

# Shooting Notes 1958

Preseason Pheasant trip to Amwell:

Tuesday 14 October Early weather, cover heavy after wet summer.

Dixie's first season. Started with Dixie & Shadows. First contact with birds far out, (flush or point?) a group of five hens, one coming my way seemed too distant and yet possible. I missed both barrels. Am not experienced on long shots, especially pheasants that seem to move too slow for fast wing at that distance. As a result I check my gun when I'm ahead. Perhaps a sustained lead would



do. Almost at once a cock flushed behind us and Ray ducked to give me the

shot - a low away right that I used my left barrel on, tumbling the bird only to see him get off the ground enough to reach the cover along the lake where Shadows found him dead in the water but refused to retrieve.



Dixie also refused retrieve but delighted with bird and showed no reaction to gunfire.

Crossing to adjoining field toward a cock that crossed right and well out. I changed my opinion four times as to possibility and finally fired an ineffectual shell. Shortly thereafter followed two more misses due to over eagerness - and finally a double miss on a cock crossing right and a made distant My grouse experience



with close, fast shots has been poor training or pleasures, tho I had little trouble at Prairie Lake (did miss the long shots out there).

Another nasty miss on a cock rising from fence row cover with left barrel locking on safety (second time today) indicating something about incorrect mounting or hand position - thumb kicked back by recoil.

Finally on a nice solid point by Ruff (a rabbit jumped out first) a hen flushed and rose left quartering like a good shot on grouse and I dropped it almost without thought, a puff of feathers showing a centered hit.

Ruff retrieved.



Wednesday 15 October: Second day at Amwell, hotter and sunny.

Started with Dixie & Judas again, flushing a cock almost at once in edge beyond pens. Dropped him solidly with right barrel, left cross. Very gratifying after yesterday's performance.

Surprised that Judas refused retrieve again.

Also Dixie but I expect that of her at first.

Ward nothing more until we topped ridge on Keyline and dropped toward R.R. tracks to find water for dogs. Dixie showed excitement over scent on edge of field but no point. A hen flushed - a high right cross that fell solidly. Still no retrieve but much excitement by Dixie.







after working all the way back to pens shadows pointed solidly, very low, in thick woods and a cock flushed when I

tramped under his nose, an awry rising that fell solidly as the others today. This time shadows retrieved nicely as the he felt a proprietary interest in birds pointed.



after rest and some lunch we changed to

Feathers & Puff (and removed short). Heat intense - near 80°. Hunted different part of preserve - along run that crosses lane. Heard a cock wild from corn patch. Corraling, we found Puff pointing and while nothing materialized as I walked in a small hen flushed a few yards further out - a quarter left that fell nicely almost in Feathers who retrieved briskly.



The next kill remains fuzzy and I'll have space for details after seeing the movies. It was a cock retrieved by Feathers.

With plans to meet Ray Bird in Lambertville for dinner we could stay later and so took Dixie & Madras for another turn, going along the corn to pins at water's edge, hunting marginal cover beyond. In a small clump of bare saplings Dixie became excited and flushed into



point at my left and close to me



DIXIE'S FIRST  
KILL OVER POINT

A cock boiled up into the sun but my luck was holding and I dropped him as an overhead away, very centered. Still no retrievers but the occasion was immense!

Friday, 17th October: Opening day of grouse season at home and it seemed odd to be over here. We skipped yesterday as too hot and needing relaxation, but today was also very hot. I hunted in shirt and game bag today, using sun glasses.

We started Dixie with Feathers today hoping for example in retrieving. Almost at once a cock flushed just beyond the pens - a left cross.



Feathers retrieved promptly. We were so close to clubhouse we took the bird back rather than carry it with us. And while Dixie

made a lovely point in a food planting on these pens, I had no shot, feeling them too far out. circled back and after lunch

took Ruff & Madras out, going ~~not~~ <sup>with them</sup> beyond the clubhouse.





MISS DIXIE DOES IT RIGHT.

(actually she held but pounced in and flushed)

I heard two cokes flush and saw them land in field beyond the ravine. As we worked across toward them one flushed and came directly at my head, dodging and rolling to avoid me. I whistled and saw Kay drop to allow the shot and I caught the bird just as it made the trees, an away right. We found him dead



and after some searching Puff found and retrieved. Made quite a circle and returned to car <sup>(and lunch)</sup> <sup>on top</sup> final swing <sup>reset</sup>

Dixie (and Shadows again). First contact was with a running hen in path which Dixie saw and chased, flushing. A second hen moved from the dogs and to my surprise came my way - a high incoher. I took the shot high and still incoming, a solid hit that dropped the bird a few yards from Kay - who for the second time today took moves as she went down! This time Shadows retrieved. After a moment we sent the dogs on into the field of low lespedeza and weeds and they flushed two cokes near the water.



both birds going over a small neck a inlet to a field on the other side. Over there we moved one back from a lovely point by Meadows, Dixie flushing it. Changed more film (wondering shooting pants) and came around to see dogs hit scent and move a hen that came back and crossed left for out from me. I tried the left barrel and missed (first miss after 10 hits). Later flushed one of the cocks three more times back and forth finally losing him. That was the last sign of birds all the way in.

It was a fine trip with better shooting at Howell than ever before - big cocks, well scattered over nice cover. After poor first days start I made a run of last 10 birds consecutively - best I've done. Excellent introduction to the game for Dixie who seems to love it.

6 cocks, 5 hens

20 shots - 11 hits (10 straight with  $7\frac{1}{2}$  shot, right barrel)

- 1 kill on Dixie's prod.
- 2 kills on Puff's prod.
- 1 kill on Meadows prod

~~~~~



Tuesday 21 October Dixie is 9 months old today. This was my first <sup>38</sup> day grouse hunting altho it is the fourth day of the

season (yesterday to Uniontown to get car keys & glass). Ray stayed home to prepare for tomorrow's trip to Canaan Valley and I left Rufz for the same reason - taking Dixie and Shadows to the Houderschell covert. The day was dry and windy and while sunny, not too warm.

But the leaves are still rather dense and the birds certainly not in their usual areas. We moved - by the widest scope of my imagination - about four or five - more viewed, and all about the power lines.

Dixie has been worked entirely as pheasants and not in grass cover before today. So she was completely bewildered, running back to me every twenty yards or so and really doing us actual hunting -

I think because of the strangeness of the woods. Shadows hunted beautifully and worked his heart out trying for the birds that weren't there today. I was worn out.

12:30 - 4:30 (4)

No shots  
moved 4-4 flickers

Shadows  
Dixie



Wednesday 22 October <sup>14</sup> Woodcock trip

The day began periodically sunny with increasing clouds as we topped the Brierley and hit flats of fog. By Davis the low clouds made our chances look poor and after we met Walt Lessor and Jeb it seemed to be certain we'd hunt in drizzle. Turning off the Canaan Valley road at Blackwater River we parked beyond the second gate.



We left Fathers & Meadows and used Puff with Dixie & Job, making  
 a large circle toward the River and east and back to the road  
 with no action at all. Key walked the road to the car and I suggested  
 that we try a clump of aspens on the north side just a luck.  
 In the second patch of cover Puff went on point and then moved up  
 and a woodcock flushed. As we began to follow, two more went  
 out to our left. From then on the action remained at a steady height.  
 I tried a shot at one over Puff's second point, missing. Walt missed  
 a shot soon after. The exciting part was the apparent unlimited  
 quantity of birds. The shots were fast and offered little glimpses of  
 the birds. Following two birds we walked back to the car, picking up  
 Key and returning to the area of the first point and moving more  
 birds. Pushing deeper into the flat coast - vast stretches of  
 alders and a shoulder-high woody shrub that was next to  
 impenetrable we found that by hunting the aspen stands - small  
 islands of grass - we nearly always found birds. At the edge of  
 one of these I walked into a large woodcock that rocketed up at  
 my feet and I missed both barrels (if I'd hit, it would have  
 destroyed the bird). Soon after that Walt dropped one and we  
 searched with Puff finding the bird but refusing the retrieval.  
 A short distance ahead I came on Puff on point. He held until  
 I arrived then worked a circle and



a lovely point. As Dixie moved



in the rock flushed  
and I dropped it -  
a right quarter very  
hard hit. Too hard.  
Again no retriever the  
both dogs located it.



RUFF HAS ONE.

The next flush was a double, one going Walt's direction which he killed.  
Almost at once a third went the same way and he dropped it within  
yards of the first kill - in very dense tangle of the chest-high growth.

Puff found the one but no amount of searching would turn up the other  
bird which we all felt had to be close. Finally I made a circle  
and Dixie working in front of me swung right on a very interesting  
solid point. Expecting a new bird I waited ~~for~~ at alert and in a  
few moments she changed position and pointed again, this time  
toward me. Pouncing in, she found the dead woodcock in the heart  
of a shrub - and while she would  
not retrieve she drove job  
away when she saw him approach.  
I finally handed it to him and he  
carried it to Walt.



DIXIE HITS IT.

after ~~so~~ much searching we moved ahead and heard Puff still  
behind us, barking. King went ~~back~~ ~~at once~~ but found him in a



confused state with usual difficulty similar to the condition he had last year at this time. It was necessary to lead him by a leash to keep him with us and while it didn't seem extreme, we knew he'd be unable to hunt further today. I took Dixie into a good covert and working it, heard a woodcock whistle past my right ear from behind, going bell's bells. I tried to mount my gun and got involved in a vine but managed to pull on him as he made the clearing ahead and saw him fold.




We let Dixie find it after Kay came and located the bird.

At the car we ~~took~~ took some b & w stells with Walt's camera while there was some light (it was around 5:00) and then leaving Puff and Kay with Feathers, Walt and I took Shadows and the two pups to hunt toward the cover near the gate. We soon started moving birds. One lovely shot came my way crossing in the down for a long flight but I was thirty yards too short of it. Later, a cock flushed from Shadows and whistled at my head, dodging and weaving to miss me. I let it pass and caught it going in a low right cross - a clean hit. Shadows came out at the shot with Dixie and beating the bird by scent, snatched it up and delivered in a fine retrieve - the first of the day. ~~cutting across the road~~



I waited for Walt who was back in an aspen grove behind me. 11

Suddenly a woodcock flushed from the cover  on my right, a going away shot that, while distant, should have been certain - but wasn't. I found later I had fired a #6 load by mistake and its possible the one-ounce pattern had holes in it large enough for a tail-on silhouette of a woodcock to slip thru. About that time I saw a form that had to be a grouse sail across the road toward Walt - then, a surprising time later I heard him shoot. Kay in the car back the road saw the grouse sail within yards of her and back to the original side. She drove the car up and after a consultation, Walt and I decided to hunt for the woodcock and settle beyond the gate. He felt job was getting a little uneasy about the shooting (tho I think he was just tired) and to be safe we left him in the car and went on with Shadows and Dixie who was eating it all up.

We moved the woodcock about where I expected and shortly another that I suspect Shadows is stirring up. Pushing after them Walt killed his fourth and Shadows found and retrieved it (to me). It was fast becoming dusk with the low clouds and mist continuing and we pushed ahead hoping for another chance for me (Walt no longer shooting) over







Friday 24 October - Skipped yesterday to rest up. (Puff still a

little uneasy at night but after Thursday night back to normal entirely. This was Feathers' day to hunt and I took him alone to Upper Beaver, hunting upstream. The day was beautiful, mild and sunny and not too dry. Feathers moved the first bird in the cover beyond the old fields (point?) I was walking along the log road and saw the grouse coming toward me above the trees, a shape growing larger and more definite. I took it as a high left overhead cross dropping the bird almost opposite me. As I fired, both barrels discharged - I don't know why. Suspect my finger slipped back to the second trigger as the gun kicked nearly vertically off my shoulder. I tested the pull on the triggers and found them quite firm as feel there is no failure mechanically.



The bird was a yearling hen. Feathers made the find and retrieve very smoothly and sat quivering broadly which I admired.

He worked wonderfully close and under control as tho he understood my feeling about him. We covered the valley to beyond the second house, following the old road down and across Beaver to a small cabin on the other side. Just beyond, in dense oak cover I walked into a bird that almost gave me a shot. Crossed to right side via fallen tree trunks over rhododendron hill and over shoulder to small humlock tributary I discovered last year when I ate lunch before returning. The sun was in my face all the way back but the backlighting threw colored leaves into lovely. No birds moved until we were below the



small form when in the photodendron - spotted over along the  
 base of ridge I moved ~~for~~ four with one re-flush - all separate  
 flushes with no points. Feathers hunted within easy range but seemed  
 unable to get scent in time. On ridge near fork of valleys a  
 7th bird flushed - round only. Very poor chances - but good  
 luck.

2:00-5:30 (3 1/2)

One shot - one hit  
 moved 7-8 flushes

Feathers. 1 retrieve  
 1 kill

yearling hen: inter, narrow  
 crop: fern, tealery leaves

Woodcock (2nd Woodcock)

Tuesday 28 Oct Bad weather held the Grouse and us at home  
 yesterday but the still cold and cloudy as took off today for  
 the Davis country. While Ray & Peg looked us a cabin at Blackwater,  
 Les & I returned to the woodcock covert. Walt & I found  
 last week and took a chance on hitting a hold-over of the flight.  
 We soon located the birds in the identical spots in the canopy  
 cover. The first few flushes in rapid succession were too far  
 or too fast to try but I finally got a shot at a rising away  
 bird and dropped it. We were using Ruff, Dixie and Shell and  
 while both Ruff & Dixie found the bird only Shell would  
 retrieve - to Les.

good spots and moved



We wanted to cover some  
 birds regularly. However,

in almost the same cover - thick shrubby - high shrubs -  
 when Ruff experienced his confusion last week he had the



same reaction today tho not so sure for I was with him  
 and he didn't become panicky. But he was unable to see well  
 and couldn't follow me without a leash. I left Jess to  
 hunt with Will and I took Ruff back to the station wagon  
 where I gave him 1/2 Equinal tablet and left him. Returning  
 to find Jess, I saw Dixie wheel in an aspen grove, paw raised,  
 and hold on a lovely little point. I cautioned her to "stay" and  
 walked up. after probably a minute, she moved in and a woodcock  
 flushed in front, moving out with no chance for me to shoot. It  
 was her first real point to hold any time. Jess had hunted



DIXIE HOLDS ONE.



out onto the flat along  
 Blackwater and moved a  
 number of birds. We  
 hunted back toward the  
 cove around the gate.  
 There was constant action

with one or the other exclaiming "There goes another one" and "Another  
 one!" but with no shots. Crossing the road we followed a couple  
 of birds and one flushed across in front of me - too close for  
 any calculation (as they all are). I tried a fast shot and



in the thicket beyond the gate  
 when Will and I got our last  
 two cokes the dogs found and  
 flushed a small covey of quail -

large birds that for a moment gave me the impression I was in a flattering  
 mass of woodcock. Further on we were met by the light path



I found Dixie pointing - called Less's attention to it and we  
walked up, flushed the cock - a right-quarter that I dropped  
into thick cover rather close in.



DIXIE BENDS  
LOW.

It was becoming dark  
and the experience was  
much like the other  
bird I shot in here  
last week - unfortunately  
to locate without the

help of a dog. Both Shell and Dixie searched diligently and under  
Less and I agreed as to direction - I felt the bird had fallen a bit  
shorter than Less remembered. We were beginning to despair of  
finding it when after repeated circles Dixie located it  
to one side of our calculations. The Blackwater and some lower  
dams blocked further progress and we turned back. On the  
way Less killed a bird thru dense cover and Dixie found it.

Back on the road it was nearly dark and the birds were  
darting over as they had done in evening flight last time. Less  
tried for a high overhead bird and there was a number of near  
opportunities. As we approached the car, walking abreast on the  
road, a woodcock came back over us just to Less's right. I  
now he wasn't going to get the chance and wheeling I fired at  
it going away - right. In a second I that I'd missed - it had  
been mostly feel - then heard a cluck and



running back could see the bird - a small light blue #17  
on the cedar road. I called to Dixie to "go fetch" and she  
began searching the sides of the road in cover, unable to  
believe the bird could be on the open road.

Meanwhile Mull arrived and just as Dixie was  
about to cross to the bird, snuffed it up and made  
a nice retriever to me - the only bird Dixie hadn't located today.  
It was another thrilling experience - finding the woodcock here -  
and I have no doubt the entire Canaan Valley was stiff with  
birds again that night. It is just exciting shooting and I hope  
we can find it there in other seasons. Today was one of the high  
points in Dixie's education so far and I think finding the dead  
pheasants and woodcock the other days - and pointing them -  
has done wonders toward making her point the best birds today.  
Weather, lowering clouds with cool temperatures (like last time)

Moved 25 (the same?) for about thirty flushes

4:00 - 7:00 (3)

4 shots - 3 hits (woodcock)  
1 on Dixie prod.

Dixie 4 prod. (woodcock)  
3 hits <sup>1</sup> kill <sup>1</sup> over

Mull. 3 kills  
2 ret.

Ruff: in on 1 kill

Wednesday 29 October

after a pleasant stay in one of the cabins at  
Blackwater - wood fire with dogs sleeping before the hearth (and my head cold  
finally breaking loose all-hell during the night) we left next morning  
met Charles Brock while Ray & I were on our way to the cabin



and Parsons. Charles failed to show at Breena Church (pronounced  
Būna) but having the country well visualized, Len and I went up onto  
Cabin Mountain and parked at the head of the valley at end of road.  
Like all the other "back-in" territories in this country, I  
find the Stonecoal country very familiar to everyone and  
hunted hard. Passed two men coming down (turkey hunters from  
Farmington) and saw lots of car tracks. Len and I hunted a full  
two miles plus down the valley thru very unpromising open  
tundra, getting separated by backed up beaver dams. At last  
we rejoined and began hunting the wooded shoulder on the  
right, soon moving one bird. Rather open beech & birch woods but  
the vertical pole timber makes shooting - unlikely with low  
flashes. Time forced us to start back and we hunted the left  
side well up on the margin. Much low shrub growth in  
open blackberry patches, rocks, mountain ash and the "wild  
raisin" Charles has mentioned. Few birds - first all told with  
no shots. Got rather pressed for time and realized we were  
coming out on a shoulder one gap to the left. However, kept on, feeling  
we'd strike the road - which we did near a couple of hunters'  
~~shots~~ tracks and walked the road to the car, much lit down  
and very tired. Found a Maryland car (Van Ormer's?) parked  
beside ours and heard a number of shots just around the



shoulder of the mountain. I still feel this area is over-rated #19  
and over-gunned but I may be at fault. On the way down the  
mountain near the sharp bend, we saw two grouse on the ground in the  
woods - apparently cooing, pecking at each other as if in play -  
Unfrightened, they moved further into the woods, put on a mock  
fight and the last we saw were still sparring in great friendship.  
At the bottom of the woods we saw a third bird flush across the  
road. This beech woods on the side may be the best place to  
find grouse instead of the tundra on top.

1:00 - 5:00 (4)

Wood 5 - 6 flocks

Denie  
(shell)

no shots

Friday 31 October

Yesterday I stayed in and enjoyed one of the most  
vicious head colds I've ever had while Les took  
a short hunt back on Spicers above the bridge (got two nests and moved four)  
Today I was much improved and found the weather beautiful and  
while Les was eager to go to the Whitell country, Peg had gone into  
a mother act and insisted upon leaving for home to get a letter from  
Dane which she had no way of knowing would be there. It was dis-  
appointing to Les and me but there was no dissuading her and they  
got off about 10:00. I took Feathers and Denie to James and  
hunted all the way to the lower area below Calfish thin before  
morning a feather. Put #1 out ~~at~~ below



the tramroad - later there was from the hillside above the tram  
and below the strip mine - no nests, no dog work there than  
Feather's main #1. After lunch I hunted back up valley with  
no more action until approaching Capital Mine in hemlock -  
rhododendron cover along lower tram. Two birds flushed behind  
me - one a left-cross against sun which I missed - the  
second young at after the first. Later near cutting below



James, flushed #7 on  
edge of cover near his path  
to the potlog, #8 in the  
cover down in hemlocks -

Dixie got a good look at this one. I had just climbed thru a  
fence in the bottom covert, stepping into cut-over woods - now  
mostly brush heaps. As I straightened a grouse exploded a  
few yards from me (the first loud flush of the day) and tore out  
a low-away rising as it reached further. I fumbled, paralyzed  
with surprise, trying to get my safety off and as the bird  
left to make the cover along the creek I broke my traces  
and mounted, firing quickly and saw it stopped and flutter  
down in thick brush cutting. ~~It~~ Dixie was near and saw  
the flush and the fall. We all moved promptly and Feather  
now located the grouse and retrieved it - a nice cock, dead.  
I tossed it out for Dixie but Feather ~~had~~ held it up for



took it and threw it a few yards from Dixie. He was delighted - more excited, I think, than <sup>any</sup> other game - but while she mouthed the bird she refused the retriever. It was the first grouse killed over her and I think she appreciated the significance. She had been having trouble adapting to the grouse cover after more open types but she searched hard for her here on. At the woods below the car, Feather walked into #10 which flushed ahead a few yards - I think he should have nailed it. It showed no reaction to the scent but when Dixie came in she hit the scent immediately and showed keen interest. I believe she has Puffo' nose - which Feather and Shadow lack on grouse.

2 shots - 1 hit Dixie: 1 kill (first)  
Herd 10-10 flushes Feather: 1 kill  
1 ret.



I GET OUT OF MY TRANCE.

1:15 - 5:45 (4 1/2)

yearling color: solid, wide collar  
crop: grapes, dogwood berries

at the Cash Lake Mine clearing I saw a ripple in the water of a pool in Roaring Creek. Approaching to investigate I saw a long, dark form that I took to be an otter swimming then recognized it is it done as a beaver - the first one I've seen. There is a small dam there.

DIXIE'S FIRST KILL





Saturday, November

Kayo's leg kept her out of the woods today and so I started out with Puff and Thaddeus for the Mitchell country. The weather was overcast and I was not too eager to go so far but still wanted birds ahead of us. As I drove along Deep Hollow I was impressed with the appearance of the ridge above the road beyond the furnace. In an impulse I drove back and parked at the picnic table, starting up the old road that climbs the steep hill. At an abandoned house near the top I followed a log road along the ridge toward Albright. One grouse took out high and wild from Thaddeus. Later we moved a second and got a refresh. On out the ridge I came to the end of the cove. It had been a shade open but excellent grapes hanging throughout and should have produced more birds. At the top I turned and hunted the upper margin back.

Moving out into the open farmland for bearings, I discovered a lovely old stone house over the curve of the pasture with the Brieries as a stunning backdrop - a house I hadn't known existed.

Moving closer, I saw someone peer out a window and rather than slide off I went down and introduced myself. The farm belongs to Marble Fathens and the house had been built in 1821 with the date and name of Cross in the chimney. Mrs. Fathens showed me the downstairs inside, two-foot-thick walls with gorgeous view of the mountains — and the smoke from the power plant at Albright every morning.



after leaving, I walked over the fields to some good  
 geese and they came in untown woods where I ate lunch on  
 a boulder in sight of Jack & Doras Feathers' house. Almost immediately  
 after starting out shadows found and flushed a grouse. Following,  
 I heard another go and saw shadows start after it. With no warning,  
 another flushed from the same place as the last and crossed giving me  
 a right - crossing - rising shot. at my gun's report the bird flattered  
 and went into a steep climb - up - up - above the trees, high into the  
 sky. as I ran to keep it in sight I saw it falter again and  
 come fluttering down to the left, striking earth with a thud. But



instead of finding the bird dead, I  
 saw it lying hunched and watching  
 the dogs as they criss - crossed over  
 it. Once, shadows stepped on the

bird I think without detecting it in his frantic search. Puff came in  
 and hit the ground, stopped to retrieve, as he picked it up with his  
 usual gentle mouth the bird began struggling and broke free and  
 shadows caught and retrieved it nicely. A yearling cock. Feeling Puff  
 actually found the bird and observed the retrieval I tossed it out after  
 dispatching it and let him pick it up. However, after all the handling  
 he laid it down before delivering to ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> and the country it a retrieval both.



While I was examining the grouse, a third one took off from the same place - three in a group -

Moving on out the ridge I came to a thicket about a farm - not too far behind John Feather's - and there Puff had his reaction of confusion as on the last two times out. Today I noticed his pupils did not seem extremely dilated nor was there any other symptom other than loss of orientation and inability to see me. Yet his eyes blinked when I put my hand close, indicating that he had some vision. This time I gave him the  $\frac{1}{2}$  Equinal at once and then led him on the leash over the fields to the ridge above the car. It was a slow trip and I had to use a stern <sup>tone</sup> language at times to keep him moving. Back at the car he seemed reasonably normal in appearance and at home seemed quite as usual other than a drowsiness from the tranquilizer. The attack occurred  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours after we were out. Up to that point Puff had traveled not too fast but with great enthusiasm and though he kept checking back, as he's done for a year or more, he hunted as usual. I hope to avoid recurrence by hunting him for shorter periods 1 to 2 hours only. This event is not worth going back to, though we moved one more bird on the ridge coming down - shadows flushing it. I'm convinced neither shadows nor Feather's has the nose for grouse, in spite of fine work on pheasants.

1:45 - 5:45 (4)

1 shot - 1 hit

Puff - 1 ret

yearling cock: solid, wide, collar  
Puff: Grouse

moved 7 - 8 flushing  
shadows 1 shot, 1 hit



25  
Tuesday 4 November Election Day hunt with Art, stopping to see the stump of the seven-foot white oak and to count the rings — 300. It was about 14" diameter when our deeds were issued 1782 and our house built. The ~~tree~~ <sup>stump</sup> was on the roadside past Pleasant Valley on the way to Herman Dillos' and in another few years will have disintegrated beyond counting.

at Dillos' we left the car and hunted up the hollow in fair cover — using Shadows & Dixie. Well upstream in some thick thorn and precumbria I heard Art shoot without any sound of a flush (the scoundrel shot the bird before it was in flight). Both Dixie and Shadows went in to search and Shadows found and retrieved. Heard only no more before turning back and crossing the ravine to the west (or is it south?).

Near Mt. Hebo church Shadows bumped a bird he should have pointed and we heard it for a second flush and a noise by Art. No more until we had nearly reached the car when again I saw a bird go out with Shadows in pursuit. I tried a glimpse as he went straight away but missed.

After coffee at the car we hunted downstream on the right of the Rockwell road and immediately missed two birds. First altogether with some reflexes. Dixie got a large and small grouse and went wild, tearing the place apart. I almost got a shot, the birds on the way back on the far side.

1.00 - 6:15 (5¼)

1 shot - no hit

ward 9 -

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



Wednesday 5 November Another beautiful day. With Kay out of the hunting due to painful hip joint (right), I took Feathers alone to the Lick Run country, hoping that Rufz will recover under dilatant medication for later in week. Parking below Summers, I began hunting into cove above the road, working directly toward log path on edge. Four minutes after I entered the woods I saw a grouse (no sound of flush) cutting left-crossing from Feathers. In a thin moment I was uncertain as to my chance of a shot (a split-second wait that does a lot for establishing the bird's trajectory), then mounted and swung thru ~~it~~ and a lead, dropping it as Feathers came on the scene and retrieved.




The shot was well out, thru trees, and only a few feet off the ground, but the unhesitating overtaking and firing after clearly seeing the bird seems to be the answer. It was a grouse I am certain I'd seen before since it was an adult — a big cock.

at the old tram road I moved #2 out of a dogwood tree and passed up a nice shot down the open road. At the first ravine #3 went out below us and #2 reflushed (another good chance I didn't get a shot to try for so near the first hill). Why doesn't Feathers wind these birds?

There was no further flushes ~~to~~ well up the hollow in the third ravine — well from Feathers.



some roots and stumps above the grapevine stratum. I <sup>'58/</sup>#27  
 took it as it went away low and entering some foliage on low  
 growth, not seeing the bird after I fired. As I ran up I saw it  
 struggling along the ground, wing-tipped and feet feathers to retrieve -  
 the one thing he does well. This was a hen. We ate   
 lunch with the two birds lying on a rock and decided to hunt down to  
 the grapevine stratum and follow it back along the mountain - a  
 strategy I hadn't tried. It produced several more birds - with  
 more good clear chances to shoot than I've had in a long while. I had  
 promised Feather I would try another shot if he produced a good point  
 but the birds had nothing to fear. Feather had opportunities a nearly  
 every one and all he did was bump them. I honestly don't think he  
 has an ounce of bird sense or nose - all he can do is range  
 beautifully and retrieve. I think wistfully of a nice slow pottering  
 staunch-but-steady dog like Blue. (Puff was the one really  
 stylish grouse dog who reached out and pinned them in this day)  
 It was a satisfying day however with so many birds moved.

2:10 - 6:10 (4)      2 shots - 2 hits      Feather 2 kills  
                               made 12 - 14 flushes      2 retrieves

adult cock: solid, wide, collar  
               crop: grapes, dogwood berries  
 adult hen: inter, narrow  
               crop: empty



Thursday 6 November

Took Dixie alone to Charles Kelly's  
try to locate the birds Dick mentioned.

Parked on the strip mine road near Beaver and hunted up the valley,  
moving north until I got to the Ezra Kelly place. The cover is  
thick and difficult with some good areas. Along a test strip, just  
within the woods the first grouse flushed from my right, giving  
me a short look at it going away-left. I fired quickly  
and saw the bird fall, then began to run toward brush. I  
hesitated to shoot - always hate doing it - and about that  
moment Miss Dixie came on the scene and pursued the crippled  
grouse, grabbing it several times before she pounced it. I hoped it  
would stimulate her to retrieve but tho she mauled it badly she  
would not bring it to me and at last I gave up. The bird was a  
yearling hen but the tail  
was gone due to the chase  
and tho I located a fairly  
the feathers I couldn't find



DIXIE PURSUES

either of the center ones. The shooting wasn't too clean, but neither had  
the view been clear.

There was nice cover along the upper margin of the woods with a  
game planting of red and white pines about ten feet tall but no more  
birds. In an open field about shocked corn, Dixie made a nice  
point while quartering but tho she ~~flushed~~ flushed a few more than



Going down to Beacon (it was getting late and I wanted to hit the far side around George King's) Dixie moved two more single grouse, showing intense interest but no pointing I could see. He hunted very beautifully today, being alone - quite independently and seriously and moved but well, searching for birds all the time.



I crossed Beacon and stopped to eat lunch about 4:45 pm. ~~Heard that I did not see a flock of Canada geese going over (like children's voice) the far side. A landing then excellent cover I came to the upper margin of a hillside and began hunting down-valley, consulting the lowering sun in my eyes. There were gopherwings all there then and I looked like ideal grouse cover. On a shoulder of woods just this side of excellent gopherwings, I heard a flick and listening to the peeping as the bird went up, from Dixie, I spotted it coming over my head high above the trees and against the sun. As I swung there the bird and a short lead I saw the elongated tail and spike point and as the bird tumbled I knew what I had shot, being quite unable to stop the bird, wholly hit, somersaulted out of my line of vision and when I turned I saw it come down and hang itself by the neck in the fork of a low sapling, dangling a few feet from the ground - a lovely ven. pleasure that had no earthly business being there. I walked over and took it down and let Dixie find it but she only noted it excitedly with no more to be returned on the trail.~~





It out for her.

Packety the bird, I hunted in to George's Pigeon cabin and after talking briefly to him, hunted out the rest of the woods about Dixie moving a bird. We followed and I saw her ground trailing intently and soon the bird flushed a few yards beyond her - almost a chance for her to have pointed as she ran about she flushed #5 and later #6 went out tho she didn't scent it. Tried for these birds across the creek near the station again but had no results.

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

yearling hen: ? narrow  
crop: grapes

1 shot - 1 hit (grouse)  
1 shot - 1 hit (pheasant)  
wound 6 - 7 feathers

Dixie 1 bill grouse  
1 bill pheasant



pleasant crop: grapes, acorns



(The neck was severed.)

AND THE HEN HANGS HIGH!

Friday 7  
~~Wednesday~~ November

(Beautiful weather again)

At last, Kay went with me. To the Whiteself country with a load of dogs. Used Ruff & Dixie the first time, parking at the raising in the curve of the road and hunting down the slope. Moved there within a few minutes and a fourth soon after. Ruff had not been out since his difficulty Saturday and while he was concerned about locating me by sound (as he has been) he did very well, penetrating the ~~thicket~~ woods. Had no production but hunted well. He has been on dilatation since Tuesday and



I hope by hunting him for short periods I can give him the hunting and not have a recurrence of his trouble. Below the lower log road we continued down-hollow and Dixie moved two birds from about me, one coming in a high right-crossing twenty-five yards or more out among the hemlocks. I dropped the sparrow with a solid hit (swing thru a lead) and, to my surprise and delight, within moments Puff was on the spot gathering up the fluttering bird. Ray got a share of his very nice retrieval, delivered to hand sitting. I was as pleased as if it had been his first.



and so was Puff. Dixie was on hand but didn't get to find many sparrow on the ground before the boys have them. The bird was a yearling hen. We



LIKE THIS, DIXIE.

hunted back to the old "Jam Place" taking rests every 15 minutes and ate our lunch near the flowering hydrangea, with its blossoms still in color. I noticed on the way

back to the car that Dixie was inclined to wear out under to get ahead of Puff, who in turn seemed fairly confident and went on



made further than I wanted (I wanted to avoid any sense of being lost). We got to the station wagon in fine shape - an hour of actual hunting in a 1/2 hour period. Ray took Puff and Tom Shadows, who was having hysterics, and drove to Calvert's to wait for me. I took Feathers and Dixie on up the ravine above the road (marked # 7 & # 8 from the logs). Hunting above the road toward the Calvert hollow Feathers moved two groups of 3 with no sign of pointing that I could see. The first 3 went into trees before flushing. All 6 appeared yearlings. Got two reflections. Dropping to the road a bird moved in front of Feathers from the upper side. At the same time Feathers made a stunning point on the road and when he started in I stopped him and walked in from below but there was no bird. Puzzling that he'll point at such times and not get body next when the bird is there. I think he requires firm cautioning and holding in. Mark # 16 below the road and near Calvert's edge. On way in the lower log road a small blue hawk (Sharp-shin) took a song bird from within near me and flew past with the bird - giving the impression of a shrike with a dangling wing. Did not realize they were so blue.

The day was perfect - choice covert yielding beautifully, Puff doing so well and 1 shot - 1 hit Puff: 1 kill 1 hit  
 Dixie - 1 kill

2:45-6:00 (3 1/4)

marked 16 - 18 flushes

yearling hen: ? - narrow  
 cup: graphs



Saturday 8 November (Twenty-three years ago tomorrow Wick died.) #33

Today was less than the perfect weather we had all week but not unpleasant. However there was too much wind. Walt Lersch came at 12:00 and we drove to the Elsey valley, using Jeb and Shadows. To my amazement we moved no birds up the road, not along the log road past first sawmill and not until we had climbed to the little granitic rim did we see game. Then Walt flushed a grouse from the headwaters of the run with no shot. Later heard a bird and verified it as near from Shadows' action. All the way to top where we ate lunch at 4:30 and turned back very discouraged and puzzled. Shadows hunted like a dream covering every bit of ground ahead and to the side of us all the way back down to the first sawmill and still barren land but with grapes hanging lush and beech trees full of nuts to the point of seeming in small leaf. At nearly 6:00 we went back along the log road to try the lower slope of mountain and immediately got into action. Shadows ran into #3 on lower side of road with no pointing. as we turned and hunted along the slanting log road back toward sawmill Walt got into two more and shortly a group of 3. I moved another about 100 and #10 flushed out of a grapevine. I shot quickly at the round, going-away silhouette and couldn't tell of the path of the bird indicated a fall or merely a pitch to the shoulder. Let Shadows search carefully and decided it was the latter. One more flush as counted a refusal.

1 shot - no hit  
moved 10 - " flushed  
Shadows

1:15 - 6:30 (5 1/4)



Tuesday 11 November (Armistice Day). Yesterday rained and we worked in the  
 woods. Today spent the season at O.H. Beagle Club and we work rather early.  
 Today was Kay's second day with me and we left around noon taking  
 all four dogs - an Armistice Day practice! Parked at Summers and  
 and Puff & Dixie for first session, hunting up the first ravine with  
 no success until well up when Kay heard #1 go out. Seeing Puff rest  
every 15 minutes we kept him fresh tho he needs constant checking  
 sounds to give him my location. The day was sunny and cool and  
 perfect to work him. Dixie does beautifully, ranging independently. As we  
 turned back after the first hour and dropped down the ridge Puff  
 and I approached a tangle and saw a bird go out that Kay marked  
 carefully. Following we came back in the general area we had hunted  
 coming up. I suddenly saw Puff below me, spread out in an intense  
 point that could only mean one thing - and close. As I whistled to  
 Kay, Dixie crawled back and came into the point, flushing the bird.



RUFF SPREADS  
OUT.

I was able to  
 drop it as it  
 went out - a  
 left-quarter  
 rising shot -

solidly hit. Dixie ran in and located the fall and after some bit of  
 fooling around, did pick the bird up twice and brought it part way in.  
 At one time she growled at Puff as he approached the bird but after she  
 abandoned the retriever I called her to me and let Puff finish it.



# 35

deliver the bird in very nice style, sitting (all on movie) It was  
an adult hen, very solidly centered. Puff seemed as delighted as  
I (a nice contrast to the very unpleasant dream I had about him  
before awakening) and we all were quite gay. Moved # 3 on the  
way back. Incidentally, I think flushed birds lie better on the  
reflex (reason why holding off for shots over points may provide  
more chances for those points), after 2 hours and ten minutes we  
returned to the car with Puff still in fine shape.

Ate lunch and drove to ridge above farmery where Kay  
took the car and the other dogs on to Kelly's and I took Feathers and  
began hunting the gap. Almost immediately I saw two birds go out  
ahead of Feathers in the humlock cover on the steep slope below.  
Got two more reflexes as I hunted up the valley - then no more  
action tho I was in beautiful cover. At the first fork to right  
I hunted out the area where I usually miss a double-barreled try -  
Feathers was laying down a perfect ground pattern - taking the  
rhododendron the way most dogs take alfalfa. Worked in nice  
range and under fine control - if he only had a nose. Feud he was  
trying to please me as much as he possibly could. I was to meet Kay  
at 5:00 back on the road so had to turn. Working up into the  
little ravine that runs up into the <sup>open field on left side!</sup>



heard a bird go out behind some cover. Pressed for time, I hesitated to follow but decided that was what I was here for. In the brush and hemlock cover (beech trees are loaded with nests) I took the open field just out from edge and let Feathers hunt the little run.

Suddenly a grouse burst out of a hemlock and gave me an absolutely open away-left shot that I dropped - the bird falling down in front of Feathers. At first I thought the bird must have run down, but realize he practically fell down - fluttering and rolling down the slope - for his legs were shattered as well as one wing. As I



found another bird took off back down the river - then a third and fourth and a fifth - all from the same tree or nearby. Feathers retrieved my bird, a yearling cock - large - but with at least eight of the tailfeathers only two-thirds grown in - either very late moult or the result of some near-capture by a predator.

Cutting over top of the shoulder via small power line, I got to Key and the car only few minutes overdue. Just to be fair I dropped down to the Tanner Road and parked, taking Shadows and Dixie (and Key) up the Crane School Road for a late turn. Waded two miles. No points but lovely intense groundwork by



here loaded with food - grapes, greenberries, viburnum, beechnuts -  
and not nearly enough birds. Waded #2 along lower edge of road a  
way back, making me think it had worked in after we had  
passed.

1 shot - 1 hit (over Ruff's point) Ruff: 1 prod.  
 1 Killdeer prod.  
 1 net.  
 Dickcissel: 1 kill  
 Feathers: 1 kill  
 1 net  
 Shadows  
 Dixie

adult hen: inter, narrow inner band  
 crop: grapes  
 Ledge Run: moved 3 (no new) 4 flushes  
 Roaring Gap 1 shot - 1 hit  
 yearling cock: solid with collar, moved 7-10 flushes  
 crop: beechnuts  
 Crane Neck Pond: no shots  
 Waded 2 - 2 flushes

12:45-6:00 (5 1/4)

Wednesday 12 November: Very warm and sunny, turning cloudy. Drove to  
 the Glade Farm area hoping to locate some late-afternoon pheasant  
 shooting, stopping at the old brick Spurgin house to ask about  
 hunting. Mr. Beerbower very kindly gave me permission and I hunted  
 the "Horse Head Glade" of Michael Browning, using shadows alone.  
 Aside from the typical glade cover - crabapples and alders - it  
 first - the cover was too open and with no food. Waded one bird  
 wild - then nothing until I had hunted to tributary that comes into  
 Cherry Run from the left. 7 morning I hunted back, the woods dry  
 and noisy until I recrossed the power line, 75 yards ahead of  
 me and with shadows nowhere



at my approach. Marking his direction, I crossed the right-of-way and on the far side walked into a grass that flushed from some logs and brush going away - left and rather low in completely open situation, I fired and felt the bird fell not too hard hit. Shaboo retrieved it beautifully but I hate to see them come in with their heads up. It was a large ~~black~~ ginger cock, and while the primaries indicated a yearling, it seemed too large, with too long a tail. (Upon cleaning, no Bursa Fabricii - but we may not recognize that, never having found one.) The bird had evidently been scratching among ~~rotted~~ rotten wood, for



Shaboo threw into a momentary point when we passed the place. Since I'd heard two on the power line, I decided to try it further, and hunted along it to the east. At the tributary two more birds moved out, also on the edge of the right-of-way and flushed into a rhododendron hollow. Got a reflex from one, but no more shooting. Got back to the car at 4:30 and ate lunch, driving a round Haystack and to the Harbor's place where Worley Wright suggested possibility of pheasants. The Harbor's game carte blanche and I hunted a dense glade and alder area - crabs, geese etc but heard neither pheasants (they haven't seen any this fall) nor grouse. Did see two woodcock in evening. ~~They~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~side~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~.

2:45-4:30 } 3 hrs.  
5:00-6:15 }

George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center  
1 shot - 1 hit  
ward 5 - 6 flushes only 1 shot  
Shaboo: 1 hit, 1 ret.



Thursday 13 November

Ray and I took all four to the Chestnut country, driving them in to Haysman's woods so Ruff could operate from there. So far our dilatin medication plus frequent rests seem effective for us & had no recurrence of his trouble.

Used Ruff & Dixie on first leg going out the old tram road. Very hot, dry, and sunny. Hunted in shirt and game bag. Ruff moved slowly, of course, with constant rechecking to me and unfortunately the hot weather encouraged Dixie to follow his example, keeping too close in and stopping much too often. Would appear better not to work her with Ruff in future which I regret for it seemed so satisfactory. Moved the first bird at the rocks (there has no doubt as passed others by that a wider dog would have found). This grouse fluttered up from the logs and perched on a low sapling for a moment before flushing. I found Ruff pointing and checked him with a prodder. Less than a flight ahead came another bird at edge of tram road that also went up into tree - this one over my head and then took off in a nice overhead straightaway that I intended to try for but I didn't get my safety off!

#3 flushed about where #2 could have been but it too went into a tree before making away - something I don't believe a flushed bird will do.



OFF THE BRANCH.

At Chestnut Run the two dogs got a badly - needed drink and dunking and after they were cooled off,



began hunting up the path along the run. Not far, a grouse  
 tore out suddenly just right of the path - and I instinctively  
 tried for it - a crossing rising, missed, and tried again as a  
 distant straightaway and missed, watching the bird go on.



Doubled back down the ridge to  
 check that I hadn't hit the bird  
 but failed to find a near it.

Went nothing on way back along upper path - but hardly noticeable  
 because neither dog was hunting. At car ate lunch (found that  
 Puff seemed all right) and then while Kay took the rest of them  
 back to park at corners, I hunted Feathers up hollow, would see that  
 he ran into (his too headlong) and saw another flush wild up, near  
 the upper ledge of rocks. No refresh.

|             |         |                      |                    |
|-------------|---------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 2:15 - 4:30 | } 3 1/4 | 2 shots - no hit     | Puff               |
| 5:00 - 6:00 |         | missed 6 - 6 flushes | Dixie<br>Feathers. |

Friday 14 November With Junior Falkenstein & the country look  
 of Mountaintop (Bee Run). Very good looking  
 grouse cover, not as much food as in some places. Very hot and dry.  
 We missed no birds until we had hunted to the vicinity of the Cheat River  
 Gorge - a magnificent view. Used shadows alone and he hunted hard but  
 made no points. Junior missed a double bird (on its 2nd  
 rise) and missed. I got no chances. Heard only 5.



Very disappointing - so much hunting the much of I was too #41 '58  
Open -

No shots  
mored 5-6 flushes

flushes

2:00-6:00 (4)

~~~~~

Monday 17 November Saturday was rainy and we went to Amantown.

Today was a lovely day, sunny and hot again. Hunted in dirt and game bay. Key and I took Dixie alone to the Crab Orchard Ridge, driving all the way up to the house and parking. Within five minutes of starting out a large cock flushed in front of me as I hunted the brush, hardwood and huckleberry cove below which Key walked the road. It was a nice acutely - rising left - quarter and I took it as it rose high. Dixie was in hand at the sound of the shot and located the bird. We stood for a few moments she was going to retrieve but no amount of coaxing would do it.

the bird was a large cock - the largest, I think I've ever shot.



at the house I spoke to the people (Dover) about hunting. It was all clear (owned by Debovyp who are seldom there).

Even so the promises indicated a yearling which shakes my confidence in that.

b78/10076

Dixie was doing poorly because of the heat. Also felt she had picked up unfortunately habit of stopping by my request to Puff. Felt she needed water but at the old homestead found the run dried up. Did make the which put steam <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> of a short while. West Virginia and Regional History Center



We ate lunch out at far end of ridge, not having found the 8 birds Junior Felkustins had run into at "a stone wall." after lunch moved #3 on the far side of the flat, then went down to Crab Orchard Run where Dixie stood in the stream and tried to drink it up, walking downstream with the current as she drank.



DIXIE FILLS UP.

10070

We hunted back up to the crest of the slope - wonderful prospect and approached the pipe line as the last half-hour drew around. Ward #4 near the right-of-way and following nearly got a point from Dixie on the reflush. Walking into the cover below the pipe line, we moved 3 birds wild and following, gave Dixie the best bit of training he has had as we put them up one after another. After her drink she had traveled much better, and now she worked the area nicely getting very excited over the flushes (which were going out wild) and the next after they had gone.

This will be good hunt for Ruff.

Dixie: 1 kill

One shot - one hit

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

Ward 7 - 13 flushes

adult cock: semi collar, wild, 15" fan, 24" wing spread

crop: beechnuts, long black seeds



Tuesday 18 November

again hot and sunny. Took Feather #43  
revisit George Ringer's country. This time I

hunted up the first hollow and within minutes flushed a grouse in  
the thicket in the bottom, close, fast climbing, maneuvering me  
into a too quick try that missed as the bird boiled straight up  
it seemed. (I didn't want to see the bird). Shortly, Feather



ward # 2 down the slope about to  
also go across the hollow.

No more birds, then I hunted up the  
Mudohatchee gully to the old deserted  
farm on top - hoping to see some  
pheasants in the good looking old fields.

None. Hunted across the next valley (then the excellent  
Mudohatchee well in the bottom and ate lunch at 5:00 just  
below when I felt there were pheasants (from my experience  
with the hen). Just about the time I was going to get  
started I heard someone shoot close-by in that area which  
eliminated that lot.

Circle then the corner with the grapes I came out on  
and chiving and moved # 3 just too far out for a try. Got  
a reflex from it in dense quambria - only hearing the riss.

In the bottom near George Ringer's house I began hunting  
the wooded ridge back down valley and just short of the power  
line a grouse (#4) flushed



slips thru the woods. As he straightened out - well away from me -  
I tried and saw the bird drop - winged.

I ran up as Feather arrived and went to work in some  
brilliant retrieve performances at full speed, wheeling and pivoting  
without breaking his pace. In a moment -  
\* after some hand directions from me - he  
located the bird and delivered it to land (unfortunately it came in with  
its head up as too many do) - a nice yearling cock I would say.

Feather is an amazing retriever. I wish he would do the  
pointing one-half as well. Moved no more.

3:30 - 6:00 (2 1/2 hrs) 2 shots - 1 hit  
yearling cock, semi-sharp collar, narrow  
crop: grapes, leaves  
Feathers: 1 kill  
1 retrieved

Wednesday 19 November Second trip to Whitsett country with <sup>1 day on</sup> all  
four dogs in the station wagon. First  
good cold sunny day in weeks - but a high touch of wind ruled  
out the birds. Packed at usual place out the road. Hunted Puff  
alone from 2:20 to 3:30. Worked very well but we only moved one bird  
on the upper side of road all the way back to Cabnet Hollow and  
return on lower side - moved 10 in there last time. Puff almost made  
a production - the grouse had moved out moments before he hit scent.  
after eating in the station wagon <sup>day and</sup> I hunted <sup>of</sup> <sup>shadows &</sup> <sup>Dine</sup>



in area below the sawmill set halfway back, but Key returned to car when Puff continued barking. On edge of the road I saw a grouse slip out of a grapevine and, hesitating a moment, flush away with no chance to shoot. When Dixie came up both she and Shadows hit the scent and I stopped them on a nice double point for a moment before sending them on. Later Key let me out near Mrs. Craig and I took Dixie & Shadows around the back of Calvert's near the rocks. Most of the cover is too open. Heard no bird for two flashes (I think). Also jumped a doe in the high rocks and for a moment she was cornered between the dog and myself. Cut back across the Calvert field to upper side of road and into dense grapevine tangles back of Mrs. Craig and down ridge to below her house - no birds. I can't imagine when they were covered up. Very puzzling. On way out our road today we saw two hen pheasants on edge of road across from Sheffer's - perfectly tame - sitting ducks for pot hunters.

2:20 - 3:30 }  
 4:00 - 6:00 } 3 hrs.

No shots  
 heard 3 (1 new) - 4 flashes  
 Puff  
 Dixie  
 Shadows  
 (7 others went for the ride)



Thursday 20 November

To the big mountains near Bayard - our first trip into highly-touted bird territory.

Took all four dogs and drove the eight-plus miles up into the Allegheny "Complex" - multiple-ridged wilderness much like the Dolly Rods, Cabin Mountain area. At the strip mine - passed several cars parked along the way - we found a pickup truck at the end of passable road and we parked just beyond. Hunting in a terrific wind - though the day was sunny and cold - we had little hope of locating birds up high. Finally, using Ruff & Feather first - Ruff moved a bird that Feather reflected, from the edge of brush woods. Later Feather made a nice point that he finally broke and moved ahead of me to return and flush the bird - #2. There followed a long, long trek down the basin, over, and back up the run - unproductive. Then back to night stops - when in partly open cover I walked into a grouse that took off - or materialized - leisurely and flushed rising - left - quarters in perfect open and I missed - all the while certain - and taking few feathers out. The country is so large, and so god-damned hopeless when you don't know when to look - that, having found a bird, it seems too important to let it. We failed to see more than bird and also managed to walk an unbelievably long time as found the



meandering road again. Back on the we passed a truck - an arrangement with a woman from Fairmont whose husband was hunting woodchuck - guess they'd come in after we'd started out - and the other truck had gone. We ate lunch, both well exhausted (fessed that



too easy.

Puffy held up so well 1:30-3:45 - 2 1/2 hrs) and I took a touch of sherry that seemed to provide me with the beginning of headache.

Having exhausted the east side (as nearly as we could tell when to try) we drove back over the steep mine and parked just west of it above good-looking beech woods. It was still blowing all-hell but almost the moment we stopped in the woods - using Dixie - Shalows construction -

Dixie began making game. Shalows found the bird below her and it looked at large head coming out. They dropped and I felt I might have tried for it going away thru the edge cover but I had mentally cancelled out the try and didn't take it. Followed it up the edge, moved it down over and following flushed a trio from a dead tree top on the ground. We then made birds - mostly muscivores - till we stopped - but no shooting in the dense hummock and spruce mumps that heads up under the mine. Saw some bear sign in two places. Later heard from Curt Walls that one of his men made lots of noise at bottom of his cutting when we had started on opening day. Back at an I was lured (too fast after early efforts) and they drove most of the way home.

1:30 - 3:45  
4:15 - 6:00 4 hrs

1 shot - no hit Puffy  
March 12 - 16  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center  
Dixie  
Shalows

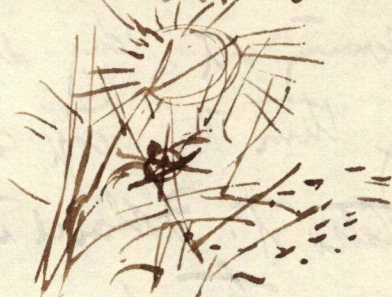


Friday 21 November

Back to Crab Orchard in late afternoon for a

solo hunt with Puff. Parked at lane to Deberry house and walked out road, beginning to hunt on the upper side to the stone wall at pipe line. No birds apparent where we'd mowed them before, but upon reaching margin of lower covert and pipe line and hunting back on lower level Puff found scent and we mowed a bird wild that went up the slope. At an old clearing I crept back and Puff ~~at~~ ~~it~~ stopped on point when the grouse flushed a moment after, going back down and out the ridge. (Count it #2)

Once more at the pipe line and edge of covert the bird flushed and bore away, low, and into the sun. With no good view of the bird I tried and at the shot, sensed that the bird fell and then saw a cloud of feathers drift crosswise in the breeze. I called Puff into the thicket and ran to the fall, unable to locate the moment of <sup>visual</sup> readjustment. Puff



INTO THE SUN.

soon I saw the grouse running down Puff who has difficulty seeing them. It was all the grouse needed to make his escape, running head low and extended. I hesitate to shoot a running cripple not only because of danger to the dogs who may overtake at any moment but because I hate to blast a bird. This one was soon out of sight in some brush



on the edge and I ran around below to head it off. By that time I had lost it and stood peering about me when I saw Ruff pointing in some rocks and briars about me. Realizing he had located the bird, I moved in and saw that it was down among rocks in a sort of den or burrow. Learning



GOING PLACES.

over, I could see the grouse's tail (a near-pronged tail) and one wing wedged back.

Under a boulder too large to budge and this I lay flat and reached it was just beyond my grasp. I began breaking off branches of brush - all brittle and breaking just when I applied force and I succeeded in only sending the bird further in and out of sight. I found a rear entrance to the hole and dug and reached in but couldn't feel the bird. Ruff took over and sniffing loudly convinced me he wanted the grouse underneath and at one time he began digging frantically.

Working for half an hour I was convinced I was whipped but too obstinate to stop. Going back to



RUFF APPLIES HIMSELF.

Ruff's effort, I took over and reached into the hole again and suddenly felt the grouse's tail and feet immediately under me, pressed into the earth. As I pulled it out Ruff tried to grab it. I dispatched the bird and let Ruff return







left and made a lonely stand till he realized the situation and  
 moved on. We moved the fence along the train and Walt got  
 another shot - the only shooting of the day. Waked up the  
 mountain moving one bird about the chert cabin near the upper  
 road, then nothing - all the way up and over the brink  
 of the high basin - then we did jump the largest - looking  
luch I've seen - a big old fellow who pounded away soundly  
 like an Angus bull every time he hit the ground and streaming  
 greenbrier vines festooned among his antlers like some sort of  
sea monster flowing thru seaweed. At the crossing we  
 hunted above the sawmill set, missed a bird and then turned back.  
 On the way down the right side of the valley I got the one  
 meager view I had of a bird all day while I was involved in views  
 of my own. I came upon the "Hemlock Oasis" with something of a  
 surprise, and found the hemlocks coming back in dense stands  
 head-high - with a few medium size survivors and lots of  
 rhododendron and sphagnum moss. Just beyond among rhododendron  
 and some rocks we missed two birds, later on the ground to one side of  
 Dixie that must have run 20 yards before flushing. Dixie hit the  
 ground next but didn't find the bird. Later on the road down to the  
 Beckert fields, I saw Dixie throw his head up and run into a corner



of woods on the right where she stood on point, moved in a few steps and pointed again. Walt heard the grouse go out and saw it cut up along the edge - Dixie's first production on grouse. What a thrill.

On down the ridge we made a bird along the path - bumped by Meadows and another out of grapes below the trees, bumped by George.



DIXIE MAKES HER FIRST POINT ON GROUSE.

Hunted down the right side of Rechart Run to Lammox Pond at Muddy Creek and walked the road to the car in semi-dark. A huge hunt and a red-letter day!

No nets

Dixie: 1st production on grouse

made 20 (16 new) - 23 flushes

Meadows:

(Jub)

1:15-6:30 (5 1/4)





Monday 24 November Cloudy and moderately warmer. Howard Walton

and Drummer were here from yesterday (yesterday moved 5 or 6 birds making the dogs on our old (Hemlock). Today to the Henderson place with no luck for the first period until at log road crossing Cuffs Run my girl Dixie stopped on what appeared a point. I wanted to move her on and for a moment she held them moved in and a quoness flushed - Dixie's

second production!

After moving that bird we contacted no others, then we lumbered all the way up to the flat below the strip mine and after eating started back down the valley at a higher level in spite of the high wind which I had expected to put the birds lower down.



DIXIE'S SECOND PRODUCTIVE

We were hunting with mental reservations as to shooting because of Drummer's apparent dislike of the quon's report. Just below the rocks back of Cuffs before you reach Cuffs run, Howard fired at a bird Drummer would not of shot. We doubled back but failed to remember it and continued ~~to~~ toward Cuffs Run, moving 3 more birds that dropped below. At Cuffs Run we doubled back the way, Howard on the path, I working above. Some I walked into a bird that flushed at my left and ~~was~~ now going away-right. I felt perfectly certain and wanted to get a good look at him, mounted and missed, pulled the left on him leveling ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~gun~~ ~~and~~ ~~missed~~ ~~again~~. I would stop him and missed again. There was no reason for it unless I fired from



stationary bands.



135/154  
In a few yards, another  
pouss flushed in front of  
Howard and he also missed.

Drummer had not reacted too much to Howard's earlier shot, merely wing  
to heel for a few moments - then hunting again - at my two shots  
Howard said he paid little attention, but at Howard's last, Drummer  
acted disturbed to the extent of following Howard for some time.  
Keeping in line with the bird Drummer I came on Dixie again  
in point, this time head and tail well up and pointing downhill  
from me and thirty yards away. I whistled to see if she was  
solid then cautioned "stay" and started walking down - but  
the bird flushed low and down across the path. It was a lovely  
point - about Dixie's best on pouss and so like Ruff when he  
began hitting them with his lovely tiger headed style. It was  
beautiful, and with the double-barreled miss. Very shortly after, Drummer



MISS DIXIE SHOWS RUFF'S STYLE.

flushed the bird below. We  
decided we had missed  
two of our other birds and  
started back the path,

with me below, toward the Run again. Then began a series of flushes,  
one that went out over what I think was the creek (little  
run), and one  
from above Howard on the path. I went to a flat area below me.



and realized that little Andy was well out from where I was, that instead of the creek there was a flat with hemlocks, rhododendron and alders and a down path I had forgotten about. As we hunted on - Howard into the path, me in the marginal cover we flushed another grouse that I marked ahead - about at Capps Run where it approaches L. Andy. When I got there Dixie went into down cover and I heard the grouse thrashing madly as it bore its way out.

It came like a bullet back on my left shoulder and I whirled to try for it. I missed a mag. Holding further view and fired too rapidly, taking out a good winker of feathers that floated down but the bird went on into the lower flat I had just come from.



NOTHING BUT FEATHERS.

We went back to try to find it but didn't see it. Once more headed down-valley, we crossed Capps Run and Dixie put out a big bird that gave us two more flushes along the ridge. It was <sup>getting</sup> dark when we got to the car, tired, a bit

damp, from the intermittent showers, disappointed about the missing but happy at the birds flushed - and proud as all hell of Dixie. As for Drummer, I don't consider him seriously shy of the gun - and not (as Howard rather felt) of birds. He hunts too hard. I think it is a passing phase here

powder of.  
11:45 - 6:00 (6 1/4)

3 shots - no hits  
George Bird Evans Papers  
moved 7-20  
West Virginia and Regional History Center  
(3 new)







Thanksgiving Day 27 November  
in AG

An important day that lived up to it!  
Took Dixie alone to Clint Peckert  
country, parking at Sells. Sunny and bitter cold (below 32°) and  
quiet, which I believe an important element in good quous shooting.

We had been in the wood five minutes when, moving up the path at  
the general spot where Walt had walked into a bird, I saw Dixie  
flinch and heard a quous go out wild. I had been alert for it but  
was unprepared for the sleek bird that rose acutely and came  
my way. I tried too quickly as it climbed, turned and took it  
going back over my left shoulder, dropping it solidly near a hemlock.



Dixie ran excitedly,  
searching for the bird at  
my feet but kept

circling too wide. My eyes failed to refocus enough for me to spot the  
bird tho I was sure it was hard hit. At last Dixie came in to my direction  
and immediately located the quous, stopping for a moment, then pouncing  
on it, lying dead, breast-down. To my delight she at once began  
mouthing it and pecking it up by the wing and after several tries  
brought it toward me. By coming here, I got her to bring it within a  
few feet - her first retrieve. Not until it had happened did I  
remember that this was <sup>a repeat</sup> ~~an echo~~ of Puff's first retrieve - on his  
first Thanksgiving hunt -  
a significant one, I hope.

The bird was a hen.





Keeping to the faint path I reached the tram road and shortly  
 moved a bird wild, its wings shining in the cold, bright sunlight.  
 Working into the sun and along the tram grade I approached the  
 rocks and suddenly heard a grouse tearing out low to my  
 right side. It was an away shot, low in the ground and  
 I made a quick shot feeling the bird drop as I lost sight of  
 it behind the tangle. Dixie was near and ran in, catching the  
 bird which was winged badly. Each time she released it, it began  
 to run, at ~~which~~ which point Dixie recaptured it and at last  
 picked it up and carried it to within several  
 feet of me when I stepped in and dispatched the bird rather than  
 prolong the situation. Two retrievers in a half-hour was a bit  
 incredible but it had happened. This bird was a cock - a  
 semi-red with interrupted tail band.

My sketch is inaccurate for a good part  
 of the fan was missing - lost in the  
 capture but I found the missing  
 feathers including the interrupted  
 center one.



#2  
 A BIG MOUTHFUL FOR A  
 LITTLE GIRL.

Faced with the prospect of waiting after a half hour and the  
 trip to this large country ~~was~~ somewhat futile, I decided to  
 go on and try for a third bird if the opportunity presented. It didn't

tho I hunted all the way up to the ~~highest~~ basis in the big basin  
 I made only two more birds and had no shot. At blame



rhododendron curled from the low temperature,  
 bitterly cold, and stopping to eat in the little herbale stems  
 only brought on numbed fingers so I moved out and ate my  
 candy on the walk to keep Dixie from getting chilled. I did  
 get to the head of the ravine I had discovered on the top map -  
 barren of birds up at the high road but a possible exploration  
 trip ahead. Also came on the other old farm site with spring house  
 hole and acres of grapevines that yielded nothing. Came down to  
 Rechart Run (encountered an old man - Dave Titchwell - "Everybody's  
 heard of me") and picked up nothing but a deeply scarred nose in  
 the quadrone. But it was a real holiday and a fine anniversary of  
 Ruff's first retriever a few miles further around the Prerics. Dixie  
 is being a deep pleasure to me and I think I'm going to have  
 some of the kind of shooting within the next few years, that Ruff  
 gave me. My rest yesterday seemed to produce results!

3 shots - 2 hits

heard 6 (1 new) - 6 flashes

Dixie: 2 kills  
2 retrievers  
(her first)

2:00 - 6:00 (4 hrs.)

yearling hen: inter, narrow  
crop: ✓

adult cock: inter, med, collar (semi-red)

crop: grapes, leaf (Home to a wild-pleasant Thanksgiving dinner)!



Saturday 29 November

Last day before the deer season. Mined yesterday because of snow and miserable

rain (snow to 10" in Pittsburgh area) but it only built up to a couple of inches here by this morning but it was clinging to everything - twigs loaded - and was bitterly cold. I knew I couldn't get any place on my smooth tires so drove to Bruncton and had the snow tires installed, then off to hunt the best couple of hours of the day, taking Feathers and Dixie. Hunted the Walkum Place, found Mason Run too high to wade so hunted the upper slopes on the right side to the upper bridge, Feathers moving a yowls out of cover above the road going down to bridge. It could have been a possibility had I been looking the right direction but I wasn't. No birds in upper corner in Walkum woods (windy and moving) and none until I started down the ridge well around toward the <sup>old</sup> fence line. Then moved 3 singles that gave me no chance. Down to bottom, hunting out the flat before going to car. This weather is not for me unless it is the last day or two. Both dogs hunted hard.

3:40 - 5:55 (2 1/4)

No shots  
made 4-4 flocks  
Dixie  
Feathers

~~~~~



Monday 8 December

Second half of grouse season after last<sup>#1</sup>  
week of the deer season. Weather better cold  
and snowy. Took a short hunt back on little Sandy with Ruff  
and Dixie - Kay letting me off at the bridge and then taking the  
station wagon to Brunston to garage. It soon began to spit snow as  
I started up the log road and Ruff nearly stepped on grouse #1 at  
edge of path. No shot. #2 from lower fringe along creek behind a  
boulder. No shot. Crossing the edge of beaver (the beaver hole very  
striking with ice and mud and lots of green water. Imagined I heard  
bird corroborated by Dixie's actions after climbing toward top of hill  
over the long field. No shot. Hunted back to power line, doubling  
back along Rhododendron and rocks and down to path again and out to  
car with no further action. Impending weather? With no sign of Kay at  
bridge at 3:00 o'clock I started up the north side of creek behind Power  
line and in thickets lost a half flushed #4 straight up air. No  
shot. Followed but failed to locate bird. On Kay. So walked the long  
mile and a half home (we own one hell of a lot of land) and found  
Murry's had held up the car. Ruff still doing well.

2:30 - 5:45 (3 1/4)

No shots  
Killed 4-4 flocks

Ruff  
Dixie

Tuesday 9 December

To June Cochran's for second trip, with  
Kay this time, using Dixie and Feather. Weather better and  
still lots of snow on ground. No George Bird Evans Papers



foot log and flushed two singles soon after crossing. Followed  
upstream along steep hillside many (from foot prints) #3 that left  
a tree and topped the ridge toward John Tratten. Followed but  
failed to locate. However marked #4 at upper corner of woods where  
we saw the bird come into clear space of road and patch around  
corner of woods and John's field. Hunted diligently but never  
did mark it. Wonder if it sailed along hedgerow toward  
John's house?

Finally had to drop down ridge because of time element  
and climbed slope to Jones where we found him home and went  
in for shot that in warmth of start under ballful glare of  
wildcat shot up Sick Run. Jones says "Drummer" still comes to  
the rocks above house. Certainly can't be the original bird! after all  
these years.

Taking road back we climbed the old road from the  
bridge up toward Summers. About when I have in the past and  
at this time of day not only missed a bird but also shot one  
by some miracle in fading light, we heard a grouse flush, then  
two more. Having glimpsed one of these I started in the woods  
to follow when a fourth bird flushed above me and I tried  
to follow as it barely showed in the dense dark cover and  
as I fired I saw the bird go <sup>to the right side</sup> and go down -



winged. Ray also saw it pitch over tho' neither of us could see it reach the ground due to dense growth. The light was bad and I knew the bird was only winged.



I ran up calling both dogs in to retrieve and directed them as well as I could. Both hunted avidly, Feather in every possible spot. And while there were a number of brush and log piles I felt the snow would reveal the tracks of the bird run.

Ray went to the old log path and checked that it hadn't run across. The fading light was against us and after a long search with a new start at point of shot and rechecks of place of fall we still were baffled. I let Feather make a wide cast on far side of path. No bird. Eventually it was clear we weren't going

to locate the grouse and we left with a feeling of frustration.

Very bad break. The shots are rare enough this season - only 27 to date - and when they come it's at the end of the day when the light is against you and fatigue and tension as well. I

don't count shots as hits when the feathers fly but the bird goes on, but when they go down as distinctly winged as that bird I call it a hit.

3:20/6:35 (3 1/4) 1 shot - 1 hit (lost) Feather  
missed 8 (5 new) - 8 flutters Dixie



Thursday 11 December

Yesterday missed because of intense cold (15°) and I was aware of nasal symptoms (also present in Morgantown at night).

Today sunny but still cold and some snow on ground. Kay and I took Puff, Dixie and Shadows to the Houndskill place. Heard first bird just beyond power line where log road goes down the hill - from top of humlock. Heard no more until we had hunted out part Cuff Run, out down path and climbed hill and started back toward rocks. #2 let me get past, then flushed back below and past Kay, starting up and over trees. I almost got my gun up. Alog Cuff Run up one side and down other. #3 flushed from log after the other dogs and I had moved back over the stream. I didn't see a hear it. Dropping down to lower half along creek we moved 3 birds from dense cover then - I glimpsed one across sandy. The other two went toward ridge by the sound. Doubting back along side of ridge we moved what I take to be #2 (too many tracks for a flushed bird, and it also went back to original site of flush in bottom). Never saw it. That, as I have referenced it this last portion of season, has been grossly mistaken using the term broadly. Am beginning to get fed up with such lack of shot.

No shots

Puff  
Dixie

heard 7 (no new) - 7 flushes

Puff is doing fine (still in Delaware) for days of hunt, with

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

with Puff in humlock



Saturday 13 December

Winded yesterday (to Antietam). Today #63  
bitter cold, snow still with us, temperatures

around 18° high. Took Dixie & Feathers to Upper Beaver above bridge.  
No birds until rock cliff below first house - two flushed wild. Followed  
all down toward creek. In laurel & rhododendron at bank of creek #3 flushed  
from dogs across creek. Shortly reflushed first bird back up over  
rocks. Curled rocks and in greenberry tangle a top Feathers flushed one  
of the birds (only heard it.) Later another flush from same tangle - no view.  
Hunted higher on way back - never saw so many grasses but no birds.  
Back at road - having crossed thick ice over Beaver, I hunted down the  
creek road to lower road from Kellys - covered corner area between the  
two roads - no birds. Very discouraging, this lack of opportunity to

shoot. No shots Dixie  
Feathers  
March 3 - 6 flushes.  
(no news)

3:00 / 6:00 / 3 hrs.

Monday 15 December

Still cold, still some snow, but sunny.

today and I couldn't pass it up. Took Dixie  
alone to Lick Run country. Dixie was troubled with ice on her feet  
and also was too inclined to stop too often and check for me. Moved  
first bird - Dixie flushed it - below train. Followed down #2 run  
and failed to find it but moved another - very wild - on way back near  
#3 run. Grouse are spookier than I'd ever known them and while the  
going is quiet enough, they still manage to hear approach. Too, I  
believe the snow makes any motion apparent to them and they  
can therefore flush every way but toward the gun. At Third Run we



hunted up the ravine to the bush above - hearing third party go (I'm basing this on Dixie's reaction to what was only a distant crackle to me). No more birds till back at head of First Run where I saw a bird come in and top the rhododendron on the large rocks at my right - too late, and too far out for a fair chance. Returned to move him but think he went out wild, for Dixie worked him away over the deep crevices and covered the area on top, very thoroughly. Down the ravine to tram and crossed down over the Summers place. Starting down the old road to Pooring Creek where Kay & I had moved the four last Tuesday, soon walked into a grouse that flushed behind me toward upper margin of woods. Saw three sets of tracks. Back-tracked them as likely spot bird went to and did flush him from distant tree top-going up the gap. Turning I soon moved #2 which went wild (as they all do) paralleling road. Followed and for tangle just inside woods from road the bird flushed well ahead crossing left rising. It was too far for fair chance but I tried a quick one and saw a couple of feathers float down after the bird went on. Following I failed to see it but did see more tracks in brush heaps lower on ridge.



It was about 6:00 and getting not only cold as hell but dark and I should have gone to the car. But Dixie was working nicely now that we were into woods and I was awfully anxious for a shot - had medicine for good shooting. I came back to when we'd



moved the birds back and heard and saw one go out from Dixie (she may have pointed) and patch of Roaring Creek. As I worked up toward the road Dixie shortly moved another - a nice muffled ghost that streaked out crossing low and left - my God, how these birds seem to fly when you aren't hitting them. I tried instinctively - a fast swing with no chance to any more than feel the bird - and missed. That was it. Seems impossible to break this spell of luck what with the weather and wild flocks, you don't get a chance until it is dark and you are stiff. And then not much of a chance. I feel one of these birds is a new one if I hit one last Tuesday.

2 shots - no hit

Dixie

made 8 (2 new) - 10 flocks

2:45/6:15/3 1/2



17#41

Tuesday 16 December

Sunny, still lots of snow but not quite so cold (around low twenties). <sup>Ray & I</sup> Took Ruff &

Shadows to the forest to my Scott Run cabin, parking on the paved road beyond the entrance about a mile at usual spot. Hunting down into big rocks we made nothing until we crossed the first ravine to the path that goes thru the grapevines that used to hold birds (last couple of seasons has been poor chance).

My eye caught a flick of motion from where Shadows was working below the path and I realized a bird had flushed up ~~to~~ the hill.



Nearly at once I saw a second grouse go up into a tree and sit  
above shadows while a third grouse flushed out along the path. Moving up  
I tried but failed to get within gunshot before the grouse took off  
from the tree, also going out the ridge. Ray had come up behind  
and after explaining what had happened I started up to try to  
find the first bird. At my first step off the path a fourth  
grouse flushed from a log a few yards ahead and bored away  
at low level, slightly right. I withheld ~~my~~ mounting for a moment  
to focus, then shot and dropped the bird with a very direct hit,  
a circle of feathers floating down into the snow. Both dogs came  
in at the shot and I hoped to work



Ruff into position of the retriever. But  
tho he searched hard - I kept directing  
him toward the feathers on the snow -  
he seemed to get no scent. Shadows  
also covered the area with no reaction. At last which I still tried to  
steer Ruff when I that the bird was, shadows moved ten yards further  
on and striking scent, picked up the bird when it had fallen. The  
puff of feathers settling under the point of impact had given the  
impression the bird had fallen short. Shadows made a lovely retrieval  
and Ray finished the first half of movie film on the scene.

With ~~no~~ intention (shot for production) of taking further shots  
at these birds we hunked at to the ~~point~~ of the ridge and did not



see another feather of the three other birds (#1 had reflected <sup>58</sup>/#69  
after our retrievers, etc.)

Crossing to the next shoulder up the main branch of North Run  
and across the mouth of a little hollow to the main slope we  
made #5 from Cholodunum at the bottom with only the sound to  
guide us. In the good paperies and rocks where I expected birds  
we found nothing - except a miss overhanging rock to suit lunch  
standing on dry ground.

Doubling back to the original hollow below the car we came to  
the base of the ravine below the big rocks. Working up the slope  
we made two singles - one from a tall tree, pitching for the valley,  
the other also from a tree, I think, and going out the ridge. Following  
it we came to a tangle of grapes and heard a bird flash and  
as Ruff worked on tracks. Then another and another and another.  
When the fifth went out of a tall tree (all seemed to be upon  
trees) about me I tried for him with a long shot and missed.

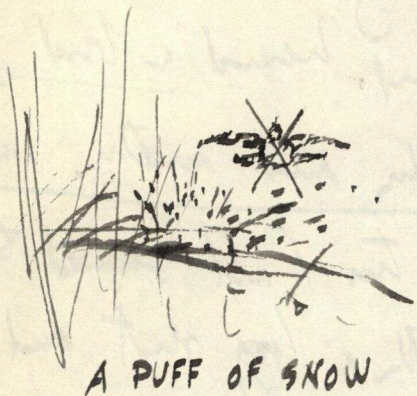


I think the left barrel would have been in order.  
Ray says she saw them go out after that. All  
I could do was stand with my mouth agape.

Eight birds and I think all from high trees. They seemed to spread  
and fan out over the rim of the cliff above. Climbing, we made the  
top after a grueling pull and expected to begin to make birds.  
Unfortunately, both dogs seemed to have lost interest in hunting



and we didn't see a bird all the way to the left end of the cliff-top. Kay felt like staying up now that she was up and went to the car while I crouched back down and hunted along the base of the rocks with no results. Back on top with my tongue hanging out I hunted along the crest to the knob of paperines where we had begun hunting today, coaxing and urging both dogs to hunt with little results. Turning toward the road I flushed one of the birds that took off straightway and not over two feet off the snow. Firing I that he went on, then ~~after he had~~ <sup>as it</sup> disappeared I saw a puff of snow as the bird fell.



A PUFF OF SNOW

Running up I saw the grouse on the snow, moving at a fast pace toward the road. Shadows came into action and as the bird crossed the road, running, Shadows saw it and bore in, capturing the grouse

on the far side of the main paved road, retrieving it very beautifully. It was a yearling hen (the other had been a yearling cock) and while I wanted badly to have maneuvered Puff into the retrieval, it simply couldn't be helped. Taking the grouse from Shadows I held it for Puff to smell. He took it from my hand carrying it around a few moments and then delivered it to me sitting and holding it for a long time. I know he enjoyed the moment as much as I



The sun was going down in an intense sunset when I came out  
May driving toward me after getting stuck while turning the car,  
knowing had to put chains on the road to get started. The took a  
swaid of the two birds against the sunset. Quite a moment. How  
much difference a bird - even two - makes. And I still, sitting  
in front of the fire afterwards, wonder how I can kill them. And then  
I think how much would be missing if I gave it up.

2:10 / 5:45 / 3 1/2  
yearling cock: inter. collar, med  
crop: empty  
yearling hen: inter, narrow  
crop: full grapes  
3 shots - 2 hits  
moss 15 - 17 feathers  
Ruff: 2 bills  
Shadow: 2 bills  
2 retrievers

Wednesday 17 December

Went alone to Roaring Gap with Dixie and  
Feathers. Weather some warmer but still lots  
of snow and much wind except in folds of the ravines. Parked at upper  
road, hunted the hemlocks to the rhododendron "down over" and am sure Dixie  
saw a saw a bird go out (one of two I flushed there before, also saw  
fresh tracks. Hunted up to main intersection of valley, investigated the  
hollow back of barn (not even tracks here) and hung to steep side of ridge  
and up over the ravine where I shot one out of fur in here last time.  
All the way into cover at head of this ravine but no birds. Covered area  
at foot of ravine, not even a bird where I usually leave a pair of empty  
shells along "little run. But when I stepped down the road at forks,  
I heard a grouse tearing his way out of cover to the left and breed



myself for a shot that came as he came into down and turned left to bore down the road. I saw the bird fold at my shot and settle vertically, falling almost on top of Dixie who so often is at the right place at the proper time (wonderful attribute!) I saw her



ALMOST ON TOP OF DIXIE

grab the grouse, saw it break free and as it did Dixie went down into the steep tangle of rhododendron below the road after it. I ran up, unable to locate her in the dense mass of foliage, and deciding it was time and a situation requiring

Feathers I called him and sent him down to retrieve before the bird got away from us. At about that point I saw Dixie coming

back up with the grouse, still alive, in her mouth. Feathers, who normally gets there first, was trying to be nonchalant about it and pretended he didn't see any of it. The grouse was an adult (I think) cock and lost the balance of its tail fan as I took it from Dixie, despatching it as promptly as possible. I gathered its tail feathers as well as I could but did not locate either center feather.

I ate lunch under hemlocks up the path from the "Coveal Sawmill set" and then turned back, climbing the tangle of briars and brush heaps on the steep hillside above. This exposure had caught the sun today and some patches of snow and bare ground were showing.



NEVER MIND, FEATHERS. SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!



Halfway to the top I came to an almost impassible tangle of  
 green briars and blackberry canes and with both dogs working about I  
 heard, and saw, four grouse - one after another, flush from this  
 tangled mass - one going up over the ridge, then going out the ridge  
 the direction I was hunting. One had very nearly offered a shot in going.  
 It required a pull and much tearing loose but I eventually got out the  
 hillside and managed to flush one of the birds - oddly the dogs seemed  
 helpless to find any of the birds. Around the shoulder a new grouse (I  
 think it was) flushed from a hemlock and pitched around the top. That  
 was the last contact I had until at the car when a bird buzzed out of the  
 top of a tall beech and went distant places very fast.

Just before, as I was climbing the slow drag up the road the dogs  
 both went into the dense cover to the right and I heard a gray squirrel  
 work and climb a slender tree - way, way up and out on a lacy  
 branch to thin twigs that bent under his weight and let him slide into  
 the top of an adjoining tree when he came porting down and clung out  
 on a branch. I "barked" at him in my best squirrel voice and I seemed  
 to unsettle him. Gathering himself, he took a long, frantic leap for  
 a hemlock nearby knowing as he did that it was only thin chance that  
 he could get hold as he fell.



He missed his try and down he came  
 thru one tier of hemlock branches after  
 the next, fully twenty feet and I



all the way to the ground - when he seemed to land crosswise on a  
log that nearly bent him double, backwards. But he wretched  
around, caught himself and began climbing. Up the trunk, all the  
way to the terminal header branches where I lost him in the dense  
~~thicket~~ silhouette. What courage.

As for my day, I was delighted. Dixie showed that she intends  
to continue <sup>from</sup> where she left off Thanksgiving Day retrieving birds as they  
come.

2:10/5:50 (3 3/4)

1 shot - 1 hit

Dixie: 1 kill  
1 retriever

ward 8 (5 new) - 9 feathers

Feathers: 1 kill

adult cock: (?) collar, narrow

wsp: few teaberry leaves (pieces)

Friday 19 December

Wanted yesterday (trip to Lincolnton to  
Scott Ples take him to cemetery, to Morgantown in  
evening for violin recital, and limping home with the rear end of car making  
sounds as tho it intended to fall out). Today, Friday, I turned car over  
to Bob Murphy, having him drive me to area beyond Fearer farm  
where I started Mademo and Dixie into scrub-corn and prepared to  
hunt my way home. Dropping down to the little run where I have found  
quail in years past, I soon came onto fresh grouse tracks. Also hoping to  
encounter a pheasant, perhaps, I crossed and followed onto far side.  
The bird flushed rather unexpectedly for me (though aren't they always  
unexpected, even when over a point?) but I had my eye on the dog



working carefully and close in front would have struck scent  
if a bird were lying that well. The flush made me fire too hastily,  
missing, and settling myself I took a moment to focus and dropped  
the bird solidly with the left barrel, still a good short right-barrel  
distance.




Again, Dixie was there and almost  
immediately had the bird, retrieving  
it very beautifully. Dickson seemed  
a little bewildered by her good  
fortune but took it sportingly as


he never shows too much interest in another dog's bird. This was  
yearling hen, clean kill. I had no desire to shoot further at grouse in  
here tho I saw another set of tracks that I didnt follow. Instead I  
doubled back to the old Brandanville "Ridge Road" I intended hunting  
back, taking time to catch some nice fruit-laden greenbriers in the  
corner cover. as I worked over the shoulder to the east slope I found  
a vast area of very short-cut cover, just barely back to good grouse  
territory. The birds, however, seemed to feel otherwise, for I began to  
encounter tracks all over - singles and pairs. But no birds.

Almost around to the old sett place I decided I should try down  
down since the upper levels merely indicated the birds had been there.  
There were a few grapes but mostly blackberry vines and small regrowth  
just beyond brush stage. The land dropped down into a good looking  
ravine at the bottom and before I got too far from it I felt I should  
take a look. I got a lovely view



tree in a little run — six grouse, one at a time. Four straight  
out ahead of me, two back up the slope to the right. I took a long  
try — foolish impulse — with the right barrel (should have been left)  
at the last bird as it showed climbing acutely for the hill. Stupid  
reflex but couldn't stop it. The day had become quite warm — into  
forties — and the snow was softening. In this

 area I saw what I had always hoped to  
have the pleasure of seeing — grouse tracks as numerous as rabbit  
tracks — facing the ground everywhere. I enjoyed it for that  
experience alone.

As I followed the 4 out ahead I saw that they had gone into  
a small corner of woods that jutted down the hill into old fields  
and clearings so that they almost had to be lying rather close  
unless they had gone across the field or had dropped into the rough  
grass. In a wild it looked as tho they must have, for both dogs  
found nothing. Then, as I walked just out in the field from the  
margin of the covert, shadows ran into one of the birds, chasing it  
as it flushed low along the ground back into the woods. I took  
time to call "Stay!" then as the bird came out into the field in a  
low right-quarter I swung thru and fired, dropping the bird in the  
open snow. It lay with  both wings spread and  
as I called shadows to direct him to it, it gradually fluttered to a  
stillness, its head still almost erect, but not quite. Shadows came



in and began circling excitedly, trying desperately for the meat. There was a backwind blowing and he failed to get it tho he circled all around the bird, head down, and one time put his feet within a yard of the grouse. At last Dixie turned up and I let her work it out, circling as Shadows was doing. But she kept her head up and at one point downwind began winding the air, getting a hint of the bird. She, too, circled and seemed to fail but when she was near it from one side, as Shadows had been, she wheeled, picked up the stream of meat and went to the bird, which by this time had collapsed, its head falling back over its shoulders from the force of the wind. Dixie brought the bird to me, laying it down once and putting it up for a lucky retrieval to hand.



WORKING THE WIND.

It was a clear demonstration, I felt, of the difference between — not attitudes or eagerness, for Shadows tried every bit as hard as Dixie — but of simple equipment. Dixie has the nose, Shadows does not. And I felt pity for him for he wanted so badly to retrieve that bird.

After eating my sandwich, I tried to locate some of the others, looking for a point but couldn't seem to find them. I crossed the bottom to a lucky glade where I thought there just might be a pheasant. They weren't, but certainly at



must be sampled next October when woodcock are flying - a long piece stretching out from below the Willet place - enough room to hold a number of woodcock. Dixie did most an enormous piece in here - a chance to point that she fumbled by too much muddling around on foot scent. Back up the little run, I did most all thru of the other birds and one of the ones that had gone up the hill. But still another refresh up a top - and above the Scott place was a new bird.

I didn't get around to the area I'd expected to find birds in, back of Guthrie's, but instead I took the shortest way home thru a long unproductive area, via Malheur place and over Torquers strip area down across our place. I want to take Puff into that concentration of birds some day soon.

4 shots - 2 hits

Dixie: 2 kills  
2 retrievers

1:05/5:20 (4 1/4) - ward 9 - 18 flashes

Madison: 2 kills

yearling hen: jute, narrow  
crop: grapes

yearling cock: solid, collar, web  
crop: grapes, few leaves (cinquefoil, and an oak leaf)

Monday 22 December Move now over the weekend (Sat-Sun) and still clinging to almost very tiny tho the temp. was rising into the high thirties and low forties. Took Puff back to the old Scott place hoping to set him down in the birds I found there Friday. However we failed to meet a bird other in the same place. I found a d



Willetts. Finally returned to original #19  
the big cack in the glades. The snow being "regardless"  
raining and ploughed into the snow being "regardless"  
and still more was. Now at the Scott Place itself & in the  
low thick brush below. - about 5:00 o'clock on the way out I  
saw tracks crossing a log road near the old farm and put Puffin's  
the cover where I thought the bird had gone. Both Puff and I read  
them backwards, for the grouse finally flushed from behind me  
and offered no shot. The rising close - my only contact  
with birds. Puff worked rather poorly at first but got into  
the swing and began doing better later. The day was fine  
overhead but mean underfoot, down the neck, and when creeping  
the skull on overhanging tree trunks - as I did at one point.  
What the hell - it's only hair.

No shots

Puff

moved 1 (not new) - 1 flush

3:00/5:45 (2 3/4)

Tuesday 29 December

Pre-Christmas hunt. Weather not too cold, but  
far from warm (still two-shirt day). I had planned


Worley Wright yesterday about trying for pheasants and I met him about  
2:00 taking Dixie and Shadow, who hadn't hunted for days.

We parked at Wright's house and began hunting directly back of it  
down into the glades - all nice - taking woodcock cover. There was  
lots of snow still underfoot with




the swamp. Not long after we were out a large grouse flushed  
from the logs, later re-flushing from a tree over my head. I was  
too surprised to get my safety off, missing a fair opportunity to  
shoot. The next flush was also from ~~the~~ low red brush scrub  
over my head and I tried for him but I could feel myself  
not getting far enough ahead.

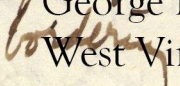
We got another

flush (no points that I could see) out  in an open

hillside of briars and following came on the bird perched in a brush  
knip above us. Nothing I could do would flush him - distinctly a cock-  
even to throwing snowballs, talking, whistling, etc. Finally we left,  
feeling as I told Wark, that I had become too well acquainted to  
shoot at him.

Dropping over to another neck of the glade - it had begun to  
drizzle now - I walked onto another big grouse that unnered me  
by his sudden flush. I think, keyed for pheasants, I was thinking too  
slowly for grouse flight and I snapped and missed instead of focussing  
before mounting. It was a wonderful chance, left quarter, rising. Puffed  
gun work, George.

  
Crossing more lower ice I just reached the far side and (using nothing  
for support) stepped for the logs and went thru about my boot depth.  
Fortunately, the insulated boot keeps you warm even when wet.

We walked out into a field    
George Bird Evans, Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center



he had moved pheasants that sailed into Ogden who didn't allow <sup>#81</sup> hunting.  
We tried to work away from that fence to move the birds into our  
territory. As a result we were hunting with the wind, not into it,  
handicapping the dogs. In a narrow strip of woods they moved two  
pheasants - one that flushed far ahead into the glade - Werly  
thought it might be a hen, the other a grand big cock that flushed  
on the left edge and cut across an open field (out of gun range)  
towards the Ogden sanctuary. We failed to move it after circling  
and went on to the glade where we hoped to get the dogs on the  
hen (and Werly had further designs). We saw but its tracks - too  
large for a hen. I shot, and tracking it finally lost them.

Working back the way we had come in we again came onto the  
fresh tracks. Werly took the open field at my suggestion and I  
worked the cover with the dogs. Before long, I heard a flush out  
ahead, heard the beautiful sound of a cock cackling, saw it  
climb and - glorious feeling - saw him, long tail streaming and  
spread, swing my way. I wanted to mount and took him directly  
overhead incoming and slightly to the right, firing as I swung  
them and ahead. He faltered, folded and then rolled and  
slid down and right and out of sight as he came down some  
yards from me. I called the dogs and ran for the point of fall,  
knowing he was probably going to run. When Werly and the dogs



came up, I had no sign of the fall, no feathers, no tracks.  
Both dogs



A HIGH INCOMER!

tried hard, Dixie as well as Meadows but could find nothing. at last at last, I kept directing Dixie I let Meadows have his head and hunt it out his own way. He was gone for a long time and I hardly dared hope. But

at last he came back and with that unspeakable thrill of a quiver that comes when you've been living right, I saw the huge cock pheasant in his mouth — a lovely retriever to hand. The bird was nearly dead, right wing broken, left leg shot below the hock and dangling. Did I run? I'll never know, it may have sailed further than I expected.



LOVELY VISION.

2 shots - no hits (quiver)

1 shot - 1 hit (pheasant)

Meadows: retriever pheasant

Dixie

2:00 - 4:30 (2 1/2)

ward 2 quiver - 5 flashes

ward 2 pheasant - with cocks

pheasant well centered.  
crops: full of grapes



Friday 26 December

Day-after-Christmas Hunt. To Forest and

Scott Run cove, parking at usual place -  
 main roads clear but Casper's Park road full of snow and ice. Ray  
 stayed home with Mother and I took Puff & Feathers. Contacted birds  
 almost at once just over cliff in large rocks (part of the 8 we found  
 last time). Birds moving wild, some from trees, singly & threes. Followed  
 first two up air but no reflexes. Back in rocks moved one from  
 a tree that could have been one of first two. Following one bird back  
 along ridge (north) I worked lower and saw Puff on point, and while  
 he moved in to establish it more firmly, Feathers came up from  
 below and I saw the bird flush down the ridge to bottom -  
 a productive for Puff. Along bottom of ridge I came onto tracks of a  
 grouse hunter and dog (I'd heard very distant shots far down the  
 valley) and everywhere I went I encountered three more footprints in  
 the snow - even to the hillside and along path of the old  
 regular grapevine cove beyond first ravine. This eliminated a lot  
 of country for us. I tried moving higher to level where any birds  
 would might be expected to lie but they weren't there. At  
 point of ridge I turned back and after eating lunch hunted the  
 top. Returning to the first ravine I crossed the head and as a  
 final effort decided to drop down over the big rocks before going to  
 the car. There was much snow everywhere and cold enough in  
 spite of rise in temperature. I had already hunted some of the



area in my first effort to follow the original birds and so I was surprised when a grouse exploded on the far side of a big log and started, low to the ground, up the slope in an away-left shot. I had fired and dropped the bird solidly, before I knew what I was doing. The bird must have been hit at 10 yards, falling to the ground at 15 yards between me and feathers.



I was so anxious to work the retrieve for Puff who had tried so hard all afternoon. So I

called to Feathers who came bounding toward me, trusting me to direct him to the fell - then stopped, and the bird - which was solidly hit but slightly fluttering - began rolling down the snowy surface almost into Feathers' jaws. Feathers scooped it up (his always there, even having some birds fall on him) and delivered it to hand very nicely. I let Puff smell it and he took it in his mouth, carrying it around, laying it down and then retrieving it to me, sitting to deliver. It was a <sup>red bronze</sup> ~~large~~ grouse - an adult I now believe - and hit. I regretted not having tossed it out for Puff to find instead of handing it to him. As I hunted up over (no more birds) to the top and across the main road, I did plant the bird, still <sup>holding</sup> ~~with~~ Feathers, sent Puff



to fetch. He located the bird nicely by scent and delivered it, sitting, but only after skeptical sniffing of the saliva already on it! Guess he doesn't need me to call that a bona fide retriever. My chances for shots remain very sparse - one a day being about the average and I can't remember ever having so many days in former years with only single opportunities. I'm happy to have had a number of these.

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

1 shot - 1 hit

Puff: 1 <sup>productive</sup> kill

around 5 (no new) 7 flaps

7 others: 1 kill 1 retriever

adult cork: red, (?) collar, medium (eaten for my 52nd birthday dinner)  
crop: empty

Saturday 27 December

side of the valley. We encountered lots of tracks, not all fresh, on the steep road climbing up but most nothing that the dogs worked the hills nicely. Near the back on the first bench we cut up the mountain to the right following tracks that died out or flushed. But in a small ravine I made a noise as I chattered down the steep bank - a rising-left-quarter that seems my weak spot this year tho this was such a fleeting glimpse it hardly is indicative.

We hunted hard for this bird, marking its flight up toward a stripmine over the shoulder but ~~never located it.~~





along the first log road we came to the area where Walt & I had  
 made 8 birds. Today we found only tracks. Hunted out path to  
 where it was a matter either of climbing the mountain to the top, dropping  
 into the deep Elroy valley, or turning back. We turned back, while  
 both dogs, and especially Dixie, worked the dense cover along the road  
 very beautifully. Hearing a grouse flush wild from Dixie, we followed  
 up the slope and I saw a grouse run out on the road ahead of  
 Dixie who might have been pointing it. We moved after it but  
 stopped in command after it flushed. Later moved it out of  
 rhododendron thicket of cliff and it went into other woods.  
 Back down the slope - by took a mass of a giant tree stump  
 - probably a chestnut - with a rhododendron growing on top - we  
 flushed the other bird wild. One more flush after we again  
 hunted below the log path near sawmill and a flush -  
 that I didn't see because it came down the slope directly over  
 me and pitched to the bottom. Hunted across the basin to  
 the road down and parting down decided to hunt cover above to  
 the left. Up well on the hill the dogs flushed #5 wild. That  
 was it.

1 shot - no hit. Dixie  
 moved 5 (2 new) & flushed. Shallow

2:00/6:00 (4 hrs)



Monday 29 December Beginning the last week of grouse shooting #87  
very lovely day - moderately warm with the  
snow all gone except an occasional patch. Ray and I observed it with  
a trip to the Whitsett settlement taking all four dogs. Parked at  
Calvert's and took Ruff and Dixie hunting down the log road along the  
creek. No birds all the way to the forks, down the ridge along the  
creek to the front of shoulder (view of Cheat below) and back to  
the old Camp Place, then up the fork valley. After crossing to left  
side we worked to top of rhododendron slope and at long, Wisconsin  
last Dixie bust out a bird that bored back down the valley. As I felt  
it can stay there. Climbing ravine to the road where we often park,  
we missed a grouse from near mudiest pile and saw it top trees and  
patch for the little ravine above the road. Working up we had just  
started in the cover when I saw a movement and a grouse ran out  
ahead of Dixie and showed, a climbing right - crossing next, about a  
tangle of vines.



I fired and saw it tumble falling  
then the vines, hanging a moment, and  
then falling to earth. Dixie was  
to it in a matter of seconds and, after some stalling as she eyed Ruff,  
she retrieved it nicely to hand, while Ray got a move of her - the  
first of her retrievers we've managed to get on film. I took the bird -  
a nice cock - and asked Ray to hold Dixie. I tossed the grouse into  
some logs and told Ruff to fetch. Just as he located it, I heard



an anguished scream from Dixie and she broke loose and went for her  
bird. But I caught her and we let Buff find and deliver the  
bird for a retriever credit for himself (he delivered nicely sitting)  
Turning our backs here we hunted back the ridge above the  
road (not caring to pursue the other bird above us - I felt this was a  
new one I had shot). On the way we feel certain Dixie saw me  
flush from her actions and lay that she heard it. Further on I heard  
two more and followed them up the shoulder to the brink of the  
big valley above Calvert's but well up. On the edge I saw Dixie  
put her nose down and was in and flush me that went over the  
rocks. I called her back and made her stay at the spot. Planning to  
double back and pick up some good cover we had missed I noticed  
Buff getting tired and letting up on his hunting. It was over 3 hours  
and rather than risk any trouble we rested and then dropped into the  
valley to head for the car. In the bottom near the river I saw Buff  
strike scent on the ground and after nosing it stiffer into a prout.  
I at first questioned it but styled his tail up a bit and saw that  
he was holding staunchly. Lay came to us and got a picture as I  
walked to his left and kicked some sticks and saw a grouse flush  
from below us and go up the valley.



old boy.



NOT TOO TIRED  
TO POINT.

18/ # 89  
He's a wonderful thing. It just never  
"light" in him - as Vermin Calvert  
would say - but he was too fatigued  
to take him after the flush so  
we went onto the car. I note a  
let-down in his vision when  
fatigue sets in, not related to his  
actual trouble of petit mal if we

are correct on that point.

In crossing the clearing below I saw that the entire area -  
over an acre - was carpeted with wintergreen, many with berries. Warblers  
have seen so many. At the car left Kay with Puff & Dixie and  
took Feather & Shadow of the valley for half an hour, moving the  
same bird wild. He went down the hollow and, I think crossed  
the road. As we drove out, the sunset was red in a streak  
across the throat of the valley which is, I believe, Bearpen Hollow  
From a name such wonderful names. A good day in spite of few birds.

2:10 / 6:10 / 4 hrs.

1 shot - 1 hit  
more 7 - 9 flushes  
(no new)

Puff: 1 retriever  
1 kill  
1 producer

adult work: solid collar, wild  
crop: few grapes & leaves

Dixie: 1 retriever  
1 kill

Feather



Tuesday 30 December

1890

Colder, dark and cloudy with overcast lowering to actual fog, reducing visibility.

With late start (slept in after big hunt yesterday) we postponed the planned trip to Beckert country and instead went to the old nest place, taking Dixie & Feathers and leaving Fuff and Shadows in the cellar.

The damp stillness, held down by the low clouds made ideal, I thought, scenting conditions. Feathers and especially Dixie at first worked very ineffectually with that young lady running aimlessly and stopping to listen for Feathers. Once off the old log roads she did better. Feathers worked too wild and bumped a pair of birds out ahead in the brush well up on the slope of the first little valley. Following, we finally moved on back into original area. After that, no more contact even tho we hunted down to the bottom where I had found the rip. We decided to try the Willitt glide for the big cock, and after penetrating a short way saw him go, put out by my wild dogs. Following, we moved him wild again and then flushed two others at the edge of the glide in actual woodscock cover. After much crawling we moved one of these at the upper end of the cover, and again put it out of a tree when they had spotted it perched. None of these flushes had offered the least chance of a shot. We left the glide and hunted back up the original cover, along the bottom about the logs and little run.

Once more on the old path where the first pair had flushed my tent



inventory of our time and decided, at 5:00 and in fading light —  
for now the fog had dropped lower and a drizzle had been wetting  
us down for the past hour — to hunt around to the old Scott place  
and back by the road.

Through dense tangles after a short piece we pushed ahead — heard and  
saw a grouse (#6) flush from the dogs, but instead of coming my way, as  
we could so easily, he veered and crossed well out of gun range.

Finally pushing for the edge of the clearing in an effort to find  
the log road leading to the Scott home, I walked into a bird that roared  
up to my left and climbing steeply, headed back toward Kay.  
I swung then and fired going thru a short bush as it began to land  
but was still rising and crossing left, hit it solidly and called,  
"I hit it," and heard Kay answer, "I know you did," as the bird  
fell and nearly went into her right jacket pocket. Both Dixie and  
Feathers came in for the



retriever and I caught and  
held Feathers to give Dixie the  
opportunity. However, Dixie merely  
sat and watched me struggle with  
Feathers. I think Kay's being by the  
grouse rather confused her. At last I







Wednesday 31 December <sup>1387 #93</sup> ~~Tram~~ New Year's Eve Hunt. Kay and I took

Ruff, Shabos & Discie to the Clint Reckert country, parking the station wagon at Sells. The day was perfect - cool, sunny to start with and small game. We made the first birds - a pair - exactly where Walt & I made the first one alone, and I had made - and shot one of - a pair in Thanksgiving. Shabos and the others bumped them as nearly as I could tell, flushing them singly toward the run. Refreshed me. No more action till we crossed Reckert Run at the tramroad and hunted the far side into the basin where Shabos pointed at a distance and a bird flushed. After making in and back and stopping again, in point, a second bird went out. We followed the one down the ridge and Kay walked into two more, which we then followed around the shoulder about Muddy Creek where the dogs made one of them. My nose, a wind had come up (weather bureau forecast storms) and I had difficulty hearing some of the flushes - Kay's opinion, I think is that I'm losing my hearing and she may be correct. As I walked toward a papering, ~~to~~ to be certain we weren't passing up a bird, a grouse flushed from a humlock to my left and front and I wasn't aware of its existence. We followed this bird up to the tram road about and the dogs again flushed it, offering me an almost impossible chance but closer to a shot than any I had seen. Doubling out the tram and then down over, I intended going to the bottom to follow the last birds but again Kay moved the same birds (they had all been in pairs so far) that I and the dogs ~~did~~ not have moved. We followed these birds to the crest of the ridge and eventually moved both - as we did not see the other, a shot I should have tried for going away from a humlock but I was so conditioned



to no chances that I wasn't alert enough to take it when offered.  
We got another flush from the bird - wild - that went for the Penn and  
we followed, crossing and eventually giving up on it.

Hunting south along the trail I walked into a bird the dogs had  
avoided that flushed a few feet to my right and rising, acted  
crippled. We realized later it was tangled in specimens getting off the  
ground.



I waited until I saw the bird was all right  
and shot, dropping it in a cloud of feathers.  
Nubens rushed in, seeing it fall, and retrieved

it, bringing it up over a fallen sapling while Kay took a mail of it. As soon  
as possible I tossed the bird back out near where it had fallen and  
sent Ruff's retriever, which he did nicely. I tried Dixie but the thing  
had lost its sense of reality for her and tho she mounted the bird  
constantly and chased Ruff away, she refused to bring it to me. Ruff then  
retrieved it again, in full style, when she abandoned it. It was a  
yearling hen.

We hunted on out the transect, moving #10 in the little ravine near the  
bend at the rocks - Ruff walking into it for some reason.

I had wanted to hunt down Hoffmann's ravine to the bottom but  
I kept in the rhododendron and rocks at this side, moving nothing all the  
way down. Nor did we flush any birds in the small whip growth on  
the lower margin. About half-way along the flat toward the car, we  
crossed the run into the hemlocks that began here and stepped into



two birds (another pair) that Shadows put up - both flushing  
down the run but not quite offering <sup>me</sup> shot. We refueled then last  
bird for #19 flush. It was odd about the birds being in pairs in  
every case but the two at the rocks - one of which I shot. Eight of  
these birds were new making a total of 31 birds in this general area.

We'll probably go back here for the last day of weather permits.

Again, my quota of one chance all day. Shadows: 2 prod.  
1 shot - 1 hit 1 ret.  
1 kill

heard 12 (8) - 19 flushes

Ruffs : 1 ret  
1 kill

1:30/6:00 (4 1/2 hrs - the longest yet, for Ruff but 4

Drill : 1 kill

held up well, fortified with yeast tablets in mid-way.

yearling hen: inter, med.

exp: grapes



Friday 2 January 1959

Yesterday, New Year's Day, threatening  
rain both from skies and radio but I could not

resist Feather's mournful face, and at 3:00 drove to the Houdershell place  
since the rain habit materialized by the time we left. We arrived in a soaker  
that didn't let up for 15 minutes and I gave it up after sitting it out in the  
car. It was no mistake.

Today, the 2nd, was rather mild, cloudy and too windy - but in 40's and  
all snow gone except patches in obscure places. Took all four dogs, parking first at  
the Summers place and hunted Ruff and Shadows in woods on lower side, trying  
to locate the four birds there. Found some in some places but hunting in



around shoulder toward shadowland above Roaring Creek saw a bird flush  
from laurel ahead of shadows - a crossing-left through trees. Waiting  
for a good look I fired going thru a lead and saw it drop. Both Ruff and



shadows came in of the retriever and  
for a moment I thought shadows would  
snout it but I played him a low trick, calling and indicating the  
area at my feet where he obediently searched. Meanwhile Ruff  
stayed near the bird and in a moment reached down and picked it up.  
Never grudge him that, shadows - you'll be bringing them in years after  
Ruff has gone. Ruff made a lovely retrieval and delivery (I rather  
think he has delivered every bird of his, sitting, this year). It was a  
yearling hen, no doubt one of the few. We didn't want to work further on  
that area so dropped to Roaring below steep cliff I didn't remember,  
and along creek bottom to where timber men were cutting on this side.

Cut back above Hardy's Rocks to corner of woods and the car after  
a 1/4 hour turn for my boys Ruff and shadows and good work by  
both.

Driving on into gap we parked above Roaring Gap tract at high  
road, leaving my first team and taking Feathers and Dixie, both literally  
rearing to go. Once in bottom we hunted up left fork of Creek (below  
the lower road). Just short of edge of tall cove and near area where wild cat  
Peg & Ben & Sam and later heard a young fellow and from Feathers and came



back on way about us - a right-crossing in plain view. I called to  
Kay to drop (needlessly, for she would have) but still uneasy about  
shooting too nearly over her I waited and tried on the bird just as it  
merged into a left-quartering distant shot, firing and feeling a wing go  
at the moment I lost sight. I dislike the person who "always thinks  
I hit them", but I expected to find this one down but running. Both  
dogs searched rather hard - a bit too excitedly to make me feel they  
might not have over-run it - but we didn't find the bird, either there or  
on beyond where I'd have expected it to have landed if not hit. Returning  
up the hollow, we searched further but found nothing.

Again in the shorter cover, we worked up the path and  
I heard, and saw, another bird go - low and ahead of us. Following, I  
stayed on our side to cover the path a bit further and heard a close  
flush, seeing the bird rise and realizing it was coming back over me.

I took it as a high incomer overhead, saw it fold and  
cartwheel down over my right shoulder, nearly  
striking Kay who was behind me (the second bird this week to almost  
drop on her). Dixie rushed in and found the bird, picking it up and  
delivering it to me - another yearling hen. and not too bad shooting

for a man who at any time had never hit an incoming bird in a  
number of tries. <sup>about at my shot,</sup> that about made the day, but rather than back-  
tracks, we hunted up over the bank to the hollow where the bird



morning on bird field near the sawmill set. On our way down the log road toward the forks of the creek I pointed out feathers from the grass. Dixie had retrieved from down over the hill side below the road. A very gratifying day. at the car we ate our sandwiches which we had carried with us.

2:15/3:30 } 3 1/2  
 4:10/6:15 }  
 3 shots - 2 hits  
 Puff: 1 kill  
 1 - 1 (new) flock (Juni's) Meadows: 1 kill  
 " 5 - 5 " (Rowing Gup) Dixie: 1 kill  
 (4 new) 1 net.  
 Feathers: 1 kill

yearling hen: inter/med  
 crop: few grapes & 1 leaf  
 yearling hen: inter/narrow  
 crop: ~~full of~~ beechnuts  
 crammed with

Saturday 3 January

Last day. Awake to flawlessly clear, cool weather with a white frost on every leaf or twig.

Unable to leave anyone at home we took Feathers and Meadows along if only for a few moments at day's end. But this was to be, and was, Puff's and Dixie's day. Hoy and I parked at the well house hunting Puff and Dixie up into the Chestnut country, this time keeping below the log path and circling in on the pair of birds we missed there last time. But one of them moved wild going up the ridge however, rather than to the house. Coined for the second bird but did not miss it, so returned to flight #1 and also failed to reflush it. Hunting up the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> train road just

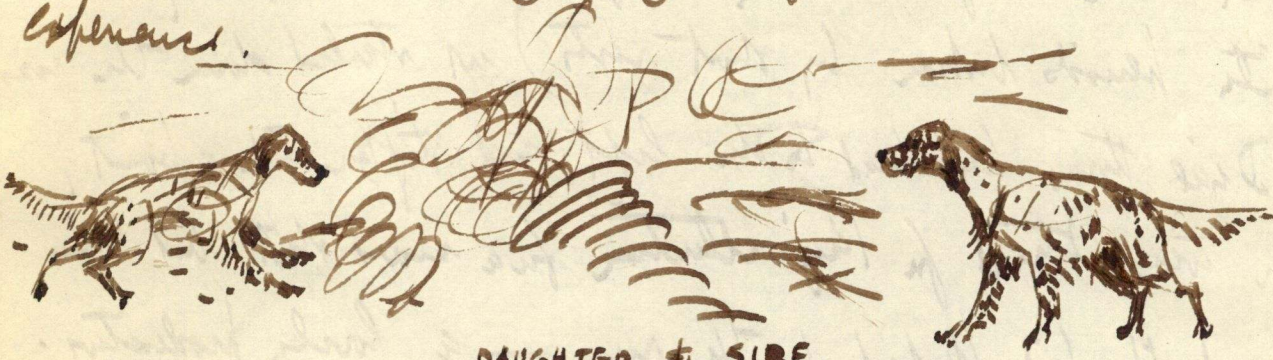


after hearing a bird flush wild. Not caring to canvass the "rocks basin" too stringently, we hunted toward Richert Run, crossed it and hunted the basin against the ridge above Muddy Creek, also hearing one of those birds flush wild. But we hunted down the ridge and over to the road from the Richert Farm. After resting Ruff (he does beautifully with 15 to 20 minute periods broken by short rests) we started down the road and I saw Dixie throw her head to the left and stiffen into a point, standing on her toes. I tried for long attention for a while but Dixie moved in and the bird flushed for the run — a lovely production. Following, we saw 3 birds along the run (one of which could have been our bird) and all went for the dense undergrowth along the creek and out of our ken. Hunting back up to the train road by way of the creek came we took the team left and over to the valley above Muddy Creek. Here we failed to meet the birds as had found earlier in the week (typical of grouse shooting) but went on out (after eating lunch) along the train road until, across from the "Jump-rock Road" we ran out of good cover.

Weighing whether to hunt back below or above the train, we chose the latter and not far above saw Ruff on a nice point. Dixie above him also pointed before the grouse flushed above them and over the top. We followed and after some circling had a beautiful point from Dixie, very hot with head high but looking down — evidence that the bird was not far from her nest. Ruff was the right



sides of the tangle and feeling the grass close to Dixie, I chose to try to circle in on Puff side. It was the wry choice for the bird went out from Dixie but in clear view had I been there. The fine part was that it lay long enough for her to hold well - the best experience.



DAUGHTER & SIRE

The shooting was nothing to speak of but the day was becoming one for the books. Following, we failed to raise the bird but in an extended cover of similar woods just north of one of the old Peshant places - Dixie nailed another one - her fourth production for the day. (This can lead to paradise!) At last we turned back, the time being 3:00 and I had two patient boys in the car with a team coming to them.

Curly below the old farm clearing (the one with no house) we approached the tram road and on the ridge paralleling the road Dixie turned around and worked into another point and poise. Knowing I should order her to stay, I hesitated, hoping for a shot, but she piled in before the bird had that of going and sent it flying. Still it was a damned nice point. Down over the road to where she had made her first point we cut toward the creek and I saw a bird



go out wild with no dogs near. Should mention, that today there was absolutely no wind and it was like working in a wonderful vacuum. We crossed the dense rhododendron along the creek and I was surprised to find the far side rather open - patches that offered shooting chances among the evergreen cover - worth trying. When we came out just I found us in the dead rhododendron patch near the rocks where our first two birds usually flush. It was getting toward dark now but I swung to the faint path where these two often flush. To my delight I saw Dixie spread out on point and this time, shot or no shot, I ordered her to "stay". She held beautifully until the bird flushed at my approach - her 6th production today. It was better ~~that~~ than six hits straight, and part of it was Ruff too.



NUMBER 6 AND STAUNCH.

We rushed to the car and at 6:20 I released the other two (I had seen shadows faithfully peering ~~at~~ <sup>out</sup> from the car hoping to see us coming and no telling how long he'd been looking), sending them barreling down the open field to the woods along the bottom. They moved #13 for the 18th flush halfway up to the end of the evergreens, where I crossed and we hunted back in almost darkness, getting in 25 minutes of them to end a fine <sup>day</sup> run.



no shots

around 13 (7 new) 18 flushes

Dixie: 6 productives  
Ruff: 2 productives

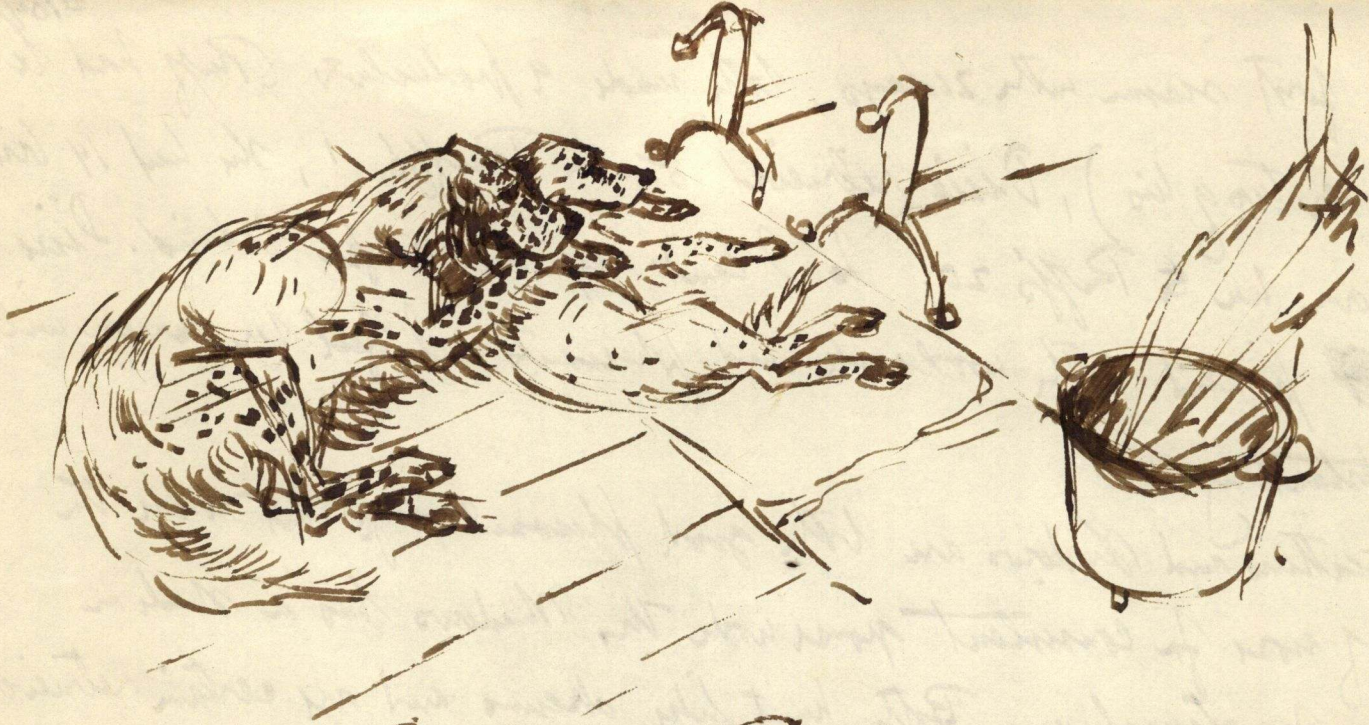
1:55  
~~2:10~~ / 6:20 / 4 1/2

an extra 25 minutes  
with 7 sections and flushes



NUMBER 6 AND STAY VCH.





## End of Season 1958

It was a good one, different in a lot of ways. To see Puff's score with so many kills and so few productives was something unusual. Still he made as many retrievals as Feather which is saying a lot, and he had the only Keltner-productive of the lot of them and other than Dixie, the most productives. And he did hunt 17 days after what could have been the final curtain in his hunting, coming back, under medication <sup>with</sup> & brewer's yeast <sup>afield</sup>, and frequent rests, to enjoy a grand year under the old Fox double (its 32nd incidentally), ending the season with a 4½ hour hunt with 2 productives. I can only hope he'll be able to see a little action when next October comes. (His productives would be higher if I could hunt him alone)

Dixie is a joy. Perhaps not the mature performance of Puff's first season as 3 months her junior, she does everything much as he did it. 9 productives, 8 retrievals with a nose like his and stiff with pointing instinct, with his tiger head. This first year she hunted 29 days as to



Puff's first season with 21 days, both made 9 producers (Puff had birds killed over two of his), Dixie retrieved 8 to Puff's 1, he had 14 birds killed over her to Puff's 20. So I can't say she is far behind. Dixie also ~~is~~ pointed both woodcock and pheasants. I feel her career will be outstanding.

Feathers and Shadows are both good pheasant dogs but lack the finesse of nose for consistent power work the Shadows has a shade or Feathers for staunchness. Both hunt like dreams and are certain retrievers. I wonder if either will ever make real grouse dogs?

For some reason my shooting this year was the best I have done in all my years and I doubt if I equal it at 57.4% again. Something about a certain moment of restraint to "see" the bird before mounting, then mount, overtakes and fire going then as I "focus" on the bird or going then a lead. And, important, no anticipating what I will do with certain shots (they never come that way) but wait and do them when and as they come up. It was a wonderful season. (Harvest best hunt most ever)

I felt birds more scarce, <sup>but</sup> 226 separate birds for 412 flushes, <sup>in 23 counts</sup> are still a lot of grouse. But the chances for shots were singularly rare - only 47 from all of those. I can't remember ever having so many days with one shot to sum it up (tho I did often get to write one hit), I hunted 41 days, less than 1.15 shots per day, 153 hours with 2.69 <sup>flushes</sup> per hour.

17 days with 1 shot, 7 days with 2 shots, 10 days with none. 6 days I shot 2 birds. And I think I handled more varied shots more efficiently than I credit to experience or not only grouse but woodcock and pheasants.



DATA 1958 GROUSE

GEORGE: 41 DAYS, 153 HRS, 23 COVERTS

52  
47 SHOTS 27 HITS 57.4%  
226 BIRDS - 412 FLUSHES 9.83 BIRDS/COVERT  
2.69 FLUSHES/HOUR

moved 208-389 flushed.  
HOME

LOCAL COVERTS 20  
10.4 B/C

RUFF: 17 DAYS 6 PROD.  
11 1/2 10 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)  
7 RETRIEVES

LIFE '47-'58 530 PROD.  
222 KILLS (51 OVER PTS.)  
157 RETRIEVES  
336 HUNTING DAYS

FEATHERS: 17 DAYS 2 PROD  
6 1/2 10 KILLS  
7 RETRIEVES

LIFE '52-'58 25 PROD.  
104 KILLS (2 OVER PTS.)  
76 RETRIEVES  
150 HUNTING DAYS

SHADOWS: 19 DAYS 2 PROD  
5 1/2 8 KILLS  
5 RETRIEVES

LIFE '53-'58 12 PROD.  
55 KILLS  
18 RETRIEVES  
110 HUNTING DAYS

DIXIE: 29 DAYS 9 PROD.  
11 MO. 14 KILLS  
8 RETRIEVES



BRIERIES

1958  
 JONES 10.10.1, 8(5).8.0, 1.1.1, 8(5)9.1, 5.5.1  
 LICK 12.14.2, LICK 3.4.1 } 8(2).10.0  
 WHETSELL 16.18.1, SCRANE SCHOOL ROAD 2.2.0 }  
 ELSEY 10.11.0, 3(1).4.0, 8(3).9.0, 7.9.1  
 CLINT RECKERTS 6.6.0, 20(16).23.0, 6(1).6.2, 12(8)19.1, 13(7)18.0

65  
 23  
 88  
 77

165 birds moved  
 in 24 days  
 up to her room  
 26 hits - 15 hits

FOREST

12/16  
 SCOTT RUN 15.17.2, 5.7.1

(thru 29 Dec  
 42 - 23 hits)

thru 31 Dec  
 44 - 25 hits

022

GATES 1.1.0 - 30.40.4  
 CABIN MT. (STONE COAL) 5.6.0  
 BAYARD 12.16.0  
 HOUDESSHILLS 5.5.0, 7.20.0, 7.7.0  
 UPPER BEAVER 7.8.1, 3.6.0  
 DEEP HOLLOW 7.8.1  
 DILLOW RUN 9.14.0  
 GEORGE RINGER 6.7.1, 4(3).5.1  
 HORSE HEAD GLADE 5.6.1  
 HANLONS 0.0.0  
 MASON TOWN (BEE RUN) 5.6.0  
 CRAB ORCHARD 7.13.1, 3.4.1  
 WILKINSON PLACE 4.4.0  
 LITTLE SANDY 4.4.0  
 OLD SCOTT PLACE 9.18.2, 1.1.0, 8(2)12.1  
 GLADE FARMS 2.5.0

47 - 27 = 57.4%

TRY:

- DORITY
- ✓ WHETSELL
- ✓ ELSEY
- ✓ SCOTT RUN } FOREST
- CLAY RUN }
- ✓ OLD SCOTT PLACE
- HOMER MILLERS
- BAYARD
- STONY RIVER } GOOD WEATHER