

Shooting Notes 1961

Ruffs 15th season, ^{First year Without Feathers.} 35th for the Fox although I opened

with the Purvey after a summer's work getting & refueling
the stork, etc. Grouse scarce, as last year; foliage late.
Opening day Oct 14 too rainy. Summary of first portion
as follows:

Monday 16 October: Tried Decker's Run woodcock covert
near Reedsville. No action. Used Ruff & Dixie

Tuesday 17 October: Hunted Meyers' Rocks alone with Dixie.

Mixed 5 grouse - 5 flushes Dixie 1 prod.

No shots

Friday 20 October: To Mt. Storm to try Abraham's Creek
for woodcock. Mixed 1 grouse - 3 flushes. Dixie

no shots.

Ruff

Shadows

Cover area: no birds. To Hermitage in Petersburg for dinner & meet
Dave crowd there.

Saturday 21 October: Dolly Sods. Fishers Spring mixed 4 grouse
and missed a snafu try. Blackbird Knob Camping Ground, mixed one woodcock
flushed from Shadows. Missed both barrels (no excuse). Followed and got miss
point by Dixie but she bumped. Dropped bird as right-quarter. Dixie retraced
part way, Shadows finished job - a hen. No grouse but saw turkey track

Hill from WVU in gap
to meet & band birds)

Mixed 4 grouse - 5 flushes

1 shot - no hit

3 WC shots - 1 hit

Dixie: 1 prod & net WC

Shadows 1 net WC

Ruff

Monday 23 October: Folioe blowing but too dense at home. To Cabin 22. after checking in, we drove to edge of Park at pipe line. Hunted thru birds - the last two close to road & line, bumped by Shadows & Dixie (bad combinator). Got a map try at one flushed from bay and missed.

Ward & Gates woodcock covert, encountering Haison, and three men - one Steve Scinsley in hip boots, woodcock specialist from State College. They had shot 4. Also had been hunted by Walt Lerner and his two chums. This area over gunned to extreme.

Kay & I worked into usual aspen clumps and soon found that the flight was not in. Shot a map try at settling cock that missed, then got ~~flush~~ by Dixie (used solo) and dropped the bird - low away-right. Dixie refused the retrieve.

Ward & Gates
 moved 3 quail. 4 flush
 1 shot - no hit

moved 8 wc - 9 flushes, ward 1 quail
 3 shots wc - 1 hit. (2 2/3 1/8 #8 on wc with Purley
 Dixie: 1 prob. quail

Tuesday 24 October: Sunny and hot. Kay & I hunted Dixie solo over the Dobbin place where Mel Heath had taken Lerner and me last year. Got a bird in 3 hours. At 4 pm. took Ruff & Shadows to Fleg Run Trail in Cascan and moved 3, with one shot I tried left-crossing. Came back & drove to Gates, when car starter failed. While Kay drove to Davis for repairs (getting a push from the

Plantation Trail 6-8 flushes
 yearling hen: broken Corner Court 3 (not new) - 3 flushes
 crop: leaves (mostly weeds, sheep corn) 2 shots - 1 hit
 Dixie: 1 ret
 1 kill
 Ruff
 Sheldons

Thursday 26 October Rainy and mean. Tried Cassin Mt. above
 Davis at half way road on left side for 2 1/2
 hours and moved not a feather. Returned to Cabin and ~~packed up~~ changed
 to dry clothes, my new Sta-Dri boots having leaked.
 Moved down to Gates cove and found it empty. I had left Ray

at Thompsons and Dixie & I gave the cove a good going over. The
 lowering clouds over Cabin Mt. looked like real woodcock weather
 and we made 4, shooting 3. Dixie made several points - one
 honey, but she still makes the birds out instead of holding. My best
 bird was a two barrel shot near the hemlock (or spruce?) and Dixie
 retrieved it since it was out of my reach. My second bird was a
 surprise for I had missed it on a close flush over the alders.
 Following for a reflex, Dixie found it dead - the only time I've
 known a woodcock to fly or hit and show no indication.

The weather was getting worse with prongs of snow and I
 hurried back to Thompsons, picked up Ray and we returned to Cabin 22,
 packed and ^{1 prod (grass)} ~~out for home~~ moved to ^{Dixie: 2 ret. w.c.} ~~new~~ 1 flush
 4 shots - 3 hits
 W.C.
 1 shot (grass) - no hit.

Dixie pointed a grass near tall spruce then moved in. Bird came back over me
 too close, but I tried over my left shoulder and missed.

Saturday 29 October

Ray and I and 3 settlers to Whitesell Settlement,
Color well gone but some still gorgeous. Packed
at far end and missed a bird wild. Met Troy Miller & son who told of wildcat
shot here week before. On road back, saw grouse that gave Ray wonderful
moiré from tree to tree. Watched Dixie on it for a production. Hunted
"Old Sam" place and found the hydrangea a "wonderful thing to see"
with its early blossom still unfrosted. Waded 2 grouse along lower
rhododendron path. Note that Thomas Ward has been straightened
out as to where his line is, now leaving much of old country
available. Used Shadows on second turn - Dixie & Ruff
on first. Following Ray at Mrs. Craigs, took Dixie for another
round in court below house and missed a grouse that I should not
have tried for but did - and missed.

Waded 5 - 6 flushes
One shot - no hit.

Dixie: one production
Ruff
Shadows

Tuesday 31 October

First hunt alone with Dixie to Laurel Run,
parking at Progar Road. There lovely hemlock &
hardwood hillside but terribly steep. Waded #1 down along creek opposite
Shelbourn. No more all the way down than hemlock to old sawmill site.
Back up creek margin to swampy foothills and crossed to north side.
at foot of ravine behind cabin a bird flushed from Dixie over my head and

up the hollow - but failed to see it. Hunted the bottom above
Gibbons all the way to the church and did not see a fatter.

Moved 2. 2 flocks. Dixie
No shots.

~~~~~~~~~

~~to go~~

Wednesday, November Back to Cabin 22 for another try for  
woodcock and grouse, we hoped - with foliage still too thick at  
hand. On way down we tried road to Parsons beyond Thomas  
near radar antenna. <sup>using</sup> ~~using~~ ~~spikes~~ ~~alone~~. Good spruce swamps cover but I had  
dizzy spell (had been doing without lithium & amytal on Ruff's  
suggestion) and we did not hunt the area well. Returned to car  
and tried another spot back the road with all 3 dogs. At strip  
inner edge we saw one lone grouse, but no more. The cover looked  
fair.

We drove to the Gates and started hunting <sup>from</sup> 5:00 until  
6:30. Moved 6 woodcock and killed one. Dixie had a production  
on woodcock. Also saw 3 grouse, missing try for one near the tall  
spruce. Did not focus. Dixie retrieved the woodcock. Also saw 2  
birds at dusk. ~~Moved 3 grouse (not new) - 3 flocks~~

Total grouse moved today  
(3 new)  
4 - 4 flushes (grouse)  
One shot - no hit

Disc: not we  
prod we

Ruff  
Shadows

moved 6 we - 1 shot we - 1 hit.

Thursday 2 November <sup>16</sup> <sub>Ruff</sub> Fairly day but a bit too warm. To  
Cabin Mt. to try the half-way back cover.  
Parked at clearing on bend (after stopping to see our good friend Mr.  
Graham and take movies of his trout which Kay did beautifully).  
Moved 2 grouse almost at once from back thicket and followed, finally  
moving one that came back between Kay and me. I felt the  
danger of a try later and so shot too fast on a left-crosser  
that could have been made. We circled several times and  
then hunted on south along ridge - disappointed to find the  
cover became too tall and open. Doubling, we hunted back just  
below the road (where last I had seen 2 cocks fighting). Suddenly a  
big grouse flushed from a brush heap and came across above me. I  
got on it too soon but managed to swing ahead, firing, and dropped it.  
I was happy that Ruff got to the grouse first and made a bona fide  
retrieval, sitting to deliver - and very proud. Circling back we  
put Ruff & Disc in car and took Shadows for a turn  
north along the mountain on what looked like just as good

beech cover but moved nothing. Driving to top of mountain and to end of road we took all three for a turn around knob and back to opening where I'd shot a bird last year with Leo. None. at road moved one wild that cut up the hill. Talked a while - or rather, listened - to a Heity, from Wash. D.C. brother of the game manager down in Canada. Enough of that guff in a short while, tho' did like the looks of a big setter he had.

Key took the car and drove the road in sections while I hunted the lower coast with Shadows. Near gap, I crossed about on theory that no birds below might mean they moved up the ridge at dusk. Suddenly one came at me, so<sup>16</sup> directly he was a mere brown globe with wings. I let ~~it~~ go over and turned and dropped it going away high. Shadows must have been into others for he did not come to my whistle. Feeling the bird only winged, I called to Key to release Dixie & Ruff. Dixie was there in nothing flat and making the find retrieved the plover - a hen and with a broken wing as suspected. I let Ruff find it and make a retrieval - two in one day for him! Shadows was too bushed when he arrived to be more than pick it up. A fine day and I felt fine.

yellow-cork: large  
 crop: heavy  
 adult hen: inter.  
 crop: leaves  
 moved 5-6 feathers  
 3 shots - 2 hits  
 sunset blazed all the way to Dixie  
 Ruff: 2 ret  
 Dixie: 1 ret  
 Shadows: 1 kill  
 1 kill



Friday 3 November Hot. Left Cabin 22 and hunted Gates court.

Moved about two or three woodcock. The first over - or in front of - a nice production by Dixie who hunts woodcock for all his heart is worth. But she still will not hold staunchly and the bird came back on me (as they so often do). Day dropped safely below gun line but I still had a sense of restraint or something and missed it, an away shot. We moved the bird, merely hearing it. Hunting beyond the humlock <sup>tree</sup> point and thru the "cow walk" (slurping black goo up and into the back of my boots) we heard a grouse flush from Dixie in the boat to our left. Out of gun range, it flew out over the open tundra to what had to be the only cover available - a stretch of aspen that runs in a long line to the river. We hunted this as best we could, unable to wade the deep mud but Dixie penetrated the cover well. Still, we never moved the grouse - a wise one.

Before we moved to follow the grouse, a woodcock flushed from the left point of cover (same as the grouse) but it came across the open in front of me in a beautiful right-cross flight. I was so certain of it I felt almost sorry for the bird - but I felt myself overtaken and then dwell with it rather than swing thru, and never

touched it. We had no more shots and decided to head for home, testing one of the coverts along the Bayard road. At what I think is "Henry" or Elk Run, we parked near the ugly old house and hunted up the left side of the stream. It was excellent looking if the birds had been there. The dogs - all three - moved one from the edge of the path too far out and I saw it cross the river on the far side. We saw a likely looking hemlock ~~swamp~~ way ahead and moved on (pushed on, for the day was miserably hot). Following a power line, I began to feel the uneasy sensation that bothered me Wednesday and we sat down until it was over. Not feeling up to pushing them the hemlock cover below, we took a long, but direct line back to the car, passing a timber operation by W.V.U. Forestry and just along the run near the road, Shalows who was moving too far out, pointed and then moved in and flushed a grouse. No shot. We had also moved #1 for a reflex on the way down. Hardly worth hunting this area on evidence of what we saw.

Moved 2 - 3 flocks

No shots

Moved 3w - 4 or 5 flocks

2 shots WC - no hits

Diced: 1 prod WC

Shalows 1 prod grouse

Ruff

Thursday <sup>November</sup> 9 ~~October~~ Dixie alone to Houtersbells, now

"dug up". Parked at Dick Ko, gunpin, dot from graveyard. Dixie worked perfectly, fast, industriously, in good range, and carefully. Sunny and 35° and damp - ideal. Moved #1 along Sandy from rbo. mass - a flash glimpses left-quarter that I had to try - and missed. Encountered sounds of Dan Cuffs above beyond lower line and so was limited. Moved three pons beyond Cuff Run below rocks but no shots. Dixie intense on after-scent, were bounting. Circled and toward 5:30 reflushed one bird.

Crossed Cuff R. and Dixie began working scent, bounting & then working on until finally #5 flushed from rbo. along run - too far to try for. Have to give the little lady a production - Came out on a green gold sky and saw the line of trees along our border with Map, and saw our pines as a lower mass. The old Cuff house is blind now with broken windows that reflected green and gold in their fragments, but the setting glass is still intact. Wonderful day. The ice-thin slice of new second Hunter's Moon was above the trees as I drove home.

3:30/6:30/3

Moved 5-6 flushes

Dixie: 1 prod.

1 shot - no hit

(26 years tonight Speck died)

Friday 10 November Upper Dority alone with 3 dogs.

Perfect, mild, sunny. Dixie first, moving 4 grouse in first 20 minutes. First shot missed (Purkey a bit straggled) still and could not get safety off as bird flushed in open from hemlocks.

Around on fir ridge woods #6, 7, & 8 on upper edge of woods at old field. This is above main fork of Dority. Followed edge and got point from Dixie. As the bird started, she broke, but I got a look at it - high left - across thru trees below.



I fired and the grouse tumbled down the hill. Dixie found and retrieved - a large adult cock, lovely specimen.

I hurried back to get the boys out before too late and around the knot - an old field - woods #9 and a moment later #10 from a similar edge. This time I was in the field and the second bird came over me, flared and bored up the hill. I whined and dropped it, also wing-tipped. Dixie came in and retrieved - a yearling cock. Hurrying on (I found a minkskin slung down in the woods that proved a small ruttler), I got back and after a bit of food, took Puff and Shadow down the hollow. Woods 2 at once. Following

I got what I'm sure was a productive from Ruff, for he was up above me for some time, not appearing until after two grouse had been out behind. I tried and missed quick shots at both, the second being a left barrel shot, too quick to reload. Moved a third flock on the way back up the stream which seemed the easiest way to hunt it.

Marvelous day. I wouldn't tell my own mother about this place.  
 Moved 11-16 flocks Dixie: 1 prod (kill)  
 5 shots - 2 hits <sup>2 net</sup> 2 kill (1 over pt)

200 / 6:15 / 4 1/4  
 adult cock: solid  
 crop: grapes, leaves  
 yearling cock: (nursing)  
 crop: <sup>red</sup> haws and parsley-like greens  
 Ruff: 1 prod.  
 Shadows ~~shots~~ ~~shots~~

↓ "Carried" my nice ad Fox today but had no shots.

Saturday 11 November: Unsuccessful try on Ezra Kelly place for birds reported by Dick K. Kay & I took Ruff and Shadows, parked at second road at strip mine road. Other hunters along Beaver (quivered). We flushed a grouse immediately from right side of stream but no reflex. In excellent grouse cover, grouse perfect but dense since my last visit, we flushed a woodcock with no shot. The old "orchard" at Kelly house, now deserted, was a dismal flop and we had a long walk back thru unproductive area. Weather hot and clouding over. Dixie left in car was indignant. Some grapes in area and could be good if hunted wider. Shadows  
 Moved 1 grouse - 1 flush no shots Ruff

— Blackwater work with Crowds at Cabin 18. —

Monday 13 November Arrived at 1:10 in hot, sunny weather and found Leo & Peg sitting behind the cabin, all smiles. As a short starter, we hunted the east end of Fly Run Trail (dropped off by the gals) down to Canadian side where we were awaited by both cars. I used Shalows and while the cover looked fair it produced nothing except a woodcock that flushed at my feet along the rhododendron stream near bottom. I dropped it solidly - a rising - away and Shalows made a nice find by scent in a dense tangle of rho. and retrieved. Leo was using Shell & Jimmy.

At car, took Dixie, with Leo and his dogs to the Gates covert where, thanks be, we had it to ourselves. We moved 3 and, on the south side of road I saw one flush from Leo who was on the far right of a clearing near the car. Marking it, I directed Dixie into the crab orchard and the bird flushed from her in a left-quarter rising shot that I wanted for and dropped at the crest.

Dixie found and retrieved but laid it down some few yards from me, as this prove to do. She had moved one of the grouse from alders near the tall spruce and could <sup>well</sup> have had a production on it.

Moved 1 grouse (not new) - 1 flush <sup>well</sup> 3 shots WC - 2 hits.

Moved 7 WC one of which I missed on the road in an after-dusk try. These WC appear to be males and I wonder if the flight has begun?

13

Tuesday 14 November Meade & Betty Foster joined us at Cabin 18 in spite of miserable rain. We abandoned plan to hunt Sauerelle and drove back to strip mine area above Devils Run. I used Dixie, Meade, Bean, and Leo, Shell & Sunny. We began moving grouse almost at once with Meade getting all the shots. The birds seemed to be near crest of high wall and two dropped over. Meade killed one, that we felt was one of these, as we hunted back along the lower margin below spoil bank. Finally on Reservoir Hill, Leo took the saddle and Meade & I the lead, moving four birds in the cho. cover that is traversed by a nice path. One bird, almost gone, gave me a shot. I was dressed in nylon chaps and ~~of~~ raincoat and was immune to surface wetting but was completely soaked from sweat. This was first day of action moving lots of birds.

Moved 11-13 flushes

Dixie

No shots

(Shell & Sunny)

Bean

Dixie hunted nicely, making one promising point that she soon established as empty.

Wednesday 15 November This was a clear sunny day but warm. Drove to Sauerelle to locate the birds Bruce Frankhausen had moved. When turkey hunting. Spent too much time inquiring and decided it must have been across footbridge and up Flatrock Run. Talked to a nice Mr. Sayburger who had hunted with John White and learned

that J. W. used to hunt the side of Stone Mountain (Stonecamp, according to Charles Brock) just above Sawwells. Can drive up to farmstead and park, near Gandy Run Trail and hunt around the slope.

Fers & I drove over to talk to Charles Brock who told us this year seemed better than last re grouse and suggested we would do well on Dolly Sods (take log road between airplane beacon road and main forks, leading back on to the Dolly Sods proper). We drove up to Fry Fisk's Spring and while weather was perfect on top, the North Fork Valley was a mass of rolling fog and clouds below our eye level, masking every ridge. At Fisk's Spr. the fog was already over the top and blanketing out the trees and we turned in a pea soup mist. At F. Spring Trail higher up all seemed well and we hunted down the west slope, content to have it ideal up here. Fers moved 1 grouse. After 3/4 hour the fog came at us so suddenly that one moment it was sunny, the next we were forced to hurry to reach the road and the car.

We had, after seeing Brock, hunted up along the Red Creek road above camp ground where we were to meet Kay & Peg for lunch. I moved 2 grouse in 3 flushes using all three dogs. Nicholas Co. hunters camping in tent along bottom. The winter coast was fun but it is foolish to dissipate a day's shooting with these coolouts, unless at end of day.

Moved 3-4 flushes Dixie, Ruff, Shadow  
No shots



Thursday 16 November Rain. All drove to Foster's at Mt. Lake for <sup>11/61</sup>  
visit and tea and while there the weather opened enough to encourage  
us. Hurrying back we piled into bootzenstuff and went to  
David's <sup>jun</sup> Road strip. I was using Dixie & Ruff and had barely  
started, letting Jess work down to <sup>brink</sup> edge of high wall for chance  
at birds that usually flock that direction. In an open  
area of rock and bracken I suddenly saw Dixie stretch out  
in a spine tingling point that almost made her quiver. Ruff  
was just to one side and I can't remember if he got it a shot, for



ALMOST BRISTLING.

with Dixie reaching for it as  
she was, the grouse had to be  
right under us. It was. I  
think she took a step, and the  
bird came up within feet of  
me and bowed toward the

area Jess was in. It was a rising-away shot and above head height  
and I felt within safe margin to try. These woodcock shots have done  
a lot to assist me in waiting for that focus on the bird and I  
dropped it about twenty yards out. Dixie retrieved it - a big  
red cock - and mighty good for what's been ailing me! Ruff had  
to have a little fun pecking at us but I couldn't hide it and just  
him a true find. It was the only bird we moved - tho we did

not get to Reservoir Hill. Even so, we think some hunters must  
have moved them out earlier in the day.  
What a point! and what a thrill!



Moved 1 (not new) - 1 flush

Dixie: 1 prod (killed over  
1 net  
1 kill

One shot - 1 hit  
(1st shot at grouse this week)

adult cock: red, soled (Ray must this red buff for me) Buff: 1 bill  
crop: leaves (some covered & others) mt. holley (buddy) & buds (birds?).



Friday 17 November Shifting weather, rain. Drove to Canyon Mt.

road to hunt down to Plantation Trail to bottom but had no corner  
dropped Les & P off at Flay Run Trail and parked at pipe  
line then the fog moved in. We got back in time to call them  
back to car and returned to cabin 18. I took a nap, but at 4:30  
Les decided to try the corner near Park bridge. Ray and I  
took Dixie and drove to Gate Court where we were followed in by a  
station wagon with a man and woman and a pointer. It proved to be  
Ellen Boat with a Pete Burghard - a very distinctive type to say the  
least. Most impressed with Dixie & the Purden. They took the  
upper end and far side and Ray & I hurried to our usual productive  
alder thickets. The weather had turned better cold with a hard wind and it  
would appear perfect for flight birds. We moved none, however, until

17  
we had hunted back toward the grass spruce when a woodcock  
came barreling back over us from Dixie. I turned and took it  
as a high left-quarter and it folded. Dixie had difficulty finding  
(possibly wind?) as we saw her circle the dead bird but did find and retreat,  
as usual, part way to me, laying it down. This too, appeared to  
be a male. Left flight? or is it the other way round? We had  
two more flushes, both back over us but on these I had a handful  
of alders along with my gun and did not fire. I'm as pleased with  
myself with my restraint on these two shots as with the hit, for those  
wild attempts ruin your shooting form. We moved on now at dusk  
along the road, near the big aspens.

Moved 4-4 flushes we      Dixie: 1 net w.c.  
1 shot w.c. - 1 hit

This weather is atrocious but I am feeling wonderful - the first  
for over a year.

Saturday 18 November at last a fine day, cold and overcast but  
no precipitation. To Dolly Sods and the  
Fishers Spring covert, finding no cars! Used Ruff & Dixie first  
circle, less using Shell alone. Almost as soon as we got started I  
flushed a woodcock in a small opening <sup>on left side of road</sup> and that we were in for a  
flight. I centered it nicely - a left-crosser that left a

puff of feathers floating to show the point of impact. Dixie  
retrieved this one to me but not to hand — a mile here. Soon  
after, Dixie moved 2 grouse that gave me no shots as they darted  
around the spruce edges, and before long I flushed a third one.  
All these birds were on the swamp edge of the spruce cover and, noting  
more cranberries frozen in the sphagnum moss than I've seen  
I felt it a clue. Les had worked above the spruce and around  
the knob to the left and I heard a shot, but only one. Wanting to  
get him down to hunt the cranberry areas and lower margins I  
endeavored to contact him but got no response to my whistle  
signals even tho I had cut well above the dense cover. Suddenly,  
as I had decided to circle below and let him go back to the car, I  
whistled to Dixie and heard him reply not 75 yards away. He  
too had been blowing his whistle for me but the acoustics are tricky  
here, as are the sense of distances.

Once down to the lower edge of the "tundra", we began  
moving grouse — Two flushed beyond gunshot in the open, one  
left clear across the beaver dam, the other right to Les's direction.  
Another, not far away, moved just within the spruce and so it  
went all the way up the edge. This is cold weather cover, after the  
birds have bunched and I must remember it.

In a small cove, Dixie, close to me, made a wheel and flash pointed a moment before a grouse flushed from <sup>under</sup> a low spruce. I can't blame Dixie for I think the bird responsible for terminating the episode. I waited for a look at it and fired as it entered a space between the spruce - a rising-away - and folded it. Dixie was on the spot and made the retrieval, a huge black-ruffed cock - still alive unfortunately but with both wings broken.



ALL OVER IN A MOMENT.

I planted the bird for Ruff, and tho he found it, he carried it away and spent so much time ~~hanging~~ <sup>hanging</sup> it up ~~licking~~ <sup>licking</sup> the grouse, that

I had to take it from him and get moving, rather than delay any longer. Soon after this Leo got a shot and dropped his bird - a red cock which we called the dogs in to find - causing an incident as all three located it almost simultaneously. Actually, Ruff found it just as Dixie came onto it, but when Shell arrived Dixie started a fight, and we let Shell have the honors.

Leo, on the inside just within the spruce made a group of 3, and after a breather which I needed, along with food, he moved #4 which I

ran after it landed and ran on the ground, turning to flush back Cass's direction. I think Cass is a poor marker, for we never did meet one of this quartet, ~~and since~~ we'd been out 3 hours, <sup>and</sup> Puff was getting tired backing the tangles and we returned to the car, where we met Jerry Cowhild and his boy just moving by.

After more food and a rest, I left Puff & Dixie and took Shadows who had every reason to feel he had been neglected all week. Deciding we couldn't do better than work an area with all these birds we circled back into it but made only 2 grouse - new ones I think. A sign of something or other about relocating birds in country you've just hunted. Shadows, too anxious, was hard to keep in contact and did poorly tho he wanted so hard to please.

We drove back the mountain with magnificent views all around us, black-purple mountains that looked like clouds, with dark spruce edging the tops and a red glow of sun <sup>far</sup> away over Cabin Mt. At the forks of the road we could, ~~this time~~, see all the ridges to big Shenandoah Mt. on the Virginia line. It was a perfect day and a fine end to the week. My handling of the Purdey pleased me - 6 birds with 7 shells.

Wood 15 (13 new) - 19 flushes

1 shot - 1 hit

1 shot we - 1 hit

Dixie: 1 prod (killed over)

1 net

1 kill

1 net (we)

Puff: 1 kill

Shadows:

adult cock: solid (?)  
crop: cranberries, stems & buds

Wednesday 22 November

Snow on ground in small amounts and on shady hillsides. Nice day, warming & high

forties. Kay went with me this time on 2nd visit to Upper Dority. We used Dixie's old first portion, moving a grouse just below the car as last time. Hunted down log road along run and moved two more. At stream's edge we waited for Dixie who was above us and had not shown for some time. Expecting a point we were alerted when a grouse sailed back the path in a left-crossing shot, wide open. Kay dropped and I made a fast overtaking swing thru and saw the bird fall. Dixie was there in a moment and soon located it, retrieving nicely - a large cock with ruffs & tailband a cross between red and jet black. Both wings were broken but I had to dispatch the bird. It was so near where I stood and missed the grouse out of a hemlock last time that Kay found my old shell.



KAY GIVES ME A SHOT.

We hunted on down the bottom, moving a deer, until the first fork where we rounded the shoulder and dropped over to the path. a bird flushed ahead and I saw Dixie freeze and hold beautifully - a good sign. Only once today did we chase a flush that I saw - otherwise holding

at flush or stopping within a few yards on command. We moved a bird on the top margin of the field bush and out in the edge when I shot the big one last time. Returned on the upper path a bird moved from Dixie (not a deliberate flush). We took the new lower line down to the run and walked the main road back. At one hollow, Dixie pointed, head high, and we heard a bird make out wild. Very nervous grouse today. I was delighted with Dixie's work today; she hunted every bit of Cassa within nice range - working all the time and taking first one side of the path and then the other. A real little grouse dog and I am most happy about it.

We reached the car at 5:30 or before - resting a while with a coffee left. Then I took Ruff & Shadows for a 30 minute turn down the hollow, moving one bird

Moved 9 (2 new) - 12 flushes  
One shot - 1 hit

Dixie: 1 prod.  
1 ret  
1 kill

Ruff  
Shadows

adult cork: solid  
crop: grapes

(This area largely owned by Whitehair of Terns altho Hillman lives above road)

Friday 24 November

Yesterday, Thanksgiving, a miserable

day - raining. Took a 2 hour hunt today alone with Ruff and Shadows (to Dixie's dismay) back on Little Sandy on



the far side on Spiker. Did not step out of perfect grouse cover all the time but moved exactly one bird - from a hemlock overhead. I made a very "improbable" try at it - an overhead right-quarter - that got me only hemlock feathers. Puff and Shadows hunted ardently and Shadows made 2, and Puff 5 points but none proved productive. It was bitter cold, overcast and damp - perfect grouse weather. But there was a high wind which might have accounted for poor results.

Ward 1 - 1 flush

Puff

One shot - no hit

Shadows

Saturday 25 November Ray and I took all three, via Tannery-Cross School road, to my old Dority country (excellent looking territory along road on top part of Stanton Place). Parked near old Dority bridge and left Puff & Shadows. Hunted across bridge and along road up hill to right with Dixie covering every square yard no matter how rough and steep. #1 flushed dove to creek without my seeing it. Old log road into cover proved empty, upper edge of fields (loaded with quince berries and red haws) the same. #2 was flushed by Dixie on upper edge as we approached the hogback ridge above the good hollow. The flush was low and right-crossing but with intervening trees that make me either hesitate or shoot too soon. I missed. Over the

shoulder and into the little valley I had counted on and we viewed the results of a close timbering. True, it had come back into fine thick pine cone (my last visit was in 1956) but so damned thick we couldn't even see the paths. Moved nothing on either side but found feathers at site of a kill at upper end near rhododendron. At the main road we were getting pretty tired and let-down with no action. The run itself was so loose I did not feel like hunting it out properly, so we cut over the shoulder to the ridge above the main Dooty valley when I've often made birds up to the pipe line. This was the perfect time of day 4:45 and we were into lots of grass. Suddenly there was a flash above us (too far to blame Dixie) and I saw a second bird on the ground in sunlight, tensing to take off. It was followed by a third. It was a day that had been less than cold enough, but now was cooling off. Following, I saw Dixie make a nice high headed point, was in and freeze. I whistled to her and hurried up, hoping she'd hold but she didn't. The bird went on up the ridge. I called Dixie back and made her stand until I sent her on.

Near the pipe line we headed left to cut back to the car. Below me I saw Dixie point again, this time also very high headed, and this time she held tho my voice cautioning her, of course put the bird out. Easy, below, dropped, but there was no chance to fire.

Key marked its flight, high and turning right and I estimated  
 it would be near the pipe line. Walking over, we lost Dixie for some  
 time about us and were sure she had another bird but can't count it.  
 When she came in, I had Key wait on the pipe line while I  
 worked the far cover just inside - at one place, Dixie worked  
 scent intensely but failed to establish a point and had  
 moved below me. Suddenly the gopher exploded within feet of me from  
 a clump on the very edge of the right-of-way and in spite of all I  
 could do, it kept behind cover until it reached the far side when,  
 by bending over, I tried a straight-away shot that had no "focus"  
 at all - but still was not certain the bird went or until Key said  
 she saw it fly around the ridge. What a chance if I'd been on  
 the pipe line. More power to the bird! On way down pipe line we



heard #6 go out wild. Wonderful country and next  
 time we hunt this shoulder altogether. At the  
 car we let Sheldon & Ruff out for a loosening-up  
 since it was too late to hunt them (6:00 pm).  
 Ruff seemed to think wild gopher hunting and tried  
 to find us, back-tracking us to God knows where.  
 We whistled & called but the roar of the high stream  
 was too loud. At last I sounded the car horn and as Key & I went down the path  
 once more, there he came, soaking wet, grumpy but undaunted. We shudder to

think that he may have tried to swim Dorothy in flood. One thing is certain — he'd been in it all the way to his nose! We warmed him up on the way home under the heater and he was well over it the next day except for a "crick in the neck".

Nov 6 - 9 flashes  
2 shots - no hits

Dixie: 2 prod.

Wednesday 29 November A cold, sunny, crisp day with snow still an inch deep a more up in Roaring Gap. May & I parked at upper road and started Dixie into cover on left as we walked down the hill road. In the first curve, spotted by sunlight, a grouse stood — topmost crest — watching us and listening to Dixie in the thicket. As she came around the bird flushed into a hemlock where Dixie saw it and barked. Flushing to another branch, it took off and pitched for the valley instead of coming any way. Under the tree, I examined the grouse's tracks and was aware of another bird flushing out overhead — also to the valley. A good start.

No Dixie made a nice hot point in the first left fork valley and we saw 2 sets of tracks as made no birds either along the Tannery Road or in the cover along the run. Rounding the shoulder on top above the snowhill, I hunted further out until May built a lunch fire. In a quambrier tangle over the brow I heard a bird go out close but could not see it. Back at the fire we ate lunch and while enjoying the heat and the food — heard 2 shots below.

Some a hunter in a black leather cap approached - a fellow named Sisler who lives near the Kelly shoot. He had missed 2 grouse in the valley below us.

Parting, we hunted down the hill, locating the sawmill road with difficulty, but missing 2 birds below it and above the bottom log road and run (a good place to check in future).

It was late (5:00 and the sun was burning fast so we could not hunt or shoot, hoping to return in time to take Puff & Shadows for a turn. As I walked the road approaching the bridge below the sawmill, a grouse huddled off the bank ahead of me and offered a fast left-quarter shot. I took it too quickly for, tho the pattern seemed to stop the bird an instant, it immediately tumbled high above the hemlocks. I called to Kay that



it was hit and waited for the pitch down. Instead, at the peak of its climb, which must have been 80 feet or more, the grouse leveled and bored down the valley. We searched hard, with Dixie doing her best, sure that when it landed it would be dead, but we failed to find it. Regrettable.

at the car we had to take a <sup>moment</sup> ~~moment~~ for coffee and then I walked Puff & Shadows 15 min. along the ridge and Kay picked us up. A good day but wish I had made the shot.   
 Ward 6-6 flocks  
 Dixie 4 hrs.

Good country, but why is it always cold?   
 Shadows 3 15 min.  
 Puff

Friday, 1 December

Returned to Dority at Crane school, parking as before and starting with Dixie. The day was sunny & clear and cold in the shadowy valleys. This time we turned left from the old road and hunted a log road up the first shoulder below the rocks. (Would have been better to have hunted the crest instead). At the pipe line we followed the right-gully up the ridge until we heard a bird flush from Dixie in cover on the left. Hunted the crest of the shoulder to a magnificent view of Dority valley and after resting started toward the pipe line. Almost immediately we saw Dixie on point (head up) but she moved the bird out before I could get up to her. We think we must have flushed it without sound for we covered a full grouse flight to the pipe line.

Working back down the left cover into area near our action on last trip, we got a flush from Dixie, whose position I could not see. The grouse, unaware of us, came back toward us, low, and



I turned and dropped it as a left. cross, eye-level shot at 10 yards. I've never seen so many feathers float down from point of impact, then the bird hurtled another ten or fifteen yards onto a rock. Dixie said she saw the head shot off and I dreaded a mangled bird. When Dixie retrieved the bird - a big semi-red cock - it was without a head. The dense pattern had opened the crop, which was full of

groops and fern, and had broken one wing. Otherwise the grouse was unspoiled. It is the first time I've shot the head off a bird, altho I've had them decapitated by falling thru branches of trees. The Purduley has a wicked bite. We sat down for a bit of floating and to recoup after the excitement.

Moving down the ridge we saw #4 flush from Dixie on the crest of the shoulder above our starting point and count it one of the trio we flushed here last time. Lower in the same area a grouse flushed from Dixie and came so directly at me that its body was a perfect globe (this seems a practice this season). I turned, bending in reflex, and the bird flared over my right shoulder. I thought I had it when I shot but it must have pitched to level off. Some shot hit it, for I saw the grouse sail down into Dosty valley with wings set, one of them definitely crooked.

We hurried down over rough cover and found ourselves on the road. I marked the bird by large trees and hunted in a line for a full distance until it became futile. At one place Dixie, who was searching ardently, made a point and I thought she'd found it but we did not. Regrettably, again, as on Poring Gap. A CROOKED WING.

We reached the car earlier than usual - about 4:30 - and after more food (fuel for my demanding energy), we drove back the Cross School road and took Puff & Shadows - two patient fellows - for a circle up the high tension right-of-way and back the other side. No luck.

at the old Stanton Place ("Keep away from me - I might bite you")  
 Kay stayed in the station wagon with Dixie while I took the dogs  
 thru greenbrier loaded with berries (a heavy crop this year) and grape  
 cane around the margin of the deserted farm and circled above the  
 road. Both dogs indicated hot scent near the spring house etc but we  
 made nothing. (Possible cover below the house but very thick)

Almond 6 (2 run) - 6 flushes  
 Two shots - 1 hit  
 Dixie: 1 prod.  
 1 ret.  
 1 kill

adult cock: semi-red, semi-soled  
 crop: grapes, fern

Puff }  
 Shadow } 1 hour



Saturday 2 December <sup>Tram</sup> Last day before deer season. A cloudy,  
 overcast, cold day. We parked at Sells and hunted Puff & Dixie first,  
 taking the usual turn up the right side of Redcut Run to the tram road.  
 at the start, Dixie hit scent just after we crossed the branch but later  
 a grouse flushed without her knowing it was there until it went out,  
 when I saw her wheel and I could tell it headed for the cover along the run.  
 as we neared the tram road we heard 2 go out from Dixie and we can't  
 say whether she was pointing. Curiously, we did not flush these or any  
 others all the way along the tram to the Smith-Huffman road. There  
 we circled the Smith covert around the lane - moving # 4 from the  
 lower side - again to Dixie's surprise. On our way down the Smith  
 lane, Dixie made a lovely point to the left - high head - but



in spite of my cautioning her, she pushed it out with no chance for me to get in gun range. We reprimanded her, and followed the bird down the road into Huffmans bottom, where again Dixie pointed; this time the bird went out before she took action as I recall. In the dense rhododendron to the right, Dixie hunted — a wonderful cover dog — and we heard another bird flush ahead of her. One of these last two could be a reflex of #5.

We found to eat more lunch, leaning on a rock at the roadside where Cay ran off her movie film and turned it. We decided to hunt down Huffmans Run — excellent cover. Dixie preceded us thru the old gate and, as I was about to help Ruff thru, I saw her on intense point in the path ahead — her forequarters low and her tail straight up.



TAIL STRAIGHT UP.

I stayed on the upper side and waited. Dixie moved around and pointed toward me into the clump of thicket on the right of the path. The grouse, pinned between us, held tight

a moment longer, then exploded and bored, right-quartering, for the rhododendron. I was mounted and on it too soon, but I waited for that focus and with gun at shoulder, swung thru and fired

going thru a short lead. The bird folded and tumbled into the thick rhododendron, hit squarely. Kay, Ruff & I squeezed thru the gate and hurried toward the site of the fall, only to discover that the bird had



gone down on the upper side of a dense brush fence. Dixie came into action and somehow got thru the barrier and disappeared into the jungle. After a short period she came back holding the dead quail and posing beautifully. (We hope Kay's film was advanced sufficiently for she was getting all of this with the camera.) Since it



WHERE DO YOU WANT IT?

seemed impossible for her to penetrate the brush fence, we walked back our side to the gate, with Dixie carrying the bird on her. But she got the notion we were going to

down until I insisted that she pick it up and proceed. Finally she seemed fully baffled and came to us without the bird - and rather than spoil what had been a magnificent performance I insisted no further. Secretly, I was happy that Ruff could make a bona fide find and retrieve, and we sent him to "go fetch, dead bird."

He did it promptly and to hand and everyone was most happy. This was #7, an adult cock with semi interrupted band - a lovely thing. On our way down over the mountain along Huppusis Run we

more than excellent grouse cover and heard #8 near left of '61  
 us where Dixie could well have had another point. It was cold and on  
 toward dark when we reached the bottom and we had a long walk  
 for we had fanned out away from the car when we dropped into  
 the large basin. This is perfect woodcock cover and should be  
 investigated next season in proper time. We heard #9 and #10 flush  
 with no view of them. Got to the station wagon and a very anxious

Shadows at 5:00 — a three hour hunt for Puff. ate some <sup>Crackers</sup> rolls and  
 coffee as we drove to the Muddy Creek cabin where we spoke to the deer hunters  
 already there (from Parkersburg), parked and started out with Shadows  
 on the lower side of the road. We moved to for 7 flushes — spread  
 evenly thru the excellent hemlock cover and on the upper edges.

Encountered visitors: Milford Jenkins, whom I must contact. <sup>Shadows had a prod. on</sup> #5.  
 last grouse flushed from some sumac and birch on top edge, offering  
 me a fast chance against the failing sky. Too fast for I could  
 not take the moment to focus, tho I wonder if I ~~had~~ <sup>should have</sup> used the  
 left barrel?



AGAINST THE SKYLINE.

Anyway, it was a fast  
 hour's action.

Moved 10 for 11 flushes (Clint Reckert  
 " 6 for 7 " (Muddy Creek downstream)

Dixie: 1 prod. (kill  
 2 prod. (own  
 1 net

adult cook: semi-inter. 2 shots - 1 hit

Puff: 1 net  
 1 kill

crop: cing foil and few small buds.

Shadows: 1 prod.

DATA THRU DEC. 2 (to deer season: (all shots with Purdey)  
 28 shots - 10 hits (grouse) 35.7% in right barrel; started using 3-1/8. 8  
 20 shots - 10 hits (woodcock) 50% used 2 3/4. 1 1/8. 8 3-1. 8

GEORGE 25 days grouse  
 9 woodcock (6 with grouse) MOVED 116 for 169 flushes.

RUFF 20 days grouse / 1 prod. / 3 net / 4 kills  
 2 " " WC

DIXIE 23 days grouse / 15 prod. (4 killed over) 9 net. / 9 kills  
 9 " " WC (6 with grouse)

SHADOWS 19 days grouse / 2 prod. / 1 kill.  
 2 " " WC (1 with grouse)

Monday 11 December First post-deer season hunt. Overcast, damp and mildly cool - nice hunting day. We returned to last days' area - lower side of road below Muddy & Sells where Shadows had found so many birds. A call to Milford Jenkins' home revealed fact that land belonged to Alton Rodcham of Kingwood so we proceeded as normal.

Used Dixie & Ruff on first round, moving 2 from hutch almost on edge of woods. Got what seemed two flushes - both moved by Dixie without a real point. Ray had a touch of indigestion and as turned back, she to the car for Amato's, and I along upper edge in a long way back. Dixie gave me two points, neither produced, but first one could have had a bird go out wild. Second one on top of old chimney was a honey - belly to ground and solid - but no bird. As we picked up Ray and we took Shadows on a rather long turn up to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Reckless fields and back with one faint wild flush, merely heard and was doubtful. moved 3 (no new) - first flushes of Dixie, Ruff / Shadows  
 no shots

31

Thursday 14 December Drove to Mt. Lake Park and hunted  
with Wade Foster, using Dixie and his  
new pointer Charlie. We tried Duffield Run from Rt 50, hunting  
upstream for about 1 1/2 miles. It was in the 20's with a sugaring  
snow on the ground but nice to be out. Charlie proved difficult to  
keep in touch with but I saw him make one lovely point that, tho it  
proved empty, was a honey. While Wade was in search of Charlie, I hunted  
out a path (this is excellent looking hemlock-rhododendron cover)  
and Dixie made an intense point and then worked on. Moments  
later a big grouse sailed out of dense cover ahead of her with no  
chance to shoot.

We decided to give up this area and drove down Rt 90 below  
Bayard to the Grant-Tucker county line. Hunted a big area to the  
left - Beaver dam, open types that had only two birds, both of  
which Wade walked into. Over-rated country, unless in exceptional  
years. Returned to Foster's for a nice dinner.

Duffield Run: made 1 - 2 flushes Dixie  
Country line: " 2 - 2 flushes (Charlie)

No shots

Friday 15 December Kay & I hunted the Roaring Gap covert - cold in  
the shadow of the deep valley but sunny on the south ridges. Ward #1 as at  
went down the road - using Dixie who could have had that one. No more until  
the truck cover below the log road above the sawmill set - out of a tree.  
That was it - all the way back via the little ravine until the power line and  
the top edges to the hollow near the old barn frame and the road -

where, as Kay was about to go to the car, we moved two (possibly three) in the paper below the resident pile. This last was new one.

at car, we ate and drove down to Summers where ~~the~~ we took Shadows & Puff into the cut-over piece below the road. This is more cut back than I realized. Moved nothing the Shadows - and

Puff - tried hard. Dixie  
(Roaring Gull) Moved 4 (2 new) - 4 fleas. Shadows  
No shots Puff

Saturday 16 December Back to Hoffmanns, driving via Home Mullin's to the woods below Hoffmanns. Hunted Dixie down Hoffmanns Run around old mill where we'd had such luck two weeks ago. Today was mizzly cold with little sunshines (ground frozen and dry underfoot) but Dixie started out behaving badly maximally as she would stop and look back every few minutes instead of hunting. When we coiled left and back toward the road, she ran past a big cock that flushed at the edge of the path, giving me an excellent chance - rather long, for a shot as it rose and wheeled up the opening. I, no one to criticize, Dixie after my performance shot too quickly, missed, and tried carefully with the left barrel as the bird bored away and missed again. Too long a dry spell!

We should have located this grouse above the car but Hoffmann was cutting timber or something on the edge about where the bird may have gone. Furthermore, Dixie would not, in her anxiety, settle down and cover the territory - and so at 2:30 I put her in the

car. Kay decided to visit Shatz's and drive around to pick me up at Sells, so I took Shadows and Puff for a nice hunt. Heard one of the birds at Smith's gate area and at least one more along Train.

Following we covered the upper path to the gaps at the bars near Reckless Run, down this tangle - hard for Puff - to the train; - back train to the large rocks where we heard one of the birds I expected to find in the little run below. This one I saw Shadows stop on (I'm calling it a prothonotary) just before it flushed but they wouldn't come any way. Down the little run I heard one go out of rhododendron under - a new one - and on the bottom path near the creek where I was expecting it, a grouse flushed from Shadows who was not near it. The bird sailed straight down the path ahead of Puff who, when he reached the tangle, wheeled into a solid point - so honest I worked hard for another bird. He tries so hard and is so reliable (other than having trouble keeping in contact with me when I change direction) and I wish I could get him up to a bird for a real find. Shadows barked nicely and I went through the ritual of walking out the point. At the creek, we moved it wild after crossing - from a tree I suppose. It was 4:30 and Kay was waiting in the car, and we drove to the cabin on Muddy, parked, ate a bite, and started Min Dixie out on the lower side.

At the edge of the woods, on the hill where I looked for a couple, a bird flushed back (the first class looks I've had in weeks) with no sound

or warning. One moment, nothing — the next it was barreling into  
 or past a hemlock. I got off a shot, firing as it disappeared, and  
 (my son) saw it dive down over the hill. We hoped it had been a hit but there  
 were no feathers and Dixie soon convinced me there was no bird down.



A FLASH GLIMPSE.

We hunted out the path, moving 2 more  
 wild and then we worked back over the  
 top and again down over into the  
 bottom where the first grouse had pitched us.

found no more. Dixie began to get stale again toward the end.

What she needs is more ground ahead of her — and so do I.

(Rehunts) 6 (1 new) - 9 flocks

(lower side Muddy) 3 (no new) - 2 flocks

3 shots - no hits

Shadows: 1 prod.

Ruff: almost a prod.

Dixie

I got rid of that old left-barrel shell I've been carrying for weeks)

The weather has been marvelous for December — open, almost no snow, but too few birds!!

Thursday, 21 December Light snow. Kay stayed home with

the boys and I took Dixie to the Scott Place (it always snows  
 here, too!). Not much on the brush but I kept to the paths to

the old farm site — no birds, or grapes, apparent — and down  
 to the nice looking old crab-orchard fields below. Still no

birds. I had got a late start, it being rather cold, and had only  
 two hours to hunt. Instead of going further back the ridge into  
 thick cover, I turned toward the car, working thru denser lower



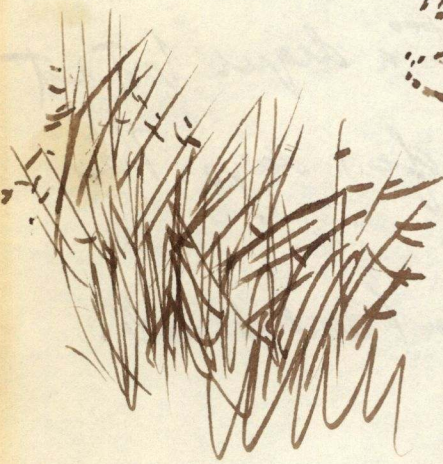
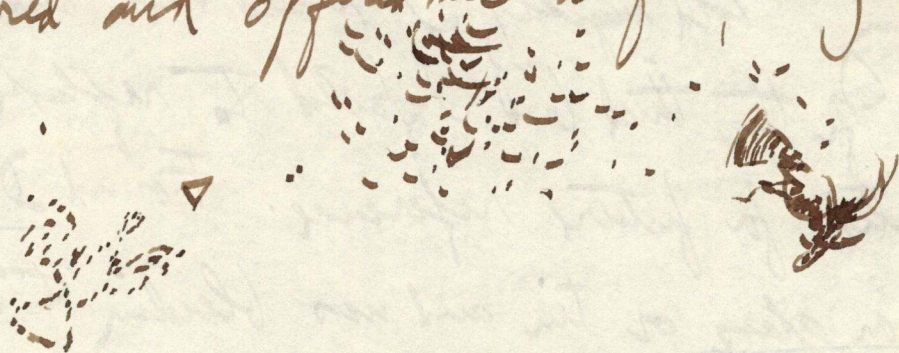
area (a good woodsack bottom in here). As I started up the ridge thru a more open section I heard two grouse flush wild from a red brush edge, 75 or more yards from both Dixie & myself. Working over to investigate, I saw #3 flush ahead - too far - but I tried a shot right-quartering that got me nothing. Told myself I should have used the left barrel. Tho I hunted for the third bird I failed to reflush it, but have the area located for future reference. Found Dixie had cut both wrists on glass or tin and was bleeding to a degree but not dangerously. Necessitates laying her up for a few days. These damned trash heaps.

Dixie (worked well.

Moved 3 - 3 flocks  
 1 shot - no hit.  
 ~~~~~

Friday 22 December¹⁶ Sewing Dixie at home & heal up, and lay to work at Xmas preparations (and my fancy diet) I took Ruff & Shabers to hunt the Williamson Place. Still snow on ground but not over ^{an inch or so}. Parking on near side of Mason Run, I hunted up the right side, keeping to the log road, moving not a feather all the way to the old back road. Instead of crossing at the bridge as I'd planned, I decided to take a

turn up the right side beyond the road. It was a good ^{shot} impulse.
In a clearing with a few crab thickets I was mentally, and
actually, going thru the drill of a flush from a likely
looking cove that Shadows had worked about. As he came back,
a grouse exploded but instead of crossing to the creek side of
the road, it flared and offered me a quartering in-comer
against the sky.




I "saw" it, sawing thru firing, and it
tumbled, leaving a large cloud of feathers
floating from the point of impact. Ruff
almost got there in time, but Shadows made the find & retrieval -
and deservedly, for it was his first retrieval of the season and he
did it with pleasure. It was a yearling cock, completely "bowed"
by a solid hit tho it was at least 15 or 20 yards. I put the
bird out and let Ruff also find and retrieve. This was an important
bird for me too - being the first since the deer season.

I find this area in beautiful grouse covert condition, being
timbered lightly at the present and lots of good vinks & edges.

43

Farther, in the little draw that comes down from the
old farm site above, we made #2 - a big red - toward the
upper margin. Had to stop & eat, having run out of energy,
then hunted the top. Both Shadows & Puff failed to find the
bird but I had it fairly well placed and it went out with
almost a chance to shoot. Gave up on it, but made #3 in a
corner across the fields, Shadows having been there (pointing??)
Following, we came back to the site of our hill and at the
corner of the road & log road the bird flushed from a tree, giving
me a long right-aiming that I had the sense to use my left barrel
on, when this I missed. It crossed the creek, I think, but I

failed to make it, moving #4 in the bottom rhododendron.
at the small power line I climbed toward the Wellman
fields, passing thru good crab thicket openings, the sun
coming out at this time. With no warning - do they ever
warn you? - a bird flushed from the edge of the path 5 yards
from me and Puff and not 3 feet from where I think Shadows
had seen. It right-quartered rising and then I wanted to
get a good focus, it leveled and pitched as I fired - one of my
weakest shots. Certain it was a clean miss (at that distance
the Purdey doesn't dust them if it's hits) I did not follow

back to the creek but climbed to the top. Ward #6, by sound,
in the corner. It was fine and getting cold and the sun was
lowering, so I kept to the upper edge around the log road,
following it down the ridge. Normally we were birds here, but
not today. Near the bottom, Shadows came to a sudden stop in
as lovely a point as anyone could desire, stopping on the edge of
the path and headed toward me. I stopped Puff but there
was no bird there. Pity. As we neared the bottom I told the
dogs (by mental communication, for talking isn't necessary here)
that these last fifteen minutes held very thin chances of another
shot. And yet, minute for minute, probably more chance than any
similar period of the day. As this to bear it out, Puff
shortly made a hot point. Shadows came in and the two ward
or but indicating scent. From the rhododendron along the
creek I heard the bird, #7 go wild. My only route was along
the bottom to the paved road. Not twenty steps beyond
the place I heard the last flash I heard, and saw, #8
go out — a fleeting glimpse right-quartering, well out, over
the low cover. I saw them and fired, 
and saw the bird flutter down, winged.

Sending the dogs to search I hurried up and marked the fall about in a small clearing with beaten down weeds. Shadows was hunting ahead and Ruff, at my right, almost stepped on the bird, which fluttered under his legs and darted behind him. He almost caught it, missed, and after a few moments' excitement, had it. However, with his very gentle mouth, each time he'd try for a solid grasp the grouse would elude him, but he eventually secured it and delivered it - a yearling hen, which I dispatched at once. It was an exciting end to a good four-hour hunt and both Ruff & Shadows felt as I did.



UNDER HIS NOSE.

Mead 8 - 10 flocks
4 shots - 2 hits

Shadows: 1 net
2 kills

Ruff: 2 net
2 kills

yearling cock: semi-inter.
crops: greenbrier berries & teaberry leaves.
yearling hen: inter
crop: teaberry leaves

Wednesday 27 December

To Junco, with softened snow

on the ground (nice, it didn't kick up) and with rain forecast.

Left Shadows in the car for a late turn and took Puff &

Dixie. No action until we had crossed Roaring and started up

the road to Junco. Kay suggested trying a by path to the right,

and it was an inspiration. Almost immediately Dixie located,

without a point, two birds. Kept to the path that leads down the

ridge - now growing back, after cutting, to perfect grass cover

and made #3 and #4 as singles. On a cross path that died

out we came to the wire fence, crossed, and in a little draw got

a flush from Dixie who I am certain did not point. It was a

lovely opening and the bird could have given me a good chance.

Instead it chose to come directly at us. I shot too quickly -

the bird was much too close - and, as Kay dropped low, I

turned and tried for it

going away overhead with no success.



HEAD ON!

We brought Dixie in and

warmed her little bottom, taking her to the site of flush and making

her stay. Doubling up the hill we made two of the earlier birds,

letting them up above the road. Followed up to the deserted cabin

missing a new one #6 as well as getting a production on our
first grouse. This one Dixie held till it went out
On the way back home, we revisited the
triangular patch where I estimated one of the birds had gone.
Dixie went in from the edge full tilt and flushed it - no
shots.

Proceeded to James' house where we had a nice chat with
him and "Slink" - now "Buddy" - and some hospitable coffee.
James is a fine person. While we were sitting there eating some of
our lunch, it began to rain, changing quickly to a wet snow.
We made the long trek to the car as fast as we could, getting
another lovely production by Dixie on the left edge of the road,
not far from the greenbrier thicket a "opening". While she did was in
on it, she did not chase, and it was a nice piece of locating.

at the car we found poor Shadow's faithfully
waiting and looking for us from the window.



I hated it not getting him a share but
the weather was nasty and we hurried
home.

James told us he'd found a lot of
grouse about the cabin and the sandlot
pile, on up the old road and clearings where
we had turned back. Must try again next week.
Dixie: two productions
Ruff:

A NICE ONE.
Nov 6 - 12 flaps
2 shots - no hits

Monday 1 January 1962

New Year's Day and one of the
nicest shoots of the season. With

snow clinging to brush, we decided to hunt where we
knew there were birds and so went to Jim's. Leaving Shadow-
poor fellow - we started down the path from Sumner's to head
straight for the thicket near Jim's house. But part way down
the first ridge, Dixie wheeled left and bored into a brush
pile to investigate scent. I don't know if she pointed, but a
grouse flushed and came back at our heads. Kay dropped and I
turned and took it as a left-away, seeing it go down in some
thick stuff on the opposite side of the path. Dixie got in



ahead of Ruff and found the bird,
as I suspected, still alive. (A
moment before we heard a second
grouse flush from the same cover where
my bird had fallen and it would have

been easy to have believed it was my bird, unharmed or recovered,
taking off. So Dixie's find was doubly gratifying.) She retrieved it
part way, but as both she & Ruff persist in doing, ~~the~~ ^{fairly} the
bird down and it promptly wiggled into a dense tangle and
I was uneasy she had let it escape. But she bored in and
soon had it, backing out. Again she put it down and would
not complete her retrieval - tho' the find had been a lovely one.
I was pleased enough to send Ruff in and he very expertly

found, retrieved and delivered sitting - all caught on film. ⁴⁴
I suppose the birds being able to run disconcerted Dixie's
thinking - I don't know. Anyway the day - yes, the year -
was made.

We had not proceeded fifty steps until two more birds
went out of the hut on the right. Thirty yards further I saw
Puff on point, again toward the right - and in a moment
another bird flushed, #5. This one was well out and rising
right-quarterning, but I had to try but missed both barrels. All
birds had flown north along the slope.

We found a path that led back in that direction
and on the way missed three of them - one Dixie located but did
not point. She simply moved in, tail wagging, and put it out of
some rhododendron or laurel. She was corrected on the spot.

At the far end of the cove, where the path drops down to
the basin about Hardesty Rocks, we worked down - our last 3
having left us for the creek and impossible cover - and soon
came on Puff pointing to the left. There were tracks going that
direction, but Dixie worked the opposite way. I got her round
and headed correctly, having made sure the bird was not
immediately in front of Puff. As I walked into the deeper snow
and brush I heard the bird and saw it flushing from Dixie -

again I can't say she did or did not point. The grouse came at
me low and so directly it took a moment to tell if it was coming in
or going out.

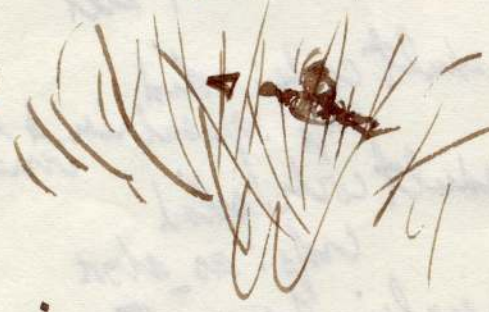
WHICH WAY?



As I waited, it swooped to my
right and, staying low, went
for Little Run Road. I shot it
as a low right-away, and from the cloud of feathers I knew this
one wouldn't run. Dixie made the retrieval very
beautifully, delivering to hand. Both birds had been
large adult cooies. When the first was hit in the left side and
left leg, this one was completely boned. I am sure the Turkey
right barrel shoots ^{much} tighter than my Fox. In fact, I question the
"tight improved cylinder" Purdey classifies it and must test it soon.

With such good fortune over Puff & Dixie within the hour -
we count this last bird as #6 for its tracks did not look like a
bird that had landed and run for cover - we could not hear
shadows in the air longer so hunted back, also some brush,
and changed legs. This was much to his way of thinking.

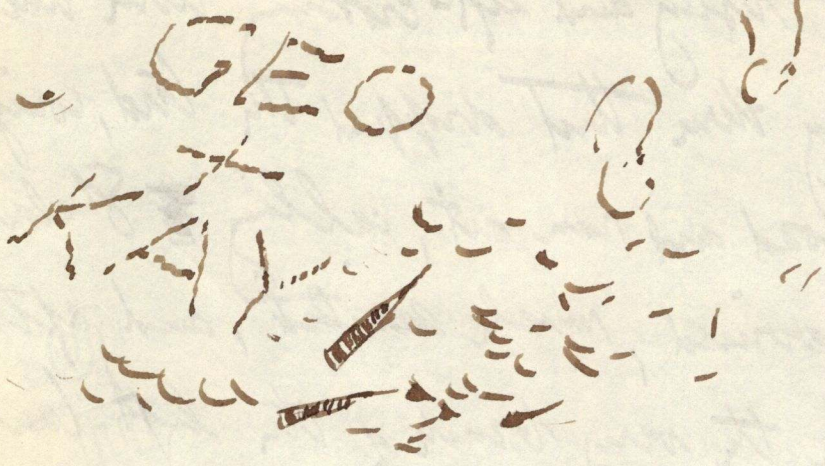
Pushing straight down the hill to Poiring and up Jim's
road with Shadows tearing the world apart, we put him in the
path to the right of the Gambell where we had mowed two the other day.
In the same spot he immediately found scent and worked into the
thick snow-berry brush as I wanted. The bird went out and

gave me a short look at it rising and left-crossing them thickly,
but it was enough for a swing thru that dropped the bird, winged.
We marked it as near the road and ran out, calling ~~the~~ Shadows ~~to~~
~~come~~ in for the retrived. He arrived, much excited, and after
a while hit the scent on the very brink of the left bank of
the road;  just as the bird struggled and
tumbled down the drop to the
road where Shadows promptly ^{plunged} ~~leaped~~

it and delivered — no laying down of birds for him. This bird was
a yearling hen, and the peak of a lot of action for ^{such} a short time out.

We moved another bird, not new, on up the road above the sawmill,
but this was no day to hunt the mountainside with snow muffling
everything the higher we climbed.

Doubting back, we came again to the site of Shadow's retriever —
grouse feathers all over the snow in the road, many footprints — so for
Jim's enlightenment we wrote our names ^{in the snow} beside the evidence and hunted
back to the car taking a right log road up the hill with no further action.
What a day! It was ^{one of the best} ~~one of the best~~ times I've shot 3 grouse in our country, but with such
a small bird so far and the year about ended I felt the number of birds here
could stand it. And I needed it.



Ruff: 2 prod. } 1 hr.
 1 ret }
 (10p) 2 kills }
 Dixie: 1 prod.
 1 ret }
 2 kills }
 Shadows: 1 ret
 1 kill

(must be
 punch drunk
 from record)

March 8(6) - 11 flurries
 5 shots - 3 hits

adult cork: solid
 crop: greenberries & leaves
 berries
 adult cork: solid
 crop: as above
 yearling hen: inter.
 crop: greenberries & leaves

Had Ruff's Card for our Anniversary dinner

Tuesday 2 January Weather rough - cold with snow flurries, but
 it was possible and this is the last walk. Left Kay & Shadows
 home and took Ruff & Dixie to Warm Run at the Wilkinson
 Place. Heard the first bird ^{near} the crab-thicket where I killed
 my first one last time, and gave Dixie a long production on it.
 He ~~that~~ ~~reflexes~~ reflexes; then I followed up to the corner woods,
 back down the run from the old home site. On the lower edge of
 the road near the famous crab-thicket, Dixie pointed and then
 ran in as tho the bird flushed, but I did not hear it (count it
 a new one. I had not planned it, but did hunt all the way
 up to the Wilkinson corner where two birds went out from Dixie)

53

— was she pointing? Ten yards further in the opening and I would have had a lovely shot. No reflex on this, the Dixie pointed staunchly in one area. Hunted all the way down to Mirror Run in the failing afternoon — no birds in the bottom — but crossed the main road and hunted out the lower cover on the chausse they would be one there. There was, in a dense crab thicket. Dixie worked it well, pointing, then looking up above her. I waited from a flush from a tree and finally walked on. It flushed — from a tree — after I had moved from a good location for a shot. Ruff was tiring — we'd been out $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours — and I headed for the car.

Moved 5 (2 new) — 5 flushes Ruff
No shots Dixie: 3 prod.

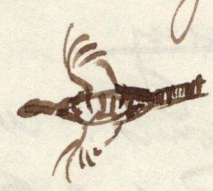
Wednesday 3 January Partly sunny and not so cold but lots of snow on ground. We took all three setters to Herman Diblow, leaving Ruff & Shadows in the car. Snow was softening but birds had not moved to any extent. Dixie hunted hard and we covered the left ridge of the valley well but moved only one grouse. Tried the old road up Big Sandy from the little bridge, moving one from a tree but the cover was too dense — hemlock & rhododendron — to do anything but follow the path to a gas line. Doubling back, we came to a field on top laced with day-old grouse tracks. At the far

end we came on the feathers of a grouse killed, I think, by a hawk
or owl for I could not see fox tracks. Back across high tension
line into good cover at bottom of Dillow run, moving two wild from
trees. I did not see one of the four birds flushed today. It was
too late when we reached the car to hunt the other dogs. Too bad.
Dixie

Moved 4 - 4 flashes

No shots

Thursday 4 January Weather nice again - not too cold with
some sun, clouding later and snow soft. We returned to Jones
as a place we was sure of birds. Hunted Dixie, the first
turn going directly to the area across Roaring. Almost as
soon as we started down the path across from the mill, a bird
came from Dixie directly over us. I tried for it as a high
left-cross shot about ten yards or less from the muzzle of
my gun, feeling myself shoot before swinging them because
of a group of small oaks ahead.



It was the only
shot of the day -

and of the last four days of the
birds in the 3 hrs out.

season. We moved first
Dixie made one production but
moved in and flushed. In the greenbrier thicket below the road, I
worked her into a likely spot and she simply moved in and
flushed the bird like a spaniel. It is disheartening to see her
doing the same goddamned things all season long - when

she has such a nose and such potential. Wonderful ground coverage, pointing instinct, but that urge to put them out. After 3 hours we returned to the car, feeling Puff had been hunted plenty, not to mention ourselves. Poor heavy mud boots take some lifting. But ~~we~~^{we} took Shadows for $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. down the first hillside, and then he hunted it beautifully, we did not wear a single bird — after leaving 4 here on Monday. We did see a half dozen deer was out ahead of us — the woods seemed floating with big white tails.

Moad 5 (none new) 6 flocks
 1 shot - no hit
 Dixie: 1 prod of 3 hrs
 Puff
 Shadows $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.

Friday 5 January The weather was nice, tho we almost regretted it, feeling we were getting hard pushed. But we went, and was glad, for Sat rained and this proved our last day out. We parked at Sells', hunting Puff & Dixie up to the tram and to Haffmans' corner. Dixie hunted well, and so did Puff, but we had no points and no shots. Moad six - none new - and really worked to near them, taking $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When we returned to the car, King drove down to the cabin on Muddy, letting us out with Shadows at the top of the hill. Light was fading but we

covered the clearing. At the woods edge, someone fired a .22
and I half think they might have taken Shadow for a deer.
Something to think about at twilight around old field. We
moved our bird out of a tree - by sound.

First turn moved 6 (no new) - 7 flushes

Disc } 3 1/2 hr
Puff }

Set down " ^{not new} , flush.
low side

Shadow 7 hr

No shots.

¹⁶ after all that long hunt, Puff proceeded to wander off when I
let him out at midnight - and Kay & I drove ourselves from one until
4 a.m. trying to find him - We did, when we got back. He was
calmly lying under the hemlocks and God knows where he had been

Summary 1961 —

The shooting this year was less than could have been desired - 1) because of another low grouse population after a wet, cold nesting season; 2) because I had to drag them this season with symptoms that were at last diagnosed as hypoglycemia and which only now are beginning to lessen. I hope I don't go thru this another year.

The fine side of the picture was Puff's amazing condition and the fact that he so thoroughly enjoyed it. His being out 29 times - the some were only down for half-hour periods, he hunted some days 3 hours (the last week out ~~for~~ ^{four} days hunting 3 hours and 3 1/2 hours the last two days. He would have made more productivity if I had worked him alone but I needed more ground cover and all the experience Dixie could get. I cease to say any one season will be Puff's last - here's hoping he goes on forever! He is magnificent. Have not given him dilantin a single time and don't believe he had it last year either. Wonderful the way he outgrew that trouble.

Dixie did much better this year than last, working in at early range and for the most part hunting beautifully. She has words of nose and pointing instinct but still insists on jumping in on her birds. (I hope to make her stand with Meade's quail which we now have.

Shadows was much more satisfactory this year, as long as he is hunted without Dixie (a bad combination) and the his nose is not

like Dixie's, he is much more staunch and of course backs, which she will not unless by command. And Shator's groundwork is beautiful to see.

I shot the season entirely with the Purdey, which I had no intention of doing at first. But it is so light and handles so beautifully I could not put it down (did carry the Fox one day but had no shots). Feel desolated to not have shot the Fox in its 35th season but there's no use being soft-headed. Planned to use it on pheasants at the Arthurs, Proctor but they are not operating. My 44 shots/15 hits 34.09% was not bad, considering I was not at peak condition. Also feel the Purdey is very much tighter in the right barrel for it decapitated one quail and boned several more. Plan to pattern it soon and take necessary steps. It is one lovely gun.

Here's hoping next season will see us all fit and with a good crop of quail and flight of woodcock! Missed the main woodcock flight but they provided much of the nice gunning this season.

(Of the 15 quail killed, I don't think over 5 were yearlings - and one of those might have been an adult hen. The rest were adult cocks.)

Thursday 22 February '62

Shooting at a new preserve is always a pleasant experience.

After waiting for the right day, it came on G.W.'s birthday - sunny and about 50°. We took our three to the new Nemacolin Trail Preserve over at Farmington after phoning ahead. The pleasure was enhanced by the use of Mrs. O'Leary's old farm as shooting grounds, with its memories, and its view of Sugarloaf.

Starting with Dixie solo, we got our first action when she pointed in a patch of dense mullet to the left of the old field road. The bird lay very tight and I had to kick it out as Dixie held beautifully.

It erupted from nowhere, very large and brilliant, cleared Dixie's head and loosed left-quartering. I made myself wait for a focus and dropped it solidly in a cloud of feathers -



A CLOSE BIRD.

discovering that the big Reeves was also discovering, too, that

cocks can get up and go with any ruckus. Discovering, too, that the Fox (which I have not shot all season) is still so much a part of me that I do not even feel it - if you can not feel a gun so right for you. The bird was quite dead and Dixie made an effort to pick it up - twice - but gave up as being out of her weight class. I was, incidentally, using a new

shell - the British Fly 3-1/8-6 - and when I tried to reload, found the paper cylinder of the old shell lodged in the chamber with the very low brass head decapitated by the ejector!



We set Jack Albert, the present manager, act as game keeper - the Reeves are too busy for the game pocket -

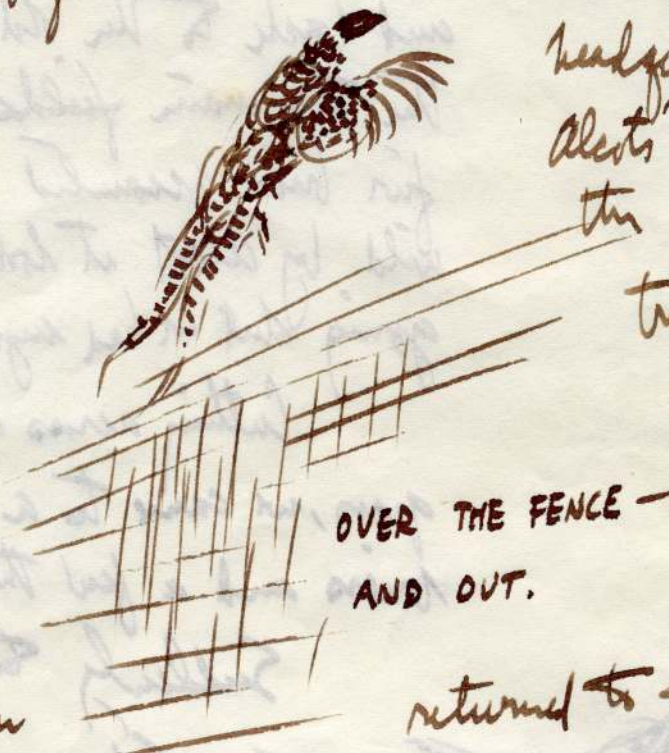
and hunted around the largest field, writing back their good thicket on the lower side. They had released two birds first, one having gone "over the hill" and now the assistant was carrying the cage to liberate the other three. After he had passed us, Dixie who was working well out, but a nice point just out of the woods in the grasses of the field. Before I could approach, I saw her move in, then break as a cock rose. Seeing it coming across and within range, I ran to the edge and around a tree in time to try the left barrel on a high, and long, right-crosser and felt myself stop the swing. Of course I missed.

Albert marked the bird, he said, but we did a lot of searching with no results. Dropping at last down over the ridge thru grass cover we came to the 12 foot fence below. Out ahead of me I saw Dixie on a lovely point, head high. She held it well until I got almost below, then moved in as the running bird. She trailed it down to the fence where it had to go

up or no place. It went up — straight. I caught it
at the peak and dropped it with a heavy thrust in the road on
the far side of the fence.

61
2061

This required a jeep run from
headquarters for recovery, since
Aleot's key did not fit any of
the gate locks. While he
tried the jets, Kay &
returned to the car and
changed dogs.



Before Aleot & his man returned to get the bird, we started
Ruff & Shadows with Meyers guiding us to where he had released two
of the other birds. In a clump of fodder against a tree top, Ruff moved
in and pointed, holding while I walked up and Shadows, oddly, came in
without hitting scent or locking Ruff. The pheasant emerged,
gathered itself and went up like a rocket. I let it reach the
point, ^{where} I felt it would soon level, and dropped it dead but still
kicking. They have wicked needle sharp spurs and thorns cut
Shadows about the muzzle as he went for the retrieve. He left it but
at my request returned and made a beautiful retrieve. Queer, but
Ruff had gone to the bird between times and refused entirely to
touch it!



Go!

After Albert & Meyers left us, we hunted out the cover to the fence and back to the old clearings beyond the two main fields. With three of the five birds accounted for and one flushed wild by Albert it looked a shade sparsely going but we had enjoyed some fine fun.

Cutting across a patch of ~~sage~~^{sedge} grass, we came to a tangle of ripshin briars and a few thorn clumps.

Suddenly to my left I saw Shadows stretched tight and pointing toward me.

I got Kay's attention and, not able to see what Rufus was doing, I



walked in below Shadows. In a mass of ripshin at my feet I saw what seemed a stray tail feather left from a former kill — no evidence of any other feathers. Then I made out the present well camouflaged and in a tight ball under the briars. I believe they blend more effectively than the cork squeaks in cover. I stirred it with my foot and the bird ran out, hestated, and as I made a mass with my foot took off — not straight up but climbing fast. I let it get out and tumbled it almost on Shadows —



GOOD MEDICINE.

hard hit, it seemed. But it landed and struck out running fast and I was pretty sure Shadows would not tackle it after the first lesson with spurs. He pursued it tho I was sure he'd hold back and I would have stopped it with another shot if I had a clear chance. I need not have worried. Shadows caught the bird in a greenbrier tangle, neatly despatched it and retrieved it full into a beautiful movie action by tray. This made our day very complete and after some peanuts to revive our energies we proceeded to the car.

Beland fir Reeves cocks
Five shots - 4 hits.

Dixie: 3 prod (2 killed over
Buff: 1 prod killed over
Shadows 1 prod killed over
2 retrievers

a fine day and we anticipate Kay's wave of it all.

DATA 1961 GROUSE

GEORGE
55 (110?)
37 DAYS
44 SHOTS - 15 HITS 34.09% (all with Purdey)
151 BIRDS - 252 FLUSHES
28 COVERTS
5.39 BIRDS/COVERT

RUFF
14 1/2
29 DAYS
LAST SEASON
3 PROD.
8 KILLS (100)
6 RET.
14 HOME
6.64 B/C

LIFE '47-'61
547 PROD. (54)
255 KILLS (59 OVER PTS.)
176 RET.
416 HUNTING DAYS

SHADOWS
8 1/2
26 DAYS
3 PROD.
4 KILLS
2 RET.

LIFE '53-'61
17 PROD.
76 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)
29 RET.
174 HUNTING DAYS

DIXIE
4
34 DAYS
22 PROD.
11 KILLS (4 OVER PTS.)
10 RET.

LIFE '58-'61
71 PROD.
63 KILLS (13 OVER PTS.)
43 RET.
130 HUNTING DAYS

1961

✓ MEYERS ROCKS 5.5.0

- ABRAHAMS CREEK 1.3.0
- COSNER 0
- ✓ BAYARD (ELK) 2.3.0 / DIFFICULT R. @ 50 1.2.0 / GRANT-TUCKER LINE 2.2.0
- ✓ DOLLY SODS (FISHERS 4.5.0 / (1) 1.0 / 15 (13) 19.1
- DOBBIN PLACE 0
- ✓ FLAG RUN T. CANAAN 3.4.0 / 0 /
- ✓ DAVIS-PLANTATION-FLAG 6-8.1
- CORNER 3.3.0 / 3.3.0
- DEVILS RUN STRIP MINE 11.13.0 / 1.1.1
- RED CREEK ROAD 2.4.0 /
- ✓ CABIN MT. 5.6.2

- ✓ WHETSELL 5.6.0
- ✓ HOUDERSHELLS 5.6.0
- ✓ UPPER DORITY 11.18.2 / 9(2).12.1
- (EZRA K) UPPER BEAVER 1.1.0
- ✓ LAUREL 2.2.0
- ✓ L. SANDY 1.1.0
- ✓ DORITY (CRANE SCHOOL 6.9.0 / 6(2).6.1
- ROARING GAP 6.6.0 / 4(2).4.0
- ✓ CLINT RECKERT (SELLS) 10.11.1 / 6(1).9.0 / 6.7.0
- MUDDY CR. BELOW SELLS 6.7.0 / 2.4.0 / 3.3.0
- SCOTT PLACE 3.3.0
- ✓ WILKINSON & MASDAJ RUN 8.10.2 / 5(2).5.0
- ✓ JONES 8.12.0 / 8(6).11.3 / 5.6.0
- HERMAN DILLOW 4.4.0

- TRY WOODCOCK: DOLLY SODS
BASE OF HUFFMANS (SELLS)
ACROSS ROAD FROM GATES.
- TRY GROUSE: CUSTER PIERCE
 - STONECAMP MT. LANESVILLE
 - ALDER RUN
 - FISHERS SPRING #11 TRAIL
 - GAME PLOT TRAIL
 - HEAD STONECOAL (CABIN MT.)
 - FLATROCK RUN HOLLOW/THORN

- 11 BLACKWATER
- 2 MT. STORM
- 15 HOME

- 28 COVERTS