

Shooting Notes 1962

This is the first season after fifteen years of shooting with Ruff who died 10 May '62 and it's not the same. I find myself still making the "clucking" sound to guide him. And I wonder if I'll ever have a dog to remotely approach the performance he turned out on grouse. And who is as perfect.

Saturday, opening day, was hot and very full-foliage in our area and so we wanted to open the season with our Blackwater trip.

Monday 15 October Weather hot but perfect and we checked in at our Cabin 22, reserved in July, to leave food in refrigerator — then drove to Reservoir Ridge, parking at first road. Down here, the leaves are gone and coverts look like November — a reason to hunt here rather than waste effort at home till later. I broke my resolution to only hunt Dixie & Shadows solo, largely because Shadows has become such a problem about chewing his way out of restrictions, and also because I am soft-headed. I used a bell on Shadows which aided me in keeping him located without using my eyes excessively. I have new glasses and while they are not clear at a distance (because of a new correction in axis) I find them comfortable and remedying the visual trouble I've had all year.

2/6/2

We hunted up the "back" way thru fine evergreen cover but made the first bird (Shadows ran onto it) only at the margin below the reservoir. No shot. Reflushed it (Dixie) on the far side of the knob and lost it.

Working out the steep mine high wall, we moved nothing there are a lot of mountain holly berries this year. We had topped out the ridge and turned toward the car when a bird flushed behind us - (Shadows had strong evidence of scent but worked the wrong way). Following we walked into two birds. Then Dixie ran onto a single and then a pair. We followed and I saw Shadows point but also saw him move in and flush. After correcting him, we worked out the ridge toward the point of land above the steep rear. In the greater tangle I got a reflush giving me a fleeting shot, left-away, that I sensed might have been a hit. I could hear Shadows' belt working below and I put Dixie in to search but she got no scent. At last I saw Shadows coming thru the tangle toward me, carrying my grouse - a fine beginning for the season. Bernie Griddle had



SHADOWS BRINGS
THE FIRST ONE

done a good job on the #1 barrels of the Purdey which we had been working on all summer to open to 50.20 & 60% for a woodcock gun. Discovered that I could get that closer with 3-1-8 (Ward's shells this time) and tighten it to 10% with 3-1-8.

I am using the #1 barrels on grouse to start with, carrying a
3-1/8-8 shell in the left (giving me 50% right and about 70% left)
I had also reworked the Purdey stock for more cast-off, and had
refinished it with oil finish.

Satisfied with our luck on grouse, we returned to the car and
after further food, drove to the Gates covert to try for woodcock.
(Pileon, but a nice one)
There we encountered Dr. Van Ormer who was trying out a dog. We
separated and I took Dixie alone, chasing shadows in the station
wagon where we found later he had clawed a metal strip loose. Being
muzzled he did no chewing. I put the bell on Dixie (like it
very much in this sort of cover). First contact was a big grouse
and a woodcock, both wild flushes from Dixie. Next was a point
that she made in on a flushed - a cock. Later, she made a
beautiful point that she held nicely and I walked the bird up
but missed - bite.



ONE I WANTED



Across the road, she pointed
again, breaking at wing. I
moved #5 wild. Rain set in as
we left, pouring as only it can

in Canada. I am delighted with my condition. Had felt some
anxiety about it, but know now I am back in the groove. Confidential

is such a gratifying thing. But I miss Ruff.

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours Reservoir Ridge: moved 6 grouse - 10 flushes
1 shot - 1 hit
Shadows: 1 prod.
1 hit
1 kill

$\frac{3}{4}$ hour Gates: moved 1 grouse - 1 flush
" 5 woodcock - 5 flushes

Dine: 1 kill

Dine: 3 prod ('cock)

yearling hen: inter.
crop: maple seeds
1 shot - no hit ('cock)

Tuesday 16 October Another perfect day but hot. Hunting in new shooting vest (Birtley present). To Dolly Soda and the much-touted Alder Run country, entering at camp site & Blackbird Road Trail. Absolutely nothing until we reached Alder Run when Dine pointed and a bird flushed from a low pitch pine. No reflexes. I think the best cover may be downstream. But we hunted up to the headwaters - over a mile with fair cover in spots. Moved one bird in edge of spruce near head of run. And that was all. Reached the road and had a long walk back to car. After a rest, we drove to Fisher Spring Run and circled the head of it on the left side. Many cranberries in the bog but not a bird moved.

Left after five and drove to Gates but arrived too late - 6:40, with the sun already down. Moved two woodcock wild. at gate on way out saw 8 in dusk flight and one woodcock on the road. He calmly walked across and tested the road for worms in the beam from our headlights entirely unperturbed.

5
Flushed only when Kay opened the gate



WHO ARE YOU?

heard 2 grouse - 2 flushes
No shots

Disine: 1/prod.
Shadows

Wednesday 17 October: Picked up Mel Heath and had him take us out. Drove to Canaan Mountain, turning in to Bearden. Walked down old road toward base of ridge, cutting directly down and letting Mel walk the road. At bottom of large maple and beech woods (there are a very few beechwoods this year) we came to better looking cover on lower margin - weeds & bracken and little spring runs with hemlocks and rhododendron. In the first one we heard a grouse almost immediately - flushing from dogs to a tree, then directly at me overhead and past. I turned, gun caught on a branch and managed to get off a shot directly away and saw the grouse settle as the winged. The high goldenrod was so dense and dusty dry with the desiccated blossoms shedding in our faces that we had trouble and did not locate the point of fall. Circling wide and thoroughly, I finally turned and hunted back closer to the woods. Just within the trees I came on the grouse with a broken wing, fluttering but unable to rise. I called Shadows in and he soon recovered it and retraced.

exceptionally nice big cock.

Kay ~~changed~~ turned the movie film and we proceeded north along base of ridge. A large bird flushed below us from the dogs and we both marked its flight. But we could not locate it.

Trying a series of aspen groves in the valley - no cock - we began hunting south along the ridge but saw Mel far to the north of us, waiting. While I covered two conifer stands, Kay went back and arranged for Mel to return to the car via the road while we hunted the bottom.

Below the car and in some good small beech cover we got into four birds - one of which I missed, left ^{quartering} ~~passing~~ against the sun and low. Dixie did not handle them well, but it was very dry and adverse conditions. I would like to return to this coast via a log road that connects with the turn-off from the Canadian Highway on side of mountain.

After a quelling climb we reached the car but there was no Mel. Rather than wait out the last hour of daylight we left a note for Mel and Kay drove me to the Falls. There I ran into 4 gunners who were blasting from 2 (never less) to 6 shells at every bird - must have shot at 15. The first flight must have been in for I moved 12 - all large ones. I shot 4 out of 8 shots - had several points by Dixie - worked alone with bell and killed one over a nice point. It was about 6:45 fast ~~time~~ when I ~~dropped~~ ^{dropped} #4 with the

second barrel and walked to the car.

Kay had returned, picked up Mel and taken him home, only to discover he had left his nice old Webber at the parking place. She went back, found it and had come for me. We then took it to a very relieved Mel. This was one of those good days.

Canada Mountain North - moved 6-6 flusher Shadows: 1 ret. 1 kill
2 shots - 1 hit Dixie: 1 kill

adult cock: inter.

Crop: leaves

Gates

moved 12 woodcock

8 shots - 4 hits (cock) Dixie: 3 prod 1 cock

She found but would not retrieve any of the woodcock

Thursday 18 October Last evening we were interrupted at the cabin just before sitting down to a gross dinner (first day's bird) by a knock that turned out to be Mr. & Mrs. Reinhart from the Workmen's Hotel. I have been anxious to meet him - a little Pennsylvania Dutchman - and we had a pleasant visit. He was in search of a close gun dog and Dr. Van Ormer had suggested ours. He indicated interest in our next litter. During the conversation, Reinhart told me of a large number of birds he'd found that day at the ridge from "old" Mr. Graham's.

So, today, being our best opportunity, we decided to try it. It is excellent beech cover and should be good in a year with mast. We drove out the lower road (this is the German tract) to a small ford

where we parked, using both Shadows & Dixie. This proved an error, tho both tried hard. We held to the lower margins as for Pouchert's suggestion and had not been too long out until a large grouse flushed about me and offered a wonderful left-quartern shot, high, that I dropped solidly. Neither dog was aware of the bird until the shot and then Dixie made the retriever not quite so hand, but it was warm and dry. The grouse was a very large adult cock — a beauty. We moved #2 wild not far ahead.



There was no more action thru considerable beech woods until we came to a fence and then located the house Pouchert had described — a large "orchard" in a clearing surrounded by cover. The house was sparsely fringed but the ground had loads of the house — yellow, mostly.

Both dogs worked the area while Kay & I more leisurely walked just outside the cover. On the north border I heard a grouse flush from me and tried an instinctive shot as he climbed the thick beech saplings, missing. At the report, two more flushed — one cutting back across the corner of the clearing — then two more by sound within the woods — first.

We doubled back after the first — my missed bird having gone north. We located three of them, or Shadows did, with a point on one, and moved a new bird, the sixth in the area. One was

reflex and then no more contacts. We stopped for lunch and
dropped back down to the lower level.

On the far side of a new clearing (I feel these clearings
with haws probably extend north for a mile or so) I saw Dixie
pounce and wind toward a woods with a clump of hemlocks below
us, then run in. Both she & Gladys went wild, pushing out at
least 4 new birds in a scandalous manner. We corrected the dogs,
then followed across a field after one of the birds, moving it from ~~the~~
bush pits, back to the hemlock clump. Followed and I found it
with no chance to shoot. Can't understand Dixie's not handling
these.

Again taking to the far edge of the field, I left King with
Gladys (a mistake) and worked Dixie alone. She did much better,
showing pointing instincts but with no birds moving. Returning, I
walked into one of the grouse (Dixie had been close but missed it) and
tried for a low roosting right-quarter shot into sunlight and missed.
at the shot, Gladys broke the belt holding him and ~~seized~~ pulled
King's shoulder badly. We refocused still another bird, but without any
work I had no opportunity for a shot.

Returning toward the car, we kept below an elevation hunting out
and passed ~~Pineharts~~ International ~~League~~ I'd heard of a seven

shots about and later, behind us and knew someone was with
the birds as it scattered.

Just before we reached the car. Dixie performed the ultimate
indignity of the afternoon by letting scout, and roosting
into a grouse with Shadows, flushing and both chasing like two
farm dogs. I was very much let down.

at the car we waited until Punctant came out - he'd shot
two he said. I examined his gun by Jaeger with a rifled right
barrel that produces a 53" spread at 17 yards. I wondered what he
had shot at with his other four or five shells for I don't see how a
bird could be missed with that spray. He used $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz of #9 shot.

We put our lovely big bird in the car and rolled for home, stopping
at Blaschke's Forge & pick up our other birds from the kitchen freezer.

It had been a fine trip, perfect weather, and good luck with evidence
of more grouse this year than the last two. And satisfaction of new confidence
in my condition & eyes inward 13 - 23 flashes

3 shots - 1 hit

Shadows: 1 prod.
1 kill

Dixie : 1 ret.
1 kill

adult cock: ^{very large} solid. $14\frac{1}{2}$ " fan
crop: haws & leaves

Saturday 20 October

cloudy and warm. (Yesterday spent in Huntington) 11/62
Along with Dixie to Jones. Woods fairly clear
after Blackwater area. Dixie worked very erratically
at first, later settling into nice coverage. She is the strangest dog I've ever
owned and requires extreme patience. No birds until I had worked out
the area below road to Jones, then crossed alone. In the nice corner where I
have often missed a bird, a grouse flushed from Dixie and came back
over my head. I took it as a going away over my left shoulder and saw
the bird settle as if wing shot.

Not certain it had been a hit. I followed back, noting that Dixie
was not in sight. After a few minutes she came back up the slope
carrying an enormous ^{red} bronze. She was very hot and did not deliver to
hand, stopping instead to lay the bird down and remove feathers from the
mouth. As she did, the grouse, still alive, struggled away from her. She
stopped it and again let it free. When I coaxed her to deliver she
abandoned the bird and came toward me. This, with a crippled bird, is no less
than stupid and I hurried in and dispatched the grouse. I can't remember
a larger appearing bird. Its head looked as large as ^{large} as a hen pheasant.
Both the tail band and the ruffs were very red.



After a bit of ghosting over this lovely bird, I
hunted on up the mountain past the "cabin" toward
what I remembered as an old clearing and a ledge of rock that, years ago, had
been fine cover. I seemed to go further than I had expected, following a newly
opened tractor a truck road. Resting and eating, I decided to top the

shoulder and work down into the cover about Jones' house where I thought I'd find plenty of quipes. But I failed to reach it, having been further south than expected and there were no quipes in the area I covered. Did see one bird start out but had no shot. A new strip job is being opened about Jones, further tearing up the rice country.

I stopped to chat with June, then moved below to the creek, moving two wild (one on the edge of the stream, that crossed). Pulled up the hill toward Summers and heard 2 more flush, one an uncertain sound. It was nearly dark at the car, and I was tired but happy.

(red orange) Moved 6 - 6 flushes Dixie: 1 ret
adult cock: very large 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ " fem, solid 1 hell
Crops: 1 quipe.

Less Crowl had phoned ~~some~~ last Friday a.m. and was free to come here for a short visit, arriving Sunday afternoon. We awoke on Monday to find Kay's sore shoulder developed into an extreme condition from Shaders' pull last Thursday. We spent all day in Morgantown getting an X-ray that proved negative as to fracture. I sent Len to the Hazel Run - Old Farm covert but he marked only one bird. Had two tries at it unsuccessfully. We called Red Ogden and arranged to get the key to Stony River Dam on Tuesday, picking it up at the Scherr P.O.

Tuesday 23 October. Driving thru overcast clouds with patches of blue sky we drove over Big Allegheny to Greenland Gap (leaving my car at home with Fay Falkenstein and Shadow) and picked up the key to Stony River Dam. The climb was acute, looking Sess's station in the distance. Topping out in some patch pines we drove some distance to the dam, parking at the caretaker's house. The wind was strong & cold as we started south to find the house Dr. Van Ormer had mentioned. Along a little drive we followed with Dixie working beautifully on my side, Shell & Sunny on Sess's. At the edge of a beech woods Sess saw Dixie point and later a grouse moved out ahead. Following:

we neared some house & mountain holly where Dixie again pointed very intensely to my left, moving in as a bird flushed. Then pointing again she moved in too close and #3 went out. It was spitting rain a sheet now and very cold. We flushed one of the birds and that was it. In a lower piece I saw Dixie near toward

a small run and a grouse flushed with no work from her.

We followed and Dixie flushed it on a second flush. Snow, very wet and penetrating pellets and soon soaked us — then my leather boots and all. Returned to the car then dropping wet pines and weeds and warmed up a bit in the car. Becker, the caretaker, said there were fewer birds this year than he could remember and I suspect he was not fooling. He said last year had been a big year here but lots of shooting. This country is much like Cabin Mountain and

would no doubt be good in certain places. Lins stayed with the car to replenish water while I took a creek downstream and shortly flushed #6 and a woodcock. This is the other area Van Dornier suggested and would bear scrutiny.

Moved 6 for 8 flushes

No shots

Moved 1 woodcock

Deer: 3/mo.

Nice ground work.

Wednesday 24 October Took Lins to Upper Dority today and was dismayed to find the area along old road heavily posted by Harry Kesner and J.W. Taylor. Parked usual place and soon began moving grouse down the little run. I had Lins in the bottom and I forgot the bucket - no easy task.

Reaching the ridge between the two Doritys, I got Lins on the top path and I took the lower (is it middle?) one. Moved 3 going down, one of which I tried for rather far out as it wheeled off the ridge from Lins' dogs. I missed. Moved one on for side of ridge and another on nice old edge of fields. I was using Shadows and he worked beautifully, handling that difficult cover very well. But he made no single point that I could see - tho he had a lot of contacts - Heavy snow squalls hit us and whitered the cover and ourselves. Hunted back up the valley to the car with Lins getting two shots at quail near the hollow.

one of which should have been a possible I trust. I must locate¹⁵ '62
Mr. Kiser and have a conference. This is paradise for grouse, with
vast areas downstream untested.

Nov 11 - 16 ~~flashes~~ flushes

.Shadens

One shot - no hit



Saturday 26 October after ~~but not~~ snow at night, the country to
still white in the shady places but clearing on sunny slopes.
However the sun was in the minority and by the time I got the
car from Bob Murphy it was late and I entered the woods at
3:45 further delayed by Bill Dison and his "stone that bleeds
every Friday before Easter."

I was using Dison (Dag stayed home, her arm much improved
but not up to dove taking yet) and wanted to hunt the good
woodcock bottom across from Sells while the flight was still
possible. However, with snow all over it, the chance was slim.
Dison worked like a dream, skipping back and across the cover
like a dry fly over water. However she seemed to get little
scent of the grouse as usual. #1 flushed to my right after
she had worked the area. I think she is too fast for caution.
There were no 'cock thro I covered good territory until at the
extreme point below Huggins. There I saw Dison stiffen head
high, move in and freeze, very high. As I walked up suspecting

a grouse, a woodcock flushed and I managed a shot I scarcely
would have thought possible, the bird falling solidly - but out on the
edge of a field.



DIXIE DOES IT WELL.

I knew the woodcock
would be where it landed,
but tho I ordered her in,
I couldn't see her. When
I got thru the dense
edge where she was
hunting as tho nothing
had happened. I ordered

her to search again and she industriously went over every square inch of
ground. The field was open as a floor but I thought my eyes were failing me.
There was not a feather to be seen. At one place Dixie gave a good
imitation of a scent and I thought the bird was down under thick vines.
But first I backtracked myself and relocated the point of fall.

TUSL Just inside from where it must have been, I saw Dixie reach
down and nose the bird in a patch. I think she'd picked it up,
carried it that far, then abandoned it. She is tricky that way
on woodcock, not enjoying them as for retrieving and should be
watched carefully. She'll go to the fall and locate it, but will leave
the bird with no qualms of conscience. It was, like the other 'cocks
this year, a hen.

Hunting up the ridge to ^{Saw} ~~Steffens~~ ^{small} ~~great~~ I flushed
a grouse from a grapevine where it was perched. Dixie

I moved #3 further on and got a reflex. Then in an 17/62
circle I saw Dixie walk in and, not aware of the point a
net, I saw the grouse go out. She hurried on after it and as I
came to the area, I glimpsed another grouse sitting on a
boulder, looking at me. ~~But~~ Whether Dixie in I started
her come to me, passing within 15 yards of the bird and
downwind, but the bird being higher many hairs prevented scent
reaching her. I motioned her around and when she was in
and approached, the bird flushed with no work on it.

at the main road about the gate I walked a few
yards and saw her make a lovely momentary point then move
on where she found it empty. She has the deer and the
nose but could not seem to get the point today.

Tho we hunted all the way out the trail we made
nothing. There are loads of grapes here. Footing was bad and I
was tired, fatigued I think by my heavy nose boots.
at least we had one lovely experience with our woodcock killed
over a fine point

more 5 — 6 flushes

No shots

Dixie: 1 prod w.c.

1 kill over point

more 1 woodcock - 1 flush

1 shot - 1 hit

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday, November Bad weather & cold symptoms held off our trip to Blockmaler & to meet Westerman. Today was lovely and we, loaded and waiting for a day or two, took off. Going up Roaring Gap we saw 3 small forms in the road - like abandoned babies - that turned out to be one-third grown raccoons, just about the most appealing little thing conceivable. Ray took movies of them as they moved to the left side of the road, halted, bewildered, and then climbed saplings for want of a better thing to do. Two were up on trees, peeling around, and the third up another. We got what must be outstanding pictures and almost hating to move on, wished them well and left.

We arrived at Davis in less than two hours, reserved a cabin via phone, and proceeded to Canaan Mt., parking at the pump house to try the lower levels. While good looking covert, it proved empty as for ~~the~~ birds,

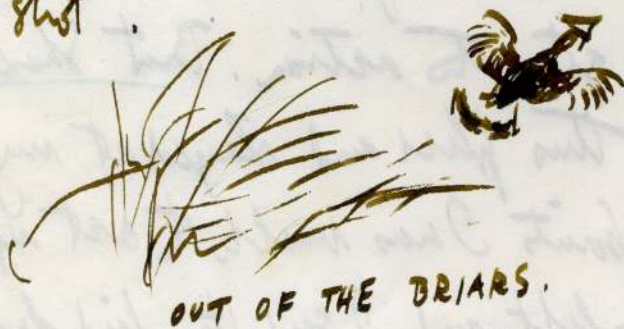
Shadows & Dixie working the ground well. Moving up the first unnamed tributary, we hunted into the ledges of rocks and had begun to tip out when Dixie showed signs of scent and we saw a grouse flush, then a second.

As we began to follow down along the rim after #1, a woodcock flushed from the same area. Soon, I saw Shadows on point ahead and about me, on the brink of the ledge. As he moved in a step a woodcock flushed out over the rocks, right-crossing and folded at my shot. Shadows, the perfect retriever, plunged into the tangle and delivered my bird to hand, very proudly. ~~He was~~ trying to catch



BABES IN THE WOODS.

17a
172
the grouse but did not succeed. We could not find #2 when we circled
back and over the top. Both dogs were working like dreamers, independently
and within nice range, and as we hunted down the ridge, Dixie began
working smart, head up, like a champion. But as so often the case,
the birds aren't there when the dogs think they are, tho I believe they'd
been walking downgrades some time ahead of us. Coming to the clump of
aspens where Sam had made 7 in 1959, I hunted down over into the
declivity. After both dogs had worked beyond, I walked into a
grouse, #3, that flushed low and right-quartering, tumbling wing-tipped
at my shot.



OUT OF THE BRIARS.

I sent Dixie to retrieve and she
soon found the bird where it had
fluttered along the ground, bringing
it back partway. But after she
laid it down, nothing I could do

would persuade her to complete the delivery. (Why?) So finally I sent
Shedows who did it nicely. But I have to credit both of them.
We were a long way from the car and wanted to go to the falls for evening
woodcock. Still, I had to visit the greenbrier patch. As we got there, I
heard #4 go back to the area we'd left. And soon after, #5 flushed
(perhaps two of them) and we saw one bird patch over the ledge. Good place
to try. Around the right margin of the greenbriers we came as Dixie
on intense point with Shedows just behind her and got set for another
grouse. But it was a woodcock, a low left-crossing shot and again

it tumbled as the Purdy swung thru. What a gun.



LIKE AN OLD PRINT.

No more action all the way to the car.

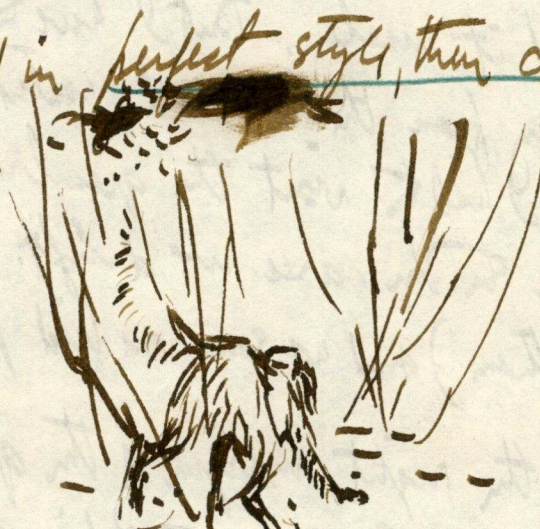
I dropped my gun off to walk in to Ben & Dorothy Thompson's and I took the two dogs to the Gates, where, for a moment, I thought I had the covert to myself. But Walt Sasser's truck was there but no sign of him.

Going into the cover on the right where I've found the woodcock seem to stay before feeding time, I soon got into action. But Shadow had not forgotten his quirk about this place and stayed at my feet.

Dixie made a couple of nice points I was unable to act upon until one that flushed away - left and I saw the bird drop at my shot. Immediately Shadow went into action at my command, found and retrieved the bird in perfect style, then came back at heel like a non-slip retriever.

A wild flush gave me my last woodcock for the day and made a string of five hits - one given & four cork, about the best day's shooting I've done.

I would say Bernie Gable had got the Purdy #1 barrels very much



DIXIE SOLID
ON WOODCOCK.

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

circle on the far side of the road to try to mark a grouse and '9/162
 here Shadows decided it was time to stop stalling and proceeded to
 hunt beautifully. We heard no grouse but did mark another roadside
 with Dixie pointing well. Back at the car I waited and talked to
 Walt for some time, then went to Thompsons and got (day), a perfect
 day with fine dog work and the gun working beautifully.

Canaan Mt.
 1:15 to 4:15

marked 5 grouse - 5 flushes

One shot - 1 hit

2 shots WC - 2 hits (over pts)

Dixie: 1 net
 1 kill

Shadows: 1 net
 1 kill

1 prod (WC)

2 net (WC)

adult hen: inter.
 crop: empty

Batis

marked 7 WC - 7 flushes

2 shots WC - 2 hits

Dixie: 3 prod (WC)

Shadows: 2 net (WC)

Friday 2 November This was the planned Gladys country trip
 with Westerman. We met him at Alpena at noon and drove down
 the Gladys road (paved) through excellent looking hemlock & hardwood
 country - miles of it - to the village of Gladys, then left, then right
 up the East Branch of Gladys into the gas well country that Charles
 knows. But this is pole rig beech & maple with no floor covering and
 no birds. Possibly in a good beech year but not this. I felt it a waste
 of effort but had to go, then the motorist. At last we returned to the
 road to Umbagog Mountain and in that valley did find better cover
 along a run, marking 5 birds. One flushing from Dixie into a tree, reflected
 and came exactly over me - a high income I tried to take but
 failed to release the safety. I would feel myself making the shot.

Ray had returned to the car with Shadows who had been working too
wide (similar yesterday's nice performance) and as we hunted down the
run, she moved the car ahead. In the hollow Charles made a
double try at a bird - a miss - that was the only shooting of the
day. We returned via Muddy Mountain thru miles of gorgeous
scenery but saw no grouse cover till we reached Brown Dam
refuge where we took a good sortie below but failed to make a
thing that I looked promising. This is vast country and certainly
must hold some pockets of grouse. But it needs a guide.

Moved 5 - 6 flocks
No shots

Dixie
Shadows

Disappointed well but made no points.

Saturday 3 November Yesterday was the good hunting day (as was
Thursday) but today dawned cloudy with promise of rain. We
hunted the corner coast at Blackwater, having started for the Baldwins
but changed plans when the fog settled in. It soon began to
drizzle but we hunted along the pipe line, Dixie moving on at
the usual place that went down on. Following the power line along
the Park boundary, Dixie also moved #2 that showed just too far out
for a shot. Later we saw #3 go out well ahead and cross the
line. Today was not Dixie's or Shadows day. We soon got a shower
of sleet, then snow that steadily grew worse and thus we called the
for side of the pipe line with no results, we made for the car,

then the cabin and pulled stakes for home, keeping just ahead of
 what must have been a heavy snow behind us. At Terra Alta we
 drove out of the snow and into simple rain - much more to my
 taste for driving

March 3 - 4 flushes
 No shots

Drac
 Shadows

Tuesday 6 November Voted and drove to Houndsfield corner, leaving

Shadows in his new Mr. Blandings' Castle which worked very well.

Behind Dick Kelly's (and the old burying lot - Fisher, Fyke, and Gyp)

we hunted downstream along upper margin of as good grass cover with
 loads of grapes as I expect to see. No birds. At Allen's stores we
 dropped to lower edge along Sandy and hunted upstream, with two
 birds going out from Dixie. At bridge abutments over Sandy below
 Ray Butcher's we paused, then hunted on up, then the hemlock coast.
 Almost at once we heard a bird flush across the creek from Dixie, then
 3 went out one after the other ahead of all of us - simply nervous,
 the the day was quiet and damp and cool - then a fifth bird
 also flushed before Dixie approached. Fine in this one area but how to
 see them.

Above the power line we entered the woods and Dixie soon
 went on a nice point - tiger head, moved in and paws again, but the
 bird flushed before I could begin to move up. After eating lunch near
 Cuffs Run (a shot on top the ridge) we crossed and started out

the path. Some pieces out, a grouse flushed from the right of the path and curved behind a white oak, keeping out of my view and preventing a shot. We had to turn back without exploring further in order to get to the car & give Shadows a turn — a bad arrangement. Circled for the last bird but failed to locate it. No action all the way back. Drove the car to the Valley woods near disseminated road but the Shadows did his stunt very enthusiastically, we found these woods ground far too large and open for birds. Kay went to the car and drove it to Mrs. Sheffer's house where I met her, leaving the only bird flush from Shadows below me. A nice day but no shooting.

Hendershull's

Mixed 9 — 9 flushes
no shots

Dixie: 1 mod.

Valley & Sheffer

Mixed 2 — 2 flush
no shots

Shadows

Wednesday - November

We took this day for the Whitcomb Settlement.

Started with Shadows in covert below Craig. Not far up the hill a bird came in from Shadows and landed in a sapling above me. I was aware of it only by the ^{very} feathers whistling as it went into the tree.

In a moment it reflushed and I made a guess (too quick) try that missed — a right-quarter overhead. I missed no birds on that shot! No more birds all the way to the top. Coming down I saw

certain a bird flushed from Shadows' action. Later, he made a nice point that, unfortunately, proved empty. Ray went for the car and I



hunted up the run toward Craig's, flushing a bird on the way. Got 2 references without shots.

REMEMBER, OVERTAKE.

Joined Ray and after eating, moved to

Calvert's, parked and hunted up the upper

side to crest of valley, moving a bird almost at once. No birds in all this wealth of grasses until we were walking back along the road when a grouse flushed from upper edge going over toward the valley above Calvert's. I followed (Ray went to house) but then I hunted across and down Stamping Ground Run had no action. My shot today was the first in a week. Not enough action to call shot. at home were sorry to learn that old Mr. Calvert (Cecil ~~Harland~~ Maryland)

had died in September at 89. Fine old man.

Permit say he saw broods of grouse in summer but very few now.

March 5-7 flushes

One shot - no hit

Shadows
Dix

Much new area posted this year by Burge Bros.



Thursday 8 November

Spent a fair afternoon (cool and overcast) at

Murphy's garage and did not get back till 4 pm. Went to area

behind Shady Grove Cemetery (Mason Run) recommended by a young man in garage. Failed to make more than 2 birds but do think this could have looking into, downstream a perhaps start back of Bob Goldstori and work up.

made 2 - 2 flashes
no shots

Dixie worked well but put up both birds with no points. Why?

Old Spuk died a Nov. 1935 - 27 years ago.

after 3 consecutive rainy days (Friday, Saturday and Sunday) our Blackwater trip turned nice. Len arrived at Old Hemlock on Saturday night and we took off Sunday afternoon for Cabin 18.

Monday 12 November A beautiful sunny day, moderately warm. Started to take Len to the covert on the Harmon tract beyond Graham's but got stuck in the thawing mud. I got our car through but Len hung up and I walked back to Graham's for help in the form of their four-wheel drive truck. Once out of that and back on solid road, we returned up Canyon to the Balsams parking at Ben Thompson's market stand.

Swire Peg was not yet with us, Kay was hunting and we used Dixie, leaving Shadows in his "Mr. Blandings' Castle", first time. Len and both quail & sunny. On the way to the balsam stand, Len flushed a woodcock that topped the small rise into cover but we failed to locate it on the follow-up; the Dixie at one point drew up on scent, then abandoned it.

On the edge of the upper end of Balsams Spring, Sunny bumped

a grouse and chased until two more flushed at less's voice. Reflushed one on the follow and then we crept back - Guy & I swinging wide to reach the hawthornes I remembered along the lower margin of beech. Here, an odd thing happened. As I walked toward a likely spot where Dixie was working (she hunted beautifully) I visualized what I would do if a grouse were to flush across the opening in front - how to handle it: try to shoot before it reached the silvery dead snag, or wait until it passed and try for it in the brief opening beyond before it made the woods. I was thinking that I had gone thru this mental process many times, when my musing was broken by a flush with a pitting sound - then Dixie's bark that indicated the bird had gone to a tree. Suddenly, the image I had contemplated ~~as~~ an empty space was filled by a very live grouse zooming across in the exact trajectory I had visualized and I mounted, swung past and fired with no thought or chance to think where I would take it. Actually I fired well past both considered points, dropping the bird in a centered hit that caused the feathers to appear to fly after it had dropped.



'62/26

Dixie ran up and made a very nice retrieval to land — a nice yearling cock, hit hard. When we rejoined Les, he accused me of having shot it in a tree, what with Dixie's barking!

Les later moved one of the first birds as a reflush. We moved around the shoulder to the area in Upper Blackwater that Reinhart described, discovering excellent cover but no birds. On the far loop before turning back, I turned my head to talk to Kay and heard a flush, wheeling to see Dixie was in after a bird that rose and entered the spruce forest. Both Kay and Les had been watching a lovely point by Dixie that I missed entirely!

Waded nothing all the way back until we reached the Balsams where Dixie entered and three birds flushed. We tried to locate them on the far edge, working up from the ^{mid-}crossing and did move 2. It was late and we had a long walk to the car so did not go far after these.

As we neared the low rise of woods where we had lost the woodcock, I saw Dixie up and followed her. She soon began working scent and pointed, the oddity she kept working in, finally making the cock which flushed giving me a beautiful left-crossing shot that I dropped solidly. Dixie picked it up, laid it down, and walked off.

at the edge of the woods as we were almost out of cover, all three dogs began ground trailing excitedly, Skull & Sunny in the open fern, Dixie just on the woods margin. To our surprise, a grouse flushed close to me but from behind a beech tree, keeping entirely out of shooting scope. Why do the dogs ground trail? Anyway it was, for me, a fine day.

yearling cock: solid	Mead ¹⁰ / ₉ - ¹⁴ / ₁₅ flushes	Dixie: 1 prob.
crop: few leaves but almost empty.	one shot - one hit	1 kill
	" 1 wc - 2 flushes	1 net
	1 shot (wc) - 1 hit	1 prob wc (kill and)

Tuesday 13 November Today was cloudy and rainy, but in late afternoon we drove to Reservoir Ridge, less taking his station wagon up to top level where we started hunting at 3:00. I led us directly to bird #1 in exactly the spot where Ray & I had moved it on our trip. less fails to get shots because he is not constantly prepared to shoot - as you must be in grouse cover. This time he turned his head to see the bird, not his body. We failed to reflush this bird and moved nothing until we had rounded the tip end of the ridge. I was using shadows today and had trouble with his ranging too wide. As I climbed along the brink of a high wall above a strip mine, shadows found scent and I expected a bird immediately. Not until he moved into rhododendron did the bird appear - right-crossing like yesterday's bird but showing only for two flash glimpses. I tried to swing him it as the

heard "loki" but felt myself shoot too soon. Later would have been a blind shot. I tried to see the bird cross the strip mine and go into the far cover but failed. On the chance it might have been hit & fallen I scanned the flat strip fill-in but could not find it. Moving on toward Less, I thought I saw another grouse flicker up. Moments later, Shadows rather corroborated that impression by indicating scent at the spot. That was the end of action, except that Less got separated from me and it was closing time when we got together. "Packets" of migrating birds at dusk.

Mixed 3 (none new) - 3 flushes

One shot - no hit

Shadows
(worked hard but too wide.)

Wednesday 14 November Clear and sunny. Drove to Canaan Mountain road and out to Cooper's Knob. Less took his two dogs and Kay and I took Shadows, leaving Miss Dixie in the car. We expected birds here, for two years ago (I think) we heard numbers of grouse drumming on this hillside. But today we saw one bird (Less also moved one for two flushes) but had no shot. The top of the knob appears fine cover - open and with lots of illex but no birds. We got separated from Less and met him back at the car where he said he had waited 55 minutes, tho he could have hunted across the road. We went clear to the gap where North Bluestem heads into Canaan (Kay took movie) and back along bottom margin.

At Davis Trail, Kay let us out and then drove to Davis while Less and I hunted - using Shell and Dixie - all the way down to the

Park road where we'd left Lewis car, moving not a feather.
 at Plantation Trail area, Dixie made a lovely point but missed in,
 and altho no bird materialized, I did admonish her and found that
a touch with a switch made sense to her.

Coprus Kuck	moved 2-3 flushes	Shadows.
Davis Trail	no shots	Dixie
	no nothing!	

Thursday, 15 November Less made a rush trip to Cumberland and
 met Peg, who had come by train, and they got to the cabin by
 9:30! Less and I took Sunny and Dixie to the Harman covert —
 managing the road beyond Graham's nearly this time in my car.
 I was surprised to meet no birds all the way thru the area where Kay
 & I had found so many. Hunting beyond, we crossed what I think
 is Yokum Run and now got into action. Dixie who was working
 too wide was out of sight when I saw Sunny make a nice find and
 flash point as a grouse materialized from the leaves and bore away
 from me in wide open cover. I missed, but it took talent to do it.
 my only excuse was the distraction of Sunny chasing the bird. We
 followed and Less told he saw a distant flush — easily caused by
 both dogs running wild.

Coming back to the lower area,

we crossed an opening and I saw something out ahead of Sunny that
 looked like a stump with an upright branch springing from the sunlight.

As my eyes focused I saw it was Dixie on a solid point, her tail upright and her rear toward me. Sunny ran up and both dogs



moved in closer, Dixie pointing again. But the birds wouldn't take any more — three of them flushed from a pile of dead pine or hemlock cuttings — two headed away, the other crossing in front of Sess — too far out but he tried and missed. After the excitement settled, I looked ahead and saw Dixie pointing again, this time deeper in the thicket. As I approached, she entered a stand of hard hark and disappeared. Moments later while I was still too far away, a bird flushed and followed the far edge. When we got into it, we saw that the thicket was a small one, too limited to hold the birds we had seen flush and as estimated their flight as all the way to a tall stand of hemlocks and hardwoods ahead.

Feeling it time to head for the car we did not at once follow but tried to locate Sess's missed bird, failing to do so. Ending nearer the tall woods than before, we hurried to it and made an upflush, wild. On the way back we hunted the lower country and Sess saw 2 grouse flush from beneath a hawthorn in open pasture and into the swamps where we later moved our wild. This swamp and adjacent cover is worth exploring.

On the way back, Dixie makes back point with Sunny backing that unfortunately was empty. I'm sure the bird had been there. However, we did not miss anything but a woodcock (heard, not seen) after this tho we were through the area where ~~the bird~~ ~~was~~ ~~seen~~.

We are trying to work out an approach to this country from the
Yohann Run road. I wonder?

Mixed 6 (all new) - ⁸ ~~10~~ flocks

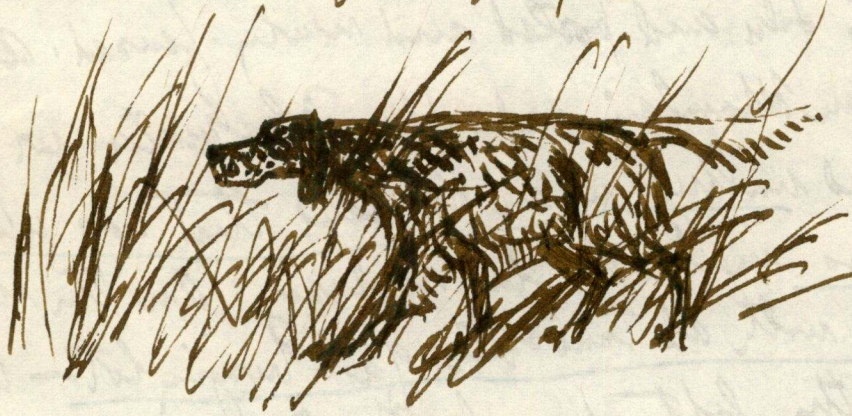
" 1 W.C. - 1 "

One shot - no hit

Dixie: 2 prod.
miss note but
too wide.

Friday 16 November The Forsters joined us at 11:00 a.m. and I
drove Wendle and Liss and myself to the
Corner School road, only to find "the Dolls' house" taken over by Hank
Mallow of the Mallow's Lake, and posted and newly fenced. As we
wanted to reach Camsan Mountain and upper Blackwater we parked at
the end of the road and walked up an old lane that was white with
woodcock splashings in the old clay roadways. On the right was
a hawthorn orchard with old tombstones of a burying lot - behind the
Mallow fence and on the left open fields. Down over the rise we
found ourselves shut in by the new fence and when we tried to
flank it, came to new notices ^{signed} by someone named Bennett.
Surrounded on three sides, we gave up and cut back over the hill
toward the car, taking the top of the ridge with its stands of nothing but
blackberry briars. Just over the brow Liss called that there
were two birds and I saw one crossing below me and entering the
posted woods on the right. They had been in the open briar patch.
at Liss's voice, #3 flushed behind him and he tried for it and
missed, his shot putting up #4 from the original site where

Shell had pointed. We decided to follow the two that appeared to go down rock. But before I had gone twenty yards I looked to my right and saw Shadows on one of his solid points - the kind you know is going to stay there. I approached and even called "point!" to her below me. But Shell had moved up to Shadows and as I fought my way along the dense briar stand on the hillside the bird, beautifully pinned, bored out and I could not see it beyond the first glimpse. But the point was lovely.



ONE OF SHADOWS'S
OLD ROCK OF AGES POINTS.

Unable to further follow the birds into posted land, we gave up, and returned to the car, driving to the area

on Canadian Mt. above Davis. Here I sent Sam and

made in ahead of me while I finished a lot of food and changed dogs, then I cut up the rhododendron cover to the power line and across to the greenbrier - none here today - over the cliff ledges and up beyond where I'd ever been - none here - and back down the power line to connect with the other two and their dogs. On the left side going down, I saw Davis ahead of me, then the next moment a grouse flushing, I thought, "my!" But I saw that it was on the contrary, headed low and at me, waiting. I saw it was to

my right and swoop up - offering me a right-quarter shot rather far out. I mounted and swung them and fired and the grass tumbled - a nice shot.



Dixie went in for the retriever, over-ran and came back at command, locating and delivering very nicely - an adult hen and a red. The shot came at a

particularly gratifying time after a string of unproductive days.

Joining Meade & Sen, who had not seen a thing, we got in the car and drove to the lower loop road back of the Park, separating while Sen stayed in the car. I saw nothing but Meade flushed as bird along the Lundy Run Trail - no shot. While waiting Sen talked to a bear hunter who showed him bear tracks behind the car and signs of bear on an apple tree. It started to rain as we drove off.

Corner School road: moved 4-5 flocks

Shadows: 1 prod. & nice range.

Canaan Mt above Davis: moved 1 (new) - 1 flush

Dixie: 1 kill 1 net.

adult hen: red, semi-intel.

One shot - 1 hit

Crop: leaves and buds and stems.



Saturday we started for Barbours but were rained out. So Ray & I packed and came home over the weekend. Here Sunday, writing this, we are with snow. Wonder when we'll get back to cabin is?

Tuesday 20 November With persistent snow clinging to every branch, we delayed our departure yesterday, arriving in Blackwater to find perfect hunting conditions (actually no snow at all around Bayard). How are you to plan these things? Les had hunted Monday. Today - Tuesday - we revisited the Balsams after another foul beginning with snow on all branches but less in the Canaan Valley. Les & I on a run down to Ben Thompson discovered the improved conditions, came back to the cabin and Les & I headed for the Balsams. Shadows spotted a woodcock immediately inside the area, under a clump of hawthorns and a second bird flushed from the same. Following into a small ladder made, Shadows made another point (empty) but a 'cock had moved out just before. On further pursuit, Les shot one of the woodcocks coming back past him and Jimmy made a lovely find & retrieve. We moved exactly one grouse just outside the Balsams. Later, crossing the dense cover I walked into a woodcock that rocketed straight up and I missed the shot (no excuses). On far side of woods, Les had marked down the flight of the cock but the Shadows hauled diligently, I failed to mark it.

We returned to the car, parked opposite Courtland Road, where Dixie was being most unhappy and drove to the hotel. Les did not care to hunt here, so I took Dixie and ~~the~~ who immediately settled down to work. It was about 5:00 and very dark and

clouds. Worked the south side, moving west toward the aspens.
 Just within the thicket I heard three go out in succession —
 the first a blind flush, the second a glimpse without a shot,
 and the third one I tried for as it bore toward the road and
 saw it fall.



Dixie, still too keen, kept over-running
 the area I thought the fallen bird was in.
 Actually, the ground was dotted with
 woodcock winterwork. At last, working

close to the road, I had trouble getting Dixie in, due to her
 excitement. On the last time she panned on the far side
 of the road, then dipped her head and I saw the cock floating
 in the flooded ditch. Dixie used her paw to draw the bird to
 her, picked it up and at once laid it down. It was a large hen.

Once more back in the thicket I soon got a second shot
 at a bird that flushed from me. Dixie came in and made a nice
 point at the site of flush then at the fall and located but
 refused the retrieval.

Crossing, there were no birds under big aspens. Passing firs in
 the car I pushed into the thicket near the grouse spruce and soon
 got another flush — a bird I took as it rose acutely but did not
 center. This one still alive, Dixie retrieved to hand. Woodcock shooting
 is a welcome action after the sparse grouse shooting we've had.

Balmain:

Gates:

Moved (1 grouse) - 1 flush
 no grouse shot (not new)
 moved 6 WC 6 flushes

3 WC - 6 flushes
 1 shot WC. no hit

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Shadows

Dixie

1 hen, 2 cocks

Wednesday 21 November

Cloudy and verging on rain and very much warmer. Len and I got a late start due to moving out of Calum 18 and waiting until the Crows got settled in the Smith Hotel - a dreary looking place. Drove to Corner School road (conversation with former Jennings native named Butcher who lives on same street as Mel Heath in Davis, re lots of grouse below Jennings on Middle Mountain). Len & I worked the blackberry briars and moved the four birds in the open in a simultaneous flush near Len who missed. This time we followed in verboten woods and at last moved one of the birds from Umblocks down over on Club Run - again a miss by Len. Reflushed this bird later. That was it. The rain set in before we reached the car. Back in Davis, Len and I bade our farewells and drove home in heavy rains.

Moved (4 grouse, not new) - 6 flushes and shadows who hunted nicely.

No shots

~~~~~  
Somehow the Blackwater trip this time did not live up to standards. Very scarce grouse are chief shortcoming. But believe more than 4 or 5 days are too much in such intimate relation. What began as genial situation became tense and boring - too much opinion and too little tact. We were glad to get home.



Thanksgiving Day 22 November 37/62  
Hunted with Ray in Lick Run  
and wild wood

area above Summers. Weather dark and lowering. David  
who worked much closer and very well if a bit too inclined to  
check with me. No birds at all except on #3 run where  
Ruff pointed four on one of his last trips in there. David  
had made a lovely point just like Ruff some bit earlier but  
it proved empty.



LIKE HER FATHER.

Then on the slope before #3  
run I found her solid with  
head low, like a quail bird.  
Her tail moved, then stopped

and as I cautioned her to stay the bird flushed low and away. It  
was further that I would have wished and not a clear look but I tried  
and missed. Followed but failed to move it.

Hunted the lower level back, hoping  
to find birds down out of gale wind.

No. at car, switched to Shadows

and hunted for 2 hours in corn below

road. He worked very hard but in nice range but we failed to move a thing.

It had begun to snow when we got to car.

Moved 1 - 1 flush. David: 1 prod.

One shot - no hit

Shadows:



CLOSE, LIKE QUAIL.



Friday 23 November Perfect day, clear, sunny and cold. Ray and I took off for Upper Dooty with Kinser's blessing. As we drove down the old lane, a grouse sailed from hemlocks and down the road ahead of us! Happy ones. Leaving Shadow in his castle, we started down the path along the run many #1 at the bridge. Not far down, I glimpsed Dixie on point ahead, viewing her stem thrust. As I hurried up, the grouse flashed and offered me a quick shot, rising and crossing the path and I missed.



Just before I reached the run where the path crosses, another bird flushed from the left and gave me a straight-away down the open path. I missed this one, too.

Why? I can't say unless I should have used the left barrel.

We built a crossing with another rock and got to the far side of the run (it was new this fall before) and within moments moved one of the birds from a rhododendron clump. Too soon for the same bird we moved ~~what I count #4~~ another from another rhododendron that I think crossed the run. Rather than try a crossing we hunted down to the tributary on the right and worked up the main ridge to the path that I'll call #3 from the top. Very shortly, I saw Dixie pointing ahead and in fact, saw her with the next pointing down



DOWN THE GARDEN PATH.



across the path and heard the bird go out below. Almost at once, <sup>39</sup>  
a second bird flushed from the edge of the path a short piece ahead  
and rose to the upper side. I tried what I thought was a fair attempt  
but again missed the way that the bird acted abnormally. However  
we could not find it down. This was beginning to act on me adversely  
but I tried to stay cool.



Further along the path I saw a grouse  
run out from a hemlock on the left,  
rise and level off about chest high. I  
fired "on it" then the hemlock and that the bird was hit. Sending Dixie  
down the steep side, I saw small feathers floating, but the Dixie  
hunted hard, ~~she~~ did not find the bird and I'm sure it did not fall.

This was not my day. Except for the straightaway down the  
path, ~~three~~ <sup>other</sup> (the) shots had been rather too fast. I think, in order  
to focus on the bird, you must have a minimum of two seconds  
to "see" what you are shooting at. Anything faster is a "poke"  
or a try that seldom hits. And many grouse fail to offer a  
two-second dwell.

Eating lunch & settling down, we worked the path to the  
end of the ridge, moving #7 on the lower side. Crossing via the  
road, we began hunting up the far side of the stream, territory I had  
never hunted. Fair cover, it went like the next hillside, which I



believe has good cover that is with visiting at the foot of the ridge on the lower path. Also there is extended cover down the creek on both sides that well bear looking at. The road from Possum Hollow would be good entrance.

We made 2 birds coming up the left side but had no view of them. At the upper power line we held to the same left side in hope of making the birds that had crossed the run. Near the hemlock when a bird had flushed from overhead when I was here with Sam, I had taken several steps when a grouse exploded behind me, rising and headed down the hollow. I wheeled and shot almost over my right shoulder with the grouse against the sky. I knew I hit it but for some perverse reason the bird did not fall but instead, dropped its left leg and crossed the run where I saw it go down straight away from us. This was in complete accord with the mood of the day but this time for there was a cloud of feathers floating. I knew we'd find our bird with any <sup>for there was a cloud of feathers floating</sup> birds at all & plunging across the stream with legs behind me (she had dropped to the ground at the flush) I sent Dixie into the area where I had marked the bird and after several casts I saw her stop and reach down behind some rhododendron and I knew she had found the grouse. Within a few moments she picked the bird up and retrieved it, still alive & unharmed. It was a large adult cock, and a welcome hit.





41/62  
 No more flushes to the car. Then I  
 took Shadows up the far side while  
 Kay drove Dixie to the shed at the upper  
 end of the woods. Poor Shadows hunted  
 hard but there were no birds. George hunted hard, too. Oh, my  
 aching back!

This bird was hit with  
 5 or 6 pellets in breast  
 but I could find breast  
 4 hours it carried as well as left leg.  
 adult cork: solid  
 crop: grapes

March 9 (3 new) 15 flushes  
 5 shots - count them! - 1 hit

Dixie: 2 prod.  
 1 kill  
 1 ret

Shadows:

Saturday 24 November

Another beautiful day. cool, sunny. Kay  
 and Dixie stayed home and Shadows & I  
 drove up the hill past the Mitchell Place and parked in the field at  
 the top. Within five minutes, Shadows made a production in the  
 cover beyond the power line and I saw the bird sail out low across  
 the sight of my. Following, I came on Shadows as point standing  
 in the middle of the old road, pointing below. It was a high  
 point like one of Ruff's and it was beautiful. I tried to move the grass  
 by my voice but it lay tight.  
 Giving up hope of a shot, I climbed  
 the fence but the bird still held.  
 Then walking in across the



IN THE MIDDLE OF  
 TITE ROAD.



I walked the bird up. But instead of rising, it wiggled along thru the weeds, bored low between saplings and never did give me a clear view of it — a clever grouse. I saw it top the ridge and pitch over the direction of an car. Look with shadows!

Not caring to follow, I hunted up the valley to the cuttings above Mason Run back of Bob Schlotter's. There I saw Shadows working up an old log road and heard and saw a grouse flush up the hill. I couldn't tell if Shadows had pointed. In a moment a second bird went out (blind flush) and soon after as I walked along, a third that seemed to go out the ridge. Taking the first chance, I topped the hill cleared the flat cover with no results then after a breather, moved down the side along the little spring run. Shoving a brush heap, I walked into a grouse that must have been #2 bird (first of the trio). It bored away from me and rising up the slope thru thick cover. I had a mere shadow of a glimpse but fired and saw it go down in a cloud of feathers with little doubt that it would stay there.

Shadows came in and promptly located it in the

log road above me, retrieving meekly to hand — an adult hen, not a





red ruff and tail but one of the reddest overall colorations I've seen, especially the head with all red feathers except a dark crest.

Both wings were broken, a head shot, and tail feathers pinned indicated a red but as well as a general birds feel to the bird.

Feeling tired from the past two weeks hunting, I decided to come the valley further up for another time and so turned back, crossing over the top into the Levi Farm valley where I used to have such good shooting. Here except for some grouse on the near side well up, I found the area too open and wide to offer any chance. Then as I climbed the ridge toward the car I heard a grouse flush up the ridge ahead of Shadows who came back and slammed into a point just as another bird went out. We followed and saw both birds flush wild from the upper edge - one up the ridge, one toward my car. I did not locate this bird though I hunted a mile corner along the old Clifton road. At the car I was talking to Shadows when two girls walked along the road, hunting Pinnace Pine.

I realized that I could have not hesitated to shoot had I flushed the bird in the marginal cover along the road and I normally unfortunate results. It is difficult but shots along old roads, no matter how untraveled, should not be taken unless they are large birds. This is a prime covert!!

George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center  
Shadows 3 birds, both shot  
ward 6 - 10 flashes  
1 shot - 1 hit  
didn't hit in  
it but not red ruff  
w/ 1 shadow



Monday 26 November

This week, Monday thru Saturday, can be summed up as a unit. Lovely Indian Summer weather continues but conditions are too dry for hunting, birds ~~moving~~ <sup>nervous</sup>, and shots non-existent. Today went with Ray Fallenstein to Bayard area - Ray going along. Got into trouble on bad road to court at Little Buffalo Creek, but made it with much drag that dislodged new exhaust pipe. Used Dixie on first turn (Ray did not have Pomer today). Made four birds I did not see, one on a fine production by Dixie with good approach work. Moved to the Friend place on headwaters of Difficult Run, changing to Shadows, who made a thrilling point immediately on starting out in cutting but had no bird. !! On far side of swamp and at nearly dusk, got into grouse - 3 on first flush, then a fine production by Shadows with two more. Had 2 refushes. I saw none of them as Shadows was working in front of Ray. I suspect two vision, for he was having trouble distinguishing between us in identical coats.

Ray had 2 shots  
Little Buffalo: moved 4 - 4 flushes  
no shots  
Friend: moved 6 - 8 flushes  
no shots

Dixie: 1 prod.  
Shadows: 1 prod.

Tuesday 27 November: At Horman Dillon's cordial phone invitation, Ray & I went to find the "lots of pheasants" he promised. Perfect day but day. Moved on on way down the hollow (on right of road) using Dixie who hunted well, but not too well, and with too much ground tracking



On our way back up the valley we took the path on the far ~~side~~ <sup>side</sup>. Not far above the Floyd Lake rock I saw Dixie roading down from the right bank and across to the lower slope. After she had passed, a grouse flushed, then another — from within feet of where she had trailed between them. The rewards of ground trailing. I marked the birds but failed to locate them. Tried the top of ridge at expense of much climbing, to no avail. at Hermann's house I snatched to Shadows and took him up the hollow behind Hermann for a 3/4 hour turn — nearly cut but barren of birds tonight.

Heard 3-3 flushes  
no shots  
~~~~~

Dixie
Shadows

Wednesday 28 November: Perfect day, dry, no action for the gun. Started with Shadows who ran into the first bird just in Goldsboro's woods — a grouse that went over the moon. In the ravine with spray run we heard #2 go and I decoyed the flayjit into the flat on top, where we moved the bird (or Shadows did) within feet of where I expected it. But with no dog work there was ^{no chance} to shoot. Heard #3 lower down than I had hunted last time and again failed to reflash. Topping the ridge I tried the triangular woods of #1 bird which fooled me by not being there. In the woods about Mitchell place, one of the birds I'd found before flushed from lay and reflushed when I followed to corner at the road, this time crossing over the field and the car to Mann Run valley. Kay took Shadows home in the car while I changed dogs ^{and hunted} to Dixie down Mann Run valley.

Run to the Clifton road moving nothing all the way. However, arriving before they came to pick me up and proceed to Chantown, I hunted the bottom land on both sides — moving what I think could be the same bird I moved with Dixie last year and under the exact conditions: Dixie backing trees into the same crabapple thicket and the bird flushing with no view to me. Across the road I moved a crab apple ahead of Dixie, again blind. I count this as #2 here. Dixie hunted beautifully
Moved 6 (2 new) — 8 flushes
No shots
Shadows
Dixie

Thursday 29 November (Key & I wanted to try the Hartman Place suggested by Bob Stratzer. (Negress in the ad house.) Found the area strange and drear due to ravages of Pappas strip mining. However, excellent ground cover in woods about strip area to right of road. Could not design better cover than grapes were sparse on top. On far side with appearance of more grapes we moved #1 near the center of strip that borders far side of hill. Followed, with Dixie hunting well, and heard #2 flush. Failed to refush and after lunch heard and saw #3 flush over the top of strip, edge about Hartman house. No lunch. Covered entire area on top and to end of strip on south end of ridge where good looking large stretch of cover begins. But it was late so returned to car, flushing #4 just about where we parked. (Key heard it.) I removed Shadows from his incarceration and took a hundred turn into

excellent Hawthorn bottom behind Hartman house and below —
 finding more red haws both on the shrubs and on the ground, big
 vivid fruits, than I've ever seen. Ward one big-sounding grouse wild.

ward 5-5 flushes

Dixie

No shots

Shadows

Friday 30 November To my old reliable — Upper Dixie, near Dixie.
 Ward #1 at bridge but no more all the way down to the Hogback ridge.
 Did see a big skunk approach as we finished lunch and beat a
 cowardly retreat with King the braver of us — taking notice of the intruder.
 Established that there are two main paths along the east slope of the
 Hogback ridge. Ward 3 grouse below #2 path — no points that we could see —
 and no shots. No birds up the west side of ridge until at upper end in
 edge below the field where #5 flushed wild. At top of field they saw
 #6 flush from me when I was working up the ridge into the woods. I did
 not hear or see it. We failed to refresh this. Dropped down over to the
 #2 path and below, refreshing one of our earlier birds. At crossing near
 the power line heard a bird flush from Dixie that we count #7. That
 was it. Nothing — incredible as it is — all the way up to the sea. Too
 late and too tired to give poor Shadows a turn.

ward 7 (~~flushes~~) — 8 flushes

No shots

Dixie:

I never saw a dog turn
 in a better or more courageous
 dog hunt in tougher country.

Saturday 1 December Last day before deer season next week. Again perfect weather. Started for Jumbo but saw ball of smoke from albright power plant and turned back and up to Huffsmaus, parking in woods beyond their house. I started Shadows today to make up for yesterday but to my surprise he did not hunt well, stopping and looking back too frequently. Again I suspect his vision poor guy, this being about the age, or a little past, when Buff began having difficulty. Buff eventually became accustomed to the condition enough to hunt well with my guidance by sounds. I hope Shadows does half as well. Today Shadows did not penetrate the cover at all well. We hunted the covert below the car — the small piece and down to lower margin. In the open area with the grapes I was telling Ray about moving on from the vines the day I had shot the woodcock on Dixie's point. We had just turned back up the slope when a grouse flushed from the path edge in front of me, offering me the only chance — and a good one — that I'd had all week. The gun came up too easily with the bird flying up into it and I pulled as a snap shot, rather than "with it." I saw a small bunch of feather float down as the bird went on and I knew I had undershot. These low-away shots are hard for me this season. I examined the ground and saw the clipped feathers were from the underparts and legs and we followed, expecting to have Shadows pick the bird up. But he did not. Instead we heard a healthy flush that was a parakeet ~~refuge~~ and I'm sure it was

well able to take off.

GET "WITH IT"
NOT "AT IT"

Feeling shadows not covering the ground, I changed to Dixie at the car but I took her half an hour to get going. It doesn't work to use her second, the wait in the car gets her too neurotic. However, in the rhododendron below the Smith house,

she did get into the thing and made a fine production that I spoiled by whistling for her, flushing the bird before I was near. We count the production as on the second flush of a bird that went out wild from about the old house road. That was it.

Shadows

Dixie: 1 prod.

Moved 2 (1 new) - 4 flushes
One shot - no hit

In last twenty minutes of light I again tried the cover around the sawmill using both dogs in hope of getting both of them to work well - it produced the effect of they did the only good ground work of the day, working beautifully together. It's a shame they can't be used as a brace constantly.

Data this far: **GEORGE** 30 DAYS, 22 SHOTS - 9 HITS (19 SHOTS - 13 HITS)
40.9% 68.4%
MOVED 130/217 FLUSHES 44 W.C. FLUSHES 4 HENS (3A, 1Y)
SHADOWS: 7 PROD. (1 PROD. W.C.) 4 RET. 5 KILLS. 26 DAYS 5 COCKS (4A, 1Y)
DIXIE: 13 PROD. (12 PROD. W.C.) 6 RET. 8 KILLS. 26 DAYS

14 winter

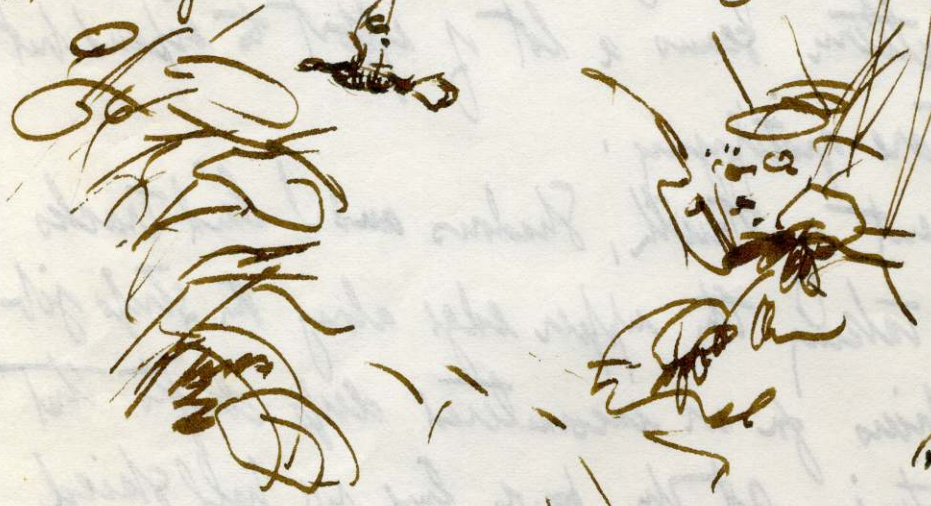
Friday 14 December

Bushels of snow and zero weather. This is the first day out for nearly 2 weeks — including deer season. Took Shadows to Little Sandy (Spikers) above the bridge, parking near old Rexroad house for lack of room off the road at the bridge.

Snow nearly knee deep and hanging in loads on all trees and bushes, necessitating path hunting. At the little run where I shot my first bird over old Blue in 1939, I had to stop and clean snow out of my gun barrels, using a sapling branch and paper. Reports of lots of grouse in here (by deer hunters) were not in effect under these conditions. Each step was double effort and I was soon steaming under my insulated parka and soon had to peel off the sweater. The hood was wonderfully helpful in pushing under snow laden branches. Stopped to eat a bite about 4 p.m. at bottom of ridge, still short of Beaver Creek. With the sun dropping behind the hills, I left the lower path and pulled up to the top, entering woods above triangular field. Still not a sound ya bird.

Circling back along the rocky cover where I usually was grouse, I came out on the old road that leads to top of ridge. Shadows, who was hunting beautifully and within excellent range, had moved into cover at the right when a grouse exploded from the dense snow and thicket. I can't say whether it was a point. All I saw was a flash look at the grouse crossing the narrow spring ^{perch-high} ~~left~~ ^{right} crossing —

and I swung past and fired, losing sight of the bird as I pulled. This was the feel of the bird tumbling and then a huge float of feathers down low. I sent Shadows in to retrieve and pursued my own way into the snowy jungle. I've never seen so



many feathers spread so far — tail feathers in two and singly, a clump of shoulder feathers intact, down and single feathers stream along the snow for yards. I finally saw the

tips of the wings protruding above a declivity in the snow where the grouse was nearly entirely buried. I think the bird had struck a sapling in falling, had shed the loosened feathers at the impact and had dropped vertically into the deep soft snow. Shadows hit the scent of all the feathers and began trailing them till I called him back when he almost stepped on the hidden bird, dead, and retrieved it very beautifully. He never assumes that I am close enough to pick up my own birds, bless him.



Evans

It was a lovely large adult cock with only half a dozen tailfeathers intact, very centered by the pattern at about 16 yards. I make quite a bit of this shot, partly because it is the first in a long while and second, because it was the result of a gun that fits perfectly. The care in stock fit and pattern seems a lot of effort to expend but it produces results that are gratifying.

after our moment of truth, Shadows and I laid tracks to get out before dark, taking the upper edge along the strip job for speed. This proved dubious for we encountered deep drifts that nearly smothered us at times. at the power line we half skied, half climbed down the steep hill to the lower path and made it to the paved road at 5:15 - two hours after we had entered. It was a fine hunt, sparse in action and birds but with a result that makes all the difference. I'm sure there are birds here I didn't get to. also observed cover on Charles Kelly across Beaver that appears to have come back to good grouse cover.

March 1 - 1 flush

One shot - 1 hit

Shadows: 1 kill
1 ret.

adult cock: solid
crop: empty



Tuesday 18 December Snow still deep everywhere but with weather lovely overhead. Yesterday to U-tour, Sat. I was too tired to hunt after Friday's wading around.

Today I took Dixie alone to Mason Run, feeling sure of birds there as well as needing a covert with log roads. Parked at hardtop below old Mitchell Place and walked the old road, seeing day-old grouse tracks on bank above the log cabin ruins. No contact until in Bob Goldstern's woods above Mason where I heard and saw a wild flush as I stopped walking, with Dixie nowhere near. I ~~whistled~~ whistled her in and waved her to the area where the bird had flushed, expecting another. She soon saw it, from the same brush-filled ravine, too wide for me to try go. Instead of working the section further, she excitedly followed on after the flush. Moments later, while I was still short of gun range, two more went out of the same place. Why didn't Dixie find these?

Following the 3 down to the creek we heard two (did she point?) wide. Deep snow everywhere. Climbed the ridge after eating and tried to locate the high bird but no luck. Finally, on way home to car crossed the top fields and as I was passing the triangular woods heard a flush inside and wheeled in time to try for a left-quarter ~~flight~~ flight but had to fire prematurely because of obstructions and felt myself missing.



TOO LITTLE TIME.

You've got to have at least 2 seconds. But it was a lovely hunt for there were birds, and the sunset, red beyond Thomas Knob, was in a cloudless sky with Williamson Knob a white mass on the right rising from pink misty feet.

On the way down to the car I glimpsed the whole ahead of my head

taken a mare from the studio window of 2 bucks and a doe, walking single file just beyond the spring run toward our apple trees). And at the crumbling Mitchell house I found a pair of grouse tracks toward a scrub apple, so game was moving.

March 5 (no new) - 7 flushes

Dixie: worked well but no points.

one shot - no hit

~~~~~

Wednesday 19 December Ray joined me today to hunt the Williamson Place, among shadows. The day was warm but with no sun by the time we were out, and there seems to be no end of snow underfoot. Left Dixie in car at Warm Run and climbed Williamson ridge after hunting north along the low road, seeing only very old tracks. Unfortunately, I got us into the exposure of rocks and we had rough going all the way to the top. Once up there I felt we'd find birds certainly at the Williamson corner edge but all we found were crows. It is exhausting, not only because of the footing but the lack of birds fails to sustain interest that any shooting day should offer.

One roost in an opening among thornapples on the hillside had the usual type of dropping and one very large "form" or "stool" that I have frequently seen in isolated examples and that were possibly a turkey. I find this interesting to identify as grouse. Having seen the size of our quail stools I can understand how this can be. We hunted down to the run and followed it to the road without seeing a single bird all day - the first time I can remember doing that in this forest in 23 years. This is certainly the worst seasons grouse hunting I have ever known.



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Shabros hunted courageously all afternoon but couldn't pull birds out of that territory. We were only out 2 hours and I disliked coming in at a little after three, but that sort of thing takes the stuff out of you.

Moved none

Shabros

no shots



Thursday 20 December The forecast of rain proved wrong and I had to try again, Ray having seen enough to stay at home with Shabros. I returned to Mason Run covert with a mass of knowing birds over there. Tried to drive up the hill but being upon ice at the Mitchell house, just too far short to turn into the old barn lane. My trusty shovel (I had the assumption to have one) got me out with the aid of shales and then I parked.

I was provided with a strategy today: to approach the quartet of grouse from below, putting them into the higher cover for better shooting. Everything worked as planned except the birds weren't there. I hunted all the way to the top and, after eating near the abandoned house, moved out the upper path. In the gaperines I started back down and saw Dixie flash into attention but nothing developed. A bit later she moved a bird from the briars along the edge (did she point?) but the grouse held to the edge and, I thought, topped the woods I crossed the narrow field. Following I came to excellent cover on the far side but unless the bird had reflected ahead of us, it had not gone there. I hunted back down to Mason Run, covering all the area with no results. Along the creek I cannot



lots of day - old tracks in the rhododendron but no birds. Cut off  
by a caliche-sar of water I had to climb my way out - up brushy  
piles and deep snow. Pausing at the log road to eat and gather  
strength, I started up again at 4:45. In the cover just above us flushed  
#2, I think from a tree, and I judged its direction by sound and by  
Dixie's leaping progress in the ~~at~~ apparent line of flight - estimating  
that it went to the triangular woods up over. But up there, nothing.  
No further action - not even pink porty mist. Just deep purple  
ridges patched with snow.

Heard 2 (not new) - 2 flushes Dixie

No shots

The next few days were much in the same pattern and make a  
sorry group, as for sport. The snow has been on since December 6th.

Saturday 22 December Hunted Little Sandy above the bridge,  
covering the north side in tree-top brush piles where birds should have been.  
They weren't. Old Shadows who hunted hard & well. Changed to South  
side on Spiker and followed depressions in snow that were my old tracks from  
a week ago, complicated with tracks of X-mas tree hunters. Heard one bird  
in hemlocks along Beaver Creek near three-cornered field that was a mere sound.  
Heard 1 new - 1 flush Frozen crust made walking work.  
No shots Shadows

Monday 24 December Took Dixie back to Moore Run country, and



this time had sense enough to park at bottom of the hill. For some reason I can't locate the birds in here again. No flushes at all in good area. At last, on the way back, I dropped over into hollow below Fearer's, and saw Dixie work in on a bird that flushed down the ridge - one of two I heard were on first visit.

Mixed: (not new) - 1 flush  
No shots. Dixie (under hand)

~~~~~  
Wednesday 26 December Still trying to make something of the Christmas hunts, I had Ray drop me off at Fallowfield woods near White Oak and hiked down the valley onto Spitzer and Deberry, trying for the grouse reported by deer hunters. They are in here, for I saw at least 8 sets of tracks, at least two pairs, but had only two flushes, both far out from Dinger in trees - one pitching down to steep slope opposite 4 H Camp, the other simply pitching. I know not where. Good cover down along creek below Poor Deberry. I did not explain. Ray drove to Ruth & Pois with Mother and picked me up there - arriving ahead of me for a visit. No shots. Shadens hunted hard. Snow mean underfoot and crusty. Weather warmer.

Friday 28 December

My birthday shoot. at 56 I once again

can say I feel fit as ten years less (something I could not say a year ago). The day was perfect - about 34°, sunny, but with lots of snow still on the ground. After a sparse month - two shots, one hit, since the end of November, and almost no grouse, we followed tradition of two years ago and went to the Arthurdale Preserve, calling ahead. The new shooting area is an improvement over the odor of scalded chickens but somewhat less desirable as cover. Furthermore, the rule of all cars parked at the checking station involved a mile and a half walk - less than desirable as a prelude to shooting.

Once near the point of release (pine planting at east end of the property) we began seeing pheasant tracks that led us to try the hollow to the left of the road. Snow was crusty but deeper than elsewhere - supporting one a two steps, then collapsing without warning with a backbone-jarring effect. There were no birds in the hollow.

At the pine planting Dixie indicated scent, working over the brow of the hill. Shortly we heard a cock cackle and saw a ~~tailless~~ tail-less bird make a full rise, only to fall back ahead of the dogs. One or two repeats and shadows had him, retrieving nicely to me. However I rescued the bird and released it, calling the dogs off as it ran on. Our impression was of a bird injured in the chute before

release. But we soon saw fresh footprints following the tracks down the hill and in the small draw where ~~the~~ year before last we found woodcock in March we found feathers and believe someone - a poacher - had crippled the bird.

There were at least a pair of fresh tracks in this draw but they seemed to go toward the frozen lake. Wading up the draw (and each step in that snow was work) we saw Dixie ahead and heard a flush that was a young hen, landing in a low tree. It was involved in the branches and refused to flush until I was under it and shaking a sapling when it took off in an erratic falling flight that I refused to shoot at. Finally the bird gained altitude, Kay said, and went out of view.

Unable to locate it, we worked to the frozen lake edge where we found tracks of a number of pheasants working the entire area. Cover was sparse and empty until we followed up the shoreline into a dense fringe of alders where I was sure we'd find birds lying in the tufted grass. Shadows and Dixie were working beautifully as a brace - an experiment for the sake of my birthday - and suddenly Shadows came toward us and froze on a lovely point that had to be productive. Unbelievably, it was not.

We worked the tracks on up the water line into a fine little swamp where I separated from Kay and ~~plunged~~ plunged them with the dogs.

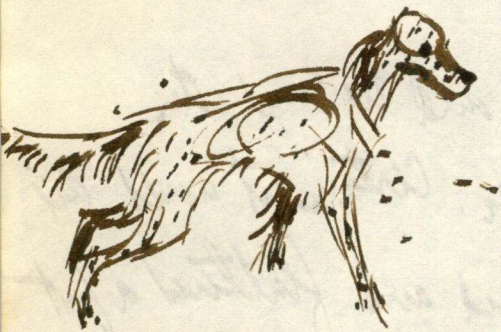
Still no birds. All the while we encountered the same set of footprints
now joined by a second that went everywhere we wanted to go.

At the top of the rise we came to the ruins of an old log barn
and some sheds in a mass of blackberry briars on the margin of the
pine planting where we had begun. It was 4:30, we were very tired and
puzzled as to lack of birds. Debating whether to return by the way we
came in or try to take the road down thru the old shooting grounds, we
chose the first.

Topping the pine planting, both dogs pointed and we saw the
wounded bird huddled under a pine, looking very sick. Certain it would die
if left, I tried to flush it but it only hopped and fluttered a foot
off the ground and I let the dogs catch it. This time shadows
made sure it would not be released. Since it looked as though we would be
paying our \$6.25 for no birds we decided to take it rather than nothing -
a poor choice.

We dropped to the little draw to try for the hen, drew a blind,
and cut up on the shoulder toward the road. Crossing a low worn wire
fence, we found ourselves in shoulder high reedy meads, rather thin. Out
ahead I saw Dixie on a high point, but as I whistled to steady her (I
am beginning to doubt the wisdom of this) she moved deeper and in a
moment a cock flushed beyond range and lost over the hill. Dixie
came back to me, the picture of guilt and I saw her a little shake and a

scolding, then made up and sent her on. Kay saw her a few yards ahead, pointing on the far side of the road. She held solidly as I walked in, kicked the snow and weeds to no avail and, as she continued to hold I was tempted to send her on. This would have been an error, ~~and~~ ^{and} instead, I held her on point as I walked to the right in front of her. Shadows was pointing, then working in, then pointing ahead of me, coming in toward Dixie and myself. Suddenly he wheeled into a small tangle and I saw a nice cock start out and flush in a right-quartering shot over the rise in the direction we had come from. I paused a moment, then mounted and swung thru, firing a bit ahead and saw it tumble — a very gratifying moment!



I'M HOLDING, GEORGE.

then mounted and swung thru, firing a bit ahead and saw it tumble — a very gratifying moment!



OVER THE FENCE.

We all broke shot rather informally but Shadows was ahead, colliding with the fence in a jolt that threw him back. As he regained balance and leaped a low shot, Dixie went over on them — I don't know which — and reached the bird first. But Shadows arrived and unceremoniously took over and retrieved — a big cock. I saw what was going to happen and called to

kept get it in her camera. Shadow, wading the deep snow with his load of pheasant, came to the fence, took scarcely a second, and leaped the seven wire, clearing it beautifully with the big bird sagging in his mouth. It was lovely. The bird was nicely patterned - a broken wing and evidently some body and head shots - the Eley 3-1/8-6 load performing well, tho it felt heavier than my usual ~~3~~ 3 cham shells.



PAR AVION.

We pocketed our bird, happy with the end of day change of luck and started out on snowy road. Not ~~but~~ ^{five} minutes later I saw Shadow, working to the right, wheel on point toward me and then makes a quick shift as a bird flushed at his feet. It was a hen, a nice one, rising in a straight-up take off. I must have fired too hurriedly, for I missed and the bird ~~leaked~~ and bored straight away. Controlling myself, I dropped the bird with the left barrel and both dogs moved in to search. I was uneasy when I saw Shadow a few moments later, empty-mouthed, but I soon saw Dixie at the bird and retrieving. Instead of carrying, he dropped the bird by the

head, a very efficient manner on this crusty snow. But she
 changed to a carry then ~~lay down~~ laid it down and came to me.
 I coaxed her and she returned and brought the hen to me to hand —
 dead and with one wing broken. What an end to the day as the
 sun disappeared. The long trek back with my cock & hen pair in my
 coat and the old bird in (Lay's was much ~~the~~
 easier for an ^{the last new hunting} load. At the office we gave the
 old bird to Mrs. Moore. Home to a surprise
 birthday dinner of crab cakes! What a life!



Moved 4 & a couple —

Dixie 2 prod.
 2 kills
 1 net.

3 shots — 2 into (pheasants)

These are the 1st pheasants killed
 with the Purdey. (#2 barrels)

Shadows: 2 prod.
 2 kills
 1 net

This deserves a return trip later.



STRAIGHT UP!

New Year's Day, Tuesday, January 63 The snow is still with
 us, frozen crust that does and then doesn't, support you. I
 took Shadows alone (they stayed home with Dixie) and drove the
 icy roads only as far as the McGraw place, parking just between
 Preshaw Poyans' and Shafers. We found grouse tracks immediately but
 no grouse. It took a surprising time to hunt up the hollow —
 all good cover but little food — to Bill Mullins' back fields.
 Finally heard a grouse flush near Shadows in the woods at far end —
 the only fresh tracks of the day. No reflection in snow and then returned.

in frozen fields and nearly lost my face in the biting wind. Drove more in hollow, followed edge to Mc Grew buying lot and across lower pond — mean condition — to original path — then up to edge road along upper margin and then saw a grouse flush low and well ahead of me, from sound of my ice-breaking footsteps. That was it.

Heard 2 - 2 flushes
no shots

Shadows
(could not wait until end when he reached too wide)

~~~~~

Thursday 3 January after a day of "rest" to Umontau, Kag and I took both dogs to Jones, parking at hard road. Crest has probably the worst yet, breaking thru after you locked your knee for the new step, thus trapping knee and ankle in a tiresome "set." Overhead sun at 30° but tho we saw tracks we saw no grouse. Visited June (perhaps the area above his house would have been productive on a good day) and then hunted back to car. Both Shadows & Dixie worked beautifully together, staying in good range. Hope this continues

Heard none  
no shots

~~~~~

Friday 4 January Beautiful day (32°) but still crusty mean underfoot (but not so bad as at Jones). Parked on a glare of ice at bottom of Mitchell place hill, (Kag and I using both dogs again. Hunted top edge of Fearer hollow (tracks) then to flat at head of hollow where we encountered tracks of snowy b. grouse, all over the place.

Crossed narrow field to top of Bob Goldsboro's woods - near tracks here among loads of grapes. Down to half-way level (near site of flush of the 4 birds I once found) and then saw a complete set of 4 grouse tracks all over the hillside. Covered this carefully and down to rhododendron along Mason Run (one set of tracks leading up the hill from here). Back at corner grapevines below top field and between lower "entrance" road, near tracks of 3 or 4 birds, and then multiple tracks out the crab thicket clearing.

What is the answer to this? These birds were all these places today at some time. If in early a.m. feeding, when were they seen? Both dogs combed the area, and while our steps and the dogs were noisy due to crusty snow, if the birds were moving out ahead we certainly could have heard a few of the flushes. This has been the situation in the past 2 or 3 weeks and everywhere fresh footprints (this been there every day) of the spooring hunter. No shots. Just everywhere. Does he really the birds? Would none Both dogs again, but this afternoon shadows began to reach out too far toward the end, (in desperation) which Oscar remained in perfect range.

This is exhausting hunting, more from lack of excitement than from physical fatigue which is still a factor.

Tuesday 8 January Our 32nd Anniversary. We tried the "snow covert" at Power line near East Nichols. Crust and deep snow - why more here? Day mellow and overcast. Walking reasonable. Quit after 3 1/2 hours. Not even tracks except hunter's tracks a day or so old.

This gets monotonous. Moved none no shots Both dogs worked hard.

Wednesday 11 January

Back to Arthurdale Preserve for at least some chance of a shot. The day was fine, warm and snow softening. Just as we arrived, two other gunners pulled in ahead of us but, tho they were in a hurry to get out in front, they started in at the cornfield along the road — fine with us.

We walked directly to the pine planting, letting the dogs check the weed fields and edge along the road with no results. Looking ahead, I saw a large cock pheasant on the edge of the pines near the base of the hemlock and sent the dogs ahead. Dixie and Shadow wound it from the road but did not freeze, trying instead to get them the modern wire fence. I signaled them to an opening ahead of me and both went into the low pines out of view. I stood where I could get a ~~shot~~ ^{shot} if the bird flushed to the right and, possibly, behind me. When it did flush (and I can't tell what the dogs had to do with it) it went out across the road and paralleled it in a faltering flight that seemed on the verge of failing, then gained momentum and flew all the way to a small rise against the sky where we saw the pheasant land, rise, turn and continued to walk around. I watched it as I checked the corn about for further birds which weren't there. Rather than turn back at once, we covered the pine planting, hearing a flush ahead from Dixie who was moving too far out. I marked it as a hen going down all toward the lake.

We covered the margin of the pines, then down into the greenbrier thicket at the foot of the hill where we ~~paused~~ ^{paused} to eat. There were fresh tracks here and we had a good shot point into one of the brush heaps, one point by shadows in the open beyond, but none developed. Finally we doubled back and hunted toward the cove on the hill.

Not certain it was still there, we approached from the right, climbed the fence at the top and put the dogs ahead. There were fresh tracks along the near side of the fence (these birds are surprisingly stopped by low fences) and we worked down over the steep bank. At one point Dixie was very sure of scent, pointing, but then moved on. While shadows worked below and Kay waited, I took Dixie and hunted back along the base of the bank, climbing and working back along the fence at the top. Suddenly Dixie wheeled and pounced in a burst of motion and I saw the cock run against the fence and fall back. Dixie grabbed it but released it at my command and the bird flew up and out over the steep drop-off. I centered it — an away ^{shot} higher ~~than~~ head-high and it folded and I heard it hit the snow below with a solid thud, not a yard away from shadows!



STRAIGHT-AWAY!

Shadows retrieved it — a very heavy bird — to the east of the hill where I waited part way down, hoping he would bring it up the steep climb for Kay's movie. But he had carried it far enough, thank you, and laid it down at a logical

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delivory. The cock was solidly hit, and felt as heavy as a Reeves. It was a satisfying development and tho the load was considerable for early in the afternoon, gave a convincing feel to my shooting jacket. Just as we left the scene, Kay looked back and saw ~~at~~ ^{our} two friends walking along the fence where the action had taken place. Like deer hunters, turning up when they heard a shot.

Feeling our best chances lay in following the only other bird we had moved, we hunted down the woods beyond the pine planting, thru good grouse cover, and into considerable snow in some low cover near the swamp. There I heard a flash and saw Shadows run after it and saw tracks of a sprinting bird before take-off. Emerging we came to the nice little draw we had followed on our last visit - a perfect situation for a pheasant and I guessed ~~at~~ ^{our} flushed bird had chosen it.

We had, during the past twenty minutes heard a lot of shooting and guessed the two hunters had got into the birds that were along the lake edge.

Several of the shots were singles and we analyzed these as hits, commenting that we were listening to a pair of good shots. Later, there were two double shots. (Proving that such estimates are seldom correct, we learned at the office that these men had killed exactly one bird!) many into

As we moved up the little thickety draw, Shadows ~~at~~ a good point on our side and I moved up, working I was at the far side but being unable

to remedy it at this moment. Dixie worked in and the pheasant - a hen -
flushed, getting involved in brush, running out and as Dixie broke to
catch it, flushing up the far edge and all the way to the top of the
rise, settling just on the brow in line with an old snag. Working up the
hill, - a nice open area with small strip syc grow and briars in clumps,
we came on Shadows in a thrilling point, Dixie beyond and beside him.

Dixie motioned at my approach, stopping at command, but Shadows was like
a rock. I walked in from the side - no response - then around to Dixie
who was goggle-eyed and staring at the ground ahead. Still no flush.

Intense, I too stared, and at last saw the hen, very compact and hidden
in briars. I made it with



A SURE THING.

the toe of my boot and the
bird ran out but,
instead of flying, took
off in a loping run.
Both dogs barked,

thinking it crippled - as so did I - but I called them off and the
bird hot-footed it down into more briars and out of sight. They saw it stop
again and nothing I could do would hold the dogs.

We gave our opinion that this was not an bird which had flown
very effectively for at least 3 flights so far, but an wounded bird that

'62/71

was the result of the shooting we had heard over the hill. We saw now that Shadows was again poyer on point and Dixie beside him and I walked in when they had seen the bird last and again saw it huddled on the snow. Again it ran instead of flying and then I stopped Dixie, Shadows took matters and the bird into hand and put an end to the foolshness. I can hardly fault him. After pocketing the hen - no wing or leg broken - we went on up to the snag to locate our bird and didn't so much as find a track in the snow. We conclude that the hen was our bird after all, landing in exact line, but short of the snag. Why it didn't fly? when it had flown so well? Possibly fright, rather than fatigue. The pheasants here this year seem poor fliers. However, we kept it as our second bird for we had no other opportunity to shoot, then we hunted back the old road and then the former shooting grounds. However, we were following fresh tracks of our two friends who had combed the place - a disadvantage to preserve shooting. Less than the results of my birthday, but still an improvement over no shot. And fine dog work in brace.

Maced 2 - 5 flushes

One shot (pheasant) one hit

Shadows 3 (pheasants)
foolshness, 1 net
Dixie 2 "

Friday 11 January Yesterday to Unwinton & Morgantown and to
near Carlos Montoya. Today a sunny warm day and snow softening. We
drove to the entrance to the Scott Place and tried this on the strength of
its popularity with 2 Penna. cars on Tuesday. Nothing in the first little
hollow but at the Scott place (after being told a male & a young 'possum up
a sapling - didn't look as stupid as the adults) we got into action. I
had worked into the flat woods before the 'possum episode and saw Dixie
pause on point then move in. Soon I heard a flash (the first young I'd
heard for what seems weeks). Returned to bag and then to the old house site.
Down the road we heard a grouse flash from Shaders who was working a shade too
wide here. As we stood, a second bird piped above me and took off with
no dog near. Moments later the third one went out and as we moved
after Shaders out the hillside, a fourth bird flashed - also that direction.
Following we moved one for a reflex and one for two reflexes - the last one
so close to being a chance I still get a thrill. I had spotted a possible
tangle and stopped to have a chance in two areas. As I stood, I heard the
bird pipe (these appear to be yearlings) and it flashed - a cock that
I could count the tail feathers on but just too far out to shoot at.
When to stop and when to walk on. Many opportunities I have lost would
have been good chances had I continued to walk on instead of stopping.

162/73 607 37

which has flushed the bird. I have come to the conclusion. If you will continue to have an open chance, keep going. If it is ^{too} thick to shoot, stop in a possible clear spot and hope for a flush. The birds you pass by walking or will probably flush anyway while you are close enough - at least the chances are as good as the birds that flush out ahead of your stops.

We returned along the top - no birds - and then hunted toward the can. along the flat where Dixie's point had flushed. We moved it (or a new one) and a new #6 but had no shots. However this action was almost like good shooting after the long barren streak.

moved 6 - 10 flushes
no shots.

Dixie: 1 prod.

Shadows

Both degraded fine as a brass.

~~~~~

Saturday 12 January A warm rain in the morn took off near sun, to our delight and we decided to try the Scott Place again. Inevitably like to hunt a count two days running, but this seemed an exception since we had done no shooting yesterday. While today <sup>was</sup> overcast, it was wonderfully damp and ideal. Still we did not contact the birds as well. We moved one of our groups of four and, following further out the ridge than before - all this is perfect grouse cover with loads of paper - moved 2 new ones for 2 flushes each. But that was it. Birds wary and flushing early and I think the



Lesson is: hunting the same covert two days in succession is unlikely  
to produce the birds which have not as yet settled back into their  
regular areas. The weather forecast for drizzle, held ~~at least~~ <sup>obligingly</sup> for us  
and then began to fog in and drizzle as we reached the car.

heard 3 (2 imm) - 5 flushes. Diced & Shadows again  
doing well in tandem.  
No shots

Wednesday 16 January Sunny day with snow leaving on the  
sunny slopes but well entrenched in shadow. Guy Falkenstein called  
and wanted to arrange to hunt. Guy & I drove him first to the Glade Farms  
area where the snow was on everything (Sunday's snowfall on top of remainder  
from December 6th) so we returned to the Bowmaster Bridge country.  
Guy and I worked over two dogs while Guy used Prince at some distance  
from us, hunting up the first hollow. At top Guy made a bird call which  
Guy & I followed. In a small ravine we looked down on Shadows who had  
stopped - we thought - to locate us. Actually he had the grouse which flushed  
a few yards ahead of him, in a flight that took off not 25 yards from  
me. Not until I had watched it fly away did I come to the realization  
that it would have been a possible left barrel shot. My reflexes have  
become atrophied from lack of use!

There were tracks all over this area, some today's, and we felt there  
were other birds nearby, but where? Guy later refurnished our bird. Separating,  
we made up the valley to the power line where Guy saw a grouse flush from  
the dogs on top. Guy made two others on his way up and back at the car



ahead of us, he missed a fifth bird on the hill above the road.

Heard 4 - 6 flocks  
no shots

Shadows: 1 prod.

Dixie

Thursday 17 January Kay and I returned to the Scott Place.  
There was still snow here but some bare areas. The day was crystal -  
the fourth one in a row - and warm. We could not locate our group of  
3 or 4 - then we moved <sup>two</sup> of the birds further out the ridge. Walked to  
the fields back of Charles Lease and returned then indifferent  
cover low on the ridge. One bird flushed that Kay heard very close to me,  
and I was not even aware of it until with the dense brush scraping  
my clothes. On top we hunted up and are and flushed what I think  
is a new one - a grouse that never seemed to stop climbing. I looked from  
me. Trying the Scott house site again, we dropped below the apple trees  
and hunted north where, near a gully that looked like a test hole for  
coal, I walked under some hawthorns only to have a grouse come off  
the top of my cap and bore up over the hill. I didn't have a chance then  
Kay dropped on the possibility that I might get a shot. Coming out  
to the car the sky was cloudless in our area (clouds to the north)  
except for a rippled cloud shape that lit up for our pleasure in a  
fiery red. Kay took a movie of it. We were tired but happy.

Heard 5 (1 new) - 5 flocks.

no shots

Shadows

Dixie

both worked

beautifully



17 / #42

Friday 18 January This day was no more exciting as a hunting day than the others, even ~~was~~ without Ray and Sheldon, but it had that important ingredient - luck.

Art Thomas called and suggested a hunt (as it been talking of one for weeks) and Ray decided to stay home. I took Dixie and met Art at noon, driving up to St. Peter's Church on the mountain. Art had planned to go further up but time entered into considerations and we stopped at the hillside where we'd found so many birds ~~some~~ <sup>two three</sup> years ago.

Today Dixie wasn't working her best - moving too wild and using ground scent. Immediately Art called (~~he does~~ <sup>fox hunters do</sup> too much calling) that a bird had flushed ahead of us, topping the open briery field. As he circled below, I moved on to Dixie who was working the scent at the site of the flush. Fifty yards beyond she began more roading in greenbriers and before long a hen pheasant flushed and cut back below me in a nice flight that looked as fast as a grouse.

Meeting Art around the knob, we ~~went~~ <sup>hunted</sup> back to the "good" hillside where I took the upper slope and Art the hollow. At the lower slope where Ray & I had flushed several grouse, I saw Dixie work into a bird (why doesn't she stop?) and what appeared to be a cock pheasant flushed ahead of me. Art called that it landed around the hill and that he thought I was ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> or three grouse but I am <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> sure at least one was a pheasant, tho I'm inclined now to call it a hen.

West Virginia and Regional History Center



Holding well up along the bench of the hill thru dense crabapples,  
I let Dixie cover the area and soon saw a hen flush out  
the hill - again going as fast as anyone could desire. After a few  
minutes further walking I heard another flush and this time there  
was no doubt. A cock gopher dove ~~across~~ down the hill, showing for  
a couple of seconds over the crabapples in a right-crossing shot.



a couple of seconds are all you need,  
and the bird folded in a beautifully  
centered hit that was over before I  
could grasp the import of it. After

all these weeks of tramping, I had at last got the break. Dixie was  
on the spot and in a moment was running in to me with the grouse -  
an adult cock, limp. What a moment!

I had loaded both barrels with 1 1/2 oz. of #8 for a tighter  
pattern in the #1 barrels, considering the chance of a cock rumpieck as  
well as the open shooting and possibly longer shots at grouse. This grouse  
had ten or more pellets in it, centered.

That was the day, tho Art moved a pair of birds low, and refurnished  
one that he tried to kill with an empty chamber. Later I saw #4 grouse  
leave the top of a tall tree and stay above the woods, going out ahead of us with  
no ground at all. I wonder if this is where the birds have been lately?

adult cock: 4 - 5 feathers  
imp. empty shot - 1 hit



Saturday 19 January Weather moderate, cloudy but not rain as forecast

Snow going but holding to study hillbills. Ray and I took both dogs to Muddy Creek below Cuyart, parking in the cabin. Hunting the rather open hillbills first on chance the birds would be in this type of cover, we passed up our usual entrance to the woods and hunted the upper edge with no results. Began moving birds when we dropped down over the woods - heard and saw them go out of hemlock trees - there. Also saw feathers when a grouse had been shot on the path. We hunted down thru some of the best looking bird cover anyone could design, moved our well down that was a mere sound. Ended at the new road bulldozed in to the cabin across the stream and climbing, found ourselves under the abandoned house where Feather had raided the chicken coop (chased them in) and where Ruff had made his memorable "bristling" point.

As we hunted back the upper margin, we heard a grouse (#5) flush from Dixie (who may have had a point) and go up over but tho we searched hard, we failed to near it.

Once more back up the valley we put a bird out of the hummocks that I count one of the earlier ones, then as we hunted thru the good grasses at the upper margin saw a low skimming grouse flush from the dogs and lost to the stone wall at the top, headed I felt certain for the clearing on top. This, I said, was perfect - a bird out in the light where the dogs could



huddle it and when I could see well enough for a possible shot. A year or so ago I had marked a bird at sunset from the open cover up there. But this we found droppings of an old roost out in the poverty grass - evidence that they bed down there - we did not locate or mark our quarry, this we combed the territory well. all I can guess is that the bird turned at the edge of the woods and moving up over and into the cover again. But it was exciting. Oddly, today both dogs - especially Shadow - worked too wide. Bad medicine for quail.

Moved 5- 2 flocks  
No shots  
Dixie  
Shadow

Tuesday 22 January Yesterday was Dixie's 5th birthday, beautiful but too bitter cold to hunt. So the celebration was today - perfect upper 30° temperature on bare ground except for shaded slopes. We drove to Upper Dority, found our lane iced and snowed shut and ended by driving down the Possum Hollow road about a mile into the very heart of the area - a much better approach.

Parking at a little house (Sipolt's), we walked around the end of a ridge and found ourselves at the lower end of the good hunting ridge. Took the "middle path" up the hollow, moving #1 early, and #2 at the power line and on the upper path level. This bird flushed from Dixie and after appearing to lose away, circled and came back and below me. I had a shot at it in the opening but took advantage



of neither - first, because I didn't realize how close it was and second, because I felt it dangerous to shoot over King who was below me.

Both dogs worked well today altho Shadows was inclined to move too far out the paths before casting laterally.

After we crossed the electric line I saw a bird flush as Shadows moved up, then saw Dixie move in from below, impressing me with the likelihood that she'd been pointing it. We followed this #3 quail around the shoulder and up the tributary where it flushed from the side of the path in close ~~range~~ <sup>range</sup> ahead of me - a fine shot but that there was a tree in line until the bird ~~swerved~~ <sup>swerved</sup> up the fork to the left. Sure that we'd find it lying tightly, we followed and just as I saw Dixie stop on point, Shadows came in and the bird flushed back down the ravine where we moved it again at the foot of the hill. I'm sure Shadows would have backed Dixie had he been aware she was pointing. After eating again we tried to locate the bird, unsuccessfully, and then hunted up the main valley almost to the bridge below our usual parking spot. Surprisingly we made nothing all the way up and back. The far side of the creek was crissed in and nearly unwalkable -

I took one abrupt sitz-fell.

Back in the tributary hollow, we had started up the fork to take the top edges back over the ridge when I saw a motion in the woods across the run that looked like a rabbit, then became a grouse - #4 flushing up over the shoulder. It was getting late but we decided to follow. Around the shoulder we came to an old field. Both dogs



were working well but somehow missed locating the bird. As I was almost to the edge, I heard the grouse flush about me and saw it, not too clearly, in a wide left-quartering flight, rising slightly.



I fired and at the shot the grouse tumbled backward, righted itself, faltered, then in a jerky flight, kept on with both legs

dangling and we lost sight of it. Kay called that it was hit and we both marked its direction. Certain that the dogs would find it dead or unable to run somewhere short of the run, I started them in search. Dixie soon lost her conviction and acted confused but Shalons never stopped a careful scouring of the area. We did not find it, tho I made several starts and a number of circles, and Kay covered the area well also. I think I searched too far to the left at first, but after failing to find the bird in any of the places after more than half an hour, I think it did one of two things; either managed to top the low hill in front of it and fell near the power line, or falling, fluttered along the ground down <sup>the slope</sup> to the stream on the left. I question the latter for a fluttering bird would have put out scent the dogs would scarcely miss. It is merely possible that falling, unmarked, it lay unnoted or dead and was passed up by the dogs. Darkness was coming on and we had to give up for lack of light to see by (my eyes were bulging from strain and my vision fuzzy). We reached the car at 5:45. The Siphots were (wound #5 on the way along the upper edge.)



cordial and Mr. Sipe said he always found grouse on the wooded flat to the right and above his barn across the far hollow. Also on the ridge back of his house and to help myself.

Losing the grouse, and worse yet, crippling it, was an unhappy note in a lovely day's hunt. At home, we decided to return ~~tomorrow~~ and continue our search but the weather (rain and heavy snow) took care of that. The difference between a high spot and a bad moment (not much different for the grouse, unfortunately) lay in whether the dogs found where the bird came down. With both legs dangling this little doubt that it was a ~~dead~~ <sup>dead</sup> bird and so I am counting it a hit.

Hope we can go back to this area with the new possibilities

before the month ends.

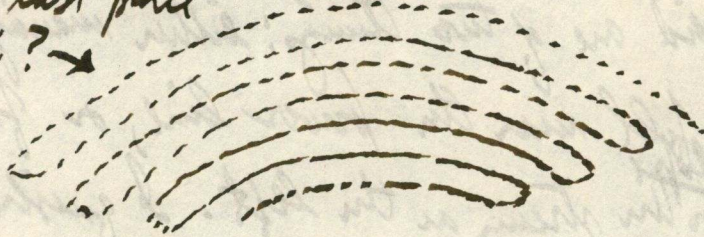
Dixie: 2 prod.

Wound 5 (no new) - 9 flushes

Shadows:

One shot - 1 hit (lost)

(Should I have tried going to last place we saw bird and then begin half-circles casts in enlarging radii? →



Saturday 26 January Once again to Mason Run, this time with a soft 5 inches of new snow. But quiet as it was, the results were the same: tracks but almost no contacts. Ray saw one flash of motion ahead of Dixie that we are sure was a grouse but we could not locate it up in the grapevines on top. Our daily footprints were the ahead of



us, but we think we have solved the puzzle: a fox trap. Probably <sup>1621 83</sup> someone after rabbits. We also encountered tracks and Art Thomas's car and heard his voice on the Wallison Place (Art & Bud Titelmuller fox hunting. Shot 2, a red and a gray).

After combing the south slope with no luck, we crossed Warm Run on thick ice and hunted the far side, Shadows moving a bird that swept down behind me and pitched into rhododendron along the creek. Both dogs did courageous work, straight up the rhododendron bank at command but the bird did not materialize. — probably had swung on down the stream. In the promising looking stand of thorns and crabapples on the upper margin (should be explored in good weather) the snow started and pelted us all the way back to Warm Run bridge and to the car. At the bridge we saw Art's tracks with something dragging in the snow. (He'd tied a fox to his hound Contender!).

At one place along the log roads on the south slope today, Dixie had been working hot tracks. Suddenly she feathered and I shot but hit one but was disappointed. That, of course, is what you have a right to expect — a point close by, and a shot at a bird — to call it grouse hunting. In good years it would happen to the benefit of the dog and the gunner. Got stuck on Brandowille hill and had to resort to chains.

Moved 2 (1 new) — 2 flukes  
no shots

Dixie  
Shadows



Tuesday 29 January We were unaware of it, but the weather made this our last day on grouse. Not that it wasn't deep enough in snow. I had to shovel an "entrance" to park off the road for the Scott court. Tho it was in the upper twenties the fluffy 6" to 8" snow dragged and made walking an effort.

Our first contact was a mere hint of a grouse flashing across the log road well out and followed by Shadows while we were pausing to eat. Upon following we moved it almost where expected but, <sup>only as</sup> a faint sound, again ahead of Shadows. The birds seem to spook by that it is difficult to assess the degree of guilt when a dog moves them under these conditions.

Preferring to move on instead of following, we headed for the old Scott place, but this time began by hunting the cover below "possum corner." This was good strategy but poor tactics. Under normal conditions we'd have found birds but with this load of snow we did nothing but work to get through. Going up, we moved back and up to the paths, found nothing.

Dropping down to the lower level, we hunted the bottom margin then crabapples to the fields, then up to the top woods, again near possum corner. Oddly, our time and energy was running out. You can't maintain enthusiasm, or even drive without some hope of action, and today it seemed impossible. With a choice of taking the upper flats or the "first" valley <sup>path</sup> back to the car we chose the latter on the slim chance that we might meet our one and only flushed bird on the way.



We had reached the path and both dogs were just ahead when I heard a flush I could not locate, facing into a pale sunset. Suddenly the grouse was coming over my right shoulder, low enough to reach out and touch with the gun barrels. I wheeled, faced with interlacing slender branches bent over the path, and gave myself the only moment there was — firing as I swung below the bird and losing sight of it.



SUDDENLY, OVER MY SHOULDER

grouse where I should swing thru



from "or" it.) ←

The bird was taking us directly away from the car and it was getting late but we pushed back with both dogs searching carefully. Then in the grapevine flat on top I heard a flush to my left and saw the grouse in a right-quarter rise, well out and thru whips size cover.



I guess the distance at 30 yards but it seemed further due to the intervening thicket and under many conditions I would not have tried. But this time my impulse was correct and I saw the bird tumble with a probable broken wing. It was only

a moment until Dixie had found it (I could see her posterior only but the tail was wagging) and she delivered it beautifully — a hen, centered surprisingly hard and what a joy! I turned it out of shadows to bring in (the ruffs and tailband were semi-red.)



which gave him great pleasure. This bird, the last of the season, had  
dropped not 50 yards from where I had dropped one almost an hour  
and I was one last-day-of-the-season hunt in a miserable fog. No  
matter how it happens it is always an experience to treasure. We  
finally pocketed the grouse and walked the snowy way back to the car,  
a happy foursome.



I COULD TELL.

Rather than count the birds down to  
the last one, we call this a  
new bird but it can well have been  
the one we missed on the way in.

Mixed 2-4 flocks  
2 shots, - 1 hit

Dixie: 1 retriever  
1 kill

Shadows: 1 kill

adult hen: inter, semi-bronze

crop:

at first I thought it an adult (wing tips) ~~with worn wing tips at this time~~ then the size suggested a yearling  
of year. That examination proved an  
adult by the sheaths on the quills.

SUMMARY 1962

My shooting this year was next to my best average: 28 shots - 13 hits = 46.4%  
The one "slump" of the year was the day on Upper Dooty (5 shots - 1 hit). Had I done  
the normal and shot only 2 less shells that day my season average would have  
been 50%. I used the Purdey on all grouse, woodcock and pheasants, using the  
#1 barrels 50%-60% for everything but pheasants and am delighted with  
both the closer and the new reworking on the stock. The Wards shells are to  
my mind ideal for grouse & woodcock. (Actually made by Federal)  
that I carried 3-1/8-8 in the left barrel using one shell instead of



has become frayed. I don't recall a single left barrel shot this year at grouse. Did kill one grouse with the 3-15-8 load in right barrel and found it too dense even at about 25 or 30 yards (10 or more pellets in the bird).

I believe this was without question the poorest season for grouse that I can remember in West Virginia. While I found nice populations in one or two coverts (Upper Dooty 14, Houdershall 9, Scott 9, Mason Run 9) most were shockingly poor, including Blackwater except Harmon Place 19, Balsams 10.

I hunted <sup>50</sup> ~~25~~ days on grouse more, I believe, than ever before. Conditions were adverse from deer season on - snow never entirely off and most of the time very low temperatures and quantities of snow - all contributing to behavior of grouse that I could not work out. There were often tracks but no birds. Of the 12 grouse I brought in, 10 were adults - a real exhibition reflecting poor brood success. The Canaan areas were mostly a disappointment except for the wonderful woodcock shooting, partly offset by uncertainty about poison residues in the cocks. Have not eaten any of the 13 killed.

Shadow did very well this year, showing benefit of the quail work. But while I consider him entirely finished now, I feel he would have shown up better on grouse had he been in contact with enough birds. In any case, he is ranging perfectly except for occasional side sports when birds are not there.

Devie is the one who needed lots of grouse to work on. She did not indicate the improvement in staunchness that Shadow showed. While she ranges almost always in perfect manner, I feel her big fault is reading into the birds - developed from woodcock hunting. But she is brilliant when



The "man is exactly right."

She is, as I write this in February, coming into season and I hope we will start next year with a double-quadron of Ruff — an orange belton and lots, while we're hoping, say reincarnation of Ruff.

I want to investigate many coverts next year that we couldn't get to — some of the "small country" nearly as well as expand our shooting in the Upper Dority valleys.

But it was a good year and while I would have been happy to have had more good shots I no longer have the urge to kill to the extent

I once had. What we want, I guess, is action — lots of grouse to give the dogs plenty of work and enough shooting to keep up energy!

Still expect to visit the preserve at Arthur's some more.

~~~~~  
Hunted Dixie & Shadows separately after first week or so and had better results. However, in deep snow after deer season I worked them together and the rough going appeared to correct wide ranging. Actually, they were a perfect brace team and I've never seen nicer team work. Hope I can continue it next season.

DATA 1962 GROUSE

GEORGE
56

50 DAYS

28 SHOTS - 13 HITS (LOST) 46.4 %

~~159 BIRDS - 286 FLUSHES~~

172 " - 289 "

31 COVERTS { 12 CANAAN
19 HOME (4.68)
5.55
~~512~~ BIRDS / COVERT
^

SHADOWS

39 DAYS 8 PROD.

7 KILLS

5 RET.

LIFE '53-'62 25 PROD.

83 KILLS (1 OVER PT.

34 RET

213 HUNTING DAYS

DIXIE

41 DAYS 15 PROD.

10 KILLS

8 RET.

LIFE '58-'62 86 PROD.

73 KILLS (13 OVER PTS.

51 RET

171 HUNTING DAYS

TWELVE GROUSE
BROUGHT HOME:

6 ADULT COCKS

4 " HENS

1 YEARLING COCK

1 " HEN

{ 1 red adult cock
1 red adult hen
1 semi-red adult hen

1962

~~69-168~~
92-171

LOCAL

JUNES 020 · 6.6.1 / J3 · 0. 6
UPPER DORITY 024 · 11.16.0 / N23 · 9③ · 15.1 / N30 · 7.8.0 / J22 5.9.1 (lat) 14
~~SELLS~~ CLINT RECKERT 026 · 5.6.0 / D1 · 2① · 4 0 6
SHAFFER N6 · 2.2.0 2
CUPP N6 · 9.9.0 9
WHETSELL N7 · 5.7.0 5
MASON RUN N8 · 2.2.0 / N24 · ④ 6.1 / N28 · 6② · 8.0 / D15 · 5.7.0 / D20 · 2.2.0
SUMMERS N22 · 1.1.0 1 J14.0 / J26 2(1).2.0 9
LOG HOUSE N24 · 2.4.0 / D24 · 1.1.0 / J4 · 0 2
HARTMAN N29 · 5.5.0 5
~~HARTMAN'S D12~~
LITTLE SANDY S D14 · 1.1.1 1
WILKINSON D19 · 0 0
LITTLESANDY N. D22 · 1.1.0 1
FALKENSTINE D24 · 2.2.0 2
MCGREW J1 · 2.2.0 2
POWER LINE N OF R26 NICOL J8 · 0 0
SCOTT J11 · 6.10.0 / J12 · 3(2).5.0 / J17 · 5(1).5.0 / J29 · 2.4.1 11
BOWERMASTER BRIDGE · J16 · 4.6.0 4
ST. PETERS J18 · 4.5.1 4
MUDDY CREEK-DOWN J19 · 5.7.0 5
HERMAN DILLOW N27 · 3.3.0 3

1962

~~83-121~~
80-118

BIG MTS.

RESERVOIR RIDGE 015 · 6 · 10 · 1 / N13 · 3 · 3 · 0 6

STONY RIVER 023 · 6 · 8 · 0 6

GLADY/MIDDLE MT. N2 · 5 · 6 · 0 5

GATES 015 · 1 · 1 · 0 / 017 · 0 / N1 · 0 1

DOLLY SODS 016 · 2 · 2 · 0 2

CANAAN MT. BASE E. 017 · 6 · 6 · 1 6

HARMAN PLACE 018 · 13 · 23 · 1 / ~~4~~ N15 · 6 · 8 · 0 19

CANAAN MT. W. N1 · 5 · 5 · 1 / N16 · 1 · 1 · 1 6

BLACKWATER PIPELINE CORNER N3 · 3 · 4 · 0 3

BALSAMS N12 · 10 · 14 · 1 / N20 · 1 · 1 · 0 10

22 MILE GRADE N14 · 2 · 3 · 0 2

COSNER SCHOOL ROAD N16 · 4 · 5 · 0 / 4 · 6 · 0 4

CLARENCE FRIEND N26 - 6 · 8 · 0 6

LITTLE BUFFALO (BAYARD) N26 - 4 · 4 · 0 4

~~HERMAN DILLON N27 7 · 7 · 0~~ ~~3~~