

Old Hemlock Farm
Brandonville, West Virginia
9 January 1951

Dear Hans Uhlig:

I have been quite interested in your research project since meeting you up at Cooper's Rock a year or so ago and want to answer your questions a bit more carefully than on a card.

As you know, I hunt grouse exclusively (having no chance to gun for quail locally) and since I make a point of shooting each covert only once each season with a very few exceptions when I return for no more than one repeat visit, even in the Forest, I probably move more individual birds than most guns. I am careful to estimate only the separate grouse moved and account for this in any repeat visit, also keeping a total of all flushes, productive points by my setter, kills-over-points, retrieves, etc.

*ESPECIALLY IN
COOPER'S ROCK*
I happened to hunt 25 days both in 1949 and 1950 in West Virginia, much of it in the same coverts. In '49 I moved 152 birds for 266 flushes; in '50 I moved only 140 for 236 flushes. While close, I still felt the grouse less numerous, averaging 5.6 per day this season as opposed to 6.08 per day in '49, and definitely requiring much more intensive hunting and dog work to find. My hunting is limited largely to Preston and Monongalia Counties for which these figures apply, though I sometimes shoot in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

I killed twenty grouse this season, but due to an accident to several envelopes I had set aside for you (with wings and tails that our cats seemed to fancy) and a demand for grouse tail Indian war bonnets on the part of a young relative, all my feathers didn't get to you.

I probably mentioned that my personal daily limit is two, regardless of official quotas, and I would like very much to see that the legal limit. I have begun this year to observe a gentlemen's agreement with the grouse to limit all attempts to kill a second bird to shots over points by my setter, a practice that cuts down on opportunities for kills but pays handsomely in satisfaction. Incidentally, of my 20 birds, ten were adults according to my opinion.

As to the December 18 to 30 season, I like it very much though it ^{is} ~~actually~~

actually offers very few possible days with such weather as we have had. Let me pressure you to not give a rabbit season beyond the legal grouse season. You must know that in West Virginia and other birds are shot

during this period every year. I know of actual grouse kills that occurred after December 30th this year under cover of rabbit hunting and of distinct grouse hunting trips made, in another case, during rabbit season by men we normally consider the best sort of sportsmen in the community. Your wardens can't possible check this type of thing and you only invite it by letting any legal small game season extend beyond another.

As to next year's season for grouse, I certainly feel it should be no longer than in 1950. I do feel we miss the best gunning which is the last half of November but I am quite satisfied to forgo it. As I say, the late season in December is a nice chance to get out a few days and is, I think, a concession that doesn't cost too many birds. You may point out that the January week of rabbit season wouldn't cost any more, but it isn't fair to invite illegal kills and keep the conscientious gunner, at the same time, out of the woods.

I enjoyed meeting one of your colleagues, Bob Wingard, while he was stationed at Cooper's Rock this year.

I hope to obtain some assistance in improving the food setup for quail on our place from your local technician. Can you do anything to help me get some quail for stocking purposes? I can offer them 241 acres of perfect cover with a little food improvement, and can say they will not be shot at until the proper time.

Good luck with your research. Would appreciate any reports you may have available as to grouse and quail and Hope I can be of some bit of help in any way possible.

Yours sincerely,

George Evans

P.S.: You must try to get hold of our first two mystery novels (you'll remember that Kay and I are writing mysteries under the pseudonym BRANSON BIRD). Our first DEATH IN FOUR COLORS won the Red Badge prize for fall 1949 and the second came out in September, NEVER WAKE A DEAD MAN and is about grouse hunting in West Virginia, though chiefly concerned with corpses!

AND CUT DOWN
THAT 4 BIRD
BAG LIMIT!

SHOOTING NOTES 1951 ~

Saturday 13 October - First day, clear and sunny, mildly warm with color at home at peak intensity. Ray, Ruff, Wilda and I left Ed Blue at home and drove back the new road to Lick Run, leaving the car at Summers'. The leaves in that area were like full summer foliage and only partly colored with no opportunity to see any distance. We worked to the "Gold Mine" rocks, marking one single grouse and a pair with no bird work on the part of Ruff that I could see, tho he might have made a point in the thick cover. I couldn't get my gun up and we felt all these birds dived over the hill toward Roaring. We hunted the ridge back higher up but made nothing till we reached the ledge above the Canon place where I put up #4 but had no shot. After eating lunch we hunted up Lick Run on the right bank, seeing a group of small brook trout and one about seven inches in a sunny spot in the crystal water, their white-edged fins and scalloped-marked sides showing plainly. Hunting up the third tributary on the right (I believe there are none on the other side) we made #5 grouse and in following #6 and #7 flushed from Ruff across the ravine. Ray saw the latter and tho she couldn't tell if Ruff had pointed she was able to mark the bird's flight. I followed, leaving Ray to rest, and on my return circle saw the grouse flush behind Wilda. He didn't seem to hear him go but caught his scent and worked it out nicely but with no point. I called Ray up and on the next east we saw Ruff make a nice point and then

the bird went out for the third flush for #7 and still no shot.
We lost him after that so ^{long} not on a ~~little~~ bank while I creaked.
When we moved on I flushed #8, or rather Ruff and Wilba did, and
I saw no more of it. All thru this day I had a feeling there were birds
but I somehow had no contact with them at all - merely hearing
or even glimpsing them but no chance to throw my gun up, let
alone lead and swing with the bird. The day was quite warm by this
time, and the dogs were both sluggish and tired. We all rested until
after 4 (our time) and then hunted out the cliffs above the Cannon
bluffs again where last year we had moved so many. After we got
there, we crossed to below the road and made a final sweep up the
ridge to the car with Ruff making another nice productive point
on the edge of a little half-spring - but again he moved in too closely
after I came up and the bird went out. I almost saw it. We
hunted to the station wagon and stopped about 5:00, driving home
in golden late afternoon sunshine. It was a nice first day in a
sense - all the color (except for the woods we hunted in) and the
marvellously fragrant smells of the leaves and boulder ferns; and
again, it was rather frustrating, not really seeming like grouse hunting
when you couldn't see the birds. Another two weeks will really set
the stage - and meantime, it's worth sacrificing the shooting for the
extra Indian summer color and knowing the birds wherever we
covered up.

No shots
Ward 9
11 flushes

2 productives by Ruff

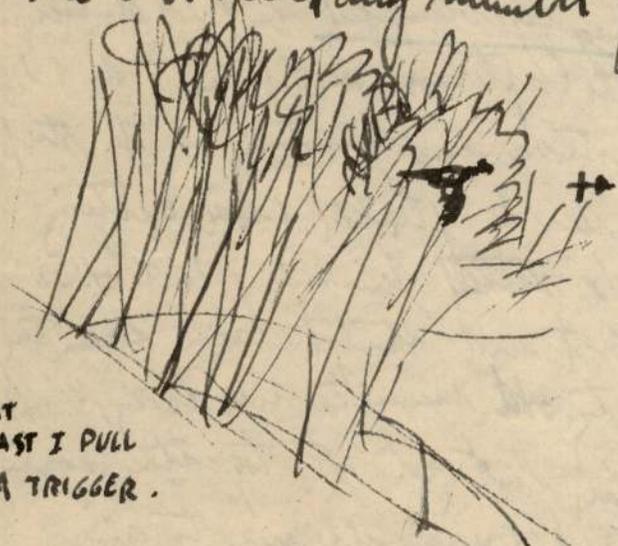
Monday 15 October - Ray and I left Wilda at home with Blue, and took Ruff to the Forest and hunted the firetower ridge. The woods was dry and in summer leave with little color up there but the day was another crystal clear one in a string of blue October days and very warm and sunny. I hunted in a shirt and with a game bag. We found quite a few grapes but absolutely no birds until we reached the top of the ridge and began the long hunt back. There, on the side of the ridge we found them feeding on grapes. The first bird flushed wild and we got two rises. The second flushed from near me but I could scarcely see him. #3 and #4 flushed together; Ray saw the second one though I didn't know it went out. We moved each of these a second time and also #5 up on top. None of these offered shots. Ruff, who had hunted beautifully for the first two hours, had tired by this time and caused me considerable annoyance with his listless attitude. In the way back the ridge he bumped #6, much as he had flushed the others but no doubt it was due to the dry hot conditions. However, I can't see how to overcome his tiring out after the first couple of hours. We made the long drag back to the tower about dark with not a single other bird to break the monotony. If the present policy of game management has had any effect on the grouse shooting in the Forest, it has been anything but good. Too many names of quivered hunters. However, this year's policy of closing the Forest south of Route 73 is a good move, I think. We noticed a right-of-way cut through the woods from the tower south for several miles. Whether it is, it will have a beneficial effect on growth of grapes and cover.

George Bird Evans Papers
 West Virginia and Regional History Center
 March 6. 9

Tuesday 16 October. Another golden day. Worked on the maple tree for
an hour or so and, after a pleasant surprise visit with the Reitzes, I took
Wilde back to the Faulkenstein Ridge, leaving Kay at home with Blue and
Puff - who is supposed to rest up. It was relatively thick back here but
not quite so bad as the first two days. Wilde hunted beautifully alone,
quartering industriously - if not as wide as Puff - and managing to
bounce around everywhere at once. She hunts with a low head but I
hope she'll find the facts of life thru experience. I had the collar and
bell on her today and it is a marvelous aid in locating her. In spite of it,
she got separated from me about the time I ~~reached the top~~ and was
rounding the point of the ridge. After some minutes of wrestling I saw a
bluish speck far down in the valley on the road near the station wagon,
first along the road, then crossing the bottom land toward the
stream. I continued to whistle and at last dropped down to the
rebates and went on signaling for her. Finally I heard the bell,
then a huge deep-sounding splash, accompanied by the kind of noise
Wilde makes, only this time under water. At last she burst thru the
rhododendron soaking wet and delighted with herself. We hunted the
remaining daylight getting out the foot of the ridge toward the
Presiers Road and Wilde found one mouse and flushed it out of the
country. Was too late to do more than get back to the car.

no nests
made!
1 flicker

Wednesday 17 October. I hunted alone again today with Puff. Key
 stayed at home with Blue and Wilder and our blazing sugar maples.
 I had worked on the maple tree for an hour and got to the woods along
 Laurel Run at Bright Wilsons about 3:30. We hunted the far side
 with the hemlocks all the way down to meadow with no flocks at all.
 This cove is more open than any I've hunted this year, the the hemlocks
 offer lots of protection for the birds. When I started back I began
 moving birds well down in the holodendron along the stream. I moved for
 4 flocks with no chance to shoot. #4 went out well up the hill side and
 climbed to the top and I decided to follow. Puff had hunted the
first two hours gorgeously and was covering country the way I like to see.
 Up on the brow of the ridge the bird - a big one - flushed ahead of
 Puff and crossed to my right. I shot through the leaves and missed -
 the D's killed any number of them in similar circumstances. For a while



AT
 LAST I PULL
 A TRIGGER.

that I might have but ~~time~~ but
 Puff covered the area well and didn't
 find him. I followed and got a flush
 so he must have escaped.
 When I followed in the next rise I
 found Puff pointing beautifully into
 the steep hillside ahead and above me. He
 had the spots but it flushed out the far side of thick cover and I only heard
 it go. As we moved on I walked under the hemlocks he'd pointed at and a
 second group roared out of the branches, making a power drive down the
 slope toward the creek. I got the perch of him as he dove
 George Bird Evans Papers
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

for a split second and fired but missed. Since there were two together I
 count them as #5 and #6. I hunted the rest of the way up the valley
 but made no other birds. Puff folded rather
 much after his very nice performance and I
 had to egg him on, which doesn't do much
 good and makes my temper ragged but I
 can't let him form a bad habit of fold bricking
 even if he is tired.



There was a lot of shooting on the ridge across the
 creek - eight or ten shots - and it might
 indicate there are birds there. From the shooting I don't
 think the number was reduced much.

2 shots - no hits
 heard 6
 9 flushes

1 productive by Puff

Thursday 18 October - Leaves still screamingly beautiful but too numerous
 for shooting. Worked on tree again until late afternoon and then took Wilde
 to Sandy on back end of our place, wading stream and hunting up the steep
 ridge on far side. This even is coming back nicely after the close cutting
 before the war, hardwoods and hemlock. We started hunting about 4:00
 and within fifteen minutes Wilde got lost and started back down the
 hill toward the car. I spent the next twenty odd minutes whistling, clapping
 my hands and calling hoarsely until at long last we got together again.
 By this time she was pretty rounded and I had driven all game to cover
 for a radius of a mile or so, but we went thru the motions of hunting out
 the top of the ridge. It has opened up too much on the far end but there
 is good spruce growth all there and when I dropped down the hill

across from the low Pezode field I found excellent hemlock cover in patches thru a thick mixture of hardwood saplings and briars. At one point while waiting for Wilks to get caught up with me, I was standing close a clump of hemlockes. As she came up to it she flushed the one bird we moved and I took a quick try at it thru the saplings and missed.



I was glad afterward that I made the try for it was a fine time to introduce Wilks to the shotgun which she had never heard close at hand. In the excitement of the flush she didn't act as if she had been aware the gun went off.

We hunted the country ahead but was unable to get a second flush. After several casts we dropped down the steep hill and waded Sandy to the Pezode field and walked to the car on our side, picking some dark red oak ~~leaves~~ and tan chestnut oak leaves to bring to Kay.

Wilks did all right but tired noticeably at the end of the short 2 hour session. Can't understand why I can't keep my dogs hunting longer. On the way there one place, Wilks made a flash point on some strong reeds.
1 shot - no hit
mark 1
1 flush

Friday 19 October - a cloudy overcast day, turning colder with a fine mist in air at times. I left Kay at home with Wilks and Blue and drove over to Milmas's and picked up Jim Savage - hoping he could steer me onto some birds in the glades country. We stopped by his house at Five Forks for his license and then drove to the Glover place near the Joe farm, leaving the station wagon at the empty house. We began hunting in the good looking cove on the right of the road but made nothing until we reached the edge of a woods along a stream where two birds flushed to one side

of Ruff. I tried a shot at the second one but missed - not taking time enough.



Instead of following them, Jim wanted to hunt down the hollow so I went in the woods - good rhododendron and hardwood cover and hunted down the far side of the run. Some distance down the run - which is "Moon Run" two grouse flushed singly ahead of Ruff and really, I felt, should have nailed them. I followed up the little tributary and saw one of them for two more flushes. By this time I had been separated from Jim for quite a while so I got up and circled back to him, flushing a woodcock that offered a nice shot I didn't care to take. When I met Jim he said he had flushed two grouse on his side and we hunted back up the hill along the road and in to the cover he thought they'd flushed to. Not far in the woods Ruff made a staunch point I felt was where one of the birds had landed but there was no one home. Circling higher, above where we had first begun hunting - we stopped to rest and starting out again flushed a bird I realized Ruff had been pointing. As it showed for a brief moment in an opening I held about it as it flew low to the ground and fired and saw it drop. In a second Ruff was there and had it making a lovely retrieval and sitting to deliver - a very nice performance. It was a huge cock, but hard. Jim had to get back so we stopped hunting.



2 shots - 1 hit (over point) | Production by Ruff.
March 6 | 1 retrieval by Ruff
9 flushes.

RUFF BRINGS THE FIRST ONE OF THE SEASON

Saturday 20 October '51 - Kay went with me today - another beautiful clear sunny day, warmer than yesterday. We took the whole outfit and drove to Jack and Dora Feathers, finding no one home. We left Blue in the car and hunted down the ridge to Roaring Creek, making nothing on the way. Across the creek we followed the Cotton downstream with the dogs working well in the cover along our path. At an old mine I stopped to remark about the cawlin - a shale face that had dropped off the hill leaving a twenty foot cliff. Suddenly I saw Wilda heading for the edge of the leaf-covered hill above and, with a nasty feeling of helplessness, realized she was going to fall over. She landed on her belly, flattening out on some coal and with no sound or whimper got up and stood panting, holding one leg off the ground.

I got to her and made certain she was still in one piece. After a moment she gathered herself together and was off, as good as new. We hunted back upstream making a bird out of the Rhododendron above Wilda's coal mine that disappeared without showing itself. Keeping up the hill side we came to an old road and followed it. Not far along I heard a bird flush and pipe as if it was in a nestling. The dogs were below us and had had nothing to do with the flush. We climbed the steep slope and



WILDA COMES DOWN

decided it was time for lunch. After eating we started into the thicket above us and almost at once I saw Puff but some nest. Before he had time to pin it

flushed a grouse that cut across my right and started to drop
down the hill. I managed to swing with him,
walking to the spot ahead and pulled, seeing him
drop just before I lost sight of him. I called to Kay that I'd hit him
and sent Ruff in to retrieve. Both he and Wilba went to work conscientiously
Wilba acting as if she had hunted for hundreds of dead birds - but neither
seemed able to spot it. In a few moments I saw the grouse, stone dead,
lying below me. I urged the dogs on and watched each of them pass
within two feet of the bird and never get a bit of scent. I sent Ruff back
again and after a cast from downwind, he nailed it and retrieved it
nicely, with a pretty delivery. Wilba was excited and wanted to grab
the bird. I patted her and let her get the smell of it but restrained
her efforts to take hold of it. It was a yearling with the interrupted
tail band. We hunted on up the valley, all on the far side from Jack's,
and found only one more grouse. When we crossed Roaring and hunted
back up the hill I expected to find some birds but didn't find a feather.
When we came in we found Jack & Pa at home and stayed for a very
nice buckwheat cake & sausage dinner and a pleasant visit.
Ruff hunted well for the first 2 hours and then let down considerably
for the last 1/2 or 2 hours, very much as he has done every day this
year. I am quite exasperated with him for I feel he gets bored too much, when
he is tired that is - standing and waiting for me to order him on. Probably my
fault for making over him too much at home, but he works fine when he
isn't tired. I hope I can get him back to work soon.

a full half-day's work without tiring. The colder weather later in ^{May} help. We didn't see nearly enough birds for the car we were in.

1 shot - 1 hit { Puff
Willie } returned by Puff
ward 4
4 flushes

marked messages
used in 17 #20

Monday 22 October - Today I hunted the ridge in the forest that runs out from the archery range. It was a little disappointing - first, because Puff's still in his addendum or loveside over Willie or Whitnut, and second, because we didn't see enough grouse. Most of the birds were at the extreme end of the ridge - as they are in most cases and were in separate locations on the ridge. The first one I saw start out but had no shot. Puff couldn't get the scent enough to make a decent point though he was near most of them at one time before they flushed. Conditions didn't look too bad - a cloudy day after a very light shower but actually too warm. Thirst and game bag weather. The second bird was up high in some rock ledges and gapes and flushed up now. Later Puff found a hot spot that could have been where he sawed out on a later flush. After eating lunch on the edge of an old clearing I hunted further out the ridge and heard a third one go. At the near right-of-way being cut over these ridges I turned and hunted up on the top and found some nice gopher's ears on the south slope. I missed a big-sounding bird that seemed to go down a ravine and I followed. Near the right-of-way I flushed a grouse that I think was a new one - #5 and sawed him twice. Returning after having no success I walked into the by fellow, #4, and took a trip ^{George Bird Evans Papers} to the leaves driving

most of the charge into two replays. all of the same flushes were chances. Buff should have nailed if he'd been traveling normally instead of spending his day a few yards ahead of me and looking back every time he changed directions - if not slower. I am about at the end of my patience with him and have no idea what to do about it short of shooting him. It's one of those things, after four seasons of wonderful work, to have him get sloppy. It about drives me nuts. I hope to God cold weather will put a little guts in him.

I hunted the south face of the ridge top back, hitting the pine plantations and some excellent grapes but didn't score a feather. I found two cars pulled down into the ad fields where I came them and really imagine that section is tramped to death. Hunted four hours.

1 shot - no hit

March 5

7 flushes

Used details re Willa in 17 # 20 ↓

Tuesday 23 October - I took Willa and left home about 3:45, driving back over road to Deep Hollow where I parked at the bridge and walked up to the Scout Camp. It was very sunny and hot and the leaves had dried out again so that walking makes a terrific racket. We hunted up the ravine from the camp thru very good beech, poplars, hemlock and rock cover but scored nothing until nearly to the top. One grouse flushed from a tree and I saw him settle into the ridge above. As I walked up # 2 got out at the foot of the same tree and flushed across the road that climbs from Deep Hollow.

I decided to follow #1 since I had him rather well marked. Once up in the thick hemlock cane I wasn't so sure. Wilda wasn't settled down to good ranging and I couldn't get her to cover the area. After a while that didn't yield anything I decided to switch to #2 and started in that direction. I had taken only a few paces when I almost stepped on a grouse that exploded from in front of me and rose sharply. I swung about him and stopped him with my right barrel dropping him a couple of yards in front of Wilda.



She ran in and picked him up, then laid him on the ground and ran on in circles as if she'd never seen him. I called but couldn't get her to come in for quite a time and then she'd pay no attention to the bird.

I suspect the crack of the gun was a little loud so close to her and had her a bit rattled. The bird was a yearling with the interrupted tail band and I had nearly loved him. After a rest, I headed her back the ridge in the opposite direction leaving #2 to his own devices. Almost immediately Wilda flushed a grouse that got out under her nose and she had a very lively time for some few minutes. It must have been #1 and this one I had killed a third bird. I wanted badly to have her find and flush him again but I was unable to get her into him, tho we hunted out well beyond the house at the end of the line. It's hard to realize how inexperienced Wilda is. I could see her trying to learn how to keep in touch with me in the woods.

on each cast and had trouble locating me. Beyond the house is a
 pretty rough piece of briars so I went up over the top. On the flat
 I found a nice little ragweed field where Wilde threw her head up
 and with tail at "frantic merry" started hunting upward for something
 she had wanted. It wasn't very fancy and she only trotted but the
 head and tail action was nice and she was pecking nobly. I
 prayed for quail to get her into a reward but nothing developed
 in the field tho' she covered it all rather laboriously. In the edge of the
 woods just beyond she still showed game and I let her work down
 into the grassy area. Suddenly back to my left a grouse
 blew out, pluming up rather gradually. I tried a long shot at
 him and missed - with him going away - and tried for a left
 barrel redeemer but it wasn't in the books. He went on. Wilde
 came in and hunted assiduously as if she knew all about "dead birds"
 but of course he wasn't there. Further only, in line with the headlock I
 had marked and on the edge of a little scrub thicket he went out
 without giving me more than a glimpse of him, cutting into the
 grass line right-of-way that is being cut in this section too. I know he is
 at somewhere along it.  after two tries I couldn't
 find him and so I made a big circle on the far side
 of the line. This time I walked him up near an old stone wall and
 he flushed ahead of me in some very thick scrub and sapling area. I
 shouldn't have attempted it but I fired twice and missed, as he

levelled off and disappeared. We hunted for a while but couldn't raise him
 altho we covered a lot of good places along the
 right of way. At the county road we walked
 down the ridge to the bottom and the station wagon.

5 shots - 1 hit {Wilda
 near 4
 7 flushes



M#14

Thursday 25 October - Yesterday was rainy early in the day and we
 decided to forego hunting and go out to town and see Mother. Today
 was much cooler in the morning with a cloudless blue sky and
 sunshine. I went with Puff to the forest, parking halfway down the
 mountain at Dick. It was quite warm by the time I started and I soon
 peeled off my shirt and hunted bare under my shooting jacket.
 We cut across the shoulder of the ridge on the far side of the valley
 below the road, skirting some not-too-good cover and touching
 some old fields that were bordered by greenbrier. Puff hadn't begun to
 hunt too well and so missed seeing the first grouse that flushed
 from one of these edges. I was unable to spot him for any further
 rises. After quite a lot of travel I came out on top the ridge that
 runs out from the archery range and recognized the place where I
 ate lunch on the edge of a clearing the other day. We circled this
 cover in an effort to find the grouse I'd flushed the other time I was
 here and were leaving, working out the ridge when Puff swung around
 into the wind and pointed back the way we had come. I walked

in and after a moment Ruff moved up and established his point. The
grouse flushed low to the ground and across to my right - cold meat
if I had been in form. I wasn't. I shot too quickly and missed
both barrels, with the grouse ducking below his line of flight as I
pulled the left. I marked him when he dove over the head of the
hill and followed, flushing him from an old rail fence beside me with
no work from Ruff. Instantly Ruff had chased equanimously on the
flush after his point.



I didn't get my gun on the bird on the second flush because of some trees that
blocked my vision and was unable to find and was him again. I
stepped further out the ridge and then hunted to the right of way,
covering the good papering growth in that area without seeing anything.
I dropped over to the valley and climbed the end of the Fustian Ridge,
and hunted thru the lovely grapes for some distance with no results.
Then suddenly a red grouse flushed from the tangle below me and
started to rise and climb away. I again shot too quickly, the right
and then the left. As I fired the second shell the bird whirled and
fluttering his wings unsteadily, cut down the steep hill and disappeared.
My second barrel had landed the charge directly into a small sapling
but a pellet must have reached the grouse for it seemed to draw in its
head so that I had the impression the head was gone. I followed marking
his direction by a vivid yellow tail blow and I hunted hard and

long but never found or would him. I repeat it very much and only hope he recovers. This shot, like my first, would have been a certain if I had but restrained myself and settled down to a careful try but dragging on a three-mile trek and moving only 3 birds is not conducive to intelligent reaction when a grouse finally explodes beside you. Puff hunted well in here and made two points that I was sure were going to produce the grouse but they didn't. After several circles I gave up and climbed the ridge thru grapes most of the way. ~~At the top I found Puff~~ I realized after I missed class grouse that Puff had been at the spot and I feel I must credit him with the point.



When I reached the top of the ridge I found Puff pointing again, silhouetted in the brilliant circle of the sun, low against the hill. The blinding light paralyzed my retina and when the bird went out it took me seconds to find he had flushed from the brack. Seconds are of the essence in a grouse flush and of course I could only guess where he went. Further out the ridge #5 and #6 moved out of the same position, one darting down the ridge, the other over the end. After a fruitless circle back I got my wind and ate a candy bar for the long haul to the car. It was 6:10 and the sun was dropping back of the mountain when I started down into the valley, stopping at the stream for a drink of cold clear water. Then the drag of Archery Ridge and I took off near where I had missed my first bird. About my compass for direction - the sun was gone now. I hit a good cliff there the

woods and finally dropped over the last rise and heard cars on the distant road. I also heard and saw, a grouse go out of trees and move down the ridge. A few minutes later a second, #8, went off the ground and further on another which I lost feel I am wrong in calling #9 flushed away from me. Ruff was tired and I don't think knew they had flushed. He had fallen back into his annoying habit of moving short distances and stopping to stand and wait expectantly for me - expecting I know not what. What he needed was something he probably would have been surprised to get. But he did send one of the birds further out the ridge for a nice protection and stood nicely as it fledged.

By this time it was not too dark to shoot and I dropped into the photolinder in the valley and crossed to the other side, coming out higher up the hard top road from the station wagon. It is a good valley and accessible and some day I might try to get into those three birds again. I hunted $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles today.

4 shots - no hits

marked 9 (4 new)

11 flushers.

4 productives } Ruff

17 #20

Friday 26 October - Another sunny warm day, clouding over toward afternoon to an overcast hot day. I worked on the maple trees for a while and at 2:00 left with both Ruff and Wilbur for the forest. Ray stayed home again. After checking in I hunted from the administration building around the ridge toward Hadd Run valley -

hearing a bird flush wild from some papawine cover on the end
 of the ridge. Wilde was hunting like a blue demon but
 Puff was turning in a very sluggish job of work. We
 dropped into Gales Run where they both loaded up with water
 and then climbed the far ridge. at the top we worked
 them some excellent grapes but missed nothing up to the time
 we stopped to eat lunch - a half hour out. Both Wilde
and Puff were badly winded from the heat and I got them
 a good rest while I ate. Starting on up the hollow along the
 ridge we missed a bird, #2 that went out before the dogs
 found scent. Further along I flushed it (I count it the same)
 and saw it go back in the direction we had come from. Puff
 was pottering around and not ranging or covering the ground
 as he should have scouted it. I swung them both around and
 headed back to follow the bird. Back at the point of the ridge I
 quartered the country myself and couldn't see it and had
 started to hunt on when the grouse flushed out of a tree
 about me and bored off them the leaves. a large accumulation
of adrenaline had gathered in my veins as a result of my
 beloved Puff's performance and I had to spend it somehow.
 The shot was a fleeting one and almost hopeless but as I
 saw the grouse going away I pulled up quickly and fired.
Something seemed to come down and for a moment I thought
 might have been the grouse but was a cluster of leaves

floated to the ground, cut off by my pattern of shot, I realized I must have seen one of them. I walked on anyway to be sure I hadn't dropped the bird and put Puff in to "fetch". He went thru the motions half-heartedly and with the attitude that old Geze was missing most of his shots these days and as a result wasn't on hand when Wilda took over in a peeping tangle when I heard a flutter of wings and saw her pass for a moment and then go after the bird. I told Puff to fetch but Wilda was doing nicely, thank you and had ^{all} the tail feathers and quite a few others out of the grouse when I got there. She stopped and lay beside it, grinning when I came up and tho she didn't retrieve (I've given her no lessons) she certainly took honors for finding the crippled bird. It was a yearling with the interrupted tail band and I had broken the right wing and leg.



I told Puff I was sorry for him but Youth had got there first with the mostest and it was entirely up to him.

We hunted across the ravine toward the other shoulder of this ridge and I saw a grouse flush wild, #3. Farther on Puff made a very nice production on this bird. As I walked up the bird took off on a low scuttling rise and Puff made his greatest capture of the day.



WILDA FINDS MY GROUSE

breaking at flush. I rolled him and took him back to where he
had been pointing, ^{#21} tramping his hind feet and commencing "flay."
I made him hold this while I walked in and imitated a grass flicker
and then sent him on. I aim to try this method for a while rather
than the "No" command. Further into the hillside two more grouse
flushed and I think Puff might have had them but can't be certain
enough to credit him. We followed one and Puff made an
excellent point on the crest of the ridge. It was very hot and he
had been holding it some time when I found him but the bird
must have gone. After some circling and losing Willa and after
my throat had undergone 50 years wear calling her we got
organized again and I hunted out the ridge to where it joins the
one above Glade. From there to the point of land we were watching
until the end when a bird that I have to count #6 flushed
from no part of me. Puff was working so poorly, missing so
much territory and with his nose to the ground that he didn't
know it happened and shortly after two more went out. We followed
and heard and saw one more flush but got no dog work at all. Willa
flushed a woodcock from exactly the place where I killed one year
before last. It was about 6:30 and I made one more circle and hit
for the valley, crossing Glade ~~at~~ under a blood red sunset sky around
the end of the ridge. I hurried thru the woods over the shoulder of
the last ridge and in spite of my feet fell found myself in
almost complete darkness as I neared the hard top road, too far down

the hill. I followed the road a few hundred feet to the driveway
 to the administration building and checked in. It was my fourth
 day with Forest and my first bird there this year. Wilde had
completely removed the tail but it was a beautiful specimen to me.
 Wilde hunted well today - her first burst of speed was
 heart-arming but she soon wore herself out, especially with a
 couple of lost periods. Ruff didn't work at all well. Checking on
 last season's notes I find he did rather poorly at this period last
 year. Let's hope he redeems his reputation soon.

1 shot - 1 hit over	} Ruff	1 productive	} Ruff
8	} Wilde	1 find crippled	} Wilde
12 flushes		no retrievers	
1 woodcock for 1 flush			

Saturday 27 October - I hunted alone with Wilde this afternoon -
 a cloudy warm afternoon with threat of rain. We started hunting
 about 3:30, leaving the car at the Kingwood road and hunting up
 the right side of Crab Orchard. I found this beautiful hemlock and
 maple cover along the creek but impassably briery on the hillsides and
 clogged with black-and raspberries in the old log roads. One grouse
 moved out of a tree top while I was calling Wilde and I saw no more
 of him. At the top after a 500-foot climb I came out on a high
 plateau farm with a view of the Brieries. There was no sign of life about
 except some crows and two black tired-looking horses that gazed at
 us tolerantly. I decided to rest Wilde and stopped to eat my lunch,
 sitting on a nice stone fence and looking across at the distant Briery
 mountains. I was hunting in a shirt and pants and while I sat there

a cold breeze came out of the west, causing me to put on my
 plastic raincoat, for I was wet from the hot climb. After eating
 sunny Wilke around the point, toward the old house below the barn
 and found it empty. Returning to the fringe of cover I walked
 into some nice brush piles on the edge of an extensive wild crab
 thicket — part of the "Crab Orchard"; no doubt. Wilke was ahead of
 me and suddenly threw herself around to the right and showed wild
 excitement over a bushy pile of cover. The grouse went out low
 with no chance for me to shoot, falling into the woods near the house.
 Wilke didn't see it go but went into ecstasies as the scent grew
 hotter in her nostrils. I was finally able to call her on and we
 followed the bird into excellent little necks of woods and alder
 glades but never made it. It was good-looking woodcock cover but,
 aside from a large deer which Wilke "took" and a gray squirrel, we
 saw no game. This cover could be good on a day when impending storm
 would cover up the game and if the margins along the creek and glades
 were hunted out. I didn't have the time and headed back toward
 the station wagon, just touching a beautiful hemlock cover along
 Crab Orchard Run near the forks. Heard no other birds all the way back.
 Jack Feather tells me I was hunting around the old "Tiddley Jim Feather
 Place."

no shots

March 2

3 flushes

Monday 29 October. This was the right kind of day after rain on
Sunday - cool, cloudy, and damp, underfoot. I took Puff to
James Kelly's in the Hoy Muller lane, leaving the car and hunting over the
ridge to the ~~steep~~ slope above Little Andy. Puff worked like an
angel today, his first real performance of the season. ^{Naturally!} There was no
sign of game until we dropped into the thick hemlock and brush
cover that is lower down. Puff made a beautiful point with
tail well cocked and I walked in, certain of action. The action,
however, didn't come and Puff moved on. Further down the little
ravine, I was walking along an old path and saw a grouse on the
ground to my right, getting set to leave the country. I called
Puff in, watching the bird, and as Puff approached - on the wrong
side of the wind - saw the grouse reverse his direction and run toward
me. As he flushed I swung with him on the rise across the path
and fired just as he banked away from my pattern. I fired
again and tho' he went on, I saw a number of feathers float
down. When I walked up and examined them I found that they
were back feathers - looking as tho' I might find my bird crippled
^{Example of bird that seems not badly, but, after all...}
on the next rise. ⁺ We hunted for some distance and further
than I had expected Puff found him in some rhododendron
instead of being crippled, the bird moved
out the far side very promptly and I could only follow him by sound.
There ensued a series of flushes, 6 in all with another nice production
among them - and with the exception of a desert long range chase



which I didn't try, I had no shot at him. When I finally gave up I felt the grouse had earned any breaks he'd received and I wished him the best of luck in recovering from my clumsy handling with that shot. We hunted low along the margin of scrub in fine cover for a long distance without incidents of any kind. Then I came on Puff on solid point in a sitting position where he had slid to a stop on hot scent. He had been moving in on the flocks and I decided to sacrifice this shot if necessary to get to him but as I walked up and heard the bird go I couldn't resist trying to get a look and in that moment Puff made his dash. I brought him back and forced him to "stay" in the point position while I moved on. I question the results. This bird I count as # 2. ^{Marking his flight by sound,} I followed him up the ridge and as I climbed an old log road # 3 and # 4 flushed from the same spot. I got another look at # 3 as he flushed with alarm and came back from the hillside but no shot. I finished covering the ridge to the top and was surprised to learn I hadn't got around as far as the ravine below Hoy Muller when I had that view well down the valley. After sitting hunched on a log with a glimpse of distant blue ridges through the thin trees I dropped back down to follow the lower level down the valley. Suddenly I heard a loud flush below me and waited, seeing the bird materialize on a grassy mound and come straight at my head. As I ducked he cleared me and I whirled in time to fire ^{as he bore into the}

hill. It was necessarily a quick shot as he wasn't far from the steep slope and I had to shoot first before he landed. As a result, it wasn't solid but it was a hit for as he struck the ground I saw him spin wheel twice and try to take off, falling and tumbling down the slope to my left. I tried to get a shot at him to stop him but Puff came up in time to locate him and soon I saw Puff had him on the far side of a big log. When I went on I realized the grouse was down in a crevice among rocks and Puff was having difficulty reaching him. At last he managed and delivered him beautifully, a gorgeous big red bronze cock with a very solid tail band, I still alive with a wing tip nearly shot off and a pellet thru one foot.



was either #4 or #5 but I called this could have been either #4 or #5 but I called it #4 to be on the safe side. The rest of the way down the valley, staying ~~at~~ about the same level on the ridge, we missed #5 and #6 for four flushes but no shots. One place Puff missed two close to each other and it seemed to summer run for a while. I climbed the rocky spine of the point of land above the forks of the creek and found the old spring house with its apple trees where Puff and I rested. We hunted back the brow of the ridge to the good gaperines and then climbed to the old fields and patches of woods on top. In the little woods where I've found birds before I came on a big bird that offered me a fair cross shot if I hadn't been waiting for a shot on a point. We followed Puff

produced a beautiful production on the next rise, complete with a break at the flush. I couldn't get a shot but followed for one more flush on the edge of an old field - the 18th flush for the day. We tried to move him again, hunting around an old deserted farm with a huge larch tree I didn't know was there. It was after 6:30 and getting dark and I took an old log road back around the hill thru excellent looking cover but made no birds. From one of the old fields on top I had seen the next sweep of this country toward Chestnut Ridge with a view of Wynup's traps that were feet to the wall me - freshened into a steep cut in the mountain with ~~vertical~~ near-vertical walls. This is one of the way-back-up-in-here wilderness places I love to hunt.

This bird had red eyelids. Also the first of the hypoboroid flies this year.

3 shots - 1 hit { Puff }
 missed 2
 18 flushes.

4 productions { Puff }
 1 retrieval

Tuesday 30 October - Cool and damp and cloudy after rain this morning. Took Wilde about 3:00 to the country across from Faulkner's house, leaving car there and hunting up nice valley on Werly's, seeing 3 birds from orobaphes at base of hill. I tried a shot at #2 that wasn't very likely - and missed as he topped the thicket a little way out. They acted like young birds and I got two more flushes from the upper edge near some beech - one going down the hill and the other cutting on the top across the crest and being thicket. I followed and came out on the old road that leads up for the

Kingwood road. It's a beautiful old road, rail fence on each side and tall old trees closing in on it. I couldn't see any birds and so moved into some wonderful grapevines along the crest of the ridge. Then I killed one out - probably #1 from down on the hollow but had no shot. The grapes seemed interminable and I realized I was approaching another barn and house so went up to check on it. Tucked up out the road at a little place and getting permission to hunt from the Bishop. The husband is a coal miner and very nice about telling me to help myself. I followed his suggestion and hunted the woods along the crest of the ridge above Sugar Valley church and the Kingwood road finally seeing #4 from a low tree where he had gone ahead of me. Wilder showed intense excitement for a while and then couldn't locate him and hunted on. I was nearly lost when he tore out, and gave me a fair chance I didn't take - somehow trying to restrain myself from taking impulsive shots. I crossed the road to try to raise him again but never did. On the way back we flushed one of the first birds near the original site and I took a swing as he rose below me. I felt a tree coming in the way before I could get the shot ahead of him but the mechanism was already in motion and I couldn't hold my fire - under shooting or shot-shooting him. Heard him again after Wilder dug him out and one of the others as I hunted back.

2 shots - no hits
heard 4

10 flushes

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Wednesday 31 October - Cool and damp with a fine mist settling
 in about the time I left home of the Williamson Place with Willie
 and Ruff. I left the car at the foot of the Bowermaster Bridge hill
 and mounted up the red-bush-and-brier slope to the upper margin
 of the Williamson cover, moving up the valley toward the small power
 line. There were grapes all the way and the dogs carried it well - Ruff
 working like old times. We got ~~at~~ clear to the upper end and didn't
 see a feather until we started back, one degree lower down, when
 I thought I heard a bird go out. Ruff went into a nice point that
 corroborated my impression but I never saw the grouse. We covered
 the slope well down the hill and back downstream, finally crossing
 Mason Run and hunting up the far side to the bridge. No action.
 Along the road I ignored an ancient notice of the extinct club
 that used to lease this tract and hunted up the stream, keeping along
 the rhododendron. Not far in I walked into a bird that flushed
 up the valley from me. After a short flight distance I looked
 below me and found Ruff feathered up and solid. Almost
 at once the grouse roared up and I, in one of my more brilliant
 moods, wanted to uncap my gun until he flushed, losing valuable
 time on the rise and looking an uncertain sight toward him.
 It missed and he soared up thru the bare trees and leveled off
 cutting up the valley high on the hill. It had been a damned foolish
 trick, and I'd hoped it would settle me to take a more careful
 shot, feeling the moment taken to ~~take the opportunity~~ which would be

negligible. Grouse are too fast for that kind of thing & I am too slow in finding the lead. Anyway my reflex went numb at the crucial moment. I think I would have had him normally. We



RUFF HAS HIM.



followed his flight up the hill and moved him ahead of us, this time back down the slope and we never did find him after that. After eating lunch following a thorough search of the bottom we made up the left side of the stream and about some rhododendron on a very steep bank of the stream I

came on Ruff, suddenly pointing again. As I spoke to him, not sure if he had them two birds - # 3 and # 4 - went out and bored up the bottom. Puff held beautifully on the floor. After I went down I found Puff pointing again, this time down in the rhododendron tangle. Nothing materialized so I moved him on, but after a few paces he poys again. Willie came in and I made her "stay" on a nice back point while I flushed the bird. It went out the lower part of the bank and I only got a fleeting look at it - We followed up the bottom, moving one of them wild. Near the upper edge of the strip ^{in some} thick crabapple cane Puff made another point later moving in to consolidate it. The bird flushed before he pointed it but I have to count it another production if not too perfect. We lost this bird but hunted out a couple of necks of cane that reach up the open hillside toward the high power line. One thing I found that surprised me a lot, a very healthy cedar tree about four feet tall growing in the open field

as if it that this were the Cumberland Valley or Virginia. Possibly from
 a parent tree in some old burying lot. When we hunted down to the
 stream again, Wilder went into ecstasy and worked into the rhododendron
 along the creek and I heard a bird flush wild (probably the last of
 Ruffs trinnivivata). We didn't find him or any ~~other~~ further flocks and
 so started hunting back down the valley, hoping about where I had
 missed my shot. Suddenly I saw Ruff but went on the path ahead
 of me and went into the cover on the right. A grouse flushed a bit
 below me and started down the hill joining them the brides and
 going straight away. Frustration and whatnot had their way with
 me and I blasted one at him as he disappeared. I have known days
 when it would have dropped him, but not this one. ^{I heard a second} ~~but never did~~
 a bird flush up where Ruff was, after I shot and ~~the~~ I am reasonably sure
 Ruff was pointing. We followed out to the ~~edge~~ end of the woods and then
 hunted out the bottom to the bridge with no further action. The
 drizzle had let up after the first hour of the afternoon's hunt and it
 was a perfect day to be out for grouse. Wilder was rather tired after his
 day yesterday but she hunted hard and made a couple of embryos back-
 points where Ruff pointed. Ruff did very well. Personally, I shot
 poorly and it galled me a bit but I shouldn't let it. Just being
 in the woods, just seeing one last sugar maple half stripped
 and glowing on the far hillside below an old barn, just being
 alive is wonderful on a day ~~like~~ in grouse season.



George Bird Evans Papers
 West Virginia and Regional History Center
 2 shots - 100 hits 5 Probert's } Ruff
 missed 7
 12 flocks

Friday 2 November - Cold and damp with a sifting of snow on the
tree roots and logs after a drizzle in the night. I took both Ruff
and Wilda to the Mt. Zion country, leaving the shooting brakes at
John ~~Miller's~~ ^{Miller's} at the jumping off place for Evan Bishops. Miller's
daughter-in-law told me that Liston owned ~~some~~ ^{the} good-looking overhapples
glades I inquired about and I've decided to hunt in there later if I
can get permission. Today I walked out the road to the school house
and began hunting down the hollow behind it, both Ruff and Wilda
hunting and ranging beautifully. As I got further down into the
hemlock and rhododendrons, mixed with hardwood saplings I expected
grouse to blow out of every clump of cover for I had made about
8 in here two years ago and this was exactly the day for such cover.
Nothing happened. After hunting well down the hollow I swung up
onto the very nice ridge where I had also made them before, but
not today. At the top I found an edge of excellent grape cane and
Ruff made a nice point but nothing developed. After circling some
neighboring cove I came back to the ridge and hunted down the
side first and after walking up to a point I found Ruff still on.
Heard a grouse flush behind me about thirty yards away. We followed it
up the knob and Ruff got me another rigid point but this time he
had gone out ahead of us. On my way down the ridge over on the
extreme margin of the woods and a ~~brush~~ patch, Ruff began working
anxiously but didn't come to point. A moment later I walked into a
red-looking grouse that flushed ~~also~~ ^{also} ahead of me and ran

on a straight flush out over the valley. I held myself in control and swung carefully with him and fired, seeing the bird apparently explode as I pulled. I didn't see him fall, but neither did I see him go on and I walked in, fairly sure I had hit him. Puff searched well, and so did Wilde, who came in to the shot like an old timer, but the bird wasn't there. I walked back to where my shell had been ejected and looked where I had shot and saw a small dogwood frayed and ragged where over $\frac{3}{4}$ of my pattern had been absorbed. It had been the bark flying that looked like a hit to me.

+



We tried but couldn't raise the bird a second time. We moved and followed two more but had no second rises on our way back up the hollow. I crossed the run a very nice-

looking stream at this season and dragged my way up thru the dense cover on the far side of the valley below Evan Bishop's. I hunted along an old road and into some good popovine cover among the briar tangles and saw #5 flush wild and go up the slope. I followed to the crest of another shoulder but didn't raise it again. Further on Puff made a nice point and after letting me walk in, moving up to establish it and the bird flushed, darting around the ridge with no chance for me to shoot. On the next rise Puff had him cold but I couldn't see him further needs and so walked into it unprepared and couldn't shoot as the ground died on the rise of the hill. That was #6 but it was the last one we raised. I went to the building behind the house to speak to Bishop's son -

living some place else now. It had seen a number of grouse last winter
 in the hollow to the east of them and I followed his ^{directions} and
 hunted & heard with no results. The weather was closing in with the
 night and I don't think it was a fair day to judge the bird
 population because of impending storm. It settled into a cold
 drizzle and fog as I walked the mile or so back to the car
 and drove home to a log fire and a wonderful grouse dinner.
 My breaks haven't been much on shots during the last week and
 you have to have a few breaks to hit grouse in this day of rough
 cover and ^{scarce} birds. Some time I want to hunt the head of
 the run where the crabapple grades look so good and possibly
 stop off the same day to hunt a valley east of the road from
 Sharp's Store.

1 shot - no hit
 heard 6

3 productives } Ruff

7 flushes.

Saturday 3 November - Was to have met Husing Fife and Bang today but
 snow and wind upset plans. After having winter tires put on and antifreeze
 put in station wagon - also calling Fife and counseling arrangements - I
 took Ruff to the power line near Earl Nicolas. The woods had a considerable
 amount of snow clinging and an inch or so underfoot but we moved 3 birds
 separately in far corner of cove and old field opposite Jack Copman's.
 I got five flushes altogether with no chance to shoot and no productives.
 Ruff worked fairly well but too close and slow due to footing and snow. Covered the
 little gade along Wilson Run upstream with no results, getting gloves wet and making
 fire it hard to dry out. Gun barely coated in snow so that left barrel was
 unusable and hunted with one shell loaded.

Monday 5 November - Cold, with pieces of snow left in the woods. Sun
 at times fading out to overcast. I took Ruff to the Pisgah road from
 Laurel Run, leaving the car on the road at a house (Hildreth's) and
 hunting down a ravine toward Big Sandy below Rockwell. This is the
biggest country I've ever been in - a vastness and wilderness quality
with hillsides six hundred feet down to Sandy at more than 45°.
 An old tram road clings to the side of the ridge, bordered with grapes,
 and the slope drops down a sheer three hundred feet to Sandy, looking
 like an oversized trout stream bounding clear and deep, between
huge boulders. It's breathtaking and the thought of what would
happen if your dog lost his footing is a little unpleasant. I followed
 the winding gorge for two or three convolutions and should have found
 a dozen birds. The prospect of just going on hunting into that
dim valley leading away from all places was inviting but I wanted
action I wasn't getting and so I climbed up, by zigzag depresses and
 pulling myself from tree to tree to the crest of the hill. Up here a
 cutting had left good looking brush piles that looked more promising
 than the hillsides which were too open and with trees too tall. However
 nothing developed and I wound deeper and deeper into the woods that
 broke up the basin I was following. I came to an abandoned farm place
 and was in sight of Pisgah to the north just as at the top of the
 ridge. Here I found the car too closely cut and so dropped down an old
 road into a lovely hollow with crab apples and rhododendron that ought
 to have been certain prospects. Nothing happened. At another old wreck of
 a house in the bottom I stopped and ate my lunch, surrounded by
 hills that at one time must have held loads of grass. I wondered what
sort of conflicts and emotions the very shell of a house had known.

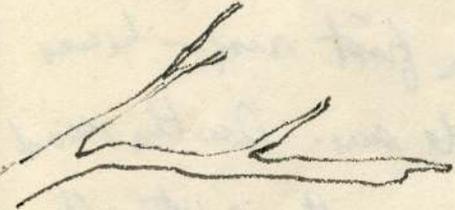
when people lived there and if they had appreciated the kind of
isolation they must have had. Some number character had fired six
shells at something standing where I was sitting. He'd also left his
lunch papers for the world to admire. When I finished it was about
4:00 and I hunted up one of the gullies into the ridge that looked
like better cover. Crossing onto another shoulder with some logs and
pepperies I thought I heard a bird go out wild and jerking from Puff's
actions I'd say I think been one then. Puff was hunting wonderfully
today, hitting all the places and almost never dropping out of his
ground-eating loop. We worked higher and came into some good
grass tangles where I heard a flush and saw the grass rise to a tree
where it sat with top-notch bristled watching Puff. I moved in on
him, not caring much for the shot, and let him go out of the trees
without trying, tho it was a fair possibility. We followed, hoping to get
some dogwood and a good ground flush and when Puff made a
point further around the shoulder, I thought we had him. I decided
when it turned out empty that the bird had moved off ahead of
us, but a bit later I flushed ~~the~~ a grouse that could have been the
same one or a new bird. There was no chance to shoot and this time he
bored across the fir ridge I had left and I gave him up heading
back toward the car - it was after five - I worked Puff around the
ridge and in a nice little gully after going thru some heavy pebbles
and blackberry tangles I heard a bird flush and realized Puff had
been pointing. It went out of a dense fallen tree top and sailed around
the ridge ahead of us. As Puff worked in, a second and a third
went out of the same place. I followed the two that went ahead - the

third had taken the top way out and would a full about me - and soon I
 flushed me of them from a tangle of vines. Before following back the
 ridge after it I creaked down to a log road and the other one went out
 and drove straight down the woods and out of my world. Back after
 the one I could spot and after some work heard and glimpsed it go
 away - again back the ridge in reverse from the direction of the car.
 I followed anyway and ~~got it~~ got a nice point where it probably
 went out about 700 again. I got up and headed back toward
 the end of the hunt. I cut into the thick cover about when I
 had left off and soon found Puff on a nice point. As I walked
 in the land flushed behind him and to my right and barked
 back around the hill. He held the fence for a second and then went
 in ~~to~~ to investigate; as he did so, another one left the same spot
 and followed exactly the flight of the first, going over Puff's head so
 that I couldn't shoot. This was too much for Puff and he went after
 him hell-for-leather. As I yelled at him, a third one left the
 same place like a third clay target thrown from the same trap and
 took the same direction. Again I couldn't shoot, the more we were
 good chances. I called Puff in and punished him for a few 9th
 of work, then went after the birds which I never saw again tho I think we
 flushed ahead of Puff. They weren't lying very well today. I hunted across
 another shoulder and hollow and walked thru fields to the car. I crossed the
 farm of a Mr. (son of brother of Mrs. Galloway and looks like her). He tells me
 the place I found the birds belongs to Roscoe Gibson. It
 might be worth trying. Today was a big hunt and I
 had very little shooting.

George Bird Evans Papers 2 production
 West Virginia and Regional History Center
 Puff

Tuesday 6 November - a return visit to upper Mason leaving the car at
the foot of Loghouse Hollow. The day was cold and very windy and I had
little hope of seeing any birds. I had Willa and kept her at heel on
the leash till I'd climbed the hill via the old road past the log house.
At the top I turned her loose and for moment or so she seemed uncertain
without Ruff - looking for him out over the field. Once she realized she was
on her own she settled down and hunted industriously. She has
developed into a conscientious little hunter and ranges nice and
wide, independent of the gun. She hasn't yet developed a hopping gait
altogether - spending much of her time in a trot - but she covers
the ground well and thoroughly and doesn't miss anything with her
nose. As yet her head is too low most of the time but it is improving
and her tail is extremely merry and straight. When she begins to
point I'm sure she'll be quite stiffish from her attitude. There is
no action to record up to a point along toward the end of the afternoon.
We had canvassed both sides of the valley and were heading back toward
the car, cutting thru the poplars and birch ~~cover~~ cover below the deserted
farm that tops the hill above Mason. Willa was working the
thick stuff ahead when I heard a bird go out and saw the grouse
coast down the hill and land on a bare fallen snag, - walking up a
leaning branch. I knew he'd flush away from me without a shot if I
headed straight at him and so I retreated to the ~~edge of the~~ old hillside
field behind me and crept in to the bird from the edge. As I
approached I saw him perched on the snag and I decided to try for a
shot as he went out. Moving in I saw him set himself and flush,
crossing to my right and quartering slightly. I found the spot ahead of him

and pulled, working with him as I did so. He folded and went down
around feathers. Willa began hunting feverishly at the spot but she
was too low on the hill and I had to call her in and send her to find
him. She passed where I knew the bird had fallen, but she went and
wheeled and had him. She doesn't know to retrieve and if I follow my
plans I see no point to teaching her but she is very good at finding
them. This is the third dead bird she has found. I haven't been too anxious
to take shots at grouse flying from trees this
year - the one I killed in
the forest was a surprise
flush and I don't include



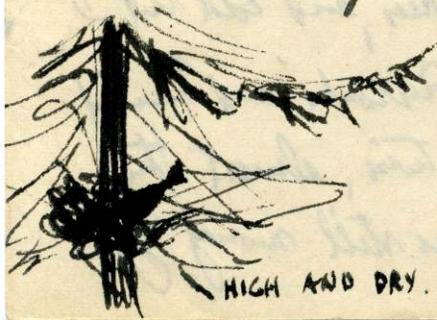
much. This bird, however, wasn't going to be a chance at all for a normal miss and
it was the best shot I'd had for over a week^{or so} and anyway, I needed a kill after
a long spell of miserable breaks. We spotted our one buck and then got in
the car as they and I were going to the piano concert in Wraytown tonight.
On the way back, I covered the log house hollow and didn't see a feather tho I
discovered the birch tangle at the head of it is developing into excellent
cover.

1 shot - 1 hit by Willa
meat 1 (not new) One find dead by Willa
2 Hens

Thursday November - Skipped yesterday - a rainy morning and the balance of the
day windy, dark and freezing storm and I knew there was little
chance of seeing a bird anywhere. Worked at the big maple, getting the
chiseling pretty well along. Today was more by flurries, and cold but I
had to hunt. Took Puff about 3:00 to the bridge at Peers Road and hunted
up the valley on the left side. We missed a bird, twice, almost the
moment we started but got no looks at them. It was still moving by

spots and very cold and the birds were lying tight in the rhododendron
and low along the creek. The second bird was a production by Puff
from above the old log road that runs up the ridge on Roy's side. The
pass, a big red one, was however well below the road - the wind
carrying his scent to Puff - and he went out with and too far for a shot,
diving down toward Mundy. #3 exploded like a bag of black powder
from a rhododendron clump further along the log road and bored up toward
the top, looking and sounding big. We followed and he showed out well on
the second flush. Puff could have been pointing on the first rise - he was
there about me - but I'm not counting it for I can't be sure. On the second
flush the bird bored to the sky and disappeared over the crest of the
ridge but we followed anyway and came in a little clearing with
brush piles and crabapples and some hemlocks - the sort of place he
simply had to be. We creaked and crossed and covered it well but he
just wasn't there. As I went into the woods at one side on my way out
I noticed a bulky clump of leaves like a squirrel's nest halfway up a
hemlock and I thought how much it could look like a grouse only too much of
it. Then I saw the head and neck with the crest bristling alertly and then
the rest of the body taking form out of the mass of leaves and twigs. I had
made in before he'd flush - he that he was so safely hidden - and
I let him go without shooting it as a fair trap chance. We didn't

find him after that, so dropped down to the low
flat that runs out toward the Beaver Hole. As we
approached Puff dove up into a point in some



HIGH AND DRY.

rhododendron and after a moment I heard one go out toward the creek. I swung him down along the bottom and suddenly a grass flicker after he had gone past, cutting along the hillside and offering a cross right shot. I pulled ahead of him and felt the trees crowding my head and fired but missed. If I could restrain myself when I miss the lack of timing - but I can't, once the reflexes are set in motion. Late, leaning against an oak tree and after lunch followed #5 I had missed, waving him again down along the creek and wishing him goodbye. It was getting dark from the snow clouds clothing overhead and I hurried on to the crib and bunkhouse



cover lack of control was nothing. On the return trip, I kept to the log road and had no action till

we reached the fence at Spiker's line when a bird flushed ahead of me before I started climbing over. Puff could have had him. He was there and wasn't in but I can't be sure to count it. The bird seemed to have moved to the creek but fifty yards further on ~~the path~~ Puff pulled to a very stylish point directly into some rhododendron that blocked the path.



That put it up to me. I walked in, passing to left him by the tail and drop him back ~~right~~ as a bone, as I found. Then plunging thru the mangy tangle I landed on the far side, in the middle of the open path and stood motionless with Puff back when I had left him, solid ice. Nothing happened. Then I heard Puff move

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imagine he froze again. Then the bird exploded, showing below me and I had my gun up but realized I wasn't going to get a chance. All at once there was a second grouse climbing my way and crossing to the right above the bath in front of me. I found the spot and pulled and he fell tumbling counter-clockwise and spilling feathers. I stood when I had taken a step or two and reloaded, calling Ruff in for the retriever. He came at once and hit the scent and lead time,



fumbling with the flapping wings in his face trying to get a grip and still not squeeze the bird. At last he had a firm hold and trotted to me, a picture in the gathering mazy dusk with the grouse,

limp now, hanging from his mouth. It was a singularly complete experience from the perfect point to the very nice chance on the shot and the consummate retriever, delivered to me sitting. How often I've seen it!

It was a yearling, broken tail band as usual. We went on down to the car and came back home under the first half of the new seam hunter's moon. This is a beautiful mazy valley, wild and muffled quiet on a day like this. At one time, at sunset, the same broke there and the far side of the valley caught fire and burned red. In a moment it was gone, the glow climbing the hill and going out. It was a good afternoon.



WITH ALL THE GESTURES.

2 shots - 1 hit (over Ruff's point)
 Ward 8
 12 flushes. 3 productions
 1 retriever Ruff

Friday 9 November - Sixteen years ago tonight Speck died.

Today was warmer - around 40° - and a little sunny and looked like a fine day to find the birds feeding after the long cold spell. I took Wilda to the road between Benson's and Hopewell and left the car at the first house - Mrs. White's - because the road was too soft looking to drive back on. I walked for about a mile to Bus Collins' and then another half mile before I hit the ridge I wanted. It was good-looking came from the bottom up but we didn't see anything until Wilda flushed one I heard go out on the upper edge. We waited a good while during which she had her usual period of getting separated from me and then worked up toward Bryant's. After eating lunch I cut over the top field near the power line and dropped into the woods on the west slope. Almost immediately Wilda put out two grouse, one going into a tree and the other boring at my head and, darting sideways - missing me and coasting toward the top of the woods like a clay pigeon. I didn't recognize it as a grouse until too late to shoot, it seemed so small. When I crawled for it we were unable to locate it and I imagine it either flushed again or glided on over to the far side of the field. Following the other bird, we dropped down the slope but didn't find it either. Further around the hill Wilda flushed a bird that could have been one of the pair but it would be very unlikely and I am counting it #4. I heard it go out on a second flush as we followed.

Someone had been along the ridge above me shooting - apparently at birds - but from the repeated shots weren't doing too well. On this occasion I left halfway down the ridge and hunted toward the knob end. Across the next little hollow Wilda put out #5, a big fellow who climbed the tree line and left the country. There was no prospect until I reached the

large woods beyond the house on the hillside - tall timber when I used
 to always find birds. There was no other, Wilda bumped him and he
 went away like all the others, offering me no look at him. With
 Puff, I'd likely have had some shooting in this cover. I covered the
 rest of this piece with no results so hunted to the top and then the thicket
 of Hileman's keeping well up. There may have been birds lower down but
 I didn't see any. When I came out on the bare Collins knob it was going on
 6:00 and I could see the house where my car was a good two miles away. I
 dropped off the knob - after looking at a magnificently full view of the
 country toward our place and way to north and south (sometimes we must go
 up on that knob of the view alone) and hitting a woods that followed the
 valley in the right direction hunted down a good woodcock and grouse
 bottom that didn't yield a thing. at the hill below Mrs. White's, Wilda
 flushed #7 from a thicket and I saw him go up the ravine. It was getting
 dark but I followed and on the next flush heard and saw him leave a scrub
 oak tree and was away. Still we followed and I came on Wilda showing
 signs of getting scent and trying frantically to get thru a rust fence in
 the woods. Finally he did and in a few moments the grouse blew out
 ahead of her, showing himself for a split second as he went straight
 away in the thick cover. The old reflexes were too wound up and I'd gone too
 long without a shot. I pulled hard on him and fired. All I got was an
echo. We hunted hard to miss him again and tho we
 didn't I feel sure I didn't drop him for Wilda hunted the
 area well and I saw no sign of feathers.



1 shot - no hit
 heard 7
 10 flocks

after that I came to the car at dusk.
 This was hallowed ground Wilda was on today and George Bird Evans Papers
 live up to a reputation she may never reach. On the Negroes and Regional History Center
 production point at the age of 107 months

Saturday 10 November - Today was bright and warm with a blue sky and sun - the first good feeling day for over a week. Kinsley & Blanche Fife arrived about 11:30 and Kinsley and myself took Bang and Puff (in Kinsley's pickup truck) to Scott King's. We didn't get into much decent cover till we reached the small tumbled-in shale below the hilltop field. I walked into a grouse just within the edge of cover and it flushed a short distance, settling near the shale. I called Kinsley and we moved on. Puff went directly to the spot and froze into a beautiful point. I walked below and the bird flushed from me and around the hill. After circling well we gave up and crossed into the woods across the field hunting it out well. Toward the south and Puff landed into a point from full speed and solidified, doubled up. The bird lay well and I had to flush it, low off the dried leaves. Puff moved in, as shouldnt, and I marked the birds flight on the edge of the rock ledge toward Laurel. Puff and I moved after it and Puff walked it under a hemlock, just over the beam. It flushed away from me without a shot. I rejoined Kinsley and we hunted around the point of the ridge and all the way back up the other side on the east slope. On the point of the hill we came across an extensive burned area though not much more than the leaves on the ground had burned. At the next hollow I heard #3 flush wild and Puff found when he had gone out but we never located him. Bang hasn't get realized what the game is about altho he shows interest in scent, he doesn't range out to hunt. We were especially anxious to have him get into birds and ~~was~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~ready~~ ~~to~~ ~~hunt~~ ~~with~~ ~~him~~ ~~yet~~.

(?)

our lunch we crossed to the Faulkner's place, then did abandoned field
 on the next ridge. After a few false starts on an intervening shoulder we
 got going on the correct hillside below the field where I always have
 wood birds. This time we didn't find a feather. I had got separated from
 Kingy and was out on a point of the shoulder and turning back to
 contact him, blowing my whistle. With no warning a grouse blew up at
 my right side and went for the tops of the small trees. I found the spot
 ahead of him and fired, tumbling him not far away. I reloaded and
 sent Ruff in to retrieve, which he did nicely but
 instead of sitting to deliver, he dropped the bird on the
 ground at my feet - for the first time this year. I leaned over
 to pick it up, noticing it was not dead, and all I got was a
 handful of air as the grouse sprang off the ground and fluttered away
 a foot or so off the ground. I couldn't get my gun on it but Ruff
 took over and went after it, catching it about forty feet away
 when it struck the ground and bringing it back, for a repeat performance.
 This time he sat decisively and handed it to me correctly. It
 is the first time I've had two Retrievers on the same grouse. It was a yearling,
 but then the body and with one leg
 shattered but with enough guts to
 get up and fly away instead of
 dying. Fortunately for me Ruff is
 handy at getting the shot and is
 no way to make him steady to wing.



RUFF LAYS ONE
 DOWN TOO SOON.

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hunting when let out this a.m. probably saw a deer. The same in which I was
out but Key does look for me and we then got a late start for Dick
Pine country, about 2:30 or 3:00, taking Puff. We hunted up the left
side of Dick, making a grass near the stream and pretty well up from the main
road. Puff pointed him on the second trial for a fine production but no
shot. On the third flush he took out of a hemlock as I slid down a steep
bank and said goodbye to him. We hunted up the second tributary
of Dick and I left Key in some tree shavings and followed the little ravine.
I soon got into some excellent cover and Puff made a small production that
didn't give me a chance to shoot. On the next flush the bird went wild and I
followed again, noticing good thick cover up here that I've been missing
the last few years. The next time Puff pointed him beautifully after
some nice bird work but again I couldn't shoot. This time I stopped
him as he moved in a few steps at the flush and I was quite pleased.
As I moved toward the shoulder of the ridge another bird went out and
I saw that Puff had been pointing him too. I hunted out the cover
in the next deep ravine and finally on my way back to Key made a
bird far ahead of me and saw him take up on the point of land
against the sky. It was getting late but I got to Key and we went
back for him. Puff got his point and pointed but the wind had him
faded and when the bird didn't materialize upward he discounted the
point and moved on. As I followed the ravine ~~flashed downward~~ and

went out of our life. We started hunting back toward the station again, following the general trend of the tramroad - a newly graded log road now. On the way, Puff turned around and followed recent about the road, missing a chance for a production by bumping the bird, #4. I followed his line of flight and after a bit heard him take off from somewhere high and saw him cutting back, just discernible against the sky thru the trees. I tried for him, right and left, but it wasn't the kind you make. I followed and was forced to jump and hit for the car. On our way down the piece of woods above the cliff and the first fork of the Puff turned around in the old path and pointed back at



me. In a second a bird buzzed out to the right, low and fast and was gone into the next. It was #5 bird and the fifth production, a good day for Puff. We came out at Sumner's house, a bit below it, and had a fire walk along the road to the car.

2 shots - no hits
 missed 5 (not new)
 12 flushes
 5 productions } Puff

Tuesday 13 November - Ray dropped me off at the Little Sandy bridge about Clifton on her way to Huntington. The day was hot and partly sunny and much too dry and windy in spots. I hunted with Puff and wore a shirt and game bag which were very comfortable. Jumped a really large deer soon after I started. The left side of the valley about the bridge yielded nothing to the Mason Dixon line and so I crossed and started down the other side, making a little higher up.

Almost immediately, Puff straightened out on point but the
grass - a big one - flushed wild before I reached him, cutting
down toward the creek. Puff moved in at the flushed and I scolded
him and then proceeded. As we approached the place I expected to
find the bird - a little gully on the edge of the woods, near an
open cut-over area - Puff went into a point. When I walked in
nothing happened and I kept moving on down the edge below him.
Puff began to work in a some went and then I heard a bird
go out and saw Puff go after him as he bored into the open cutting.
As he came back I called him down smartly and I heard another one
flush (what I think was #1). In a few moments Puff ran into #3
and started to send him out along the ridge - altogether not a very
neat picture of bird dog work. All three had gone into relatively open
country with only a few brush heaps and "islands" of *Rhododendron* and
came to hide in and it should have been the beginning of some action.

We never saw them again. I covered the area well, creeping to the top
of the ridge and dropping over and doubling back and forth - finally
crossing to the original side of the stream and hunting down below the
bridge toward White's house (Bernie's). Partly down I decided the
ridge on the upper side of the new road looked good and climbed there
a *Rhododendron* hill to the top, a fair looking flat woods but with no food
that I could see. Heading back upstream again I saw a bird was out ahead of
Puff and followed him into some thick brush. *George Bird Evans Papers*
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by a pile of old logs and brush, I saw something long and gray
 dart out toward me and, baring its teeth at the sight of me, change
 direction and scurry around me. I recognized it as a fox, moving
 out of Puff's way and I made a quick shot and turned him over.
 The charge cut thru his back and shoulder and killed him almost
 instantly. It was a male gray fox in beautiful coat and gorgeous
 color. I felt a little nasty and yet, even tho I object to killing
 indiscriminately, I felt I did right considering what they do to
 quail and young grouse. I let him lie when he had fallen.



NUMBER 8'S KILL A FOX.

Later I moved the grouse out of the brushy cover
 from a tree and that was the end of birds for the
 day. I stopped at White's house and introduced
 myself learning their name is Bernice, hunted
 down and about the points of the Dangle, and
 waiting at Bernice for Ray to pick me up. Finally

I walked up to the bridge again in a beautiful moonlight and
 was there when Ray came along about 7:15.

no shots
 made 4
 6 flushes

2 products } Puff

Wednesday 14 November - Damp and warmish, after last night's rain that stopped
 this morning. I took Wilda to Upper Blower, leaving the station wagon at
 Mrs. Feather's on the Mountindale road. Hunted it from the upper end and
 made only two passes all afternoon in spite of the excellent cover I was in. I
 had no shot at either. The first flushed from me near the place my "lost
 grouse" went to ground several years ago when Puff was a pup. We followed

this one down to the creek and moved him there more times - the last
found by Willa but I lost his direction. Up on top at the edge of the
hillside field behind the popovers that are near the Feather's barn, a
woodcock flushed from a little wet spot and flew away from me
across the field. I dropped it in a fence row and sent Willa to find it.
She hunted industriously but didn't make the find herself. It wasn't the
largest woodcock I've ever seen but it was beautiful, as they all are, with
enormous dark luminous eyes. The second grouse flushed from a bush-tangle



clump of *Micholundea* and I almost got a shot but
he darted back around the leaves and kept the mass
of foliage between us all the time. On the second flush
he went as wild ahead of me and that was the end of that.
Willa hunted hard doing a conscientious job of
covering the woods but she wastes so much time
trying to find me after one of her long casts that she
is worn out when she makes contact and does me



WILLA SEES
A WOODCOCK.

very little good for long stretches while we are separated. I couldn't seem
to locate the birds today. Perhaps I'd have done better if I had hunted down
Black on Glen and *Eryra idyllis*, which I missed altogether. The
sunset over Chestnut Ridge and all the panorama of our hills
was breathtaking from the cornfield as I climbed back to the car -
with a vivid red sweep of color and a touch of intense ~~fiery~~ fiery clouds
in the south, and the masses of clouds in tiny formations, dwarfed by
the huge sweep and size of the view. I wish Kay could have seen it.

no shots
1 shot at woodcock - 1 hit
George Bird Evans Papers
March 2
6 photos
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday ^{Tram} 15 November - The sky cleared to blue at times with the temperatures at about no-shirt-hunting-coat level. Ray and I took Puff to Amy & Homer Miller's and began hunting at the corner of the woods above their place about 2:00. We hunted to the left of the old mountain road with Puff not too keen in the warm weather but he jacked up into a point within a hundred yards of the start. The grouse ^{was} flushed when he moved around to establish his position. ~~It~~ It took off low and straight away and I held a shade above him and fired, dropping him stone dead. Puff went in and retrieved but dropped it before sitting. It was a yearling or a ~~yearling~~ last year's hen. It was an auspicious beginning and we moved away from that area rather than try for another, but Puff ran into #2 and it rose in a nice open shot that I, of course, didn't take. There are likely others in that section. We hunted ~~clearly~~ around the ridge to



RUFF NAILS THE FIRST ONE ABOVE HIM.

Lick via the old road and ate lunch on a rock overlooking the distant blue ridge that is Chestnut with no action. Then we "dropped over" (Ray thinks that's funny) to Lick and I found an

interesting looking path going up the creek branch into promising cover. I'd never been there before and I decided to gamble on trying it. It surely paid off. Not far along a bird flushed from the edge of the little run and landed up the bank keeping low. I saw Puff move in ahead of me and had a feeling he might have stopped on point but when the bird took up to my left I couldn't be certain enough to call it a point and so passed up one of the most open shots of the day. The grouse circled into

a lovely looking basin of low rhododendron and rather small growth
along the branch of water that had descended to a nice spring run.
I know now that Buff had been pointing for us there when the bird
flushed. On the follow we made two more, #4 & #5 up toward the
ridge and like the #3 bird (a big one) went out and cut back
down the valley. In a moment #6 flushed, also going up to the head
of the valley toward higher land, that made three up there somewhere.
Unfortunately, Buff wasn't hitting them at this point and we lost some
chances for a point shot as a result. On the way up I walked up
one of the birds - an ideal shot much like the one I'd killed at the start,
and one that Buff should have pinned. He got the scent after it had gone.

We followed but didn't move those birds any further. I turned
left when I reached some big rocks at the top and doubled along the
crest hoping to come across one of them or perhaps follow the big bird
down the valley. In a mass of boulders I came on Buff, stiff on
point. He moved in as I approached and poys again headed toward a
log. As I walked in I saw a grouse move on the ground (a bad
medicine for me) and shot as he bored out low into thick cover,
missing a good snap chance. As I fired a second bird soared up
toward my right and offered a nice rising cross shot which should
have been cold meat if I hadn't just missed a right barrel. I
sent my left at him (probably under him) and watched him go
up over the rocks. Ray did a third one, #9 went out of the same
place as I fired the second time. We followed the second one up over the
ridge and came on Buff poys into rhododendron at the

edge of the cliff.



shot #2



shot #3
(a big fellow)

51-58
I picked the best spot I could on the edge and hoped the grouse would flush out over the thick mass of cover but he didn't, even when I

talked and made some noise. I shifted my position to behind Puff with no hope of seeing the flock but it must have been a good maneuver, for when the grouse went out he went away from the first place he had heard me and I got a short look at him, crest laid flat and going places fast. I tried but didn't play the pattern and he left on day with a long high circular flight out of this world.



shot #4

When we couldn't see him we came back down the ridge to where the three had flushed and followed over the slope after the other two.

We missed both of them for these flushes with no recognizable dog work and then headed down the mountain at sunset and miles from Houser and Augi. Down along the tributary or head of Suck

Puff missed a bird wild and pointed another. We count them #10 and #11. We headed for the tram road and made five times thru darkening woods. Along the tram Puff pointed about and #12 flushed below him. We missed no further birds on the way in.

I could have killed at least five of the birds today if I'd been interested in that sort of thing and if I'd been shooting well. I could have hit four, even shooting the way I was. It was a fairly day and close all over of these perfect rare experiences when you discover new cover that turns out fabulously.
This ~~relates~~ return visit this year. None of it was in former territory except the last two birds.
4 shots - 1 hit (on Puff's point)
March 12
6 products of Puff
1 rebound } Puff

Saturday 17 November - Yesterday drizzled miserably and I stayed home and got some work done on the maps. Today was windy with "snow flurries but none to lie on the ground" - according to the radio forecast. It began to ignore that sentiment as I checked in at the Forest and drove out the Fritover road. It was cold as hell and anything but promising as I parked at the Sand Springs and started out the Greenhill road with Wilka eating up vast distances after several days' rest and Puff taking the place apart. At the head of Middle Valley I cut in on the right ridge and covered excellent porcupine patches losing Wilka and having to yell myself hoarse and finally backtrack to the top of the ridge from near the mouth of the valley - capturing her at last.

She is, without exception, the most difficult dog to keep in contact with I've ever owned. Her range and intensity are so refreshing that to punish her but she takes hours out of every day I hunt with her.

After gathering my traps together I headed them up the far side of Middle Valley to drop me into an enchanted valley ^{under lowering clouds and snow} all the time. As I started up the slope thru low laurel and rocks a grouse flushed to the left of me and angled out from ~~the~~ ^a big rock. I pulled ahead of him without missing and missed as he turned away from me and boomed up the valley.

On a shot like that I suspect it would be better to hold off a moment and give him a chance to turn if he is of his devotion like this one. It might be a lost opportunity but a lot of them turn just as I pull and my charge goes high and wide. I followed and missed him two more times and ~~lost~~ ^{lost} them.



at the top of the valley. I also lost Willie and spent another half hour⁵⁷
and the rest of my voice yelling for her. I took the chance to eat part of my
lunch which I wanted but it was too cold to remain viscous, so when she came
in I walked us around the Enchanted Valley and finished my dessert
under a huge overhanging cliff of boulders. It was in the midst of wonderful
peepings over but by now ~~it~~ it was 4:00 o'clock and the snow was
pouring out of a smoke gray sky. I was determined to check on this area
and plunged out into it, finding myself well above the usual good bird
cover but in wonderful looking boulder and peepings stretches that were
free to negotiate with an inch of snow on the footing. At last I came to

the other neck of the valley and rounded the rocks into the care of
peepings. Almost immediately I heard a series of three flutterings
that could have been up to three birds but I really think was one,
going off the ground into the low gapes then, in two more hops, taking
off. I saw the second bird flash back of me and seem to drop just
over a rise in the cliff to where I had come from. I count them two
birds. Following the last I found Ruff pointing but nothing developed
so think the grouse that better get and took off permanently before we
got them. The other try took me down the valley away where I saw it
flash below me and cross to the other side. I credit Ruff with a production
in this for from his action (he came back to me from the spot as soon
as it went out) I know he had it. I followed him across the valley round
him wild upon the ridge toward the farms in the direction of the
Greenwell road. I followed clear to the top of the woods (the edge of the
Forest) and then we didn't see him.

or another could have been. It was about 5:30 now and the the snow wasn't
 coming down all the time it had let up much. We had miles to go
 and chances of getting turned around as I lit out. Crossing to the
 head of the cove where we'd moved the last birds I hit the top of that
 ridge and headed north - using my compass to keep from wavering - in the
 direction of where I wanted to hit the Gemelle road back. It was too
 to say when I started from this point, about 3/4 of a mile below the old
 road and it was getting dark and morning hard. Once on the road
 the dark didn't matter much and I laid a track that kept Willie -
 who had worn down to a walk in front of me - limping. Puff worked
 to the left and made a lovely point at the head of the Middle Valley
 that led me down into a ravine but didn't materialize. I made the
 station wagon just as it was getting good and thick and I must have
 been averaging four miles an hour a better on my sprint. It was a
 poor showing for one of the sweetest pieces of cover in the forest - even for
 the weather. Actually I'd never have hunted it under these conditions
 but it was one of the last few Saturdays open to grouse hunting.

1 shot - no hit 1 productive } Puff
 March 4
 8 flushes

So far: I've hunted 27 days,
 moved 135 birds
 fired 37 shots - made 9 hits (3 over Puff points
 7 kills over Puff
 Ruffians made 43 productives
 6 retrievers

51-59
Tuesday ²⁰ November - Yesterday was cold and snowy and I stayed
home since it was useless to hunt and I needed to recoup my energy.
Today was still cold with about four inches of snow on everything and
occasional spots of sunlight. I took Willa to the Recroad bridge and
hunted up the right side of Little Sandy on Spikaler, keeping low along the
path. The birds were in the rhododendron and hemlock and I don't think
they'd been feeding. Willa found four in one bunch that went out
singly, one back downstream, one across Sandy and two up the valley ahead
of us. We followed and made both of these for three more flushes, putting
them across the creek. None of these birds offered the remotest chance to
shoot. It's unlikely but possible that 3 of the 4 were some I'd missed on
the far bank the other day I hunted Sandy so I'm only counting 1 new
for certain. Willa found #5 further up the hollow, also in a hemlock thicket
along the creek but had no shot. We hunted up to the Beaver Hole and
crossed to Frank Meeker's side but didn't cover more than the slope about
Beaver hole, moving #6 from the rhododendron between this place and
Charles Kelly's. At the head of the run I stopped to eat lunch on the
"disassembled" road and then hunted back down the other side of the
rhododendron thicket. At the foot near the large hemlocks on Charles,
we moved 3 more pairs out of hemlocks, two going across Beaver as to
the edge where I couldn't follow and one showing himself for a shot
six foot interval as he zoomed past the edge about me - the nearest
thing to a shot I had all day. I had a tired feeling along to cross
Beaver from Charles Kelly's to Meeker's with the mass of cut down trash
on Charles and the thicket edge on Meeker's side but I made it and

hunted to the upper edge of Martins ridge, almost cracking my knecaps
 on a rock. The woods was mean today with six inches of greasy
 snow on lots of it and no warning of when you'd go thru an old
 snow covered bridge a down between rocks to your crotch. We hunted the
 upper edge all the way down valley with not a feather and at the lower
 end dropped down to the low road and at once sawing one of the first
 birds out of some cover so thick I never saw him. This was the 13th flush.
 I got to the road about 5:30 and too light to stop, so hunted over on Gray
 'Ambley' where we moved 3 out of the snowy hemlocks for six
 flushes and saw a shot in one. That was 12 birds and 19 flushes
 and not one of them came my way or showed himself enough for me
 to get my gun to my shoulder. It has been that way for most of the season.
 Willie hunted beautifully, tearing the thick cover apart and sparing herself
 no work. It did her good finding so many birds and I guess they held
 till she was rather close, some of them letting me get clear past before
 flushing - and mostly from trees a rhododendron.

no shots
 moved 12 (8 new)
 19 flushes

TWBD / TR ^{Trinity}

Wednesday, 21 November - This was a day - in some ways, one of
 the raggedest days I've ever known, but still a day. Ray, Puff, and
 I drove back to Home & Aunty's about 1:30 in a sunny world of softening
 snow in which everything, barns, apple trees, even Lemox with its
 Wild-West false fronts against a hill pasture dotted with crabapple
 scrub - all looked beautiful under a metallic

made you think what a small color photo it would make. We ⁵¹⁻⁶¹

drove up to the old mountain road and parked at the corners, following the road up to the tramroad. On the way, a grouse blew up out of a grapevine and pecanier tangle in the fence-row along the field on the left and sailed up the edge and across into the thicket ahead. We worked in and made him wild into the valley. So much happened so constantly today that I am going to enter each as a simple item:

#2 In the cover when I killed my bird last week a grouse flushed away from Buzz and we decided against following as we wanted to hit the head of Lick. This I don't count as a new bird.

#3 A big bird flushed from some laurel and sapling thicket to the left of the tramroad down near Lick and crossed against the sun and headed the wrong direction for us.

#4 Flushed from the rhododendron on Lick as I began to wade across and flew upstream. We followed and I may have heard him go out ahead.

#5 Flushed from the creek edge further up and he went up over the cliff.

#6 Flushed from the path ahead of me as I balanced myself on the narrow logs and cutting low toward the right passed out of view but seemed to settle. Followed and hunted enough area to convince me he had gone further than he appeared to contemplate. When we returned to the path Kay nearly stepped on him a few yards from where I had been. He ducked over the rhododendron and landed on the far side of Lick. I followed and found Buzz frozen on him. The footing was hellish but I pushed up to the left of Buzz and heard and saw him rise ahead. I tried for him with the right and again with the left as I saw him go in a narrow view between saplings and missed him clean. We followed and on the way ~~George~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} took the right path ~~and~~ and I

the left. As she crossed to join me she walked into #7 who bore up
on the ridge and out of the country. I count
both #6 and #7 as not new.



Well up the flat valley I came on Puff pointing
in some low Laurel cover interspersed with
average redbrush to make it sparting. I count it

the same #6 that flushed when I walked in and I waited as he rose
and fired as he cleared some oak leaves, missing, and missed again
with the left as he leveled off and flew up the branch where I saw him
settle.



I protested to Kay that I was
putting the gun exactly where it
should go as nearly as I knew
how and nothing happened.
Actually, I realize now I was

doing that - placing my shots on the right spot but I wasn't swinging
with that spot for the fraction of a second that makes the difference. In
short, I was shooting x's in front of the bird but they didn't have little
arrows on them. I dropped the new shell, in reloading, and lost it in
the deep snow, cursing ^{hell and} roundly and flushing another grouse, #8, off
to the right in some more low rhododendron and Laurel cover. It
too went up the valley. Kay took care and got me calmed down,
remaining to search for my shell (I didn't have enough to afford
the loss) and sending me on to follow the birds. I came on Puff
with two productive in succession as #6 and #7 left the ken of
such as I.

By this time Kay called that she had found my shell and we crested once for the last two birds and then climbed the ridge where we had found them last time. In exactly the same spot where Puff needed them before I heard them go out, two around the hill and one crossing about me to the right, and I realized Puff had them again. It was four o'clock and we had to stop for some refreshment. I posed Kay and Puff on a boulder about me with a clump of rich green rhododendron on the left and some snow and Kay's scarlet cap against the now ultramarine sky and took a color snapshot with the little box camera of Jack Gatis that Kay had brought along. Then we laid to on some lunch.

Followed the single flyer of the group of three around the ridge to the right and moved him over over another point of Puff's; the bird taking off from a job of peckerwork in the top of a sapling, again from a tree, and a third time from somewhere out ahead and saw him rocket back down into the valley to the right of me. I gave him up and returned to where the three had flushed hoping to locate the other two. Puff hit the same spot and pointed but I convinced him it was just the old spot and headed him around the point of the ridge. One of the birds flushed about seventy-five feet in front of us and went over the top. I had just grasped that it was one of the two working back in when I heard a terrific fluttering under an overhanging rock at my right and a big grouse shot out of the cavity and took off like a fat-squipped boulder using catapult and anything else to get him off but fast. I drove at a spot in front of him as fast as I could so he went on

blithely ignoring it I pulled again just before he disappeared behind
some trees ahead and I saw him fall. (One good right hand shot held
and swung with him a moment would have been in order).



I reloaded and ordered Puff in to retrieve, calmly feeling that at
last I had released at least part of the day. I had called to Kay who
had seen him fall and we walked up to the big rock he had dropped
behind. I listened to hear Puff coming in with him but nothing
happened. Then with a sick feeling I saw Puff industriously searching the
big rocks fifty feet above where the grouse had dropped. There was a
flutter and I saw my bird, head high and big fan spread, wallowing
over the snow and then he disappeared into an opening in the boulders.
I called Puff in, desperately sending him to the right place.
In a few seconds he had the scent and was pushing his head under
the rock with his foreparts deep in the opening but he couldn't seem to
reach the bird. I knew he was under there and I handed my gun to
Kay and, with Puff standing about in half-patience, half-anticipation,
got on my knees and reached into the opening. At first I couldn't
see him and then I saw the tail and then the rest of the

we needed to go but wondered where Puff was. Then I walked onto
him on point near one of the clumps. When I walked up grouse began to
flush out ahead - one - two - three - four. Two going up the ridge to the
right and two up the basin ahead. It was too late for us to follow
and hunt it out so we put it down as a new discovery to work on
sometime again. This cover seems to have no food apparent except for a few
acorns now and then but, at least lately, the grouse surely use it and
it looks like another unexplored pocket of birds. We hit for the
north-lying mountain road and after a while made #16 down the
ridge below us. We swung after it, deviating slightly from our path
and well along I walked into a grouse that offered me the best look
at a grouse I'd had all day. I pronounced the lovely shot I was
passing up because ~~it~~ wasn't over a point and then saw that Puff
had been pointing all the time. By then it was too late. We turned
back to follow it but never made it. The sun was down now and
we decided to hit for the tramroad instead of the other road. It was
a long trek but we came out on it at the little wet spot not
far from the sand diggings. Ahead of me Puff swung out of his
full gait into his ninth productive for the day, freezing in the
middle of the path. I walked in and a grouse, #17, flushed wide ahead
of us and disappeared in the clear, darkening day. It was the last
bird and point of a day that seemed all birds and points with a
number of very wild, poorly controlled shots besides them! But it

#67

was one of "those" days. I hope I'll never forget, with perhaps a little hazy memory of the gun work. Puff's work was flawless, with the exception of a cross after the first bird was flushed. The weather of course was glorious, the color picture, the retrieve can be a gem if the conditions were right. And the discovery of still another enchanted valley is almost too much. What a day.

We stopped to visit a few moments at Home of Amy's and warmed up with a hot cup of coffee before we drove home.

This makes 21 separate birds made in this trip and the best trip in this general area with two birds leaving 19 birds here.

6 shots - 1 hit } Puff
 made 17 (9 new)
 30 flushes

9 productives } Puff
 1 retrieve }

Saturday 24 November - Thanksgiving was cold and raining, yesterday was cold and more raining (we went to Uniontown to Xmas shop) and today broke in a cold raining fog you couldn't cut. About 1:30 the fog and drizzle or whatever it was cleared off leaving a damp overcast afternoon but good for hunting. Kay and I hurried and bundled all other dogs and our duffle into the station wagon and hit for Jack & Dora Feather's when I finally got hold of Jack and went hunting - leaving Kay and Dora and Blue at the house. We started out the ridge across the road from Jack's about 2:30, passing thru excellent grapes and rather open cover for a while. We would see game at all until we reached the Tiddley Jim Feather place where I had hunted up from Crabshank Run earlier this season. Puff had nailed a bird and pinned him until Wilder came along and, after stopping for a moment, sailed in and bumped him out from under Puff's feet. I saw the bird that

Tuesday 27 November - The weather has been ~~stinky~~ for days and I missed getting out yesterday. It looked bad for a while today - snow and wind - but about 1:15 I decided to try it with Puff. Went back and parked at the Recreational bridge, hunting up the left side of Sandy. We moved two grass for ~~the~~ ^{his} fleashes down in the rocks and hemlocks to the left of the path and along the hill. #3 flushed further up the valley, going out from Puff and coming down across the path over me. If he had been a few yards further out I think I'd have had him. As it was I made a quick swing - best shot almost overhead and saw him set his wings and sail down toward the creek. A string of eight after



Breast and flank feathers streamed down after my shot and I'm almost sure he was somewhat

in him if not a broken leg. We hunted for him along the creek and couldn't find or mark him and I believe he must have plumed across the creek which is in terrific flood. We moved #4 with only one flesh and #5 out of a hemlock along the creek, a beautiful shot I couldn't try for fear of dropping him in the high water. I decided to hunt downstream and go up the other side and try to find #3 if possible when he had crossed and might be lying dead. It was about six when I got down, leaving the 10th flesh on the way, and then started up the right side. Almost at once birds began flushing out of hemlocks and crossing to the far side of the creek, all from trees as most had been today due to the noise and noise of them shots. I got ~~five~~ ^{five} fleashes (2 could have been from birds I'd moved from the far side) and then no more till I got up where I expected to find the crippled #5. There was no sign of him but with the vast cover and as little as Puff could cover it, ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} I think ~~back as the sun was getting low~~ he isn't there. at last I had to think of hunting ~~back as the sun was getting low~~

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 Rather than retrace my steps I climbed a steep hillside to some good hemlocks & Rhododendron cover to hunt back higher on the ridge. Puff made a very convincing point and moved in as I walked up, concentrating on some cover above. We had both worked up to some short hemlocks on opposite sides when the bird flushed from a tree going down hill. I swung ahead of him for a quick try in the limited space I had him against the sky and pulled. I saw him fold and saw his wing appear to break and he went down with his head still up, disappearing behind one of the hemlocks and a Rhododendron.



I lost my gun off and reloaded, running around the Rhododendron and searching the dense woods for some sign of him. Puff

hunted hard for a while and then seemed to decide it was another of my too frequent misses and settled down to drinking from a spring nearby. I couldn't believe the bird wasn't lying right there and I felt sure of his visit that I'd see his tracks. After a while it became apparent Puff wasn't getting anywhere and I started circling searching for tracks. I found what seemed to be two sets coming up the hill but they led to where we'd flushed him and I think were the way he'd walked in. There were absolutely no tracks going down and I covered the area as well as I could several times. There are logs he could be under and again he may have been able to keep off the ground and make it to the bottom. Puff made a nice point at one place but nothing developed.

I'm going back for another try in the afternoon. In the meantime, I've seen what I believe is a Whit-throated Sparrow after hunting for about twenty minutes, a Red-winged Blackbird and 16 flickers by Puff.

Wednesday 28 November - Kay and Ruff went back to Sandy with Wilda and myself to search for last night's lost bird and spent over an hour on the project. We found the tracks going downhill to the clump where Ruff had made a good point last night at dusk and then there had been tracks going in, there was some coming out and we had to give up. I brought Kay and Ruff home and then took Wilda alone to Lick Run, parking below Summers' house. The day was nice, clearing and sunny on the snow that remained and I hunted the Lick Run country higher up where I had wanted to try. It panned out wonderfully, lots of birds but with Wilda hard to control and some more bad breaks I didn't consider it the happiest day of my life. I heard 12 grouse for 15 flushes and started out by flushing a bird the moment I stepped into the woods. There were 3 above the tramroad and got a shot at me of them as it took out of a tree. The bird fell in a sloping, coasting action and hit the ground running. I never did catch up with it and could find no tracks but hope it recovered. Shortly after I shot too quickly at an impossible chance & missed. ^{up high} I followed the ridge up valley and saw birds all the way, 8 of them new. About dusk as I started down the mountain side I saw a grouse flush across in front of me (from Wilda) and land in a sapling.



I waited, hoping Wilda would come in and flush it but she chose to come to me. That left walking out into view around some trees for a fair

chance as he took off going away. I held ahead of him and fired, dropping him some distance out with a broken wing.

I ran up furiously, taking no time to reload till I almost reached
 the place and so I did, saw the bird move on the ground and disappear
 into a small group of logs. I ran up hoping to get a shot to
 stop him but couldn't see anything to shoot at. Wilbur came up and
 decidedly tried to crawl into the logs and showing signs of getting
 the hot scent. I moved in to put the bird out at her but there was no
 bird there. I tore the logs apart and still no grouse. I began to get
 that awful feeling and went to work looking for tracks in the snow.
 They were there: several coming into the hills with blood on one of them
 but there were simply no tracks leaving the place. I tore the whole
 damned arrangement apart but there were simply no signs of the
 bird - no feathers, no tracks except the ones where I had
 seen him go in, and no place where he could hide. It was just
 about too much of the same thing. I hunted and combed the area
 near and some distance out but at last I had to quit. As I went
 down the mountain in the gathering dark I got a fair look at another bird
 going up against the sky but tho I might normally have tried I was too
 uneasy and uncertain about shooting to risk another couple. I made
 the team road and followed it back camp out at the furthest point
 we've hunted this area this year. Just above the station haze in the small
 growth a grouse flushed and rocketed against the fading light to clear
 me and hit the valley beyond the cliff. I tried both barrels but missed,
 keeping it consistent. at least I kept
 missing him. I'm counting the one bird I stumbled as a hit.

5 shots - 1 hit (lost)
 Missed 12 (8 new)
 P. Hughes

Thursday 29 November - Yesterday's weather held and the snow was mostly gone with a promise of fair weather for a couple of days. We settled Blue and Wilda and left home with Ruff about 9:53 a.m. and drove to Romney, arriving at 12:15. Bob and Joyce Wingard were already out at Tom Maschauer's place, Mountain View Orchards - about 15 miles out of town. It was beautiful looking quail cove - orchards, pine woods, hardwoods and brush heaps - supposed to contain 6 coves. We hunted hard from noon till dark and made one cove of about 10 birds. For some reason Ruff got no scent at all of the cove, walking thru them as they flushed all around him. We followed into some difficult cover of brush piles in what had been a woodlot. Here Bob's dog Sunday and Ruff bumped birds and missed them all over the place. Ruff was in one group working on the scent as they flushed singly and took a shot at one that Kay saw going back over our heads. I fired as he reached the edge of the field and he banked around the brush out of sight, leaving a large cloud of feathers floating. We followed but there was no sign of him anywhere. Just a very hard-flying bird that flushed as Ruff searched a scent into a brush heap. We decided it had to be the bird. We flushed several singles that offered me fair chances but we had agreed not to shoot at anything but points so I let them fly. Later Ruff made a nice point on four chukars (?) but chased them ignominiously. Altogether his work on these quail was miserable with too much tendency to road them. It seemed to be his way of compensating for the lighter scent after the rich aroma of grouse. We went back to the house where Kay stayed with Joyce and Mrs. Maschauer while Bob and Tom and I hunted till dark with Ruff's work going

pointer. Puff roused out nobly and did me proud even after his hard days work, making two fine points that certainly looked like business but didn't prove productive. The view from the ridge back of the house was magnificent, dropping down to the South Branch river and piling up in peaks entirely unsuspected from the house side. We returned to Panny and changed clothes at Pido and Joyce's apt., eating dinner in a restaurant. After a visit which

I cleaned my gun and Puff pulled out bars onto the living room floor we realized we had very little time to get to the den at Petersburg - 40 miles away. We drove it in an hour and fell asleep in a room at "The Hermitage" and dreamed of tomorrow on the Dolly Sods while Puff panted in the 105° temperature. Toward morning it cooled off enough to put on pajama tops and we dozed off to the tune of two cows moaning in unison.

1 shot at quail - no hit but lots of feathers.

Friday 30 November. We woke early to a frosty, beautiful clear day as the sun topped the ridge beyond our window - had breakfast and left Petersburg at 10:30 our time and got to the top of Allegheny Mountain, stopping on the way up for some breathless views of the mountains to the east (clear to Shenandoah Mountain) arriving at the Dolly Sods and starting to hunt at 11:15. We hunted west of the road circling a knob and dropping to a rhododendron hill where we walked into four that scattered in several directions. Today was too active to record each bird and flush separately.

We made one more grouse in this area with no shots and, reaching a coal mine on the far side of the knob decided to move out to another cover. We drove to the head of Fischer's Spring Run and tried some interesting looking spruce swamp cover. Hunting down the left side we kept to the margin of the swamp and saw a series of beaver dams backed up into shallow ponds covered with ice. We discovered that we were walking thru acres of cranberries, still unfrozen and red against the moss they grow in. As we rounded a point and hunted into one of the bays that cut back into the spruce, Ruff seemed to lower his head to some ground scent and then petrify into a point. He waited till I moved around him and then turned his head over and froze solid again. As I walked in from the side a grouse, a really big one, materialized out of moss and spongy bullocks and flushed a few yards beyond Ruff. I found the spot and fired just before he got behind a small spruce, and he fell beyond it with a pillow-full of feathers falling the air. It was one that wasn't going to disappear. Ruff had to work for a full minute to gather him into a mouthful and then retrieved him in nice style.



ONE OUT OF THE CRANBERRIES.

It was a huge cock - (Collected by dissection, crop full of cranberries. Tan 13 1/8") with uninterrupted tail band.

We had our day and from then on everything was swell. Once down in the swamp, surrounded by the basin of spruce on both sides, even the mountain seems to flatten out and you lose sight of the high points around you - except for glimpses

of Cabin Mountain far across Red Creek Valley. We hunted down the
left margin and I saw Ruff hit scent and bump a bird that took
off across the swamp. so he moved after it a second and a third
bird flushed back into the spruce. I believe the last one was about
the largest grouse I've ever seen. We hunted down to where the
cranberries stopped and the car began to change character and then
crossed over to the far side, walking across ice that broke under our
feet and stepping on hillocks of moss that gave and quivered unpleasantly.
We got over and almost immediately Ruff got a point with no results
but soon after moved there from a tree. We flushed them several times
and then moved into others - Ruff pointing them near - all near the
edge of the swamp and all flushing indeed and promptly disappearing.
We moved birds most of the way. When Ray and I stopped at a crystal
clear run of water for a drink a big grouse blew out a few yards from
us. I was holding the top of the folding cup in my hand but the
shock of the thing was such that I snuffed at him when an intelligent
shot would have been almost sure to connect. It was the best chance
of the day but I snuffed it. We hunted back to the car, moving now
near the road. We hid on a log on (they all seem large birds) walk
across as we drove south along the mountain. at the airplane beacon
they stayed in the station wagon after ~~us~~ us both
made a circle in the swamp to the left and
changed clothes while I took Ruff up on the peak
to the beacon where he pointed the 19th bird for his 4th productive.



I have no doubt Ruff made more productive but I could only be sure
of these. We stopped at the point where the road dips down the west

them. He made a lovely point well up this first ravine and pruned his game nicely, but when I flushed the bird he moved in, overlooking the fact that there was a second bird which flushed at my feet and flew on in spite of the double-barreled effort I snapped at it too impulsively. We followed and flushed a new bird that kept to the same ravine and been climbing. Following it I found Puff stiffened on another point that produced two more birds that also went up the mountain. We got ^{two} flushes from this outfit and chose to follow the one that went toward the top. After a good ground flight I circled but couldn't near him so we picked a good spot to exit our lunch. We finished and hadn't taken a dozen



steps when we ran onto the bird we were after and flushed him up the mountain even further. This time we did lose him and so swung out the ridge. In a little while we made two more large birds - all of these were new ones as were well above where I'd ever hunted before. In following I evidently misjudged their direction for we came to the top of the mountain on a shoulder high above Roaring Creek gap looking across to the Kelly farm on the far point of the mountain, with a huge pile of boulders ^(Wolfe Rocks) on our right. Still there were no birds so we decided they had kept lower on the ridge. We wanted to near an out so didn't follow but hunted toward the old farm I knew was up on top. After a long stretch I came to the edge of the fields and Roaring Key below me, walked ~~up~~ up to have a look. As I came back, keeping to the fringe of the woods Puff ran into two large pairs that flashed across to my left and went toward Key. I decided we should let them go and keep to our planned course but in a moment Puff

run to the ground. I called to him but he continued and I drove him on
 with the command "Go on" to make him lift his head. In this situation
 he ran into a big grouse that flushed and circled across to the left.
~~back to the~~ There were too many birds to walk away from and I followed the
 last, flushing still another bird on the way that was too close to have been
 the same. This one flushed to the top of the ridge in the same direction as
 the two that had flushed together. We moved after him as the best contact
 we had. At the top of the slope Puff hit sent and pointed, moving
 in as I walked ahead of him. On the third point he froze, head high
 and tail up, reaching out in front.



I walked around him from below and the grouse flushed across to my
 right. I shot too quickly, I suppose, and saw the bird shaken by the
 shot but going strong. He was clearing the trees out ahead by the time I got
 the gun ahead of him and fired, folding him. Puff went in and found
 him but it took him a long time to gather him into one piece and
 retrieve him, he was so hard hit. It was a big cock, a mate to the one
 we'd got on the Dolly Rods yesterday. ^{I think the first that struck the tail} (It was a cock by dissection, with a
 feathers. The crop was loaded with acorns
 feet 14", actually larger than yesterday's bird). Ray got there in time to
 see Puff make the retrieve and we sat down for a breather and some
 candy before starting back down the mountain about 5:30. We
 kept to the left of the main spring run.

Sick Puff and birds at the old farm on top the mountain, and had a
 real walk for it was much more mountain than I had realized.
 On the way Puff made another nice point with two more new birds
 but I got no chance to shoot as they went out. Further down, as we
 followed a rather recently-used log road Puff came back towards us,
 turned to our right and solidified on #17 grouse that went out high
 as I walked up - too fast for me to get close him. It was getting
 dark as we reached the tram road and moved briskly toward the
 last ravine before turning down to the car. In the middle of the
 path Puff turned to the left and stopped, his head about level
 with the bank above him. I waited, hoping to get a shot against
 the pale pink sky above the bare trees but nothing happened till I
 climbed the bank and walked in to see a bird that went out of a
 brush heap and melted into the twilight. It could have been the
 #3 mid ^{new} ~~ward~~, this place earlier and we couldn't count it another
 bird. Somewhere along the line I've omitted several productives of
 Puff's and a few flushes. Actually he was mailing grouse left and right
 all day long in what I believe is his record on productives for one day.

4 shots - 1 hit (over Puff's point)

made 17 (11 new)

24 flushes

12 productives } Puff
1 retriever

~~~~~

7 Thursday 6 December - Kay & I took Ruff and Wilds for a return trip to the Homer & Amy Miller country. This time we walked up the mountain road to the old farm on top and cut right into the headwaters of Lick, flat and swampy up here. It looked like excellent bird country and we hunted down to where we'd stopped on an last trip with no sign of the four birds we'd moved there. We went down to the intersection of the top two forks, then hunted up the east branch. At the top of the rhododendron flats we did move two singly, one over a production of Ruff's, the other a wild flush from me that disappeared up the hollow. We got ~~four~~ <sup>three</sup> flushes from the first, the last two after we'd circled unsuccessfully for #2. On the fourth, Ruff made an interest point just below the crossing on Lick where we've moved a bird each time we've been here.

As I walked up he turned his head to the right of the path, spread out horizontally with his feet wide. I had to step over a log across the path and almost as soon as I'd done it, the bird went out.

I pulled too soon, feeling crowded by some trees that came into the line of flight, when I should have held off until I'd had to refrain from shooting. As it was, I undershot and the bird went on.

We didn't move him ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> anything else till we'd reached the lower part where the railroad crosses. Ruff found a bird, <sup>a new one,</sup> in the very creek course that flushed from the



rhododendron whether from a production or not, I can't say. It would have been a fair chance

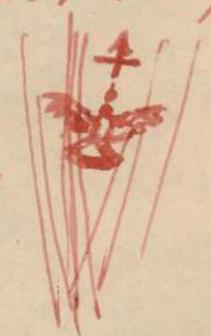
if it hadn't been exactly against the sun so that I didn't see the  
 quon till it had leveled off. Later the same bird blew out of  
 some rhododendron on our heels as we were looking at a tract hole  
 in hick, <sup>and</sup> this time he bored straight away from me into the setting  
 sun. I left Kay to locate Wills and Truff and I followed,  
 locating him with a lovely production by Truff. He flushed away  
 from me offering no shot and set off in the general direction of  
 Magnatum. We rejoined Kay & Wills and hunted back the  
 ridge to the left of the tram road. Truff made a point and  
 Wills flushed the bird twenty five or thirty yards away but  
 it's still a production, #4. We found this bird again inasmuch as  
 Truff and Wills hit the scent together and I saw Truff peep  
 just before it flushed but I won't count it a production for he  
 was roading sinfully. We hunted all the way back with  
 no more action, following the original tram road which wasn't  
 a very good idea, ending up in the thicket, it does. I left Kay at  
 the old mountain road and took the dogs on the upper piece of cover,  
 making #5 for me flush and no more excitement except a twing  
 in my eye that could have been worse. As I write this the  
 next day - a rainy one, I'm pleased to say - my eye is much  
 improved and I'll be able to hunt tomorrow if the weather behaves.  
 I can't tell exactly what was wrong today. The weather was sprightly and  
 clear and sunny - too warm, but the birds should have been singing.  
 Rejoicing at the upper end was bad from the standpoint of  
 walking into the sun all day and subjected to a hot sun. I shot - no hit  
 locate the birds. It could have been the dog hunting method. I made 5 (1 miss)  
 10 flushes 4 productions by Truff

Saturday 8 December Yesterday was windy and raining and it helped me to stay home to recover from my eye condition. Today the eye was fine and the rain stopped after its morning outbreak - enough to entice Kuisy Jiff and me out to the ridge above Elroy & Darity. Blanch stayed with Kay and we took Puff and Bang in Kuisy's pickups. The big disappointment was the lack of good cover. Timber operations had slashed the entire ridge above the road and we couldn't locate any undisturbed area till we got nearly out to the Darity gap - altho a chap named White who lives on one of the farms (the second house out on the road) says the birds are still up there in the slashings.

We moved birds from Puff's first production (which I didn't properly respect and let the bird flush) all the way up the shoulder of the gap above Darity - near the new gas pipe line we moved one group of four. Kuisy shot one of these on Puff's lovely point and of course Puff retrieved it beautifully but wouldn't let Kuisy have the bird! Soon after Puff moved me from the edge of the pipe line and I tried a rather long shot and failed to connect thru the trees. Too he may have turned out



of my pattern. We followed and I walked into the same bird - I think - and missed him twice as he dodged between cover and flushed away from me, cutting into me 4-inch sapling with most of my pattern. Kuisy missed a double barreled trap almost immediately after. As we reached the top of the shoulder above where Kay & I usually eat lunch the rain set in and we turned down the ridge. Kuisy went on in to the truck to dry out and I stayed out and hunted half an hour longer and getting another production. Puff worked beautifully.



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 4 production of Puff

Monday 10 December. A spitting snow and very cold and cloudy. I took Puff  
to the Crowboard Run on the Keywood road, walking up the left side of  
the valley this time. There was no sign of game till we'd circled across the  
top flat and reached the thick cover above the Hardtop road. There Puff  
pointed four that scattered out in three directions. I followed the  
left one, failed to mark him and turned north along the crest of the  
ridge getting a nice point and a flush from two of the birds. I almost  
got a shot in the second. After missing neither of these (one had dropped  
over the steep ridge) I circled back to pick up the fourth bird and got  
a nice point on him and saw him flush from Puff and leisurely coast  
down the slope across in front of me, cutting in close. I swung with him  
when I realized he was coming into range and fired after a moment's swing  
with him. It didn't connect. I've  
shot a number doing exactly the  
same things. I marked him again  
and finally got up following as he  
plunged down the hillside.



Hunting on along the upper edge Puff marked  
#5 in a very brushy outcrop area and I began a series of stalks with a  
point every time. On the third point the bird flushed across an old field  
near the house at the end of the lane and Puff pointed him in a corner  
of the woods below it. This time he cut over the top of the clearing and we  
followed getting a lovely point (the fifth) above the house in a little  
thick woods. This time I tried for him but couldn't get a good swing and  
missed as he dove into the area of the pipe line. ♂

I followed and after a few casts we began  
hunting along the far edge of the spring.

Puff stiffened into a point just within the edge of the woods and I hurried out  
 into the night of wings. A grouse flared below him and zoomed out low,  
 with Puff moving after him. I stopped him by yelling "stay" (which has  
 been working rather well) and he came back and I lost sight of him.  
 In a moment a bird exploded from the bushy mass of dead leaves and  
 came at my head, turning as he recognized me and I swung to get  
 in front of him and fired just before he disappeared behind some trees.  
 He cartwheeled over and over and hit the ground, fluttering but soon  
 for good.



Puff got to him and brooded him  
 in a yearling with the feathers  
 shot entirely off the back of his neck  
 and a few shot from the back.

(It was a hen by dissection with an

interrupted tail band). The bird had an exceptionally orange-brown collar of  
 neck feathers in contrast to the black & white of the under parts. It  
 was a welcome break in some poor shooting and Puff seems to appreciate  
 it as much as I. We ate lunch Sunday in the doot and looking at the  
 bird and the distant Brieries, blue thru the bare trees. It was getting  
 bitterly cold and as soon as we were on, flushing a pair of three birds from  
 the same woods where Jack Feather had tried a shot over Puff when we were  
 here. We moved <sup>two</sup> them for another flush and Puff pointed a 10th bird. I dropped  
 straight over the hill to the car and Kay and I went to Huntington for 30 shots - 11 hit on  
 some Kansas dropping and the birds.

This was a small day with Puff  
 nothing like a dream. Think I'm curbing his

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 11 (prosecutive) Puff missed 10 (6) 21 flushes (6) 21 flushes

Tuesday 11 December - This day should be written in a very dirty color  
whenever I appear in the action. Otherwise all was quite exciting. I  
took Puff to the field beyond Valley Point and parked, hunting across the  
little run and up the good cover on the far ridge toward Ashbury's old  
"Forge place". Halfway up Puff pointed nicely and I walked in. The  
bird was behind him downwind and went out low but fairly slowly. I  
tried a shot and missed tho' the bird ducked right and I think he might  
have been started. I think we missed this bird on Puff's second point

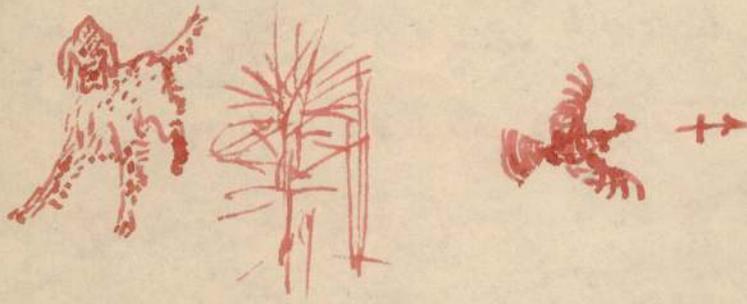
but I didn't get to see him. Hunting out to an edge near  
some larger timber Puff pointed for the third time and I  
tried again, both barrels as a bird flushed a little piece out and showed  
himself going out of some brush and logs.



It should have been a left barrel only or perhaps  
not at all. A second bird flushed at my shots and went up the hill. I  
followed my ~~first~~ shot at bird and came to a strip mine operation that  
presented a high wall that I was sure the bird hadn't cleared. Heading  
left along the base of this digging I came out to some crabapple  
scrubs growing in a cleared space. Puff was turned back my direction  
solid on a perfect point. As I walked up, confident of a good chance in  
this open stuff, the grouse flushed from a spot between us and crossed  
my right. I shot too soon, in full open view of the bird but too close and  
missed once, and twice. The bird was flying a little awkwardly as if some  
of the doctor this or the last occasion had reached him and climbing the  
high embankment, disappeared. I tried to follow the bird but  
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a deep ravine with a sheer wall on the far side. Puff and I worked along till  
 some pine down the big ditch I saw a fair sized sapling someone had placed as a  
 ladder to get up the wall. It was a damned poor ladder, with ice coating  
 the mud but I managed to worm up, gun in hand. I wasn't certain how  
 Puff would work it but he literally, after two attempts - climbed  
 the smooth vertical embankment, with pure guts and determination. It  
 was an inspiring performance.

We got back to where some timber men  
 were cutting for Groop Lake and I asked if  
 they'd seen the bird cross. They hadn't  
 and we didn't find it. Soaring that  
 area we hunted around the ridge  
 to about the mill near the wooden  
 mill, having moved a fourth land with



I SHOOT TOO SOON.

another point. Unable to find him again I hunted till the cows looked too  
 open and then turned up the hill. Just as I was walking along a chestnut  
 log on the edge of an old clearing a grouse flushed out into the field. Then  
 a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth. As Puff got them a sixth bird  
 took up the hill. I followed the edge to go after the last two and soon  
 saw a bird raise his neck and take off in front of Puff who might have been  
 pointing. I waited for a deliberate shot, carefully schooling myself not to  
 shoot too soon, picked the spot in front of him, swung with it and fired.  
 It didn't do a damned bit of good. I fired again as he went up the hill  
 and I saw him flutter down - I thought I had hit him but he was big as

at the top. I went up - deflated by my miss - but sure of a flush or a  
crafter at the top and aside from a wild flush from another one of the  
first ones which could not have been my bird - never found a rip except  
one but must a long time later. I also never missed another one of these  
birds. When they were I'll never know. It was getting late and I  
hunted the entire area with no luck so  
hunted back the ridge seeing an elevation



bird wild from the edge of the orchard near the empty "Fagan place".  
Having got below the steep ditch I started back around the ridge toward  
the station wagon. Buzz picked up on a good point in a little  
patch of woods and two birds flushed. I tried a shot at the second.  
Like all the others, it missed. Coming down the first canyon I  
hunted Buzz made a nice point at the bottom and a grouse went out.  
again I shot and missed with my ninth shot of the day. Across the  
stream a new bird flushed making it 14 birds and a lousy says  
shooting. I hope to Christ I forgot it. Actually, I'm trying too  
hard, taking shots I want to make but must refrain from trying  
for a while. Now I'll be in better shape to try the probable ones. This  
sort of thing can lead to ulcers, psychosias and God knows what and it  
plays hell with the eye. 9 shots - no hits

missed 14 6 hours times 3 Buzz

19 flushes

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Wednesday 12 December - Snow in the mts stopped to leave the ground white with a half-inch. The day was bitter cold in the windswept stretches and crisp down in the hollows. Left the station wagon at the power line and took Willa back to the ridge that runs around behind Jack Copmans to Earl Nichols. Puff stayed home with Kay's nest after two good days work. We didn't meet anything till well around the ridge when two birds flushed singly from different spots - one ahead of me going around the hill, the other from Willa and landing out in front. I was unable to meet it as the other one till I started crawling down the ridge toward Barnes run. Near the bottom #2 flushed wild. I crossed Barnes Run after eating lunch and started working along the hill going upstream and keeping above the dense rhododendron. At one point Willa came in and worked into a clump, making #3 quack. Following up the valley I made #4 & #5 wild and saw tracks of still another bird but couldn't find any of them again - probably because they had dug in the thick cover along the run. Following an old log road I cut up the hillside to try to reach the Meyer's swamp. Halfway along, a grouse blew out of the stuff on my right and took up to clear the thicket. I caught him as he neared the leveling-off point and dropped him out in the log stream mostly by the righted himself to an upright position and I got set to have a runner on my hands. Re-loading, I ran back down the path I'd come up and cut into the cover to head him off if he came down the slope. When I was in for enough I worked up to where I thought he'd fallen. There I saw the bird hunched near a log and ready to move into thicker stuff. Willa was hunting for him too far away and I knew there was only one more thing I could do.

fired, settling that little problem. I was very glad I had, for, altho Wilde  
came in and tried, she passed within a yard of the bird  
with no scent reaching her and then coiled off to the  
hinterlands, finally returning when I called her and  
lying down to work on her bleeding tail tip. At last I got her  
circling again and she came in on the bird again, wanting it and  
spotting it nicely. She refused to bring it to me, of course, but  
drook it a few times and after I took it from her went back to  
her tail. The shot was a nice one and made me feel mighty good after  
my recent performances. We walked up to the top and dropped over  
to the Mygus swamp when Wilde flushed a grouse, #7, soon after  
we entered. I wasn't coming far out over the tree tops, then saw it  
loom closer and realized it was coming within gun range. I held  
on a point in front of it and swung with it, firing as it reached  
the closest point distance. It went into a couple of hemlocks and  
disappeared.  +> I suspect I should have held

further ahead. We hunted the swamp out with no further action till  
we were making our last cast. Then a large bird flushed from  
Wilde and crossed to the right, really going places. I watched him  
and followed to the far edge of the swamp cover, nearest Mygus  
farm. As we got near I heard him flush and again had the  
pleasant feeling of knowing he was coming my way. I let him  
get over me and swung with a spot a couple of feet ahead and  
pulled the left. ~~the shot~~  It probably should have been a

yard or more back, perhaps it should have been the right and might I should have avoided carrying the gun barrels. Anyway, he went on.

Both high shots were fun and good trips. I have made them but they're hard to do. I followed a long flight and flushed him from a big limbeck in the hemlock forest. I'm happy to see is still standing - I cut across the swamp again



and walked the road back in the feeble winter light. The distant hills were snow covered and blue-cold. When I cut away from the road to cut for the cave I found myself on an old abandoned road grown up with brush along the margins that separated it from the fields on either side. Suddenly a covey of quail flushed out in front of Wilder and sailed down the road, scattering in the brushy borders on either side. A few yards more and we moved fire or rifle was, making 15 or 20 in all. I decided to try for a brace and took single shots at individuals that cut back over me from time to time. It was getting dark and rather close shooting and I actually missed four of the little devils, one or two straightaway. I did kill one, a nice hen that came back at me, landing in a low scrub and taking off again. They are hard shooting in cramped quarters and require a certain amount of holding off till they are some bit away, yet on a straightaway it is very easy to miss them since they are only a target with a two-inch diameter. I'd like to go back and work Wilder and Puffer thru some time just for training for Wilder handled them better than any game I've shot with a rifle.

head and nice approach. He actually bunted one but didn't freeze on it. I regretted the clumsy shooting for it would have sounded as if I was slaughtering the covey when I really wouldn't kill more than a pair from any covey. Once again, with my shot to stop the cruffled grass, I'd come in with only one shell left - two days straight. One thing shooting gives you - the philosophy that what is past is past - what is done should be forgotten with the setting sun. It was a fine day, anyway you look at it.

The grass was a row by  
direction (with  
interrupted tailband.)

3 shots - 1 hit (Wilde)  
Mead 8  
11 flushes  
5 shots on quail - 1 hit

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Thursday 13 December - Bitter cold with a little more snow. Puff and I went to the Briceries, hunting the high ridge above Lick again. We heard our first birds - two in the paper where I've heard them before (up the first ravine). This time one went out the ridge and a second flew toward me, landing in a deep snow-draped sapling exactly the way one did before. When Puff barked and he glided out I took a shot and missed him, exactly the way I always do such shots. I followed him down the slope and came to where he had fluttered by the tracks in the snow. I followed feeling I was but two birds ahead and came to a maze of brush piles, ~~with~~ any one of which could hold a grouse. We covered the area well and started to circle back to another cover when I came on Puff on point above the upper brush heaps. I walked in below him, at first, uttering mead. ~~He took a head and shot and the bird~~

went out the far side of a pile, rising and quartering a duck to the right. He was well out when I found the spot ahead and fired, tumbling him solidly into the center of a brush pile with a tall sapling in its middle. I reloaded and sent Puff in and got that old feeling as I saw a grouse take off the identical place and bolt away into the woods ahead, flying perfectly. My reason said it couldn't be - the bird had doubled up too simply - but emotionally I was uncertain till I had torn my way into the pile of branches and twigs and had seen my bird lying inert and collapsed where it had fallen on top of the pile and almost exactly as the other bird. Puff came in but didn't see the bird and pointed till I sent him on and then he had to worm his way in under the pile, find the bird lying on the twigs above him, retreat and come in over the tuff, pick up the grouse and take it out and around the mass of destructions and deliver it to me when I had made room to me opening. It was another large bird with a 13 7/8 fan and an uninterrupted tail band and pronounced ruffs. It was a beautiful performance the point and the retrieve with the big bird and its large ruffs like shiny black stains against the snow. I was pleased with the shot, too, and felt that by holding off a bit I could do better with the birds a little way out. It made a nice shot. We left that section and hunted up the ridge. I won't attempt to hunt the other bird which I consider must have been a third one and so I headed for the cover on top. I didn't see anything until I reached the fern on the summit and stopped to eat my lunch. After that pass, my fingers began to feel the cold creeping in and I had to wear with my hands in my pockets. Puff tut some more and feathered up on a nice point that I wanted till my fingers were thawed out enough to find out that the bird had been shot.



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walk in. It was two birds but they went out like one. I felt like one  
closest but many after the one that quartered and missed as I tried a shot  
that wasn't there. I followed that bird into some good cover on a high flat



A DOUBLE RISE  
AT 15° F. ON TOP THE DORIES.

and finally came on Puff pointing  
again. It was my bird and this  
time he flushed back to my left  
and I seemed to feel I had to  
shoot and missed. It was well  
after 4 and I had a long way to go  
down the mountain and I couldn't

work any more of the high part. We held to one of the little streams that are  
part of the ridge and walked down the ridge. Puff made another point - his  
4th and a grouse flushed some piece away. It was the only point I didn't  
take a shot at all day. In spite of the late hour I followed around a point of  
rocks but couldn't raise him - then went on to another point Puff led into a  
tangled mass of briars in the middle of a little dell that was mostly a  
maze of fallen stuff and blackberries. As I walked up, keyed up to shoot,  
a bird flushed and I banged at it, a second one flushed and I banged at it,  
and a third one went out. If I'd pass up a few shots all points the way I  
do incidental flushes I'd be in better shape. We missed one of these birds on  
the follow-up with no shot a point. In fact, Puff ran into it. Heading down the  
ridge, for time was pressing now, I came out above the tram road where the main  
tributary drops steeply off the mountain. There a 10th bird flushed very wild  
from the stream and zoomed up the steep slope to big rocks at the top and then sat  
and watched me labor up that hill only to flush out as I neared the top.  
Puff made #11 out of the tree tops above the tram road where I've made one every  
trip this year. It wasn't a point and I couldn't have shot anyway. We missed

more in the rest of the way the Puff made a nice point where fresh looking tracks showed as had been on the edge of the tundra. It was a wonderful day to be out. Hunted in two wood shirts and a sweatshirt most of the time under my shooting jacket. Puff did wonderfully and I must remember next year when I'm getting about his doing poorly in hot dry weather that it is in the cold part of the season that he does so well, pointing birds right and left. I think the scent is more distinct when the warm body heat is so much hotter than the cold air. I've just checked my last year's notes to see if my shooting count been ragged because I'm holding off on record kills for points only. There is little comfort in the figures, after making that resolution I killed 14 birds with 33 shots last year. I do feel, however, that with so many shots coming on points (Puff offers me more shots on points than any dog I've ever seen) I try too hard to make them all. Some of them can't be possible and if I can let a few more go I'd do better.

6 shots - 1 hit (on Puff) 5 productives } Puff  
 missed 11 (none new) point 1 retrieve }  
 16 flushes

Thursday 17 December - The first day to hunt after the big, cold spell. The thermometer got up to 25° today but the rocks are still a glass of ice. I took Puff and Wilks back to the Remond bridge and hunted up the far side of Sandy. I expected to find grass rolling out of every humlock in the bottom on a day like this but the birds must have got hungry waiting around for the weather to break. We hunted, with both Wilks and Puff facing the thick cover, all the way to the sand pit with no bird or even a track. Climbing the ridge where I had dropped and lost a grouse a few weeks ago I finally came onto some tracks on the upper slope but no bird until I had followed a double set of tracks and just

Missing Puff is always a good omen of action about to happen and the usual procedure is to go find him on point and take a shot at your bird. This time he was frozen - I don't know for how long - headed into a few logs with some grouse tracks leading into them and not coming out. Wilde came up behind him and I gave her the command to "stay". To my delight she stopped and held a small back point while I waited for things to explode as I faced them both. Finally I stepped



WILDA BACKS HER  
FIRST PRODUCTIVE.

close and, instead of a a rabbit headed for the sky there was a darting flash from the log in front of me and a grouse fluttered along the ground running like a rabbit. Both dogs were after it and nothing I could do could stop them and I can hardly blame them with a cripple under their noses. Fortunately, after a wide circle the bird became airborne and escaped. From all appearances it had a crippled wing and I imagine it is the bird I dropped late at night just three weeks ago today. It pleases me to see that occasionally a crippled bird that is lost will make the grade. In the snow I was able to see foot tracks all thru this area and that too gratifies me, knowing that the bird has been able to dodge them. Good luck to him. I hope he lives to a ripe old age. Wilde had also pleased me with her backpoint and it did her a lot of good to see a bird on the other end of Puff's lovely point, even if he didn't set her a perfect example at the flush. We hunted down to the Beaver Hole, finding another pair of grouse tracks but no

birds. I had hoped to cross Beaver and hunt up to the next bridge, coming down  
 the far side of Sandy, but found the stream impassable so, after eating  
 lunch at the Hole, I hunted back to the top of the ridge and worked down  
 the valley on the upper margin. Carried the segregated woods on top when  
 again Puff pointed and this time without command from me Willda  
 stiffened into a nice backpoint and held till I had worked around the  
 point, with no bird in evidence. After covering the woods on top we  
 dropped down to the main hillside woods again and walked into two  
 birds that Puff hadn't nailed. Following them I got another flock  
 from a hemlock from one of them, having stopped and gone there the moment  
 I saw a bird from the very tree he flew from - only  
 he took another, and better, way out. After a fruitless circle after him,

too I found tracks all over the place, I came back and carried  
 the edges of the little <sup>clearing</sup> ~~field~~ above the stone fence. On my way to  
 the upper edge with both dogs corraling the woods to my right I  
 saw a bird flush and show himself as he started across the field. I  
 swung with him on a spot ahead and tumbled him well out from me

and into the clearing. It was a  
 head shot and he beat the snow and  
 fluttering, took a hole in it. I saw he  
 wasn't going to get up and let Puff find and  
 retrieve him. Heard two more and saw loads of  
 tracks, all up on top, the rest of the way back  
 with two more points (one where my bird had flushed)  
 with excellent backpoints by Willda.



1 shot - 1 hit (Puff)  
 1 productive Puff  
 1 retriever Puff  
 4 backpoints by Willda

Wednesday 19 December - Skipped yesterday, a snowy, pretty day. Put  
 on chains today and took Ruff & Wilda for a return visit to the  
 ridge back of Valley Point. I found the eight miles of now reported  
 for Preston County - all over the place and drifted to considerably  
 more in spots. It was a drag for both gunner and dogs and tiring  
 because of lack of action but beautiful to be out - up to over  
 20 and a clear day and sun at times with a magnificent view  
 of the Brierley <sup>tree</sup> - now-crooked on the upper levels, and an unusual look at  
 the intermediate ridges. We think we missed a bird in the first cover,  
 but can't be certain, out across the knob to where I'd found the 6 before.  
 Found their tracks, did now-crooked but only made two of them on the  
 lower slope, one wild from Wilda and one from my feet in a nook of  
 a rail fence. Almost had a chance at him as he went out but he  
 was in line with Wilda and I didn't dare try. I hunted around the  
 far margin of the big field and ended up below the strip operation  
 with no sign of a bird but good looking cover. Crossed a bare hillside  
 field and waded our way down the hollow and were about to climb the  
 ridge to the car when a bird went out wild, #4. Moving up to the spot  
 Ruff made a nice point on the best scent and Wilda backed beautifully.  
 I huddled her <sup>tease</sup> on point and trembling and had her pushing back on  
 my shoulders. Then I sent them in. A few yards ahead I saw tracks of 2  
 more and now flushed both. I followed <sup>the one that went</sup> back up the hollow and watched  
 him myself. As he went out I couldn't resist a snap that didn't click.  
 I was unable to back him further. Ruff had ice formed on his  
 trailing edge and was backed so we came to the backpoint { Wilda  
 station again. Too much snow <sup>to hit</sup> <sup>7 flushes</sup>

Saturday 22 December - Left Day at home with Mother, who is up for Christmas, and took Puff & Willa to the Brieris. Parked halfway down the hill from Lenoir, below the barn and the Luthern Hill road, and walked down into the hollow and Hauer & Lumpy woods. It was bitter cold with snow on the ground that had frozen after yesterday's thaw and the place was laced with grouse tracks. They all appeared to have been made yesterday in the sunny part of the day and I think I passed up a good day by going to the mountain, but as I felt it might be our only chance to get one for Mother.

We moved one bird in Hauer's woods, and another in the thicket above the back road (flushed by Willa) among hundreds of tracks. Puff made an "unproductive" hope this that Willa backed nicely at my command to "stay". I hunted up the shoulder of the mountain - following grouse tracks from one oak tree to another where they searched for acorns - and hit sick Pines below the upper forks. Ward one bird out of the *rhododendron* myself with not enough time to swing a line. No more signs until I hunted all the way to the top of the upper right prong of sick when we moved a bird (Willa) in the big rocks where as Lake Puff's picture in color. Followed with no success and came back down into the second prong of sick and hunted down to the confluence and so on to the old tramroad, moving the same bird from the same *rhododendron* as when they was with me last. Followed and moved another #6 from a brush heap but didn't see him till he was too far out to shoot at. With ear flaps of cap down in extreme cold I can't hear the flush as readily. It was going on 6:00 when I started down the mountain.

with the car a couple of miles away and the temperature low enough to freeze the head off the end of my shotgun.

No shots  
mailed 6 (2 new) 1 buckshot } Wills  
6 flasks

Monday 24 December - Buzz and I went alone for our Christmas hunt to Pick Run above Summers. We hunted up the usual valley to the shoulder of rock at the top above the gap - moving one bird halfway up and another at the top. One #2 I followed to the very tip of rocks and walked into him in the deep crusty snow among the boulders. The grouse flushed and executed the most brilliant maneuver and the most effective he could have possibly done, boring straight up in front of me and over my head before I could get on him. So I turned and tried to locate him. He was gone before I got my balance. I'm glad he made it and I worked him well. It was beautiful. Hunting out the top of the ridge we made nothing, including the clean #12 bird, and I swung below the fields of the old farm on top, noting that someone had been out in the woods after firewood. Hadist knows the place was inhabited. Failing to find the usual pair of birds near this edge I hunted out the ridge beyond any point I've been before and higher, coming into some excellent cover that was cut up with lacings of snow tracks. Following up the little draw in this flat, I walked into a bird that got out a yard or so from my feet and climbed for the tops of the saplings. I got to the right of the first one and the first one was

and fired and got the thrill of seeing him tumble hard. Puff was in for the  
retriever and I saw the bird run ahead of him and knew it was  
wounded. Suddenly a second bird flushed from the exact spot where  
the other one had fallen and bored off into the distance. By this time



Puff had my bird and was mouthing it in a  
-looking  
distressing manner. Actually he seems to do this  
to get a grip without injuring the bird but when  
they flutter he lays them down and starts over

and it looks as if he's practically eating them alive, with huge  
gobs of feathers coming out in his mouth. He got this one halfway in,  
laid it down and walked it some more but, after what seemed an age,  
he delivered it nicely with no real mark on it. Something had pulled  
some tail feathers out of the bird some time in the past and a batch of  
four or more were growing in to replace them, making a spot section on  
the left side of the tail. But it was a big bird & a hen according to  
the neck and tailband markings. <sup>(a cock by dissection.)</sup> I hunted out the ridge even

further and started down the mountain about one valley further  
out than I've been before. Gradually I worked down from one good cover  
to another, seeing plenty of tracks but no birds. I'm inclined to think  
I'd hunted too high up for such cold weather. I did at last hear a  
bird flush and after it had gone saw Puff on point. Then out went  
another and another and still Puff stood. I finally commanded him and  
sent him on and a fourth went out.

followed the three that had most nearly stayed together and finally over  
a good point we flushed one of them. On the way back I kept about  
the tramroad and near the brush pile where I shot my bird <sup>a while ago</sup> ~~that~~

Thursday, Puff made his 3rd production and we flushed #9. Following  
him I got another ~~flush~~ flush with no dog work from a hollow stump  
within two feet of me. It would have been almost a certain shot but  
I wanted a point and didn't fire. In a few moments I heard two  
go out about me, #10 and #11 and go back the ridge too far for me to  
follow. I must have seen tracks of twenty quons today and so  
many last Saturday in the area. This day was cold but a happy one.

1 shot - 1 hit (Puff only)  
rained 11 (4 new) } Puff  
14 flushes } Puff  
3 productions } Puff  
1 retrieval } Puff

Thursday 27 December. Kay, Wilke, Puff, and I went to Hauer  
and King's, whose road was so icy we couldn't get beyond Reddie's.  
We walked up the old mountain road and hunted out the tramroad,  
moving 2 birds just above it by the time we reached the road  
but I then made my mistake and, instead of continuing out the  
tramroad, cut up the mountain via a little spring run to the head  
of kick. We did not see a bird up there and saw lots of tracks but I  
think most of them are on a level with the tramroad. I stepped on  
an iron pipe on a boulder and

Had my gun upright and took the fall with my elbow. My arm turned  
 and the end of the gun struck the rock, just missing flattening it badly  
 but taking enough of a jolt to make the outside of the right barrel  
 with deep pits and putting two small dents in the inside of the bore  
 near the end. After sitting back we hunted down the stream moving  
 exactly nothing till we reached the junction of the two prongs. A little  
 below we followed <sup>3 sets of tracks</sup> ~~one and later~~ up into some rocks. The first bird  
 flushed wild but when we followed the 3 sets we found Puff and Wilkie  
 excitedly working in some *Adiantum*. I couldn't tell if Puff was  
 pointing but cannot credit a producer. However a large noise #51  
 went up the hollow from where he was. As I walked in the ground in  
 front of me exploded and two more flushed almost simultaneously. I  
 let them get out a few yards and tried for him but missed as he  
 went ~~to~~ <sup>behind</sup> some trees and I did too soon. We followed these two since they  
 had gone out almost parallel and way down on the  
 ridge I walked into one of them. It seems to me  
 he flew like a rocket - at any rate he was in the  
 air before I could tell what was going on and I  
 missed a quick snap at him that Donald never had tried.



We saw lots of tracks in this area and down in the ~~hollow~~ <sup>hollow</sup> ~~+~~  
 thickets across the hollow on our way to Miller's but not within look at a feather. Wilkie  
 backed two of Puff's unproductive. 2 shots - no hits

Counted 25 sets of  
 tracks in the morning

George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center  
 backprints of Wilkie & Puff

Friday 28 December - Forty-five years old and going strong! Never  
felt better. Ruff and I took the birthday hunt along today while  
Ray stayed home to prepare dinner. Would much rather have had  
her with me. We left the station wagon near the Bonarumaster Bridge  
and hunted up into the Wellman place, making one bird in the thick  
brush on the way up. On top near the small power line, Ruff  
made a nice productive in the paperwings and fire - count them,  
fire - grouse flushed me at a time and all too far out to shoot.  
So often large groups of birds do this, probably because their scent  
is so potent the dog freezes at a distance. We followed the main  
group and Ruff nailed one in some relatively open cover. As the  
bird went out I held my fire and tried for a spot ahead of him,  
hurryng a bit as he approached, some dead leaves. The shot  
didn't drop him but he was obviously hit, dropping one leg and showing  
his wing action perceptibly. I followed, feeling certain I'd find  
him on the edge of the woods and unable to  
get off the ground. At the very spot Ruff  
pointed and I walked in, not knowing whether  
we'd find a dead bird or have him flush in our face and fly away.



I worked in below Ruff's point and nothing happened. Stopping out to  
the opening I stopped and heard a flutter in the paperwings below me  
and the grass struggled and fluttered along the ground with Ruff in  
there doing his job. Down ~~the~~ the hill they went, Ruff missing a couple  
of passes at the bird and then he had it. After a lot of fancy  
work he retrieved it to me with a tail feather and, the first his  
done such a thing in a long while, dropped it at my feet without

nothing to deliver. It was a wonderful birthday bird any way - a game little thing and I hated making such a sloppy shot but glad and thrilled nevertheless to get it. I decided not to bother any more of these birds - obviously a new hatching this year - even over a point and so took the top field and cut around the ridge toward the high tension line. There in the thicket I found tracks of a bird but not the bird and after a terrific fight with blackberry briars found my way down into the next hollow and up into the knob below Clefton. Puff made his fourth production in the big open woods and three pons flushed from a paperine and went up the hollow into the thick cover. We followed and Puff nailed one of them but it went out without a chance for me to shoot. I got four more flushes in that area and count one of them #10 bird but had no shot. It was too late to go over into the woods beyond the back road as I'd planned and so I creaked this knob and dropped over to the Clefton Road and hunted back below it to the little run with the big culverts. There, in some *Protopolium*, Puff made his 6th production and ~~1~~ <sup>1</sup> nailed #11 pons that disappeared in the direction of the creek. We took the road back along the dry patches and walked what seemed miles to the car. It was a fine day - as always when I get a pons on my birthday.

1 shot - 1 hit (over Puff's point)  
 nailed 11 (10 new)  
 16 flushes.  
 6 productions } Puff  
 1 retrieve }

Saturday 29 December - Getting toward the end of the season. It was much warmer today with a drizzle from time to time. Normally we might have passed up the day for a better piece of weather but with only Monday left we couldn't run the risk of missing out altogether. Kay, Wilka, Puff and I drove back to the Lake Park country above Summers and flushed a grouse the moment we stepped in the woods. Altho we didn't get a look at it, the dogs did, with lots of scent and it set them crazy. There was no further contact however and we hunted off to the hamroad and up the first tributary valley, moving on we merely heard go out. Up in the poppins we started counting sets of tracks in the snow that had fallen new in early morning or last night. I left Kay and creaked to one side where Puff made his first production and I heard the bird go out. Calling Kay to join us I worked up the slope a bit running into new tracks. As Kay came over she found two sets. Just then I looked to my right and saw Puff go into a point. Wilka moved ahead of him toward the poppins and stepped into her first real grouse point as she ~~actually~~ got the scent. The bird, a big one, flushed out the far side and Wilka was in ecstasy. It was an occasion - Wilka's first and a production. We followed and got two



WILKA'S FIRST  
(IN GOOD COMPANY)

flushes (from the first bird I believe), one on the spine of the ridge above the Tannery bridge and I tried a shot and missed. Couldn't make it further and stopped for lunch high up on the

As we hunted along the ridge, a little lower down, we  
came on fresh footprints in the snow and decided it  
was another hunter. Everywhere I tried to go I came  
on the same damned tracks and they seemed to have  
moved very bird out of the country. At last we ran  
into him, a grizzled character who had difficulty



with his pronunciation and lived up on the farm on top the ridge. I  
gathered the name of the farmer who owned it is Jake Matheny. The time  
was young fast and we still went into birds so we hunted down the  
mountain hoping to come into the right lead. We never did. One grouse,  
#5, flushed from Puff (he probably had it) and flew into the ravine  
we had started hunting today but we couldn't find it then - It was  
after 5:30 and the light was failing so there was nothing else to do  
but hit for the car. You always hope the impossible will happen at  
the last minute - a point with a good view of the bird, a flash  
your direction with the gun against the sky; it would only take a  
second but it never does occur. This time it did. I had just  
finished sending Puff into the cover on the left of the road, going partway  
with him and had returned to the log road and was walking down it in  
front of Kay.



A MIRACLE.

~~How~~ As we approached the little clearing at the  
edge of the woods there was an explosion in the top  
of the trees at the left and a grouse took out of  
and after a moments trouble with some trees,  
made the clearing and swung to the right. I  
caught him against the sky and fired at the  
spot in front of him and saw him tumble out of  
sight. It all happened in split seconds - the

flutter of sound, the bird silhouetted against the light, the shot, Key's exclamation behind me — but Puff and Willa were there and at the bird with no command from me. There was no fuss, no waiting to retrieve, no feeling for a hold. Puff came out of the brush with the bird still fluttering and ran up to road to me and delivered it at the command to "sit", but with a jealous look toward Willa. It was yearling, probably the bird we'd flushed just then today, and it was hit in the head and the neither wing was broken, both had feathers shot off. When Puff came in with it we that its head was gone, but it was tucked inside Puff's ample mouth. Boy! was that a day!



RUFF RETRIEVES  
IT ON THE DOUBLE.

2 shots - 1 hit (over Puff & Willa)  
 march 5 (more news)  
 8 flushes  
 saw about 16 tracks

2 productions } Puff  
 1 retrieve }  
 1 production } Willa  
 (her first) }

Monday 31 December — The last day of the season. The weather was warm and damp — no rain, but a saturated underfoot condition that was like a wet October day. It would have been a little better scenting if the air were cool but as it was was very swell to Puff and me. Key stayed at home with Willa, and Puff and I drove to the hill beyond Seneca and parked on the turn of the road, walking down over the field to the bottom and Army & Homers woods. We had hunted partway around

the ridge and three-quarters up the slope when Buff, who was eating up  
the woods in a nice lope, made a turn in mid-gallop and landed solidly  
on all four feet. I walked in, hoping to keep the bird from cutting down  
the hill and saw it flush too far ahead to get a shot in that case but  
going in the right direction. We followed and about when I was giving up  
Buff pointed again. This time the bird - the same, I think - flushed higher  
and headed for the open piece of woods above. We couldn't see it but  
I'm pretty sure it was in there somewhere unless it crossed the back  
road and entered the thicket on the next knob. I went over there and  
a bird flushed well ahead of us cutting into the hollow. It could have  
been the same grouse but I consider it a probable ~~number~~ #2. We followed  
into the bottom and on the way flushed #3 which went the same general  
direction. That proved to be a pretty stiff dose of Rhododendron along the  
run and too thick to comb. What we saw of it yielded no game.  
Climbing the ridge where I'd seen lots of tracks in the snow we worked  
around toward the point of view and #4 flushed wild, going back where we  
had come from. We hunted to sick, crossing and hunting up the tributary,  
the second from the top, that we used to like so much. Partway up, I decided  
to quit it up as the birds seemed to be somewhere else. Climbing up the  
low cliff a spine that describes the valleys I stopped for lunch. The  
day was beautiful, hot enough to hunt with my shirt off, and yet we  
weren't missing the birds we should have in such weather. After lunch I  
cut back toward the creek and walked up a very red bird, #5,  
that Buff got no scent of whatever. It was almost a shot but he

squirmed away had them, the small trees before I could get ahead of him a near shot. We didn't meet him again. At the junction of the two upper tributaries I crossed to the tramroad side, but stayed near the creek, hunting the rise of ground where Kay had heard the three birds last week. I didn't, so kept on up the ridge and then swung in the direction of the upper section of the tramroad, walking along the mountain till I hit the little run that comes across the tramroad near the sand pit. There, some piece above the tramroad, Puff showed some signs of scent, stopping on point for a moment and then moving on. A little later while Puff was well above me, a grouse flushed and quartered a bit to my right. I swung ahead and fired, saw him go on, and after a split second's hesitation fired again at a point in front and he went down, well out and across the little ravine. Puff saw the grouse fall and was with him in ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> flat. It took Puff a long while to bring him in. I declare he goes through all that fooling around to preying the thrill of retrieving the bird and I don't blame him. It's not workmanlike but when Willis ~~around~~ <sup>around</sup> Puff can make it brisk enough. That made the day. And the year.



It was a bird flushed from Puff (it could have been a point) and came all me - a possible, not a probable - but of course I didn't fire. After circling after it we returned and Puff ~~missed~~ <sup>missed</sup> ~~one of the birds~~ <sup>one of the birds</sup> from the same place. I think ~~that~~ they were probably ~~two of the three~~ <sup>two of the three</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~flushed~~ <sup>flushed</sup> last

week. ~~We followed~~ It was a beautiful point head and tail up but I  
couldnt quite get in him. We followed to Dick and Puff made a  
lovely tree point, stretched out and the bird flushed from the  
holodunder and went up the valley. I gave it up and cut down into



the thicket in the hollow near  
#9. At this time the sun sank  
beyond a tiny clump of trees on  
the far, far ridge - the last  
day of the season going down into  
the happy hunting and I tried to

thank whatever there is out there for Ray, for Puff, and for this life I love.

It was getting dark as I entered the last cover, ~~home & things~~  
woods. We missed a pair of birds together, one going out against the  
sunset afterglow that I think I could have hit if I'd wanted to try.

It was ~~an~~ <sup>rough</sup> glow of sunset color and clouds and purple hills when

I came out and climbed the field to the car, looking at the Birnie's  
piling up into the south, higher and higher - the hills of home  
and once again they habit let me down. As for Puff, boy -  
is that dog good!

2 shots - 1 hit (over Puff) 4 productions } Puff  
missed 11 (2 new) 1 retriever }  
13 flushes

This has been a wonderful season - more days with the gun,  
Puff at an all time high of performance and <sup>productive</sup> more points, wilds  
learning a lot about this thing called ~~hunting~~ <sup>hunting</sup> and Regional History Center

the most rugged game work in my part since I've reached  
mature years. Anyway, I've never been happier. The vital  
statistics for 1951 are:

1 WOOD COCK SHOT - 1 HIT  
6 QUAIL SHOTS - 1 HIT

GEORGE: 47 days in ~~26~~<sup>30</sup> coverts, 8.43 bird/covert (2 LOST)  
BIRDS MOVED 253, FLUSHES 538, KILLS 20. 90 SHOTS - 22 HITS = 24.4%  
(5.38 PER DAY) 1 OUT OF 4.094

RUFF: 114 PRODUCTIVES (8 KILL-OVER-POINTS) 16 RETRIEVES, 17 KILLED-OVER.  
36 days. <sup>3.16 PER DAY</sup> 1 PRODUCTIVE TO ~~1.83~~ BIRDS MOVED

WILDA: 1 PRODUCTIVE, 7 BACKPOINTS, 2 FINDS-DEAD, 7 KILLED-OVER.  
23 days.

Only 2 hypocoelid flies this year.  
My shooting was deplorable but was partly due to limiting all  
second bird trees to points which is still nerve-wracking  
stuff for me - and I lost it. Old Blue slept this season out on  
the hearth, confining his record to birds - snuffed-at-the-door.  
Ruff's productives to birds moved is 1/2.21 to last year's 1/3.25.  
My PER DAY MOVED was slightly less: 5.38 to last year's 5.6.

RUFF'S LIFETIME RECORD: 256 PRODUCTIVES (25 KILL-OVER-POINTS)  
(47 - 51) 70 RETRIEVES, 100 KILLED-OVER

Finis 1951

30 COVERTS (M notes) 1951 <sup>9 new ~~coverts~~ ~~coverts~~</sup> 8.43 <sup>not new</sup> b/c  
 29 (M) D24. 11(4).14.1 / D29. 5.8.1  
 LICK RUN O13. 9.11.0 / N12. 5.12.0 <sup>not new</sup> / N28. 12(8).15.1 / D1. 17(11).24.1 / ~~D13. 11-16.1~~  
 COOPERS ROCK / FIRE TOWER O15. 6.9.0 / O25. 9(4).11.0 / N17. 4.8.0  
 FALKENSTINE O16. 1.1.0 / O18. 1.1.0  
 LAUREL O17. 6.9.0  
 LITTLE SANDY ~~N~~ N8. 8.12.1 / N27. 9.16.1 <sup>not new</sup>  
 GLOVER PLACE O19. 6.9.1  
 JACK FEATHERS O20. 4.4.1 / N24. 5(4) 9.0  
 COOPERS R / ARCHERY O22. 5.7.1  
 CRAB ORCHARD O23. 4.7.1 / O27. 2.3 / D10. 10(6) 21.1  
~~COOPERS R / COOPER LITTLE LAUREL O25. 9(4).11.0~~  
 COOPERS R / GLADE O26. 8.12.1  
 HOY MILLER O29. 7.18.1  
~~BISHOP~~  
 BISHOFF O30. 4.10.0  
 WILKINSON O31. 7.12.0 / D28. 11(10).1  
 EVAN BISHOP. N2. ~~7.12.0~~ 6.7.0  
 POWER LINE N3. 3.5.0  
 PISGAH / BIG SANDY N5. 8.12.0  
 MASON RUN N6. <sup>not new</sup> 1.2.1  
 COLLIN'S KNOB N9. 7.10.0  
 BRYTE'S N9  
 OLD FARM N10. 7.10.1  
 ABOVE CLIFTON N13. 4.6.0  
 UPPER BEAVER N14. 2.6.0.1  
 HOMER MILLERS N15. 12.19.1 / N21. 17(9).30.1 / D6. 5(1).10.0 / D27. 7.8.0 <sup>not new</sup>  
 LITTLE SANDY S. N20. 12(8).19.0 / 5(3) 7.1  
 DORITY. D8. 9.15.0  
 VALLEY POINT. D11. 14.19.0 / D19. 6.7.0 <sup>not new</sup>  
 JACK COPEMAN. D12. 8.11.1  
 LENNOX D22. 6(2).6.0 / D31. 11(2) 13.1  
~~POWERMASTER BRIDGE. D28. 11(10) 16.1~~

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DOLLY SODS. N30. 19.28.1