

Shooting Season 1955

Saturday 15 October: Weather perfect, cool and sunny with color full height at home but masses of leaves still on trees. Beginning this shooting season under new conditions after a summer spent working out corrections in fit of my old Fox double. Now with custom made stock and forend in a beautiful fit and lovely piece of work, and right barrel opened (too far for my taste but should do well on close birds and adequate until I can have new barrels fitted) I am facing a season where shooting should for the first time in my life be a pleasure instead of a mental hurdle. Ray and I opened the year with the two oranges - Puff for his 9th season, Features 4th - and drove to Roaring Gap where we found the foliage in midsummer green. Ended up back at Summers where we parked and hunted down to the Jones Co. house and country. Flushed two birds on the way down to Roaring and two more that crossed the road after we crossed the bridge. In thickets to right of road got refuge in one and heard a couple of other flushes. This event was also full summer thick but we were here and knew no other place to go. Keeping to the road beyond Jones house we followed it out making birds all along but with no dog work. In fact, had difficulty keeping the dogs from staying on the road. At the far end we ate lunch where a branch of the road turns down hill, but after eating went high, going toward the strip mine near above. In a corner above the road, a grouse smiled in our eyes without my

more than hearing it but they saw where it settled to the left. The dogs got no scent when placed there and we decided the bird had refreshed or sailed on. I walked about the road into a nice little thicket and as the dogs moved in from above the grouse took off low and away. I waited a second for a clear look at him and made a rapid shot trying to hold a bit above him but saw him rise sharply and go on after I fired.



at the edge, we saw that he had been forced to clear a spoil pile of the strip operation and I saw an opening ahead where I expected to put him up. Moving on, both dogs worked ahead as they and I came behind. Suddenly I saw Feathers stiffen and wheel ^{to the} right into some cover on a bank above the old road below us, and ^{my} forced my way ^{to the edge} and made the road, hoping for a shot if the bird took to the opening. As I jumped down I saw that Feathers had come down the bank and suddenly I saw him with the grouse in his mouth — dead. The bird had carried some body shot and making the long flight had pitched in here and fallen. Ray tore thru the briars in time to leap down the bank and get a morsel of the retrieval. After our examination of the bird — we think it looks like a young cock — we moved on out the ridge and flushed two more birds.



FEATHERS HAS HIM

that pitched down the hill. We went as far as an old field and
moved lower before turning back the ridge upstream. On the
return we moved what we consider the best two birds, these came
on Ruff in a point, not very intense, feathers moved in from below and
bumped the bird and as I walked in, a
second grouse flushed from Ruff's sight
with no shots offered. Again the birds
pitched to the creek. We hunted the
low train road back and the old
Capehart Mine site and then to the
swampy bottom below Jones. Made no birds all the way from the
humbles below the Capehart site to the bridge at Roaring - very
unusual for this area. We were all tired Ruff & Feathers in
particular having lost steam and we headed for the road and the
station wagon, making no bird before the road at Summers.
Altogether we consider we did very well in such short work.



RUFF HAS TWO

1:00 - 5:00 (4)

1 shot - 1 hit

Ruff: 1 productive
1 kill over
Feathers: 1 retriever
1 kill over

yearling coon: semi broken tail band, collar
crops: grapes, few dogwood berries

March 15 - 21

flushes



Monday 17 October: Cloudy, windy with some rain that steered
into a rather drizzly day. Kay and Puff and Willa stayed at
home after Kay and I prepared a small hemlock to take to the
Crows, and I took Shadows & Feathers to the Hoy Miller
country. We drove through picture fall color among sugar
maples that burned by the roadside but in the actual
hunting country the green was predominant and there were
too many leaves. We missed no birds all the way to the
old tamarack or larch farm place, a beautifully
isolated spot that seems particularly personal to me.
Feathers hadn't been behaving at all well, holding too
much to the path while Shadows did all right, but now
Feathers settled down and the two of them covered the area
well, but there were still no birds. Circling the edge of
the clearing, I doubled back into the rough corner
where I had one time flushed two or more birds. Suddenly
a bird broke out as the two dogs ran onto him and I
waited for a glimpse. He came high and crossing in front
of me to the right and I found myself with the gun
half mounted and still fumbling with the safety, but
I swung past and fired as I got ahead of him and saw him
tumble. Shadows got to him
first and as the bird fluttered
I felt certain he was going to
make his first retrieval. He
did catch the dying bird and
least had him in his mouth but nothing would be done



persuade him to retrieve it. Finally he abandoned the bird and came to me as I begged him to fetch it, and then feathers got to the scene and but the scent, retrieving it to me very promptly. It was a young bird and though I tried to mess it up, I did toss it out a few times and at

last got Hudson to retrieve it. Why they so often go thru this stage of stagnation before finally swinging into retrieving I don't understand. It seems the excitement of the falling bird, still fluttering, upsets the pattern of the normal retrieving they know and do with the dummy.

Both dogs were very happy and so was I. It would seem the new gun ^{shots} is a very good bit though I still feel a smaller right pattern would be most desirable. We moved on without

investigating the other edges of the old farm but through we worked clear around to Little Sandy valley and up to the Hoy Miller farm we didn't wave a single other bird. It may

have been the threatening weather or the wind but the birds just weren't there today. We ate lunch on top of an autumn

paradise, looking up Little Sandy toward our place, perched high in the distance with color all the way. It seems to show up from exterior views of the woods while the woods itself looks green from within. Since the rain had set in was discouragingly and since we had our bird and I didn't want

to tire either ^{of the} dogs, I headed back for the car and drove home about 3:00, to a ~~rough~~ ^{rough} dinner before the

fire. It is still too early for real grouse hunting conditions.

12:00-3:00 (3)

1 shot - 1 hit

Feathers: 1 retriever

1 killed dove

mailed 1 - 1 flush

Shadows: 1 killed over

yearling hen: broken band, no collar

crop: grapes, dogwood berries, acorn, leaf, short stems

~~~~~

Tuesday 18 October: Cloudy and cool. Took Buff & Willa - the first to the Laurel Run valley below Dwight Gibsons and it was probably the most beautiful spot in the world this afternoon - next to our own lane and big maples around the house. We made our first bird in the little draw or ravine that comes down from the left before you reach the hunting cabin. I heard one of the dogs bark and that way knew a bird was up in a tree, then heard a gooset. I hunted on up the ravine, having trouble keeping Buff off even the faint path. He has a despicable habit of path running that I can't seem to break. I walked into two more birds along the path

and Buff bumped a third further on, making four birds. Got another flush later. We hunted up to the flat on top, along the edge above Laurel and dropped down into the steep valley thru good cover, rocks & grapes, and then it began to rain. We held up under a hemlock and ate lunch, hoping it would let up. It didn't. So we gave up and headed back, taking the lower base of the ridge thru gorgeous hemlock and golden leaf cover. We were only out a bit over an hour but even tho the rain abated the woods were too drippy wet to hunt longer. The big maples around Gibsons and the ridges along the creek were well worth the trip. I've never seen a fall with yellowing red accents on the sigars. 2:00-3:00 (1 1/2) Moved 4 - 5 feathers

Thursday 20 October:

Friday 21  
Saturday 22

The pleasant shooting was definitely a

disappointment as such. Could have raised more birds in an hour at  
Ansel then we were in Thursday up here. But the trip was a lot of  
fun and the Crooks entertained us royally — and the dogs had a  
small time. The first day produced no birds — the feathers pointed a  
covey of quail very nicely seen after starting out. The second day we



FEATHERS POINTS QUAIL

got started at daylight and  
hunted the 80 acre field back  
of Lew Wilson, using Puff

Shadows and ~~shut & shut~~ almost at once I flushed a cock and

dropped him on a going away shot but missed that he was  
running as he hit. In spite of having both Puff & Duke,



who is a good retriever, we lost that  
still think I should have run in and perhaps could

have shot the running bird, but Lew Wilson felt we'd spoil  
the scent. After too much delay, I went back to the station

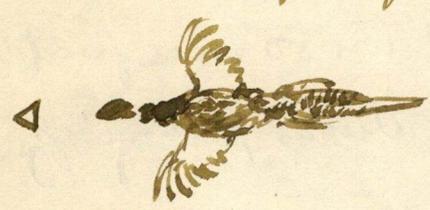
again for feathers, only to find I did not have the car keys.  
I brought me of few charges — Buster, a little liver & white  
setter and as ugly as homemade sin — but he was raised  
a retriever. As I neared the dogs and the two guns and

Ray I came on young shadows solidly on point with  
Puff frozen behind. It was a beautiful picture, but I  
was disappointed upon walking up to see how flush.



SHADOWS & RUFF SOLID

As the dogs moved up and I walked on a large cock flushed and  
crossed to the left wing. I swung first and fired and saw him fall.



I found him before the dogs who seemed a  
bit handicapped by the stiff breeze and the

deep alfalfa we were in. Little Buster got to the bird and  
would have retrieved but I was daunted if I wanted my first  
wild pheasant brought to me by a stranger. It rose low twice  
but I pulled him away and held him till Ruff hit the  
scent and picked up the bird. Poor Buster tho' I was crazy.  
Ray came hurrying up in time to get a part of the  
retriever by Ruff.

bird that flushed  
I was in. at sunset  
and emerged to



Later in the day I missed a  
in a beanfield beyond the woods  
~~less~~ had just walked a cornfield  
where Ray & Less waited in a

wooded corner. Suddenly a cock flushed between us and rose against  
the sun. Less called "shoot him, George!" and I fired too quickly  
and shot again as the bird dissolved against the blinding disc  
of sun.



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Saturday of the trip was disappointing. Ray & I drove up alone late for the last two hours shooting before dark, starting in a field some distance from Wilsons up the road. The birds were still in the corn and we got no shots. Returning to Wilsons we ran into people who had two of Nells' pups about 9 months old, a nice blue and an orange and white. The mother wasn't much but both pups are good looking. We were late on our last leg of the hunt but made nothing in the big field clear to the lower end. None of the four dogs was doing well too they'd had the day to rest. Coupled with the lack of birds it didn't contribute to my peace of mind. About dark a pheasant flushed well ahead and I tried for him both barrels and missed. Later we flushed another bird that I finally saw against the sky and missed with a boss shot. All the shooting was too impulsive.

Altogether the shooting part of the trip was much below expectations. The country is so big and the birds so hard come by that the effort of tramping out the fields is just too great in ratio to birds made. But the birds made it all so pleasant that we came home feeling it quite an experience.

Monday 24 October: Home after trip to Michigan and anxious to get into grouse. Delayed today by high windstorm and torrents of rain that ended about 4:00. Took Buff & Meadows back for late hunt on Faulkner's and Lower Spiker but missed exactly one bird and didn't see it. Buff worked better and I think his checking in with me so often is due to failing vision. I try not to whistle him on too often to avoid his checking back that much often.

4:00 to 6:00 (2)      No shots      Moved 1 - 1 flush

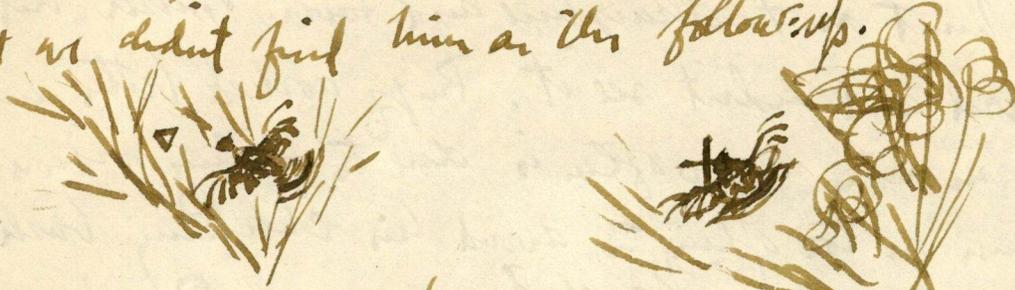
Buff  
Meadows

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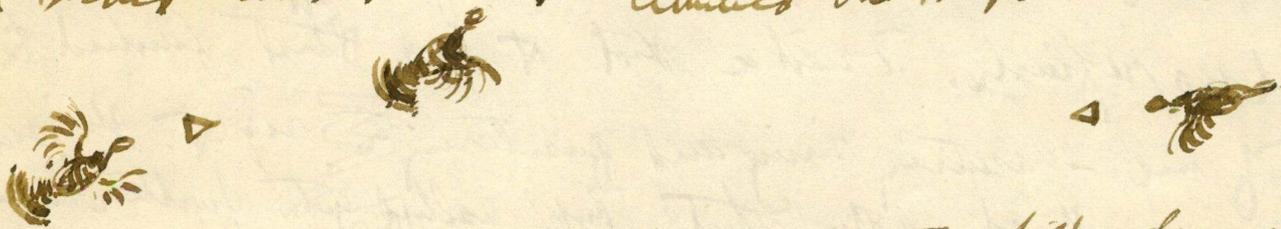
Wednesday 26 October: Yesterday in Pittsburgh. Today glorious Indian Summer day and warmer. after ~~long~~ long conversation with Peter York's delegates from Fairmont who brought Doll for a third, and if I have my way last, try for pups by Buff. I took Buff and Willie to the Hazel Run - Old Farm country. Made no birds all the way around to the right of the old farm place where at last saw a grouse slip out quietly about. Followed but had no refresh. Tried a shot at #2 that flushed to the left of me - acutely rising and quartering to right. Missed. Moved another that Buff walked into further down the edge. No more action until after lunch when I hunted up Big Laurel at the base of the ridge. Buff moved a bird that crossed ahead of me and bored up the hill. Followed and had a nice point by Buff. Willie came in above and no bird flushed on ground and up the ridge, pitching into the upper shoulder. I climbed straight up, to the top and as I made the



top head an explosion behind and about me as the grouse left  
a quack vine tangle in a tree. I whaled and shot right and left  
and missed. The bird pitched back to where we'd flushed  
him but we didn't find him as this follows up.



No more birds until we had hunted all the way to the head of the  
tributary that flows from the right. There in a quack vine tangle  
I think Buff had a point. Suddenly a bird flushed and  
crossed, rising to the right. I fired twice and missed.  
As I reloaded a second bird flushed and crossed behind me.  
I whaled and made a quick swing at him, missing. After  
my recent experience with this newly stocked and opened  
game I was left completely at a loss to understand the  
misses. Followed and doubled twice but did not move  
the second bird. ▽ Climbed the slope and covered the



which on the upper edge when I rested both dogs and self.  
As I started out I had to force Buff to get into action  
by ordering him into the edge where the first grouse bled out  
and bled across the grouse-up field to the far woods  
and I took a try and missed, taking plenty of time before firing.



(I think this is 2 of the 4 I found before)

Finally located him down over the brink of the ridge about #13 Laurel where I missed him again as he went out about like the low house at #7 sheet. No excuse for such shooting with this gun. The only thing I can think is that I was too

~~jumping~~ jumping, shot too fast instead of getting a good focus on the birds before mounting and swinging fast. That seems the only way to hit them consistently. I know I stopped my swing a couple of times but suppose I did the same on others. Ruff worked very poorly in actual birds, walking into several and that never enhances my performance. I hope he snaps into it before long. We got one more flush as he walked into this bird on the edge of the little berry field on top and that was the end of birds - the we had a long hunt back to the car where coffee and looks out a lot to take the drag out of my bones. This is one of the outstanding days of my shooting career and I hope to forget it soon - though the day was really lovely.

12:00 - 6:00 (6 hrs. 8 shots - no hits)

Mixed 6 (4 new) - 11 flushes

Ruff: 2 productives  
Wilda

Thursday 27 October: Putting yesterday's performance completely out of our minds, we took off for Canaan Mountain with Feathers & Madros, leaving Ruff & Wilder at home with Doll and hoping for the worst. We drove out the mountain road on top of Canaan Mountain (after coming thru mostly thinned out foliage) and started hunting at 1:00. The day was warm and perfectly clear and sunny, Indian Summer. Up here on this mountain the spruce trees were needle sharp against a crystal sky. We hunted down the mountain side west following Fire Line #4, moving an bird wild. Crossing on the Plantation Trail we came to a rhododendron and hemlock run where Feathers walked into a grass on the edge of the path. The bird flushed out a low branch and then took off with no chance to shoot. As it flushed, a second grouse flushed behind it, going straight away low. I made a quick shot and dropped it, sending both boys in to retrieve.



Madros missed his chance, and Feathers came in, nearly stepping on the bird, passed, hit the scint and wheeled and picked it up. After his retrieve, I tossed the bird out for Madros who mounted it but wouldn't retrieve it. It was a yearling here from appearances. We took time out for lunch in a beautiful spot.

Later made four other birds near the same spot and then saw no more all the way back up Fire Line #3 to the road. The trouble with this country which is highly over-rated - is that the birds seem to have no definite feeding grounds, <sup>at Pump House #2</sup> seeing the red mountain holly and leaves - so that you drag for long, <sup>along roads and valleys.</sup>

spruce-dotted acres that are completely barren and you know it. There is none of that wonderful sense of expecting a bird any moment that good grouse cover offers. At the road, they walked back to get the car and I took the dogs to the east side, moving a bird almost at once, but only hearing it. As we dropped over the brush into hardwoods and rhododendron we moved three more all wild and all flushed by the dogs. I didn't get a point all day long. We drove back and up to the Boardman Knobs tower where we cooked supper with a glowing day behind a landscape of black bare branches. The cover up here is as bare as in midwinter. I was home in moonlight.

One shot - one hit      Feathers: 1 retrieved  
 1:00 to 6:00 (5 hrs.      moved 11 - 14 flushes      1 killed over  
 yearling hen: no collar, broken band      Shadows: 1 killed over  
 crop: leaves, 1 red holly berry ~~immense~~

Friday 28 October: leaving Key at home with the two dogs, I took Puff & Willie to the country about Hazelton. Explored the upper basin behind Drayco's house where I had heard of birds but this it looked good - it was a rhododendron - open areas of construction that was sheer hell to get through - we moved only 2 birds for 4 flushes, all wild. Returned to the car to eat about 3:00 and then drove down to where I'd hunted last time. This was better looking but produced only 6 birds for 7 flushes. One was a good chance, a straight-up directly rising flush that caught me actually practicing such a swing

As the bird reached the top of his climb and leveled off I managed to send the left barrel after him but it was a hop shot and missed. Got a nice production from Puff later on but the bird went out the far side of the clump of Mesokentron.



This too is over-rated country, or at least I have never got into enough birds ordinary. Later we

hunted some of the woods there wild and Puff made a lovely point on the best spot the bird had left.



1 shot - no hit  
 Moved 2 - 4 flushes 1st even  
 Moved 6 - 5 flushes 2nd even

1:00 - 6:00 (5 hrs)

Puff: 1 production  
 Wilder

Saturday 29 October: With the weather bureau forecasting everything but snow I gave up plans to hunt the Dority country and went instead to Lower Shafer which I don't remember having hunted for a long time. The day was extremely warm and dry with the clouds gradually breaking and sun shining most of the time. I wished I had ignored the forecasts and gone to the big ridge but I enjoyed hunting the old country again. Moved the first bird near the Charles Kelly line and followed it to a recent flush on the Shafer ridge. As I took up its line of

blight back toward Kelly's I walked into a bird that bored straight for the tree tops. I held off for that clear focus that seems to be the answer for my shooting (quote Churchill) and swung up and fired, I think, as I passed, with no conscious lead. It seems to be the right method for the bird folded and never knew what happened, falling down thru branches where it almost lodged, then fell to the ground.

It first and would, I think, have brought it Feathers ran up and snatched it from his retrieval almost to me and then lie down and come no farther.



Andrews found to me had not mouth to

We left this area with no further hunting and passed up what would have been a fair chance at the next flush rather than shoot two so close. Feathers flushed it as in fact I think he did a number of birds today. I can't understand his not pointing now for he really does point nicely when conditions are right.

It must be the hot dry weather. We walked thru good thickets on Charles Kelly's where his timber had been cut. Terribly dense but made another bird there. Crossing Beaver, I ate lunch on rocks in midstream - a beautiful piece of water - and then hunted Spiker's hill, finally making 3 quail after fruitlessly covering the top. They were on the next lower level under hemlocks just over the brow toward Randy and Feathers ran into all they.

We flushed two of them again and a fourth at the upper end. Dropping down to the base of the hill I walked thru the huge

tearberry growth, red leaved again this year and again each plant loaded with scarlet berries making the ground glow. No more birds all the way back to the camp. I was tired and so was the



dogs so I stopped at 5:00. This weather is too uncomfortably hot  
for good hunting by either man or dog. Feathers: 1 retrieved  
1:00 - 5:00 (4) 1 shot - 1 hit Madras: 1 kill an

Mixed 4 - 5 flushes on Sawm Machine  
" 4 - 6 flushes on Miller (Luth Mundy South)

Yearling hen: no collar, broken land  
Erg: dogwood berries, worm (caterpillar), leaf material  
roundworm in intestinal cavity

Monday 31 October: Weather cold, cloudy with an occasional  
sprinkle that let up later into a damp, perfect grouse hunting day.  
I decided to explore the country above the Cheat between Elbright  
and Keywood and took the two orange beltos, leaving the blues at  
home with Kay who is missing a cold. Winding back at roads I  
came to Laurel Run, well named and a beautiful looking piece of  
grouse country. Got permission from Clarence Thrice and started  
hunting down the valley toward the Cheat. Both Puff and Feathers  
abhor path hunting - on my part - so the pleasure of hunting down a  
leaf covered old log road is not for me. They won't tolerate it. It  
also rules out my ever taking things easier as I grow older. I must  
always get in there and "bust the bush" or I have no dog work.

Climbing up a steep hillside I moved two birds out of rhododendron  
that I never saw again. Fighting down to the stream I crossed at  
a dramatic place where it bounded down a deep gorge toward the  
river. On the far side Puff made a lovely point that proved  
empty but Feathers & Puff did most of the rhododendron (fully  
yards below. There was no shot. I covered some good hillside

cover beyond, saw nothing and then hunted up a tributary  
 into good looking small growth above Feather's flushed a bird that  
 pitched down the hill ahead of me. That was the end of birds for the day.  
 On top of the hill I came out to an edge where I could smell  
 the grapes hanging in masses about me. There were about all I saw.  
 Hunting back to the car about 3:30 I ate lunch and drove on to  
 Hackleberry Run which looked fine but was covered by a hunting club  
 posting. I fished around in a small piece of cover near the turn a  
 few hours at Herring, got no descent work from Puff and not too  
 much out of Feather's and drove home. On the way back I got into  
 the goddamnedest road I've ever seen and nearly to the bottom  
 out of the station wagon getting through where a big double-tire  
 truck ~~had~~ dug itself in all the way down the hill. I didn't think  
 I'd make it at times and I never want to do anything like it again.

The lack of grass in excellent looking country like this puzzles me.  
 The delayed color along some of  
 these lovely old roads was a  
 surprise about the trip. Also some  
 something new: white stucco houses with  
 Puff and Feather's walls flanking windows.

No shots  
 more 4-4 flushes

1:00 - 4:00 (?)

Tuesday, November: Clear, sunny, warmer. I took the two  
 blues, leaving the oranges at home with Ray and her cold, and  
 drove up the mountain above Albright to the Dority gap. Parking  
 above the last farmhouse that is now only a frame - the little  
 shack is also gone - I began hunting around toward the point.  
 Covering the first rhododendron ravine and the brink of the hill  
 above Dority, I was nearly up to the top before any sign

of birds - a barbing by Wilda at a tree house. I never did see it.  
Crossing the line I began working the cover above the pipe line  
and saw a bird go out in front of Meadows who seemed to  
have no scent of it, though he saw it go out. Some after, Wilda  
barked at another bird I did not see. She barked (or called  
have been pointing) #4 from the rocks above where I had  
eaten at the gorgeous overlook where Kay and I have had  
lunch in the past. I did not go back down the ridge to follow,  
but worked up higher than any former hunt in this area. We  
a small prairie clearing where there had been a house at some  
time we found a spring run and began hunting back down the  
mountain. At the pipe line I tried to work them the briars.  
into the right-of-way and saw a grouse flush up the far edge into  
the woods before I could mount my gun. I worked in and put  
up the bird with no shot. There were no further flushes until we  
came out on the lower road where Wilda put a grouse out of the  
rhododendron below. By this time it was well after five and  
the sun was low. Working below the road I worked them an  
old field grown up to briars and laurel, each of the laurels with  
old pods from last years bloom. It must have been a mass of  
blossom and would be a spectacle to see. Working down an old  
log road into the edge of the woods below I came on what  
would be good cover in future visits - a road leading down  
to Darity. These grouse flushed from all around Meadows -  
two cutting across the clearing - a path to the woods

We moved him later. At last I came to the hogback ridge along the lumber-rhododendron gorge and heard #9 go out as I worked down to the path. Circled down the hollow and doubled back to make the last leg of the hunt upstream. Shortly a grouse boomed out low and away from a clump at my left and I fired twice and missed. It was like a young away shot from the low house at sheet but was from the wrong side - much more difficult for me than a left-wind bird. Even so I should have taken him with a fast "on-him" swing.



at the shot and nearly took shadows came tearing in the place apart. I hunt was frenetically. never saw a dog. Soon heard two more go out and up the hollow, from the ground. These were young birds, I would say, and they took out like frightened quail. We circled several times but missed only one of them again, with no shot. Got to the car at 6:40 with only a red glow left on the far ridge when the sun had sunk. The coffee in the car certainly was the thing as I met them and looked out at the crystal clear sky and a distant car light on the far ridge in the general direction of where I was ~~last~~ yesterday. If he was on the same road I was, God have mercy on his soul.

1:40-6:40 (5)

2 shots - no hit  
moved 12 - 16  
Shadows

Wednesday 2 November: Drizzly and dark. <sup>Rain stopped into cool, damp day.</sup> I ventured out anyway with

Ruff alone, to give the old combination a try. We parked at the Bowmaster  
Bridges and hunted the country the north side of Big Sandy. Ward #1  
almost immediately for two flashes and lost him on his second. Ruff  
made a serious losing point that would empty but some bit later,  
within what could have been a quon flight, a bird flushed to the right  
of the old road I was walking and quartered away gaining height before I  
could focus on him. I fired <sup>two trees,</sup> a swinging post, and saw him go down  
obviously crippled. I hurried up, reloading, and ~~the~~ saw the bird  
on the ground but moving. Ruff came up and I ordered him to  
retrieve. As he moved in the bird fluttered out of his grasp, managing  
to keep a foot or so off the ground with Ruff in hot chase. Just over a



log he panned it and after  
some maneuvering for grip he  
brought it in, not to

perfect delivery, however, but to lay it on the ground. But it was  
Ruff's first retrieve of the year and an occasion for rejoicing. We  
saw #3 nearby and then no more tho we covered that area around  
the old Dandy place well. Moving up the ridge above Sandy ~~the~~  
the old fields on the <sup>former</sup> John Heath place, we entered the hillside cover near  
the power line, crossed over and ate lunch in the edge of the dense  
scrub north of the power line right-of-way. This was rough enough  
to have hooded birds but none

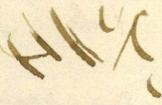
the hollow and was about to drop in to the old Clyton Road. Then I heard a quail, #4, go out ahead of us and we hunted without success & was him again. Deciding to hunt back to the car along the old road, I sent Ruff into the cover on the hillside above me, finally following up an old log road toward him. He walked into a bird that flushed downhill and shortly froze into a beautiful point.



RUFF COUNTS 6

The bird flushed as I walked toward the brink of the sharp point of land but Ruff held solidly. As a second bird went out I fired and missed. Ruff moved around to the upper

edge of the steep gulley and froze again. Singly, four more birds went out, seven in all, counting the first bird Ruff flushed before his point. I ~~was swinging~~ swung on another bird after reloading, only to pull on a locked trigger. The safety was still on. I felt most of the birds had pitched down and across Sandy but that one or two had held to the ridge in front of me. Hunting along to the far side of the four line I turned and hunted back along the old Clyton road. At the next stop, Ruff worked into the thicket on the lower margin and I heard a bird thrashing out, then saw it coming at me like a cow in corner at sheet. I swung past him, firing but missed and then turned to watch him sail low across Sandy. Not wanting to get him at the water, I

held off till he reached the far side and then fired but didn't  
swing enough ahead for such a long shot and he went on. 



We hunted at the creek bank cover but missed  
some of the others. I decided to walk directly back to the ~~case~~ and drive  
up the road on the other side to the fence line and try to miss some of these  
birds. We hurried but the road is a long stretch along here and it was  
getting late. As we passed the old Heath farm and came to the woods  
on the right I decided we were near where the #1 bird had flushed at  
the start of our hunt. I called to Puff and told him to go in. There ~~has~~  
been many times when Puff has "wiped my eye" — Times when  
I've felt his point had nothing there only to walk away and hear  
a bird go out behind me. And there is no doubt but that in this  
business of grouse hunting he is far the wiser than I. It has had  
the unfortunate effect of giving him the notion, like a lot of  
older <sup>game</sup> dogs, that he knows better than I do what should be  
done. This time Puff didn't think the cover worth the effort of  
breaking thru but I was adamant and in no uncertain terms  
insisted that he go in. Almost immediately after he disappeared  
a grouse (#1 I think) roared out and came for the road  
ahead of me, crossing low. 

of him and find as he disappeared into cover on the left. I wasn't at all certain I had been in good timing but I ran up and almost at once saw the grouse lying belly up, stone dead. I called to Puff to "go fetch, dead bird," but he was up on



the far bank, looking very guilty. No doubt he had bumped the bird instead of pointing but we can't do it all perfectly and I had no quarrel with him for that. I simply wanted him to come to me and retrieve. The more I pleaded with him the more he



coaxed. I changed from entreaty to demand and then to profanity. Still no result. That called for action and I climbed up, put him down the slope by the back of the neck and ordered him, by God, to "go fetch, dead bird." He went in very sure I was entirely wrong but determined to show me by his sulky manner just how far wrong I was. Suddenly the ~~wonderful~~ <sup>wonderful</sup> scent reached his nostrils, and all foolishness dropped off him like a blanket as he swung into the beam, followed it in and picked up the bird. He retrieved it beautifully, sitting to deliver and I must say I never saw him look more content.

So I told him that, after all, ~~old Puff~~ <sup>old Puff</sup> could do a little of his



thinking for him he sat in front of me, quivering sheepishly.  
 Two birds made it a day and we walked the rest of the road  
 back to the station wagon very happily. I realized that this  
 bird could not well have been the first grouse for us was some  
 been about that area. Mostly, Puff worked well with one lucky production.

1:40 - 4:40 (3 hrs.) 5 shots - 2 hits  
 moved 12 - 14 flushes  
 Puff: 1 production  
 2 retrievers  
 2 killed over

Yearling hen: no collar, semi-brown band  
 crop: buds  
 Yearling hen: no collar, semi-brown band  
 crop:

GM #32

Thursday 3 November: After heavy rain in night, the day was a  
 perfect cool damp cloudy hunting day. I took Feather and Willa  
 for my first trip to the Forest, hunting the Scott Run country. Moved  
 exactly nothing all the way thru what used to be my best area.  
 Deciding the birds were lower down, I dropped down an old log road on  
 the second point of land. Feather was working beautifully ahead of me  
 and had swung into the cove above the road when a grouse flushed between  
 us and came my way. It was a rising, warning shot and I made a  
 fast swing, firing as I came up thru him. For a moment I thought he  
 was settling on a coupling but realized he was folding and tumbling  
 toward me. Feather was there before the shot echo died away and  
 snapped up the bird, bringing him in with me. *old gops*

holding him from the rear like a huge feather sandwich.



Unfortunately it is hard on plumage, and that was a beautiful large bird - my first big cock, all the tailfeathers but one were loose, tho delivered. Also Feathers insisted on laying the bird on the ~~ground~~.



The bird was still alive tho hard hit with legs shattered and, I am sure, body wounds. I moved out of that cove and downstream along the very steep hillside further than

FEATHERS BRINGS ONE HEAD FIRST.

I've been before. Had a couple of birds wild and one I got to see. This cove is

beautiful and dramatic - hemlock, photodendron and deep gorges. Probably the far side (out of the Forest) would be good too. The road finally

descended - I think the ad by road crossed the river, and I turned up the hill, climbing steeply to some breathtakingly beautiful rocks covered with photodendron and <sup>an upstream</sup> a view of the Cheat River gap toward all right with the Brieries beyond. It was, without a doubt, the place to each lunch. The color here was about late fall color, with thinned foliage but intense hues. We ate, smoking, and looked at our sparsely-tailed bird and the big cliffs across the valley.

It was four o'clock and time to ~~put up~~ <sup>put up</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~birds~~ <sup>birds</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~return~~ <sup>return</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~camp~~ <sup>camp</sup>

to cover the top area as a matter of curiosity and we did not a bird that gave us a second flush, I count it out of a *Microscleroderma* ledge. Up the hollow another bird flushed ahead of Feathers and crossed the valley. We followed with no rise, and then crossed into the next hollow that

leads up to the old C.C.C. camp. I kept to the north side and made another bird that gave me no shot. Working up the valley to hit the road, I saw a bird coming my way, treetop-high.

I swung past him incoming and fired - missed, turned back over my right shoulder and reaching a lead ahead of him, fired and saw him fold. The shot really surprised me, stopping the bird as it did.



The second shot was made <sup>in the</sup> ~~for~~ pointing out maneuver than a first swing, which seems

to be best for distant shots. Too, it is mighty handy to have that left full-choke for such reaches. Feathers came in, made a preliminary swing and wheeled, hitting the ground. He had the bird and, without missing a step, raced to me with it. It was a yearling, <sup>new</sup>, I think.

over like a dream - merry, fast and wide. If only they would  
point staunchly, I'd have under fair of dogs in them.

1:40 - 5:10 (3 1/2)

3 shots - 2 hits

Feathers: 2 retrievers  
2 killed over

ward 8 - 9 flushes

Wilds: 2 killed over

cock:  
yearling  
here:

Friday # November: Standing in the flat swamps, ankle deep in  
sphagnum moss, with rhododendron and blueberry bushes and  
islands of hemlock and hickory, I couldn't have said I wasn't  
high on Allegheny Mountain near the Dolly Sods - if it hadn't been  
that instead of spruce trees there were pitch pines. There weren't any  
cranberries that I could find but there were the leaver ponds, and  
the flinty, clear and sometimes coffee colored water. Also there  
weren't any grouse. But that might have been the dark foreboding  
of a storm in the low clouds and the spitting snow. "Number Four"  
at the headwaters of Beaver Creek was wild or fiercer as anything I  
know in Preston County. I had Ruff and young hickors and the day  
had begun too auspiciously. We had talked to Mr. ~~the~~ Rodeheaver -  
Haymen, tho I doubt if he knew why - whom I had picked up on the  
road from Cuyart. <sup>He offered hunting on his place -</sup> "for your honorable intentions in picking me up." Then  
he had suggested that I drive all the way to  
Number Four since it was a long way but I parked at the end of  
the "good" road and hunted down <sup>toward the stream on the right,</sup>

when I returned,

As we dropped down to a clearing with hemlock and rhododendron near the creek, Puff swung to the left in a lovely point. I called to Shadows but when nothing ~~was~~ <sup>flushed</sup>, Puff turned and pointed to the right. I walked around him and I don't remember if he moved but a grouse suddenly took off a little piece from his original point, rising in an away-to-the-left flight as it cleared some rocks. I fired too quickly - there was just that much time - and he curved up and away over the trees. As I ~~shot~~ <sup>shot</sup>, another bird flushed from in front of me and went away low toward the same rocks. I dropped him with the left barrel and a third bird flushed to my right.



Puff came in for the retriever and found the bird lying very broken and body hit beyond the rocks, delivering him beautifully to me on the large rock. As

Shadows climbed up while I was taking the bird, Puff turned on him and attacked him viciously and I had to punish him. Poor Shadows gets all the bad breaks and I think I should hunt him solo with Willie

only. We hunted upstream thru a widening flat area and good rhododendron-blueberry cover but made nothing. Going out at last on the road I decided to walk it <sup>around</sup> ~~to the~~ and try higher land. The men at the mill said there were birds around but they didn't seem to have ~~definitely~~ <sup>seen</sup> them up there was too

open on the slopes and the good looking too rough to penetrate the  
 rocks - and - scattered areas. I did not see one bird - #4, well  
 named - in the hollow below the mill. But tho I covered a lot of  
 good territory I made no birds. It was late and spitting snow but  
 I made a circle in excellent cover near the mill and discovered the really  
 vast extent of the big flat swamp land. On a good sunny day, it  
 might yield birds. In the road back I sent Puff in a good place a  
 thro and in me heard a bird flush. I think I hit a bad lot of  
 weather and had to take a start.

2:30 - 6:00 (3 1/2 2 shots - 1 hit (pt)  
 moved 5 - 5 flocks  
 yearling hen: no collar, broken tailband  
 crop: tea berries, leaves

Puff: 1 production  
 1 retriever  
 1 kill over point  
 Meadows: 1 kill over



RUFF NAILS A TRIO

Tram.

Saturday 5 November: I hunted 7 feathers solo in the Lick Run  
 country. Weather cold, breaking thru to sunny at moments. Walking in  
 a duals review and telling myself that one thing about shooting did for  
 you was to take away the frantic sense that birds were getting away  
 from you I was whipped around by an explosion to my right in  
 time to report a fan disappearing behind a tree trunk. A rise  
 going away shot like the low house at # 1, only rising more acutely.  
 actually there was less snell a

don't stand ready and call "mark!"  
We followed and failed to mark him again.  
At the tram road Feathers bumped a bird



that headed down toward Dick. He went another  
from the grapes up the first hollow and he too flushed down ridge.  
We carried the ravine well up then doubled north and hunted thru  
several of the good pockets but marked none. Finally well toward the  
little run that comes down from the top of the ridge, Feathers hit  
scout and moved in too fast and bumped two - one of which I missed,  
trying for him as he quartered and rose. When you don't swing them a  
quartering bird with a fast swing there is a tendency to  
dull or stop altogether and that means a miss. We  
marked one of these birds later on a flash point of  
Feathers. Unfortunately I think Feathers' pointing  
instinct is all too thin. He is a fine retriever, beautiful ranger but



Ruff had pointed more birds by this age than Feathers will ever point.  
Wilda was a diluting influence. I hunted to the top and doubled back  
to the point of trees above Roaring Lake where I ate lunch with the  
sun showing thru but the ~~air~~<sup>air</sup> cold. As I ate I watched the sun  
growing red on mountain holly(?) berries on a bush growing among the  
high rocks. After lunch we hunted back down the ridge, marked a bird  
from the first grape ravine and kept dropping north and lower till we  
came to the tramroad at the second hollow. Keeping to the road - moved  
another bird downhill, I started Feathers into the grapes as you approach  
#3 hollow and followed him into dense briars. I heard the bird flush  
before I saw him crossing above me and made a fast swing and  
bird ahead and saw him drop.

tangle to approach, calling Feathers to "go fetch." He loosed in  
 he retrieves with gusto - and after a moment I saw his head go  
 down and come up, with a large grouse. Feathers lay down once on the  
 way thru the tangle and then promptly  
 brought the bird in - a big red bronze  
 I had myself I hoped the best grouse I ever shot is just such a bird.  
 code, beautifully marked. It was a happy moment and, if I may so, a good

shot. The new gun stock has been a revelation of what shooting pleasure  
 can be. It will miss - easily - but if I wait to really focus on the  
 bird before swinging, then overtakes it rapidly, seeing the bird as I go  
 thru a pass ahead, it seldom misses. We rested (it was 4:35) and  
 then decided to investigate the rhododendron in the #3 hollow before  
 dropping to hunt the ridge back low. I saw a grouse flush from the  
 thicket along the run and go straight away rising up the ridge. It was too  
 near the side of my hill to shoot at another bird so I didn't mount the  
 gun. Then a second bird flushed from the same place and followed the  
 first. I let him go unharmed but decided that if there was another  
 there was, and he came off the hillside higher up and made a low  
 wide-angle quartering flight toward the left, far out. I swung past  
 firing ahead and saw him fold. It was a long shot for the right barrel  
 and the 2 3/4 dram #8 load I'm using in it. I ran down the slope, crossed  
 the run and climbed up the far hill, trying to help the feather in and



Feathers, also had not found any of those birds that I could tell, came in to search and began ranging too far to one side. I ordered him on and directed him to hunt closer to me. He sawing in a short circle below me and to my surprise picked the bird up there. It was another large cock - running to the red bronze - a perfect match to the first grouse. Remembering my thought after the 1st bird, I felt a bit queasy and queer. It was quite a distance for what I



That might have been too light a load for grouse. I passed it and it was over 40 yds. I felt justified shooting the second bird that was the first since there were two others and this made twelve more today.

They were too beautiful and unharmed to carry back in my game pocket, and I carried them both all the way gripping them by the legs.

It was a lovely and beautiful day in fabulous grouse country that has remained so over the years.

12:15 to 5:45 (5 1/2)

4 shots - 2 hits

Feathers: 1 productive  
2 retrievers  
2 killed on

March 12 - 14 Jaspers

adult cock: red bronze, collar, near solid band  
crop: empty, small seeds in gizzard

adult cock: near red bronze, collar, near solid band  
crop: empty, small seeds in gizzard

#35

Tuesday 8 November: Yesterday I skipped hunting simply because

I was too damned tired even after Sunday's rest. As a result the weather was about the most perfect yet. Today I took young Hudsons solo, leading out toward Pleasant Valley but ending up on the road down to Rockville (Hudson side) on land belonging to Dillows who live in a mouldering old frame house (virgin of paint) under two enormously tall spruce trees. It is the hillside King and I hunted once when we were trying to retrieve a dog that started badly with the Ruff-Hudsons episode on the log over Laurel in flood.

This time I found birds here — the first soon after starting out, when young Hudsons that went, put his head down and bumped me.

Soon after that I flushed two from Rhododendron and saw them pitch down toward the stream. Three birds in one bottom being all anyone could ask, I started down the steep hillside. On a path near the

road I walked into a grouse that was not, I am sure, any of my birds for he flushed heading back up hill. It was an acutely rising cross shot to the right and I held back for that important focus, then fired as he swung past and after a split second's hesitation he folded and came down. I was determined to set this up right for young Hudsons — no other dogs around, no fluttering wings, everything cold. I ran up, found the bird, knocked him out before laying him back and stepped back to wait

the first retriever. It didn't come. Shadows circled, hit the vent  
like an old timer, wheeled into a momentary point and then moved  
in. There was a moment when I thought he'd do it. He mouthed the  
bird intensely interested for a long while as I begged in controlled  
tones for him to "fetch it here." He turned away and left it,  
and nothing I could do would persuade him to bring it to me. Sometimes  
in the past he has retrieved them if I toss them out. This time - no.  
These are the occasions when I am inadequate. Obviously he is  
all gummed up, mentally or emotionally, but I don't know the  
answer. All my dogs have gone thru this stage but not as old as  
two years. Anyway the bird was a honey - a big 14 inch janned  
jet black ruffed cock with the first absolutely solid tailband of  
the season - one of the traditionally marked gentlemen with  
gold shaded throat and that wonderful barred breast and underparts  
and that black. black of ruffs and tailband.

As we moved on, one of my uphill birds bored out  
of a tree. Further, Shadows put out #5 from



an upper edge but I wasn't interested in another shot so closely  
tho he came down behind me. We moved no more birds tho I  
hunted around the edge to the far side of the porch line and back  
around the point to the road

and crossing, climbed the steep ridge on the other side of the valley.

I am blessed with the kind of dogs who never, so far, have tolerated my hunting along a nice open dog road. Other men have the pleasure of such ~~dog~~ civilized methods, letting their dogs quarter either side of them as they go along. I can buy sheep will order Ruff back off the path and force him to do a job but it is less effort to climb the steepest tangles. Shadows not only would not work the sides, he hit the roads and stuck to them even while I fought the bush. I had to get far from any path to make him work. Altogether he is disappointing tho I think at times he will turn out well. He hunts industriously at spells and his points or pheasants redeem him when things look dark. But today wasn't his

day. It may come yet. Returned home early to go to the Pittsburgh Symphony concert in Morgantown.

2:30 to 5:00 (2 1/2)

1 shot - 1 hit      Shadows: one kill over

missed 5 - 6 flushes

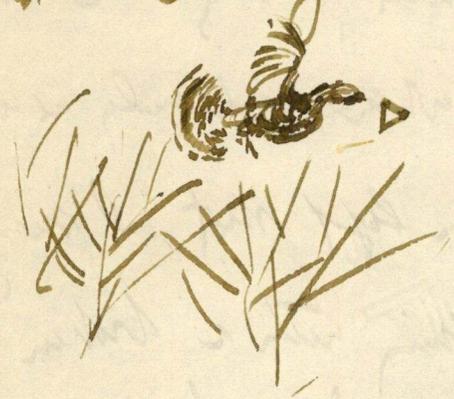
adult cock: collar, solid band  
crop: leaves, dogwood berries

<sup>the</sup> More dogwood berries this year than before. scarcely any grapes or acorns.

Wednesday 9 November: Twenty years ago, tomtie old Speckle died. He's been under his hemlock a long time.

I took Puff and Wilke to the Forest, checking in for a permit then parking at the Forest line near Little Laurel and heading for the Enchanted Valley via the east boundary. That ridge is one hellishly steep pull and up on top the cover is poor grass woods until you reach a small knob just outside the Forest. The cover here thickens to nice low grass woods and some log and so on. Puff worked rather well and Wilke as usual was hunting for herself but laying a beautiful pattern, and very merry about it. I heard him coming - a grouse she must have heard, for he roared up the ridge toward me from the right and behind. I turned and decided to try to take him as he crossed high behind me. It was on all at once, his hesitation in flight as he planned to sail down, the swirling feet, the sound and the feathers floating everywhere and the thud as he landed dead in a pile. Puff took a bit loitering time and when he did he took one hell of a time picking him up, heaving him down, swaddling around and being sloppy about it all till I blew up and demanded that he retrieve. Ever then he came in <sup>here</sup> and dumped the bird the way he did that ~~phenomenon~~ at ~~small~~ last

fall, and, to make it worse, when Wills came panting in she  
threw herself down and would have none of the bird - not even a look  
at it. And we go thru life burdened with two or three too many setters.  
It was a huge big longtailed cock but completely riddled with the centers of the pattern.  
The clouds had broken and the day was a wonderful cold, blue sky  
and sun day. We moved, I think, one more bird I heard but saw



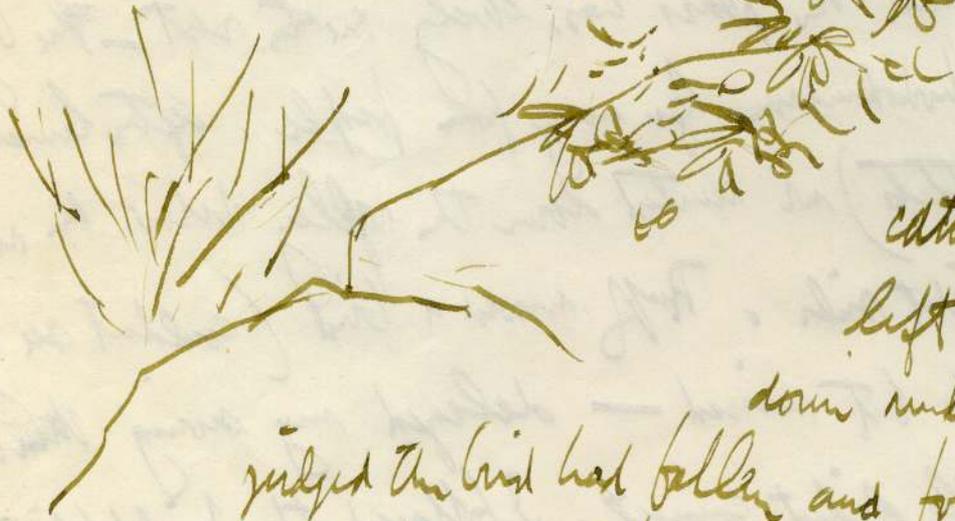
none as I headed down into the valley  
at the head of Little Laurel. I worked up  
the left side thru beautiful gopher's cover -  
tho didn't see the gopher - to the rocks  
at the head where with Puff getting steadily

slippier in his groundwork, I called him out and stopped for lunch. It  
was 4:00 by my watch and the place was a lovely one to rest - the big  
flat topped rocks with the hollows far away from people. After lunch  
(I gave Puff 4 yeast tablets) we hunted down the valley below the rocks  
and back down the right side. Puff saw a bird (couldn't see any  
point) that I tried for but missed - delayed my swing thru him  
as I fired and naturally didn't connect. I followed the birds' flight to  
the top of the ridge but failed to reach him, then dropped back down,  
coming to the lower cliff of rocks I'd passed on the  
way up the hollow. This time as the dogs both



was in a grouse flushed and I saw him <sup>hesitate</sup> at the brink of

the ledge as the red landed there. Almost at once another bird  
flushed into a tree and then I tho I heard him go out, dropping  
toward the run. I called the drop and climbed back up, shorting  
the rock ledge and walking toward the brink on top when I  
tho the first bird landed. Both drop were hunting near the place  
and I began to doubt his being there when suddenly he went  
out - over the cliff in an angle the left side. I saw  
there him, firing, and saw him drop, banking with a broken wing.



I ran back around the  
upper end of the rocks,  
calling Puff as I did  
and, climbing down, slipped -  
catching myself and pulling my  
left shoulder muscles. I hurried

down under the rocks to where I  
judged the bird had fallen and found big broken boulders  
with a lot of deep holes and crevices partly filled with  
fallen leaves. Puff was inaction now, hunting seriously but a little  
confused by all the orders and as we both hunted a grouse flushed  
from a tree above us. For a moment it seemed probable that it was

our bird who had regitied himself and flushed into the tree a had  
 fallen into it, only stunned by the shot. Then I felt sure he had  
 come down too definitely and I insisted that Ruff hunt further,  
 as I took new bearings from the cliff above. Ruff was working  
 near me when he stopped and pointed, nosing down into one of the  
 deep holes and sniffing. Then he put his muzzle down and  
 began biting into a mass of leaves wedged between two rocks.  
 I let him work it out and saw him come up with the wounded bird,  
 which he had to make several efforts to grasp. It was a young  
 bird and unfortunately still alive. Ruff brought it to me, this  
 time delivering it in good style and I quickly dispatched the  
 grouse. Ruff had done a beautiful job of finding and I think  
 I'd have lost it without him for the grouse was partially covered by  
 leaves. On the

long drill back down the  
 valley at dusk, Ruff  
 hunted hard all the  
 way as tho sanctified by  
 his heroics. Near the cave we  
 flushed two more.



Ruff: 2 retrievs  
 2 killed over  
 Walden: 2 killed over

RUFF COMES THRU.

2:15 to 6:15 (4 hrs.)  
 adult chick: ✓  
 yearling hen: no collar,  
 broken band  
 crop: few grapes

3 shots - 2 hits  
 moral 8-9



Tram

Friday 11 November: Skipped yesterday to rest up the pulled shoulder muscle but the weather was raining turning to a wet snow and would have been impossible. Today began horribly - wet, dripping snow and a dense fog but it cleared into sunny spells. However we began conscientiously enough, working on sketches for the book. But when the sun came out in a blue sky we couldn't resist, what with nasty forecasts for tomorrow and we took off late for Roaring Gap. On the way realized there would likely still be snow up there and changed to Jim's country, getting started at 2:45. The sun had taken to going under periodically but it was lovely hunting in the woods, damp from the melted snow. There was a barrage of shooting in distant coverts but we seemed to have our territory to ourselves. We worked all the way to Jim's, probably because, as I forgot to mention, I hadn't the heart to leave any of the birds at home and so brought all four. However, they worked beautifully and each quartered his own ground and I felt we covered the woods as efficiently as it could ever be done. Just before we got to Jim's house, I decided to cut up the hillside and hit the thick cover above and started my crew - or team, I think they call four at Westminster, into the left. Suddenly I saw Feathers with his throat vermillion with blood. Examining him, we found he had split his ear lobe and the blood was dripping fast. We hurried down to Jim's for cold water to stop the blood, found Jim away and went to work on Feathers, punching the ear to stop the flow and applying cold water. While we were engaged we were interrupted by the

#431  
255

frantic squawks of chickens and soon an two blues in hot pursuit of a  
covey of poultry. Shadow dove under a shed and Wilda came  
down the hill, her jaws clomping inches behind a fluttering white  
Leghorn. Neither of these dogs will design to pick up a grouse in  
the woods and cooping on lended knee suit for made them. But in  
spite of our yells and blots on the whistle, Wilda disappeared after her  
Leghorn and Shadow rounded the shed chopping great mouthful  
of feathers out of his prey. I turned Fathers over to Kay to hold his  
bleeding ear and because he would have been overjoyed to join in the  
general hell raising. Shadow bird got away from him but Wilda  
came back up the hill with her big white cock, making the retrieval of  
her life.



WILDA BECOMES  
A RETRIEVER

The chicken looked pretty  
shaken up, and I tossed  
him into a hay loft

too recuperate. As far as I  
could see there was no actual dead, but the place was snowy with  
drifts of white feathers and, coupled with large splashes of Fathers  
blood, it wasn't going to be a pleasant homecoming for June when  
he returned. After things subsided we ate lunch on June's porch,  
holding Fathers' ear which wouldn't stop bleeding. Finally Kay decided to  
take Fathers back to the car on a rope which she did, holding the  
ear all the way, and I took the other end of the rope until I

ran into interest shooting ahead of me and turned and hunted the middle  
train road back, ~~setting up~~ raising two birds I only heard, on the way.

I cut up above June's into the cut on hillside and went thru dense  
cover and a lot of wild grapes or vines but made no game. Crossing  
Roaring at the bridge I hunted up the left side of the road, raising  
#3 wild. Just below the car I started below a grapevine tangle  
while shadows went thru it. #4 boiled out and came at me  
low above my head. There wasn't time to take him coming in so I  
whirled and tried for him going away but missed. I blame my  
shoulder for a poor swing - handy alike - but it may have been that  
I "poked" at him. Augury it was fun to try. At the  
station wagon I found that Kay had done a good  
bandage on Feather's ear and had the bleeding stopped nicely.



SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN RIGHT  
ON HIM

2:45 - 6:00 (3 1/4) 1 shot - no hit  
moved 4 (no new) - 4 flushes

Puffs  
Feathers  
Wills  
Shadows

Encountering a lot of hypoboscid flies on the ground this season

Tuesday 15 November: Missed Saturday and Sunday because of  
my shoulder the things I'd have been wise to have tried both days.  
Today I was determined to go regardless and tho the day opened  
with rain I left about 1:00 when the drizzle stopped. There were  
several relapses on my way back the road toward Cuyart and Upper Beaver  
but it held off nicely when I entered the woods. I had Puffs and  
Wills, the two boys having decided to go off this a.m. and Kay still out

been about a soaking after he cold. We flushed the first bird five minutes later on the steep hillside of John Kelly's - either wild or by Willa. Puff wasn't moving out far enough to find any birds. His business of close hunting dogs for grouse doesn't convince me - our birds simply won't wait for them. We climbed the hill to try to <sup>miss him</sup> but had no results. I think I passed the very spot, if not the <sup>actual</sup> log, where Puff made one of his finest points the end of his first season - I killed my last grouse over it - and it brought back wonderful memories. It's rather sad that such times must pass and I'd give a lot to live it over. There's no reason that Puff shouldn't still, at 8 1/2 years, be at his finest but last season and this I've had no dog worth anything of the name from him - nor have either Feather or Shadow been worth a nickle by any good standards. For every bird they've pointed <sup>fully</sup> to Mallon was that I remember - they've flushed a hundred. And I think I have exceptional grouse dogs. If Puff would only snap out of it and come back I could still stomach the other disappointments. I worked the land and went back to the station wagon to change to a lighter suit. It was rather warm but an ideal day, damp and quiet. Crossing Beaver I hunted the north side and as I stopped to wipe water from my glasses - an abomination on a steamy day - a big grouse flushed ahead of me, crossing to the left. There is a chance that Puff had his <sup>own</sup> I cannot say he

didn't, for he came off the hill later, but I can't credit it a point. I'd  
give a lot if I could. The bird went into impenetrable rhododendron and  
I couldn't follow. Above the fence I descended excellent cover I'd never  
seen in — George Guthrie's, I think — and walked into two  
birds in a clump of hemlocks — one going into a sapling the other  
flushing ahead. The searching bird finally left the trees, offering no  
shot. I missed the second one wild one and again saw him as  
Wilder played the rhododendron but had no shot. Hunting down the  
far side of the little run, choked with rhododendron — fine cover —  
I heard a grouse (one of my pair) go up and glimpsed him going away  
and rising a piece out. I tried for time, feeling I had about, but  
missed. Wish I could come up thru these shots. Hope to overcome  
the result of years of impulses to hold above instead of swing up there.



That was the only shot. Followed but it began to  
drizzle and I took time for lunch in a dry spot  
under a hemlock. The rain, instead of letting up

increased. By the time I began hunting again, down the lower road to  
Beaver and down Beaver, it was driving down and I was soaked, in spots  
of two pairs of "waterproof" shooting pants. November has some, or  
rather more, unpleasant weather than any month I know with the  
possible exception of March, which strikes I get up and cut back

the hillside, taking the top edge where we moved #5. Puff almost walked on him with no point. I sometimes think he doesn't expect to find birds and therefore loses something. He hunts hard after the bird has gone but it takes more than that. We moved the bird again at the road in a quadricorner corner, tho I only heard him and he flushed wild, no dogs near. By now, all I wanted was to get into dry clothes but I tried again for a flash with no results. At the car the druffle bag proved a fine thing as did the hot black coffee after I had changed. I don't come in a misty rain that opened up to show the sun at one point but had the grace to go on raining once I had got in the house. I only covered the lower half of the area (and part of that).

It looks better than ever to me and I want to hit it again.

1:45 - 4:30 (2  $\frac{3}{4}$ )      1 shot - no hit      Puff  
 moved 5 - 9 flushes      Walker



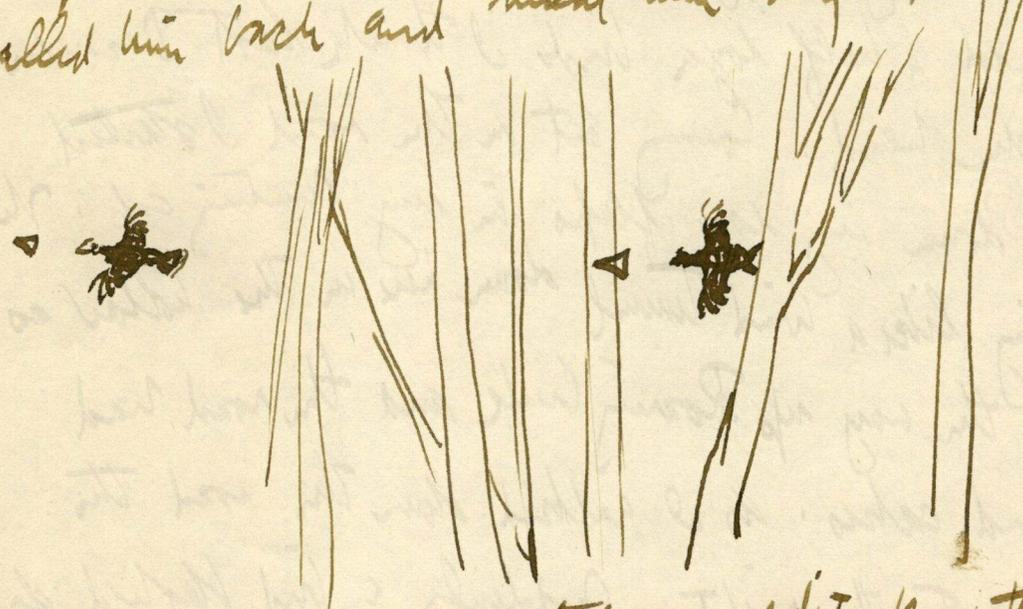
Thursday 17 November: No hunting yesterday what with rain being few hours, so went to Uniontown. Today the sky was china-blue and cold with a wind that tore at anything loose. Still, with so much of the season slipping by, I couldn't pass up a clear day and so headed for Perring Gap with Feathers and Shadows. Ray felt the cold weather too severe to go out in after he cold and she stayed home with Puff and his visiting Beauty (1st service yesterday, 2nd today) and Wilson

Roaring Gaps lived up to its name today though there were certain hillsides  
and ravines that were quiet enough. It was bitter cold - below freezing  
and my fingers ached most of the time and my wrists and reflexes  
stayed down like stiff molasses. I parked on the mountain road and  
dropped over the first point into my particular favorite of the ravines.  
Feathers and shadows were hitting the country beautifully and was up  
at the head of the hollow near the roughest hills as I worked up the  
base of the steep, rumble-covered left side. Suddenly I saw a grouse  
flush from them. There was no sound - just his wings stirring in the  
sunlight like the rhododendron leaves - then a second bird went up  
into a sapling and perched there. I stood and hoped hard that he'd  
come my way and in a moment he was doing it - a high morning flight  
that became a high <sup>overhead</sup> crossing shot over my left shoulder as I swung  
ahead of him and fired - missed - swung ahead again and missed.  
My lead was all right I think but I realized I wasn't swinging fast  
with that important overtaking acceleration that gets you there. The



grouse landed <sup>up on the hillside</sup> soon after the second  
shot and probably in a tree. I got the boys in and worked them that direction.  
We traded some far until they moved him and he came right back up the  
hollow - a stupid thing for him to do - but he seemed to know me well.  
I got a glimpse of him flashing past beyond some gray beech or maple  
trunks and swung fast and ahead, firing - missed - tried for him  
with the left and saw it strike back behind him. Again too  
little whip and not enough acceleration.

he landed, but I walked back up the hollow trying for both birds now  
 around the upper end. Finally Meadows flushed him from the very  
 head of the ravine just this side of the main road and I saw the grouse  
 rise and make a long flight down the open to the woods near the car  
 where I had come in. Since I had wasted 4 shells within the  
 first thirty minutes I rather disliked venturing the balance of the day  
 with only six left, so I made a trip back to the car, loaded up  
 and started back around the first point where I expected to <sup>meet</sup> my bird.  
 Meadows moved him with no pretense of a point - just a wild chase. With  
 a high wind like this I couldn't fault him of missing the scent but I  
 called him back and made him stay at the point of flush.



I gave him up on this  
 flush and circled back  
 to the top of the hollow to  
 try to move #1 but think  
 we had moved out on me  
 without my knowing it. The  
 wind drowned any sound of a  
 rise (as they weren't making it)

and unless you saw them today you didn't know they had been there. Which  
 probably accounts for the lack of signs all the way up the right side of  
 the main valley, clear up to the crossing above the mill, <sup>with the</sup> having covered  
 the right side over pretty thoroughly. I hunted down the log road to  
 the mill, with one ~~lapse~~ lapse in discipline on the way that necessitated  
 my climbing the briery hillside with the two delinquents. At the  
 mill where I almost always find birds <sup>nothing</sup>. I stopped for



lunch sitting on some nice dry seasoned cutting blocks I'd like to  
have on my woodpile and stowed in the ~~the~~ sunshine and wind. This  
is lovely grass country, acres of hemlock-hardwood hillsides, lots of  
rhododendron, waxy and shiny in the sun, and good hollows. All this  
steely gray cover must have been blazing with color a few weeks ago  
but it is difficult to realize it now. I creaked up over the  
hill behind the mill into the next valley north (along the road) and  
had to stop along the way to thaw my stiff fingers. I couldn't have  
properly handled a gun on the best chance in the world right then.  
Dropping into the cold shadowy valley I hunted up a log road path  
there were where we heard a half dozen birds I think last December.  
Not a feather clear to the head. Coming out on the road I started  
back, stopping to pull down my ear flaps in my hunting cap. The  
wind was ~~howling~~ howling like a wind tunnel down here in the hollow so  
tho it had funneled all the way up. Roaring creek and the road had  
ice frozen in dry hard cakes. As I walked down the road the  
two dogs worked the cover up to the right. Suddenly a bird flushed down  
from them well ahead, and then a second. I tried for him as he  
went straight away. It was ~~some~~ some long piece ahead and he never even  
flushed. The straight away shot seems to be my weakest for I never  
quite know how to handle them. There is no arc to swing along to  
give you motion and any lead has to be held on and seems to  
end in a "poke" shot or miss. A

and three more came down off the hill.



hill when the dogs were going I followed down the road to about the place they should have settled and sent the dogs in to the left, following. As I crossed the little run and climbed the

far bank I wheeled as one of the grouse flushed behind me and quartered rising to the right. I swung thru him, firing, and saw him move and settled into the hill at a pair of small hemlocks. Calling Feathers in, I showed them ~~where~~ toward the spot hoping to get them before he could run away. As I pushed

thru the thick cover ~~was~~ circling toward the trees, a bird flushed, crossing to the right. I focused

on ~~him~~ ~~clearly~~ ~~in~~ ~~action~~ ~~the~~ ~~bird~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~directly~~ ~~located~~ ~~one~~, I sent Feathers in to fetch. He fortunately hadn't got far in me and in a moment

located the bird ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~fluttering~~ ~~away~~ ~~from~~ ~~him~~ and after a bit of quick action, caught it, retrieving it nicely. I regret I had to dispatch it - broken wing - but it was quite an occasion after all the wild game work. I soon went ~~off~~ ~~to~~ after the other bird but,

finding no sign of it after a thorough search, concluded that it had flushed after having only been knocked off equilibrium by a too low tail shot and was the ~~one~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~net~~. We moved north

of the others, feeling it was late and after all they were very small birds. On the way back, I hunted downstream at the foot of the last hill, moving the wild. Climbed the steep ridge to the car as the sky warmed a bit - but not the air. At the car the hot coffee was a benediction. Arrived at our lane as the sky had a dull red glow where the sun had been. Looking down the other end of Sugar Lane the lower trees were a mass of violet-black thin branches and twigs against the sky, with fire puddles at the far end catching the angry red and throwing it back from the black depth of the lane. I hope I never forget how

I looked: 7 shots - 1 hit  
 feathers: 1 retriever  
 1 killdeer

1:45-6:00 (4 1/4) moved 9 - 14 flocks  
 feathers: 1 killdeer

quoting her: no cedar, broken land  
 clip:



(Proving a few words are worth a dozen pictures.)

Friday 18 November: We drove up the old road that wound back into the Brierley, still checking the "Game Refuge" notices that reached for miles and wondered if our Whetsell settlement trap was going to be a dud. Finally we ran out of them and climbed a road at the foot of good looking (the first really good) pines cover on the right with the big mountain piling up into the blue sky on our left. Stopping at a nice old house by the road we talked to a Mrs. Craig who was nice about our hunting, and said there were birds up on the ridge. The ~~subsequent~~ <sup>subsequent</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup>

earlier in the year. We parked the station wagon at her place and  
 Kay (it was her first real trip since her cold) and Buff and Madson and I  
 climbed the gradual slope up the mountain. The woods was a bit too  
 open but as we worked over to some grapes and heard a bird pipe as it  
 went wild. The next two were higher up in excellent cover and I wanted  
 one go up and perch in a sapling - against the sun almost - while the  
 other bird flushed down the ridge. No dog work that I could see. The  
 perching bird held while my shoulder solidified holding the gun at  
 Robert Churchill's best "ready" position. I called they were to get a  
 moral shot of the grouse and probably spoiled chances of a shot, for it  
 soon turned and placed off away from us. We  
 circled some good grape cover before dropping to follow  
 and Buff flushed into a short point as #4 went out,  
 doubling back up the hill. We gave up the other two  
 and went back for this last one, getting another flush.



TALLER THAN TALL.

1143  
100%

This time as last time. Working south along the mountain we came to a logging  
 operation where some young fellows were working two trucks. Asked if there were  
 any spectators my bird hunting. There were none. Neither were there any  
 birds. We saw a good *Rhododendron* hollow below and cut over to it,  
 plunging thru thickets around an old sandstone pile. As we approached the  
 hollow near the dogs put out two grouse, one quartering and rising over the  
 dense *Rhododendron*. I tried for him - too quickly - and he did not  
 fall but Kay said he must have gone down on the other side for he didn't  
 fly or up the hill. We crossed the

search. After a few moments I heard a flush and saw a grouse



going up the slope, away and rising.

I made a quick shot, swinging up thru and saw him flutter back to earth, wing tipped. We hurried up and both dogs began searching eagerly. Some shadows found the bird which fluttered and struggled to get off the ground but he had it very quickly. I shot, with the bird in his mouth he was young to retrieve but Ruff ran in and took it from him and brought it to me. It was a young bird and, I think, a cock. I regret that it was still alive. I quickly killed it.



My shooting is not very clean these days and I must settle down. It takes away a lot of the pleasure, not making clean kills. It was nearly four and we sat

p45/1002



RUFF DOES THE DELIVERY.

down on a log for lunch. The day was very cool - cold - with the sun going under more and more clouds as the afternoon waned and we weren't any too warm eating. I

took a nice shot of hay and the dog, with the bird. The had got me of the retriever. We hunted down the ravine - it is a tributary of "Stamping Ground Run", and with the exception of a fall by hay - a good one, I am told -

there were no accidents. Coming out near the main road we doubled back into the good papering cover beyond the road that takes off and climbs the mountain (where we want to hunt next time) and made 2 birds, both good possible shots except that I was involved in birds both times. No work from any dogs. They were doing so badly

that I had to chew them out thoroughly. Ruff did some better afterwards but Medas continued to play statues and museum. He's going to get himself a good home - someplace else - if he keeps up that trick. Coming out at the road near the station wagon - having jumped two deer - we crossed and hunted the good looking cover around the old deserted farm across from Craig's, moving one grouse for two flushes. Altogether the exploration proved more than successful. Not so many birds - we've seen these are quite a few miles but the vast expanse of undrained grouse cover for thousands of acres is mouthwatering. We looked up at peaks we've seen for years, now only a few miles from us. Mrs. Craig back at the house said she hoped we'd come back. Yes, Mrs. Craig, we will.

2:15 - 5:45 (3 1/2 hrs) 2 shots - 1 hit Ruff: 1 productive retriever 1 kill over  
 1 dead 9 - 12 flushes Shadows: 1 kill over  
 Yearling ~~cock~~: brown tail band, fairly dark throat  
 crop: grapes

GTM #33

Monday 21 November: This season has been such a revelation of what shooting pleasure can be because of the natural fit of the new gun stock that it seems odd to say I have gone thru much of it with a deep sense of unhappiness. For one reason or another Ruff has not worked well. He has handled a few birds with his old time know-how, but very few, and much of the time he has not been out there when the birds were by the time the other dogs got to them. I have worked time

alone once, I believe, and in various combinations, but he simply hasn't turned in a laudable day's work in comparison with his old style. The passage of years - Anno Domini as Dr. Norris calls it - is an unpleasant thing to face except in distant views, but I have to look it in the eye and admit Puff does not travel at his old loping gait or wide range. But I still can see no reason why even at restricted range he cannot show his old flair for punning a grouse. And

10 today I took time alone for a day's work to the Laurel Run country at Durgut Gibson. The <sup>snow was still heavy on the ground but the</sup> weather was cool but warming and the sun was out - a beautiful day for grouse. I was determined not to redd or back at Puff regardless of what he did, for he takes criticism too much to heart, especially when it is vehement. He made his first production on the path near the first hollow - a bird in a hemlock that went across Laurel. Up the first hollow we moved nothing - until we covered the head areas where I had set at - and missed the brace on my last trip in here. The two birds weren't in the same thicket and before working out the top did yield a clearing, I decided to make another circle further up the draw. Almost immediately we flushed both birds in succession. The second flushed back toward the edge and we doubled back, hunting the probable hedge rows and edges of the woods. Coming back the edge, Puff made a nice hot point toward the woods from the outside and I walked in but failed to put out the bird. Seeing me move all around him, Puff worked in but I took a little clip of

#57

thornapples and greenberries upwind and behind where Puff had pointed. I felt it almost clairvoyantly and was expecting the riss when the sparrow boled up, rising and crossing to the right. I waited for a clear focus of the bird, overtook him with my swing and fired as I went thru a lead ahead and could almost hear the pattern center him. He cartwheeled without ever knowing what hit him, landing on the embroser snow of the open space ahead. Puff came in and searched



at my directions, making the bird and retrieving nicely with one odd exception. Just before he delivered it, he dropped it onto the snow. However, I didn't criticize him for I felt very happy with the way he'd been working and with the shot. Leaving that area with no further attempt to shoot we moved to the valley toward the Old Farm, flushing two more birds that neither of us saw. Crossing to the edge below the old home with us started hunting down toward Laurel and moved a couple of birds on the way with a production thrown in but no shots. I had eight birds moved for 10 flushes by the time we stopped to eat lunch about 3:30, leaning against a sunny white old Tombs out in the old field at the far corner. Puff had been hunting beautifully, not wide



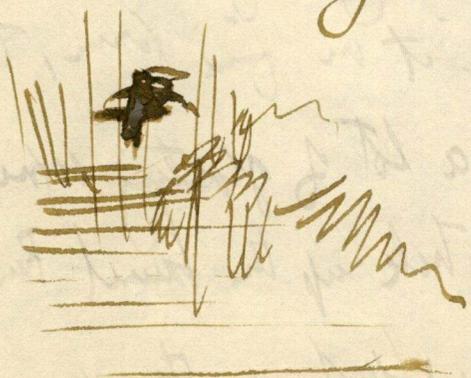
not really fast, but hunting hard and forgetting about looking back for me incessantly. After lunch we pushed on to the far side above Hazel Run. Just before we reached the old farm lane that leads back to Laurel we made our last bid and then walked into fir in a single, a his and a single, along the old lane as I worked it toward the higher ground. Puff had his fourth production here; again I walked in and with no bird produced he moved on, only to land the grouse flushed behind me as I left the scene. From the point of quaperides and rocks, the highest spot along here, I circled back keeping over toward Hazel getting two more flushes I count as probable repeats. Making the full return to the old lane I worked out the point of land to about Laurel, pitched down the hill and again came out on the far end of the old lane, getting another flush from the edge-out of a tree. It was becoming cold and the sun had dropped behind the ridge to the west but I kept on till I came out low on a tran road I'd never been on before - one that seems to follow the base of the ridge toward Big Andy at the mouth of Laurel. Here, as the light faded and time ran short, Puff wheeled in his face and froze, turned ~~back~~ <sup>(back)</sup> toward me and the bank on <sup>my</sup> left. I noticed a return of his old confidence and intensity - it was one of the old points from long ago, it was my old Puff pointing now, not a tired, aging setter who felt because he should, but a master who knew he had the bird and ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>.

I'd have given the next two weeks of shooting to have shot that bird but there was no way to do it. I used my voice and made several steps to put it up, but it took a climb up the bank and then down the other side and then the bird went out the far side. But anyway you looked at it, productive number five was a honey. It was almost foolish to hope at this late hour but we still showed on, deeper into that wild country down Big Sandy and Laurel valley - thousands of acres of black-dark wooded hills that run for miles - stiff with grass. Some of the



RUFF ON ONE OF THE OLD KIND.

best bird country in the world. A hawk #21 came up almost in my face, towering to head high plus and coming right over me. I turned, planning how I'd take him, and fired - too fast - and again as he bore away low and this time saw him fall. As I ran up



reloading, I saw the bird, upright, start to run for the thick stuff below the train road. I took a snap shot to stop him on the ground and lost sight of him. When I got there I could

snow but there was no dead bird. The *Motolendron* was low but a dense mass over old tree top trash that mangled me knee deep when I tried to plunge into it. Ruff came in and tried to locate the bird but kept working too far out. At last I got him to the right place and after a while saw him begin to throw his tail as he hit the ground but still no bird each time his head came up. Suddenly I glimpsed the grouse as it ran, head down body deep thru the tangle near my feet like a trout darting between submerged logs. I made a wild leap to head it off but the tangle held me, and Ruff was too far alone to see it. I began to lose hope when I found no sign of the bird as I tramped out the mess - and then I saw Ruff was in to my left and with his head down into a tight spot. When he came up he was dragging the grouse by the neck, I think, or maybe it was a wing. Anyway he soon had a grip on it and brought it into a clear place. I had to fight my way out to receive the retrieval, and this time he made it in fine form, to the sitting delivery. What a dog. We did a lot of ghosting before we hit out of the darkening woods in a long hike up the Laurel Run valley to the car. We missed #15 on the way.

#61/55

I wouldn't take money in the bank for that day. It was a lesson to me to hunt Ruff alone as much as possible. Give him the woods to work his own way and he'll give you everything you can ask. On the way up the valley he hit it like a young dog working all the way. It was a fine day for us both.

3 shots - 2 hits

ward 15 (10 new) - 22 flushes



p139  
100%

12:30 - 5:45 (5 1/4)

Ruff: 5 productions  
2 retrievers

yearling hen #2: throat collar, 2 killed  
Crops: downy, open, broken tail and  
yearling hen #1: no collar, broken tail and  
Crops: empty, gizzard variety of seeds (some long thin, others round)



Tuesday 22 November: Ray went along today, with Feathers & Shaders. We had a concert in Huntington this evening so took a short trip to Upper Beaver. The day was lovely, warm and sunny with the snow only in spots that were shady. We missed a bird in the canyon below that flushed to a tree and then to nowhere. We covered the north side after crossing at the second bridge with no flushes until well up the tributary run in the upper neck of cove near George's butternut.   
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

that flushed toward the west edge and the west road. Circling around  
 the upper end we came back down and moved two more that went  
 out of the same hemlock clump when I'd found them the other time in  
 here. We worked over the west road and hunted up the edge, flushing  
 one pair birds. I saw him out to the right as he held the  
 road edge and we followed, walking the road itself. The two dogs  
 were working beautifully - except that Shadow is inclined to  
 follow Feather a bit too much - and was hitting the case on the  
 left side of the road. Suddenly a grouse flushed from them,  
 settled in a sapling and after a moment took off, crossing to  
 my right in a high pass shot. I had a wonderful chance at him  
 and took time to focus well on him, swinging past and firing. He  
 went down with a thud in some brush piled on the right side of the  
 road and didn't move.

wind and in no time scattered



Feather came in like the  
 the bird and brought him

out to the road when they got the retriever, having got the shot in the movie  
 camera. We ate lunch on a rock by the roadside and, after watching a  
 broadwinged hawk sail over us, we finally broke out of our easy wood  
 and moved on, taking time to reload the camera in the shade of some  
 hemlocks in the woods leaving that court - it was #130



Clear, cool and blue sky with sun

Thanksgiving Day 24 November: The Crows arrived about 1:00 and

I hustled Jess and Sam out to Dwight Gibson's on Laurel Run. We took Puff and shell and sheet, hunting down Laurel, with Jess on the path wherever I could arrange it. We moved 9 birds, no new ones that I can be certain, starting on the hill below the old farm and along the old lane thru the farm. Jess got a gust as he walked the edge along the lane and hit his bird, <sup>which fell retrieved.</sup> shortly afterwards as I was getting ready to change our course he flushed a bird that came directly at Sam who was in front of me. It would have been a good possibility as an incooper but I couldn't fire for Sam. I whined and tried for it as it sailed past my right elbow shooting as it quartered down away but missed. We covered the entire circle above ~~the~~ Hazel and down to Laurel near

Big Andy, finally hunting the Laurel valley back up to Dwight's getting to the car about 6:15 and then home to a delicious dinner of roast pork on the Thanksgiving manner. Jess was delighted. Puff made three lovely productives, working his birds in a manner unusual for him, into a strong wind and making two or three points as he worked upwind and established his final points. Very well done. 1 shot - no hit Puff: 3 productives

2:45 - 6:15 (3 1/2)

moved 9 (no new) - 11 flushes (Jess got one quince)  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center







Meeting above the train we hunted out the ridge  
toward Muddy following a bird we flushed. It  
was getting late and toward dusk and altho the

cover was excellent - the ground paved with grapes - I felt we should  
head back the shortest way. I roused us up to the old Clint Recheat  
place - further than I had expected - and was amazed to see smoke  
curling up from the chimney. I went to the door to speak  
before hunting arrows and found a girl who said they were there  
from Charleston for the deer season. We hunted back south  
following the old log road that parallels the train higher up  
and on the way back Les got a shot at a bird I flushed and  
brought it down, wing tipped. Unfortunately we were unable to find  
it tho feathers hunted hard and long. It was a long haul for Les  
all the way back the road to the Huffman place for his feet go  
back on him toward evening. I moved ahead and drove the car  
a short way to meet him. It was a lovely hunt and the vast  
number of birds was most gratifying. Les got the bulk of the chances,  
John took 2 shots - but that is grouse hunting and he seemed to enjoy  
it thoroughly.

1 shot - no hit

Feathers

6:30 - 6:15 (4 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>)

moved 23 - 33 flushes.

Saturday 26 November: After yesterday's frustrations Les decided to stay over for a full hunt today and leave for home early Sunday. He asked if we could take Peg & Kay along so I abandoned plans to hunt the Homer Miller coast and took them to Roaring Gap where we parked the Crow's station wagon at the foot of the mountain and all drove over to the parking place halfway up. It had snowed lightly during the night but there was a good covering up here in the Gap. We had Ruff, Shell & Shunt and I started Les and the gals down the road into the bottom which took Sam with me to nose the pair in the first hollow. Would only one I could be certain of but didn't see it. Rejoicing the others at the bottom we began hunting the left side of Roaring with Les and the girls on a path at the bottom, Sam between us and me on the hillside trying to keep on my feet in the steepest snow I can remember. This was my day to get the chance and I blew every one. There is something about grouse shooting that doesn't work with thinking of how to get other people in good cover on easy footing and at the same time adequately cover the bird country. Too, dodging Sam's gun muzzle didn't help make things easier. I can do fairly well keeping one other man in my mind in relation to shots and location but two others are too difficult, especially when you are trying to fight straight up thru dead blackberry briars and have to work

your feet like a treadmill to keep from losing altitude on the  
greasy snow. My first shot was at a tree flush and was a  
possibility if I had only waited for that clear focus and then swung.  
I missed and missed both barrels.



We hunted up the left hollow, refueling my bird and one other and  
while Ray and Peg built a fire - we covered the rest of the hollow with no  
results. We returned to the fire and a good lunch of roast remains, then  
started back the road (with me in the woods below). A group of five birds  
flushed down the road too far ahead of us and we followed but didn't  
make more than one I can be sure of. It was a good chance and  
flushed behind us out of rhododendron. We were all bunched together  
and I tried for it as it cleared the cover - should have had him  
with a moment more of focus - but couldn't try over the girls'



needs - the thing dashed down - for a second barrel. Ray & Peg left  
us to walk back to the station wagon (which they  
went to scuttle down and back to get the Crow  
wagon to return home in.) I worked us up  
the first little hemlock hollow at the bend of  
the road - a place I'd never been - and missed a grouse I  
had seen flush in there. I should never have tried for him as it  
was in the direction less could have been saving the danger of the

situation I stopped my wing and of course goofed the shot. It could have been a good shot had I been alone. I continued up to the head of the hollow and flushed three more birds.



less saw a fourth. We followed them across the top of the hill, Sam on the edge, less below, and myself below less. The dogs were doing no bird work at all and showed no signs of any grouse near, so it was a surprise when less walked into a grouse that came directly at my head, piping, and low. I whirled completely around as he passed the back of my neck and with one foot locked behind the other in a paperine, tried for the bird as it bore away - and missed.

~~the~~ This put me in a fine state of mind for the final shot that came late after we had hunted up the right fork and had seen two birds near out above the sawmill set. Buff had made a lousy point toward the lower edge of the road but it had failed to produce. As we moved on, the pair flushed high up the hill, wild - one crossing to the bottom, the other going back around the hill. Feeling the birds would be up on that eastern hillside, I put less and Sam on the path and started to climb the rough, briar covered tangle. It was terribly thick and a fierce fight to even get thru. I was trying to make progress when

called something I couldn't hear. Calling back to him, I found myself with one foot sunk to the knee in a rotted old stump when a grouse tore out about me. I did my best to get a swing on him as he quanted to the left and missed, trying the left as he disappeared over the top - missing again. It was one of those times.

~~++~~



Some after, I walked into another one I couldn't get my gun on.

I followed these birds up on the top but it was so dark and late I had to give up. I met Sen & Sam and it was long hike back to the car that took us till after the light had faded. Sam said he missed two birds along the road as he preceded us. It was one of my best days but under normal conditions might have been different. This place is stiff with grouse.

7 shots - no hits

Puff

1:30-6:15 (4 3/4)

missed 22 (16 new) - 32 flocks

Monday 5 December: First day of the last part of the grouse season - after the dead work of deer season. Day cold, sunny and a bit windy but beautiful. Went part of the late morning attending the loading of Christmas trees as sold from our pine plantation and Ray and I got a not-too-early start for the Clint Reckert country. We parked the station wagon and started up the road at the Homer Miller corner at 2:20, using Puff, Feathers and ~~Amelia~~ ~~Had~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ ~~to~~

leave either of the latter two tho we did go off without Wilder who had taken on herself to have a run this morning. We moved nothing on the path to the corner of Quebec and I hunted to the north along the old train road track, following the hunt with Les Crowl on Friday after handsoyning. Not far along we came on Ruff on a nice point but the two young dogs knew better and wouldn't stop to back tho I called them. A grouse flushed down the hill with no chance to shoot. I lost patience with Feathers and Meadows, both of whom have had enough experience to know to back point, even if they neither have nose or pointing sense. Someday I hope to get a pup that inherits Ruff's bird sense. We hunted to the ledge of rocks at the main road and the train moving nothing until we stepped up the road a few yards and there I heard a bird go out of some rhododendron. Dropping to the ground we hunted north on it, and I saw Ruff stop and swing toward the lower side of the train in one of his classic points head up and paw lifted. The sun came thru the bare trees and picked up a couple of spots on him. It was lovely. I called to Kay to get a mail of it and walked in. The bird flushed away from Ruff giving me a short glimpse that I tried for with a quick shot and missed. As I fired a second bird flushed somewhere, and I saw it crossing and rising, from out the path - possibly from Feathers.

b42/1086



RUFF'S OWN KIND OF POINT.

I had reloaded and during their limbo pulling as I reached a lead -  
only to tug on a <sup>hooked</sup> left trigger. One safe! It would have been  
a fair opportunity but I should probably have used the right barrel  
for the bird would as far out as I had that.  
had three birds below or behind us, or both, we  turned back  
and took the town road to the main road, dropping below on an old  
path that leads down the hill. Before cutting north once more I stepped  
to the left of the path and the three dogs entered in below me, Puff  
freezing on point, Madens and Features paid no heed but  
began moving in a line as tho' it were a signal for them to walk in  
and flush. I ordered Features to stay in very certain tones and  
saw him stop just as I heard the bird rise. It came back over  
Puff and below him, turning to look down hill low, giving me a  
look at him as he turned. I held right on this one and saw him fold.  
As the dogs moved in to retrieve a second bird went out and both  
Puff and I tho' it must be our bird. Not Features. He looked out and  
soon came back with the grouse in his mouth - one of his fast  
special deliveries. We ate lunch on the strength of this, after they got  
a shot of the ~~retrieved~~ retrieved. It was bitter cold and seemed  
 to get colder by the minute - even  
after we started hunting again. This  
season is a wonderful time to hunt grouse except that you use  
dead twigs for fingers, even with spurs on



RUFF PINS ANOTHER ONE.

at the rocks in the curve of the train road we hunted up on the hill above them and came to the grapes where I'd mowed four the other day, only this time there were few - all leaving wild. The wind probably accounted for the getting at least of the birds today. The same had held nicely for day work. Considering that four of these birds had dropped down the hill we decided to follow and just below the train I heard one flush. He came diagonally toward me, low and I tried for him, incoming but missed. As he crossed below me he offered a wonderful chance that I should have had with "if I had not tried the incoming shot - or even with the left". But for some reason I have a bad habit of taking my left barrel shots as pointing out instead of swinging them, which is the only way I should do them. There have been times when I've handled distant shots on the second barrel well enough this way, but they are best as quartering, not passing shots. Anyway I missed.





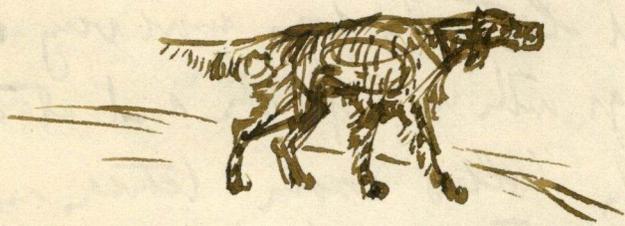
We hunted on the far side of Reebut Run, moving on and with on the  
cove beyond. I think Ruf was trying to make it appear but the  
young dogs have no finesse and stuck-horsed into it, at the run we  
cut up to the higher path and hunted it back. On the way,  
and well after the light was fading a bird flushed from the  
dogs and was coming into me before I could shoot him. I swung  
them and tried for him as he rocketed toward the spot above my  
head, turned and tried as he leveled off and went away, but  
missed again. We march on toward the car and

Ruff had another beautiful point in the path with  
the grouse flushing out of trees behind us. We flushed three and a  
possible fourth bird straight, out of trees on the way back.

2:20 - 6:20 (4 hrs.) 6 shots - 1 hit (our point) Ruf: 4 productive  
ward 19 (1 new) 23 flushes. 1 kill over point  
yearling hen: no collar, broken band  
Crip: grapes  
Feathers: 1 retrier  
1 kill on  
Mudow: 1 kill on

7 Tuesday 8 ~~November~~ December GTM # 34  
We've been fooling with the goddamned  
furnace since we got home from Pittsburgh Tuesday night and found  
it cold dead - missing yesterday and very nearly today, which was  
a beautiful piece of shooting weather, not too cold but sunny.

about 3:00 I said to hell with it and left the service man <sup>#75</sup>  
still at it. Kay and Stork Puff and Shadows to the forest, parking  
the station wagon at the lakes and hunting up the left ridge of Glade  
Run valley. It was 3:30 as we got into the woods and the Meadows  
were getting that right look for finding grouse in grapevines. That  
country is improving in cover and I expected to find birds sooner  
than we did. The first sign was Shadows nosing the ground the way  
he does on hot scent. Then I looked to the left of him and saw  
Puff on a nice point. About then Shadows moved in too close and  
the bird flushed. Following out  
the ridge we moved ~~with~~ a single  
and a pair and followed further.  
Seeing a bit of cover up the



ridge from me I swung toward it to be certain we weren't passing a  
bird since the dogs hadn't hit it. Puff saw me and worked up but  
there was no point - just a grouse flushing that at first seemed to  
be going back the ridge, then grew larger and was coming down  
and crossing behind me as it rose. It was a lucky chance then  
the thin trees but I missed the first shot, swinging past and  
firing ahead on the second and saw the bird go down with a  
broken wing. We ran down as I called Puff to retrieve. There was  
a period that seemed agonizingly long as he searched but got no  
scent. Then suddenly I saw the bird as he nearly stepped on it and  
he had it. He took a good swing in with it, carrying it in his

76  
mouth to suit him till I got impatient and demanded immediate  
delivery which he produced. The bird was dead by the time I  
got it so it must have more bits than just the broken wing. I



tossed the piece out for young Madaws and to my surprise he  
picked it up and retrieved it to me nicely, hesitating as he faced the prospect  
of walking toward Ruff who was beside me. After turning away Madaws did  
bring the bird in. We ate a couple of cookies, climbed the ridge and  
at the largest rocks well out the ridge turned to come back the  
other side, moving a bird that had let the dogs move very near him.  
Following we hunted back the ridge with no reflex and at the  
branching shoulders dropped into the hollow basin between and  
moved #7 wild. No more birds all the way back to the shoulder  
above the lake when they suggested we hunt down the old tram  
road along ~~the~~ <sup>quarry</sup> and the main road. Some distance down and  
at the mouth of a little run, Madaws was showing signs of game,  
when Ruff moved in and solidified into a nice point. We heard  
the beat so out without a look at it. It was bitingly cold as we walked  
back to the station wagon. A very nice short hunt.

3:30 - 6:15 (2  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

2 shots - 1 hit  
moved 8 - 9 flushes

Ruff: 2 productions  
1 retrieval  
1 kill

adult hen: no collar, broken band  
crop: grapes

Madaws: 1 kill

Tuesday 13 December: Cold, sunny day with lots of snow still on

hand but most of it off the underbrush. No hunting since last Thursday and we were red hot to go. Ray and I took Puff and Feathers to Laurel Run, leaving the station wagon at Dwight Gibson's. The hunt down the valley was beautiful thru Christmas and hemlocks and snow with grouse tracks most of the way. Heard two birds before we reached the camp but had no shots. Crossed the nameless run and climbed the ridge toward the Old Farm and suddenly there were birds and gun in my eyes and questionable dog work ahead. Two of the grouse came down the hill, one almost giving me a shot as he sailed low to the ground - but not quite.

Moved no more birds all the way to the point above Laurel where we ate our lunch. afterward hunted to the old lane and up it to the hemlocks about the grapevines above Hazel Run. It was getting on toward five and we turned to hunt the flat back to Laurel. In the scattered hemlocks we came onto a maze of grouse tracks and suddenly the birds - blasting out of hemlocks again and again. Puff made one lovely point but the bird took off from a hemlock and banked around behind it before I could get a shot.

We made five birds in this area (conservative count) for 13 flushes.

Finally after circling about three times we gave up and dropped to Laurel hunting downstream a piece - each step of the way back -



RUFF HAS ONE IN A TREE

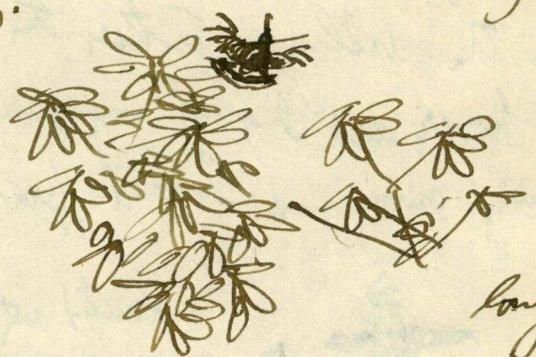
haul up the valley. There were several "last inlines" and then a few more for good measure but it was a beautiful day and a lovely cold clear evening. The coffee at the station wagon was wonderful. We turned home, bathed, dressed and we on our way to Morgantown for a mixed chorus Christmas recital. It went worth it.

2:00 - 6:15 (4 1/4) no shots (no new) flushed Puff: 1 productive  
Feathers

Wednesday 14 December: I slept late and took a short hunt in the upper Beaver country, using Puff and, as a poor afterthought, Wilda. Ray stayed home with Feathers and Meadows, who would normally have gone today but he yesterday took it on himself to run around all day with Wilda and come in with a lame paw. Wilda should herself twice after I cast her off until I stopped for lunch, a maybe it was three times. She does me absolutely no good whatever and is a confirmed self-hunter and I doubt if she ever is finished off. I got started about 3:00, covered the area to the left of the main road and moved nothing all the way down into Gray Kelly's and back until the shotline ran on Gray's (?) Gathies where I am certain Puff had a point. I had been whistling for Wilda and I know Puff would have shown had he not been on point. Suddenly a bird flushed and Puff moved into view. We flushed a second bird low near Beaver. It went out wild and crossed the creek and then I hunted for it, we didn't move it again. Back at the main road I paused to whistle for Wilda again but finally gave up and took Puff on the

upstream side of the road. In the rhododendron along the tributary <sup>#79</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>#79</sup> the right I was following a small trail when a grouse suddenly - they always seem to be sudden - started out of the rhododendron to my left. As he came into view I waited for a look at him and fired and saw him drop.

to retrieve and he quickly and then prolonged the in his effort to enjoy it as



I called Puffin found the bird every long as possible.

The bird has a more definite throat collar and I imagine it may be a yearling cock. It was a nice clean kill which makes it more pleasant

That was the only shot of the day and I only sawed two others that I barely heard. I hunted clear up the valley to the lower part of Madeline Castel used to live in. That area that once was ~~so~~ <sup>such</sup> good bird country is now stiff with rabbits - judging by the tracks but short on birds - no tracks until I came back the top of the ridge to above where I'd shot my grouse.

3:00-6:15 (3 1/4)

1 shot - 1 hit  
mowed 5 (3 seen) 5 flushers

Puff: 1 productive  
1 retriever  
1 kill  
Wilke: 1 kill

yearling hen: throat collar, broken band

~~dropped~~ <sup>dropped</sup> ~~grouse~~ <sup>grouse</sup>

Thursday 15 December: The ink, and the weather, indicate we're getting close to Christmas. I hunted alone with 7 others & shadows today in bitter temperatures - close to 10° at times. Drove over snowy roads to the Roaring Gap and left the station wagon at the usual place near the top. Walked the old road down to the lower road and hunted up the hemlock cover in the ~~area~~ <sup>area</sup> where I'd ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup>



all I wanted by the time I dropped into the next valley to the south!  
Hunted down the slope thru good snow time cover and saw tracks but  
only one more bird below the summit. At the lower end instead of taking  
the road up to the car I hunted out the ravine to the left, all the way  
up to the top, which brought me out several hundred yards higher up  
than the car, which was another walk in the wide open throat of a  
gap that could well be named Frowning. The coffee at the car  
was heavenly.

2 shots - 1 hit  
Fathurs: 1 retriever  
1 bill  
Chalons: 1 bill

3:00 - 6:15 (3 1/4) moved 7 (no new) - 7 fathurs

Working here: no collar, broken band  
Dogs: small birds, leaf

Saturday 17 December: Today was a lovely hunting day tho' windy at times  
or rather in certain places. Ray & I took Ruff and Shadows to the Homer  
Miller country getting stopped by snow drifts in the road just below the  
corner where we usually park, so I backed down to Homer's entrance  
and left the station wagon there. The wind was cutting thru us as we plowed  
up to the woods but once in the cover there was no wind - just lots of  
snow and blue sky and sunshine. Shadows barked ahead of us as we  
walked out the path and I knew a grouse had trod. We spotted it as  
we drew close but got neither picture nor shot as it flushed away  
from us. Today was our first hunt in the country south along the train  
road and up over. We were some piece up the first ravine or draw  
before we made a bird lay heard. Saw tracks and followed a bird that  
Ruff ran into - a big fellow that took us north along the ridge to  
a point past the old road up over



turned and hunted back south, higher up and soon found a grouse  
that led us toward the rocks on the head of Sick Run headwaters.  
Still no reflections but heard one go out that could barely have been the  
same bird. Dropping over into the basin we ate lunch in a rock  
overhang that protected us from most of the wind and gave us a dry  
spot to sit. After eating we crossed to the upper side of the bowl  
in very cold wind and went all the way to the shoulder under the high  
rocks where we came onto a group of grouse tracks leading downhill.  
Not wanting to lose altitude after our trek we did not follow, but  
continued around the big rocks when we made a swing which we  
followed. Got another flush, <sup>with a point by Ruff</sup> further around that could have been the  
same bird. Failed to move him again so climbed up the ledge of  
rocks and evaded the top area to a certain while we were there.  
Nothing. Dropping down we once again we hunted down into Sick Run and  
along the path then Laurel and Rhododendron got a lovely point  
by Ruff - too dark to get a mail of him - with two birds, neither  
of which gave us a look. Further down Sick Run Ruff & Thaddeus worked  
on foot trail rather too much for my taste but snow hunting  
encourages that - and we found a bird that flushed up over the ledge  
in the way we planned to go. Failed to move him but did move #9  
further down, independent of dogs. Simply a very wild flush from  
me as I followed his tracks. The birds were awfully wild at times  
today. At the road back down <sup>the mountain</sup> I left my

go to Mullers while I took the dogs and hunted all the way thru  
 the corner court to the road beyond Huffmans, going out nearly to  
 the town road at the other end, and then came back the road.  
 There were lots of grouse tracks but none produced until I came into  
 some at the very edge of the woods and Huffmans place. As I bent  
 over to examine the tracks, a flush out of a tree behind me made  
 me wheel in time to glimpse a big red fellow - the one I've  
 found in the corner before - heading for the big mountain. It  
 is rare that this country doesn't yield, if not a bird, at least one  
 shot. Both dogs worked ardently and if they paid too much attention  
 to the tracks, at least they hunted birds and didn't bother with  
 the paths. Ruff & Shadows make a good pair for Shadows paces  
 himself to Ruff for the most part. Had him stopping to commend  
 on Ruff's points today better than he's been doing. I think a few days  
 later this would improve him.

No shots

Ruff: 2 products

2:30 - 6:30 (4

made 10 (8 new) - 11 flocks Shadows

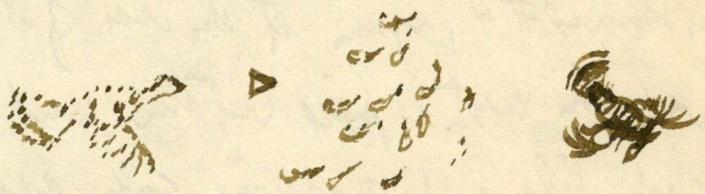
Monday 19 December: Cold and snow flurries, with lulls between to  
 keep me restless. Finally took Ruff & Feathers about 2:30 and started  
 for Valley Point in a snow squall that blotted out the Brunston  
 valley. By the time I parked and started across the flat from the  
 car, the bright parts of my gun action were reflecting ultramarine sky.  
 A few gray spots of grouse tracks in the snow under the soil bank of  
 the

the strip mine and after covering the left and unfruitfully, turned and worked south. A grouse flushing from the logs came zooming toward me along the base of the wood pile, an incoherer that I was as certain of as any bird I ever shot. The only trouble was, nobody had told the bird. I turned left and tried for him again - once more sure he would fall but all he did was dart lower and drop in a normal landing somewhere not far out the ridge. I suppose I hadn't got a good clear focus on the bird or hadn't swung thru fast enough - maybe had stopped my swing. Something has to be wrong that way when you miss with that gun. Both shots were good opportunities I should have made. I reloaded, and turned to follow, trying

to get the    
drop headed right. after a shot and miss they are a bit difficult and not too flattering in their lack of confidence in me. Timelly had just got them working when I wanted when I heard the bird flush from a tree and tried for him as he crossed high and well out. I saw him flinch as the pattern reached him but he went on, pitching down over the hill. He wasn't going fast because of the high wind - much like a pleasant leveling off - and it was disconcerting to miss what seemed another sure chance. I reloaded, this time with 3 drams instead of the  $2\frac{3}{4}$  loads I'd been using in the right, tho' I suppose it was not the shell that was at fault.

L55 #95  
(53)

I rather expected the dogs to find the bird dead or crippled after his pitched  
but we didn't. I hope he isn't lying there wasted. At last I felt I had  
to go on or spoil the rest of the afternoon, and having worked down almost  
to the little run, I turned and hunted back up the hill. I came to the  
cleared road up to the strip mine and was just starting across the opening in  
the teeth of a wicked wind when something caught my eye - or ear - and  
I sensed a streak across my vision that cleared to a grouse - a crossing  
shot to the right below me. I deliberately focused my eyes on the  
bird, swung past and fired - and never saw a bird go down harder.  
As the grouse somersaulted a large puff of feathers floated back toward me  
marking the point of impact and I knew the bird would be there when the  
dogs arrived, whenever that might be.



Ruff came in first and made the retrieve with just a little of his prolonged  
dramatization. However, his delivery left a bit to be desired in that he unloaded  
the grouse onto the snow in the act of sitting, which he never quite completed.  
I've noticed he does this in snow more often and I suspect he dislikes  
contacting his intimate anatomy and the cold, cold snow. Just the same, I  
wasn't fuming, Ruff. It was too cold to eat lunch here so I continued out  
the ridge, moving #3 also at the foot of the spiral pile. I ate in an  
open field of brush but the sun was in the sky in spots

George Bird Evans Papers  
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of the wind which finally won. Rays hot cream of tomato soup in the  
small thermos was a gourmet's item, no less. But I had to make  
do, eating a candy bar for dessert, rather than eat my cods, because of  
the bitter cold. The only drawback to hunting this sort of weather is the  
numbing effect on your fingers, especially the trigger finger with the  
result you can't feel anything there. I know now why Napoleon always  
carried his hand tucked into his fat bosom after the Prussian  
campaign. Too, the cold stiffens up your reflexes and affects your  
swing, I am certain. I covered the area to the end of - (or nearly) - the  
strip operation, down to the farm in the ravine and back up to the  
spoil pile again with no birds till we reached the strip workings. There  
Father moved #4, again at the base of the pile and I climbed the bank and  
followed the crest a piece but the wind was too severe. Dropping over into  
good brush pile and grapevine cover again we moved #5, a far flying  
grouse that gave me a look that I might have tried for on a day when  
I was less numb. Today he was out and down the ridge before  
could properly think about it. Every bird we moved was flushed at the  
base, or near the spoil bank of the strip job - which may make me  
feel less hard toward such diggings. This country is not productive  
enough without working all the way around the old Forge place, and  
that takes an earlier start than I got today. Puff had found the  
going bad because of ice balls in his ~~feet~~ <sup>mouth</sup> and he literally quit on

me all the return trip. Feathers didn't seem to mind so much. But the full trek out to the point of return was well worth doing for the view alone - the Brierie stretching south and looking like Big Allegheny Mountain - the secondary ridges parallel and enclosing Deep Hollow and Muddy Creek with the fork at the near end - one to the water mill, the other up to Valley Point - all white and scratchy mottled ~~with~~ with the etching of woods with snow. A view I must show to you.

3:00 - 6:15 (3 1/4)

4 shots - 1 hit

Puff: 1 retriever  
1 kill

moved 5 - 6 flashes

yearling hen: no collar, broken band

Feathers: 1 kill

crop: grapes



Tuesday 20 December: Took Feathers alone in bitter cold weather to the Prozac end of the Scott Run country but moved no birds until nearly down to the end of the first ridge, flushing two there. Moved two more at the intersection of the two valleys where my usual ridge ends but still no shots. Feathers was working beautifully but moved no points that I could see all day long. The sun was lowering and I stopped to eat lunch before hunting back. The hot cream of tomato soup was delicious again today. Moving up the steep ridge to the grapes where I used to flush birds (moved none on my other trip this year) I came to lots of tracks in the snow. I finally heard a quince flicker and saw him come toward me and land out the path ahead. Waiting, I heard a couple more flicker ~~Feathers was with them~~

and then saw the bird I'd been watching for, flush. I mounted my gun but my gland trigger finger was so stiff and cold it must have touched the trigger for the right barrel discharged as the gun reached my shoulder and before I had begun to swing on the bird. I caught it no shot. Three more grouse flushed as I moved in and later I reflected as that managed to keep behind trees as it scolded down the hill. Crossing the ravine to the west slope I climbed to the large rocks below the road where I normally park. At the base of these a bird flushed wild (most of them were going out that way today) and pitched over the top. Approaching, I saw a second grouse flush and I tried for him as he rose acutely but I was crowded for view and didn't get to swing up there in time and missed. He too went over the rocks. Late as it was, I turned back and followed these two

more both on top, firing a desperate try at the second as it flushed out too far for a good focus on it. Also I did not swing them but impulsively reverted to my old method of pointing out a lead. Not good.

At 6:00 p.m. and miles from the car (two ridges away) I started out at a good clip and dropped into the valley, hunting up to the road near the administrative building and along it, making four birds just under the hill where the road tops the mountain but had no shots.

When I got to the car feathers and I was stiff with cold and fatigue. 2 shots - no hits. Feathers saved 16 (all new). 19 flushes.

3:00 - 6:30 (3 1/2)

Wednesday 21 December: Cloudy and cold but warmer than yesterday and clearing to sunny. Good day. Took Puff and Shadows to the Mt. Jim country, parking at Millers. Road had just been plowed open and still lots of snow. Hunted down valley behind school (now Mt Jim church)

but saw nothing. Climbed to car at corner of entrance to Tom Bishop's but no birds there - quail tracks. Crossed to field and entered woods at point of land behind Bishop's where quail tracks soon became numerous. Finally moved four birds in group - one of which I saw take off but it kept behind trees till it cleared low cover and I tried for it, again not swinging them but wanting to

old point out method. Should have had fair chance other way. Followed the two birds that went the direction  One of these flushed from pines in a tree and was high to my rear. I waded as fast as I could and fired over my left shoulder at what should have been a certain hit and then I did swing them. I was unable to take the split second to focus that  I circled the water & necessary and missed.

when I expected to find the bird and the first two in but couldn't see them till I had doubled back. Then Puff walked onto one and I got no chance at it as it went out low. I noticed that my tracks on the first circle after it had passed within 15 feet. Followed this bird and moved another, with gun to the next point of land where I found loads of tracks but no birds. Puff heard me go out. I think, all lunch and at 3:00 started down into valley to east of Mt Jim side. There was



a pattern of tracks all over the east side on the way down and Ruff kept working them. All day he failed to make a point that produced tho' he wasted on trailing the tracks on the nose, considerably marring the quality of his work. Crossing the stream I started hunting up the west side, following the path we have hunted in the past. I heard Shadows bark and saw him gazing into a tree and felt he had seen a bird tree. As I approached the place a grouse hid (under but from further up the hill (out of a tree)). I continued and decided Shadows might have seen another bird. As I looked up I saw the grouse directly above me perched in a low tree watching me alertly. In a few seconds it pitched off the other side and I fell and saw it drop. Shadows was on the spot and the bird, which was winged, fluttered away along the ground, making a good job of getting away. Shadows was determined however and plunged thru the rough cover after it, and after a chase caught the grouse. Then, starting toward me with the bird in his mouth he came in and, hesitating once to look at Ruff only to visibly decide "to hell with that!" he came to me and made his first real retrieve, delivering nicely to hand. It was a good moment if one that was a couple of years overdue and I knew that had Kay been there she would have kissed him so I did it for her. Shadows was very joyed with his achievement. The bird was delivered but much as I



regret wing tipping it, it couldn't have worked out better. For I think the act of catching the crippled bird and the sense of responsibility that made it necessary to hold tightly to it got shadows over that mental block that always has prevented his bringing them to me. I hope it will set a pattern.

New Ruff has one more competitor.



SHADOWS' FIRST RETRIEVE

I moved no more birds all the way back to the car.

small bird but rounded feathers  
adult hen: no collar (band missing)  
crop: jammed full quinceberry berries

3 shots - 1 hit

Ruff: 1 kill

2:30-6:30 (4)

moved 6 - 9 flocks

Shadows: 1st retriever

1 kill  
still on

Thursday 22 December: Warmer and cloudy with lots of snow, but melting.

Took Feathers to James' and hunted down the ridge from Summers, moving one just inside the woods below road. At James I cut up over the cut-off hill and hoped to find birds on top where I used to but evidently they were in the lower country today. Did hear one new bird go out on the way up. Saw gorgeous masses of bittersweet, Christmas red against the snow and gray sky, as well as clusters of blue quinceberry berries - and open track everywhere. Must have seen twenty-five sets of tracks today. Giving up the top I fought my way down the ridge and moved a bird that was almost a chance but had no shot until I had worked out the road to the old cornmill set. There a grouse leaning a tree just me a wonderful opportunity as it crossed high against the open sky - and instead of waiting to jump before mounting,

I goofed and held ahead in the old pointing out way, and missed.

I can't seem to help doing that - too many years of schooling myself to get those barrels out ahead but now I don't connect. I heard another bird go out above me and hunted up that direction. Reaching a path, I walked toward the sandiest hills

and a grouse exploded to my right, rising and crossing left in front. I began to mount my gun, had the fleeting impression I hadn't pushed off the safety, took a moment to do it, and then swung past and fired - and was here full.

I really think the bird nearly fell on ~~me~~ Feathers, who, if he didn't actually catch it without its hitting the ground, had it on the first bounce, for I never saw a retrieve begun so promptly. The grouse was falling one moment, and the next split second Feathers was starting in to me with the bird in his mouth. It was a wing-shot and the bird was still alive when he dropped it at my feet (a bad delivery). The grouse was a big cock - the first large bird I have shot for a long time, and I dispatched it as soon as possible, losing a lot of back tail coverts but fortunately not marring its beauty by fan tail. We had lunch at the spot - 4:00 p.m. - and then moved on out the ridge. At the base of the strip mine I had just decided we were far enough along to start considering new shots when Feathers worked up to a nice corner and a grouse flushed from the ~~edge~~ <sup>top</sup> of the ~~hill~~ <sup>hill</sup>, rising and

quartering. It was too fast a try but I shot and I think I wrinkled  
 the bird for it acted but, tho it continued low off the ground. Feathers  
 seemed to think as I did for he ran after the bird but it didn't fall  
 and I lost him it still going toward the edge of the hill but in a  
 rather erect posture as in a normal flight. I had reloaded and  
 just then a second bird flushed below me, straight away and I  
 tried for him like a rising-away clay target but he didn't stop  
 either. Never missed either bird tho I aimed long and well. Made a



couple more birds on ~~the~~ the way back the lower town  
 but took no shots. Stopped to chat with June a while  
 and then at 6:15 and in fact dropping darkness started

the long haul up to the car. Across Rocky Creek and starting up the  
 path I came to a pile of tamped brush at the path's edge and heard a  
 cricket or a grasshopper. It quivered left and gave me a good glimpse  
 of it against the dull sky but I had mounted the gun too soon and  
 couldn't stop myself from poking that mungyke out ahead and  
 firing - all I did was make a pretty loud flash in the dark.

I feel certain I would have hit the grass had I just waited till I  
 saw him against the sky, then mounted and overtaking him, swung past,  
 & then him, for he was fearling. But it didn't. Too many years  
 the other way to forget it yet. ~~For~~ For shooting but no

reflection in the gun. 5 shots - 1 hit      7 calls: 1 rithier  
 2:00-6:30 (4 hrs)      moved 12 (1 new)      1 ball  
 adult cock: collar, solid band

Saturday 24 December: Skipped yesterday getting ready for Xmas and  
 to go for Mother for the weekend. Today was warm with clouds breaking to  
 let blue sky show, with the snow shrinking to mere spots in the shadows.  
 I took Puff and Shadow to the forest and parked the usual place on the  
 Copper's Rock road. Started hunting at 1:45 and flushed the two birds  
 I'd heard in here last time within five minutes. Dogs seemed to get us  
 including of scent and Puff even moved within yards of the second bird  
 which flushed after he'd gone and upon my approach. Doubled back  
 across road to follow and discovered striking rocks at the point  
 where road curves. Enormous big blocks of boulders with corridors and  
 overhangs and rhododendron growing in crevices. While passing them one  
 of the corridors one of the gaps we were following suddenly flashed across  
 my path, landing on the top of the rock to my left. It refreshed  
 almost at once. Stopping at the car to remove one pair of pants which I  
 did not need without snow, I hunked along the big rocks and the usual  
 ridge and soon heard Shadow flush two more birds. Cut back after them  
 and got two flushes and still another by following, but for all the  
 action I had no chance to shoot. Following to the crest of the ridge  
 just within edge from main road I came on both dogs pointing  
 with Shadow's out in front but it was unproductive. Saw near  
 two large dark birds that looked like buzzards except that buzzards  
 should not be here at this season according to my idea.  
 One of the birds folded its wings and dropped low in the manner of  
 a hawk but they looked too large for any hawk but eagle. As they

most of I heard strange guttural croaks that suggested ravens. Many  
 back to the original ridge I flushed another bear and a single grouse  
 with, following the latter. Got a second flush and a third with no  
 work from the dogs. I made a poor try at the last flush a  
 crossing, slightly rising shot that kept plenty of trees between us.  
 I didn't aim properly for I couldn't get a look but was so excited  
 handle it right.

must see the top of the  
 feet on top  
~~and~~ I came on a

Mudens, who had been into lots of birds today and had started pointing  
 tendencies, was looking him some birds to his side. I circled in front  
 and walked in toward Buzz who held like a rock with his nostrils  
 flaring.



The grouse was holding  
 tight within 30  
 inches of my feet and  
 looked out like the  
 low bird at #7, except  
 from my left. However  
 it turned just as I  
 fired holding on it  
 and dove over the hill to the left.

Another split second would probably have done the trick. I followed all  
 the way down to north run on the tributary in the hollow hoping  
 to also come on the pair that ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> heard on the ~~hill~~ <sup>ridge</sup> and

that flushed wild behind a point of Puffs. Working down to  
 the ravine with the big table rock I haven't seen for a year or so  
 where I shot a bird the day I met Bob Wingard and hunted with  
 him. Heard two birds on the point of land and another on the  
 far hollow. Hunted up toward the old C.C.C. camp and ~~was~~ saw an  
 Sheldons pointing to the left of the path. Suddenly heard two birds  
 flush and I tried for the second tho it <sup>was</sup> well out and rising  
 fast. Used the left barrel and didn't touch him that I could see.  
 The important thing was that it was Sheldons' first production on  
 grouse. A long time coming - like his retriever last week - but good.



SHARDON'S FIRST POINT

Following I got another rise from what I  
 think is the same bird and then  
 heard another rise. I shot at the first  
 of these as it topped the trees <sup>again</sup> - a left  
 barrel that should have reached  
 but for some reason didn't. Those

long shots are too much for me it seems. ~~But~~ <sup>Got</sup> no more flushes the rest of  
 the way back. Did find where  
 a grouse had been killed by a  
 predator and I was within yards

of where I had seen the large black birds. I seem to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> in a  
 streak of bad shooting this week but must admit it often is bad chances  
 good opportunities and bad so often come in sequences and the results  
~~are~~ <sup>do</sup> the same.

1:45-6:15 (4 1/2)

4 shots - no hits  
 moved 12 (4 new) - 22 flushes  
 Puff: 2 productive  
 Sheldons: 1 productive  
 his first

The important thing was George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

Monday 26 December: Before taking Wether back and going to the <sup>'55</sup> <sup>#97</sup> <sup>'53</sup> (Scott Run)

Xmas party at Inghams, I went to the Forest, for a short hunt, parking where I did Saturday and hunting the big rocks and the hill beyond, using Puff alone. It was a sunny crystal clear day but surprisingly cold with a fine, <sup>foggy</sup> precipitation sifting thru the air like diamond dust. The first sign of action came just below the path along the first main grassy cover where I'd made so many quans the day I had feathers. Today I came on Puff on point and as I walked in a quans flushed, curling off low after a short rise. I fired but he went on and I saw where nearly all the fatton had been soaked up by a three-inch sapling. I heard a second bird go out about and a third and a fourth, getting a glimpse of the latter two.

Following out the path before climbing for the higher two, came on Puff on point again, headed below. As I walked past and behind, I saw a quans flush wild on out the path and assumed it was the bird he was pointing - probably a



RUFF NAILS FOUR



FOUR MORE

close reflex of one of the first birds. Num #2 and #3 went out below and pitched into the hollow and #4 flushed in front of Puff who was holding beautifully all the time



The last bird rose acutely and quartered back the ridge. I decided finally to hunt down after the two at the bottom and try for the last bird on the way. Moving carefully over rough rock cover, I had gone fifty yards down the hillside and walked suddenly into a new bird that took off low along the ridge - an <sup>open shot like the</sup> outgoer at #7 station. I held right on him as he shot at me and dropped him solidly, the feathers floating back at me from the point of impact. Prof retrieved, bringing him up <sup>to</sup> a large flat boulder where I had climbed, but the rascal unloaded the grouse without sitting to deliver, the way he has been doing occasionally. I insisted on his sitting and holding the grouse properly after that.



There were no more shots but I had a fine hunt down to the hollow below the old CCC camp, mainly most of the birds I had moved here Saturday and some new ones. Reached the main road to Cooper's Rock and hunted a short piece up the far side of it, making one bird that Prof should have found. Reached the car at 3:00 as I had planned to return. I ate my soup and had some coffee. It was a lovely post - Xmas hunt.

2 shots - 1 hit  
 Prof: 2 products  
 1 retriever  
 1 kill  
 12:30-3:00 (2 1/2) moved 13 (2 new) - 14 flocks  
 yearling cock: collar, broken band  
 crop: proprs, leaves

Tuesday 27 December: a fine day, sunny, cool and clear but we were too late getting home from Inglehart's party and had to abandon the Dolly socks trip we had planned. Instead we returned to the Whetsell Settlement and hunted the country about Mrs. Craig's. We missed a bird when the dogs did (we had all three boys since we felt we couldn't leave any at home with Wilbur in the red) in the cover to the left of the road about Mrs. Craig's house. Within a few yards, a second pair flushed and cut back to the right, rising. I turned and took it as a crossing start, missing on the first (a little too hastily) and caught it high <sup>in the air</sup> with the left, dropping it.  Ruff hurried in the

shot, as did Hudson and Peppers, but while the first two were trying to locate ~~the~~ the bird, Peppers had it and was on the way in with it. It was a yearling hen with the grayest tail I have seen on a grouse - like the Togaite Grouse a subspecies in New York State. We missed out of good cover and went to the fork of Pumping Ground Run, where we hunted up the far (south side of the north fork) We missed a ~~couple~~ bird by sound that seemed to go across the hollow and as we climbed toward the top of the ~~ridge~~ <sup>knoll</sup> - all good grapevine cover, a bird flushed in front of me and crossed low to the left, bounding for the creek. I made a fast swing, certalising him and firing as I reached a short lead ahead and he went down ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Peppers got the shot and

picked up the bird but instead of coming right in, hesitated which was enough for Feather who arrived and took the bird from Madon's mouth and hurried in with it. It was an enormous cock with its huge tail fanned



beautifully but as I took it from Feather, I found that its head was missing. My first thought was that the head had come off in the tangle over the grass and that Madon had swallowed it. But at the scene of the action we found lots of feathers and no head, at last Puff located the head lying on a small stem of a shrub and on that instant the head was snuffed off in falling and then fell from the fork a tight place with the body. It was the largest bird I believe I have ever shot.

We had our day but wanted to see some more of this country and hunted up the ridge - eating lunch in some nice rocks on the shoulder where we built a fine fire and took pictures of the birds and dogs. Afterwards we hunted up the valley and made four more birds that led to the Modokunda in the hollow. Crossing the road we walked it back to the house. There we got Mrs. Gray the small gray bird which she appreciated obviously. It was a fine day and leaving early, we took some more shot of the big mountain from the road out.

2:15 - 4:00 (13)

- 3 shots - 2 hits
- more 8 (6 new) - 8 flushes
- Puff: 2 kills
- Madon: 2 kills
- Feather: 2 retrievers, 2 kills

yearling hen (very gray tail): no collar, broken band  
 Corp: not available

adult cock: collar, solid band (tail fan  $14\frac{3}{4}$ " wing spread 25" (largest I believe)  
 Corp: empty (quail seeds in gizzard)

Wednesday 28 December: <sup>longly day - sunny and cool.</sup> My 4th birthday and I regret I couldn't

spend it hunting with Kay, but Ward Sharp & Dram were due tonight and she stayed home to prepare dinner and be there if they arrived before I got home. I arranged to hunt with det. Thomas and we went to the area we'd considered - the Bill Bishop's place - Tom Bishop's father. He is a colorful old fellow - in his 70's and an avid hunter and fisherman. After stopping to talk to him Art and I hunted beyond the house in the Davies(?) Run country. The entire cove was not exactly right except for small patches where we did see birds. But much of the time we were walking from one spot to another and tho we moved eight grouse, I didn't get any shots. Art had a couple. Feathers, who was hunting solo, did a lovely job of ground work and made two productions but pushed his birds too closely.

1:45 - 5:30 (3 3/4) no shots Feathers: 2 productions  
moved 8 - 12 flushes

Thursday 29 December: Ward and Dram arrived while I was in my tub last evening and we had a nice visit and <sup>gross</sup> dinner before on fire. Today was cold and rainy with ice forming on the road. The showers let up and tho the woods was drizzly when we started it soon developed into a good grouse hunting day - cool and damp. I took Puff and we went to the Clint Rechart ~~the~~ country, parking at Belts. We moved only one bird - near up the main road, found none on the basin beyond the run but flushed one wild along the run. Up the hollow <sup>in the morning</sup> below the Rechart place Dram ran into three - one going to the right along the upper road,

the pine young up the hollow. We followed and missed them as a pair again -  
 got a nice point by both dogs in the cover across the clearing but no bird.  
 Returned and reflushed a bird we had put up on top and saw loads of  
 droppings in the cover above the upper path and below the lower to the  
 old Beckert house. This should be looked into next trip. Once more at  
 the upper path I came on Ruff's solid. I don't think Ward was  
 convinced it was business for Ruff had been making some empty points on  
 hot scent - and when I kept warning Ward to be on the alert for  
 Ruff's bird - he waded down and walked right over the grouse which  
 was out ahead of Ruff - and missed a good chance as it flushed. We  
 walked down to the lower path (tram) and missed birds all the way  
 along at intervals - getting into a number at the intersection of the  
 tram road and the main road. Ruff made two more productions  
 and I barely missed getting a good chance at one but it got out  
 beyond cover. We think Drann pointed a bird for his bell had stopped  
 when the grouse flushed. I saw the bird coming over behind me -  
 high and in the open over the trees and certainly should have made the  
 shot. I think I must have swung too slowly - the only reason I can see  
 for the miss.  At the main road -  
 another bird had flushed down the ridge after I had  
 missed mine, I was walking up to find  
 Drann. I had seen Ruff go into the woods on the  
 left and when I ~~collected him~~ intended he did not come in a short  
 I particularly noticed the clump of ~~strawberries~~  on the left edge where

I'd flushed a bird the last trip, but this time nothing happened. Passing it some twenty yards or more I saw I saw coming in and stopped as he passed below me and approached the rhododendron at alope. Suddenly a quonse flushed and I wanted to see it come out of the rhododendron clump and cross <sup>the road</sup> behind me. I fired twice, feeling sure of each shot but ~~the~~ I thought the bird fluttered - probably that passing the tail feathers - it went on. Puff appeared from nowhere, and I'm convinced he had a part in the bird causing to lie tight as I passed - and the only explanation for his not answering my whistle. As I opened my gun to let the spent shells snap out, another quonse rose up within feet of me on the left edge of the road and bore down the hill in a wonderful chance. I threw one shell in, skinned the gun short and tried to get the safety off but the bird had gone.



We heard another bird so out wild ahead of Puff, who was showing some signs below the ledge of rocks. I started

Ward into the cave in the Huffman bottom and I took his dog to try to snare the bird I'd missed. I walked after circling all the way up, and around the rocks. Young Ward who had fired five shots - Drum had made four points - we walked up to the rocks and rhododendron where we'd got our last bird, last New Year's Day. There I had a fine low chance at a quonse that went directly at Ward. It was darkening fast and getting rainy looking, so we started back to the car. Puff made another production in the corner nearest

out after that. at the tram crossing, we took the hillside downward  
and moved several groups - a couple of new ones. It was raining  
by the time we reached the bottom and the car. It had been  
rough weather, but excellent for birds.

11:30 to 6:00 (6 1/2)

3 shots - no hits

marked 24 (6 new) 38 flushes

Puff: 6 productions

Drum: 5 productions

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Saturday 31 December: I got up shooting yesterday in favor of the trip to  
Patterson to begin with the Pitts. Symphony. Leaving late after

going to Janet Remington's, we got home at 4:00 a.m. our time so  
my hunt today was curtailed at both ends, since we were going to

Virginia Cochran's for dinner. I took Puff and Shadows - with feathers  
crying pitifully as Kay held him back at the door - and passed

beyond the bridge some distance along the Faulkner's bottom. Heard  
a bird immediately that went up the ridge. It was cold with snow on

the ground and I stayed along the rhododendron thicket on the bottom  
when I heard three more - all of which crossed the road and went

up to the top of the Spikes - up there I missed one of them and a new  
one then after covering the edge along the field, turned and came back to

the flat on the knob. The dogs walked into a bird at the very start  
and I missed it coming at me, swinging as

it as it crossed to the right, very close and missed. <sup>split</sup>  a second more and it  
could have been made but I didn't <sup>split</sup>  on the wing.

Went this bird ~~and~~ again and then curled back to the Faulkner's area, making up after the first bird which I never found. At the point of woods I kept down a bit toward the big hemlocks and had started around the ridge when I heard one coming - and mist crossing below me. As it came into range I swung past and fired.



He didn't tumble but he nearly did - recovered for a few wing beats and faltered again, going down behind some hemlocks. I was certain he was down and ran around the corner calling Ruff and Madson to "fetch, dead bird". My come in and hunted hard with no results. Ruff, however, kept at it and carefully covered the entire area. Dropping a bit lower on the chance that the grouse was running downhill, I swung Ruff below me. Suddenly he threw into a point and I saw the bird run from him. After a short contest, Ruff had it and delivered it nicely, sitting and all. It was a nice cock. I took the time to eat my hot soup lunch under a hemlock with the bird lying in two branches, Ruff and



RUFF HITS IT.

Madson at my feet. Madson had insisted on getting to retrieve the bird so I tossed it out for him and he did it well. Then I went back to the car.

- 2 shots - 1 hit
- 6 (new) - 8 flushes
- one in spikes
- Ruff: 1 retrieve, 1 kill
- Madson: 1 kill

2:00 - 5:00 (S)  
yearling cock: collar  
cops:



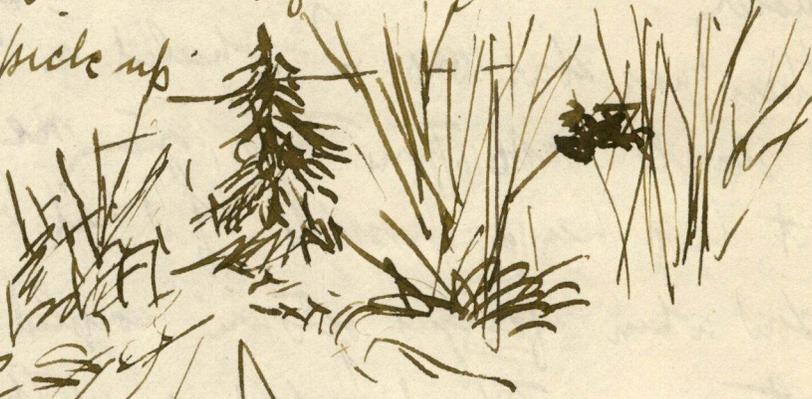
Monday 2 January: Started to get my new licenses and then Ray and I started this last week of the season with the other boys (Willie in heat at home - 13th day) by going to the Whitsett Settlement again. This time further out the ridge beyond Mrs. Camp's <sup>a grassy ridge</sup> ~~ridge~~ <sup>at the south</sup> fork of Stumpin' Ground Run we parked and hunted south along the mountain, moving two birds <sup>separately</sup>. One of these was a big grouse that came over on heads low from the top but I was unable to get my gun to shoot. Followed and tho we heard him go out ahead but realized it was #3 when we saw an bird take off from a tree. It was a cold cloudy day with too much wind so I think we would have made for more birds - a perhaps I should say have seen them, for they can well have been going out ahead. This country's fabulous, miles of grass cover, acres of grapes and cut over land in all stages of growth. We moved two more above the road and then another. Following along the car and back north we came to a good piece of cover where Buffard Feathers showed intense interest. Indars moved out ahead of them and went solid on a nice point. A big grouse flushed up the hill but we were out near time. Hunting around to the valley where I shot my big one last time, we hunted up it and didn't meet a feather. Back down at the road we flushed a bird I count as the one I'd taken a movie of on the road edge. Back to the car - nothing, but we were all tired from a tussle with the roughest cover you can hit. Driving out after coffee, we saw another big grouse on the road and watched it walk out of sight into the cover below. What country!!

Buff:  
Feathers:  
no. shot  
moved 9 (all new) of photos

2:00-6:00 (4

Tuesday 3 January: Cloudy and cold, with wind. To the Feathers  
 alone to the Dooty country, parking below the large ash dump and  
 walking half a mile to the furthest hollow, hunting down this below  
 the road. Within five minutes I flushed a grouse along the path and  
 as I waited a second bird flushed from the same spot and quartered low  
 away to the right. I made a quick shot held on <sup>(or then)</sup> <sub>him</sub> and saw  
 him tumble. Feathers was there in seconds and soon had the grouse  
 which he delivered alive. He presented him held on the rear quarters  
 and as I took the bird, saw that the tail feathers were missing. I quickly  
 dispatched it and then began to search for the feathers which should  
 have been at the point of pick up.

Since I found where Feathers  
 had caught the bird there  
 were no tail feathers. I made  
 the circle at least three times  
 and never did find them. E.g.



I almost believe Feathers swallowed them! The grouse was a young  
 bird - youngling he would say - but losing the fan was  
 regrettable. We made a third grouse - large and red -  
 down the hollow a piece tho I had no intention of trying for another  
 quite so soon.



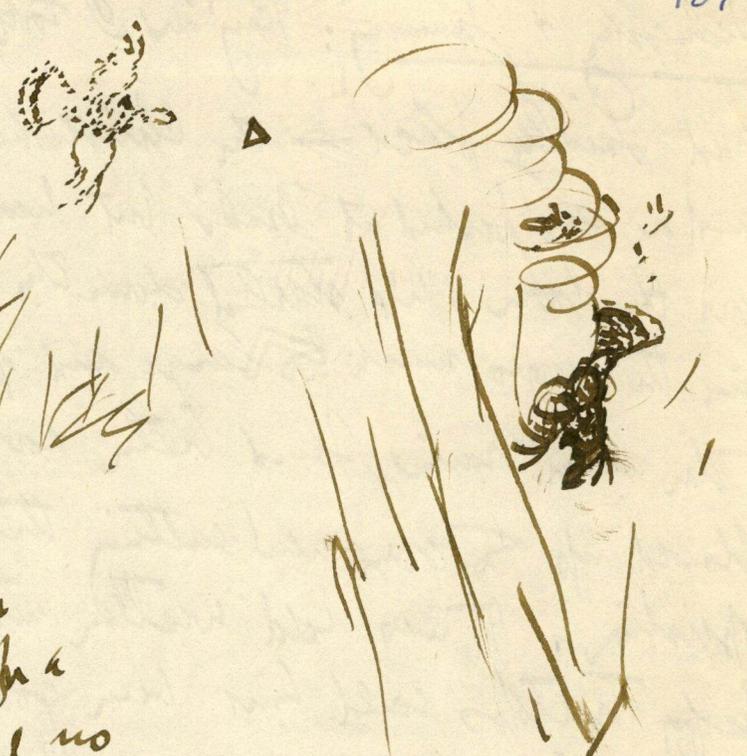
FEATHER'S  
 LIVE DELIVERY.

at the foot of the ruins we  
 put a fourth out of a high tree -  
 Doubling up Dooty, which is a  
 lonely stream at this point, I  
 climbed a steep ridge to the shoulder

George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center  
 hollow I had just come down. The two

valleys as nearly parallel while occurring at 90°. I followed the upper edge of Dantz valley, moving two birds from penitents in the old field and almost had a shot at one. It was after four when we stopped for lunch. From this point on, I covered some new territory that lies between Dantz and the main road - rough, rocky and rhododendron cover that should have produced birds. Did not see wild from a tree as I approached the road. It was getting late and I had to start back but I tried the corner above the road and almost immediately heard a movement in the cover to my left. Feeling certain Feathers was above me I wheeled in time to see a grouse take to and double back thru trees, giving me a broader view of him than might have been a possible if I had been more alert. Your responses are slow when fatigue sets in coupled with cold stiff hands. Rather than retreat my steps I pushed on up the ridge moving another bird wild ahead of me. I tried to follow but failed to wear him in the dense rhododendron that clings to the banks of the valley. I was now beyond the pipe line that ripples up the ridge and knew I had come beyond the grouse's flight. Swinging across to my right I prepared to cut back to the pipe line and down the ridge for the return trip. I was working my way thru greenberries and thickets when I heard a grouse and was aware of him coming over me from the front. He was above my right shoulder and I pivoted, swinging past him to a lead, and fired. I saw him fall and drop straight

down with a gratifying solidity.  
 I sent Feathers on to retrieve  
 but I took my time getting  
 back than the time for I  
 was certain the quail was  
 going to be there. To my  
 surprise, Feathers circled several times  
 but did not find him. I put him on the  
 place as nearly as I could tell and for a  
 moment he did not scent but found no  
 bird. As he worked out wide I heard a flutter behind a large fallen  
 tree trunk or log and Feathers came hurrying in with a big <sup>red</sup> bronze cock  
 in his mouth, still alive. I was certain the bird was killed outright.



It had been a rather spectacular shot for me, a high overhead  
 crossing as I took it and was a fine end to a good day. Feathers  
 always becomes overstimulated with a retrieve and I had to call him  
 in to let him see and smell both birds at once. Then getting  
 ourselves organized we started the long trek down the mountain and  
 back the road to the car. Number 11 flushed from near the road as I  
 approached the station wagon and took down that rascal - a good  
 probably to explore some time. Feathers: 2 retrieves  
 2 hits  
 2 kills

2:10-6:10 (4) march 11 (4 new) - 11 flushes

yearling hen: no collar, tail missing  
 (broken right wing, right leg and body parts)  
 crop: large quantity of tealberries, few grapes, greenberries, <sup>leaves from</sup> <sup>leaves from</sup> <sup>leaves from</sup>  
 adult red bronze cock: collar, broken band, crop: gairnwood, <sup>leaves from</sup> <sup>leaves from</sup> <sup>leaves from</sup>  
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

Wednesday 4 January: <sup>Left Sunday</sup> Ray and I took Ruff and Shadon to try the  
Frank Laidley place — the Christopher Run area I had hoped to hunt. We  
found a car parked at Brad's but heard rabbit hunting in the old fields  
above the barn. We started down the Run but were disappointed to  
find the woods much too large and open. We creaked up over the shoulder  
to the next ravine, found better cover along a little run which we  
followed up to some new cutting that I assume is the Holzappel (at least)  
sprinkle. It was cold weather with a covering of snow and the  
leafy treetops could have been good cover today. However we had  
no confidence in the country. Ruff made a nice solid point at  
one place but it was unproductive. We decided to cut back to  
the car and move to the forest, as we passed a better house that  
two birds flushed from the dogs with no work on the dogs' part. We  
did not follow but hurried to the car and eating lunch on the way.  
Down to the forest, checked in and parked on the road in the  
usual place along the West Run tributary. We hunted back to the  
pond and crossed below where Ray took some movie shots of the big  
rocks. I switched the film there and we dropped over the road to  
the grapes below the large rocks there. Very shortly I came onto a  
bird that fluttered up casually under Ruff's nose and sailed down  
the hillside. Dropping down after it, I came to Ruff on a hot point  
in some grapevines. I walked in beside him as Shadon came in  
from below. As I approached, a grouse flushed a few yards ahead  
of Ruff and bore straight down the ridge, keeping low and out of

my line of vision. Then a second quail flushed, apparently from shadows and doubled back to the left of Ruff and myself, passing close over Kay's head. I called "Look out!" and Kay dropped still taking movie. The chances were too great and I didn't fire. We hope the pictures are successful.



RUFF HAS TWO

We circled about the rocks to try for the one that went over Kay's head but didn't move it tho I saw Madras pointing and think he was backing Ruff and they may have had the bird at where it left. Moving to the next hillside, as we were well along the path when a quail took off from a tree ahead of me and flushed straight away, dipping in his first plunge and then rising. I made a long try for him, and for a moment saw nothing, then in the distance and then the thicket saw the bird go down. We hurried up and sent both dogs in to search. Shortly I saw the quail ahead of Madras who pounced on it and after a ~~bit~~ fluttering on the bird's part, brought it to me in a nice retrieve, tho he did lay it down before I could receive it. Kay got a movie of the retrieve - Madras' second.



Since we were going on a long trip tomorrow we decided against making the full circle of this country so doubled back the valley low down, using some new birds at the base of the ridge, with two productions by Ruff.

Ray almost stepped on one bird that went out close to him.  
1 shot - 1 hit      Ruff: 3 productions, 1 kill

11:00-2:10 (fairly)      heard 2 - 2 flushes on Sunday place      Madson: 1 retrieval  
3:00-5:10 (poor)      heard 9 (3 new) - 10 flushes on North Run      1 kill  
(3 1/4)

adult cock: collar, mid land  
cup: grapes      Large bird from 14 3/4"

Thursday 5 January: This was the real crystal blue clear day we'd been waiting for. We ate breakfast in the car and took off for the big mountains and the Dolly Sods with all three boys - Wilda still in season at home. Stopped in Davis for Forest Stamp of 1956 and drove on to the Allegheny mountains taking a movie of the ice capped trees on top of Cabin Mountain as we drove up under it toward Lanesville. On top of Dolly Sods we headed out the trail to hunt the Fisher King Run a Blackbird bush trails but were halted at the iron barrier where two pickup trucks were parked at the closed gate. Two hunters were walking back the road toward us, obviously having hunted the area out ahead. We turned and parked at the coal mine bush area and hunted down that rhododendron run, moving 2 birds as nearly heard. Getting disgusted by the time we reached the mine we turned back to the car. Charles Brock tells

trail down the mountain beginning at the coal mine but we didn't see it,  
 this country is utterly despoiling and, I think, gamed out near the  
 roads. You must get further back in to hope to find birds any more.  
 At the car we ate lunch and drove back to the airplane because that  
 where we first hunted out the swamp below the spring - not a feather -  
 then hunted up the side of the knob. The dogs were working beautifully  
 and covering everything. Suddenly I heard a welcome sound - a  
 flush just beyond a spruce tree, but it never left the ground. I  
 saw a wounded grouse struggling to escape the dogs but feathers  
 and barrows had it. Feathers led the return, a wing tipped grouse  
 some dog-less hunter had lost. These big crowds of grouse who  
 with this area rarely have a dog and probably kill dozens of birds  
 they never find - leaving them to die. I dispatched the bird - it  
 looked like a young cock, feeling terribly let down and somehow  
 cheated by the waste of a wonderful bird. We did think we heard  
 one grouse go out wild and later found Buff on point where it could have  
 taken it. This cover looks excellent tho lacking in food. We circled the  
 knob, seeing dog old foot prints of a man (again to near the road for  
 good hunting) but we couldn't get into the country we wanted to reach on  
 the far side of the hill we got into a shodoludon hill but kept pushing  
 feeling it better than to turn back. The further we moved the worse it got,  
 there was more snow here on the north side and it was getting late with  
 the sun dipping. I knew we wouldn't get back but I was hell for



piece of cover. We forgot it all the way down on the side of the knob  
 and after reaching open spruce and hardwood cover we hunted back to  
 the car - seeing several fresh grouse tracks but never any birds.  
 I got thoroughly sick of this over-hunted country each time I come down  
 and yet I know there are birds in it somewhere. It's a matter of knowing  
 the few places. At no time they must have been everywhere. After  
 dropping up the mountain after sunset we walked out to the  
 Brooks new home and had a nice visit, giving them the grouse the dog  
 had found. We opened his trap and found it full of leaves - tobacco leaves  
 and mountain laurel - and a few buds. Charles tells me he ran into a  
 bunch of 19 grouse in one spot feeding on what he calls "wild raisins".  
 Also reports of bear having been feeding them too. On upper Red Creek  
 beyond the Stonecoal area on Carter Mountain. Next fall he has  
 promised to take me there when less road comes down. That's the  
 rest of place. I think to try for in this section - not the available  
 Dolly Vards. This day marked the beginning of a bad three last days.

No shots  
 1:50-2:20  
 3:00-6:00 (3 3/4)

3 - 3 feathers  
 Rufus:  
 Feathers:  
 Shadows:

Friday 6 January: Day and I took Feathers to the Elsey country  
 above St. Joe. parking at the Byholt place at the T intersection, now  
 owned by McCormacks. We inquired of the house and were given permission  
 to hunt, also attached a small ~~unmarked~~ marked slip - a

questionable blood that looked like Scotch Spaniel or pointers  
Cocker Terrier. At any rate he went to be discouraged with either  
language or threat of sticks, merely rolling at our feet like a big  
caterpillar and looking at us with pleading eyes.



Then when we got up - and Feathers ignored  
him - he trotted merrily out ahead &  
followed at my feet - all the way up the  
Elroy valley and back.



We made camp where we started in about the  
hour but the car was too heavy and dense  
to work it right. Another five years before  
this will come back. Up Elroy we moved too  
more - but had no dog work unless shipping  
expenses counted. Going up we returned to

the car - took our little black friend and  
drove out the ridge to the Douth end, taking

the car all the way to the old Dybolt place. Hurrying to the  
valley we hunted down it, made two birds after a hard search,  
hunted around the ridge to the road and the old abandoned farm -  
then back to the hollow again - hunting about the road in a last  
desperate after-sunset search for action. Made one new bird up here.

No shot.

2:00-6:30 (4 1/2) made 3 (all new) 3 flocks Elroy end Feathers:  
made 3 (1 new) 4 flocks Douth end.



Saturday 7 January: Last day of the season and I was a stinker-  
cold, windy and mooring. Ray had suggested going to Homer (Christ  
Reckert End) yesterday but I wanted to use Puff there and do it the  
last day. If this had been the final day I'd never have you out.  
We found the roads very slippery but we got to Homer Miller,  
taking Puff, Nichols, and Feather. The snow was clinging to  
everything and getting worse and somewhat managed to accumulate  
on my gun barrels in spite of the barrels in spite of all I could do.  
The birds were obviously scared up, untrusting the storm. But we  
hunted anyway. Going out the usual path we turned left on the trail  
and into the Hesperian country, - moving two wild, out toward the  
rocks. They went back over about follow. At the rocks, nothing.  
Taking the main trail road we worked nearly to Reckert Run,  
when we turned up the ridge at the big rocks and covered the  
grapevine since I haven't failed to see birds this year. I failed  
today. Working up toward the Reckert place, we came into  
the corner where I had and I had moved 3. Ray exclaimed  
suddenly "There's a bird!" in time for me to see a silent  
meadow that hid <sup>velvet-quiet,</sup> across above me. I whistled and made a  
fast swing past, firing - and saw the bird go on. It could  
have been male but I needed a moment's more awareness.  
However, I stood and watched the bird hop straight up into the  
will like any from me in what would have been a good

left barrel chance, but I was too sluggish to take it. Why, I don't know. I was certain it would be the only chance of the day. There was in this area (#4) near the

We made a second one  
Rehbert place and



while I circled unsuccessfully

for it, Kay built a good fire that really did a lot to dry us out and warm us up. I made a bird that I am loosely counting #5 in my pre-lunch circle tho it could have been #4. After lunch we began the hunt back, along the upper road, a path, when we always was sparse. Today we didn't. At the main road we doubled down the shoulder a piece back to the road where we separated, I to hunt out the Huffman Basin pretty thoroughly, Kay to walk the road back to the car and Miller's. I saw nothing but snow. Kay walked into a grove in short-cutting that she said would have been a possible. It just was not my day. We had run out of movie film a couple of days ago and the new film had not arrived. But there really was no action to have taken. This is the first last-day I can remember not having shot a grouse for years. However it was a wonderful season and I think I had the best shooting I've had, as well as very nice dog work a lot of the time.

1:15 - 6:15 (5 hrs.)

1 shot - no hit  
Kuffi.  
Feather:  
Mudlows:

Post season trip to Amwell

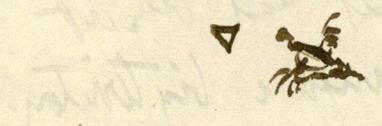
Monday 6 February: Finally after about all the weather winter could throw at us, we caught it right on Sunday the 5th and drove over to Dr. Norris's Fairhill. It was worth waiting for because we hit the only decent week in the best part of the winter. On Monday we drove to Amwell - Dr. Norris in his car with Nellie & Charon (both in season) and with Raymond at the wheel - we with all four of our setters - Willa just over her period. The day was fair looking but soon clouded over and Ray & I had just started out with our first brace of dogs - Puff & Shadow - when it began to sprinkle. ~~Gradually the rain increased but not enough at first to bother us~~ What was troubling and a little annoying was the lack of birds. Unlike last trip here when pheasants were heard from the moment we started out, we simply didn't see any birds until we had returned almost to the cars when we saw a bird flush wild. Dr. Norris had shot two birds and was ready to leave for home. Before he did, he spoke to Ellis who took out some more birds while Ray & I ate lunch. By this time the day had clouded thoroughly and we started out with Fattens & Willa in a pouring sprinkle. Almost immediately we flushed a hen in the draw beyond the cars and I dropped it - a right crossing shot, that Fattens snuffed up in short order and then brought in in a wide circle to be certain of a good angle in front of the camera. It was nice to feel the old Top ~~hand~~ with me like the time a year ago.



The next bird was on the far side of the draw coming back and was an weaver, but went up into a tree where it perched for a long time while they took a movie of it. I wasn't interested in trying for a tree sitter and we left at there. I have no doubt it returned to the pens. On top the draw another weaver flushed from the dogs and I took it coming in. Evidently I didn't swing past but the pattern hit it a little back. The bird fluttered and went on sitting gradually.

Remembering past trouble with ~~wounded~~ <sup>wounded</sup> pheasants, I took no chances and swung around taking him again with the left, which tumbled the bird solidly. ~~later~~ Feathers almost scooped him up and ran to the camera with me running to catch up with the retriever.

What a haul! As we pocketed the bird and talked about the shot (later the movie stills showed the bird hit with a leg dangling <sup>after</sup> the first shot) the dogs got into more birds in the standing leopards above us. A hen flushed, then another and we watched them go. When the third hen went out, I opened my gun to check - feeling I hadn't reloaded - found it loaded, snapped it shut and missed a try at the bird that should have been easy under the circumstances. The weakness of this arrangement is the artificiality of it. Instead of keeping enough birds out to maintain a population, they are afraid they



went come back to the pens and so merely lay birds out in a circle  
not over 200 yards from the pens, and just before you go out to hunt them  
As a result you either run into them in a bunch or they get  
back to the pens before your dogs can find them. At least, if they  
dropped the birds on the far edge, they'd have to work back  
gradually and you'd have a chance to find a few who had been out a  
day or so. It's too much dollars and cents. And the premonition of  
pens takes away somewhat from the whole business. That was the end  
of our shooting this as well for some time. Day ~~went~~<sup>went</sup> back to  
the house (like the birds) when the rain got too mean but I  
continued until it was running down the inside of my mouth and  
down. I got quite chilled. At the club house we dried out and changed  
clothes before driving back to Bryn Mawr in a pouring rain - reminiscent  
of the second day last year at Dr. Norris's. I had a finger of his hair & they  
straight that entirely took care of my throating feeling.

Tuesday 7 February: Cloudy gradually clearing to sunny. Again Dr. Norris  
went with Payson - then time taking Mrs. Reed along - a bit depressing in her  
outfit. Again we started the Puff- Mardas combination but going to the far  
reaches of the preserve in hopes of finding some pheasants that had been out  
since last fall. We saw two geese very wild, they we called a big territory.  
Puff had a good point that could have been taken ~~tomorrow~~ ahead of him.

Driving up on my life of finding sporting birds - a very other kind -  
 over 300 yards from the pens, we came back in and hunted feathers  
 and Wilde near the power line with no success tho we covered the area  
 well. They went back to the car to take it in and I took feathers and  
 hunted down to the lake edge and the pens below the house.  
 Suddenly I heard a bird flush behind me from the trees and saw it  
 come over my left shoulder, like the #1 high bird I shot. I  
 didn't focus on it I guess for I missed and saw the bird settle just  
 west of the cars.



Working up to it, I came to

a little pool of water in a swampy spot near where the bird had landed.  
 Suddenly it flushed and quartered away from me toward the pens and  
 I dropped it, but hard.



Feathers retrieved it, this time

with no camera at hand, to me. We took a picture of it at the car with my  
 and all four others. Another here I think nine tenths of these birds are.  
 Dr. Morris had shot one bird and was going back, so we ate lunch and  
 went out on the second half with Puff and Hudson, determined to get  
 them into some of the action. On the edge of the draw, a cock flushed  
 and came across high to the right. I let him get well into his  
 flight and swung just firing as I went thru a lead and saw him





tumble into some crab scrub. Ray got the entire thing beautifully on film -  
 Buff's retrieval all. It was a very solid hit. Feeling rather good  
 about it all and pretty sure of myself, I proceeded to miss the next bird  
 with barrels in a wide open shot that should have been duck soup. A surprise  
 flush<sup>a while</sup> after a point by Melons that fooled me and I must have "poked" it.



We saw that he go all the way to the pines beyond  
 the clubhouse and after hunting all the  
 good looking areas we could find and moving no

birds we worked around to this cover. In a corner tangled with grasses  
 and pines I walked in, reading the dog ahead. I saw the bird near on  
 the ground under the dense cover then it took up then, giving me a  
 chance as it cleared.

I made a fast "right-on-it" shot and it  
 went down but only crippled.



In dense cover like this it was a bad situation. I played around to get in  
 to the spot and soon saw shadows with the bird running ahead giving on  
 the ground under the pines. There were several encounters, much fluttering, but  
 we got it and retrieved it nicely, with its right wing broken - and with its  
 tail feathers gone - such as they were.

was ruined the next day when the film jammed in the camera but we  
got some of it. #125



Wednesday 8 February: This was the beautiful day, sunny and warm as  
a day in April. Dr. Norris had business in town and we went to Small alone.  
Alone until we got there, where a couple of groups - about 16 in all were hunting.  
They claimed to have released 20 birds in the area. But I have my own  
ideas. We did our best to avoid the crowd, getting a break by starting  
out while they were at the clubhouse of lunch and whiskey. We knew by now  
the only hope of finding birds was to hunt the river closely ~~at night~~, but  
even then couldn't help keeping out somewhat rather than stay within  
300 yards of the place, hoping to pick up some birds driven out by the  
crowd. Be that as it may, the only birds we saw were on the way back when  
we approached the center. Puff and Niall were working like demons,  
hunting hard and it was painful for them to have so little to work on.  
Finally Puff made a lovely point in some dry grass and I heard  
the call as she took the noise that she could see the bird on the ground  
in front of Puff. I walked up and as I approached, I too saw the  
her moving a bit not two yards ~~from the river~~. I made a

sudden motion and it flushed, rising and crossing to the left.



The bird tumbled in a cloud of feathers and Puff found it and retrieved. Within ten minutes we made a cock wild ahead of Meadows and marked it down back the far hillside beyond the run. We hunted back, got a false point but no bird, so returned further up the ridge. Puff had been working in the hedgerow and may have had a point. Anyway, the cock flushed and quartered away, rather far out. I tried for him with my left but these damned birds have a slower flight than game and often throw me off. I sawy them, felt myself too far ahead and stopped, firing from stationary barrels at a head ahead.



The bird faltered, changing angle of incidence, recovered and flew on as if he was on his way back to China. We decided I had hit the tailfeathers, and we followed, hoping for another chance. At the end of a long flight we saw shadows on point and got out of the flesh. It never came. The cock lay on the ground ahead of him, feathers in the dust. (We found when it

was dressed that it had been hit in the right breast and body.)  
 Meadows had the opportunity to retrieve while I kept Ruff back but refused.  
 I let Ruff to the house tho' it was a load he had to put down over a  
 turn for a better grip - a much larger cock than the other one. Also  
 when the other was a purple-red, this was a golden red



We hunted Feather & Wills in the afternoon and didn't near a feather.  
 They have an opportunity to manage that presents much more effectively,  
 I believe - perhaps being a few years back but somehow I think they'd  
 want to do it less artificially. <sup>hard no, it was better than</sup> at best, it can't <sup>be</sup> ~~total~~ <sup>gross</sup> ~~gross~~ <sup>shooting</sup> ~~shooting~~ <sup>but</sup>  
 it is that much extra sport - and if the birds aren't the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> shooting  
 ground, they could be still fine sport if there were enough chance  
 for shots to make up for the down flights. It is a great pleasure  
 however to visit Dr. Morris and his hospitality is so cordial that the  
 shooting seems better than it is. The new gunstock was a pleasure and  
 the average this time at Anwell much better. 11 shots - 7 hits.

Brought one home and found Dr. Morris <sup>actually hit one of the birds a clean line</sup>  
 had mistook 2 of his birds! They are delicious.  
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

A flashback of the season ago whole has a somewhat familiar flavor - early dog work during the warm weather; poor. Especially unsatisfactory as concerns Ruff. Upping him too strictly makes him worse. Did get him over path hunting habit and have him responding to, "Now you get in there and hunt." But cold weather is the answer to Ruff's problem and he did beautifully the rest of the season. His range is shorter - still has wide spurts - and his speed not so fast, but he really covers ground wonderfully. And when it comes to handling grouse, he has it. I find he does his best when hunted alone and I want to do that as much as I can next year. His points are lovely, he is steady to wing, and his retrievers - if drawn out a bit lambishly - are the best.

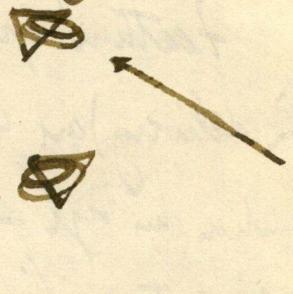
Feathers' ground work and retrievers (except for tendency to lay bird down in delivery) are wonderful. He ranges perfectly and at glorious speed - as Ruff did when his age - and his retrievers are the fastest ever. I'm certain he caught one bird before he let it touch the ground. But he did poorly on his points. Too anxious and unsteady. He needs work alone.

Madows came along well and began to point & retrieve. He seems to profit most from work with Ruff. Not with Feathers - too much competition.

Wilda - well, Wilda is mostly to look at, both for beauty and for her drive and range in the woods. But she did practically nothing on birds and I wonder if she ever will.

They did fine with the camera - even to birds falling and flying after head.  
Excellent pictures of the shooting and dog work.

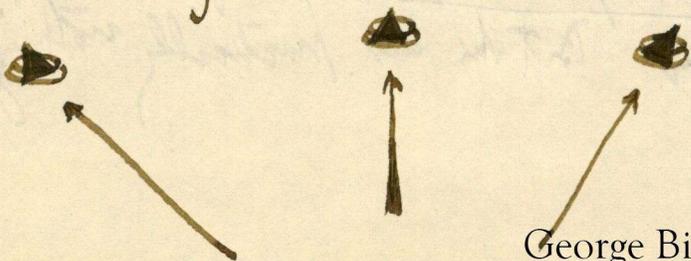
I have my usual new "method" for shooting quons to add at the end of each season's notes. This year the main factor was the new gun stock that really fits and the more open right barrel. The "best" swing is much as I felt it last year except that I learned a lot from the claps and the traps. Forget most of the "lead" data. The important item is to first focus on the bird. Glue your eyes to the bird and see it clearly before mounting. Then mount and overtake it as it seems to be getting away from you. That latter seems to be effective. Mounting, see the bird as you overtake and sweep thru it faster than the bird, accelerating the swing. On quartering shots, fire as you pass thru the bird!



On crossing shots, fire as you pass thru a lead ahead of the bird

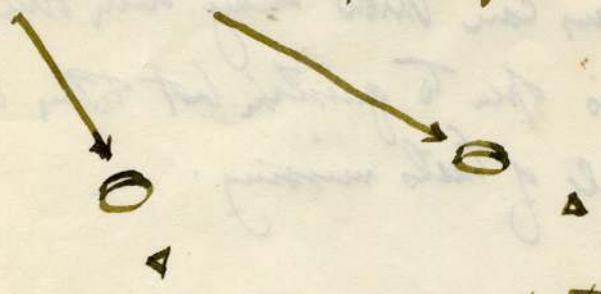


On straightaway or slightly quartering rising shots, right on them (not a "poke", but rather, waiting to focus then mount and see the bird. (Actually you are going with them.)

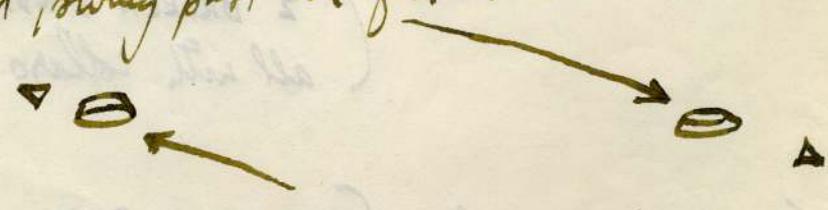


The better method of rapid mount and set, right on the bird holds you overhead every shot not dropping too acutely.

On overhead way shots, dropping - as #1 high bird at shot, a swing then a lead ahead does it, always waiting to mount and overtake, after focussing.



On incomers, low or high, the thing is to focus and glue to the bird as in all others, then mount, swing past and fire as soon as you can get ahead of the bird.



On acutely rising birds, swing them as on quartering, firing as you go thru



On any rising bird that is also crossing, fire going thru a lead, as on crossing birds.



The important thing, focus first, glue to the bird, then mount and overtake it. and feel that if you can only get a focus on a bird, you can hit anything that flies.

The grouse this year were wonderfully plentiful - about like last season and one of the two best years I've known. There was an odd predominance of small birds that were hens. I have come around to the old mountaineer approach that a large bird with prominent ruffs is a "rooster"; the small ones hens, and I think the game technicians can throw away their other yardsticks. Some of the following data is open to question but to the best of my knowledge is this way, with a couple of tails missing.

12 cocks (9 adults, 3 yearlings) { 4 SOLID  
6 SEMI-BROKEN  
2 BROKEN BANDS  
all with collars

22 hens (2 adults, 20 yearlings) { 17 BROKEN BANDS  
3 SEMI-BROKEN  
2 MISSING TAILS

Finally, 1955 season was a new experience in the pleasure of shooting, with a gun that was part of me and whether I hit or missed, there was none of that unhappy frustration of last year. Too, I didn't get steamed up on the dogs and as a result got better work than if I had nagged them. It was really a fine year.





CANAAN MT. 11.14.1  
DOLLY SODS 3.3.0

9(3) 10.1

FOREST { SCOTT 8.9.2 (PISGAH SIDE & REGULAR 16 (all new) 19.0, 12(4) 22.0, 13(2) 14.1  
ENCHANTED 8.9.2  
GLADE 8.9.1

BRIERIES { JUNE'S 15-21-1 4.4.0, 12(1) 12.1  
DORITY 12.16.0, 11(4) 11.2, 2(1) 4.0 (also Dory 3.3.0)  
BEAVER HEADWATERS #4 5.5.1  
LICK 12.14.2  
ROARING GAP 9.14.1, ~~22(16) 32.0~~ 22(16) 32.0, 7.7.1  
WHETSELL SETTLEMENT 9.12.1, 8(6) 8.2, 9(9) 10.0  
CLINT RECHERT 23.33.0, 19(1) 23.1, 24(6) 38.0, 6.6.0  
HOMER MILLER 10(8) 11.0

HOY MILLER 1-1-1  
LAUREL RUN EAST 4.5.0, (OLD FARM 15(10) 22.2) (OLD FARM 9.11.0) (O.F. 12.20.0)

FAULKENSTINE & SPIKER (LOWER) 1-1-0, & UPPER SPIKER 1.1.0  
HAZEL RUN & OLD FARM ~~4(4) 11.0~~ 6(4) 11.0

HAZELTON 8.11.0  
LOWER SHAFER 4.5.1  
LITTLE SANDY (S) 4.6.0  
HERRING LAUREL RUN 4.4.0

BOWERMASTER BRIDGE 12.14.2  
ROCKVILLE DILLOW 5.6.1  
UPPER BEAVER 5.9.0, 8(4) 10.2, 5(3) 5.1  
VALLEY POINT 5.6.1  
MT. ZION 6.9.1  
BILL BISHOP 8.12.0  
BRAD LAIDLEY (CHRISTOPHER RUN) 2.2.0

TRY LAUREL FORK OF ROARING (CRANE SCHOOL ROAD)

DICK MILLER  
GEORGE RINGER  
CHARLES KELLY  
HAYMEN RODEHEAVER  
MEYERS ROCKS } no logs restricted...  
RAY GUTHRIE  
CUPP

VITAL STATISTICS 1955

GEORGE - 47 DAYS (3 DAYS PHEASANT MICHIGAN,

31 COVERTS

174<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> HOURS

101 SHOTS - 34 HITS 33.66% 9.64 BIRDS PER COVERT

299 BIRDS MOVED - 559 FLUSHES 6.36 PER DAY, 1.71 PER HR.  
3.21 FLUSHES PER HR.

RUFF — 31 DAYS, 38 PRODUCTIVES (1.22 PER DAY)

19 KILLED OVER (2 OVER POINTS)

13 RETRIEVES

LIFETIME RECORD: 477 PRODUCTIVES

'47-'55 179 KILLS (46 OVER POINTS)

132 RETRIEVES

264 HUNTING DAYS

FEATHERS — 24 DAYS, 3 PRODUCTIVES

19 KILLED OVER

18 RETRIEVES

LIFETIME: 12 PRODUCTIVES

'52-'55 61 KILLS (1 OVER POINT)

41 RETRIEVES

65 DAYS

WILDA — 9 DAYS

5 KILLS

LIFETIME: 6 PRODUCTIVES

'51-'55 30 KILLS (1 OVER POINT)

67 DAYS

SHADOWS — 23 DAYS, 2 PRODUCTIVES

17 KILLS

2 RETRIEVES

LIFETIME: 2 PRODUCTIVES

'54-'55 2 RETRIEVES

46 DAYS

29 KILLS