continued around the ridge moving two more, the last one three times. On the next flush Buff gave me a small shot but not an easy one. He had pointed a few yards from an open field and I knew the bird had to be there and I also knew he had to go out in the open. As it happened he came my way -- flying low about a dozen yards out in the field and parallel to the edge of the woods.





this it was open out where he was, there were a lot of things in where I was -  
 like tree trunks and saplings and a man who shot too quick. It was  
 getting late and after hunting unsuccessfully for this bird we returned  
 around the ridge, hitting the top where we moved one of our birds I am  
 crediting Buff with a point on this for I could tell by the circumstances  
 that he had them. I often skip calling points of this sort but when they  
 are as sure as these are I don't feel its fair not to recognize it. We  
 made another of our first birds but had no more shooting. We did  
 have a hell of a long climb down and up before we got to the car. at  
 the house I found the people are named Schultz and that they are  
 friends of Curt Williams. Also that they are the ones with the sign about  
 "guns and logs" but that I am to come back and hunt just any  
 time I want to. Also that their land is the head of Reason Run.

The ridge I did hit 4 shots - 1 hit 2 products by Buff  
 on way down ward 7  
 14 flocks

Buffalo Run  
 There is an old abandoned  
 farm up there that would be  
 a good place to start from  
 if it could be reached by car.

Saturday Friday moved. It also happened to be the day we became the  
 3 December Red Badge Prize winners - as found out we were. By  
 Saturday the weather had cleared up enough and our enthusiasm had  
 cooled down enough to consider hunting, so I took Buff while Kay and  
 Blue stayed home and did things to the kitchen that I should have been doing,  
 and went to the lower part of the Laurel Run valley. The sun was out  
 at times and there was blue sky overhead in spots but the snow still hung  
 in bushes & everything - until I passed under it, where it transferred  
 to the inside of my collar. I ran onto grass tracks almost at once and  
 moved a bit from the hillside to the stream. brush heap cover on the



flat at the top but couldn't find him on a follow-up. I went back  
to the ridge about the creek, and soon saw another flush from Puff and  
came toward me, landing in a tree above my head. As usual, I missed  
so he went out. Too short a view of the bird.  
I missed #4 and #5 together after coming onto their tracks and then  
found no other bird till after I had stopped for lunch on the point of the  
ridge where I ate sitting on a raft fence on the edge of a high field looking  
north along Winding Ridge. We flushed #6 from one of the steepest hill-sides  
I ever hunted and he went down and away to places I never found. I gave  
up my fly-on-the-wall act and slid down to the creek, crossing to the  
sunmy north slope to hunt back. The birds weren't interested in the  
for I didn't hear a feather all the way I hunted, so I crossed again -  
this time thru rhododendron hanging full with snow that hadn't been out  
of shadow all day. I got shaken clean of it and hunted up to where I  
had missed my shot earlier and on the top but got hopelessly  
blocked with brush heaps I couldn't pick my way thru. Going back to  
the larger cover I found Puff showing interest in a pile of tangled  
brush and all at once he poze. I had to wade halfway into the  
mess before the bird bored out staying under cover till he got clear  
and then scoting a few feet off the ground - - away from me. I  
missed both barrels. We missed him again but I was skating  
around on the slippery rocks and couldn't swing  
enough to shoot. I took the hilltop thru the hills of  
ever until I reached the edge and from the open field  
saw a bird flush from Puff and go for the creek. I went over and  
in a few minutes, Puff nailed me that let me walk in and then flushed  
a good piece ahead of me. Again I was blocked and again missed.





no alibi. I just missed.  
and I wanted him badly.



It seemed a big dark bird  
The last two had gone in

the same general direction toward the creek so we did too. It was late  
but the snow was holding the light and I still hoped for a break. It  
came just below the edge of the field among some poplars and big  
boulders. The bird went out to the right of me keeping low to the snow  
and flushing in a line with my own. I snapped too nervously - old  
"Impulsion" on the right barrel - and hit him with the left - for he  
fluttered to a shallow landing into some cover. Buff was there and  
had him in a flash. I went up and Buff practically blocked him  
before he could retrieve - and then he did it nicely and out to  
deliver in the most approved style. I forgot to say that a second  
bird flushed from the same spot after I had dropped mine - so I  
count them two new ones tho one of the last two birds on top the hill  
could have been my #1 grouse of the day. So I count nine altogether.

I hunted to the road and for a quarter mile or so about it, but  
found nothing tho we had definite signs of recent. It was a hectic day  
shooting - but so long as it ended well it was well. This valley  
is a honey and I think would bear exploring all the way  
up and down beyond where we have been.

7 shots (oh god!) 1 hit 2 productive by Buff  
mailed 9 1 retrieve  
12 flushes

(a week of seeing the  
Maryland deer season)  
Tuesday  
13 December

yesterday rained and this morning looked bad, with sprinkles  
but after lunch it cleared and I decided to have a try  
after Kay's suggestion. So Buff left home about 3:00 and drove  
Sand Valley, hunting the lower part where I had done my "bombarding"  
Saturday. We did make <sup>seven</sup> of the birds and I got three tries but none



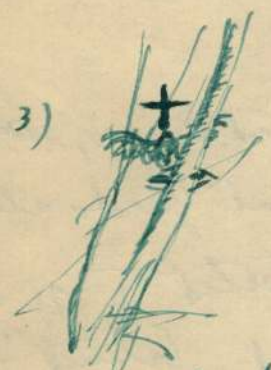
were "probables" and all stuck to types. I didn't get any.



1) a sudden flush from a grapevine to my right, low to the ground and not enough time to follow the lead. It should not have been attempted.



2) a rising bird that I had seen start off the ground ahead of Puff who had moved in from a point. A climbing shot taken then even that could have been made if I had known the bird would level off any moment. I knew he would and he did, so I shot too quickly.



3) a quick snap without enough view or time -- taken after waiting for the bird to show himself to one side of the tree trunk. He never did.

That cover is deceptive. It looks open but the shots are rarely even good chances. 1/ productive by Puff

3 shots - no hits.  
swald 7 (no new ones)  
9 flashes

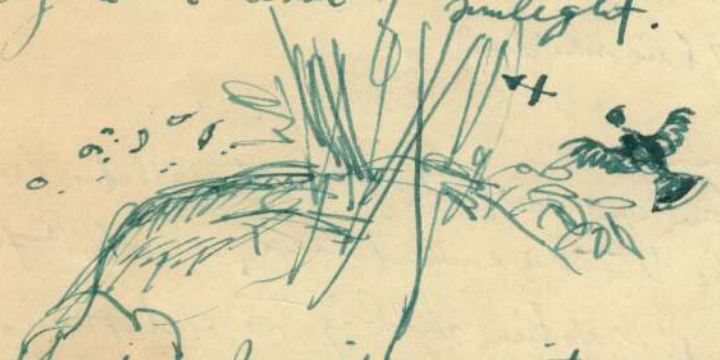
15  
Thursday  
December

Yesterday was a day in town and with the dentist. Call it a loss. Miss Kay had things she felt she couldn't leave, I took Puff and went exploring. I found Trap Run valley too cut off and cleared to be inviting, the one slope to the left of the road didn't look too bad. Driving to the top of the next ridge, I followed a lane to a house on the river hill where people named Frank Solers live. They didn't own the land but they said I could hunt. We moved three birds on the river hill but got no shots. The cover is cut too closely and Puff wasn't doing well. Miss there wasn't much else but a spectacular view of the gorge, I swung up over the top - a flat with no cover but thick saplings without feed - and ended on the main road just above White Rock Run. The upper valley looked rather good and I followed the road down to the stream and began hunting on the far side.



after a short piece I could see they was porcever here too, so dropped  
down to the rhododendron - which seemed a good choice for a grouse  
flushed from the edge of the path ahead of Puff. I made a quick  
try as he turned the corner and saw tiny feathers floating down,  
but soon decided the grouse had gone on.

I followed his line of flight and in some  
cuttings up at the base of the hill, Puff  
indicated scent but didn't point. I  
had heard something that could have been a flush ahead of us, so I decided  
he was merely picking up a trace of that - but several yards ahead, the  
grouse flushed - rather slow on the rise - and started to go back  
over Puff. I made a fast shot as he disappeared behind some  
cave and he didn't reappear. Just large feathers floating  
along in the beam of sunlight. Puff went in and retrieved them  
with a nice sitting delivery.



It was a large bird - the first  
of that size I have killed in Maryland.  
The center feathers went solid in the  
hand so I can't guess its sex. But it was my kind of bird. I  
believe it was the one I had feathered on the previous rise.

I returned to the valley and soon walked into two others - that  
got up singly. The first offered a fair chance as he leveled  
off but my gun barrel was caught in a sapling and I didn't  
shoot. In a few seconds the other one went out behind me and I  
took a try that I thought for a moment might have connected as the bird  
skipped into the cover a bit too soon but I searched the area well and  
I believe it was just a dip in his flight. I missed the grouse this  
I hunted up into the very steep ridge to the left, the other was just



small timber standing too far apart with brush heaps that didn't  
 produce. I ate lunch up there with a view upstream into West  
 Virginia, and I believe I got a bit too chilled, for the next evening I started  
 what was the first cold I've had in several years. I returned to the  
 valley and hunted back to the road, crossing lower down; by road  
 to the sister's lane, covered the flat to the left and back to the  
 River hill country that had plenty of cover and feed but no birds to  
 show me.

3 shots - 1 hit      1 retrieve by Ruff.  
 Ward 6  
 7 flushes

Friday  
 16 December

Another lovely day, and with 1 day still too busy to  
 join the fun, Ruff and I went to the Reamer Run  
 hollow but found a lumber car and heard a dog and a shot sound  
 off. So we drove back to a lane that led to the left - apparently into  
 the country where I'd hunted the first day back of Schultz's. I found  
 a family named Arthurs who were very cordial about my desires and  
 said I could help myself to the hunting - with some mention of 10  
 birds flushed on one hill during deer season. I circled the general  
 area Mr. Arthurs mentioned and then I found loads of paper, there was  
 no grass feeding. I made out the shoulder to the ridge when I'd shot  
 my bird before and heard and saw one flush ahead of Ruff down in the  
 steep valley below the house. Rather than drop down and lose altitude, I  
 kept to the top, starting in to hunt the ridge in reverse - sunny side first.

I had just begun when a grouse flushed from some brush and logs and  
 climbed against the sky. I took a good many more birds than



moment he seemed to go on - then come apart, hover in the air and drop. Ruff went in and speared him and retrieved very nicely, tho he laid him on the leaves instead of sitting. He was ~~hunting~~ <sup>hunting</sup> hard and I think the loose feathers <sup>in his mouth</sup> annoy him.

It was a sparkling bird, apparently a head start.

We didn't hunt that ridge any further, but dropped down to the far valley and started up the very good looking ridge on the other side. Then things began to happen.

Ruff was partway up - about me and I heard a bird flash, then another and saw it go over the top. As I climbed up a third one flashed underneath. I decided to wait over the crest and follow but as

I rounded a pile of old tree tops and logs a bird exploded and bored up the hill about a foot off the ground. I moved with him for a second and fired. The bird dropped and didn't move a feather.

Ruff came in and I ordered him to fetch. He soon had the scent and retrieved nicely, sitting to deliver.



This was a huge bird with mottled center feathers, but squarely all over. As I climbed the rest of the way up I'm certain I heard a fifth bird go out. A group scattered over the shadow side of the ridge. I noticed that one of the tailfeathers of my bird had some bit of frost on it. Not loose frost from contact with the ground but frost frozen hard on it. Evidently they hadn't been feeding tho I found paper and fern leaves in the nest when I cleaned it. At the top a grouse flushed - probably one of the first birds. I ate lunch



sitting on a log in the sunlight at the very point of the ridge.  
 after lunch I tried to move some of the birds on my way  
 along the crest of the ridge - just for dog work but didn't  
 find them, so assume they had dived over the far slope  
 which seemed well wooded. at the point of land above the  
 abandoned farm Puff ran into a bird that flushed back. I  
 couldn't tell if there had been a point or not. I returned to  
 the car by way of the western slope of the ridge the land follows  
 but missed nothing. There are grapes there but very sparse sort of  
 growth.

2 retrievers by Puff  
 2 shots - 2 hits  
 missed 8 (6 new)  
 9 flocks

Wednesday  
 28 December

after nearly two miles with a cold (cleared up enough to  
 enjoy Xmas) my 43rd birthday came as a welcome  
 opportunity to get into the woods again. Kay and I took Puff (left dd  
 Blue at home to rest after one of his weak spells in the a.m.) to the  
 Laurel Run valley where I, too, felt a little "washy" and took it damned  
 easy. We hunted the lower side of the road and got a productive point  
 by Puff the moment he entered the edge of the woods. The bird went  
 out quietly and wild and we conceded him to the hemlocks. The  
 second grouse moved out of some brush partway down on the side  
 of the ridge and we flushed a third one on the flat on top - but it  
 went over the ridge and far away. after lunch we covered the top  
 out to the road and since it was about 3:30 (we got a late start) we  
 decided to try the upper valley. We didn't move a feather until  
 we got up the valley on the far side and we feel it was the "coal mine"  
 bird Kay flushed the other time. <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> the second time  
 but since we had come much farther than we had planned, we

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decided the only thing to do was go on to the upper crossing and  
hunt the far side back to the car. It was getting late and the  
shadows were rather frosty around the edges, so we moved rather  
briskly. Ruff began paying too much attention to some ground  
scent on the upper side of the road and I corrected him rather  
sternly. My voice put out the bird which bored down the valley,  
staying about the road. We followed and about a short grass flight  
along the ridge, Ruff made game and moved into a solid point. I  
walked in but there was no bird. Ruff held until I had gone in  
front and then moved up and the bird flushed - taking shape above  
me out of the brush. I tried to swing to a lead and then realized,  
as the grouse seemed to expand, that it was boring straight at my  
head. I very foolishly fired and missed (it would have blasted it to  
ribbons had it hit it) and then swung around in  
time to find an old snag between me and the  
grouse - which dived down into the creek bottom.



COMING AT ME!

We moved on above the piece of cover and a few yards further, another grouse  
flushed, going to the top of the ridge. I was trying to delay responses  
resulting from my shot but I had an itching to burn some more powder  
pretty soon, was followed. At the top, Kay stayed just under a cliff  
of rocks and I put the bird out wild, marking and following him up and  
around the ridge. Ruff was working well out and the grouse moved out  
from him, doubling back my direction and with wings set, glided  
to a landing somewhere near the brink of the cliff to my left. I  
turned and circled, getting Ruff in to work it ahead of me and finally  
had the thrill of hearing him go out from a tangle some bit above me.  
I got a fleeting look at him then he took to the quick lead and fired.



49 63

The bird started up and then collapsed - rising into the ground. I followed  
 Puff who had gone to work at once and found him wandering  
 the area but not certain of the scent. Finally he



Stopped and I saw the bird lying against a log tho Puff didn't see him.  
 I ordered him in and he made a great circle to me and back into the scent,  
 reaching the point and after a bit of fluttering, retrieved it and out to  
 deliver. It was a big cock - a beautiful thing, a perfect thing on my  
 birthday; only the second year I've ever killed on my birthday. The  
 other one was back in 1944 in Virginia. Day got to us and we all rejoiced.  
 The trip back the top of the ridge in the gathering haze was an experience.  
 There were birds everywhere: we moved five more - one over a solid  
 point of Puff's nose with a chance to shoot. It was a perfect day to be  
 alive and 43 years old. We came back home to buckwheat cakes and  
 maple syrup and little fancy messages in front of the fire.

2 shots - 1 hit  
 would " (at least 2 new)  
 15 fleckles.

3 productive points by Puff  
 1 retrieve by Puff

Friday  
 30 December We stayed home yesterday - a beautiful day - to receive the  
 "press" in the form of Buzz Storey who came to do a feature of  
 us and our work. Today I took Puff and went alone to "Articles" where I  
 left the car and hunted out the ridge to the abandoned farm with no sign of  
 feathers. I crossed the old field and sidled (very slowly) along the shallow  
 side of the furthest ridge but covered the entire distance to the point with no  
 scent. at the tip and just up under the crest, Puff pointed directly  
 toward me from across a tangle of grapes and a bird flushed as I moved  
 in. I fired with little time to choose and missed the some fine feathers  
 floated down. We followed back the far side of the ridge along the spinal  
 rim wild. This time he dropped down over the first  
 slope I had covered, into the shadows





we followed, turning and hunting out to the place we pointed him originally. But there was no bird. As a last try, I dropped lower down and started hunting back up the valley and almost immediately walked into four young birds, scattered over a small area and possibly not yet beginning to feed. Each time one flushed I swung to try to find a lead ahead and each time I found Ruff out there when I couldn't shoot. The four (this accounted for one I hadn't heard the time before) all scattered up the side of the ridge except one that sailed down over. I took the three and followed. Well up where the bottom of the valley begins to climb to meet the steep ridges Ruff came on point, headed into the steep hill to the left.

leaves frozen stiff and for

then the bird exploded about hillside. I shot too quickly and missed with an "impulsive" but sunny part and dropped him with

"redowner" firing as he disappeared

into some brushy cover. He fell onto the hill and Ruff was there and had him, relieving him with a broken wing. It was a fairly young bird but rather large for a yearling. I probably am not used to yearlings this late in the season. I left the balance of the birds to live out their time in peace, at least until next season, moving down into the head of the hollow and toward the other ridge. On the way I walked under the only hemlock on the ridge a big tree, and a grouse buzzed out of its branches over my head - probably the first bird I'd been following. I took an old abandoned road up the far slope and entered the woods below where I'd hunted before, stopping to eat my lunch with my back against a stone pile in the sunny open woods. It was more like spring weather than Christmas week, even here in the sunshine. I hunted out the sunny ridge, moving me back and around




I walked in over the crackling a moment nothing happened. me and cut out along the





to the far valley that leads up to Arties' house. I moved a couple more birds, one came back over my head from above but I couldn't get a shot. This valley was like the inside of a ~~deep~~ deep freeze plant with frost the sun had never hit and I pushed on to keep warm. Puff made an exciting point up at the top of the hollow but it turned out to be a dud.

3 shots - 1 hit (over Puff's point)  
2 productive points by Puff (one with kill)  
1 retrieval by Puff  
moved 8 (1 new)  
12 fleashes

31 December Saturday The last day of the season in Maryland and the weather still held! Kay and Puff and I left Blue at home to rest up 'tho we hated to do it and drove to the Laurel Run valley, parking at the usual place and hunting up the old log road. We heard a bird flush wild soon after we started but couldn't see it. <sup>Further along</sup> to the left of the log road along a spring drain we saw a grass flush and go up over the ridge, so decided to follow. We had gone a few yards when a second grouse went up. This time I managed to swing about him and fired and saw him drop. Puff went to him and retrieved - a young bird. We had been in the woods not more than 20 minutes! We moved up  along the ridge toward the top, thru excellent paper pine cover and moved another one ahead of Puff's point, a bird I didn't get to see. Up on top near where I shot my birthday grouse on Wednesday we sat down to eat our lunch along an old log drag. We moved another grouse, #5, almost immediately after we started on and then found no more sign of birds along the edge of a field above the woods which we followed till we came to a fine looking piece of cover. I left Kay and hunted it out with Puff fully expecting to find birds, but unearched nothing but the owner - a man named Uphold - cutting posts. I talked a while with him and then moved on with his blessing but there were no



birds in them just then. I rejoined Kay and we dropped down over the ridge then cover a bit too open to be ideal. Toward the bottom, we swung back down the valley along the slope and got into rather larger woods with no great amount of feed. I was ahead of Kay, with Puff ranging well ahead of me when I heard Kay call, "Look out! There he comes toward you!" and saw the grouse doing exactly that. As he swooped up and over my head I turned and swung to a fast lead and pulled, catching him in the tree tops and at full speed. It hit him squarely and he folded and finished the area without another motion. A second bird flushed from almost the very spot!

THERE HE COMES!!



I called Puff in to retrieve and he found him lying, belly up - an enormous breeze. He picked him up and retrieved -

ending a perfect day and a wonderful season. As Kay ran down to join us, she flushed a third bird. It was only about 3 o'clock but we stopped gunning and walked back the road to the station wagon. Kay had achieved the ultimate in performance as a gunner's wife - perfect bird work. I'd not had seen the grouse at all if she hadn't called and alerted me. She was magnanimous enough to let Puff retrieve him and share the glory! Puff had ranged and hunted like a dream all the time we were out.

- 2 shots - 2 hits
- made 7 (2 of them new)
- 7 flushes
- 1 production by Puff
- 2 retrievers by Puff
- 1 productive by Kay

I found grouse in Maryland quite difficult to locate and scarce at first, but after we settled down and did our own hunting alone in country we had located I really got into fine shooting. This is a vast territory still to be had with a little exploration. George Bird Evans Papers  
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the Maryland season:

1949

13 DAYS HUNTED - 61 BIRDS MOVED - 133 FLUSHES - 36 SHOTS: 10 HITS = 27.7%  
(4.7 PER DAY)

13 DAYS

RUFF: 25 PRODUCTIVE PTS. (2 BIRDS KILLED) - 9 RETRIEVES - 10 BIRDS KILLED OVER HIM.

the West Virginia season: (5.84 PER DAY)

25 DAYS HUNTED - <sup>146</sup> ~~152~~ BIRDS MOVED - 266 FLUSHES - 52 SHOTS: 19 HITS = 36.53%

20 DAYS

RUFF: 27 PRODUCTIVE PTS. (2 BIRDS KILLED) 11 RETRIEVES - 14 BIRDS KILLED OVER HIM.

BLUE: 3 " " (1 " " ) 3 " 8 " " " "

I started the season shooting #7-3 DRAMS-10Z, changed to Peters #6-3 1/4-1 1/8 (unsatisfactory)  
also used Mallard #6-3 1/4-1 1/8 in left barrel but went back to lighter load in  
right barrel wards RED HEAD #8-3 DRAMS-1 1/8 OZ which gave results. Found 2 in all  
this year of the parasite hypobosid flies on all the birds I brought in.  
Total 1949 record.

38 DAYS - <sup>207</sup> ~~217~~ BIRDS - 399 FLUSHES - 88 shots: 29 HITS = 32.95%  
(5.45 PER DAY)

RUFF: 52 PRODUCTIVES (4 KILLS) - 20 RETRIEVES - 24 BIRDS KILLED OVER HIM.

BLUE: 3 " (1 " ) 3 " 8 " " " "

RUFF: 1 PRODUCTIVE TO 3.69 BIRDS MOVED

RUFF'S LIFETIME RECORD 1947, 1948, 1949:

99 PRODUCTIVES (9 KILLS) - 35 RETRIEVES - 62 BIRDS KILLED OVER HIM.

77 DAYS

BLUE'S LIFETIME RECORD TO END OF 1949: 101 GROUSE RETRIEVED

123 GROUSE KILLED OVER HIM

5 WOODCOCK " " "

9 QUAIL " " "

(SEQUENCE OF 74 WITH ONLY 1 LOSS OCCURRING IN IT) 58 IN SEQUENCE

1 WOODCOCK RETRIEVED

7 QUAIL RETRIEVED

GEORGE'S KILL (1939 - 1949 INCLUSIVE): 182 GROUSE (1 OF THEM IN VA.)  
3 " " " PA

5 WOODCOCK  
24 QUAIL

1949

207 MOVED <sup>399</sup> ~~344~~ FLUSHES 23 COVERTS 9.0 bird/covert

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



WV1949

23 counts / 6.34 b/c

COOPERS ROCK / ~~SCOTT~~ SCOTT - 015.10.16.1 / N16.7(3)8.2HOMER MILLER - 0<sup>18</sup>~~18~~ - 8.15.0 / N19.10(7).12.2

SHAFFER - 019 - 2.5.0

COOPERS ROCK / GLADE - 020 - 10.18.1 - IWC / 024 - 6(2) - 10.1 / N7.

LAUREL - 021 - 9.14.0 / N17.13(4)16.0

COOPERS ROCK / POWERLINE - 025 - 2.3.0

SUMMERS 026 - 2.2.0

JUNE'S 026 - 4.6.0

STATE LINE - 027.2.5.0 / N12.(1).1.1

COOPERS ROCK / FIRE TOWER 028.7.8.1 / N2.7(6).7.1 / N9.11.19.0 / N15.16.22.1<sup>(5)</sup>

UPPER BEAVER 029.9.10.2

EVAN BISHOP - N1 - 8-11.1

COOPERS ROCK / JOHNSON HOLLOW N7. ~~9.12.1~~ 5.9.0

CUPP N4.9.12.1

HARADER PLACE N8.2.4.0

COOPERS ROCK / QUARRY - N10.3.4.0

BOWERMASTER BRIDGE - N11.6.9.2

HOY MILLERS - N12.7.11.1

FORKS OF SANDY N14.7.9.1

~~SCOTT KING N17~~MARYLAND

6 counts 10.17 b/c

WINDING RIDGE N22.4.9.0 / N28.(5).6.1

MARKLEYS BURG / VINCENTS N23.5.12.0

MILL RUN N29 - 4.7.0

LAUREL N30.10.14.0 / D3(9).12.1 / D13.7.9.0 / D28.11(2).15.1 / D31.7(2)7.2

YOUGH RIVER HILL SO. MARKLEYSBURG DI. 7.14.1 / D16.8(6).9.2 / D30.8(1)12.1  
(BUFFALO RUN)

SISLER D15.6.7.1

(WHITE ROCK)