

Shooting Notes 1957

Saturday 12 October yesterday was opening day and, with one exception, the only one I remember not hunting. However, the dense foliage makes grouse shooting impossible and Ray and I preferred taking the three boys and Gay to the Pleasant fields for another go at training in late afternoon. Today, more for ceremony than anything else, we did take all four over to Carl & John Mungo's. The color is screaming most places and while the leaves are so dense that shooting is scarcely within consideration, it is worth waiting for just to be in such fall woods. We hunted on Carl's place, starting Buff and Gay (Ray, Carl and I) and moved 3 p.m. for 4 flushes on the side with the house. Returning to the car about 5:00 to change dogs, Buff pointed in the high "mushroom" field "very solidly". I moved him on twice and at the third freeze with the wind strong in his face he walked into a covey of big quail. Carl had assured me there were no quail there but to shoot at whatever Buff had. I missed a very easy shot and Carl missed two - but it had been a nice piece of work by Buff. Gay who had been moving and hunting beautifully all afternoon, didn't like the shooting too well but she moved out after a while and after Ray went for the young dogs, I went

and shadows who came tearing up, too hot and anxious for their long wait in the station wagon. Ray waited at the car for us while we circled. The young dogs bumped the ground once. Crossing the road we moved 3 more grouse that I also did not see. At 6:00 we returned to the car where Ray had been sitting all the while - a mean trick I hated but I couldn't very well avoid since Carl wanted to follow the covey.

3:00-6:00 (3) March 6 grouse - 7 flushes

no shots on grouse
Ruff
Feathers
Shadows
Gry

The chief purpose of the trip was to leave Gry with Carl and John Spring which only convinced Gry that I am one more man who has forgotten her.

Tram
Monday 14 October

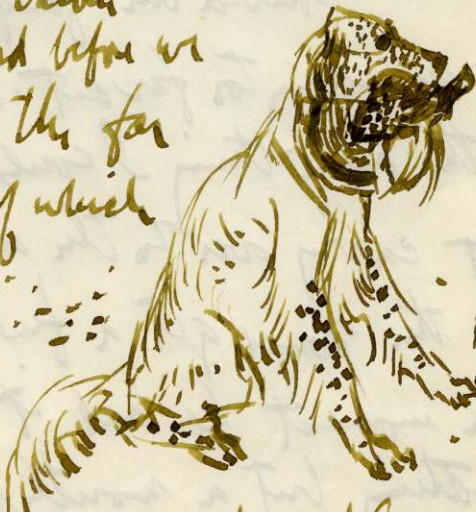
Ray & I took Ruff and shadows to James' country, leaving an unhappy Feathers in the kennel yard at home. Why is it that somebody always must be unhappy in this set-up? This was a glorious Indian Summer afternoon - full blast of color around home, much less intense in the flowering - sick pine section and the foliage full summer denseness. It was quite warm and if I had realized I would have hunted in shirt and game bag. We parked just this side of Summers' and moved into a fragrant, hot autumn woods - Ruff beginning his 11th season with astonishing reliability. The potatoes we load into

him), Shadows his 5th, George his 33rd (also full of steam) #3/57
and the old Fox in its 31st. The two setters moved beautifully
in spite of the dry hot day but missed a grouse that flushed
ahead of me not ten minutes after we entered the woods, going away
in a low rising shot. I fired instinctively right on it and saw it
go down, well out. Both dogs came in to search
at command and finally
after we found feathers and
stood at the spot, Ray saw
Shadows bringing the grouse in, still alive. Oddly, instead of retrieving to
hand, he laid it down and came to me, refusing to go back for it. I
then let Ruff find and retrieve it, which he did, sitting to deliver,
though he dropped it before I accepted it. We blamed the hot
weather. The bird was a nice big cock - an adult and we took a moment
to "think of Dr. Morris" as requested in his last letter.

Moving on we hunted the bottom
below James, putting out one bird before we
crossed the foot bridge. On the far
side we made three more, one of which
I credit Ruff with a point on.

At the bridge we ate lunch in
a setting too lovely to

describe - hemlocks, rhododendron, and maples. It was rather
late when we finished and started down the middle trail just
below James house. Shadows bumped (I think) a bird in the first
good ravine and we made no more. George Bird Evans Papers
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RUFF SITS WITH THE
SEASON'S FIRST

of the two lower trams. With the dense foliage, oppressive heat and our softening good luck of the early afternoon we decided against hunting the lower part. Working up the old washout toward the upper tram we heard - and saw - a grouse flush from the dogs ahead and bore straight at us down the middle of the road. Ray dropped to give me room for action and I turned, taking the shot high overhead where the bird had rocketed above the trees, an overhead away shot very obtuse and thru leaves. To my surprise (tho it was so instinctive I scarcely had time to do anything)

I saw it go into a spin and disappear.

~~Running~~ to the spot, I called the dogs and sent them in to retrieve.

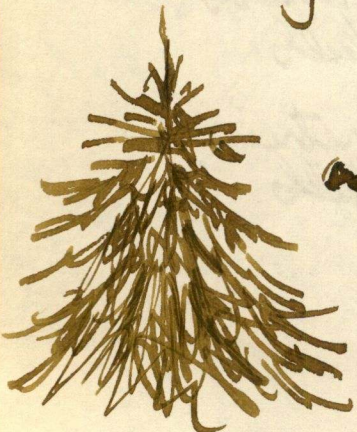
Meadows coiled in widening casts while Ruff carefully combed the foreground but neither located.

GOING AWAY

COMING AT US FAST!

By now Meadows was moving too far out. I whistled him in and started him over, doing the only thing I could do - wait and try to not let my excitement carry over to the dogs. Suddenly we heard a flutter and saw the grouse get a few feet off the ground as Meadows went for it. In a moment he had it and then, to my annoyance, came in with nothing but a mouthful of feathers. Again I sent Ruff in and again he found and brought it to me - another cock - like the first, alive and wing-tipped. This one was a yearling. Unfortunately Meadows, I can't get your attention on this one.

57/5
Tuesday 15 October More lovely Indian Summer. This time I^{57/5}
did shoot in shirt and game bag and it was
most pleasant. Took Feathers alone (his 6th) to the Hendershell
ridge along Little Sandy. It too is ^{you} dense with foliage, but more
intense color than yesterday. I was surprised to meet no birds
along the power line where I shot my first one last year, and
even more surprised to meet none all the way to the little run
that comes down from Cuppos. Circled up to the edge of the Cuppos
fields and doubled back along the top of the ridge and again to
the power line and still no birds - in spite of a beautiful job of
work by Feathers. Shated it for him. at 4:00 he flopped
down for his second rest and I took it for a lunch break -
delicious steak sandwiches Kay had fixed. I had heard a bird (#1)
flush from Feathers at the foot of the ridge, going downstream toward the
mixed hemlock cover along Little Sandy, so after lunch, I ridled
across the power line and into the mixed cover on the far side. Not far
along a path, a grass took off from the top of a tall hemlock above
me, offering a possible chance that I snuffed by not swimming them.
a few seconds after I shot, a second
bird went out of the same hemlock top,
offering no view of itself. I worked my way
toward the creek, feeling the bird I had missed
might have stayed on this side (unlikely) and
the first one Feathers had flushed earlier was

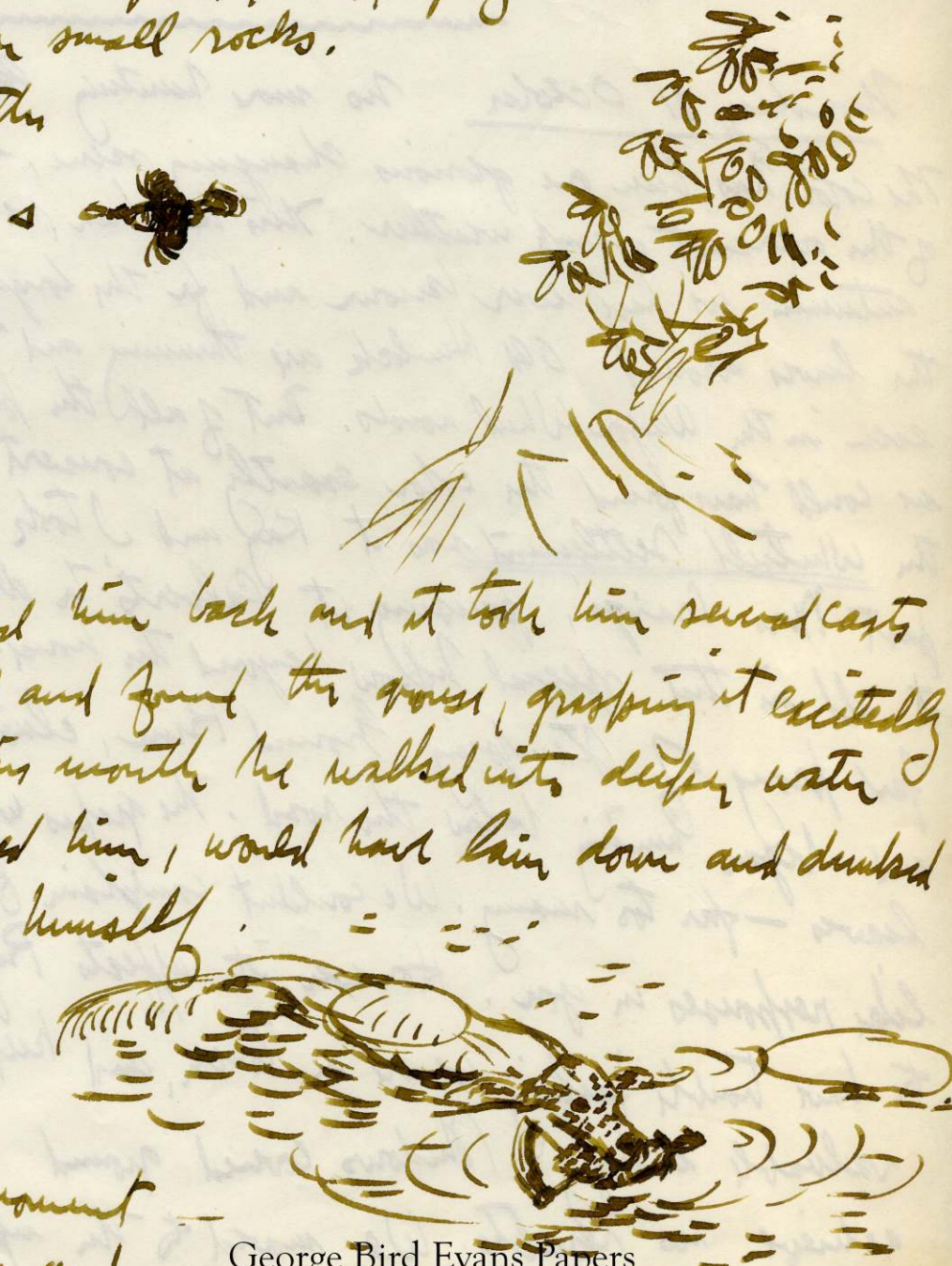


very possibly along that edge. Reaching the lower path, I began walking back upstream, picking my way thru tangles. Suddenly from the rhododendron on the bank on the right a grouse boomed out, straight across toward the creek. Impulsively I swung thru him and fired going thru a lead and saw him pitch toward the edge of the stream. Hurrying down, I sent Feathers to retrieve.

At the water's edge I saw the grouse, dead, lying breast down in shallow water between small rocks.

Sending Feathers into the stream, I waited while he tried to work it out. The scent seemed difficult for him to find, for he walked far out into the creek, searching. I called him back and it took him several casts before he got the wind and found the grouse, grasping it excitedly. Then, with the bird in his mouth he walked into deeper water and if I hadn't stopped him, would have lain down and dunked the grouse as well as himself.

I was delighted with the bird - a beautiful adult cock - another moment of meditation for Dr Morris and I called it a day - returning to the car.



We had a concert in Morgantown that evening so it was as well to stop. I can't understand where all the birds ^{were} ~~are~~ in this count today. There were plenty of grapes.

2:30 - 5:00 (2½)

made 3-4 flushes

2 shots - 1 hit

Feathers: 1 retriever
1 kill

adult cork; collar, semi-solid, med. wide
crop: empty

Monday 21 October No more hunting last week because of rain. The color has been one glorious changing scene, even more intense because of the overcast damp weather. This has been, in fact, the most colorful autumn we have ever known and for the longest - three weeks. Now the leaves around Old Hamble are thinning and the color is slipping past, even in the Wagon Wheel woods. But of all the places in the world where we could have found the color exactly at concert pitch, the Brierley in the Whitell Settlement was it. Ray and I took Puff and Shadows out past Mrs. Craig's, pausing at Calvert's to drink in the full shock of it all in that special hollow beyond the house. We parked at the far prong of Stamping Ground Run, clusters of grapes all about us, and began hunting below the road. The grapes were there - but so were the leaves - far too many. We couldn't complain for the color ^{causes} ~~is~~ animal-like responses in you. However, it affects Puff adversely, for he seems to have trouble feeling we are in touch, and keeps coming back to me, wasting valuable energy. Shadows covered ground beautifully but seemed to achieve no results. We moved to the upper side of the road

and finally, well up the hollow above the car, moved two birds out of trees. I tried for one, but shot from stationary barrels - a fool trick. Later got a reflex. Returning, we heard two more flush wild. There is no way to see or mark them except by sound.

10076



ONE INTO THE SUN.

After lunch we hunted back toward Calvert's hollow and moved a big bird that Ruff might have had a point on. I'm not crediting it but I saw the bird go up within feet of his nose

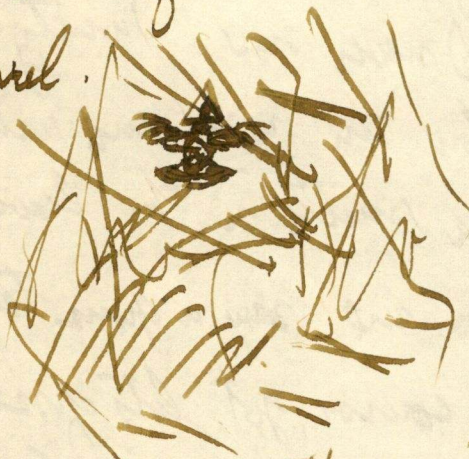
and he was apparently stationary. Too far to try for. I put up another with my voice, sending Ruff on, when he was standing looking at me. Later, returning to the car, after moving a couple more, we approached a little cave I remembered as productive last year. I sent the dog in. Shadows chose to work below. Ruff hunted it and then came back, playing statue looking for me instead of birds. When I ordered him in, of course my voice put out a grouse I never saw. Twenty yards from the car Shadows came from below the road and walked it to the car, Ruff beside him. I heard a rustle in the leaves not ten yards from where Shadows had been and saw a grouse take off. No shot. I followed with Shadows, who of course, got lots of scent in the empty spot - would you call it hind scent? - while Kay & Ruff waited for our whistle signal and then drove the car down the road to us. Altogether a lovely day if you forget the frustrations. And I should.

Moved 10- 2 flushes
1 shot - no hit

Ruff

3:00 - 6:00 (3)

Tuesday 22 October Another fine Indian Summer day. I took
Feathers to Dwight Gilson's place and hunted down Laurel Valley,
climbing the ridge above the stable - very thick and very hot. Soon found
I was overdressed for the weather. Feathers moved (I can't say bumped)
two birds ahead, one of which came back my way but pitched
down into the valley before I had a chance at it. After some
uncomfortable effort I stopped, removed my "winter treads" and
put them in my game pocket, finding it much more to my taste
after that, tho I could have done with a game bag instead of pocket.
at the far end of the covert I walked up a grouse that had set
Feathers were nearby and as it rose below me I tried for it and
missed. A better shot might have handled the situation but there
were a lot of trees involved and the bird went all the way across
Laurel.



I dropped to the bottom, gave Feathers a
chance to drink and after a short
conversation with a man and his daughter in
the cabin on Laurel, hunted on downstream.

The woods is well thinned along the
stream and the color is mostly good. The
accents, where there are any, are the beeches - intense gold and
copper with the sun shining thru their leaves. One beech in
particular I had to go down to and walk under - its glow was
like a benediction and, once there I saw something I had never
seen before. A stump of an ~~legitimate~~ ^{hemlock} that had set

#11
out bark growth that wrapped up and over the upper edges of the
stumps — terrific, the will to live.



Feathers and I crossed the small
tributary to Laurel and climbed the
ridge to the Old Farm fields, hunting
the edges left along the area where I
almost always move grouse. Not today. Following the neck of trees
up to the old lane from the house, I hunted the lane itself
for a piece, eventually covering most of the upper edge about the
Sandy Valley and then the lane all the way down to Laurel. Still
no birds. Back at the mouth of the tributary we did meet two
grouse separately, wild — the only birds since the three below
Durights. Also the last of the day — then I hunted all the way
to the head of the tributary valley and dropped over into Laurel
again and to the car. This sort of thing is not incentive enough for
either dog or man to keep them going 4½ hours for about 6 or 8 miles
of tramping. I'm about at the place, or age, a degree of sophistication
where I want more to work my dogs on and more to shoot at in
return for that much effort.

1:30 - 6:00 (4½)

Moved 5 - 3 flushes
1 shot - no hit

Feathers

Friday 25 October At last we went over to see Gay, who gave
us a flattering welcome. She is showing
promise of coming out of her psychosis, having retrieved a grouse for Carl
the day before. Rather than break the charm, we decided not to
take her out without Carl, who was not home. Ray and I went to
Charlie Faulkner's where we left Feathers in the station wagon and
took Ruff and Shadows out the ridge behind the house. We found
the cover beautiful - mixed hemlocks & hardwoods with a streamful
of rhododendron in the bottom - but moved only two birds for 3
flushes - two out of trees. The day was perfect for grouse shooting -
cold and damp and overcast and both Ruff and Shadows worked
wonderfully, but no chance to handle birds in trees. I think, on
another day, this country might produce. We hunted the ridge
back and after covering the bottom along the road, returned to the
car. Moving back toward the Springs, Ray dropped me out at the
Burnside hollow, where Feathers and I took off, letting Ray and the
other boys go on. It was about 5:00 and we soon moved a
grouse from the hemlocks to the right of the power line with no
dog work a shot. Doubling back, I crossed the hollow and started
hunting up toward Springs. In the edge above me, Feathers
apparently put out a grouse (I caught it a new one) that flew high
and away, offering the quickest shot as it began to disappear in
the thick cover. I swung thru and fired and, waiting to listen
for the fall, saw the bird hit the ~~cover~~ ^{tree} just ahead - Then

begin to run down toward the stream. I tried to stop it on the ground but missed. However, Feathers was soon on hand, and peering in a listening attitude, got a look at the bird making away below. He soon had it and retrieved it nicely, still alive. A yearling hen.



It was a very lucky shot in thick brush near twilight darkness. Unloading, I walked up over the hill and to the Springs where I got Gay a good noseful of the warm bird.

after dinner (Gay had taken some things) we had a nice visit with Gay on the sofa between Carl and me, her head and paws on my lap a lot of the time.

(Faulkner) moved 2-3 flushes

Ruff & Shadows

(Burnside) moved 2-2 flushes

Feathers, retriever, bull

1 shot - 1 hit

3:45 - 6:15 (2 hrs.)
(time out to drive between places)

yearling hen: interrupted band, crop, grapes, cing foil, fern, teaberry leaves, ~~willow~~, ^{verbena}, buds

Saturday 26 October: Still cold and cloudy. Gay stayed home with Shadows while I took Ruff & Feathers to the Hy Miller country, hoping to find the birds I'm sure are there. It looked even better when I saw it again - old fields, edges of woods, wonderful grouse cover - grapes, everything. I hunted lower than usual, keeping both dogs going in the thick cover as I worked back toward the old farm place. Feathers hunted wonderfully, needing no handling and Ruff, after a short hunt yesterday, had lots of go.

thicket above the old larch tree. Puff was showing signs of game
but Feather had already bored in the dense growth and I don't
know if he pointed the bird or simply bumped it. I might have had a
fast try for it as it topped the tangle had I been warned. Dropping
down the spring run before following the first bird, I saw Feather
flush another that went to the right ahead of me. After calling
Feather in for a scolding, I sent them on and, starting the
old clearing, moved me of the birds in the ~~Photodendron~~ on the
brink of the ridge above Big Sandy. Doubling back for a more
careful circle of the area, I lost both dogs who were ranging
well out. Giving them the whistle at my change of direction, I
waited but only Feather came in. Whistling and clapping my
hands for four or five minutes, I finally heard Puff barking, far
away. He was lost well back the ridge where he had back tracked to
find me. My whistle and calling didn't bring him, so I went toward
the barking - pretty frantic by now. Finally I saw him standing
and unable to get the direction of my whistle tho I felt he was
within easy hearing. I had to go nearly up to him and then
he came toward me very confused and unable to see me. His
anxiety had actually affected his vision (as it had done that
time at the Wengards in '54 in the cellar at night). I felt
he would be normal when I got home to me, but he seemed

unable to see trees & sticks and even following me was difficult.
I coaxed him out of the woods and across an old field - with
great difficulty - and decided, tho I had no stomach for it -
that a piece of lunch might help settle him. In the edge of
woods just off the old farm place, I rested him and got his
mind on eating my sandwich crusts. When we started out, he
moved ahead with almost normal manner but I kept after
him, without giving him a chance to have to look for me, letting
him set the path. It is surprising how fast he moves. Finally,
I had him hunting almost as well as before the accident, but he
was deeply shaken. That evening, he kept following me from room
to room, and at bedtime, cried when we left him, even with
the two boys, in the studio. Finally with a trip to Pittsburgh in the
offing, they moved out to the sofa and spent the night with him. We
took him to Pittsburgh with us and by Wednesday Sunday night he was
normal again. A very sensitive individual, bless him.

Accidentally, we covered the hollow across from the place I
parked the car, hunting all the way up to Dick Miller horn and back. The
birds. The big Miller country definitely has been in decline grousewise,
for the past several years, 54, 55, 56, & 57. Good years in 52 & 53.

2:30-5:30 (3)

heard 2-3 flickers.
no shots

Puff
Feather

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Tuesday 29 October Ray & I took all 3 boys (for a new and very effective system of dog rotation) to Upper Beaver, parking just above the bridge. The weather was warm enough to be pleasant but with traces of snow left on the shady hillsides. Starting with Puff & Shadows, we hunted along John Kelly's woods to the left of Beaver, seeing lots of wild grapes on vines and on the ground. The air was marvelously damp and aromatic with that wonderful, ~~un~~ unnamed smell that is so much a part of shooting woods to me and I love it as I love the good sunshine between cloudy spells and the feel of carrying a gun behind Puff and young Shadows out there ahead of us taking the woods apart. We crossed the lower road and entered the Eyre Kelly land on the right of the stream, working the bottom cover. Just when Puff had pointed a grouse last season near the fence and on an old log road, I came on him on point. This time the bird wasn't accommodating enough to have ~~waited~~ ^{waited} for us, but had moved up the hillside where Shadows put him out (I can't say he hadn't pointed). The grouse came down across, measure of me and had I had a second's warning, I might have had a shot. We saw it appear to settle in the huckleberries and rhododendron along the creek but failed to find it. Working down into thicket and cutover areas we crossed to the John Kelly side and moved a woodcock twice with neither dog getting any sign of it. A good chance to shoot if I'd cared to. Hunting back upstream, I saw Shadows drive into a clump of

rhododendron, and realized he'd been on point, only to hear the
quack go out the far side and up the ridge. We eventually located
a ledge of rhododendron on the upper edge of the woods and under
left leg behind, I curled the cover, finally getting a good chance
at the bird as it crossed left from the dogs. I don't know why I
missed but can say nearly half my pattern rooked into a tree (always
a soothing comforter). A nice big bird. It was nearly five when we

returned to the station wagon for lunch
 (having shipped the piece on the north side
of Beaver between the 2 roads). Feathers had behaved very well, left
alone, and now we parked Ruff & Thelma and took Feathers into
the cover about the Cuyahoga road. Hunting up the hollow we moved 2
birds, then a top curled then grape stream ground that was, as
Ray said, "windy" from the crushed joint - but no birds. As it
began to darken, I curled around the shoulder into the edge
where I used to see birds and suddenly walked into 2 -
one of the ground (I missed him on a rising straightaway)
and his partner from a high tree top. Ward one of them wild a second
time. Feathers' work was a revelation.


The pleasure to be had in late afternoon with a fresh dog - his
energy and speed were refreshing and a lift to me instead of
having to coax a tired dog to scan all those late evening places.
But unfortunately he didn't point any birds - then I saw him draw
into one scent that looked awfully interesting. The first scent

a moment after the bird left and his work was delightful — a quick freeze — only to warm on a split second later as he realized the bird had gone.

Finally we dropped to the stream and hunted down to the



FEATHERS MAKES SURE.

road where they walked the roadway to the car while Feather and I played into the edge for one more flush. Drove to Morgantown and heard Suzanne Block.

2:30 - 6:45 (4 1/4) more 7 - 9 flushes
2 shots - no hits

Buff
Shadows: 1 production
Feathers

Thursday 31 October

Yesterday in Chincoteague with wind and sprinkles in evening.

Today we were, literally, on top of the world. We awoke to a day warm and clearing and took off with all 3 boys for our Stony River hunt. It was tremendously exciting, exploring this beautiful grouse territory. Stopped at some good looking hemlock/hardwood cover 2 miles on our route 50. Emory Wolfe, an old bear hunter and friend of Dick Beason. Parked the car and Feather, at his house down from the road, and hunted with Buff & Shadows down excellent hemlock and Rhododendron hollow toward Stony River. We saw #1 from the edge not far along and saw it cross — a big bird — to the last cover in the

hillside to our left. #2 did a similar trick and #3 left
from a tree top and went the same direction. Had we continued around
the edge of this cover I think we'd have heard more, but I wanted to
hunt the valley upstream. We at last found an old tree road
along the bottom thru good rhododendron but only heard one
more bird - #4 that the dogs put out together with my voice.

It came back giving me a wonderful chance at a left-crosser
and I missed. I can't list my alibis but I was teetering on a
round rock at the time. Incidentally, I can't remember ever
having more trouble with my footing - the damnedest. Also, I
don't think either dog had pointed at one of the four birds heard.



We decided to climb higher
and, pausing for a bit of lunch,
made the top, which was an old

field with thorn scrub along the woods margin. We turned to hunt
back toward Wolfes, jumping a deer from the edge ahead. In a
few minutes we heard 2 grouse go out of the thorn thicket but
failed to near them again. Dropping over the ridge, we came on
turkey scratchings, we are sure. The woods here is big and open
with red oak acorns. Lower down it changes to a thickety hemlock
and rhododendron along the run that is behind Wolfes. Working
across this, I heard a chicken squawk and saw the house in
the clearing on the far side, surprised for I had expected the house

further below me down the hollow. I had 1 day put my belt as
shadows as chicken insurance (nothing quite so awkward your
first visit than to have to buy chicken you don't want) and
then looked up to see Ruff on one of his beautiful points —
left foot raised, head high and glassy-eyed.



I signaled to Kay, who released
shadows and began taking notes.

THIS ISN'T HALF AS
NICE AS IT REALLY LOOKED.

As I walked in to Ruff's left the grouse flushed and went away
low and I fired, saw the bird begin to sail down and I fired
again, right on it, and then lost sight of the bird. Ruff moved
in and, while I caught shadows and removed my belt which he
was dragging with him, I saw Ruff lean down and pick up
the grouse. I really think I hit the bird both times, a crippling
shot with the first, and as it settled a dead center with the left.
For when Ruff retrieved it — a yearling hen, it was quite limp and
dead. Kay got the delivery. It was a wonderful thrill for
me — to have Ruff make a production, to kill it on his point, and

have Puff get to make the retriever to round out the whole
existing business. Puff seemed to have very enthusiasm.
We went in to the house, talked to the Wolfes a few minutes,
and then drove off - to explore the further reaches in the
last hour and a half of light.

at a tiny Post Office/Store called Bernmark I inquired
and was given very lucky directions by the stockholder to the
corner settlement where "the boys had been turkey hunting and had
seen lots of pheasants." We were off and soon following a
fine stone based road out to the top of heaven where the ridges
rolled away into the southwest in a wild valley of the Stony
River country. One of the Corners - a very personable Chap - directed
us to a woods where a man had told him this afternoon that he
had found a big bunch of pheasant. He also directed us to
Helmick Run for a future try, where we could find birds all the
way to Stony River Dam. at first we were discouraged when we
tried to follow his directions to the first cove, but finally in a
spruce and hemlock run, a way around the bend from the car -
where we had left Puff & Shadow and taken Festing, we
came onto a pair of birds - 7 feathers put out the birds with no
sign of point that I could see - tho he hunted like a dream. We
hunted all the way to the river with no reflection. Dismayed back as the

sky darkened ominously, we decided to cut up on the ridge to make the car roomer. On the edge of a clearing, and when Tetterton missed them I don't understand, we heard six grouse go up one at a time — two at a time from trees. It was incredible the way they drifted materializing out of the gloom. No shots — all too far away. Tetterton finally missed two of them for reflexes, and at last we had to give up and head out for want of light.

It is a place we yearn to go back to, but soon. Tetterton cut the big country up into little pieces, but oddly did not make a single point that I could tell. I very much like hunting a fresh dog the last hour a two — does wonders for your stamina.

As we topped the ridge, the sunset sky was a red-gold glow under a heavy blanket of cloud hanging over the purple-black ridges that brooded to the north and west. What country. This appeals much more than the Dolly Rods, for it has the birds the other place is supposed to have. We count the days for a return trip. The top of the world — and what a world. Ruff: 1 prok. 1 killdeer (just) 1 rebrun.

1:45 to 4:15 (2 1/2
yearling hen: interrupted band
up: leaves
5:06:45 (1 3/4

heard 7-7 flushes
3 shots — 1 hit (counting only one of the hits)
(over point)
heard 8-10 flushes
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Friday, November #23
This was a warm, partly sunny day with
just enough moisture in the leaves to make
hunting perfect. Leaving Ruff & Feather at home, Ray & I took
Shadows to the Clint Peckham country - for we knew and Shadows
knew that it was the sort of day that grouse would be everywhere. The
only one who didn't know it were the grouse. Parking at the upper
corner of Homer Miller's, we hunted out the path to the farm road, with
Shadows covering the woods to the right very nicely. Swinging toward
Huffman's, I heard Shadows was #1 ahead of me and above the old
train. The leaves were surprisingly dense - especially the oaks -
and visibility was poor. We didn't hear this grouse - or any other -
until we'd walked out to the rhododendron rocks this side of the Smith
place, where we heard another one go. Telescoping the afternoon into a
single statement - the weather and woods were lovely but the action
was very poor. One reason for lack of birds may be the Bell boy we
encountered with gun and bagle, hunting the train toward us.
Tried to talk to him but he simply wouldn't speak - melting
off in the woods below. He must have scattered the birds along the
path for we never found grouse so scarce in here. I did almost walk
on one bird, lying close along the margin of the road past Smith's
gate. But he flushed with care between us, some from a few feet
away. We walked out to the Clint Peckham place, eating lunch on an
old stone wall along the stream - very idyllic. (but some grouse would

birds (Ray saw some large "rocks") but we heard only one for two
flushes. On the second rise from the edge of a field as we returned
into the woods I got a fair try at a low away shot but not
much of a look at the sparrow. While we hunted to the hard road,
Ray returned to the Taylors (where she settled down in the house to
coffee & cinnamon rolls while we had to walk back for her!). Driving
back to Carl's, Ray dropped us off at his woods where we and Feathers
and Ray (did not put shadows down today). Heard two birds
for three flushes - Carl missed a long try. Returned to the house about
6:00. So far, this country promises very little, tho a day like
this one was no fair chance. Ray is returning to the gun a bit too
much to please me - I don't think Carl keeps her moving out enough.
But it's a hard job to handle her and use a gun. Too, it is
confusing to her to have me turn up and leave her divided in
allegiance. She moves like a dream when she is left going.
Drove home thru dense fog to Cabell Mountain.

4:00 - 5:00 (1 hr)	1 shot - no hit	Ray
5:15 - 6:00 (2 1/2 hr)	heard 2-3 flushes (no new)	Carl's Feathers Ray

Monday 4 November Ray stayed home with Feathers who has a game
right rear leg. I took Buff & shadows to the Scott Run cove in
the forest. The day was cool and cloudy - felt like rain or snow -
but it behaved well. I shot it cold for sparrow. hunting cool and damp

enough for good scenting, but the dogs seemed unable to work scent,
Murd nothing in the good grass cover among the boulders. Reaching the
second hillside where I usually find birds, I let the dogs work
it well and after some time Shadows bumped (as well as I can tell)
2 birds that went the wrong way to me. A few minutes later, Ruff
walked into #3 at the foot of the hillside and above the path. I
followed this one on down the hollow but failed to contact it again.
Crossing to the next point, Shadows bumped two more singles -
and I think we got reflexes on both. Dropping down to the
creek I took the path to the next hollow and hunted on downstream,
moving #6 (also by Shadows). Climbed the steep hill and worked
further down valley, getting a nasty fall on slippery rocks that sent
me face down. I just managed by luck to throw my gun
from my left hand into my right in time to clear the rocks
and save it, while I got the jolt on my left elbow. It was a
rather neat bit of recovery. Up over the terrific hill, I climbed
over the rock ledge and ate lunch at 4:30. It was about 5:00
when I started the return trek, and getting pretty cloudy dark.
Worked up the next ridge to the old CCC camp then over to the
ridge below the road, doubling back into the first valley but moved none.
Did not 2 on the way from the far end of the hunt. Shadows and
Ruff worked beautifully early.

back but it was non-productive. As they tired they both showed
 and while I can't fault Ruff for stopping to breath me since he can't
 see me any distance, there is no excuse in Shadows' doing the same
 every few minutes. I was thoroughly disgusted with the lack of
 action by the time I got up to the car. And while I often don't
 shoot more than 8 birds in here it seemed I had gone far enough
 for twice that many. This forest is growing up away from grouse
 cover and as far as I can see, they do exactly nothing about it.
 I want to try the power line right of way in the other land and see
 if the cutting back has improved the bird population.

2:00 - 6:15 (4 1/4)

ward 8-10 flushes.
 No shots

Ruff
 Shadows

Tuesday 5 November

I took a short hunt today with Shadows in a
drizzling rain that was oddly satisfying. I had not
 been to the Ray Guthrie place for years and I found it about as perfect
 looking grouse cover as any I know. Parking near the house, I started
 in a light rain, hunting the upper margin of the creek hill thru
 wonderful hemlock cover. Hearing as few birds as I did in no way shakes
 my confidence in this area for this was the kind of day a grouse draws
 himself into a ball and hibernates under a log or high in a hemlock
 near the trunk. Shadows worked beautifully, covering every square yard
 on all sides of me as I worked down toward the creek. I think I

heard a grouse go out wild below us and count it #1. In the bottom
along the stream where I used to make so many I didn't get
to really explore - thinking I was coming back on a lower
swath. I hunted all the way to the old road, and by this
time the rain was nasty. I walked a short piece into the
area across the road, where the stone cabin is located - all
wonderful hemlock & Rhododendron cover now. at last, after
an hour's hunting I had to admit the weather was impossible,
and climbing to the upper edge near the road, I started to
hunt toward the car. Suddenly Meadows came barreling in from
the edge of the cover and nearly trampled a grouse - a big one that
went out from under his nose (why didn't he scent it?) and
was quartering out into the field and circled back toward the
woods. A wonderful chance if I had been within open. Meadows
chose equally and got a mild scolding when he came back, but it
put a lot of nerve in him. I marked the bird and walked the
edge, flushing it from atop an oak only to see it go into the
far mists. Within moments, another bird flushed from a small
hemlock on the edge, forcing up the margin of the woods into
a fine corner with hemlocks & quaking tangles but I never
marked it. I was pretty dippy by now so I walked the edge

to the place I had begun hunting and then crossed the field in a driving rain, tracking a cow with a loose bowl.

At the car I changed to dry clothes and warmed up with coffee and stuffed dates before driving home. This coat is a beauty - holding cover, grapes, hardwoods and even greenbrier berries in the field for later use.

Madams

March 3 - 4 flushes
no photo

2:00 - 3:30 / 1 1/2



Wednesday 6 November

Kay & I took Puff to the Whitwell country. a perfect day - cold, clear and sunny. We parked at Colverts and this time hunted down the left side of Stampung Ground Run - new to us - on an old log road that led thru heavy rhododendron cover, too dense for Puff to penetrate the sides. Not until we reached the south prong did we find birds. Here, on the far side, Puff moved a grouse that lifted sailed a short distance and seemed to land in a tree on the hill side downstream from us. As we approached, we heard it and two others flush and go down the valley. We followed thru lovely grouse country to an old sawmill site but heard nothing. Doubling back we hunted the hill higher, still heard nothing until I moved Puff in closer to the rock ledge where we flushed one of the birds lying tight. Since he went down the valley again I decided to hunt for him and

try to move the others from the tangle in the rocks. We finally
did move one of them and saw it tip the shoulder and drop into
the valley — all this with no chance to shoot. It has been days
since I've had a shot and this sort of thing doesn't make me less
eager. We heard one of the birds flush wild and, then, we
dropped into the stream, crossed and hunted up the far side
along a path. Buff made a fine point but it failed to produce.
Up at the forks of the creek once more we crossed on our former
path and began hunting the south prong, keeping up the right
slope. Below me two birds flushed and went back down valley.
Not far above I saw Buff walk into two more — one going up the
gorge, the other hunting up the far side. Ray dropped down to
join me and we hunted up the stream. Buff was hunting ahead
and to my right and put a grouse out of some rhododendron. It
crossed the path too quickly for me to shoot but as it rose, I saw it
turn left and came down the far side, treetops higher and a crossing
left shot, within gun range. I swung then it and fired at a
lead, feeling pretty sure, only to see it falter and go on. Ray
got a male after I shot and marked its direction by a pointing wing.

~~and~~ 

We hunted back after it, feeling it

among some low rhododendron on the other bank well up from the stream and just where it should be, Buff worked in and pointed. I heard the grouse start up with quite a flutter, expected Buff to catch it and then saw it boil up - almost straight up and coming to my left - and I came up then it, absolutely certain this time, fired, saw it waver, fired again, saw it flush and pitch and fly down the valley with the certainty of an armored plane.



This time I was sure the bird would be down for good when

we found it. Hunting on down the path we kept in the line of flight and rather shortly came to Buff on point, head high and working into the cover to the right. There was only one way for it to



be. The grouse was crouching - or lying dead - in the rhododendron. My job was to get Buff to break his point and retrieve it. I took a few steps to make the bird flutter - nothing. When I ordered

Buff on. He held solid. I walked up the slope among the thick cover and finally, ordering Buff on again. I can't say that he missed, but the bird - a bird - exploded and boomed down the hollow. It couldn't have been a full shot in it. Actually I am

convinced that I was a new one, #9. We pushed back down the
gorge but altho Puff made another very convincing point down
on the main path near the falls, we moved nothing further here.
I was in a mood and Ray wisely suggested that we stop and
eat lunch. It was nearly 5:00 and with the shadow of the hills
about us, getting very cold. After eating we hunked up the
right slope of the valley and more, finally moving #10 just
below the main road and #11 just above it. Next, I count
some we'd moved last time. Ray waited while I made a short
cut up the run and came back down to join her and hunt
the hillside above the road on the way back toward Calvert's.

Some piece along I saw Puff, with no warning of hunt, walk
into a group of four that flushed a pair and a pair. We
followed the upper track and got a nice production on one that
went out well ahead of Puff and pitched into the main valley of

Thumping Ground Run.

Dropping down to the
road, we failed to move
any of the others. At last as we walked the road we heard #16

go out of the cover to the right and in front. Puff went up and



RUFF HAS ANOTHER

drew to a point on the bank, then went in as I followed, leaving
Kay on the road. Soon I heard her exclaim, "If you had only
stayed on the road!" and she said two birds had flushed from the
edge and gone down the road ahead. We came out on the
fields and clearing at Calverts too soon for the birds to have
landed and, letting Kay go to the car (in somewhat injured
frame of mind from my crude remarks to lift her feet and walk
quietly) I hunted left and into the edge of Calverts woods
where we had begun hunting but made nothing. It was a wonderful
day, loads of birds not too much chance to shoot, but terribly
frustrating at having goofed the two good shots I had. Ruff,
however and in spite of my criticism about false pointing tonight,
had worked excellently and his three productions made the day.
The moon came up cold, silver and a perfect globe over the Pine's
as we reached the car. The leaves are off now up here.

Moved 18 (13 new). 25 flushes
Ruff: 3 productions

3 shots - no hit

2:45 - 6:30 (3 3/4)

Wednesday 7 November
With 7 feathers still boogered up with his
leg cramp and Ruff hunted hard yesterday.
I used shadows alone today. Kay stayed home with the oranges.
The weather was perfect again. It was warmer than yesterday.

I drove to Cadell to try the good-looking grape area near the firetower road, parking at the State Road gravel tipple. I found the cove on the south side of the road disappointingly open and too mature with few if any grapes away from the road. Also found that the paved road winds along the ridge almost on contour and so was hardly out of hearing of traffic sounds. I hunted almost a mile in to the head of the rhododendron hollow above "Clearwater Park", only to find a station wagon (Blue County sedan, Ford) with two gun cases parked in an old log road. If they found any birds I don't know where they looked. I cut back and, crossing the paved road, hunted up the far branch of the run - much better cover - moving the birds from Shadows with no point. (He had made a lovely point across the road that did not produce). One of the birds, a very young one, flew into a sapling and perched there, bristling its tailfeathers at me until I was within a dozen feet. I can't shoot at a bird that has peered into my eyes - not on that flush - and so I told it to get along - that it was too dumb to shoot at.



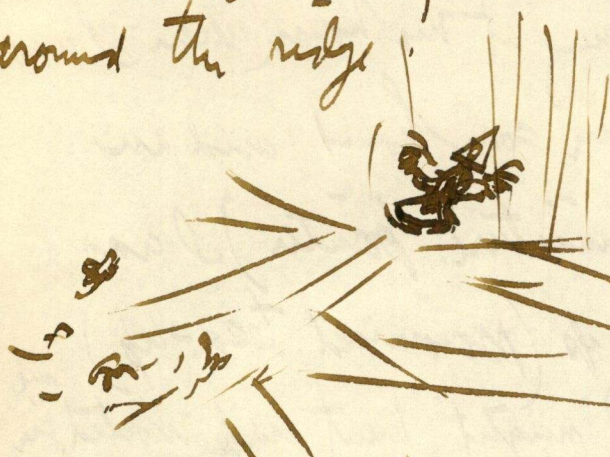
BRISTLING AT ME
LIKE A PARAKEET

Shadows later moved the bird from some red hunk scrub in what could have been a point. I found myself on a good mountain road - the one that runs down from the

tipple where I was parked, and I followed it down past some loaded
 grapevines to a gate to a house. Asking at the house (where I was
 inspected by a sad-looking black & tan coon hound and an
 indefinite individual something like a miniature pointer) I was
 confronted by one of the most teed-up (pronounced teed-up)
 people I've ever seen ^(Dewitt) — he told that I might hunt and invited ^{me}
 — he "wanted to talk to me." Declining, I was asked not to
 "fetch back a lot of other people" and then ~~he~~ thanked for coming
 and asking. Most courtly. I almost bowed to the hound on
the way out. In the tangle above the road we heard a bird go
 out — could have been the one we'd flushed before, and finding it
 too thick to shoot, I decided to go to the car and drive to Elsey.

Eating lunch on the way, I got there at 4:20, inquired at the
 house if I might park and hunt and was soon climbing the
 steep ridge above the house as the shadow swallowed the valley.
 The cover was not too promising, tho we mowed a piece from some
 cotton bolls & grapevine stuff. Most of the growth was tall
 in old pump fields but at last I came to excellent grouse
 woods. As I stepped onto the old road leading from the valley
 to an abandoned shanty, I heard a rustle in the leaves on the
 bank to my side and a grouse boomed out low and quivering
 away. I was crowded for time before he ~~flushed~~ the far inland.

felt myself shooting too quickly, and saw the bird rise and go on around the ridge.



I hunted for this bird with no success, covering the probable area a few times. Then, altho it was getting late, I took some good-looking cover on around the ridge below an old sawdust pile and after some time heard three quails flush together, seeing one of them go on out the ridge. They had been near an old log road that climbed above good hemlock & rhododendron and I followed it, joining a higher log road that led me even further up the valley. At last at about 6:00 I turned back, a bit reluctantly for I think I was just entering the good area, and missing the log road I had planned to take down to the creek, returned to the old shanty, flushing two more - #6 & #7 - as I went. None of the birds had come even near my direction, but of the lack of breakers I've had most of the week. As we dropped down the road from the shack, Shadow found a covey of quail - small birds that peeped like youngsters as they flushed in several rises - the last a good covey of all of 15. I didn't do anything but watch them - one of a young cock perching a few feet from me for a long while. I think Shadow may have pointed one of twice, then he flushed. On the way down, he made a nice production on a single quail and the whole thing peeped him up

a lot. I was pleased, for he was hunting the thickets all the way. He had done not too well starting out on Adell today but I scarcely blame him for the cover was anything but exciting. As we walked down the mountain on the old road - shadows working the upper side -

I heard a grouse take art of a tall tree top below me, cutting back the ridge. I had time on him, and took it, but my swing seemed to go too far just as he poised before pitching and I stopped my gun barrels, firing at a good lead. He only changed direction a shade and sailed on - I'm sure, untouched. When you're hitting



you don't have to think about it, you just go on hitting. When you're

missing, you can't seem to stop. I need a first rate miracle soon. We went back and tried to make the bird but the country is too big and rough. It was hopeless. I reached the car at 6:20 - 2 hours to make 8 birds. Not bad, and a good plan to try again.

	made 2-4 flushes. Adell	
	no shots	
2:30 - 4:00 (1 1/2 hrs.)	made 8-8 flushes Elroy	Shadows! one
4:20 - 6:20 (2 hrs.)	2 shots - no hits	prod. on quail



Saturday 9 November

Twenty-two years ago toite
speck died, also on a Saturday.

Today was cold, 32°, windy and with snow flurries that at times
were pretty dense. Ray stayed home with Feathers and his sore
leg muscle, and, after missing yesterday due to terrific rain and
wind, I took Ruff & Shadows to the Hendershell corners, getting
started at 2:15. We ran into action soon enough — two birds
on the left margin of the power line just below the path a
piece. The first flushed from the dogs crossing back below
and then the trees. I tried for him, missed, tried again as he
rose and saw him flutter down. ~~Certain that I had sprinkled the~~



bird, I sent the dogs over to retrieve
and after a lot of searching
Shadows made a run and



It that we had our bird. The bird felt differently and rose as
nicely as you please, going up the hill after the second grouse.
Gathering my ragged nerves together I pushed up the slope, feeling
they would be pretty near the upper margin of the woods. Just below
the path, one of the grouse flushed from a sapling within yards
of my head, coming to the left and the power line. I swung
with him, firing as he slanted away and saw him appear to
land the side of the opening. ~~Again I went over, feeling we~~

second grouse flushed, coming in from my gun.

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might find the grouse down, but failed to locate it. After
some circling, the dogs at last flushed it higher along the
power line than I had expected and this time it sailed back
into the woods and seemed to land without my even shooting.



10143 100%

So.... I may or may not
have touched any of the birds.
These yearlings are unpredictable,
and fast as hell.

We hunted the hillside rather well, close to the old bridge
abutments, then along the line to the power line, crossing into
excellent hemlock cover on the far side. A big grouse, #3, left
the edge of the woods but I had no chance to try a shot. Keeping to
the lower log road, I worked all the way to Capps Run - fine cover
once again. As I entered the rhododendron along the run, #4 roared
up from the dogs (point?) and I got a short look at it as it
leveled off. I fired and saw the bird go down with a wonderfully
convincing solidity.



Plunging into the thick cover
and crossing the gorge I sent both dogs in and after a moment
saw both shadows and Puff but scent, then Puff's head went down
and he had the grouse - a big cock and quite still. It is probably
cruel, but I must confess I love to see a grouse really go down when
I pull the trigger. And after all the half-baked, incredible shooting I've

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been doing, with birds twitching their tails and going on as if I were shooting salt at them. This was a worthwhile experience and kind of saved some more, and never ends somewhere in my cord.

Ruff retrieved beautifully but delivered without sitting, until I grasped the bird just as he would have dropped it in my hand and pushed him into a sitting position.



RUFF BRINGS
IT IN.

We took time out to eat lunch with the grouse, a beauty, lying breast-up on a stump under the hemlocks.

Keeping to the lower path along the base of the hill, we hunted on upvalley after eating. Stopping once for me to lay my gun down and warm my stiff fingers in my pockets. I came to ^{a clearing} ~~find~~ that was ~~just~~ below the upper strip mine and plunged into the dense hemlocks on the base of the ridge and then climbed to the shelf on top - recognizing the cave as this side of the strip diggings. It was after 3:00 but I wanted to try to move the birds I usually find below the spoil pile. Suddenly Ruff & Shadow showed signs of game but neither established a point. Working on out the path I heard a bird go out about a point and behind me and I wheeled to see it ^{quarters} away, coming out

on the path. I mounted but made the mistake of not
swinging thru the bird. Instead I came up ahead of it,
held and fired four stationary barrels, and of course, missed.
An error I learned too well too many years ago and one
I have made several times during the past week. I decided to



turn back and go about the
path and shortly put out
#6. I hunted after this one,
back down valley pausing to
write it. It was time, anyway, to

make the return trip so I went on back the ridge, slanting down an
old path that led toward Little Sandy. Pausing down, I saw Ruff
on point with shadows in front of him looking back and honoring
the point from out in front - an inverse variation on the usual.

I walked in past Ruff, cautioned
shadows as he began to break, then
saw him get the scent in a real
point, after having backpointed.
The wind was in our faces and they
were scenting the bird from well out



It flushed wild, fifty paces ahead of where Puff was standing - (I stepped it off) and went toward Cupp Run - #7 for ten flushes. We got another good looking point on the way to the power line but it didn't materialize. On the path, I heard a bird flush to the left at the power line and Puff moved in and pointed - then walked up, pointing again. It was getting dark and I hurried out the path and stood in the right-of-way, waiting in case a grouse came out of the grasseries above the path. In a moment I heard it flush and saw it coming like a low meadow at sunset. Sure of it, I mounted and swung there, firing as my gun passed the bird. It flipped over once and I had that wonderful feeling I had made the shot - but the grouse leveled off and sailed on down the open right-of-way. Futility I sent the left barrel but the bird set its wings and sailed on toward Sandy.

~~PS~~



I felt like the old hunter who said, "Fly on you, damned fool bird, with your heart shot

plumb out of your body." I made two trips down and up the right-of-way and edge of the woods, hoping we'd find a more the grouse, but we didn't. It was so dark I could hardly

#43

find my way out of the woods & reaching the station again at 7:00. I wonder if I'll see ^{again} feel this gun can't miss, the way I did a few times last year and the year before?

March 8 (6 new) - 12 flushes.

7 shots (count 'em) - 1 hit

Ruff: 2 / productive
1 kill
1 retriever

2:15 - 7:00 (43)

adult cock: collar, nearly solid band, wide
crop: grapes

Shadows: 1 / productive
1 kill

~~~~~

Monday 11 November

Domestic Day was cold, bright and sunny - perfect day for grouse. After the opening

~~shot~~ <sup>shot</sup> of the Old Hemlock Bangle Club at 8:00 on, the settlers gave me, at least, little rest. I say and I took Shadows to the Lake Park coast, leaving Ruff with feathers in the kennel to save him for tomorrow's trip to Stony River. Shadows worked beautifully, covering the country thoroughly but he bumped nearly every bird we moved. We hunted up the Rhododendron ledge behind Hardisty's but moved nothing until about the tram road where, in the first hollow, Shadows moved #1 up hill. We got a reflex as though that sent it back down the slope and shortly #2 came coasting over (his head from Shadows above. All I saw was the shadow of the grouse. #3 was also a wild flush up further, and we turned to hunt north along the ridge making #4 & #5 at the ~~road~~ <sup>road</sup> little ~~away~~ <sup>away</sup> a reflex



and then #5 put out by hawks in the deep valley of the third  
little stream. Dropped on the shoulder to meet #6 wild and late  
a splash from it above the road with shadows letting the  
spot still steaming hot and giving us a beautiful point that made  
him quiver to the tip of his tail. He'd, his flushing so many  
birds, appearing to have no pointing wings — then going solid when he  
gets the scent. The birds were wild as hawks in some cases. We  
turned to hunt back and at the mill run, flushed a grouse  
from the edge of the path that gave me the first and only  
chance all day — and my right hand was so cold and stiff  
I couldn't push the safety off! Followed it out the path, northward,  
and got 3 more flushes. The second flush almost offered a shot  
and had I taken it, would have centered Shadows! who was  
at the scene but behind some tangled vines. He may have been pointing.  
Finally came back to the first run and the rhododendron  
ledge, moving #9 & #10 in the flat about with no glimpses  
for me. Both of us very tired when we reached the station wagon —  
we'd forgotten lunch and coffee so made it home on candy. A  
beautiful day but too short. Moved within one bird of the same as  
last year's trip in here. Should do better another day.  
1:40 - 6:00 (4 hrs) moved 10 - 18 flushes  
no shots.

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



37 #45  
Tuesday 12 November

Leaving the Old Hemlock Bridge Club in fairly active status, Kay and I took off with the three boys for our second visit to the Stoney River country. We drove to the end of the Corner settlement, left Feathers in the station wagon, hoping he'd at least prefer to be there than back home in the kennel, and walked the mile or so by an old road back to Helmich Run. The country along the stream was disappointingly open meadow with a few alders and hemlocks and for a while it looked like a dud. We finally worked up a little run to the left into rhododendron, hemlock and spruce and saw grouse #1 flush from shadows who immediately went into a nice point after it had gone. Following this bird, we moved two more very shortly and then began trying to sort them out of the dense evergreen cover. With no success, we cut them to the far side and walked into a group of four that went out ~~one~~ singly. I got a try at the third one up, a steep climbing flush that I should have made.

A small tree soaked up the bulk of my first pattern (good alibi) and I held the gun too stationary on the going away try with the left. We spent the ~~last~~ balance of the afternoon trying to forget these birds out of the cover, making ~~one~~ more and getting some reflexes in the process, but no shots. All lunch and renewed the area, coming up the far side to flush #10 into the





came to the right. Following, we discovered a vast lot of  
flat humlock/rhododendron cover beyond and heard a group  
of four goats from the dogs. It was getting a bit late  
but we followed and Ruff made one of the most beautiful points  
of his career. It wasn't productive but the bird must have just  
moulted. He made several stunning points that they got on more  
film - more production. At last we had to give up, having  
replenished only one of the last group, and  
started our long trek back at about 6:00



RUFF GIVES ME  
GOOSE PIMPLES.

Rather than go down to the stream  
and take the road back, I  
decided to try to head directly  
for the bend behind Corners.  
Spotting the strips mine against the  
distant sky in the northeast I headed us across a vast open  
growth of low blackberry briars. We could see beech and hemlock  
woods on the hill above us to the right but couldn't take time to work  
it. Shadows and Ruff were still hunting nicely in the barren looking  
open stuff when suddenly a grouse flushed above me from shadows,  
who took one look and started after it as it flew up the slope toward  
the beech woods. As he broke, two more grouse left the same spot  
and then a fourth and a fifth. The air seemed full of birds -



all of them out of gun range, with shadows clapping up trying to  
grab them as if he'd never heard of pointing. As number 6 flushed  
a lot closer and started to be right I swung them it (or that I  
did) and tried the left barrel and missed, only to see #7  
flush and go straight away, even further out. I had only my  
right barrel but I tried to hold on time a lot higher, but I might  
as well have saved the shell. Number eight took off with me  
a shaking wreck, holding an empty gun.



2 WIDE OPEN MISSES.

We followed into the beech woods, rather dry and noisy, and the dogs  
failed to make a single find, then we flushed 7 of the 8 birds over.  
It was enough to drive you crazy and the man doesn't live who  
wouldn't lose his temper with a dog like Shadow under the circumstances.  
After the thousands of hours I've spent on him developing him, he  
doesn't seem able to spot a quail. Finally, with cold and dark  
overtaking us, we pushed ahead for the lake, forcing them another run  
with spruce & hemlock, just below the strip of. In the way up the  
open grass slope they saw a quail, ~~not~~ indicating that the birds



bed down in the open at times. We finally topped the knob and worked them the woods on the north, coming out in the meadow about the station wagon, about the only commendable thing I accomplished all day was to get us out of the woods at all.

What country!

March 22 - 33 flashes Puff  
4 shots — no hits Shalove

2:00 - 6:45 (4 3/4)

Wednesday 13 November The day was warmer and cloudy, but good hunting weather, tho the woods is much too dry & noisy. I took Feathers alone (his first time in over a week) to Elroy. He is still sore in the right leg but as he moved along he seemed to limber up, tho he didn't begin to range out in his usual manner, which probably accounts for our not making more birds in the vast territory we hunted. We walked up the old road to the abandoned tracks moving nothing today. Going out the ridge (up-valley) we still made more of the birds I found last time, even to the furthest point where I had hunted before. Along the top log road for a piece, I dropped down a lower one, rather than climb the ridge too soon and well up the valley we finally moved #1, flushing just above Feathers on the path and pitching for the steep, wild stream bottom without quite offering me a shot. I



continued the steep climb - a real drill that kept upward for <sup>#49</sup>  
1 3/4 hours nearly to the top of the Brierie and finally turning of the  
path and with Feathers unable to properly cover the thick woods, I  
climbed into it myself, only to have #2 flush from a few feet  
above the path about where I would have been. It too offered no  
shot but bored straight out, neither rising nor dropping, but  
went out over the trees on the steep ridge, it turned and headed  
up - valley. In five or ten minutes #3 flushed from me and also  
went up the valley but about on my level. I was now above the  
stratocladium cover and into logs, and small saplings. I decided to  
follow before turning for the tree back and on the way Feathers  
moved #4 (a cock and too soon to have been my bird) which  
went out way. Holding to the course I heard a grouse flush and  
saw it quartering and rising below me. I didn't swing thru the  
bird, but with my eyes fastened on it I came up and fired  
at a lead ahead, moving with the bird I think. I never saw a  
grouse stopped more extremely. The action froze and the bird  
completed an arc to the point, otherwise motionless. Feathers



was on hand in split seconds to make  
the retrieval - a yearling hen with a  
definite red cast to the tail band and  
small wings. A very satisfying experience.



We had lunch on the strength of our luck and at 4:15 hunted  
on out to a shoulder higher on the mountain and turned back on a  
higher plane. I count my bird four birds for five flushes. We  
soon made # 5 for two flushes higher but had to give up on the  
last flush which went too far the wrong direction. I kept well  
up on the return trip but had to drop in the cover because too  
large. Hoping to take one of the top log roads back or keep just  
above it, I failed to locate the right level. I got into quambria  
and small whip-size bushes that should have yielded birds but  
didn't and was hell to negotiate. After what seemed ages I came  
down to a trace of a once-good road and I assumed it was the  
old road from Cadell. Following it down, I was within easy  
sight of a ravine that I'm sure is the head of Ashpole. I  
dropped thru excellent ground cover but moved none. At last I  
came to a clearing with a mudst pile (too large for the area  
kind below) and after cresting this and resting, I again started  
down the old road. I hadn't gone fifty yards before the clearing  
when a bird flushed on the woods to the right - rising and  
straightaway. I tried for him, right on him, but didn't stop him.  
Feathers had goosed badly by not locating him from the road so





I called him back and sent him in, half  
expecting a second pour. as he walked in, it  
flushed, low and away and he didn't even smell  
it. I am beginning to share the view that certain  
dogs simply have less nose than others and I think Flatheads.

Madaws and Willa are in this category as opposed to Ruff  
and Blue. Certainly they <sup>have</sup> shown no sign of using their noses as  
well. These birds both went to the right after clearing the trees and  
I doubled back after them, walking to beyond the roughest clearing  
and down. Failing to meet them, I started back lower down and  
nearly walked on one of them within yards of where Flatheads had  
passed. The bird tore out of a low grapevine tangle, cowering left  
behind some trees. I made a wild try to get at him but saw my  
shot go way off.



Following it back the way I had come  
I saw another bird flush that I  
felt was in the wrong place for either  
of the two I was following and count it #8 for 11 flushes. It went  
up the mountain the way I had come down - out of - bounds for me  
at this down. It was now 6:00, getting a bit darkish and so I  
started back down the old roadbed, I was greeted with the disconcerting  
view of Ringwood-like - a jewel in front of me. Still, I had no  
choice but the road, other than the darkening woods and God-knows-  
where so I kept on, at last coming out on a well tracked road



road coming from a rise of ground and interesting with  
my road being the dead-end of a T. There were new cut logs  
and I took it to the right. I came to an old house with  
assorted dogs that began to bark at us and a strange but  
friendly young woman (not any age and with a voice with an edge  
like a file) said this would take me to Elroy. It wasn't long till  
I came to my old abandoned shack and down the long hill  
to the car — and coffee and candy that pulled me out of it.  
Feathers did very well, considering. There were times he was hindered  
up enough to move normally and I think it was the right thing to  
take him. All the birds we heard were new and I think we missed  
a lot because of limited ranging by Feathers. I saw no purpose to  
backing the woods when I had the road for I could only cover so  
much and the birds seemed to be one place as well as others. I  
could have done better in the last two shots but altogether it was  
a very good day. It was about dark when I reached the car.

missed 8-11 feathers. Feathers: 1 kill  
3 shots - 1 hit  
2:15-6:45 (4½).  
yearling hen (red): interrupted, no collar, inner band narrow in center, increasing to  
very wide (widest I've seen) on outer feathers. First of kind I've  
seen. Crop: grapes, fern



Friday 15 November #53 Going over to Springs for the 1st meeting of  
Gay & Puff on this second try at puffins, we stopped to hunt at  
Taylor's, using Shadows and Puff and leaving Feathers in the car. The  
weather was lovely, tho a bit warm. We moved a goose in the same  
corner of woods and field as last time, only this day it didn't stop  
with us. Puff and Shadows pointed (Shadows backing) just above in  
the woods and we heard #2 go out wild. Knowing ahead and below us  
Shadows flushed two more the day and he was pointing, she felt, on  
one of them. Selecting the first two to follow, we topped the ridge  
and began hunting west along the far side, making one of the birds very  
soon. He was going over way and we pushed on in rather open half-  
size woods but with a ground cover of low blackberry thorns.  
Suddenly the other goose exploded a few yards ahead of me and  
bored low up the hill. I shot too impulsively, missed, tried the  
left right in line and saw the bird zoom left and up-up-up,  
appearing for a moment to settle in the top of a tree. Instead, it  
plummeted straight back down, a typical towering flight. When the  
dogs reached it, it was dead. Puff  
got to it first, finding it by scent, and  
retrieved to me, tho he dropped it before  
sitting - a sloppy delivery. It was a yearling hen. Kay and I  
decided to make it lunch-stop, since she was hungry. Not caring  
to hunt out the other birds, we walked to the end of the



low ridge, dropping down into a beautiful hemlock swamp -  
Capps Run headwaters. It is a large expanse and Carl Spring tells me  
it is good grass cover in cold weather. Neither of us was shot properly  
for nest work but we did explore a bit, moving nothing. In a rather  
separate hemlock stand at the upper left margin, Shadows  
flushed a big red cock that later gave us another rise (again  
a flush by Shadows) from a little gorge where I had guessed he  
would be. This time we lost the bird tho it clearly flew across an  
open field into the first woods at the end of our ridge. Hunting  
a while, we had to give up feeling the bird had gone out wild -  
and even that we might have heard it. Hunting back along the  
ridge below where we shot our grouse, we came to some good  
cover that ran down into a big hemlock stand in the bottom (good  
place to try another time). But ahead we heard the dogs run into  
at least 2 birds, one of which I saw top the trees and head for  
the bottom. We couldn't follow at this hour so went on to the corner  
"buckbrush" field of Taylor's (adjoining good cover that I understand  
belongs to Warden Friend - someplace to try in the future). Ray left  
with Shadows to go to the car while Ruff & I worked out to the  
paved road, moving #8 from a tree and later from under a hemlock  
but with no shots. We left Taylor's and drove to Spring where we ate  
dinner and later had a meeting between Ruff & Ray. Shadows: 1 production  
yearling hen: no collar 2 photos - 1 but  
cup: leaves, 1 beetle, bug

3:00-6:30 (32) March 8 - 13 flushes George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center



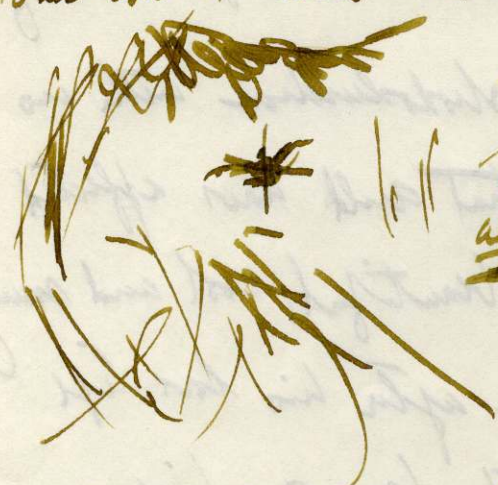
Saturday 16 November With yesterday so nice, I still didn't have  
nerve to distrust the forecast of scattered  
rains today, so hunted back along Little Sandy on Fawnhustons,  
ending up on Whipers about the bridge, seeing Feathers who is about  
the same as to his trip muscle cramp. However, I do him good to  
get out and after some whispering, he usually limbers up. We  
heard rabbit hunters shooting up on Whiper so tried the Fawnhustons  
part, with Feathers having trouble getting across the little run and  
up the bank. Along the path thru the hemlocks we got two flashes  
from the same bird, I think, and just up the hill beyond the  
wire fence at the end of Fawnhustons and second grouse went  
out of a tree like at least one of the first flashes. I failed to move  
a thing tho I doubled back and hunted the higher part of the slope.  
Feathers tried but he simply wasn't moving out enough to come ground.  
Used two, separately, around the steep ridge among the hemlocks  
across from and down-valley from the 4th Camp. Dropping into the  
bottom, we put a grouse out of a rhododendron clump that Feathers  
was around on. I couldn't see him after he moved into the clump but I  
think it was a production and am counting it, for I was the one who  
flushed the bird so he must have been standing. The grouse crossed Sandy  
and out of our ken. I climbed the steep thick cover about the creek  
and had doubled up to the upper part of the hill near the  
creek thicket where I've made birds before. But far from this I heard



a grouse go out - and saw the leaves from his "prop. wash" as he left. all this did me no good. Nor did the long search that didn't was him. Nor the two birds that left a hemlock on the steep bank further on. Later, one of these flushed from Fetter's and cut up the hillside in front but not close enough to try for. Couldn't move it either, and running into round of juniper in the woods on top, I dropped on the crest and ate lunch looking across to our land spread out before me - a beautiful sight. After this we made nothing tho we hunted all the way up the ridge to Hugh Darby's and even in the bottom found no birds. I got disgusted with this covert as regularly as I try it but can't believe it's as empty as it seems. Crossing the main road, I went up on Spraker along the line to the top farms - but I cut left and took the edge up and around to Rudy. Still no birds (it could be that the rabbit hunter had been there here) so I decided to call it a day and dropped over to the path. Heading toward the road behind Fetter's who was working hard, I flushed a grouse from the left edge of the path just after Fetter's had gone by. The bird cut down the path, low and, waiting that important moment to see what the bird was doing - and focus on it - I fired "right with it" and saw it tumble and flutter furiously like a head shot. However it was able to get away along the ground below the path, but by the time Fetter's was on the spot



and after the bird. He soon had it (from the rear) and as he brought it in, without a single tailfeather I that he was going to swallow it with that big mouth of his. As it was the hands of



feathers nearly gagged him and I had to dig them out of his throat, ~~almost~~ getting my finger ground off in the process. (11)



NO TAIL.

It was, I think, an adult hen - but too I found the bundle of tailfeathers when feathers had caught the bird. I couldn't find a center one. I'd have done better to have hunted this side above the bridge.

around 9 - 11 flushes.  
1 shot - 1 hit

Feathers: 1 productive  
1 retriever  
1 kill

1:15 - 5:15 (4 hrs.)

adult hen: ? band, no collar, narrow  
Crop: grapes & leaves

Tuesday 19 November Leaving Ray at home with Lady Gay (we drove over to Springs and got her yesterday, which was too rainy for hunting tho we made a couple of starts) I took Ruff along and headed for what I thought would be a day at the Whitwell country. But just this side of Sugar Valley I discovered I was without my hunting boots and had to return home. With the delay I changed plans and instead drove to Mr. Boehavers where I found the old fellow much as



last year. I took Puff and began hunting along the run behind the old  
log house, moving nothing on the flat beyond or around the point of  
land (the top map is in error on this) until I reached the far side of  
the second valley. We put a bird out of *Shodolundum* with no  
sign from Puff. There was some bit of wind that could have affected  
his lack of pointing but otherwise the day was beautiful, cool and sunny  
with Puff working like a young fellow - even after his last life  
yesterday. I worked us up - valley along the base of a high  
*Shodolundum* ledge where Puff walked into a pair of birds that  
boomed up all the cliff. I found a gap further along and climbed  
up over, with a third bird flushing up the hollow with no shooting  
chances. Puff might just have had a point on this for he was standing  
there when the bird had left but considering the rest of his performance  
I am inclined to doubt it. As I topped the cliff and began walking  
back along the top a fourth bird flushed from me and pitched over  
into the hollow we had left. Cresting the flat above I finally moved  
both grouse I was following. I say that I did for Puff merely  
walked into them after I found the places. Had no more  
flushes from any of these all the way up to the flat and  
headwaters of the run. Here where I killed a bird over Puff's point  
last year, I ate lunch about 2:00 ~~crossing over to the head of~~



57 / #59

Rodehaver's run I started hunting down thru the *Photodendron*.  
A big grouse flushed wild to my right, gave an ad path and  
went down the valley. I hunted and circled well but never  
moved him - or any others. Finally I came to the car about  
6:15 and after talking to Mr. Rodehaver again, drove down the  
mountain into a magnificent view with the Chestnut Ridge  
faraway and blue, the Brierie dark and somber under a gray  
cloud <sup>to my left</sup>, and a raspberry pink sky in the west with trees etched  
against it — with the trip. Altho' I could have used some  
shooting action. moved 6-8 flocks Puff  
no shots.

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

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Wednesday 20 November A day cold, partly sunny and with a bit of  
wind. Leaving Puff at home with Kay (who  
supervised the important 14th day meeting with Gay), I took Feathers to  
the Possum Hollow country, parking on the far side of the Brierie beyond  
Mt. Carmel Church. On the way down the old road, Feathers was not  
inclined to leave the path because of his tender hip, myself. I asked one  
of the timbermen about birds and he said he hadn't seen any. It  
seemed an accurate report for all the way down to Dority then  
lovely cover we moved nothing. On the Dority road I walked up-valley  
until I found a narrow path (old log dragging) that gave access to  
the thick good-looking cover about the road on the south ridge.



Half-way up I heard two birds go out - the first of the day.<sup>57</sup>  
Climbing higher and working to the left I failed to move either,  
and so I doubled back at a lower level. Approaching a  
cluster of hemlocks and finding a solid footing among the rolling  
rocks I had stopped when I heard a grouse flush and saw it  
goon up against the sky, coming over my head and up the ridge.  
I couldn't try for it as an in-comer and so wheeled to watch it  
bare low into the hillside above. I fired as a straight away and  
saw the grouse tumble, hit the ground and actually bounce.



RIGHT ON HIM.

Calling Feather I moved  
up to see the grouse begin

to struggle down a rocky

area to the left. It took Feather a matter of  
seconds to spot the flutter and another moment to catch the bird -  
as usual, remaining most of the tail feathers. Because of the timber  
rip, Feather couldn't get over the big log between us, but  
finally came around below and delivered the bird, still alive -  
a big cock. After dispatching it, I went to the spot of capture  
and collected the rest of its tail. Both wings were shot  
and still it hadn't been a clean kill. A straightaway bird offers  
little profile to the pattern -





#61  
the edge view of each wing - so an open bore can easily crumple.  
I occasionally wish they had kept my right barrel a bit tighter -  
nearer the 50% I asked for. Even so, it is a wonderful choice for  
the closer shots. I combed the ridge down and around the point,  
dropping along a cleared edge to the creek where I ate lunch  
about a couple of miles that appeared to be hunting cabins. As I  
passed them to cross the stream I was surprised to see a ragged  
house claimed to an open box sort of pen that couldn't be  
called a shelter - more like lying in the open on a bitter day  
of this sort. I wonder if the house is lived in or if the poor dog  
is left there from one weekend to the next. Across the hollow I  
climbed into good grouse woods on the shelf above the road and  
almost at once we made a grouse from some grape vine - tree top  
tangles. We took at it was brief - possibly to brief - and instead  
of swinging them as the quartering shot required, I popped at it and  
of course missed - We circled the area hoping to make others (it  
looks like an extended cut-over grapevine section) but found none.  
Following in the line of flight, we put a bird out of a tangle  
and call it the same grouse. At the end of another flight-length  
I cut down over the slope and circling back, flushed the bird



again - a sharply rising flush a bit below me. I tried for it -  
again missing as it turned and pitched for the valley bottom.

 I could see my pattern chop a circle out of turgos to  
the right of the bird  and I don't know if  
it would have connected had the quail not turned - or if I was just  
that far off. I do know I didn't come up, then the bird as I should have.  
There are two kinds of shots - those of strategic type: the nice smooth  
swings, then and past, that we are always going to make on that next bird.  
And the tactical variety: the jerky snap shots we so often do make  
when the bird materializes. However, these things don't bother me the  
way they used to. These are wonderful moments I am living - the now -  
and the important part is to live just as many of them as it is  
possible to cram into every day. What is inclined to get me

a little bit is the way Feathers can walk past a bird like that  
last and not know it is there. Buff misses some at times but Feathers  
and Shadows seem to have a genius for not pointing. I climbed  
the ridge, coming out high on the shoulder back of the Grant Kelly  
place - then dropping to the log road in the hollow, moving #4  
with no view of it. The drag to the car was a long one and I was  
nearly dark when I arrived. Not enough birds for so much big country

2:20 - 6:20 (4)

March 4 - 7 flushes  
3 shots - 1 hit

Feathers: 1 kill  
1 retriever

adult cock: solid, collar, wide  
crop: acorns, grapes, leaves

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



Thursday 21 November. Kay and I took Puff (leaving Ray in the  
 cellar and Hudson & Feathers in the kennel) to the Whitsell country,  
 parking at Calvert. We immediately ran into sign of birds, from Puff's  
 actions, as we hunted down the path along Stamping Ground. He made  
 a couple of good points (empty) as we entered the thick cover. A moment  
 later I was sure I saw a grouse walking into the cover to the right of the  
 path but Puff got no wind of it even tho I brought him back and  
 forced him to hunt it out. So I hesitate to count it as a bird.  
 As we neared the fork of the run, Puff made another lovely point  
 in the road, headed back at us.

It proved false but a few moments later  
 as Puff worked ahead and into the  
 cover to the right, a grouse came back  
 my way, nearly landing on my head -  
 so close I could count its toes. I wheeled, saw Ray drop to the ground  
 in a sitting position and, knowing the bird was not too close to her,  
 fired at it as it sailed back the path and saw it drop.

BEAUTIFUL BUT UNPRODUCTIVE.

Colophon 100%



HERE HE COMES!





571

Running back to the low rise in the path, I could see no sign of the grouse but when Buff arrived he immediately swung into a point toward the rhododendron above. However it was where he had been pointing before and I was sure it was foot scent. I let him have his way, walking up into the cove while I searched below the path. Then Buff saw the grouse in the path, further back than I was expecting, and Buff saw it at the same time, catching it and taking to his own sweet time bringing it in, finally dropping it without sitting - a messy trick we've been pulling this year too many times. The grouse had a broken wing and after dispatching it, I tossed it out and insisted on Buff delivering it in better form, but it was far from good. The bird was a nice yearling cock with nearly solid tailband. We moved on to the south prong of the run, hunting down the left side of the valley and seeing nothing tho we heard #2 go out in the bottom beyond our range. Walking back up - valley we decided to circle higher on the slope since we were not contacting birds. We heard #3 go out even higher and following it up the shoulder into fine grapevine cover, stopped to eat on a fallen chestnut. Why are chestnuts always drier than other dead trees? Keeping to a higher level we continued up a ravine toward the shoulder and, seeing two big hemlocks above an old sawmill site, I steered us toward them. They turned out to be an old grown-up house site, a small clearing, old apple trees, some scrubbing, and an old stone fence behind -



proper looking place for grouse. Buff showed a half inclination to point at the edge of the clearing near some apple trees, but thought better of it. In a few moments I heard a grouse explode and saw it burst into view, crossing the edge of the clearing <sup>and flying</sup> to the right. I came out of my trance and saw the bird and fired going ~~through~~ head and saw it tumble. I hurried up as I saw it begin to run, head extended, into the heavy woods beyond. I suppose I should have shot it, but I always hate to tear them up and with my dogs usually feel secure letting them do the job. But Buff wasn't on hand yet and this bird was making time. I made a circle to cut it off from below, and, blowing thru greenbrier that tore my face and branches that drove my head a notch deeper into my neck. I managed to come around just as the bird did. It hesitated a costly moment and I had it, quickly despatching it and dropping it back just in time for Buff to find it. The grouse had released its feathers in



that old way they do — probably entirely involuntarily and from fright — and half its back feathers and most of its tail came loose as I let go. Buff again took ages to bring the bird to me, but this time I got him to sit and took the bird before he dropped it. We called it a day, walking the old dump <sup>down</sup> <sup>up</sup> the ridge.



to the main road, flushing #5 just as we approached. On  
the way back Puff made a point into the thick cover to the left  
and then moved on as I walked in. Some few yards beyond this  
three grouse got out from the same place (near the old slab-hill  
on the lower side of the road) but since he had moved on so definitely  
I can't call it a productive (too certainly foot scent). Less than  
a grouse flight ahead we moved another bird that I lay got in her  
movie camera (we hope) as it bored back against the sky. At  
calvert's, the son informed me the place I shot the second bird was  
the "old Sam (Whetsell) place." "It has a big hydrangea  
bush and if you could of seen it in bloom last fall you'd say  
it was the prettiest thing you ever saw." I've seen some pretty  
things (two of them in my coat) but I'll not argue, ~~But~~ Kermit.

Finishing so early, we headed for home and drove to Mountain Store  
the cock to Dr. Smith - day after his 90th birthday.

Mixed 9 (1 new) - 9 flushes

3:00 - 5:30 (2½ 2 shots - 2 hits

Puff: 2 kills  
2 retrievers

yearling cock: nearly solid, collar, wide

crop: ?

adult hen: semi-interrupted, narrow

crop: grapes, leaves



Friday 22 November This was May's 16th in heat. We started out  
to Puff (4th service) and, taking Feathers  
with us and leaving Puff & Shadows with his lame right wrist in the  
kennel, we drove May back to the Springs. Then we drove back  
over their fields to the far woods to find the flat where Carl  
had that we'd find birds. As we pulled to a stop, May saw a grouse  
rise from the open edge of the field and drop over a greenbrier tangle,  
and walk away into the thicket. <sup>Assembling</sup> ~~Assembling~~ my gun, I let Feathers  
out, hoping for a point. If a dog ever handled and pointed a  
grouse (or any other kind of game bird) that its owner had seen  
first and tried to steer the dog to, I have never seen it done. Feathers  
did finally get some ground scent but he ran all over the  
place except where I thought the bird was — and we never found  
the grouse. Neither do I think we ever found the woods Carl described.  
Reaching Hoyes' Run (as felt the birds should be down in hemlock  
and Rhododendron on a better cold day like this) we hunted it  
down to the open fields, hunted back up and then headed  
back the woods toward Carl's with only one bird moved, besides the  
first one that walked away from us. Following a little run up toward  
the corner of Carl's fields and woods, I saw a grouse coming toward  
me — a low right incomer. I had to wheel and try for it  
as it quartered away to the right behind me and swinging them, fired.



I saw no sign that I had hit anything but a small dead snag  
my pattern decapitated, and the bird banked left and  
seemed to land in some small hemlocks. Ray couldn't  
say where it had gone more than the general direction I  
had that, and we turned and followed. We didn't flush it in the  
hemlocks, and as Feathers



cried industriously ahead,

Ray that she saw something  
running ahead of him, but

decided she was being imaginative, as that I was a rabbit, or a leaf  
blowing. I had turned to circle back toward the edge, when—

looking back—I saw Feathers leaning over, picking something off  
the ground. It was my grouse, very dead, and very big—a

huge cock—a semi-red ruff with absolutely solid tail band—

it had some right wing feathers shot off—no broken wings or legs,  
but was bleeding at the mouth. What a surprise. Feathers got his  
picture taken making the retrieval and looking very delighted.

We left the woods to go to the car and as we stepped into the

open field a grouse flushed from outside the fence and landed down  
the edge of the woods away from us. I stopped Feathers in his chase,

and heard another—and another from the same area,



Feathers got no wind of any of them. Eating lunch in the car -  
 at 5:00 - we drove out to the road and down to Burnetts  
 where, hunting up the right side of the hollow finally moved 2,  
 one from the corner where we had flushed a woodcock last spring -  
 the other Kay and flush in the open field beyond - we don't know  
 from what. That was all. But the puzzle is: why were the  
 birds out in the open and on edges on a cold windy cloudy day like this?

moved 6 (2 new) - 6 flushes at Carlo

3:30-5:00 1 1/2

1 shot - 1 hit

Feathers: 1 kill  
 1 retrieve  
 (and how)

5:30-6:00 1/2

moved 2 (both new) - 2 flushes Burnetts

very large

adult cock: semi-red, solid, collar, narrow

wing: leaves (a long shot in right breast)

Saturday 23 November

17/#40

My plan to hunt the Clint Reckert country  
 from Wells was changed by the arrival, just  
 before I left, of Junior Falkenstein who wondered if he could go with  
 me grouse hunting. I was rather disappointed but he is a nice boy and  
 I couldn't well say no. I said, however, feel it was not to take him  
 into my pet Breerly country and so drove up to the Forest, leaving  
 Ruff and leaving Kay with the two youngsters. The day was overcast



and at times downright cold. Parked at the usual place for the Scott  
Run covert and dropped over the big rocks. I had dreaded the idea that  
another's presence would confuse Buff but Junior has good sense  
about not talking and after the first few moments, Buff settled  
down and I don't think he has worked better in years. The honeycreeper <sup>(with song)</sup>  
seems to have added vigor, not lessened it, and he moved out  
so far at times I had to call him back. The first flush was  
close to me below the big rocks but offered no shot, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> did the  
second flush. The third flush was around on the next shoulder  
where I usually find birds. Buff was way out and I saw him  
freeze at a tangle of poplars. Whistling to Junior about me  
I motioned him to hurry up to the point but it seemed a couple  
of minutes at least before we got up to the point. Buff was holding  
beautifully, but I began to have qualms about the bird being there.  
Motioning Junior on into the point I waited below hoping for a shot  
if it came down hill. The grouse flushed straight ahead, giving neither  
a chance, but it was a honey of a point and Buff seemed to  
feel the same way about it. On the fourth flush, wild, the bird  
went into the bottom. ~~Before~~ <sup>Before</sup> circling the ridge down-valley, I  
decided to try the <sup>upper</sup> forks of the run where Roy Williamson the  
ranger had mentioned someone finding birds. Once there I was



delighted to find a valley and shoulder with boulders and  
grapes that I have lost for years. It was when I got into so  
many birds with Bob Wingard the time we hunted down the other  
branch of Mott Run from the Pigeon Road. Today indicated that  
time hasnt changed it. Up high on the shoulder in the grapes  
Buff made a point and within seconds three grouse flushed up  
over the top. a few minutes later a fourth took off down into  
the hollow. We followed the 3 and later circled into the rhododendron  
on the brink of the little lost valley where two of the birds flushed  
from branches of the rhododendron. A while before, Buff had  
made two lucky points, working into a stiff wind in his face and  
I think I heard a bird flush well ahead. Its only fair to credit  
him with a production on this. We followed and got a flush from  
one in the cotton, followed further to the shoulder beyond and  
in more big rocks Jimmie flushed one of the birds again. I  
consider that a large number of separate birds moved is good fortune,  
while a large count of refushes is good hunting, indicative of  
careful spotting and judgement. We failed to make any of  
these further but, after eating my lunch at 5:00, did make  
another bird on the brink of the first a west prong of Mott Run.  
Following it into the cotton we made ~~bird~~ bird ~~flushes~~ flushes that



conservatively speaking could be the same. However in following  
it up the west slope of the valley (under the first big rocks  
below the car) Buff moved 2 more. We kept on, tho it  
was getting dark, and after a good flight length, turned back  
down-valley at a higher level on the slope. We hadn't gone far  
when a grouse flushed from Buff on a slight quartering left  
angle - nearly away and tho I felt crowded for a view of  
him, I fired (or and with it) and saw it tumble. As it landed  
a second bird took out, quartering down toward the hollow and  
Junior tried for it but missed. I felt my bird was winged and  
sent Buff to retrieve. He began hunting below where my bird

~~the~~

hit the ground but I didn't stop  
him. In a moment I thought I saw a

motion as if the bird on the ground but Buff still hadn't found it.  
When I got there I began to question it all for Buff was searching  
around almost as tho he merely that he should. Then I saw him  
double check an area and after a few moments I glimpsed  
the edging on the wing pinions - deep under a log and in rocks and  
ferns. Buff had the scent clearly now and in a moment  
reached for the bird which struggled clear and started to move  
out of its corner - and Buff had it. ~~It took him his~~



eternity of prolonging the pleasure but at last he brought it to me,  
 only to unload it without delivering to hand. It's an unpleasant  
 thing he's got into and difficult to anticipate for there is no way  
 to make him hold it until you reach him. Anyway I was a  
 good job of recovery. The bird was an adult hen - a red-bronze,  
 with both wings broken. That is first birds in a string that I  
 have winged. I can't see how the pattern can break both wings  
 and not kill the grouse. Some of these first have proven to have  
 broken shot when cleaned. It was nearly dark, so we walked up  
 to the car, moving another flock on the way. A good lot of birds  
 with new ones to refer to - and a fine day's work by Buff.

2:30-6:30 (4) moved 10 (9 new) - 20 flocks Buff: 3 products  
 1 shot - 1 hit 1 kill  
 1 retriever

adult hen: red, interrupted, narrow  
 asp: grapes

Monday 25 November. Lovely day - clear, cold, sunny - the kind  
 birds are on the move, only grouse often aren't!  
 I took 7 others to Sells and hunted the Clint Reckert country. Either  
 I am looking the wrong places, or the birds just are not there this year.  
 Moved exactly 3 grouse for 4 flocks. Did get a good chance as a bird  
 bore up from the big rocks on the trail just as I had passed.





would to take him on the rise, only to have  
my gun barrels tied up in a quibble. I  
got the shot off, but it was a "poke" instead  
of knocking up then the grouse and I missed.

The other shot was later, on my way down the mountain, when a bird  
took out a few yards from me and offered a very short sight to me,  
quivering and rising. I didn't get to swing then and again, did not  
connect.



Entirely too few birds for this area.

Feathers hunted hard and well (his

big camp is much improved) but made no points - the I saw him  
make a stop that was a very stylish pose, but there was no bird there.

Moved 3 (no new) 4 flashes Feathers

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

2 shots - no hits

Tuesday 20 November Today was another clear one, sunny but  
very cold. Ray & I took the team boys to

Strong River, leaving Feathers in the car parked at the locked  
gate to the strip mine above Conners. This is the best way into this  
country and gets you into excellent spruce & hemlock cover  
just over from the spoil pile. It also gets you to the breeding area  
where we moved the 8 birds last time. The only trouble was that  
today we moved one in that cover and only one in the far



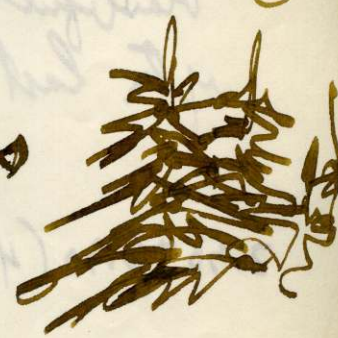
hemlock - rhododendron ravine and flat. This is discouraging after feeling the birds are so numerous, but hunt when we would, we couldn't find them. At last as the sun was dropping we headed back without a shot. Going to the lower marginal cover - swampy alders and a few hemlocks, we made 3 more (one we saw and it was against the sun). About 5:30 we crossed the briars

where the light had been last time but only saw two deer.

Going up, we were crossing similar blackberry briars toward the hemlocks & spruce below the spoil pile. Far ahead of the dogs, 1 can see 2 grouse go out wild, then five more. I only glimpsed 2 in the far distance. Both dogs pointed beautifully but I was after the fact. But it shows they would have pointed had the damned birds lain and given off any scent. We tried to mark the rip where they had headed for the distant evergreens but seemed unable to accurately place them all. As we drew close we heard a flush and a grouse moved itself ahead, crossing left from the hemlocks.

I think I shot too quickly for a wing then.

Anyway, I missed. It was rather far for the night barrel (as open as mine). Also a fast shot late in the day after no action is rarely the time I do best. In short, I didn't hit it.





moments later we heard another one go out. And as I walked  
up the narrow fringe of hemlocks with Ruff <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> that flushed and  
showed two 3-foot veins of itself as it rose and curved right.  
I think I should have tried but I was holding back to avoid  
jumpy shooting. I needn't have bothered for I got no more  
opportunity. An ~~eighty~~ <sup>fifty</sup> mile trip (any way) for one short chance  
at a grouse is hardly a day's shooting. The dying sky was  
a gorgeous sight as we climbed the ridge to the car but I  
hadn't come for views - alone. I was pleased with shadows  
attitude today. After his first flush of the day, he went back to  
the scene (after a chase) and stood, waiting for me to come over  
him. And while he bumped another but a so later, he showed  
a good tendency to point, tho it was empty after the bird had gone  
then away. No Ruff made no production either, tho I  
could see (he might have had the one that flushed from the  
mossy against the setting sun), he hunted hard and  
beautifully. I note he is worn out - and a bit too bone-dry  
after last week's 3 days hunting and the car-fest with Ray.  
Moved 15 (no new) - 18 flushes Ruff  
1 shot - no hit Shadows

2:30 - 6:30 (4)



Wednesday 27 November Another gorgeous day, clear, sunny but a lot warmer. Ray & I took Feathers to the Houdershall country. We moved our first bird from the middle of the power line right-of-way and flushed it again from the far edge. Dropping down the ridge, we started up along Cuppo Run, flushing #2 just inside the woods from the power line at the bottom. Feathers came up a moment after the flush and pointed nicely for a few seconds and then, very properly on an empty point, moved ahead. But as far as I can tell, it was the only point he made all day, tho he hunted the cove beautifully. A little piece further up Cuppo Run, a grouse flushed from the thick edge in front of me and offered a shot, rising and crossing right, very close. I felt the need to shoot before it went against the sun and probably fired too quickly, tho I tho I had it. The bird circled back and to the right over King's head and, turning, I tried again with the left barrel - again sure of myself. I needn't have been. The shot should have been taken with the right barrel about when I shot the second time.



We circled but couldn't make it a #2 again, so hunted out

thru the along the lower road, climbing the path that Ruff & Sheldon had their point on. I think we moved the same grouse. It went up the ridge and gave us two more rises but no shots. On top in the cove just this side of Cuppo strip, we took the path, flushing



#5 up toward the top. On out the path, just when it starts to drop, Feathers flushed a grouse that came straight at me thru the thicket - so in line I felt as we were looking into each other's eyes.

As it moved left out onto the path, I wanted to swing past it and realize! I didn't have my safety off. Once the gun is up it seems impossible to do anything about it and I just stood there, gun on the bird as it went thru the hemlocks below the path and watched it settle down the cliff below.

Feathers hunted down into this cover and we began to count, and in some cases see, a series of grouse flush - none our way. There were at least three. We felt we couldn't follow these

birds, so worked on down the path. Suddenly two more young grouse flushed from red brush above us and bored out toward the spoil pile cover. Following, we heard one flush and I saw it coming back our way, then change course slightly and pass me in a right crossing shot as I faced it. I tried for it as it flashed thru the trees but missed (I don't know why. but this <sup>was</sup> an option days.)



The bird, however, yanked up, and landed in a tall sapling, but I

was certain it wasn't hit. I walked up, but had to literally kick the sapling it was in to make it flush - and I had no chance to shoot.



Very shortly Feather flushed another (a new one) from the same <sup>#79</sup>  
spot and it went for Sandy. We finally moved the other bird  
that had come in here — 12 for 18 flushes. After lunch we  
doubled back below the old briery sawmill site but failed to move  
any of the groups. Climbing to the upper cove we tried to move the  
three that we felt were in that part (having flushed that way) but  
moved nothing — all the way back the ridge until we reached  
Cypress Run. Following for the old path that leads down to the  
middle road in what was now getting light, we walked the road  
back toward the power line with a gorgeous sunset that burned  
brighter and brighter than the bare trees. Just at the junction,  
Feather flushed a grouse when I expected one — from the tangle to  
the left of the path and he looked for the creek against the  
gold-and-red sky. I was just yards short of having a chance at  
him. At the far end of the road we came out on a view of  
distant Chestnut Ridge under an inflamed sky — deep red.  
A beautiful day with loads of birds (what ever!) but with  
some good dog work and gun work lacking.

March 12 (8 new) - 19 flushes Feather  
3 shots - no hits

2:30 - 6:30 / 4



Thanksgiving Day 28 November

Warm and overcast but nice. Ray stayed home with 7 antlers (things to do for our trip to Fairbairn) and I took Puff & Shadows to Elroy. I missed the first grouse as I started out the log road from the Shack - a nice rising quartering shot that I didn't quite get to try, because of trees. Shadows ran onto it and Puff had passed within ten yards and got no scent. The woods is very dry - no rain for a long time and not only noisy but bad smelling. I followed but didn't miss the bird, instead walked out the path beyond the clearing and flushed 3 (possibly the 3 I had missed the first trip) getting a reflex from a tree - no shots. Trying to find these birds again I got started up the mountain and missed #5 from a ledge of rocks & rhododendron on a shoulder of the ridge. Continuing up the mountain via little spring runs for paths among the greenbrier, I at last came to a shelf with leads of gopher and beaver. Puff was working off to the right and either pointed or ran into a bird - a big one that flushed and came my way, quartering wide and rising to the left. I waited for a good look and, surging then the bird, fired going thru a lead and saw it tumble, showing feathers - a clean, centered hit. The bird that really gratifies you. On these wide quartering shots you need a lot of lead - helping to make a closer



George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



and a true quartering shot that takes shooting as you go them. #81

Both dogs arrived at about the same time but Ruff found the grouse first and retrieved it, tho he tried to lay it down without sitting at the delivery. I anticipated him and held the bird in his mouth, forcing him to a sitting position. I don't understand him.

The grouse was a big cock with lovely jet-black ruffs and very prominent black on the tail bars and band - a beauty that never knew what hit him.

Moving on up the mountain I at last came to a change in cover - brushy and less promising. I turned south and followed good cover -

shortly hearing shadows put out #2. I went up in case there was a companion and found Ruff solid and stretched low to the ground. He had the bird pinned - a red that flushed at my approach, almost offering me a shot - but not quite.



RUFF HAS ONE.

I ate lunch finally at the upper survival site, waiting for the heat to let up as the sun lowered. About 4:30, I started down and soon moved a bird below the clearing on the wide road-bed (one of the 3 I had found last time) at last dropping close to the rocks the dogs showed signs of hot scent, and shadows, going out very commendably but impractically. Found the birds. I saw him stopped and think he had them in a productive point. The bird flushed and as he moved in we moved and went out.



I count me of these my #1 but today. I made no more. It was a good day - especially the shot.

made 10 (4 new) 12 flushes

1 shot - 1 hit

Puff: 1 production  
1 retrieval  
1 kill

1:40-6:00 (2 hrs.)

✓ very black markings  
adult cock: nearly solid, collar, narrow  
crop: empty

Thalows: 1 production  
1 kill

~~~~~

Saturday 30 November Cold and spitting snow, changing to driving snow.

I spent the early part of the day with the survey party at the 4H & Matheny line and our place, (this started yesterday but we had to go to Mountain and I left about noon yesterday.) Today, what with an apparent error in their survey that is not acceptable to us, I took more time than I expected - returning to the house to pick up Kay and Puff & Feathers about 3:15 or later. As the quickest way to get to birds we drove to the Houdersfull corner, seeing a grouse flush across our ~~valley~~ hood, followed by a deer, nearly as close as we crossed Sandy bridge below the Shaffer place - probably disturbed by deer hunters doing some pre-season scouting. We left the car at 3:45 and hunted to the power line, following it down the ridge while the dogs worked the edges. About where we had flushed a bird from the right of-way on Wednesday, I heard a flush and saw a grouse fly below me, parallel with the left edge of the woods.

#83

It was a bit long but I had an impulse and tried for it as an
away shot - and saw the bird fly and fall solidly amid flying
feathers. Both dogs moved in but feathers was the fastest,
retrieving very smartly and promptly - no hip cramps now.



ONE ON THE POWER LINE.

It was a hen, wing broken and clean kill - surprised me with the open
barrel. I ran the balance of the first half of the movie film off on
the retriever. I changed the film at the bottom of the ridge. We
saw no birds along Cuff Run as last time, so hunted out the low
path up-valley. We had heard some shooting up ahead and now we
heard more that continued the rest of our stay - dozens of shots
that probably were in the young birds below the strip mine. We followed
the ascending path to the top hoping to avoid the hunters and at
the top Puff bumped, and chased for a short piece, a big grouse
that went on out the path - a good chance if Puff had only held.
However, it could have been a point first. Turning back because of the
intense shooting and voices coming upon us we followed the
ridge back to the rocks at Cuff Run - making #3 after a short
flask point by feathers. I carried him to the river where he was

Tuesday 3 December: Pheasant shooting at Amwell preserve #85

The day was cold and partly cloudy. We drove up from Fairhill, arriving about 10:30 or 11:00. Ray and I started with Puff & Shadow, accompanied by Dominic, the dog trainer and guide who started us along the hedgerows behind the clubhouse, mowing a couple of cocks wild - no shot. Dominic presaged little dog work because the "air has too much of that winter stuff in it. Cold and tangy." He was almost right. Working west toward the field trial course where they had released a large number of birds for a spaniel trial over the weekend, Puff made a lovely point (surprisingly intense for pheasants) in a little wooded draw, and was backed by Shadow. On the far side I saw the

pheasant - a big cock - walking off across the field like a trotting horse. Once on top the ridge beyond the power line, Shadow moved a cock - one of several he put out too far ahead. At last, Dominic left us and we

hunted on out the fields, returning them the lower fields - mostly dead grass. For a preserve, Amwell is singularly lacking in shooting. The first chance of the day came after at least an hour's hunting - over a lovely point by Puff -



backed by shadows.

I walked in from the front
drawing closer to Ruff and
almost questioning the point.

Suddenly the bird flushed from
between us - a hen that

rose away and I dropped it sadly. As I fired, a second hen
went out - an easy rising-and-away - that I missed shooting
too quickly for the choke barrel. I reloaded and sent Ruff to
retrieve the bird - which he found but took too much time about picking



up. As I urged him to retrieve, a
third hen flushed from my voice
a few yards below us and, letting

it get out while I got a good focus, I fired, right with it, and dropped it
well out at the edge of the field. Ruff left

the first bird and found the last one, retrieving it fairly well. Meantime,
I got shadows to the first bird which he simply refused to bring in.

Sending Ruff back to it, after tossing it out, I finally got him to
make a fair retrieval for the sake of the looks of it. Never have I seen
my dogs so indifferent to birds.

Feathers instead of hunting further up here, we went back - eating lunch at the station wagon and leaving our two pheasants at the club. Dr. Norris and Raymond started back to Bryan Manor (Dr. Norris had not fired a shot), and we took Feathers for a circle around the duck pond where he gave several hundred mallards a stirring up - plunging into the water after them. We moved no birds at all along the little draw beyond the cars, and so we worked back up to the power line and the trail course. Feathers moved a tail-less cock that crossed left a bit far out ahead of us. I tried for him with my left barrel but failed to swing enough. On top we



found ourselves confronted with a party doing heavy shooting out ahead and followed by a group with bird dogs doing a lot of whistling - a disconcerting part of preserve shooting. Dodging them we worked the fields ahead of where we'd shot the two hens, only to see Feathers moving too wide. Then two hens came back and brought two cocks from the same spot. I could have thrashed him. Following them birds to a corner woods we nearly got sprinkled with a shot from the group with the Springer Spaniel, shooting at a rabbit running on way. Warning them to hold their fire, we entered the woods and almost

immediately flushed a hen - a nice rising shot in thick cover that resembled a grouse flush. I dropped it and saw it fall beyond a dog where I sent Feathers to retrieve. I must have



wasted fully ten minutes while he circled, zigzagged and walked within inches of the bird, only to veer off with no hint of its presence. Trying to direct him to it, I mounted myself

dry, before at long last he found it and retrieved nicely enough.

I wonder if these pen-raised birds have no wild scent. Later after hearing him bark at a tree bird, I saw it come back over me as Dr. Norris says "like an angel", and feeling it was landing in a tree, I passed it up. Following, for I thought it was a cock, I came on a hen, huddled at the base of a large tree. Pointing it out to Ray, who got a move of it quite close, I tried to get Feathers in for a point, then I thought it was crippled. He came within 2 yards of it and never sniffed. Finally I moved in and the bird flew out across the fence and along the field perfectly normally.

That was the last we saw of the tame pheasants. Returning to the car with no more contacts but one hen that Feathers missed out of a

57/89

hedgerow, we hastened back to Fairhill to make the dinner
hour. That night it began to snow and continued for 28 hours -
14 inches of the stuff that ended our shooting for good.

(These figures don't apply to grouse records.)

5 shots (pheasants) - 3 hits

Ruffs: 2 prod.
2 net.
2 kills (acc. points)

Shedders: 2 back points
2 kills

Feathers: 1 bill
1 net.

my 3 kills were with Dr. Morris shells = "Ranger" 3 draws, 1 to 6 of 7 1/2

Tuesday 10 December - Back home after a week of no shooting.
Cold with frozen snow clinging to trees and
shrubs. Ray & I took Ruff & Shedders to Homer Mullins and
hunted the upper area to the Clint Matheny place. Very
disappointing in spite of the perfectly clear sunny day that should
have produced birds. First contact in headwaters of Peckham Run
at old sandstone pile below Clint Matheny farm - 2 birds moved
by tracking into causal of rhododendron (Found by Ray). I missed
a good chance at the first - our scotch rising hit but this I
didn't see it, something caught my gun and stopped it so that I
felt myself shoot behind the young. The second time I moved
a few minutes later almost gun near shot (I was groggy all
day from too little sleep and ordinarily would have had a rest for 5

We failed to move the first bird tho we saw lots of tracks in the snow. After eating, we continued to the top, where Madons but scent and ended in the right of our old log road. Ruff came along and froze. The bird flushed behind Ruff - proof that Ruff has a better nose than Madons. We followed the bird and at last lost it out of one of the hemlocks above the old Mother's house when it went down over the end of the world. Wonderful news of her. Following the path along the edge of the woods and the driving opening above - we moved 2 more ahead - no shots - the last contacts of the day. The rest was a long trek all the way back down the mountain. And while we saw tracks, we should have moved more birds. Discouraging



Moved 5 (new) - 6 flushes
1 shot - no hit Ruff: 1 production

1:30 - 5:30 (4 hrs.)

^{14 winter}
Friday 13 December

~~~~~  
Bitter cold weather and snow have kept us from hunting. Today the temperature rose to the thirties in the warmer portion. I took Feathers to the Hendershell country. I regret shooting too often in one count, but this is a good one, with plenty of birds and the roads were such that I felt justified. Skipping the first area and the power line, I entered the woods on the far side of the right of-way and took the lower fork, dropping down the ridge. Almost immediately I heard a power line -



heading out the hill. As I walked on down the path a second bird  
flushed from the sound I made whipping the snow from my  
shooting pants with switches (sound like grouse wings that seemed to  
put up birds all day). The bird had let me pass, and then  
flushed back up the ridge. Feathers was working hard, hitting  
all cover and now, some bit below me, must have lost out a bird.  
I heard it, then saw it coming toward me, taking the path, <sup>its breast golden;</sup> a  
true head-high incoherer like the low incoherer at #1 station at  
sheet. I took him the same way, getting on him and swinging  
past, pulling as I managed to do so, and must have let him  
not over 15 yards, a less, away. The bird landed soon but to  
the left of me, folded.



Feathers came in promptly found and  
retrieved. He dropped the grouse as I reached  
for it, quickly picked it up again.

It was a big cock, adult, with its head  
hollowed out by the shot. The pattern was well  
ahead and had clipped the far (right) wing. I was happy to  
see that otherwise the bird was not torn up as I had imagined.  
Feathers was #4 just beyond Cuffs Run. It came down my  
way, settling into the cover below the lower path behind me with



no chance to shoot. I merely heard #5 on the ascent to the flat back of Cupps house. Made a true double from the edge of the log road - about the only time I remember two birds flushing ~~simultaneously~~ simultaneously. Both were out of a Rhododendron bush with the same roar, and over the brake toward Sandy before I could mount.

#8 was merely a puff of snow, like smoke from a shot out of a high hemlock later when I hunted the bottom - <sup>also got a reference to</sup> the birds in the good corner under the spoil pile. And none in the flat on top until I approached the rocks above the ascending path. There #9 went out and headed back toward the strip mine diggings.

I failed to make it and finally stopped for lunch at 4:15 under a hemlock - good hot cream of tomato soup - yummm!! Once more back the ridge, high to Cupps Run. Made one of the 3 we found when Ray and I had Ruffed Grouse here last. Followed the upper ridge back to the top to avoid molesting further birds down low and walked into 2 that gave me no shots. Came out on the lower line and walked it to the top of the hill, stepping into a glorious view of the Druries - pink and cold and hazy in the after sunset light - and more of them than I've ever seen, high and jagged rising into the south. Feathers hunted beautifully and sweetly today. Made one nice point that looked good but was, unfortunately, empty.



#43

The day was fine for hunting - "warming" to just melting part on the snow - then chattering off at night. The shot was, I must say, a good one. At least the only true winner I remember ever making.

Mixed 12 (<sup>2</sup> new) 13 flutes      Feathers: 1 set.  
1 shot - 1 hit      1 kill

1:30 - 5:40 (4 1/4)

adult cock: almost solid. collar-wide  
crop: woods fern

Saturday 14 December      a little warmer but still snow on the ground. Just to make certain, I went to the Roaring Gap where the snow stays longest. Took Ruff & Shadows, leaving Ray & Feathers at home. Parking on the hill above Tannery, I hunted the first hollow up to the old barn and then down to the main valley crossing to the Tannery road and up into Mathew's corner with no sign of birds. Mathew in a bad humor informed me - no hunting - tho at one time he had said I was all right. But it seems some sheep-killing dogs have scared people in that area - and I suppose you can't blame them. His land lies above the Tannery road except on lower end where it runs to the creek and down there he said it was all right to hunt if I wanted to. I didn't. I found the hollow on the lower side of the road barren of birds and the hill up to the



top field (I'd almost always found some bird here). I finally  
moved two - one from a tree, the other from the ground - on the  
shoulder of the ridge above - both too wide for a shot. Following  
I came on Ruff making games and then flushed separately -  
counting 2 of these now. Going around the ridge to the  
left I got 2 flushes. Came back to point of shoulder where  
I had estimated one of the first pair and very consistently  
moved it - a quartering right shot that I took a bit short on  
lead but dropped the bird well out. Ruff hesitated a moment to  
locate the bird by sound, I think, and shadows promptly moved  
ahead and snatched it up, retrieving & handing very prettily.

 I don't think Ruff was too happy but I'm  
certain Mulans was, and I made quite  
a lot of fuss over him. We ate lunch with my bird - a hen,  
that must have been an adult, and my gun lying on the thick  
lower branches of the small hemlock. The bird had flushed from  
after lunch I dropped down the ridge with a short, brief  
point by Ruff at the remaining fourth bird of the group - 4  
birds for 9 flushes unless I'm counting too conservatively, not  
bad locating. At the bottom, I crossed the run and hunched  
up the road past the old sawmill to about thirty or forty yards



up the road I heard a flock to my right - and waiting to get a good look at the bird (the essential of my shooting) I took a big grouse as he rose acutely thru the hemlock tops - a rising, left quartering climb, and firing as I saw them a short lead, saw him tumble - dropping thru the hemlock branches into thick cover.

Again, Ruff took a moment too long to get started, and Shadows was there and had the grouse - a big cock with a beautiful golden breast. I think the golden breast on the cocks and the russet red throat on the hens seems characteristic.



That made the day - a second kill about 4:35, so we walked back to the station wagon without further exploration in this valley. I like those H<sub>16</sub> 3 of #7 1/2 shells Dr. Morris gave me. The first 3 have produced 3 birds. Moved 5-10 flocks



SHADOWS DELIVERS #2 SHOT.

2 shots - 2 hits

Ruff: 1 producer 2 kills

Shadows: 2 retrievers 2 kills

2:15-5:15 (2 3/4)

~~adult~~ ~~yearling~~ cock: almost solid, collar, red. crop:

adult hen: broken, medium

crop: small twig (1/2") with buds, green



Monday 16 December

Much warmer after last night's rain. Sunny and mild as an early fall day with a wonderful dampness everywhere - the sort of day I'd say would produce all kinds of birds. And yet, I believe it was close to the most barren day I've known. I took Feathers to the Crab Orchard area, parking halfway a mile up the steep road from Deep Hollow, at the mouth of a strip digging. I covered the entire area on top, and even some new, wonderful grape vines over on the east slope till this afternoon - and moved exactly one grouse for 2 flashes. The bird came up across from Feathers who may or may not have bumped it and I lost it somewhere around the "Old Jake" (Feather) place. Feathers hunted beautifully shooting over him is like hunting behind two dogs, he covers both sides at once - and it is a shame he didn't have some birds to work.

Very disappointing.

Moved 1-2 flashes Feathers  
no shots

3:00-6:00 (3 hrs.)

Tuesday 17 December

Cooler, overcast but excellent weather for grouse hunting. Kay & I took Ruff along to the Whitwell country. We moved grouse almost everywhere - down Hanging Ground Run, up as the ridge above it - new excellent grapevines cover - and around the hollow below the



old "Jam" place. We saw the giant hydrangea with its dried  
 blossoms today and could tell it must have been "the prettiest"  
 thing you ever saw." We moved seven altogether in the gorge  
 up to the road. Home along the road back trout. Ruff made  
 a honey of a production on the third flush of one of the birds in the  
 hollow - but the grouse cleverly kept low behind rhododendron until  
 beyond range. Later, Ruff had another production, rather too far  
 out - two birds that moved out on me before I could get near.



RUFF WITH HIS LIP UP.

And on the way in this evening, we followed went down over the  
 hill from the road and at last Ruff pointed but wasn't too sure -  
 and after he moved in, my voice calling to him put out a  
 bird to the left of him - and that flush moved 2 more below.  
 I can't estimate accurately how many of the fifteen birds were new but  
 feel at least two must be. We picked up a nice section of log  
 just before we left the woods that will be our Xmas Yule log.  
 Made 15-20 <sup>(2 new)</sup> flushes Ruff: 3 productions

2:15-6:00 (3 3/4)

No shots  
 (unusual two days running)



Thursday 19 December <sup>17#41</sup> The weather forecaster keeps saying rain,  
since yesterday, and aside from during the night  
it hasn't rained yet. Today was lovely, a bit too warm — about 50° —  
and some sunshines with nice damp conditions underfoot. I took  
Ruff and Shadows to the Forest — Scott Run cove as before. The  
birds moved on first ridge below cave but after crossing to the main  
Scott Run valley and hunting around the grapevine cover where  
Junior Falkeuslied and I moved 4, I soon heard one go out, then in  
a few moments another — and another. The last bird flushed  
back below me — quite a little distance, but it was a fair  
view of it for a moment and I tried it — a right crossing shot  
as I faced downhill. at the crack of the gun the bird folded

very gratifyingly.  
but tried to fix the



I started some grapevines and hurried down. It took Shadows a few  
moments to arrive and Ruff considerably longer. I could see no sign  
of the grouse, but felt confident the two dogs would soon spot it.  
I was so sure of myself, I even considered keeping Shadows away and  
giving Ruff the retrieve but when it took Ruff so long to show, I  
encouraged Shadows to retrieve. It soon became clear that no  
one was going to retrieve — at least at that location. After  
repeatedly calling Shadows back in vain his efforts to go on hunting  
I ended, coaxing both dogs to fetch. Ruff was very unimpressed



and stals - apparently sluggish from the heat - and both <sup>49</sup>  
dogs miserably looped around with a half-yard of tongue hanging  
out. I decided the bird was running away - brown wings sometimes  
go down like solid bits - and I started working the dogs down the  
slope - feeling certain crippled birds always go downhill. Circling  
back to the spot of the fall, I located my skull above and  
again marked the fall - near a large black stump. No bird  
around. Again I worked downhill - literally forcing both dogs to  
come in and cover ground ahead and near me. Close to the run it  
the foot of the hill - again back up - again down - this  
time working at along the rhododendron along the stream. Ruff  
made a convincing point and I thought we'd found the bird - a  
long distance from the fall - but it had had more than enough  
time. No bird. Finally I gave up. A cripple in this rocky  
rough work was lost - and much as I regretted it, I started to hunt  
on - but just as a pattern of effort, made no more circle up  
to the area of the fall. At the stump again I found no  
bird - and didn't expect to now. So I began working up to  
the place I'd found the shot to continue out the ridge. Eight  
yards above the stump my eye fastened on something - the  
grouse - a red - lying dead amid a pile of feathers. Shadow  
and the nearest and I sent him toward it. In a matter of  
moments he got the scent, picked up the bird and delivered it



maily. Then I got the whole picture. The bird was, of course,  
 still warm but dead — and it had lost all but ~~one~~ one tail feather.  
 The rest were in a cluster amid the feathers on the ground. The bird  
 hadn't lost those feathers from the shot. Some dog had caught it,  
 pulling out the tail in the effort, and then left the bird on the  
 ground and walked away. Even the head had been licked a lot. It had  
 to be Shadows — Ruff might take hours to deliver but he wouldn't  
 leave the bird like that. Shadows, the psychotic light-bell, had  
 cost me immeasurably anxiety and an hour and a half of  
 searching. I could have strangled him. A shell was too valuable to  
 waste on him. I had to stop and eat lunch to cool off.



AMID HER FEATHERS.

After lunch I got started again out  
 the ridge, then excellent grape cover —  
 mentally resolving not to shoot at any  
 birds unless we moved more than the other

Two flushed earlier — or had a point. I very shortly had  
 it — a beauty by Ruff. He swung into the hill above me,  
 then as I walked up, turned and pointed even higher on the  
 brow. As I walked to the left of him, he ~~was~~ moved in  
 close and the bird went up over the top — no shot. A  
 second flush occurred beyond the ~~ridge~~ ridge ahead of us. It



was a nice point,  
and helped redeem Ruff  
in my eyes - considerably.



RUFF DOES IT WELL.

We moved one of these birds  
for a refresh. I dropped over  
to the intermediate ridge - no  
birds - and down to the branch  
of Scott Run below the car. Expected  
to move across working up the hollow but didn't - altho I was after  
5:00 - fine time to find them. At last I turned and hunted  
back the ridge on a higher level, just below the brink. Out ahead  
Shadows hit a lovely point - held a few seconds - then moved in  
and again froze - stretched out. I continued him and walked  
in while he remained beautifully staunch. The bird flushed with no  
chance to shoot, going up over the top - but Shadows had done it  
perfectly - redeeming himself a bit, too. It really made the day.

1:35 - 3:45 (4 1/2)



SHADOWS TURNS IN  
A GOOD JOB.

Ruff: 1 prod.  
1 kill

Shadows: 1 prod.  
1 kill

yearling hen: red, brown, narrow  
crop: grapes

Mixed (no new)  
4-7 flushes  
1 shot - 1 hit

I'm not counting  
a retriever for anyone

still like these  
shells! 1 1/2 - 7 1/2



Friday 20 December

Threat of rain - but only occasional  
mist from time to time - quite warm. I took Feathers  
on a late start to the Shafer house above Little Sandy - and  
hunted up valley above the Wyckoff cabin. The first bird was  
a good chance but came at me before I recognized it as a shot -  
a mallard. A high meadow from Feathers - directly over my  
head at tree height. I worked on out the hill side (good cover)  
and soon saw Feathers stiffer into a point far ahead. I  
don't know if he moved in and bumped the bird or if he merely  
broke at wing - he did move, and a bird came back quartering  
left below me. I feared it as a high left crosser, decided to  
shoot - then "felt" a sapling in my gun's way - and to avoid  
striking the barrels, stopped my swing but made a fast snap -  
a half-snap. The bird went on but a sprinkling of small under  
feathers came floating down. Had I swung according to my intention  
it would have been centered beautifully, I am sure. I followed the  
grouse down to the bottom below the cabin  
and finally missed it (I think the same bird)

From a hemlock. No more grouse until well  
up the hollow, I turned and started back along  
the upper edge. A large bird flushed from the  
open field a few yards out from the woods and I got a reflex  
shot in such thick cover the bird had to go up advised





Flashed #4 from a tree nearby. No more birds all the way back to  
the car at Shapers. It was only 5:00 so I crossed to the  
woods on the knob behind and hunted down to the little run  
on Charles Killip's edge. all day I had stopped each time the  
rain began and waited out the short showers under nice dry hemlocks.  
While I ate, the rain got a little more purposeful but let up  
at last and I began hunting around the foot of the hill along the  
path above Beaver and around above Sandy. No more birds seen, but  
the rain set in again and I rolled up the hill and just made the  
car as it really let loose. A nice afternoon in spite of no  
kills. Feathers hunted beautifully. I think we often points without any knowing it.  
March 5 - 7 feathers Feathers: 1 productive  
7:00 - 5:45 (2  $\frac{3}{4}$ ) 1 shot - no hit

Saturday 21 December a lovely day, cool but not cold,  
sunny and damp underfoot - with a  
bit too much wind. Ray and I took Ruff and Shadows to June  
Cochran's. The day itself was exhilarating but overall it requires  
a facing - if not a good-sized hooker - of objectivity in  
regarding it. Certainly if I were beyond this world I would  
ask nothing better than to return for one more day just  
like this. And yet I think Shadows could have done  
better by me. He worked well until we reached June's when,  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center



after a talk with June, we moved on out the road. Puff made a  
mile point just beyond the bars and, making Shadows back, I  
walked the bird up, the Puff was moving in when it flushed. I  
had seen a grouse flush down across the road a bit before -  
from Shadows who was working wide and about us. After  
this, Shadows - and I must confess - Puff, both began using  
the path too much. It is a coast that encourages this and  
I always have trouble making dogs quarter the sides. I called  
Shadows in and ordered him to the sides - repeatedly. Finally  
he ran down the path and bumped the bird we were following.  
This called for discipline which he received but didn't profit  
by. More calling in and forcing to quarter finally got him  
looking the sides better but the hacking doesn't sit well with  
that young gentleman. #3 flushed below me as I walked the  
road - passed a missed by both dogs. Going out the ridge  
below the spoil piles I walked into #4, with no recognition  
by either dog, and taking a too fast snap, missed the  
bird which did nothing for my equanimity. We followed up to  
the upper road where after a long search we  
saw Shadows bump the bird from a  
hedge row above - and watched it go  
out into clear country with Shadows in hot pursuit. (Three  
bumps by Shadows to date.) We walked on out the road





into absolutely clear fields but didn't find the bird, which must  
 have sailed on to the next thicket. Returning, we dropped lower  
 on the hill and hunted back, keeping to the sloping side incidentally  
 above the lower tramroad. On a fairly open woods-and-rocky  
 slope I came on Ruff absolutely solid below me. I felt Kay



RUFF WAS SOLID.

couldn't conceivably get  
 up soon enough for a shot  
 so I warned her with a  
 "point" whistle and walked  
 down. The grouse got  
 up below and took off  
 away and low, rising a bit.

I shot "with it" and saw it fall - gratifying, a kill over a point.  
 Again things went well, for while Braden ran in to search, he  
 passed up the bird and Ruff located it and, after an eternity  
 of licking and pricking up and laying down, made a very nice  
 retrieval, sitting to deliver - which Kay got on film. The bird  
 was a huge cock - one of the largest and we made it an occasion  
 for lunch - sitting on some rocks in the sunshine with the two  
 dogs at our feet. All was, once more, well with the world. It was too early  
 to hunt up the lower train - we would be out of cover too quickly, so we  
 doubled back up to the saw dust hill and took a path that  
 ridged up the thick hill about. It got no smaller, our bird



moved (that could have been a point by Puff, I couldn't tell) and  
took me all the way to the upper strip, digging - not enough  
birds for all this good work. Shadows was doing all right now  
that there was no path to worry him - but both dogs were getting  
tired and so were we. It was 5:30 when we once again reached

the sandstone hills, after doubling down, and going toward the  
lower trams, had some empty points by Puff. Bringing  
Shadows in to cover the rhododendron cluster on the right, I  
was having trouble enforcing my orders to go in, when a  
young blue out of the thicket I wanted him to hunt,  
not far steps from us. I was wary and tired, and a  
little irritable and couldn't stop myself trying a shot that  
could - a would-never have been fired. The bird of course went  
on.



THIS ONE SHOULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN ATTEMPTED.

Following the ~~general~~<sup>approximate</sup> direction  
of the flash along the middle  
tram I again had trouble  
keeping Shadows in close  
enough - and off the path.

Calling him to me I sent him up where the bird should have  
been in a general way - and he walked into it too far out  
for me to shoot. #4 flash for Shadows, bring on, and



staying on urge to kill him, I got us around the shoulder and started both dogs and ourselves up a path that should have led us nearly to the bird. It only led Shadows - who got there very ahead of us and bumped the bird - #5 for the day. after that nothing good could have happened. We walked the long, tired two miles a more to the car. I really don't think Shadows has the bird sense it takes - neither the nose nor the pointing urge, both of which Ruff has in abundance and which a good grouse dog cannot do without. I question whether Feathers has them either. Wilde put her nose on her nose, and it was only in looks and drive - not in bird sense. At 4 1/2 and 5 1/2 I don't think either of them will ever improve. Thank God for Ruff.

Ruff

Mixed 7 (3 new) - 11 fufus

3 shots - 1 hit (on point)

Ruff: 2 producers  
1 hell aw lot  
1 retriever

1:30 - 6:30 / 5

adult cock: nearly rid, collar, neck.

crop: empty

Shadows: 1 bill

~~~~~


Monday 23 December: a short hunt before driving over to get
Mother for Xmas. I took Feathers to the

Muddy Creek valley at Mrs. Wolff's old place, parking at the
Lardtop at one of the Livingoods. The mixed evergreen-hardwood
cover looks lovely from a distance but once into it, it is evident
that the woods is too open. Moved nothing until I reached the
cut over area in the first valley to the right where I
moved two grouse singly - very wild from the tearing wind
that roared on the upper edges. One bird merely showed itself
by the backwash of leaves on take-off. Found no more birds
until I worked about a strip digging into the main valley -
Crossing a fence in very difficult going, I followed a
sunny lane, climbing over log piles and through brush.
A bird's shadow flicked back over me and I turned in time
to see it pitch. A second grouse flushed, crossing left and
down the hill - no chance. #3 was a rising-wing and,
tho a shade too far out, I tried and missed as #4 took the
same direction - around the top of the hill. Feathers bumped
one of them after I followed and located it for him - and later got
into chickens at the house beyond. Fortunately no one was home
and tho he ended up in the chicken house itself, the birds
managed somehow to escape. I got him a good trimming but
all I did was leave his big ^{and hump} ~~head~~ ^{completely} intact and

157/#109
my hand sore and throbbing. He has absolutely no sense at all.



ALMOST CHICKEN IN THE POT.

We failed to find the second grouse so doubled back after the one bird and, I think, scared it down over the ridge. The flush was such a short round I decided it had sailed out across the bottom field toward the marginal cover along Muddy Creek and after a big circle, went over and did walk it up. The flush was a quick low one, dodging behind rhododendron and as the bird showed for a split second, I tried a snap shot that missed. I believe a fast swing would have done it - but its difficult to make yourself do it with a short dwell on the bird.

Found no sign of the bird so ate lunch before climbing the ridge and starting back down - valley.

I would have liked to cross Muddy Creek and hunt the far side back but the water was much too high to negotiate. Back at the site of the four-bird flush I found more of the same.

at the strip diggings, dropped below and very shortly flushed a
 grouse wild. Following down on, I came to the upper margin of
 excellent hemlock, rhododendron, hardwood mixed cover and heard
 Feathers put the bird up ahead. Taking a nice path out the
 ridge before going on down, I let Feathers walk both sides
 and suddenly was confronted with a bird coming down from
 Feathers and too near me to try as an answer. Seeing it
 cross left I fired as it quartered - missed (too close, I
 suppose) and as it disappeared into thick cover, pulled the
 left barrel - "right on it". I had no hint of a hit - or
 not - except that a small sapling was whipping back and forward
 - as if something had struck it.



Too far away for the patterns
 have caused the movement, so

I hoped it had been the bird falling. I sent Feathers in to
 search - dense cover, and after a while I saw him
 clear down with his tail wagging - and soon he came up
 with the grouse - a beautiful big red cock - dead.

2:15:6:00 a fine fine. No more birds moved.
 3 3 3
 moved 8-12 flocks

Feathers: 1, retrieves

adult cock: red, solid, collar, narrow. 4 shots - 1 hit. George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center

Tuesday 24 December

Today - my Christmas Eve hunt -

we turned the years back to the days when Ruff was young. Not as an inexperienced puppy, but as the finished, smooth-working grouse dog with the genius for finding birds, one after another, that I may never own again. I took him alone to the Lake Run country above Summers - a big territory that I usually save for 7 others now that Ruff is slower. Today I wanted it to be just Ruff and I, since Kay couldn't go, and it was perfect. The weather was sunny and cool. We moved on within minutes after stepping into the woods. I decided against working the high part of the ridge and since it was a fairly late start - 2:15 - kept to the tram road. At the rapier beyond the first ravine Ruff pointed into the lower side. We'd made it into shadows the day Kay & I had been here, and from just beyond this spot and the point looked good. As I moved to Ruff the bird flushed from the upper side - exactly the same spot as before - and I went to go out parallel with the road - also like the other time. I decided to be generous and call it a production, and called to Ruff to go on. He moved on below and pointed again. Just to prove to him the bird was not there I walked down. His attitude was so convincing I walked past him looking, and a grouse flushed -

quartering left and rising. Intervening trees forced me to
shoot before I was sure - or not at all - and I missed, but it
was a lovely point. Not caring to go back for this bird, I walked on
out the main road, crossing the second run and getting out for a
possible flush where the bird had gone out that other day. The
pattern of behavior was nearly perfect. This time it flushed a
few yards to the left of the road and as I wheeled, offered



RUFF HAD HIM.

a right cross - fairly
close. I swung and fired
going thru a short bed and
saw the bird fold, head
up. It was lying, breast up
when I walked in and I
don't think it had fluttered,
making a fairly hard find

with little scent stirring. Ruff made a cast or two and located
it, retrieving after a very prolonged performance. The bird was
a yearling hen. I wished it could have been a bill over the point but
who was I to quibble with a day in heaven? (or better yet,
a day from a past happy-hunting grounds.)

37/113
We walked on out the trail and
heard #4 flush below us. At the
very nice grassy areas where I always
seem to contact birds, just before the

100%

third ravine, I sent Ruff up to work about me.

After a couple of casts he pointed and two
birds (#5 & 6) flushed, one up over the other



LYING FEET-UP.

toward the ravine. Moving out we got another point

on what could have been one of these, and as I walked in, the
bird sailed down and back, a chance if I had been in better

position instead of climbing up these briars. Not daring to follow
that far down the mountain I went on to the ravine and

looked up to see Ruff suddenly spread himself like honey
on a roll and fling.



There he stayed as four birds - one at a time - took the air and buzzed
in as many directions - too far to shoot. Following the last two
we worked up the steep basin or ravine, moving one of them from
a tree. I had decided since we were into birds and Ruff was
clicking so beautifully to hold off for a shot over a point, at

least for a while. And so, walking up a deer path while
Ruff worked the ridge, I passed up a close flank from my
feet that I might, or might not, have hit. We got several
reflexes as we worked higher and finally a nice point that
was productive, but no shot. I found myself following a
new bird a tree, higher and higher and ended up just below
the weather fields on the top. I ate lunch and then, before
starting down, worked out the ridge to the north, but that it
was good cover in other years, today moved nothing. Finally we
dropped down, again crossing the magic ravine above our
point of action and, taking the left rim of the basin, had
a nice point from Ruff in a very possible place for one of the
group of 4. As I walked in and nothing materialized, Ruff
moved in to establish his point and the bird flushed from the
very point of the cliff - no shot offered. We moved it later
over Ruff's last, and seventh, point - almost a shot, but
not quite. But it was more than a shot to me. 7 points,
within 2 of his record of 9 for a day in this very exact years ago -
an experience I had not counted on living again with Ruff. It
was superb and I think Ruff felt it as such. I have been

57/58 #115

did, exactly as I - that this was really "happy hunting" and
if King had been here - we'd settle for a dash of this and
call it heaven. What a day! What a dog!

March 12-22 ^(6 new) flushes
2:15-6:00 ($3\frac{3}{4}$) 2 shots - 1 hit
Buff: 7 products
1 retriever
1 kill

yearling hen: interrupted, narrow
crop: empty

Friday 27 December Did not hunt yesterday because of
rain. Today was a clear sunny day, cool
and perfect. Again it seemed like ideal bird weather, but
something is wrong. King and I took Trappers and Shadens to
Homer millers and hunted the lower coverts (John Trapper had
moved some birds here for hunting) but we didn't move a single one.
Not until we hunked to Sick Run and moved one bird for 3
flushes from the Rhododendron did we have any luck. There we moved
three more from the creek - no shots at all and that was it. All
the way back down the mountain at post-sunset was empty walking.
One of the worst days here ever. I think with the moon (light shining
on the ground) we might have moved more in the headwater woods had we
had time.

2:30-6:30 (4)

moved 4-6 flushes
no shots

Saturday 28 December

My birthday hunt. Fifty-one seems very much like forty-one, only a little nicer. Ray decided to stay home and prepare goose dinner, birthday cakes et al, since the weather wasn't nicer. Too, it seems strange that I didn't take Puff but he had hunted yesterday, so — like last year — Feathers did the honors. I hunted upper Spiker on little Sandy — after a late start, putting two rabbit hunters off our place — god damn the common people in this world — and immediately flushed a good chance on an incoming bird that was on me before I could mount. I turned and with a perfect opportunity, missed twice. I put it down to nerves. Reflushed the bird wild in thick cover and hunting to the top area finally ward one bird — no shot. Found no more geese so decided to return to the car and go to Upper Brack — making one more bird before I left Spiker's woods. After lunch driving and at 4:15 got started along Brack. It was a cloudy day and nice and damp underfoot — ideal hunting weather. Feathers walked beautifully but we couldn't find geese, either on the lower side of the road or up the hollow on the upper side. Finally I dropped into the thick cover up the valley toward the house. Ray & Madeline Carter lived in and almost immediately Feathers bumped a bird that headed left of the creek. It was not a good chance but I was anxious and missed a long left-anger. Staying on the path, I walked past the ~~thick cover~~ where the bird had





TOO FAR OUT.

flushed and saw Feathers wheel into a point, hold it a moment and then rear in as a second grouse flushed with no chance to

shoot. We waited some fifteen yards before #3 flushed from Feathers and cut toward the path - a rising right-cropper. I swung thru a lead as he cut thru the opening of the path and tumbled it nicely.



Feathers was there and made a prompt retrieval - a nice big adult cock. The shooting was ragged today but this one had been a honey.

We walked to the clearing where the Castles had lived and as I turned toward the creek to return on a lower level, ~~was~~ ^{one bird} ~~only~~ - and only heard ~~them~~. At the big rocks I turned back down-valley and ran walked into two more - one a rise against the sky that was a wonderful chance (if I had been clear of brush.) The second bird bore back toward the rocks. Fate as it was I decided to follow and flushed the grouse from the very base of the cliff - a narrow quartering shot, rather long, but I tried for it in the fading light. I wish now, I hadn't.



at the shot, the bird rocketed up,

slaved against the sky and, turning, ~~then~~ ^{he} ~~directly~~ left (down-valley) and

disappeared. From the action I am sure it was a head shot or lung shot, but not acute. I expected to come across the bird, at least crippled, but then we hunted the section well, it was useless. I think it may have got over the stream before going down and the water was too high for me to wade across. Finally I had to get up and hunt a down. The rhododendron, hardwood cover here is ideal, rocks and steep terrain along the creek. As I was struggling up the slope a bird flushed about from Feathers and as I waited I saw it coming my way - against the sky and to my right. Tried to turn to take it crossing but couldn't quite and fired feeling a shade too far behind. Even so, after the bird had gone on I saw a feather sail slowly down. The shot should have been made.



It had begun to rain and I moved along in the gathering dark as quickly as I could - finally reached the point of land between the forks of the creek near the road. Feathers walked into a bird in a rhododendron and I saw it rise and go away - too far to shoot. The day was rather wild as to shooting and yet, fun. And a Thursday grouse is always something to be grateful for. May there be a lot more of them.

2:20-4:00	Little Sandy	Upper Beaver	Feathers: 1 prod.
	heard 3-4 flickers	heard 8 (all new) 9 flickers	1 kill
	2 shots - no hits	4 shots - 1 hit	1 ret.
4:15-6:20	adult cock: solid, collar, red		
(total 33)	crop: empty		

Monday 30 December Perfect weather, cold, sunny toward later afternoon. Ray and I took Ruff & Shadows to the

Wetzel country, parking at Salvant's where Mr. Calvert - very old - came out to speak to us. We moved few birds in the good area along Stampung Ground Run, but we did get a honey for point from Shadows - very intense, very solid - and he held it beautifully while I walked in. Unfortunately the bird gave me no chance, but it did me a world of good to get that point from Shadows. Maybe he has it in him after all!



SHADOWS DOES IT
BEAUTIFULLY.

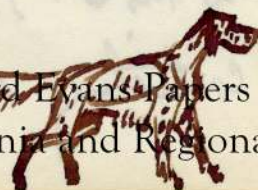
To my surprise we found no birds in the main gorge - except the one at the road - and merely heard it so faintly. Much shooting. We

hunted up the run above the road and out the ridge, flushing a bird there. On the way back toward the car, we hunted the cove above the road and got a lovely point from Ruff - head high and solid. But it was too far out for Ray to get a picture - and again the bird gave me no opportunity to shoot. Burned no powder today, but the productive help soothes me!

Moved 8 (no new) 9 flashes Ruff: 1 productive
no shots

Shadows: 1 productive

3-6:30 (3½)



Monday 31 December

New Year's Eve hunt. Took Mary to the
Elsey country today - her first trip -

using Feathers alone. It's big terrain and this just right for it.
On the way up the road he ate up the birds, making 2 singles I
couldn't get a shot at. ~~He~~ #3, coming out of the cover above the road,
gave me an opportunity I could scarcely believe - a left-crosser
against the day. I went into action in time to swing them and fire
going them a lead, and the bird tumbled with a large drift of feathers
like a reproduction of the shot pattern, expanding as it floated down.



It was about as clean a shot as
I'll ever make. Feathers was
in searching before the feathers
settled and as they came down around
him, he saw them and wheeled into

another direction and to the bird. Interesting that process. The grouse
was a nice cock - a yearling I would say from the size, but the pinions
indicate an adult! We hunted on, moving the next bird at the
summit clearing beyond the meadows. It came out below us, from Feathers,
and offered a shot but I was too late deciding. We walked the log
road all the way up the mountain, making two more birds up there. On
the shelf we walked to the little run that cuts down and moved
another bird - no shot. Finally, after lunch, began the long hunt
back down, contacting nothing until the upper summit again.

a good chance - high left-crown coming from Feather (I think he ~~was~~ throws the birds into utter confusion and they don't realize where they go) - had I only been a few yards closer. A round flash below the clearing (by sound only) and we had no more contacts all the way down. I managed to run a twig into my left ear - and later on well up my left nose. Some cover! Odd that we couldn't get another shot. It is excellent bird country - miles of it - and a fine discovery - the "discovery of the year."

missed 9 (2 new) 10 flushes 7 feathers: 1 bill
 1 shot - 1 hit 1 retriever

2:00-6:15 (4 1/4)

adult (by the wing indicator)
 cock: solid, collar, med.
 crop: Beans, twig buds, flat winged seeds.

Friday 3 January Very disappointing weather - cold - better cold - and more. But mostly the cold. I missed New Year's Day and the next, but today couldn't wait any longer - tho' it was if anything, just as cold or colder. Not above 20° but only that for a short while. I took Puff and went to Upper Beaver, feeling sure of lots of birds in limited area. We didn't find them along the path, but did hear one bird go out wild, somewhere above. Then nothing until I got up to the top of the mountain where I saw a

tracks leading up to the greenline above. Later Ruff made the first
out of them - no shot. I checked with the Mrs. Ralph Feather
who owns this and got straightened out about permission to hunt -
very agreeable. He said there were grouse up-valley but that I hunted
up to the next tributary I would nothing (one set of tracks in
the high tributary). At sunset turned back in face biting, bone-cold
wind to hunt back and made no birds till lower end when another
grouse (could have been the #1 bird) flushed wild and hid for the creek.
Ruff tried but didn't really make birds enough for this kind of
weather. Didn't stop for lunch (ate candy on the walk. Had drunk
thermos of hot consommé before leaving car).

March 3 (no new) 3 flushes Ruff
2:30-6:15 (3 $\frac{3}{4}$) no photo

~~~~~

Saturday 4 January. Last day. Still cold and even more  
snow around, dusting all brush. But this  
noon left as day lengthened. However, I had to hunt out the  
coldest, snowiest part of the woods to use up the last day. Cart  
Spring called and asked us over so Ray and I drove over with all  
these boys for the last day. Ray is too heavy with pups to hunt.  
We got started at 3:00 down



when Carl had heard there were birds. We moved thru hummocks and  
areas of Rhododendron, loaded with snow (about 3 inches of snow  
are here) and must surely be bird that I didn't see. Returned to  
car on road about 5:00 and began hunting up onto the ridge  
above the road where I had heard more birds above Taylor's.  
We got separated from Ruff, taking 15 minutes or more to get in  
contact (he came back from up the road toward Taylor's house -  
very debonair and gay and not at all perturbed). Once more  
looked out the ridge this dog put a bird out of a hummock. It came  
back between Carl and me, rocketing up against the brittle  
warm fingers early in the

back between Carl and me, reaching up  
cold sky - a lucky chance for warm fingers early in the  
day. It wasn't early and my fingers were like ice. I didn't  
swing ahead and as I shot the grouse flicked its tail from the snow  
pattern and boomed away - so high and Carl he didn't see it.  
It was the only opportunity. We hunted all the rest

It was the only opportunity. We hunted all the way up the ridge & he ~~was~~ <sup>went</sup> and came back on the south side, encountering a group of young-lind tracks above the hemlocks and the swamp below. Mark one of the birds from



SHOULD HAVE HAD HIM —  
FAMOUS LAST-DAY WORDS.



Disappointing last day, but they cantall be as fabulous as  
some have been.

March 3-3 flocks

1 shot - no hit

Ruff  
Feathers

Shadows

3:00 - 6:30 (3)



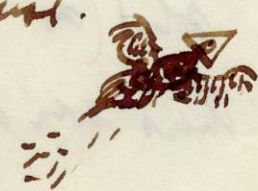


January 10 Friday Prairie Lane! Quite an experience. For  
1958 Further details see ms. of A Bird-Dog for a Morgue.

Weather very cold, clear and mostly sunny. With Les Crawford and myself as guns, Ray as movie cameraman, Peg as operator and the two Don Hones carrying camera and gun respectively, we followed Moss the colored guide behind two liver ticked German Shorthairs - Dan and Queen. The first find was a hen pheasant that lay so tightly I couldn't believe it was a healthy bird but as Moss poked it out from beneath the dog's nose, I missed it very nicely - dropping a few tail feathers as it quartered low. No second.



DAN & QUEEN



I found the Shorthairs intense but slow hunters - walking as much as trotting - and of course, held in very close. We

missed several birds - the second one another chance for me that I passed because one of the Shorthairs was chasing and I was uneasy about hitting the dog. Les shot a hen, and I'm not sure more, before I had another chance. Mine was a cock that flushed across one of the frozen canals. I felt it a rather distant shot (after grouse they seem far) and I used my left barrel, folding him solidly. The Shorthairs made a dual retrieval on the cock.



We returned to the hounds in a big circle to get a trace of Weimaraners - Rocky and June. <sup>dog</sup> faster than the



short hairs but still quite close workers and all were inclined to chase. Moss removes his eyes (undoubtedly) only to follow at the dogs using one command "Ho!" for everything and not doing badly. But he'd get better results with ~~fewer~~ <sup>less</sup> noise.

I can't remember the exact shots Lero had (he didn't seem to ever miss) and oddly I'm foggy on one of mine. But the movie refreshed me to the extent that I'm pretty sure it was a hen quartering left from the Wemmaraisers who point very intensely - their stub tails solid (as different from the short hairs who never stopped wagging their ever a point). Rocky did most of the retrieving.



In the hedgerow of trees along the dirt road where we'd seen several birds go in flight, we worked with Lero on the left edge and Ray and I on the right, while Moss took the dogs down the center. Over a point soon after entering a cock flushed to Lero who dropped it, and a second bird - another cock, came up thru the tall trees over my left shoulder - a nice chance that turned out well. The bird dropped straight down and hit the ground with a solid round and Rocky came over full tilt and scooped it up - pausing for his picture as Ray got on with it.





HIGH IN THE TREES.

As we moved on, a hen flushed out my side too far ahead, but Moose yelled "You can get 'em!" I had no intention of shooting but the bird doubled back on my stalk and the field still well out.

I tried my left barrel, missed, and then futilely pulled the right and the bird glided on into the cover along the road. Moose insisted it was hit and went back with the Weimaraners and did come out with my bird, legs dangling and perforated with shot. I had undershot it, but I don't know with which barrel. I took Dan Stone's camera for a while hoping to get some pictures on point but couldn't. Ray got a good close-up of a hen on the ground beside a log.

We went back to the clubhouse for lunch and afterwards took out Dash and his mother Betsy, two of Dutch Martin's setters. They worked well together as a team but had little style, continuing to wag their tails on point - an annoying tendency to me. Dash made a good solid find soon after we started and Ray got a good still snapshot of it. Then as the bird flushed, a hen, climbing straight up it seemed, I got a shot that dropped the bird solidly.



Later the dogs pointed again and so and I got a couple of shots. *What was a*



dark cock (less tail than most of the birds which are exceptionally beautiful specimens). Moose said it was a cross with a melanistic.

~~These~~ These pheasants all lay wonderfully well for the dogs — and offered excellent chance for bird work.

We returned for the Brittanis — Jacko, Billy and Babe and while they hunted hard, they didn't make a single find while we were out.



"HO, DASH, HO."

Finally, we went back from Old Hamloch boys languishing away in the station wagon and wild to go. And while Moose and Ed were anxious to see them work, they did very poorly — running wild and flushing too many birds. Treather made a retriever for him. I got no shots at all. Ruff made several false points and so did Treather on one occasion — rare — for him. I forgot — I did take a long shot at a cock across a canal — goaded on by Moose' "You can get him!" This time he was wrong.

9 shots — 6 hits



1957 HOMER MILLER 4.6.0

BRIERIES: ~~WHEATSEL~~ (13)  
LESS ★ V WHEATSELL 10.12.0, 18.0, 25.0, 9(1).9.2, 15(2).20.0, 8.9.0  
V LINT RECKERT 6.6.0, 3.4.0  
★ V JONES 8.8.2, 7(3)11.1  
★ CADELL 2.4.0, ELSEY 8.8.0, ELSEY 8(8)12.1, ELSEY 10(4)12.1, 9(2)10.1  
N II - LICK RUN 10.18.0, 12(6).22.1 ← 12/24/57  
RODEHAVER 6.8.0  
POSSUM HOLLOW 4.7.1  
V LINT MATHENY 5.6.0  
ROADING GAP 5.10.2  
FOREST: SCOTT RUN 8.10.0, 10(9).20.1, 4.7.1  
10/4 11/23

★ STONY RIVER (WOLFES 7.7.1, COSNER 8.10.0, HELMICK 22.33.0, HELMICK 15.18.0  
10/31 11/12

CRANESVILLE (FAULKENSTINE) 2.13.0 (BURNSIDE 2.2.1) (TAYLOR 1.2.0, 8(7)13.1, BURN. 2(2).2.0  
CARL SPRING 6.7.0, 2.3.0, 6(2).6.1 (TAYLOR CUPP RUN 3(1)3.0)

★ V HOUDERSHELLS 3.4.1, 8(6).12.1, 12(8).19.0, 6(4).6.1, 12(2)13.1  
V LAUREL & OLD FARM 5.5.0

V HOY MILLER 2.3.0

V UPPER BEAVER 7.9.0, {8(8).9.1} 3.3.0

★ V LITTLE SANDY (S) 3.4.0  
★ RAY GUTHRIE 3.4.0

V CRAB ORCHARD 1.2.0

SHAFER UPPER & LOWER 5.7.0

MUDDY CREEK (WOLFES) 8.12.1



DATA 1957

GEORGE: 47 DAYS 159 HRS. 28 COVERTS  
72 SHOTS 25 HITS 34.7 %  
258 BIRDS - 495 FLUSHES 9.214 BIRDS PER COVERT  
3.113 FLUSHES " HOUR

RUFF: 29 DAYS 30 PROD. (1.03 PER DAY)  
15 KILLS (2 OVER PTS.)  
11 RETRIEVES

LIFE '47-'57 : 524 PROD.  
212 KILLS (50 OVER PTS.)  
150 RETRIEVES  
319 HUNTING DAYS

FEATHERS: 22 DAYS 4 PROD.  
11 KILLS  
11 RETRIEVES

LIFE '52-'57 23 PROD.  
94 KILLS (2 OVER PTS.)  
69 RETRIEVES  
133 HUNTING DAYS

SHADOWS: 23 DAYS 6 PROD.  
10 KILLS  
3 RETRIEVES  
LIFE '54-'57 10 PROD.  
47 KILLS  
13 RETRIEVES  
91 HUNTING DAYS

GROUSE

14 COCKS (12 ADULT 2 YEAR. COCKS 1.272 to 1 HEN

11 HENS (5 ADULT 6 YEAR. ADULT 2.126 - 1 YEN

2 RED COCKS (1 SEMI) - 3 RED HENS

COCKS

8 INT. (SEMI)

1 ?

5 SOLID

} TAIL BANDS

7 WIDE

4 MED.

3 NARROW

} INNER BANDS

COLLARS ON ALL

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center