

Shooting Season 1966

Saturday 15 October: Leander Place. Hot, dry, windy and with nearly full fall color, thinning in places. This is Shadows' 14th, Dixie's 10th & Bliss's 3rd. After Shadow's illness this past summer we are grateful that he is so well and even able to hunt, let alone enjoying it for long periods.

Kay is using her new "gun" - the Anscombe movie camera and took some bit of the lovely Indian Summer color. The dogs found it hot and tho' Bliss hunted seriously, there were times when even she did not hit all the side covers. The first grouse flushed from Dixie on the left of the ascending road and crossed down without my seeing it. The second one went out just as we reached the top of the climb and only Dixie saw it. We paused at the old house to let the dogs drink from the spring run while we drank in the color. So many small trees are brilliant now with the larger ones thinning.

I expected to find birds in the flat on top - excellent recent clearing and brush cover, but there is all kinds of food - greenberries, berries, tho' oddly no hawthorns which are full most places, even grapes (scarce all over this year) we made no guess. We found fewer chestnut burrs than last year, and most were very small, but excellent cover up around the hemlocks on top.

after eating -- we had purposely started late, 3:00 pm -- we hunted the edge of the top cover and

grapevine - large second-growth woods beyond. As I climbed down I saw Bliss on point below me. Shadows moved in ahead of her (his vision is failing and he no longer can see to honor a point the way he used to) and when nothing materialized, Bliss moved in. They heard a grouse go out far to the right and lower, then two more flushed that, by sound, they thought went back over the flat on top. Then #4 flushed and I saw it pass in a shrub for a moment only, then fly off. I tried for it in a high right-cross but was unable to swing fast enough and the grouse - a young one - went over them and out the ridge.

We followed but failed to ~~flush~~ ^{reflex} it, or the two we tried to find on top in the pines and along the brush cover - the one the latter Bliss made a convincing looking point that she held while I worked in ahead of her.

For all the theory about brush cover, I have usually found birds in it only on occasion. More often, when I go to the second-growth woodland with grapevines I find grouse. I felt, today, that I saw a pattern: the birds were in the taller woods for the cool shade, not the hotter denser low brush. Perhaps the brush appeals later when with all foliage down, it offers protection from its very thick character of the twigs themselves. In short, in hot weather when the larger woods has foliage, the birds are there; later, when the leaves are off, the brush may attract them. Something to check on.

We hunted back then the top thicket to an old road that led us around the hill to the distant ^{view}. The ^{view} to the ^{view}

Came back to our ridge above the car. Shadows was showing #3 a little fatigued by then and we cut down on and out. It was a good afternoon, with birds in the flander place which we always think of with pleasure. My shot was a possible hit a very remote probability. I was using 3-1-8 loads for close shooting. And so the season begins with Blackwater and all its hopes next Monday.

3 1/4 hours Moved 6 - 6 flocks
One shot - no hit

Bliss
Davis
Shadows

Monday 17 October Blackwater! Cold, overcast, drizzle, ^{- at times} as we drove down but ideal for hunting other than too much wind. Started at Mallows thorn cover on N. Branch leaving Dixie in the car. Bliss hit a lovely point within ten minutes in some alders and when I walked in a woodcock arched up and over and I tried too close, missing. Failed to locate on follow-up.

Hunted a down the small stream into some hemlocks and the Bliss was all over the area, a grouse flushed without



FIRST PRODUCTIVE

we locating it. Shortly after, a second grouse went out. The alder area was wide and too wet to penetrate in leather boots but Bliss was working far too wild and I saw the grouse (probably a reflex) go out low and head for a rise of woods on the right. I tried several times to curb Bliss but she was too excited and couldn't hold in.

Shadows was having fun and doing nicely but about 30 minutes after we were out he had one of his attacks, the first seizure in about 3 months. He was in alders and running but I don't know if the brought it on. I got to him and he seemed

normal in a very short time. However, Kay took him & my car on her
belt as a leash with Shadows looking back at me, wistfully. I
mounted on around the turn of the swamp and Bliss made a ~~flush~~ point
at the edge of a beaver dam, with a quail flushing almost immediately,
low and to the same wooded knoll as the other. I count this a new
bird, tho it could have been the last one tho unlikely. I was unable
to find either bird on my way back or the knoll and Bliss covered it
and the two far out. I rejoined Kay about an hour after the start
and Shadows was all right. Could see now on Weiss (dist of Cabin Mt.)

We drove to the Gates where we found a State car - Walt &
Russell and a truck on the aspen. Ray wanted a while after I
took Dixie & Bliss to the thorns on the right side of the road. I
had started to walk back when Dixie hit a nice hot point and Bliss
locked. The cock flushed at my approach and I dropped it, winged
on a rising away shot. Dixie found but refused, but Bliss retrieved and
sat to deliver. Near the road I heard Bliss call so silent and I searched
in from the road to find Dixie pointing toward me. I passed her and saw
Bliss holding like stone beyond her. The cock quartered rising steeply
and dropped suddenly but. As Bliss went to retrieve a second bird flushed
behind her. My bird was a Candell out.

Crossing the road where I had seen a cock flush out ahead of
Bliss from the right side I followed the dogs and Dixie went on a
beautiful hot point with Bliss backing. This bird dropped very nicely and
this time Dixie did the honors after seeing Bliss get all the glory retrieving
to hand. All three of my birds were muffs.
I began hunting birds regularly and it soon became apparent

that we are in a flight and I wished for Kay. The next point, and '66/#5
 I think the only single point other than one I estimate was a point
 by Dixie in the far and later on! was one by Bliss ^{near} the first
 arbores beyond the arbores clearing. The bird flushed some little bit
 from me, the Bliss held it beautifully, and I missed a rising shot -
 and a silent one, as #2 had been. I had limited my shooting to birds
 over points and this gives you almost all rising shots from some allens
 as you walk in. I had a couple of opportunities for wild ~~shots~~ flushes
 but passed.

Just in from the "first path" both dogs pointed. Dixie first, and
 I tried for a 'cock I was pretty certain would fall but it didn't! Bliss
 ran in, also expecting a fall, then checked at my command and came
 back, wound and pointed a few yards beyond. The bird offered no
 shot as it cleared the cover. All the time I could hear Walt &
 Russell shooting, many times almost simultaneously. I turned back
 at 5:45 to meet Kay at 6:00 (E.D.T.) and pressed up the far arbores.
Walt & Russell had hunted it all day long but the quality of
work was shooting is that the birds materialize from nowhere.

I count that I moved 12 to 15 flushes in the Gates. Talked to
 Walt & R. at the car (they had stuck at it till they got tan) and
 they had ⁵⁸ flushes. I had a fine show's sport - only I missed Kay.

Mallards: moved 3 grouse - 4 flushes
 1 'cock - 1 flush
 1 shot - no hit ('cock)
Ducks: moved 12 'cock - 13 flushes
 5 shots - 3 hits ('cock) & 1 miss.
 Blues: 1 'cock, 1 'cock
 Shadown 1 " 'cock
 Blues 3 'cock, 1 'cock 3 tracks
 2 'cock 1 'cock 3 tracks
 Ducks 4 'cock 1 'cock 3 tracks
 1 'cock 1 'cock 3 tracks

AF
 IM (banded)
 AM
 1 'hr.
 3 miles

106 (6)

Tuesday was rainy all day, further dampened by Shadows' attack again at dinner in cabin. Called Dr. Caldwell and put him on 9 tablets. Wednesday was foggy and rainy in spells and we drove home and, thanks be, Shadows had no further difficulty. Heard that there was 2" of snow in the high mountains on Thursday a.m.

Thursday 20 October Ray stayed home with Shadows who was normal enough till afternoon when the heavy medication overtook him and made him very drowsy. Dixie also stayed home. I took Bliss to the Scott Place about 3:00 p.m.

Weather, perfect, cool, mostly sunny, woods damp from yesterday's drizzle but a bit windy. We made first contact in lower row of ^{oaks} Bliss' famous point. This time we ran onto a bird just within the south edge of woods and stopped at flush as the bird went off low and quietly and not too far. I came on Bliss on a stylish point on the far side of the fence in the main stand of cove but this I didn't hear it. I'm sure the bird flushed as I approached. Following, I saw Bliss stop on hillside above me, scarcely in direction for the same bird, and this time the grouse flushed rather high and too far to try for.

I preferred not to follow back toward the car, and we worked our way up to the Scott Place when I heard Bliss bark and count #3 as going out. Later, along the path just short of the Scott house site, Bliss made a lovely point and held

60.57
tensely as I pushed them down cover but nothing materialized.
We crept out and to the far road that leads to the top
and, returning by the ridge road, I saw Bliss throw her head
up and wind, pausing but not solid. As she moved on she
repeated the performance, working toward a small clearing
grown to goldenrod, and the bird flushed ahead of her,
giving me a mere hint of its direction. We followed down
one but failed to relocate it.

There is no feed in this covert except grass and
teaberry. Almost no greenbrier berries, no grapes; and only
incidental haws. I paused for my second lunch on the branch
road to the Scott place, then worked back the "Chestnut path"
but did not find our chestnut. Not far beyond on the flat
Bliss made a beautiful point that was more, proved empty.
She tries so hard. She was working at a nice distance now,
having moved too wide when we started. She was ranging on
my left as I worked down toward the hillside path when I
saw a cock grouse flush about 30 yards to my right, rising
and right - crossing the fairly thick cover. I made a fast run
up then and fired, lost sight of the bird and for a moment lost
saw it touching, then recognized a damned robin. I'm certain
my bird barked and went away, out of my sight. We followed
to the far edge of the woods then worked back the
hill path and covered the far woods to the car.
moved 5-6 flushes Bliss: 2 prod.
one shot - no hit

Friday 21 October

A beautiful day, warmer. Shadons still holding under 8 tablets daily. We took off

for the Wt Storm country to explore our discovery, the Edelman Place and Maple Run. Parked at end of Edelman lane and used Blissolo, leaving Shadons in his cage & Dino in the car at large. We started after 3:00 down Maple Run on the right side (east) thru excellent alders and hawthorns red with leaves but did not see a feather. This was hunting a shale with but the terrain called for coverage and later she came in to nice range. We ate lunch on an old drumming log with stalks dropping and a grouse breast feather, and some strange ferns growing all around.

Further down, the stream changes to a fast running stream in beech woods and we were able to cross to the shady side and started back up thru thick whip size cover with small runs but no birds.

Entering a new cutting — the timber men had just left at 4:00 — we were following the log road when Bliss slowed to a lovely point just off the side. As I walked up I saw her begin to flag and the grouse moved out and flushed directly into the sun up the slope. It was a fine point but I wonder about the flagging tail — had to be the birds running out on her.

We followed into an "orchard" of ~~the~~ hawthorns loaded with fruit. Short of a grouse flight I saw Bliss wheel and point on my right within ten yards of me and a grouse flushed from under a hawthorn. I held off a second and fired just above the bird, dropping it. Bliss located and after sitting, panting for a few moments from the heat and excitement, retrieved and sat to deliver the first bird of the season. ~~an adult female.~~

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

tho it was flushed from under a loaded hawthorn at about 4:00 ⁵⁹pm.
I could feel nothing in the crop.

We decided to hunt on around the cove of hawthorns. At about the correct distance for the first grouse flight, Bliss paused, flagging but not solid, then moved up several yards and froze. She was on a small rise above me in fairly open hawthorn thicket and I walked up in front of her to a perfect situation with Bliss turning her head to the (right) far side and drumming in the meant, practically telling me exactly where the bird was. It was.

When it flushed,
out in the open and
straight away rising, I
fired deliberately knowing
it was going to fall, fired
again, certain this time it
would fall, and it
boomed on up over the cove
and away. I realize I must
have simply shot at it each

time and not with it and a bit about. Also, I was too sure. But that is
grouse shooting and I no longer eat my heart out over the shots I miss.
Actually, if the bird is undrained I am a bit glad. It is one way to
shoot and return your birds, like trout.

We did follow however, in case the bird was sprinkled and looking for
another chance which we did not get. We found for a breather and a
bit on an old rail fence and looked out over the woods.



RIGHT THERE, GEORGE!

On the way back the cow - I like cows! - Bliss moved out too wide and made contact too far to see if she bunted. But as soon as a grouse makes a lovely gliding flight left-crossing and down into the bottom and from Bliss's actions she didn't seem to go. We followed but didn't flush and it being time for us to return to Sir Shadows his 6:00 o'clock tablet, Ray walked to the car while Bliss & I covered more of the basin toward the road. Hawthornus are all there this but I also came to more azaleas than I've seen in any place for a long time. We must see it next spring! along.

Ray drove to the log road and picked me up where I let Shadows drink in the grouse went to his delight. He seemed in fine shape.

This cover proved empty on the far side (sunny slope) but which not stuff with grouse, looks very promising on the west side in the cove, which with its hawthornus near the new flashings in the bottom and second-growth woods about should be a good spot. The south side of the road still appeals to me with its alders upstream and we plan to return. Will also try the road to Clyde Davis's place.

adult hen: inter

crop: catkins
greens

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

Mixed 3-4 flocks

3 shots - 1 hit (over point)

Bliss: 3 prod. (1 kill over
1 ret
1 kill over pt.)

Saturday 22 October [This has been the longest Indian Summer we
can remember, with the color still clinging in
the low roadside cover and to rare and precious, single trees after five
weeks of glory.] Today was perfect weather again, warm and a bit
windy but where we went nothing was wrong. We drove up the
Gregg Knob road and pulled down to an abandoned farm we'll
call the old Gregg Place, sleeping away the autumn entirely
removed from the world. There are other farms in view in the distance
but no contact. Leaving Dixie & Shalons in the station wagon (this
was the first really off-the-road experience for the new Fairlane,
going over nearly plain sod - we started Bliss down the draw from
the old house, thru a stand of scattered hawthornes, some with fruit.

Bliss was to one side and I was deep in hawthorn and crabapple
thicket when I saw the first sign of action - a grouse that ran
ahead of me and flushed out of view thru the ceiling of branches.

We followed but were shut out by dense cover, and walked
thru some fair looking woodcock alders but made nothing. On our
next flush - a grouse from a tree we took the line of flight, crossing
a small run and came to densest thicket of witchhazel in bloom.
This year the witchhazel blossom has been the most luxuriant we have
ever seen.

Missing Bliss's bell, I finally found her on point in some
hawthornes, holding beautifully thru my whistle. I approached her
head-on, expecting a woodcock and suddenly saw it crouched and
looking at me. I nearly passed up the shot, asking if she wanted
a picture of it. When she said "No, I want a picture of you shooting" I
walked it up, expecting it to arise up on my head. Instead the

bird bounced, turning 90° and flew low right-quartering. I overtook it and dropped it as it nearly disappeared behind some thicket, hard-hit. I can't remember woodcock & quail flushing so silently before this year and I question my hearing, but Kay, who has a hypersensitive hearing, corroborates it. Bliss retrieved the cock nicely, a male, and set to make the presentation.

Working on them the cove we came to a field and suddenly I realized Bliss' bell was silent once again! I found her on point standing in the field and pointing back ~~toward~~ into the woods - a picture.



I went to her and moved along the edge of the woods from the field side, stepping in front of Bliss.

I was nearly certain it would be a woodcock, and into the sun, but a quail flushed from a few yards ahead and dove low almost straight-away. I fired too hastily instead of waiting the critical moment, but the bird fell to the ground. I ran along a few yards and took off in perfect flight. I was convinced my shot had not touched it for the fall was not in time with the shot, and I think it struck a branch, was knocked down, released and flew on. It was a perfect point, a poor bit of shooting, and an odd situation.

We gave up following back into the big cover of the swamp, hunting instead up along a barely ~~little~~ ^{small} run.

bordered by just enough cover to hold a bird (almost like a fence row).
at the head of this we came to a widening of second-growth cover that
fanned out against the side of Gregg Knob. I was walking up to the
rising ground when a form suddenly bored down and yommed
past me on the left and a few feet from the ground. I checked
half-expecting a woodcock, recognized a grouse and fired. The
bird was left-away and scarcely a foot above the ~~ground~~ ground,
drumming like a shot tho I suspect it was coming in to land. At
the shot it tumbled over, its fan spread, then righted itself and
with wings held out began to run. at that time a second
grouse came down over us out of sight.
I was pretty sure I'd missed, but I
couldn't hear the reflex, and ran to the
spot, putting in Bliss to search. There were no feathers. We hunted down
the run which had under-cut banks where a dozen birds could hide,
and there was dense dead grass and weed growth and alders clusters.
Still, Bliss hunted hard and both Kay & I searched but we found no
bird.

Kay suggested that instead of driving to Hays run to try for woodcock,
that we stay on here (an inspired suggestion) and she walked to the
car to get Shadows his 4:00 o'clock pill and get Dixie. I ate lunch
and then creaked with Bliss to try to find the other bird that had gone to
the left but, tho the cover was lovely in there, we made nothing.

Kay joined us with Dixie in half an hour and after a short rest, we
hunted the wooded cover on the lower slope of Gregg Knob. Dixie began
moving out too wide and Bliss, who had been working beautifully, completely
went out of control. It is pitiful to see a good dog go like that any

all because of competition. Oddly, they make a fine brace on woodcock, but Dixie has abandoned her nice range on grouse. I'll see that she doesn't spoil Bliss's work in the future.

With both dogs too far out to know what was going on, we heard 3 more grouse flush up the slope. One refreshed later out of sight.

about 5:00 we worked back into the big swamp and came to ~~the~~ slashings of the past summer. We found no birds there, not even woodcock, but as we re-entered the good cover we heard a grouse flush. I worked past a fallen tree tangle with D. & B. too far out and missing everything within range. With no warning, a grouse flushed from the tree tangle I had just passed and rose on Kay's head behind me. I wheeled and had a good shot at it - rising left - crossing at fine range - but tho I swung past the bird, it went blithely on. I looked up and saw a Thorn or maple about 12 1/4" blasted in two with a pattern no wider than the trunk.

Once more at the foot of the slope where I had shot at the grouse I started the two dogs down the run over the same area, hoping both might turn up my bird but with little confidence in the idea. I waded down the run with Kay walking behind me. I heard her exclaim, "Here's your grouse!" I turned and saw the bird run up the rise into deep grass in the opening, ^{unable to fly} I headed it off and back toward Kay who called both dogs in to retrieve. After some excited and fruitless running almost over the grouse, Bliss saw it and caught it, delivering it alive with a broken left wing. I dislike it when the shots are not clean kills but I regret ^{the secret of avoiding} the situation. But I'm glad we went back ^{the run and didn't leave the bird crippled} ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center}

Monday 24 October : We drove down to the Canaan to try the
fates for woodcock — on a quiet Monday when we had it to
ourselves. We and five other hunters and three dogs, and a rain
that set in just as we started hunting. Giving up we drove to the
Back Road where the rain stopped and we were alone. We used
Bliss & Dixie, giving Shadows plenty of Primordial. Bliss bumped a
woodcock just at the small bridge — a fast left-crossing shot
that took me by surprise and which I missed.

We made no other cock up to the spruce cover so turned
back and hunted higher in some good looking grouse cover of mixed
evergreens. Almost immediately Bliss pointed above me, just within
the edge, then for some reason moved in as a grouse flushed, giving me
a low straight away in the open. I held off and was just swinging
up then when the bird veered left as I fired — a good opportunity
fluffed. A second grouse flushed wild moments later.

Further on both D. & B. moved too far ahead into a clump with
spruce and a big beech tree and we heard & saw three grouse go out —
two possibly from trees. One went straight ahead, one doubled back
to my right, the third back to my left. We followed #2 and
Bliss ran onto it. Alone she would handle grouse beautifully; with
Dixie she goes wild.

We had no luck re-locating any of these two that flushed
back. Working toward the bridge we split out a tree-porcher and
later flushed it, again from a tree, and I tried a left-crossing
shot — too quickly — and cut a cock out of a spruce.

Back at the car, we hunted for the by the way, hoping
the crowd would be gone by 5:00 p.m. my last, and we had

a good two-hour woodcock shooting. We had several points by both Dixie & Bliss but could only hear their calls go silent. Finally, in the far aspen over a cork flushed within a few yards of me and I had a shot at it - a stumpy rising straight away that I centered - a male.

We began working back at about 6:00 or later and got into a nice area east of the first path and clearing where we saw more whiteness than elsewhere and where Bliss made a lovely point that she held while I returned to find her. I missed a try at her bird. We had some nice dog work toward the end but they were too far out and required some searching to find, as in other cases, held till the bird flushed on its own.

Finally at the car, Ray went in to build a fire of our cook-out and I creaked, coming in at nearly dusk. As a gesture toward Shadow, I took him with me and the two girls in a last turn up the road to the gate and back. He was heavily medicated but unroted as trying to push into the cork on the side, getting involved with brush but very game in spite of stumbling. On the return just this side of the large aspen and at the edge of the alders, Dixie ran into a cork that flushed toward the car but hoping for more. I trudged in but found Bliss on point in the corner almost across from the car, and Dixie came in and backed in a lovely double point. Shadow who couldn't see what was happening, went on to Ray. I walked up to the dogs and the cork flushed, double against the failing light. I fired and undershot it and watched the bird flounder, then flutter on across slowly with a big dangling. Only once before do I remember a woodcock flying in that I used the second

TUSL
TWB

barrel, hoping to stop it but must have missed clean, for it continued on toward the big aspens from where it'd flushed it. Calling to the dogs to come, I saw Shadows running after me at a fast gallop and when we got to the upper edge where I expected the bird to be, all three dogs were scouring the cover, searching.



~~I was uneasy Shadows might get over-stimulated but he plowed in, wallowing in deep mud, running blindly into brush, but searching loyally. Finally in the near dark, Dixie gave up and came in to heel. Bliss kept making casts and wouldn't quit, and neither would Shadows at last, I knew it was hopeless, but for something to do, started to send the dogs into the big aspens in case the bird had gone farther than I estimated. Turning to call Shadows, I saw him wheel toward some thick grass on the edge of the alders north of where I had put them to searching and saw him nose something as tho he had found scent. Then to my amazement and delight, I saw him pick up the woodcock and bring it to me with his head held higher than I ever saw it, while goosebumps played up and down my neck. He brought it to me, his old eyes almost glittering and, at my command, sat and delivered it in perfect style, ^{a long time} there has never been a better retriever than Shadows and it seemed like a special sort of miracle!~~

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Kay could hear me all the way to the car.

We had a beautiful dinner on the tail gate with big Cabin Mountain dimly luminous in the misty moonlight that filtered thru clouds. And all the while we ate, with the two girls dozing in the crate, Shadow sat upright with his ears cocked, savoring the event as much as we. What a dog!

- 2 hrs - Buck Road: moved 5 grouse - 8 flickers
2 shots - no hits
moved 1 woodcock - 1 flicker
1 shot w.c. - no hit
- Bliss: 1 prod. grouse
5 prod. w.c.
1 ret. w.c.
- 2 hrs. - Gato: moved 12 woodcock - 15 flickers
3 shots w.c. - 2 hits (1 caught)
- Dixie: 3 prod. w.c.
1 back w.c.
- Shadow: 1 w.c. ret.
- adult female
immature male

Tuesday 25 October: We drove the mt. Carmel road to the Cupp Run Swamp, parking D. & S. in the car and using this site. It was another nice day (none of the Canyon Rain fell in our dry land) and Bliss worked at a nice range most of the time after I disciplined her in the beginning. On the edge of the swamp she made a point, but when nothing materialized she moved in. A grouse flushed behind Kay from a low rhododendron and flushed out of range in the open to the woods beyond. Then a second bird flushed from a tree above Bliss.

We made no further contacts all the way to the far ravine below an old home place where we ate lunch. Going to the hemlocks in the bottom we were unable to get across and, storming back, lost Bliss. I found her slid on point, where she'd held them all my shooting. The bird must have run out on her for as I didn't flush it, but it was a beautiful point in rhododendron on the edge of the bog.

in alders below a large white pine we heard one a two grouse
flush ahead of us and followed up the hill to the woods. Then
we heard at least two flushes, possibly three, from trees, and
I saw a grouse cut down the slope to the main swamp near
where Bliss had made her first point.

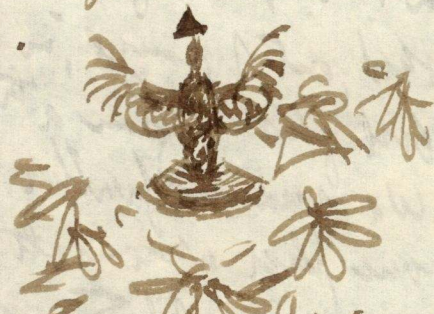
In the dense rhododendron under hemlocks and under a large
oak where I had marked the bird, Bliss pointed. I tried to creep
around the clearing above and got across the fence into a pine
plantation where the bird flushed from the ground to a tree and then
out the edge way ahead. I marked it in a draw in front but
it flushed well before Bliss reached it.

Not sure which way it went, I took Bliss up the draw to the
head and the woods but failed to find it. Kay started for the car to
get shadows his fill which was overdue. As I followed back along
the swamp at the bottom I was some piece behind Kay. Walking
past a thick clump of rhododendron on the edge I heard the
grouse explode and had a quick shot at it rising exactly
straight away. I swung up then and fired just above it and
saw it tumble into the dense cover.

I called Bliss who bored in and soon
had the bird retrieving beautifully.

Kay whistled and I knew she was
running back for a more. I kept walking and Bliss carried the bird all
the way for Kay to get the delivery - a nice big cock.

We hurried to the car and Bliss ran to the
workshop in the last hour. Kay stayed with shadows and



I took D. & B. into the bottom. Bliss put up a woodcock she didn't want - a large one that we never did find. That was it for the woodcock for the day. Later Bliss made a good point that looked perfect but proved empty. Just ahead Bliss made a grouse. Later she and D. made it a second time. Then work I returned to the work of King and the car and we drove home via Kelly Corners and Roaring Gap road to the Tannery, a lovely drive.

Why not more woodcock in those two coverts today? I don't know.

Capps Swamp: made 4 grouse - 8 flushes. Bliss: 2 prod. grouse.
 1 shot - one hit. 1 hit
 1 kill.

shot with 3 1/2 - 1 1/2 - 7 1/2

young male: solid
 crop: catkins
 deep hornbeam? & yellow birch?
 Kings: made 1 grouse - 2 flushes.
 1 woodcock - 1 flush. B. & D.:
 no shots.

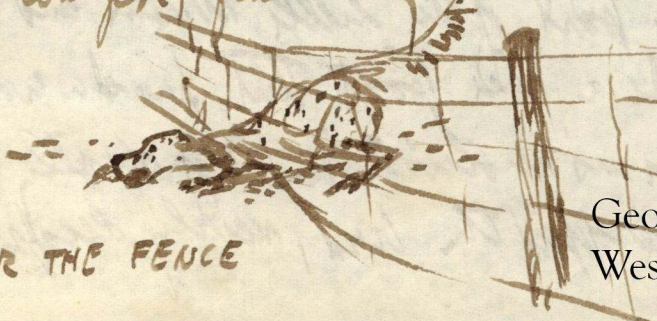
Thursday 27 October

after a rest day yesterday, we took 78 for a two-day woodcock trip to the Mt. Storm country. We started at covert #1, driving up the back road on the left of the Stony River bridge and parking where we'd parked year before last, I think it was. Leaving D. & S. in the car we used Bliss solo. She began ranging too wide but several severe and consistent corrections got her working nicely. We made no cork in the first section along the lower part of the little stream and was about to leave when Bliss made a nice point that proved a woodcock. The shot was impossible but it gave us motivation. Very shortly she pointed again and this time I dropped the bird, nearly decapitated.

There had been a brace, one flying high, the other low and I took the latter. Bliss retrieved nicely. This was in the alders just beyond the fence and we sat on a big oak stump about five feet in diameter and ate lunch, very pleased that we were into birds.

Just beyond, when we started out again Bliss ran into two more and we followed out the edge of the woods. We felt we heard a grouse flush in the woods but didn't see it. Oddly, Bliss did not point but was working scent when 2 more cock flushed separately. Ray marked the second one well out on the edge of a point of woods toward the hawthorn orchard. Working out to it we found the spot and Bliss drew into a lovely point. The bird flushed straight out low but I missed, shooting into some sapling branches. The cock turned and went far back to the original covert.

Bliss worked beautifully and made several points and I shot two more. I limited myself to shots over points, a much more gratifying way to shoot woodcock. It takes little but persistence to shoot woodcock if you take wild flushes and I rather regret the only one I've shot that way this year, the afternoon on the Dots when the dogs gave me no amount of points to speak of. The third bird today was a hen, Bliss pointing it just behind the Stony River Lodge. It fell at my shot - a low straight-away rising gradually, but was winged, fluttering on the rocks out ahead. Bliss went in to retrieve, saw the bird but was obstructed by a woven wire fence. Reaching under, he took her neck, took her head and drew it to her.



UNDER THE FENCE

retreating nicely. What a girl! 2 in the way to the car we walked into a
creek outside the works on the margin of the field.
It was just or close when we drove to Count #2, at "the joint."

Here, welcomed by the Murrelets kids, we got started, using Dixie & Bliss.
The combination doesn't work as well anywhere as at the Gates where they
make a very nice brace within reasonable range. But D. is usually too
wound-up after being parked in the car and today she moved too wide.
However, she did make a lovely point on the edge of the run in
the alders and I missed the cork both barrels.

We followed and Bliss made a gorgeous point on the west edge of
the thicket, the same bird I think, and it flushed low and away-right.
I shot quickly and hit it hard, again scalping it (like nearly) the first
bird today. We flushed 3 more corks shortly, but had no shots or even
points. We drove back to Dotsen Hotel (no gun) where we spent the
night in cramped quarters. The nice part was our dinner which we
cooked out at the Cherry Ridge picnic grounds which we had to
ourselves with an almost full moon lighting our dinner. A good first
day of the trip.

Count #1: Moved 14 corks for 16 flushes 4 shots - 3 hits
" 1 grouse - 1 flush

Count #2: " 4 corks for 6 flushes 3 shots - 1 hit

7 shots - 4 hits w.c.

Dixie: 1 prod w.c.

Bliss: 7 prod: w.c.

4 reb. w.c.

1 IF
1 IM
2 AM

Friday 28 October - Our second day at Mt. Storm was as clear and
perfect as our first and a bit warmer. Both days were
one-shot (corduroy) days except when the sun went down. We were glad to leave
the Dotsen Hotel - clean but not comfortable and full of ignorant power
plant workmen who should have been at the Chesapeake. Our first try was

the grouse count on Emory Run near Hartmansville that Mr. Green makes
one of the best grouse counts in the country. (He doesn't count enough good ones).
We found one woodcock wild and two quail with no dog work from Bliss
who was working two weeks again. This area has the straight form of hemlock
that grows in a horizontal spread like yew. It isn't an accident but all our
recommendations. It looked excellent, flat rhododendron cover with hemlocks
and with alders along the slow stream. We drove in a gated road and
parked. Shadows & Deer in the shadow of the only small leafy tree - a
beautiful maple - as could find.

Bliss' bell went silent the moment she reached the alders along
the stream and I found her asked on what was obviously woodcock. As the
'cock rose I shot and saw it go on as a second 'cock flushed close to
me. I tried for it and missed with my left barrel. We decided to follow
the pair above the road into some pines planted about a beaver dam, but
as I rounded the clump of alders and crossed the stream at the road
I saw Bliss on a hot point into a log. Nothing flushed when I walked in,
yet she was intense and with her head low. She moved a step but
froze and I looked down in front of her and found one of my woodcock -
stone dead and hard hit. I realized then that I hadn't seen the first bird
too clearly, only feeling that it had gone on - being distracted by the
second flush. This was the first bird I am sure which, falling, had
appeared to fly down in perspective. Rather than let Bliss break point
to pick up the bird, I picked it up then tossed it for her to retrieve
which she did. It had been a lovely job - point, find and retrieve.
I took the bird to the cooler in the car, got more shells and
regained Ray and we hunted on down the run. We found a third
woodcock and soon Bliss pointed to it which I retrieved.

The cover became dense rhododendron and with no place to go but up along a rock barren we headed back a bit higher. Bliss made a gorgeous point holding until I walked around in front but nothing developed. Later, Kay walked up a woodsack and a grouse that had let me pass by, while Bliss worked farther out. We then heard another grouse flush far out.

at the car we moved to the area where we'd met Mr. Green. Kay stayed with Bliss & Shadows and I took Dixie for a turn of about a mile moving one grouse. I couldn't see Dixie point but she was definitely stopped as the bird flushed. She worked much better alone - good range of view contact. The area is uniformly cut-over brushy cover - good other than for lack of food & variety. I saw one bunch of grapes and almost no vines.

I rejoined Kay & we drove to count #1 for the evening woodcock shooting. Shadows has been doing well on 8 Partridge daily with an occasional 7 pill day. We took him along and he had a fine time. at the edge of the woods (Kay & I saw motion on the ground that was a woodcock alighting from a flush from D. We put all three dogs to search but not a one located it. I am convinced that even good dogs pass up some game birds, for I've seen it happen too many times to be ^{an old} chance, and it seems always to be the case when you know where the bird has gone. This bird lay tight & finally flushed behind

Further up the run I came on Bliss solid on a lovely point. I walked the bird up - a low left-quartering cock that I dropped, feeling I was a bit behind. It was winged, so I may have been. Bliss retrieved and we left Shadows find and retrieve, to his delight.

Next, Bliss worked in nearby, not quite new, and ran onto a cock that flushed toward the edge. As she moved toward me she trumped a second one that followed the first. Why? One moment she is certain, the next, fails to hit them. Perhaps the very dry conditions? the streams in the Mt. Storm area are full, the mountain streams - leaves etc. is dry.

With no intention of shooting so close behind the lodge, I sent Bliss
on and she nailed one of the birds beautifully. It flushed, giving me a
good chance if I had cared to take it. The second bird was somewhere
near but we didn't stay to find it.

Back in the edge of the alders, Dixie missed a 'cock that nearly hopped
in a short flight, landing close. This happened a moment later with Bliss —
there, and the bird finally moved a moderate distance into the alders,
where we heard a flush. In the alders nearer the main highway,
Bliss made a very interest point that I walked into and flushed — the
'cock going across to the right, well up over Kay's head. She dropped
and I tried for it — a good open shot but I think I stopped my
swing, too aware of Kay beneath it.

Not far beyond both Dixie and Bliss hit but went but
instead of pecking both were trying to pinpoint the bird. It
flushed just before they went — a high rising bird and in
spite of myself, my reflexes couldn't be stopped and I shot. The bird
falling, then fell winged. Both D. & B. located it, pointing now,
and as the 'cock fluttered, Bliss caught it & retrieved. W. & L.

Shadows find it on his own and again he retrieved, very pleased
with himself. I wasn't so pleased with myself, since it hadn't been
shot over a true point but it was over and done and that was that.

We had another wild flush or two by Bliss — I can't quite
comprehend — and one grouse flush that I saw and think could
have been a point by Bliss but it was too far ahead for a shot.

Kay took Shadows to the car so he wouldn't get tired. He was out
for an hour and all went well. George Bird Evans Papers
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the first birds we'd missed and Dixie bounced it. This came in #27
and I put her into the area I saw the 'cock land in when she made
a good point but the bird had gone.

As I walked out of the woods the big, perfectly full, lemon-
colored Hunter's moon was above the tops of the trees - the Woodcock
Moon. It occurred to me that the first Hunter's moon is the
Woodcock Moon and just about encompasses the best of the flight
periods - or it was this season. I must check it on other years.

I hope to get a bit more 'cock shooting this year, but if I don't, I
have had a fine season on them. Limiting - and this is the only acceptable
connotation of the word - woodcock shooting to points is the real way to
enjoy it as a sport. My one slip today and the old bird I shot at
the Lake will be, probably, the last.

Emory Run: 2 grouse, 2 flushes no shots
1 w.c. - 1 flush

Samuel Run: 2 grouse - 2 flushes
4 w.c. - 4 flushes 2 shots w.c. - 1 hit

Court #1: 1 grouse (not new) - 1 flush
12 woodcock - 16 flushes 3 shots w.c. - 2 hits

3 AM

5 shots w.c. - 3 hits

Bliss 3 prod. w.c.

3 ret. w.c.

Shadon: 2 ret. w.c.

Dixie:

(2 w.c. hits)

Monday 31 October Dry, warm, cloudy. We returned to the Preys
Kunde covert, leaving Shadow & Denis in the car and heading for the
 slope cover first. There are hawthorn - loaded - on the hill field
 and blackberry briars. Beyond the stand-growth woods, where Bliss
 looked at a tree group, we came out on more hawthorn and some
 greenish berries with rubus and ~~other~~ blackberries. This is
 probably one of the most optimum coverts with its variation
 of food and cover types - alders and witch-hazel in the bottom,
 more hawthorn, elderberries - nearly everything but grapes.
 The cave formation of the hill slope, the little runs thru the
 alders & crab-apples and thorns. But today we had a time
 locating birds - We know there were 4 left on the hill slope, one of
 which Bliss saw in a tree. Soon after, she made a lovely point
 well ahead and held it beautifully for me to come up, but it was
 empty. We moved nothing until we reached the bottom area
 where we'd moved several in a group last time. Bliss bell
 went silent and, as usual, I found her solid. It was gorgeous,
 in the midst of a thicket with her head tilted up. I tried to



VERY HIGH.

detour the thicket to reach an
 opening ahead for the shot but the
 bird wasn't waiting for me and flushed
 when my back was turned.

Bliss had been hunting beautifully
 in range but after that point she
 opened up and I couldn't control her, even with some whips.

I flushed the next bird (or the same) after bumping
 my shin on a barbed wire. We had no re-contacts and so we

circled and hunted up the little draw where we'd followed 229
two grouse on our first trip. Today - none. Descending to work out
the other prong of this draw, Bliss and I passed a grouse that
lay tight on the edge and then flushed as I lay walked into it.
We never did know where it went, but I must have crossed the
field, then we followed with no success. On the way, Bliss made a
red-hot point just where the grouse should have been, only to have a
rabbit materialize which nearly destroyed me, I was so tense.
Another circle in the bottom turned up nothing, and I lay went
to the car to give Shadow his belt at 5:00 (nearly sun time)
while I made a half hour turn around the bottom with another
solid but empty point I thought would be a no-brainer. I didn't see a
feather of these birds ^{today} ~~heard it~~ (no new) - 4 flushes Bliss: 1 prod.
3 hrs. No shots. ^{The impending storm seemed to have the}
^{birds covered up today.}

Wednesday 2 November: Yesterday was drizzly and foggy and we
went to WVU. Used center to see Dr. Albright. Today turned out better
than expected - cloudy and occasional drizzle but mostly nice
hunting with the woods slightly damp. We drove to Upper Dority and
parked in the usual place after talking to Mr. Price who now owns the
Doca Sybolt place.

We used Bliss solo and hunted all the way up the lower road
and around the rhododendron flat, then up the "jeep road" before we
saw the first bird, a high meadow from Bliss who was about the top
edge. We couldn't locate the grouse in the island tree and so climbed to

the top field where it had come from. There are a few clusters of
greenbriers loaded with berries up there with even the low
briers yielding, but not a sign of a grape in the entire count.
Just below the top line of trees and briers Bliss made an interest-
ing point in a briar tangle that she held solidly. I hanged all
around her and nothing flushed. I hope she isn't going to dwell
too much on rabbits. As she got set me right, soon after I
passed her on and had started along the lower edge of the hedge
row, a grouse flushed on the upper side and quartered left into
the far field. I got a brief look at it but long enough to
warn them and fire as I got ahead and the bird folded. It fell in
high weeds and it took Bliss
a few moments to find it, some
higher than I had thought. She
retrieved but laid the grouse down
and I had to order her to complete
the job. Meanwhile, Ray had run out of film and she made a
rapid reload - a good feature of her new Anisomatic camera -
getting a movie of the delivery as Bliss sat. The grouse was a nice
big cock ("Think of me"), a young one.

As we started on along the edge, staying above, Ray saw a
grouse flush from a tree in a clump of saplings and go on down the
hedge row. Almost immediately, Bliss ran into a large woodcock
that gave us a good look at it coming back over us. Hoping for a
shot over a point I turned back and sent Bliss in, but oddly she
bumped the cock again - not even good work. I let it go,

rather than wound it to death with a dog that wasn't handling well,
and we went on out the bog-lake ridge toward the car.

At the woods we went down over the north slope, finding it
less windy here. Bliss made a nice point fairly far out and as I
walked toward her I saw a grouse flush a long piece to the right
of her but just below me. Puzzled, I watched Bliss move on and
circle but she went back to the general area ahead of her
point and this time pointed in some dense cover. A grouse flushed before
I could reach her. A third grouse flushed later on below me (Bliss
wasn't near it) and it loped straight up to the top of the tall trees, landed,
and headed for the upper end of the court. Went over #6 and all we
moved to the car. Then, as Bliss waited while I gave Shadows &
Dixie a 20 minute turn up to the Sybolt farm corner and out the
cave about the road when I saw a grouse went out ahead, from the
action of both dogs. The rain had started again when I reached the
car, but it was a good day - as all of them are when you get a bird
and have a productive. Bliss worked fairly in range, (with some restraining).

Young cock: 1 shot	Heard 7-7 flushes	Bliss: 1 prod.
Cherries: 1 shot	Some shot - 1 hit	1 net
Crop: 1 shot	1 woodcock - 2 flushes	1 kill
3 hrs.	3 1/4, 1 1/2, 7 1/2	Dixie } 20 minutes.
		Shadows }

This court should have had more birds. We lost 18 last year,
but it must have been the weather.

Saturday 5 November: Cloudy, 40°, rain or snow 50% forecast, bar. 30.15 falling.

We drove to the Hazleton #1 covert, using Bliss solo, and found it a paradise of grapes hanging full on many of the numerous vines - large bunches of large grapes, in a year when grapes are almost nonexistent. In addition, we found the greenberries in this covert loaded with fruit and, just for color contrast, hawthorns on the edges hanging red. With the birds we left here last January, there should be cloggers.

We found one.

After covering the land very carefully we doubled back and hunted the north slope, working down to the edge on the open field. At the very end of the lower margin a grouse exploded ahead of me, breaking into the open and going straightaway. I held off a moment, then fired and saw the grouse fluster down in a number of floating feathers. As I ~~forgot~~ broke my gun to eject the shell, both shells flew out - empty. The gun had double-fired. I thought the recoil heavy, as it was - a six dram load with $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of shot! I can't account for it unless my finger slipped back on both triggers.

I hurried up to put Bliss in for the retriever but the bird was running ahead and I had trouble getting her into it. She kept running back to where I had shot. At last, with much calling, I sent her to where she could see it and she caught and retrieved - an adult hen, with a broken ^{right} wing, a poor shot. The bird proved, on cleaning, to have only a few leaves in its crop - greenberries leaves and a fruited leaf. And this with that abundance of food all about. I think the impending weather (a rain came up in the evening) must have had all the birds covered up somewhere.

Not wishing to hunt this covert further, we drove back and

finally got settled in the thorn bottom below Handless, which now belongs to Glenn Deal whom wife gave me permission to hunt (via phone). We left Blin in the car parked near Handless and took Shadows and Dixie. Shadows was so happy and while he tumbled several times and plowed thru greenberries and tuckered and across the stream, he enjoyed himself for about an hour. We heard at least two grouse - the first of which I watched, flat-footed, while it crossed in a lovely rising flight in the p.m. I was just too slow to get into action, mostly from surprise. We followed and heard a bird, followed by another - sounding almost like 2 new ones. Later, Dixie ~~put~~ put up a woodcock that I tried for on second shot - (I've been reserving all cock shots for points) and I saw the bird turn over at the shot. Expecting it to tumble I watched as it righted itself and made a perfect flight - obviously unharmed across a big opening. I was about to try the left barrel but it was too close to Ray.

We decided Shadows shouldn't stay out longer so Ray took him back to the car on a leash. Shadows is ageing but he enjoys so many of the things we let him do and it's a pleasure to see him - so gallant and game. We keep him on elevated medication - P-aminobenzoic - or daps we hunt.

After Ray & Shadows left, I hunted Dixie for another half hour, missing one of the grouse wild but with no shot. On the last part of the hunt, Dixie made a lovely point, very intense, across the stream from me, among alders. He head was low and turned, his tail and rear high. One of the alders I was a woodcock

She held staunchly while I waded the rather deep stream, and all the while she didn't move a hair, not even as I tramped all around in front of her. Nothing! It must have been when a woodcock had bounced out. The excitement of walking on on that point was almost equal to a shot!

Hazelton #1: moved 1 - 1 flush. Bliss: 1 ret.
One shot - 1 hit 1 kill

Handlans: moved 2-4 flushes
no shots

adult hen: inter.

crp: a few leaves

Crane leaves & a)

frozen tip or two

moved 1 W.C. - 1 flush

Shadows

One shot W.C. - no hit. Dixie

Monday 7 November

A warm day after rain in morning. The

forecast sounded too threatening for our planned Canaan trip, so Ray stayed home with S. & D. and I took B. to Upper Beaver. I headed the usual road upstream, hearing a poor flush wild from ahead of us. I found grapes abundant in this covert but not many birds. The first bird was not relocated and just below the first house and clearing I walked into a woodcock. I had no shot of woodcock but have been holding off all shots except over points. This one flushed so suddenly from my feet - with no awareness on Bliss's part - that my reflexes took over and I shot, missing the first barrel and centering it with the left - an adult male. Bliss retrieved nicely and we cont. stopped for a bit to eat. The sky cleared to blue & I nearly melted in my seat. Down in the mass of rocks below the cliff I saw Bliss wading in some tangled cover of grapes. A bird flushed behind and to the left of her and I think she had

wind of it. She very soon went on a nice point that looked wonderful til I tramped out a rabbit. I am trying to shoo her out of rabbits but so far have had no luck. I hesitate to punish her but I think I'll have to for she is pointing repeatedly on them - and there are so many this season.

We hunted to an old clearing above the second house and after another stop for food, turned back and worked down the valley. It is a lovely covert but today did not produce enough birds.

On the hillside just under the brink of the ridge I saw Bliss slam into a point, turned into a big mass of grapevines. When she moved in I heard a grouse flush. In vain she doesn't break until the bird starts out, but I don't care for this. As she disappeared in the thick stuff a second grouse flashed out, giving me a very brief look at it as it crossed to the right and ^{toward} what I felt was obstructing trees. I swung them and fired but felt myself fire too soon. In spite of sensing obstructions coming up, you should always swing them all the way and fire as tho the obstructions weren't there. I think I would occasionally work; a stopped swing almost never does.



SWING AS THO THE TREES WERENT THERE!

I marked the birds flight and as later heard a grouse flush that I caught as a glimpse of the bird I missed.

The only other contact was a

wild flush from rhododendron in this last stretch before I reached the car. It was nearly dark and I only heard it. This was not near at the time.

Moved 5-6 flashes

one shot - no hit

moved 1 w.c. - 1 flash

2 shots w.c. - 1 hit

Bliss 1 prod
1 out w.c.

AM

3 hrs.

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Bliss worked a good range today.

56° cloudy, 50% rain forecast, Bar. 29.95 falling.

Tuesday 8 November

We drove Election Day by ignoring it and heading for Mt. Storm. The first place we tried was the area east of the road toward Clyde Davis - a good looking thorn and alder covert that yielded one grouse. Bliss was working far too wide, after a nice performance yesterday, and the grouse flushed from her. It was across in front of me before I knew it. I tried a fast swing and must have folded across my chest swinging left. My finger slipped off the forward trigger onto the rear one, giving a double discharge that was almost like the one

last Saturday. The gait from 6 1/2 chams and 2 1/2 ozs. of shot is noticeable. I questioned the kill on the Purday but decided that it was just a break situation, repeating Saturdays. The bird went untouched.

We found a few grouse but almost no vines. There were two small grouse feathers along a little run but I don't think it had been shot. We returned to the car, disappointed that we hadn't made even one woodcock.

Sitting Dixie & Shadow's join us, we hunted a brushy area beyond the gate when we were parked but there was no fork and no birds. We had talked to Cooper whom we passed on the way in. He said he hadn't moved many grouse but had moved about 9 in a flat near where we'd met him in the early autumn.

Moving back toward Mt. Storm, we parked at Carroll and Dixie & Bliss, leaving Shadow in the car. Dixie began by ranging too wide - a new trick for her this year. When I saw her point and, after a moment, begin to read on. Expecting her to be on woodcock scent I let her go and she worked out a grouse from the edge of the stream. I gave her a thorough rodding and a full catch which I've almost never done with her before.

help, for in a short while she rammed into a point that she
held like a statue. I had walked in to a ^{new} point by Bliss - a woodcock
which I flushed, shooting too quickly. This time on Dixie's point, I
saw the bird on the ground as I had Bliss, but I took my eyes off it,
keeping them up, waited until the bird was well up and even tho I
had to fire thru branches of a large thorn tree I dropped the bird
centered nicely. Dixie seemed a reformed girl and rushed in to the
retriever, delivering it well - a large hen woodcock.

In the alders beyond the fence Dixie again hit scent, worked a
few feet and solidified. I dropped this bird going away rather well
out, another hen that Dixie again retrieved like an angel.

We next lost Bliss, her bell having been silent a long time.
We discovered her on point at the edge of the alders near Pt. 50.
Dixie looked but we couldn't find the bird anywhere. It must have
flushed without Bliss knowing.

It wasn't long until Bliss pointed out on an extension of the
cove and I walked up a low flying woodcock I couldn't get a shot at.
The light was fading and we started a cast toward the far margin of
the woods. I turned and saw Bliss pointed at the edge of the woods
behind me, and Dixie ^{and I} ~~both~~ ^{flushed} ~~flushed~~ ^{flushed} her. Behind her the bird flushed going
away. I mounted and the butt caught under the too-full sleeve of
my new shooting coat (why do they make them oversize?) and so I
faltered, a second cock flushed at my left behind Bliss and
I dropped it on a fast swing, the bird falling on the far side of
the fence in the woods. I sent Bliss then to retrieve which she did,
a cock, coming under the fence to deliver.
It was getting dark fast and we hurried back to the

area on the far side of the fence and I found Bliss on point again, and Dixie backed. Again, I saw the cock on the ground — I have never seen one on the ground before this year and only one before today, then three today — and I kept my eyes away from it and walked in. The bird bore straight up and I caught it as it crossed the left above the truck, a close shot that dropped it, winged. It nearly fell on Dixie who, altho Bliss rushed in, took over and retrieved. Four cock over four nice points! A good day, and we returned to the car with no further birds moved.

Clyde Davis: moved one grouse — 1 flush
one shot — no hit

Bliss
Dixie
shadows.

Court #1: moved 7 w.c. — 7 flushes.
5 shots w.c. — 4 hits (over pts)
moved one grouse — 1 flush

Bliss: 4 prod w.c.
1 ret. w.c.

Dixie: 1 prod. grouse

2 AF
1 IM
1 AM

The Woodcock season is nearly gone.

It did not rain until we were eating our steaks at
Cherry Lane picnic grounds.

2 prod w.c.
2 birds w.c.
3 ret. w.c.

Wednesday 9 November Cloudy, warmer, threat of rain.

We started for Jones but decided to hunt the
Lick Run School flat instead as close to the car. We moved a grouse early,
then another that we followed downstream, getting a lovely point by Bliss.
I tried to work around for a shot but the bird went straight out low and
crossed the road. We stopped to eat, sitting on the concrete bridge ends.
Then going downstream Bliss got a point far from the bird which flushed
down further and beyond our reach.

Kay left me to go get the car and I took Bliss down the
Lick Run road, flushing a bird near the Hardisty rocks, the grouse diving
into the dense rhododendron along the road. In more action than all
the other birds up to the road and out.

of the tangle I stepped onto the paved road and turned to see Kay
 parked about 200 yards down the road, waiting for me. Suddenly a grouse
 exploded from the bank across the road and gave me an open shot as
 it quartered left and headed down the road. I made the mistake of not
 waiting for a clear focus, but with ragged nerves after a frustrating
 day, I simply mounted fast and tried a fast wing that didn't
 connect.



DOWN THE PIKE.

I followed, after Kay came
 and picked me up, telling me
 she had seen the grouse go well
 past her, & that she'd seen another
 grouse fly across the road earlier.

Bliss entered the woods when I expected the birds, cocked her ears
 as if she heard something running, and barreled right up to the
 grouse, flushing it. I called her in, punished her, and then
 cautiously let her out. She broke and ran just as wild.
 This time I called her in, scolded her and sent her to the car,
 changing to D bird. She did equally poorly and, disgruntled,
 I got up and came in. After all, I had done my share of goofing.

Little Run School: 3-5 grouse Bliss: 2 prod.
 no shots.

James (Summers:) 3-3
 one shot - no hit

Friday 11 November Today was cloudy, cool (50°) Bar. 30.5 rising
 20% chance of rain
 We tried one of our favorite courts, the Evans Bishop Place, parking at
 the usual place. It won't take long to tell the story. We moved our grouse
 wild in the "new" cover where last year we shot 3. We
 hunted over the top to the path behind Bishop and Regional History Center.

kind without moving a feather. I lay took the road by the house and the
boy said his brother had shot an arrow & below the barn. at the
car I let D. & S. join us for a half hour in the area & then left
and moved nothing.

Bliss

heard 1 quail - 1 flicker
no shots.

D. & S. $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.

Saturday 12 November To a covert we were certain of, Number 4.

We used Bliss solo out the road and moved not a bird until
we reached the far end where Bliss moved out at the edge of the
swamp. A second quail later flushed from rhododendron on the
south edge but we did not relocate.

We did hear a barrage of shots on the far side of the swamp
and saw tracks of a jeep that had gone in, and on our return out,
of the old road that cuts across Beaver. There were 15 shots at least,
a few triples and we heard voices at one time. It might be a
place to try. On the other hand, it may have been all at two or three
places. When you don't hear more than two along the road it is
a sign of something wrong. as was yesterday at Twin Berkepsi.

Bliss.

heard 2 - 2 flickers
no shots.

Used D. & S. after we
returned to the car for half an hour.

Monday 14 November I lay stayed home with D. & S. and to catch
up on some things at the house. I took Bliss
alone to hunt up Sacred Run, parking at the church. Weather was cool,
sunny, perfect. We started up the lower road on the east side thru
humbuck-rhododendron cover but moved nothing in spite of reports the
rental student gave Art Thomas. At the place the old road ended I
climbed the ridge to the upper road passing a small house on the
left. Over the ~~road~~ rise along the left side of the road I came to

#41

a nice brushy hillside with an abandoned farm across a small
ravine which looked perfect. Sending Bliss ahead I followed. For
some reason Bliss did not cover the draw well and a large grouse
flushed across the ravine to my ~~left~~ right. I tried a fast overtake
and fired going thru the left-quartering rising bird which seemed to
left as I shot and bore on over the ridge. I can't understand Bliss
not hitting that area. We followed and over the ridge I think the bird flushed
ahead of Bliss into a tree, for she looked once.

after pausing to set - a lovely day and nice woods with an old
field about it - I began working the edge, staying about thirty yards
inside, a good way to hunt giving the grouse a fair look at my flushes
coming into or going out of the woods. too, the grouse often hid on the edge
or just within. Today was one of those times, but Bliss was ranging too
wide. Calling her back again she once more missed a bird that was
on the very edge. It flushed fifteen yards from her, quartering low
to the left. I felt it might have been a shot but I didn't react fast
enough. Almost at once, a second bird went out and bore low over the
top fields to the far side, I imagine.

We followed the first one and tho we hunted a good brush corner and
a perfect slashing / hunter's corner we could not move it. Nor did we
release the second one when we worked the far edge of the field to
the old house & ravine again.

I walked the upper road back, encountering old relics of Purgah
Mountaineers Hunting Club - along the left side. In spite of this, I
saw Bliss into a good greenbrier field. She showed signs of scent
but did not work out. Then I began to hear grouse going out - at
least two and perhaps three, the last of which I saw well too far out.

I tried to get Bliss to cover the field of berries and crab apples for any other birds but she wanted to work too wide. By this time I was getting steamed over her poor days work. Frustrated, I gave up and cut the road and down to the highway.

Rather than walk it back to the church, I dropped over the bank and Bliss almost immediately turned right with a stiff-legged action and froze, tail and head up and nostrils working - one of her perfect grouse points. It made my day as well it should. I tried to get around behind her for a shot but the bird went out twenty yards & was ahead of her, giving me a look at it against the opening of day for what might have been a possible had I been in position. It was a good end to a poor day, this fall of it, the birds had been in exactly the correct situation. More 6-7 flocks

Bliss: 1 prod

One shot - no hit

Went down & drove to Morgantown for 14 days talk that route.

Tuesday 15 November Hoping to find more grouse and a few late woodcock, we went to Blackwater, reserving Cabin 15. In the Back Road where we had made 5 grouse & 1 woodcock we made nothing. Going to the Gates we had our production by Bliss and saw ^{that} one woodcock. And Bliss who on Back Road; Dixie & Bliss at the Gates. Drove to Cabin 15 disappointed but hopeful for tomorrow.

Made 1 W.C. - 1 flush -

Bliss 1 prod W.C.

No shots.

~~Bliss~~ Dixie

Weather partly cloudy & cool

Am tonight after us that we had the birds & ourselves there huddled together.

Wednesday 16 November Another good day, cool but mild with some sunshines. Started in the Corner Court with B. & Shadens at the Park, where last year we had moved 6 or 7. Today Bliss worked a bit with and moved 1 bird I merely glimpsed in distance. Returned to car and drove to the Mallow Crest, using Bliss & Dixie. Heard one grouse. Saw large flock of ducks and had an adventure in bag-see "Hunting With a Top Map Gun." Bliss
Moved 1 grouse - 1 flicker. Dixie
no shots.

It is as tho some pestilence had struck the grouse and even the woodcock, tho, late as it is, I can understand the lack of 'cock, out west of grouse that had been here.

Thursday 17 November With forecast of some rain for Friday we decided to pull out of Cabin 15 and headed for Mt. Storm. Drove to Clyde Davis house, talked to brother-in-law and then tried his suggestion on road to Edelman Place. Excellent cover, some quakes, Junco, thrushes, greenbacks, perfect protection for grouse, but no birds. Moved to Thorny Hills about Maple Run and took all their dogs. Not a feather. Returned to find a car almost blocking our way out. Man turned out to be Clyde Davis - one of life's awkward moments before I recognized him. He thinks birds are higher up until now. He may be right.

Also last try we drove for the final 3/4 hour of daylight to the old favorite Court #1, hoping to find a straggler woodcock. We found an embarrassment of cock with Bliss making a

beautiful point far out in the woods with Dixie looking. They
held the angels while I whistled and when I at last discovered
them the bird had gone. This situation has occurred before and I
wonder if a 'cock' when not walked up by a man, sneaks out
on a "floating" silent rise as I've seen them go up? Bliss, now
frantic that we were into birds (and the ground was plastered with
whitewash) went like the wind and hitting another bird, froze
immobilized. The 'cock' flushed without a chance for me to shoot.

From then on, Bliss was on point a working scout at least 75
yards ahead, with me trying to keep up. Dixie, confused by my
whistle at Bliss, did not work too well. When I ran up to Bliss's
point the 'cock' again flushed behind trees and two more fluttered
up as the dogs moved in. In a desperate reflex I fired at the
next wild flush - even tho not over a point - and trying for a
chance thru the trunks, missed. We had four birds ahead of
us, two behind and got at least two reflexes but no real
points.

Finally in the fading light I took the dogs to the far
edge of cover along the thorn field. From a small thorn
bush that was almost nothing a great flutter warned me and I
saw q. grouse go out. I felt I had it but the shot rang empty, and
I fired the left too far out and missed. I was using 3-1.8 loads in the
open barrels and I don't feel it adequate for grouse. At the second

shot a woodcock flushed from a few yards beyond the
 grass, crossed and almost at once settled down of me. I don't know
 why neither dog pointed the grouse on the woodcock. Dixie ran it
 land and went on point, perhaps by sight, and then backed her.
 When I called it up the cock flew away right and low and
 dropped at my shot. Dixie retrieved, a nice large hen. (?)

We had no more finds out to the middle of the edge cover
 and as it was late we turned back, with still no points a flush.
 Finally, in the almost total darkness I saw a white form on point
 ahead which I thought was Blair. Then I saw the straight-out tail and
 recognized Dixie. I hurried up, heard the whistling flush in the dark
 ahead and got a short look of the cock high against a piece of red
sunset sky. I fired and to my surprise saw the bird fall. Dixie
 was nearly under it and made the retrieval - another nice hen.

There is something about not finding game that is frustrating when
 it continues for days. But when the action comes, and if it comes,
 at the end it soothes all the ^{sounds} words of disappointment and the
 woodcock or points can make a three-day trip a success!

Wounded 1 grouse (not new) - 1 flush

AF AM (no long. I guess it) 2 shots - no hit
 first ^{substantive} ~~substantive~~ ^{initial} ~~initial~~ ^{missed} 8 w.c. - 10 flushes

Blair: 2 prod. w.c.
 1 back w.c.
 Dixie: 2 prod w.c.
 2 net w.c.

3 shots - 2 hits over pt

^{Tram # TUSL way.}
Saturday 19 November after resting yesterday after our trip we went to James. The day was overcast and cold but good hunting, not windy. Threw two quans as singles in the first brushy cover with no shots and no dog work as points. James was not home but we ate lunch in his house, warming ourselves by his checked stove.

Having a note for James, we began hunting the cove immediately about his house and almost at once Bliss hit scent, pausing to wind then stepping in and freezing - a lucky point. I tried to get around the side but the quans went out behind some tree trunks and greeneries. The notion that a quans keeps cover between itself and the gun has some basis from fact but I am convinced it is not deliberate beyond the birds going out cover away from the dog and gun. Also the suggestion that the gunner should step to one side for a clearer shot is a thin chance, for the bird is gone in an instant.

We followed this bird and a second one flushed about out of sight. Bliss ran into one of these on the edge of the woods so we walked up the clearing and watched it fly through a neck of cover where I expected it to land, then keep going low across the field and enter the distant woods. Hunting I had it well located, we followed and couldn't find it, tho we disassembled a lot of jacks.

We returned to the first woods and failed to locate the other quans. Climbing the hillside we began hunting out the opposite direction. Then Bliss began working too far out, moving in a line away from me rather than across in front. I became irritated and handled her poorly. My scolding and whistling brought her in, only to crouch in guilt (but for what?) and then to move straight out again as before. I feel inadequate to write a full report.

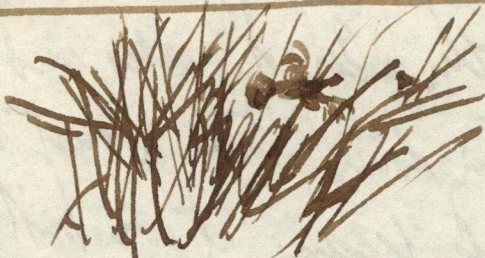
It is I want her to do. Reading Duffey's article on taking the
dog's front view (an opinion I have always held) I believe I must
usher her in but not scold her - instead, try to cheerfully encourage
her to hunt across in front of me as the I know birds were there.

But today I wasn't thinking, I was feeling and Bliss reflected my
poor handling by moving too wide and fast. She ran onto an grass,
#5, and as we followed after it she walked into #6 among some
big boulders about me that Bliss had passed up in her wild casts.
She fell several times climbing over the piles of rocks and all in all
we were an unhappy trio. Settling down with a rest on the
strip mine road about, we headed back because it was past time to start
for the car to get Shadows her 4:00 p.m. pill. As we dropped
down Bliss let scent and pointed but when we moved ahead a
grass flushed young as that, across the field ahead as the earthen
had done.

We crossed and entered the woods near the old cabin. There
Bliss made another point and again had to move ahead to establish it,
almost landing on the bird which flushed with no shot, going
down the slope parallel with the edge but well inside. We
took that tack as the best way and soon I saw Bliss but another
point. I ran to her and the grass flushed offering only a short
glimpse as it quartered right rather well out. I fired anyway and
the bird went on.

In the next ~~few~~ ten minutes Bliss made three more good

interest and solid points - first points in fifteen minutes or at least 3 new grouse. I missed another try at a flush exactly like the first shot. Then came the break. Went out over a point, a grouse flushed, coming straight up it seemed, and quartered right (again like the other two shots) but this time I dropped it. I seemed to feel myself mounting and contending with a faster, smoother motion and then, I think, is the difference between a hit and a miss on grouse.



FASTER & SMOOTHER.

Bliss was in of the retriever in moments and brought me a beautiful big cock, a yearling.

We found the day suddenly better - perfect, in fact, and Bliss the most brilliant of setters. Actually, it is an example of how a dog can fall into perfect work after a poor start, and especially if she is into birds. And an example of how, by ending on a fine note, a frustrating day can be just right.

Back the long tube to the car and, after Sharon's bill, I took all time for a fifteen minute turn in the woods about the road which I had moved the car down.

Bliss: 10 prod.
1 ret.
1 kill

4 hours
missed 10 - 15 flushes
3 shots - 1 hit

young cock: solid
drop: greenish leaves, cing foil (ginger: popl seeds) S. & D (15 minutes)
I was using the 55% / 72% barrels 3 1/4, 1 1/2, 7 1/2 lead.
This last day before deer season.

On Sunday 27 November during deer season (between weeks) (day # 49)
walked the #1 trail, moved 2 grouse on them, including 3 in top woods,
3 in clearing about Hickory Spring flushing into spruce, and 2 more in
spruce - 10 grouse in 3/4 hr. and more birds than we've seen in our
place for years. Day was very warm, ^{63°} partly sunny, after rain in a.m.

Woodcock made the first part of the season. I shot 20, all
but 3 over points. ³⁴ shots - 20 hits = ~~58.8%~~ ^{58.8%}, I believe my
best average on cock so far. Only five cock were shot in
the States. Eleven were shot in Covert #1, one at the Gregg Place,
one on Upper Beaver, one on Mr. Greens Pigeon Laurel Run,
and only one in Covert #2. 5 AF, One IF
9 AM, 5 PM

Grouse shooting was rather chancy, 23 shots - 6 hits = 26.1%

Tuesday 6 December

The post-deer-season shooting.
Yesterday was raining or snow. Today
we went to the Scott Place, using Bliss's solo. I have
never seen a dog do more inspired grouse work. It was so
the she'd spent the time off reading how it should be done.
We hunted south on the ridge road to Charles Seese's line
and Bliss quartered left and right within perfect range
all the way. There were tracks in the snow along the road but
only one fresh set and no grouse.

Doubling back we worked down toward the Scott
homestead and there no fault that I could sell on Bliss's part,
two grouse flushed north and north, a third flushed wild
below the secondary north of Scott's path, all three going north.

at the "back" road to the Scott place, Bliss hit scent and worked up to a point which flushed with no chance to shoot. (I think a reflex of the first or second grouse).

It left the country so we worked to the Scott house into and in the briars out of sight above the path I'm certain Bliss went on point. I had removed her bell temporarily thinking the birds were jumpy because of it but I saw no difference and suspect the deer hunters had been stirring them up. Albeit Kay and I stood on the path before trying to reach Bliss we heard five grouse go out singly and a sixth flushed behind us below the path. Not one showed itself to me.

We followed back, unable to locate any, then hunted north across the main road to the Scott place where Kay had seen one go. Whether or not Bliss had it, a bird flushed and this time came very much overhead moving slightly right. I tried to swing them and fired as I got ahead but the bird disappeared over my right shoulder right overhead and Kay saw it go down over the ridge, unfaltering. However, I saw a shower of feathers float down for some time from below the direction of my shot, too many not to have touched the bird somewhere. Being only 55% right I would have expected a hard hit or a clean miss -



describable. We marked the bird's line of flight and followed down over the ridge along an old log road:

at about the exact spot Bliss's bell (now back on her) clanged and then tinkled gently as she worked, not yet cold, and as I came

in view I saw her go stiff. I was entirely prepared, Bles ^{was pointing} out the bird's location almost between us, but when it flushed — only yards from me — I got a reflex block and tried shooting without releasing the safety. In an effort to recover the situation



PARALYZING!

I managed to jerk it off and fired the left barrel yards in the air above the bird, ~~which~~ certainly showed no ill effects from the float of feathers from the first shot. Why, after over 40 years, do you still do these things. That was the last chance, the Bles made a lovely point on the way back and the bird, a new one, flushed too soon for a shot. I'm not counting the freak shot on the second try as it was almost an accidental, not quite, discharge. A nice lot of birds to find. Moved 10 (5 new) — 15 flashes. Bles: 5 prod. One shot — no hit.

The warmer weather, melting snow with a mist hanging a foot above it, damp, some sun, mostly cloudy seems good after a rainy day.

Wednesday 7 December Intermittent rain, warm. We tried the Harry Bray place (Faulkner's) ^{George Bird Evans Papers} parking at the bridge on Little Sandy ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} Below Jimmy Suther's. ^{was in one of the few}

situations where a deer hunting quest has offered me shooting:-
Bliss was a bit wild and worked into two grouse almost immediately
in the ravine above the road, both birds - and perhaps a third
which I think I saw running like a witch - going to the deer
hemlock stand. In the swampy brush just below the old
Faulkner house a new grouse flushed. Why Bliss was not pinning,
or even locating. This I can't say, for she made an nice careful
point where there must have been recent scent. We worked well
around to the Castee line but because of rain turned back.
Bliss made a nice production in some grapevines just over the
brink of the hillside on the way out but the bird flushed below me
with no shots. We moved seven for nine fawns but had no
shots.

At the car, we talked to Herb Shaffer passing with the
school bus and he said he saw grouse in the road at that place
from time to time. Leaving Bliss in the car, we got Dixie and
Shadows a half hour turn up the Jimmy but the bottom where
I used to find so many grouse. The water in Sandy was at flood
stage today, evoking memory of the day I shot a grouse over old
Blue - our house growing about 1940 - which fell in the stream.
I can still feel my lungs burning like fire after my wild
scramble down along the bank to the bridge but never finding
my bird!

Dixie made a couple of empty points trying hard, and above the
road made a point that Jim convinced was productive for I caught the
flash of a bird darting down over the hill ahead of me. She ranged
at her nice old-time point and I think we could do
all right too. ^{Shadows, seemed}

to have a wonderful time. A rainy day is nice to hunt if #53
the rain isn't too hard, but we were getting a bit damp when we
reached the car. Blais: 1 prod.

Made 7-9 floras.

no shots

1/2 hr.

Dixie: 1 prod

Shadows

This will bear repeating.

Thursday 8 December

A hot, mostly sunny day 65°, mildly
breezy, in the face of weather forecasts of rain. We went back
to try our old favorite Upper Douc, hunting up the Syft side
of the ridge to the thorns where Blais made a beautiful point that
produced nothing, but it looked like old Ruff standing there. Shortly
after, I saw heard two grouse flush below us on the slope but we
could not locate them. On the way back the edge of that cover
below the hilltop field, I found a large spread of grouse feathers
from a big cock, and two large spurts of owl whitewash. Ever
the bloody grouse skull was picked clean, no other bones. No doubt
a great horned owl. They do a nasty job.

We hunted the top of the ridge along the fence row of
greenbriers but made nothing today, nor anything in the corn at
the head of the jeep road. At last, below the lower road and
almost at the four line edge I saw Blais was and stop at a flush
I didn't hear, then saw & heard #2 go around the shoulder.
Why no points? Later another bird flushed from ahead of Blais out-
of a sapling - near the ravine. I'll call the Christmas ravine.
This one went across the stream below.

Following the lower path

from the slope above - out of sight - as Bliss moved up. Four separate
birds that went up over the hog-back ridge. We climbed to the
middle path and followed it up the valley to see if there were any birds
at that level. There were two - one that flashed below us as I
climbed past some brush - too far to shoot. Another that Ray
saw flash above the path and go back - and which I did not
even hear.

Climbed to the top path and worked back, finding a fox
carcass hanging, skinned, to a sapling. A deer hunter? At the
hog-back ridge I moved up and called into one of our four
birds - that flashed low, giving me no chance to even mount.
We moved all four of our birds and had at least a reflex
again but no points. Bliss seemed to try today, did not
mount or rise but was still and nothing seemed to work for her.
I didn't speak to her at all about it for I could see no fault
there, just luck - the kind I was having too.

At the car, Ray let Shabos & Dixie out to join me
and drove from ~~where we had parked~~ below the oak (?) tree
where we had parked, to the bridge near our usual place, where I
took all these days up the lower path till darkness turned us
back. We made 2 - reflexes, I think - one that Dixie
barked at Treed; the other from a humlock at the side where none of the
dogs could know about it. I saw neither.

Bliss

D & S $\frac{2}{3}$ 15 min.

Moved 11/4 new - 18 flashes

no shots (something wrong with 18 flashes)

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Friday 9 December Back to the Scott Place. Weather very hot, up to 70°, cloudy & sunny by turns, dry and no breeze.

We hunted in reverse to last time, and moved the grouse. Bliss had pointed last at the same spot, but today with no dog work. Because Bliss was a bit tired as usual with Dissect & Bliss and it went well, at fair range and good coverage. We moved five grouse - none of the groups of 6 - and one was a new one at the end, well toward the Fearer bottom and a wild flush against the sunset too far out - from Bliss, I fear.

On the hill beyond the Scott Place I found another grouse killed by an owl, a young cock, with the big white spur of whitewash as this in contempt. Two such kills in two days in separate coverts. I think the horned owl must be the worst enemy the grouse has. We weren't sure there had not been hunters here this a.m. - and it may account for our poor shooting today. Snow toward 5 (now) - 5 flocks makes for better hunting here.

No shots

Bliss } worked well but
Dane } not any point

Monday 12 December Bitter cold in 20's but no snow. We went to the Hazellon #2 covert parking at the triangle at the forks of the road and used Bliss solo. We found this area much colder than at home with beads of ice frozen on all things and even the greenbrier vines from a rain ~~to yesterday~~. Bliss was not working well today and tho we moved all kinds of birds - one group of seven at the southeast corner of the top flat, all scattered in greenbriers and going out singly. She did not find one and I had no shot.

I was amazed at the tangle of greenbriers underfoot and almost everywhere, so that walking was a misery. We nearly froze our fingers and Ray built a fire to warm us at lunch while I made 2 more grouse in the high greenbriers on the side of Mathew's house. I seemed unable to get a break for any shots and Blair did not make a point that I could see.

Finally about dusk, we returned to the car & Ray released Shallow & Dixie who joined B. and me to hunt the triangle. Almost immediately a bird flushed just inside the woods and I missed a try at it standing in the right road. We followed but it was too dark and while Ray drove the car up to town, I walked toward the left road. Suddenly Dayton Friend came up the road, gun in hand and accompanied by 2 or 3 dogs. He began yelling at me about how he'd told me not to shoot around his house — which was a good 250 yards from where I'd shot. It was so incredible, after our friendly talk with him & his wife last year, that I was almost speechless. I apologized if I'd done anything to annoy him, assured him he hadn't said anything to me about such a situation which had never existed, but he was like a wild man.

Finally he made a remark about if I hunted around there my dogs might not come back, and at that point I lost my patience and told him if he ever touched one of those dogs he'd not come back.

It took some of the hot air out of him, but I'm convinced his off his rocker. If I try the #2 coast again, it won't be from that place for he is not responsible.

It is a beautiful covert and the grouse are well protected but it is sheer hell to walk through. #51

Mixed 12 - 12 flocks
One shot - no hit

Bliss

D # 5 : 15 min.

Tuesday 13 December Next day in the face of snow forecasts, we drove out to the Bray Place, parking at the house this side of Charles Seeser. The snow began as we left the car but it soon had the trees full and the woods beautiful but poor for hunting. It was a lovely walk but no shooting and no points by Bliss. Mixed 3-4 flocks Bliss
(monow)
no shots

Friday 16 December Waiting out the snow, we went to James today. Weather was partly sunny, 40°+ and very nice to hunt. Met James at Summers' (Missouri Summers died recently) and he walked down nearly to his place with us. Saw tracks of 2 grouse on first hillside, crossing road. We left him at the summit and hunted up the ridge to the cabin, making a bird twice. At cabin, doubled back toward the Boaring Creek side and came to large "mushroom" rock with a ladder to the top. Here, Bliss made a grouse (she may have pointed) and I tried for it crossing right thru low cone and rocks. It turned toward the valley and went on at my shot. We heard a second bird flush below the old tramroad and think that meant he was trying - but footing so rough toward the creek.

We moved only one bird above Jim's, after we left his house, and I saw it go out ahead with Blin not near. I wonder how many do this that we don't see or hear? We had no further contact until we tried the calm ridge again and with no birds there, Kay suggested we try the thicket across from the sawmill. At the far edge, two birds flushed from Blin and went out the field edge, one down over.

Getting into the field (shooting from within is impossible) I walked the edge north and saw Blin stiffen on point just inside. After a few moments she moved on in and a grouse rose, tipping the thick cover. I tried for it on the way up, and for a moment both Kay & I thought it pitched as the hit, but we couldn't find it and I decided it had pitched acutely for the road and Roaring Creek. Blin had made a point on the first bird moved today and as it, too, she had moved in. Why?

On our way back we took the right road, rather overgrown, up the hill with no luck but at the top, just within the woods from the roadtop road, two grouse flushed. Blin had gone stale and was not hunting. It was a frustrating day, I must say. Moved 9 (5 new) - 10 flushes Blin: 2 prod. 2 shots - no hits

Saturday 17 December Warmish, cloudy and partly sunny. 50°. We went to Dority Head, parking at the first road to give S. & D. a turn with Blin. This method worked well, assuring S & D of a chance and yet not requiring a fatiguing push at the end of the hunt. We saw old tracks in the remaining snow but no fresh ones. That

Dixie evidently saw go into a tree. This bird had been near #59
the corner at the car, tho we had covered a good looking area on
the top flat, and had run some distance, I suppose from an
arrival. We did see or hear the bird. As we moved the car on
out the road we found the Cramer house appeared unoccupied. We
parked out at the forks and decided to use Dixie with Blin since
they had done well on the first two as regards range.

As we walked down the path we saw tracks of some man
that could have been earlier today. A station wagon with two men and
a large beagle had passed on the road and they might have been
hunting in here in the a.m.

Blin was working on the right of the path and Dixie on the
left. Suddenly a grouse exploded from ground in the edge just
to the left of me and I got a nice chance as it rose, right-quartring
from the thick vines. I fired going up thru the bird about
head-high and saw it tumble out of a cloud of feathers. Dixie
was in for the retrieve and delivered the bird thru dense tangles
onto the road and trotted up to me as happy as I was. It was a
lovely cock, very hard centered. At first I thought it was a young one but
closer examination later indicates an adult. This was an event that
had been a long time, and a painful one, in arriving and it did us
all a world of good.

After proper gloating over our luck we hunted on down the
road. I saw Dixie wind to the right but instead of pointing, she moved into
the cover below and put out a grouse that I shot. Dixie
has never polished into a reliable gun dog yet. The best chance for finding them

Altho we hunted the entire valley where we found birds last year (except the lower portion) we missed nothing. Both D & B worked well and didn't leave much untouched. Finally we worked our way back to the top and just below the road saw a big cock quail go out well ahead of both dogs & ourselves. We followed along the right fork on both sides of the road but did not find it. However, we pronounced our day a huge success. It doesn't take a great number of grouse to give you good shooting, I am convinced.

B.D. & S } about 1 hr.

Moved 4-4 glasses

adult cocks: solid One shot - 1 hit

Bliss: 1k

Crops: greenberries, few grapes, fern

Dance: 1k

1 net

Monday 19 December

Yesterday Jake Livingston and some of his youngsters came for a Xmas tree. While here, he told of moving 14 grouse from a small square of cover about the old Spitzer house which he used to own and is about the Grange Ranger place where he now has a "cabin." Today we went to accept his invitation to try it.

Drove in from the Cuyahoga Road, past the Charlie Robertson place which was a bit less than expected, and down to Jake's little camp on the old Grange Ranger place. Leaving D. & S. in the car we walked up over the hillside, topped a steep gully and crossed the open fields toward Jake's "square." The day was cloudy and cold as hell as top. I was wearing my birthday present fur-lined gloves ahead of time and for while found them constructive. Once they became

stretched, however, they proved wonderful.

#61/66

At the square of cove, which is about an acre and is very thick low woods, Bliss moved inside and shortly I saw a quail go out the far corner and cross the big field to the woods beyond, followed seconds later by #2 which went out low but just as far. Bliss poise on point and I heard #3 flush somewhere inside, then #4 came out at the corner and back directly over me. I wheeled and tried to get against the sky as it banked right and went over the woods out of sight, dropping a few feathers clipped. I would guess from its back. It had dropped to clear the way for my shot, which was well above her, and I could hear the impact as she hit!



GONE AWAY!

We worked into the woods and had three more flushes, one of which I can't repeat - six

birds that had scattered almost in as many directions. All of them had been lying in edge piles of brush, etc. along the margins of the small woods.

We followed the bird I had missed down over the hillside on the east. This is magnificent cover. A sort of sugarloaf flat with ³sides that seem to have been dashed. There are grapes, hawthorns & greenberries in the square top covert. Acres of brush and hawthorn on the east slope and north, and some on the south as well.

About when I expected the bird Bliss went on point along a

stone wall tangle of cover. I was below and inside the dashings and tried to push them for a shot from inside. Instead of holding, when at my command, Bliss moved in (this is smelling I must correct) and the bird flushed with no shot, tho it would have been a good chance. I called Bliss to me and punished her well. Then we searched the big area below but I think the bird went all the way down to the tributary of Beaver.

Back at the upper edge we sat down and ate a bite, then continued out the slope. Kay was in the open on the field edge (power line) and I was below working the piles of dashings. Bliss was out a shade wide and I called her in. At that, ~~the~~ a grouse bored out of a pile of brush ahead of me. As I exclaimed to Kay, two more flushed and I tried for one straightaway and missed. Kay marked the last two, one to the right in a few woods and the other down the open power line field, then 90° left into a stand of small woods. I followed Kay's directions with Bliss ahead of me.

Inside, she made a wide cast - too far, I thought, - but then she slowed, worked a few steps and pointed, headed toward me. It was seventy yards from me and I hurried to her, trying to pick an opening as I went to keep ~~distracting~~ trees from blocking out a shot. The bird held tightly and I was within

12 yards of Bliss when I saw the grouse squatted flat in the leaves at the base of a small tree. It whirled sideways and took off low in a rolling, twisting flight, dodging between tree trunks. Semi-open woods of this sort presents hard shooting to me, for there are always trees in the way. This shot takes instructive shooting with no time for thought and I managed to drop the bird, winged.



BETWEEN US.

Bliss caught it, after several lunges, and delivered it, regrettably still alive - a young hen. But it had been a nice piece of work - a perfect point.

We made no more rest at cut back to the original square corner and followed the first two. Whether we found the same ones, as did most two, one that went out as Bliss went too fast, a second that flushed well along the old line - upon the strip mine scar.

In the hillside corner of reverting clearing a big grouse flushed, again just in front of Bliss and I tried for it after a moment's hesitation - usually helpful - but missed. It was a left-crossing rising shot that should have been made but I must not have swung fast enough.

I made one more go of the poor bird near the car. From the open right of-way a bird flushed above me going straight away and not rising much. I used the right barrel when the left would have been a better chance, but it is hard to select that one bigger at

times, especially when heavily gourd. Even so, I have dropped birds at extreme distances, but not straightaway. There is some mystique about those going-away shots that I have yet to fathom.

I let D. out of the car to join me for the last 15 min. but neither dog found the bird again. With all the ragged shooting - the most I've had this season on grouse - it was wonderful to get into action like that. And to shoot a bird on such a lovely point - only the second grouse over Blinn's point this year.

Mixed 11-16 flocks

5 shots - 1 hit (over pt)

Blin 3 prod (1 hour)

young hen: inter

crop: greenbreer berries
" leaf.

1 hr
1 ret

Dixie (15 min)

Thursday 22 December To the Bill Ringer covert on the Cherry
Grove Road. Used Bliss solo. Cold, cloudy, some snow on ground. Heard a rabbit hunter on hillside to the left as we hunted up the ridge which may have accounted for our lack of contact with birds, tho we did not see tracks of anyone. Bliss hunted nicely, covering area well, but we heard nothing until at the far end of the flat on top. There, on the edge and from greenbreers, Bliss made a grouse. She did not point tho we stopped and flagged, a new twist that I do not like.

We followed the grouse into the large woods and Bliss covered all the grapevine tangles with no result. Crossing a fence, we circled and from overhead I saw a grouse flush from a tree, giving me a left. quartering slightly dropping shot.

and was surprised when the bird fell. It was a rather nice shot for me to make, and fairly well out. Dixie retrieved the bird, a very large cock. It was still alive. This had a wing broken and, when dressed, proved to have some pellets in the body. A big cock, and
"think of me."

We left that covert, hunting down to the road then excellent cover but made nothing. We heard the rabbit hounds still going strong and heard a few shots. Driving on to Hazelton, we parked at the #1 Covert and used all three dogs. The wind was very brisk here, and it was cold. Dixie made a game at the extreme ~~west~~ tip near the road, a bird that skinned low across the field to the valley of Mill Run.

Taking that as a clue, I hunted the edge came around and to the top. While Ray was trying to get Shadows with us, both D & B were hunting ahead and passed up two grouse that flushed singly from the north edge where I'd flushed two last season. As I moved up to double-check the spot, a third grouse flushed low from some brushy hill-
 greeneries tough, giving me an open shot as it banked right low in the field.



LOW & IN THE OPEN.

I fired and the grouse dropped, fluttering. Dixie was in at the retriever just as Shadows came on the scene. I would like to have had him make the find but she was too quick.

She delivered, sitting, in nice style. Again the bird was alive this with a head shot. I tossed it out to Shadows and he retrieved it with delight.

We followed the other two birds with a continuation of no shots other than one a point. This gave us no shooting.

the birds and the other flushed wild. For some reason Bliss is not
 sailing them the way she was. We made a big circle down into the
 slashings to the north where I dropped her camera. We learned
 later that it ~~just~~ jammed the electric exposure mechanism.
 There were no birds in the lower cover that we could locate. She was
 hunted out the edge.

Doubling back, I put the dog into the strip of cover on the
 upper edge of the ~~clearing~~ field, and Bliss moved a bird. Working to the
 log road that runs back up the hill, the dogs got into about
 five groups that poured out, one over my head and down to the bottom,
 but I held my fire. On top we moved another flush with no
 dog work.

I can take Shadows on the back to go to the car and I hunted
 D. & B. out the ridge and more (west). Bliss missed a production by a
 second - the bird flushing wild and Bliss, unaware, pointing beautifully.
 It was too bad. This is wonderful cover. First time we were here we
 moved one which I shot. Today we moved 8, all new.

adult cock: semi	Bill Ringer: moved one - 2 flushes	Bliss: 1 k.
crp: greenbrier	1 shot - 1 hit	1 ret.
berries & haws	Haydon #1: moved 8 (all new) - 16 flushes	Debie: 1 k.
	1 shot - 1 hit	1 ret.
young cock: semi		Bliss: 1 k.
crp: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of greenbrier berries & haws		Shadows: 1 k.
cinqufoil & other leaves		

Friday 23 December Back to try the Jake Loringood area on
the old George Ringer Place. Today was below freezing ^{25°}, cloudy and
cold as hell. Parked on the road before crossing the tributary from
the Aarman place. I wore my new fur-lined gloves (Kago's
birthday present) with the large deer skin gloves, Ed Father gave me,
over them as protection from brush and as additional warm. It
proved a splendid combination.

We climbed the hill back of Jake's little house and at the
brink turned right to let Bliss but some good edge cover at
a deep mud scar. I remarked that this was the sort of edge cover
the birds had been in the last time, when Bliss went intense,
stopping with forepaw raised but not solid. Why does she do this if
there is enough scent to pause? I let her wear in to establish a
point, if anything was present, but she didn't stop in time. A large
grouse flushed ahead of her and I caught it low as it started to
pitch over the rough edge cover - a fast shot, at about 30 yards.

Bliss found the bird, a very big cock and retrieved it, quite dead.
This is as large as, if not larger than, any I've shot this year and it was set
aside for our Christmas goose.

We moved to the small  square cove where
we flushed two more, neither over points. I marked the first as well,
into the slashings on the east slope. I took Bliss to the next spot but

she somehow managed to pass it up, and the quon flushed from some
dashings giving me an open shot which I passed up, wanting a point.
Kay built a fire to eat lunch by while I worked the area with
Bleis, moving nothing. after lunch I worked up to the top edge
where we moved 3 last time. We flushed 5 from one spot, the birds
going out one at a time. Bleis had been within yards of them and
hadn't pointed. There are of course, reasons why she could have missed
these birds, covered up as they were and with a high wind. ²⁸⁰ But
when we followed, we missed two of them in the crab thicket below the
power line and Bleis ran onto one. Then beyond she made a staunch
point that was empty. It could have been after the flush but we heard none.
The other three birds eluded us. I was getting impatient,
passing up shots for lack of Bleis pointing. We crossed the top and
hunted out the far thicket, Bleis moving another bird along the road
with no point.

at the far end on the road I near where I'd missed a shot
last time, Bleis swung left and hit scent, working it beautifully
with her head high. She zigzagged into the wind in lovely
manner and then ran onto the bird, flushing it. True, these flushes
were not deliberate but they are the result of carelessness. I was
going to punish her but Kay restrained me, suggesting that I
make her stay, instead. I did this, taking her to the spot where she
should have pointed, set her up roughly and staunchly commanded stay.

then breaking her into a point, I walked in, talking gently and finally sending her on. Just around the shoulder of woods she disappeared and after whistling, I searched and found her on a lonely point, as stylish and staunch as I could ask. I had to wash them birds and was unable to even shoot as the bird went out but it reclaimed the afternoon. I will try that method when she gets careless again.

at the car I left Bliss with Kay and I took Shulows & Dixie into the cover along the left of the road. Dixie moved two birds, one of them flushing into a tree and later out. I tried for it high and left-crossing but missed. Following, I got into good cover at the base of a sharp wind blow, moving a bird that went up & on like a clay pigeon in a perfectly straight flight - too fast to shoot at. At dusk, I rejoined Kay who moved the car up the road to pick us up. She had seen two more grouse that had flushed well. These last few were new birds.

adult cock: semi
 cup: greenbrier berries
 sheep sorrel leaves

Bliss 1 prod.
 1 ret

Wined 15 (5 new) - 20 flushes
 2 shots - 1 hit

D. & S. 1/2 hour.

Friday 30 December Cold, sunny, snow on ground, clear & perfect
 We went to James seeing Bliss solo. Wined no birds in area below cabin or on ridge, or on hill about James.
 First contact was out the road beyond James' house where we have not tried this year. Begun seeing tracks and Bliss bawled two above the road. Before long she pointed out a ground squirrel.

However, Bliss worked smart nicely below the road and pointed twice — one bird on one point that she moved too close to, two birds on next. We moved down along this road — on a well flush far ahead on road that simply went out with us as near. I tried a much too long shot, — the bird going straightaway and low. I am convinced that unless a grouse flushes within 15 yards going away low that there is no use shooting unless you use the left barrel, and not even that if the bird is $\frac{25}{1}$ yards away when it gets going. First — there is too little profile offered for a shot; and I suspect the velocity of the bird subtracted from the low velocity of shot at 40 yards leaves too little shock power. Actually, I suspect all ~~going away~~ straightaway ~~low~~ shots, unless close ones, would be better taken with the choke barrel.

At the cross log roads, Bliss made a lovely point above the road and I tried to circle around in front of the tangle. The bird, however, was too clever and let me get above, then flushed behind me. On the way back the lower road (main trail) we had another good point by Bliss below the road. I tried for the bird as I walked in but I could feel my barrels behind it as it moved away. There was ~~not~~ a flush from a tree that was probably another bird which I did not see. Stopped at Jim's for a short chat. Kay lost her pedometer on the way to the car. Jim found it several days later near the bars above his house.

Moved 7 (all new) 10 flushes Bliss: 4 prod.

2 shots — no hit

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

^{Mid 32° snow on ground, partly sunny}
Saturday 31 December Last day of '66. Hunted the Wellington Place #71

after finding the Scott Place occupied and the Clifton road too icy; also a car parked at upper end of Wellington on Clifton Road. Used Dixie & Bliss, hunting up the right side of Mason Run to Bob Goldbro's where we did not miss a feather the cove looked good. Saw no track up there.

After crossing Mason Run at bridge we immediately moved & went from corner to left of road. Followed up and came to tracks in snow.

From rocks along small spring run near upper corner covert I at last walked into a bird that flushed from behind and above me, giving me a fast but fair shot, rising and left quartering. I fired quickly and the bird went on, tho a considerable shower of fine feathers floated down for a few moments - some breast, one back feather. The bird, however, never faltered. I have had this experience several times this season - I came close enough to clip feathers but not drop the bird. I wonder if the improved cylinder would be better than this 34% but then I find shots that seem too far out and more birds go on, feathered, small.

When we did not flush this bird I walked and crossed the power line above. Saw Dixie but scent but not point, saw the quail flush and only then realized Bliss had been pointing. She held it after the flush as tho she did not know it had gone. We hunted out to far edge where I expected the bird but tho we walked well, did not find it.

Waded now on my back down the ridge until we reached Mason Run where we missed a single and a pair. Flushed one after I got across the stream (too high to wade) and when we took shadows into the flat behind the car we missed 2 more, neither of which I saw.

Mixed 8-9 flushes
one shot - no hit

Bliss: 1 prod.
Dixie
Shabos 15 min.

Monday 2 January The new year. Back roads too icy to travel
so we went to the Bischoff Place for the first time this ^{season} year.
Cool & cloudy.

It was a great disappointment. Heard only one grouse wild on the
first hill where we usually find birds. We were using Bliss &
Dixie and they worked very well. Bliss made one point that
did not produce but it looked wonderful. ~~On the way~~ In
cover beyond the path from Bischoffs Bliss disappeared for a long
time and her bell was silent. We are certain from all circumstances
that she had a bird pointed. On our way back, Kay heard a grouse
flush that could have been #1 but rather than count them too
close we call it #3.

after that we made the complete circle around on the house
side around the stable and back down the hollow. Did not even
see fresh grouse tracks. Rather than go to the car at 4:00 we
doubled back into the hollow below the stable and hunted it down
to below the steep mine spoil pile. There in the last moments of the
afternoon Bliss wheeled sideways and made a stunning point on the



ON THE STEEP.

steep spoil bank. I worked around
to get a shot and suddenly Bliss
dashed up, as the bird took out from
the brink below small pines.

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Mixed 4-5 flushes Bliss: 2 prod.
Dixie

Tuesday 3 January ^{Bliss was 3 years old today} A lovely day, partly sunny in mid-40's, what I consider an ideal temperature for scenting. We went to the George Ringer Place, parking on hill above Jake's Lumbergoods cabin. Bliss moved a grouse - flush and stop - from left edge of road as we left the car and we followed it down toward the stream at the bottom of the valley, getting a wild reflex in the way.

Crossing the rhododendron choked stream wasn't too easy but we came out in the slashings above Jake's place and climbed to the strip gile scar on top. Heading for the top square court, we worked toward the northwest corner and Bliss obliquely made a lovely point there. I coiled on the outside where she stood and approached from her front toward the pile of stumps and brush and greenbrier tangle in the corner.



LIKE AN ANGEL (3-YEARS OLD)

She held like an angel - and Ruff - as I walked in. The bird, which I expected to flush across the opening at the outside, instead went out directly opposite me from a tangle of greenbrier. I felt it a hopeless situation

but I had to try, going up there, and tumbled the bird solidly. Ray had come in behind me and had taken movies of the point. Now she began filming

the retrieve - a special thing for Bliss's birthday. I think I prolonged it too long - it shouldn't make any difference - but Bliss carried the grouse on several lines to reach me, only coming up against impenetrable tangles. Instead of going to her, I stayed back

to give the mouse full rope and to an amangement Bliss stopped
~~the~~ and laid the bird in a pocket in the brush pile. When I went
 in back, she went to it, turned it over and began to cover it up.
 Nothing I could do would persuade her, so I picked the bird up.
 It was a beautiful cock - at first I thought a young bird. Later
 examination showed sheath on primary #2. But the tail feather
 is shorter than the large coxals I've shot and I'm beginning to
 discredit the feather-order method.

We hunted around to the slashings and under the power line
 2 birds flushed from Bliss (not dumped) from a sumac thicket.
 We saw other birds on the way around the ridge but I reserved
 any tries for shots on point which I did not get further.

At the car we let Shadows & Dixie out and I hunted
 the edge cover with the 3 dogs while Ray drove to the house above
 and talked to Radabough re hunting - O.R. - and we hunted
 up the margin along the strip mine high wall, waving four birds
 from the very dense thicket - Bliss pointing one with Dixie
 backing. This is good grouse country.

Moved 9 (4 new) - 9
 young cock: solid
 One shot - 1 hit (over pt)
 crops: grapes, greenish berries, leaves.
this bird had sheath on P#2

Bliss: 2 shot
 1 full over pt.
 1 ret(!)
 Dixie 1 back pt.
 2 over
 Shadows

Wednesday 4 January. Sunny cold, ground crisp and noisy. #75

We drove Art Thomas to the Armstrong Bottom and moved only one bird there - no shot, no dog work. Climbed the ridge to Byrles' top field and hunted good but thick cover out the right edge mowing 3. Bliss pointed turkeys in here but it was too thick to get a shot.

Crossing the brow of the ridge near "hallowed ground" where Puff made his first production in 1947, nineteen years ago, we hunted out the east face and Art made a bird he shot at. We followed and Bliss made a gorgeous point that proved empty - a bird had been there, I am sure. Later, we dropped slightly lower and Art walked into another. Moments after, Bliss creaked in, with no evidence of scent, and ran onto a second bird that rose, right-quatting to my left. I missed it rising, and as the grouse veered across and over my head I tried a right-quarter overhead shot that I was sure would connect but the bird was of another mind. I think the shot was a bit close for the left barrel (full choke with plaster deer). It was a fine chance, nevertheless.

Too late to hunt further, we turned back and moved several more - that hillside seemed a good place. Art later got one more shot on his way to the road where we picked him up after we turned the car.

I can't understand Thomas not handling all the birds we moved on Byrles' ridge. Something about the dry, cold and the noise, I think.

Moved 11 - 11 flushes
2 shots - no hits

Bliss: 2 prod.

Friday 6 January To Hazella #1. Cool, 40°, partly sunny.

Used Bliss alone, moving nothing (except for the corner bird which again swooped across the road & the field to the lower woods) until we had doubled back over the top of the knob. Then Bliss made a productive, with the bird coming out before I was near and going toward the house with the large pack of dogs (I thought). Moments later Bliss ran into ^{nearby flushed} #2, from a pile of slashings and it too seemed to follow the first. We went down to the lower woods below the road but found neither grouse, so think they either crossed above the house or swerved around the knob.

To check the latter, we again climbed to the top cover and for a moment it seemed we were right - Bliss froze just short of the edge of the cover & the field. I walked in, thinking I was going to have to lean over the fence to shoot but there was no bird there. We hunted down the edge to the back face of the knob and again Bliss pointed in some good slashings in the open flat. No bird, but a few seconds later a grouse flushed above from under a thorn tree. We both marked it carefully and took Bliss to the exact spot - the lower rectangle of cover where I shot the first grouse here this season. No bird. I would like to see where grouse go - after they pass from sight.

We tried the margin of the lower ~~woods~~ thicket but found nothing. As a final try we cut back to the top of the knob and followed the path. Bliss's bell went silent, well out, and to the left in front. I ran up and saw her solid on a high point. I made a wide circle to try to come around in front but, as I was on the path the grouse flushed and I got a good look at it

crossing right at a beautiful range. I sawing them and fired # 77
going thru a lead and the bird folded in a shower of feathers.



It was lovely. Bliss ran in and located
and retrieved, a large adult cock, centered.

We returned to the station again and
drove by the Cherry Grove road to Brown Creek,
parking near the Ezra Kelly place. There we
used all three dogs and moved 2 birds. at

one place Bliss tried frantically to get thru a tight one fence, certain
she had scent. I worked her under and Dixie followed and I
climbed over as Bliss raced up into the grapevines and hit a hot
point with D. lacking. Oddly, there was no bird but it was exciting.
Shelous enjoyed his turn.

Bliss: 2 prod.
1 hit over pt.
1 ret.

March 6 (no new) - 6 flushes
Hamilton #1: 1 shot - 1 hit over pt.

B.D & S. $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.

Brown March 2 - 2 flushes

adult cock: inter
crop: quail leaves, cingful, sheep vocal, teaberry leaves

Saturday 7 January Warm, 52°, drizzle in a.m. cloudy. After the
Wileys had had a rabbit hunt on Old Hemlock in a.m. with Dwight
Gibson, we all drove to the Scander Place. Encountered ice on mountain

road from Jump Rock on, with rain standing on it - treacherous, but we
could not turn back, and we made to the turn-off where Hugh pulled
his station wagon up in and turned. Walking up the road, headed for the

At Saunders home place, we were passed by a Jeep Wagoneer with three quail hunters. Since they pre-empted our plans we held lower down and worked around the ridge. Almost the moment they could have reached the top crest they began shooting in rapid bursts, the kind that suggests misses, not hits. But it also indicated a lot of birds.

As we worked toward the head of Sugar Camp Run we walked into the same group of hunters coming down over and into us. When we got together I learned that they were Dr. Bell & Dr. Brandt, ^(Dr. Bracey) from W.V. Dental School (the third man did not appear.) They were civil enough and we arranged to keep below them. Only moments later we heard further fusillades — how men without a dog can relocate grouse so well, puzzles me but they obviously did. One of the murred grouse came careening down all the hillside all us. We momentarily had heard ^{only} one bird at the beginning of our climb up toward the Garden Place.

In the Sugar Camp hollow, Ray & I crossed to the far side, arranging to meet the Willys at the mouth of the valley. Bliss, who was working beautifully who, began finding scent. She made one point that looked good but proved empty. There were grapes on the far slope and good cover and finally we heard a grouse flush. As we dropped lower and down the valley Bliss evidently ran into birds. She might have pointed but I could not see what happened. One grouse flushed into a tree, then took off across the valley. Almost immediately I heard another come running and turned to see it crossing left.

up the slope. I swung, mounting, and fired, feeling I had not yet got my gun mounted well and the bird folded. Bliss was in at the shot and found the bird, retrieving but not sitting to deliver at first. This was a young hen.

Delighted with our luck, we hurried down the ridge to rejoin the Waleys. In the bottom Bliss made another lucky point and held steadily while I walked in, but there was no bird. Incidentally, the snow was well off this slope and the air had that marvelous cool dampness that makes for good bird work. Some piece further down and near the lower end of this hollow I missed Bliss' bell and found her steadily on point. It was an unpromising situation - good grassy cover but tangles of greenbriers to maneuver thru. Finally, after walking up ~~in~~ from in front and above Bliss I abandoned caution and tore my way thru some greenbriers, and still no bird flushed. Then from fifteen or twenty yards above me the grouse went up, left-quarterming and rising. Now out of a desire to honor her point than from hope of a hit I shot and the bird tumbled. Bliss was in at the spot in moments and delivered, sitting, a nice young cock. This was luck of the kind I hadn't been having lately.

We hurried down the valley, calling the Waleys but got no answer. At the old fields on the lower side we probably passed up good cover tho Bliss wasn't missing much today, but we wanted to get back together with our friends.

We crossed the run and just as we started up the hill flushed two more grouse that went down the valley.

Finally we came on the Willys' tracks in the mud and snow and tho
 we pushed ahead we did not overtakes them till we reached their car.
 flushing #10 along the road just above the intersection of the lane to the
 upper farm place. The Willys tho't they heard no shooting behind
 them and came in expecting us to be there. The shooting they heard
 was a further outbreak of shots from the 3 trigger-happy hunters, one
 of whom had met Hugh and said they had shot one grouse. I'm surprised
 from the sound that they got one.

This was the kind of muggy weather that is almost perfect for
 grouse shooting if you can get out - a little rain after a thaw.

I was proud of Bliss' performance. Couldn't let the other two out for
 a turn as it was nearly dark. Then the festivities really began. In an
 effort to turn, I had to drive past the Pine Grove School when it
 was impossible to keep traction with the front wheels. The further we
 went, the worse it seemed with the narrow road like greased rollers.
 at a road intersection I saw it was impossible to turn without chains
 and set about installing them. Hugh pulled up in time to let
 me and rolled around in the wet snow, putting on chains that were
 too short, tho checked out as O.K. by the garage in the new car. At
 last we got them on and made the trip back to Cuygant all right.
 Hugh's car had metal studs on the snow tires and he had no trouble - a good
 bet, I believe.

Young cock: ~~in the same~~
 had flight on #2 P. Permit R. thinks, also it is an immature.
 crop: ~~some of greenish, tawny, dingy, buff, etc.~~
 grapes, greenish berries, fern.
 young hen: inter. also crop (over this bird to Willys)

Nov 10 (mon) - 10 fowls Blin: 1 prod
 2 shots - 2 hits (1 rabbit)
 1 h. quail.
 2 net
 1 k

Monday 9 January

We returned to the George Raper Place, using Bliss as who to start out. Again, she pointed in the N.W. corner of the square top court - again there were birds - on that went out and crossed the field to the lower woods to the N.W. I had moved up from inside the woods, probably a mistake, and as I stepped to the edge of the pile of stumps and briars #2 flushed at my feet and crossed left, offering me a wonderful try in the open. I think I took the shot too close and missed, missing again with the left barrel as it topped out. Poor shooting.

We covered the far workings behind the court and the power line but for the first time found nothing here. Then worked the area south of the house - good looking, and that the bird I missed would be here but no.

Dropping to the west edge where Ray had seen #1 go, we again drew blanks this later had a flush further on that only gave us sound. Moved nothing along the old lane or around the hill toward Jesse's cabin until I reached the power line. Ray had dropped to the road and Bliss was a bit too far ahead. I heard and saw a grouse flush in the right-of-way and then saw that B. had been on point. Ray had seen it and said it was a beauty of a point. A second grouse flushed, also from the r.o.w. but I was too far to try for it. Ray saw a third one go back that I wasn't aware of.

I followed the first 2 hoping to locate them in the workings about Jesse's cabin but for a while it seemed hopeless. At last, I took the top edge from the spiral bark crest, while Bliss worked below me. Once, I thought she'd found them but she went on. As I dropped down over, I walked into the grouse that flushed right before me. I flushed the others with

my heavily glazed thumb, recovered enough to fire as the bird seemed to get behind some cover close to me and I that I missed, then saw the grouse side slip into the hillsides. Certain I had a wing-tipped grouse running somewhere ahead, I called Bliss in and sent her to retrieve. She had no idea where the bird went down and I had to guess. The place was a mass of slashings and after a while it looked hopeless. Day comes up and wanted to go for Dixie & Shadows but it was too far to the car. Then I saw Bliss below me with her head down and tail wagging and I saw that she had my grouse, dead. What a relief. The bird was an adult hen.

We hurried back to the car and gave D. & S. a half hour.

Heard 6 (no new) - 7 flushes

Bliss: 2 prod.

3 shots - 1 hit

1 ke
1 net

D & S: $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.

adult hen: inter

crop: wide variety of greens, a dogwood bud, cactais (leech?) witchhazel blossoms
alder? buttons.

Tuesday 10 January A short hunt before going to hear Herman Godes. We hunted the Clifton court, hoping to find a stray pheasant. Actually we found only one grouse which Bliss pointed beautifully, and which I missed just as beautifully as it scooted right acrossing low and fast as light. Later Bliss pointed and we are certain she had the same bird. Used all three dogs. Weather was cloudy, cold with spitting snow. Disappointing.

Heard 1 - 2 flushes

Bliss 2 prod.

One shot - no hit

Dixie

Shadows (1 hr).

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Friday 13 January Back to James after a two-day layoff with #83 snow. Today was warm, in 40's, mostly cloudy, few drops of rain. We moved nothing till we were past James and then we started getting into them. Bliss came on point - beautiful - in middle of old road. Kay was taking marks and I tried to get up but the bird flushed and pitched for Roaring Creek too far out to try a shot. Then a second grouse flushed, also from above the road and a few yards behind Bliss, cutting right ~~thru~~ ^{up} the open ~~clearing~~ ^{woods}. There were a lot of trees in the wrong places but I swung thru and fired ahead and the grouse tumbled.



Bliss retrieved, a small young hen. It was a lovely start.

We continued finding birds in the area above the road as we worked down. Bliss made another production but I could not get a shot as the bird went up - between trees. Later Kay walked into one Bliss had not been near, and further down Bliss made a third production - a large cock that I could not shoot at.

We hunted down to the end of the road at the strip mine, turned and came back higher up the ridge. I had expected to find a few reflexes there but we moved only one grouse, a big bird that let me walk within yards as I passed then went out as Kay came by.

We stopped at James and visited, picking up Kay's pedometer he had found after our last hunt.

Went no birds on the long trail back to the car. Then I let

Dixie & Shadows out and took all three for a turn about the road. On the return, D. bumped a grouse from a small square of cover below the place where I had once shot a grouse in that last magnificent channel at the end of the day. I can still see Ruff retrieving it, and Willa following him, prancing as if she were doing it herself. Bliss: 3 prod. 1 h. gun pt. 1 ret

adult
young hen: inter

March 8 - 8 (no new)

One shot - 1 hit

D. 45. 20 min.

crop: grapes, greens, cypress.

This bird, the apparently young from small size had both outer primaries sheathed. Tail was $5\frac{3}{4}$ " longer than it first appeared. Wrote Russell about it. (B. says adult.)

Monday 16 January Below freezing, sunny, clear, shift of snow;

We'd been looking forward to the Whitetail Settlement all season, and we tried it today. First circle with all 3 dogs was from Mrs. Craig's, on Pelt Mc Ginnis and down to the bottom below Craig's - good looking cover, not a feather.

Next try was at the sawmill set above Calverts, parking on the side of the road. Used Bliss alone. She may have pointed - I could not see - but a grouse flushed near us, straight up and leveled, crossing left. I mounted and shot in reflex - at the bird, not them and then a lead as the shot called for, an almost certain hit if handled properly. Anyway, the grouse enjoyed it. That was the only bird we made

all afternoon. We drove to the upper covert and tried that, using Dixie again on a final 15 minutes. A mystery why these coverts, which had a lot of grouse last season, should be barren now. Wasn't just today, and does it mean the birds are lower? I don't know.

March 1 - 1 flash

One shot - no hit.

Bliss
Dixie
Shadows

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Friday 20 January a sunny day, 42°. We went back to the #85
Radabough Place but did not go to the George's

Ringer place proper. Used both Dixie and Bliss in view of tomorrow being
Dixie's birthday. The combination did not work too well today. First
thing, both dogs passed up and all around a tight-lying grouse
in the first little draw. Hunting around the shoulder above the strip
mine, we came to a thorn field where Dixie almost at once began
making game, when I think we should have pointed. Almost immediately
grouse began to flush from beyond gun range, one, two, three, four and
I think - five. Three of the birds went directly into the cover ahead and it
looked as if we'd have good sport. --- until we had covered it
in three trips to, back and to again. Then from the small sign we
decided the birds had all gone from the woods and over the tiger wall
to the woods below.

Doubling back, we got below the strip mine, hunted around, found
nothing, so climbed up over and back over the top cover to the car. Driving
back the road to one of the old roads in the thicket along the strip mine
then, found that it led us only to the strip mine below a rugged cliff,
wild rhododendron valley below and too dense cover on either side of the road.

In the last moments of the day we crossed to above the car and hunted
the flat thicket. Bliss soon made a beautiful point with Dixie backing
just as beautifully, with Shadows staying just in front of my feet when
we nearly tripped me. There should have been a bird or birds there, but there
was nothing. Soon after we saw 3 sets of tracks in a snowing patch of
snow. They could have been here pheasants. Moments later Shadows
walked into a grouse that I saw and I only heard. No more birds but
Bliss distinguished herself by rolling in some unmentionable. What did it
mean? (Pallidus) - 7 flushes
Bliss
Dixie
Shadows

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all at Radabough

No shots

Monday 23 January Fabulous weather for this time of year -
up to 58°, cloudy, damp, on the verge of drizzle. We went to
Upper Douth, our ^{third} ~~second~~ visit. Parked near bridge and used Bliss who,
hunting up lower road. She bumped a grouse before we could even get to
the lower road from the car. No more until we reached the upper end
where, near the grapevine ravine, a grouse flushed down from Bliss and
landed at the edge of the path. Here was an opportunity to see if Bliss
would nail it. Usually when you know a bird is there, the dog fails to
locate it. We stood immobile and watched as Bliss came down
to where we were, obeyed my gesture and worked ahead, and passing
in mid-stride froze with her head turned toward the grouse.



AT THE PLACE.

I hurried up, ready for the shot,
when - for some reason, possibly the
cross wind - Bliss made several
steps further and re-established.
My call to Stay, a poor move on
my part, flushed the grouse too
far out for me to shoot, but it had
been a nice find. The bird pitched across the stream in the bottom.

Before doubling back the middle road we investigated the up edge
at the corner and along the field. Bliss came down from a cast above
and nearly ran onto a grouse in the open field, stopping at flush.
Again, the wind must have been wrong but I redoubled her regardless.
Following south thru the field I tried to work Bliss into all the
greenbrier tangles but she seemed to want to go to the woods below.
While she was down there we heard a grouse flush from the hedgerow
above us and (my) saw it quarter out the upper side. We were

questioning whether this was our last bird - I doubted it - when
quons began flushing from a clump of blackberry came well ahead,
three of them. Bliss wasn't near. It would seem that groups of young
birds in open clearings go out nervously rather than lie tight.
Hunting them as well as we could, we first went up to find the
bird from the hedgerow. Bliss was working a nice range in front
when I saw her stop on point but before I could reach her she moved up
and pointed again. Once more she re-established and then held
like marble just to the right of a dense tangle of greenberries, and
almost leaning away from the bird, her head turned. I was faced

with an impenetrable
briers ahead and to my
left, no way to get a
shot from where I stood
and only one direction to



LEANING AWAY.

near, or try to - around to Bliss's right. Of course, the quons didn't wait for
that, it went out low from beyond Bliss and gave me no chance to shoot.
It was a lovely find and work. Bliss is wearing my bandage on her tail
tip - a black winding of friction tape over a paper towel to protect it
from the briers, fairly successful, but it gives an odd appearance to
her tail and may keep it lower than normal on point.

We tried to locate the other birds but had no luck. Moved on to the
shady side of the bogblack, then worked the upper path up and, after
a breather and food, the middle path back with one flush from a hemlock.
For the last half-hour we moved the car around to the end of the ridge
and hunted all three dogs up the ridge but with no results.
Finally on the way down we saw Duke, of all people, and he was

ahead and Bliss came in and Carbur. As I moved up nothing flushed
and both dogs changed position with Dixie bounding about a rhododendron
clump, ~~when~~ I saw she was backing Bliss around the other side. The
bird ^(then) held till I moved behind Bliss then took out her first in
line with her head before it flared up and over the trees, - no shot,
but a beautiful piece of work by both dogs. Bliss: 4 prod.

Made 7 (no new) - 12 flashes { Dixie: 1 prod
1 back
1 the Shalors: 1 prod
1 back

No shots.

One group of 3 and 2 singles in upper field, the place to look under these
conditions. a good covert.

Tuesday 24 January A warm 65° but dry, partly cloudy. We
called Art who wasn't home, then the Brytes, and went to Brytes Ridge,
parking at their house. Charles Bryte is a delightful person and made
us feel welcome to hunt.

We worked south on the east face of the ridge, seeing signs of
quons all along but no birds. We used both Dixie & Bliss and they
did well enough together. The first bird flushed from being also was
below me and came up, a rising incomer-left. I should have had the
sense to try for it coming in and up but I was playing it wise, turning
to take it going away overhead. I had so fixed
the notion in my mind to fire spot-shooting below
it that, instead of a just seeing them the overhead
crossing bird - an almost certain shot - I simply looked at a spot
ahead and of course missed. This is a legend of the accompanying



shot, especially a spot shot. I'm inclined to feel it better to forget spot shooting any flash. If you happen to remember on an overhead - away all right. Otherwise, they are rare enough they don't matter too much.

The next goose was Bliss, a bird she almost ran over at the edge of a quambrier tangle. We watched it sail down across the open field beyond and marked the exact entry in the woods. I have seen more grouse ~~fly across long open fields~~ make long ^{open} flights across fields this year than any season I can remember, perhaps because I've hunted the edges more. We failed to find a sign of the bird in the woods.

On the way back we hunted down along the path. Then, twenty yards after I took the dogs about to try where dot had moved a bird. Kay walked into two on the edge of the path. Some days I can't do it right. Following the upper bird I came to Bliss on point but the grouse flushed before I reached her. As she moved in, a second bird went out - 2 new ones.

Trying to follow them, it is thick as the devil in ^{about} all this cover and shots are nearly impossible. I sent Kay out the ridge top to meet me at the top field. Again, she nearly sat on one when she stopped to rest, while I was far away with the dogs - my frequent pattern. Following this bird, I came on Bliss again pointing, in the dense cover beyond the top field. I couldn't begin to move close enough to get a shot but again there were two birds, the second flushing as Bliss moved after the first flush. She will learn to expect a second bird - someday. We hunted down the house r.-d.-way, hoping to meet ~~the two~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center}

one long-off flush. Then made the long climb back up the power line, seeing a number of grouse roosts out in the open.

This Bryant Ridge covert holds grouse but offers almost no chance to shoot, like so many areas.

Moved 10 (1 new) - 12 flocks. Blin: 2 prod.
One shot - no hit Dixie

Thursday 26 January We returned to the Scander Place, 3 miles after our icy drive. Today was warm, partly sunny, 60°. We parked at the upper fork near the Pine Gap School and climbed the ridge behind the school. This is good looking country all the way up, but we made nothing until we reached the edge almost below the house beyond the top pines - a wild flock I didn't see. We had a good looking but empty point before we got to the house and then set down near the Springhouse to eat. Before we had any more than finished Kay looked up to see the jeep wagon of the dentist team driving up the old road behind us.

We decided that this time we weren't going to be content and made across the flat timber, seeing one grouse cross well from this far ahead. What ever happened to the dental experts I don't know. They seemed to have dropped into oblivion. We neither heard nor saw them until late in the afternoon when we heard a few bursts of shooting in the lower valley, a good long distance from us.

We heard ~~the~~ flocks from the top humbros. #3 flushed wild from Blin in the thick flat cover, a high crossing right I think I should have tried for. We followed the bird around the pine field edge and finally moved it from the edge cover just below. Again we

followed it around to the far woods it is never hunted. Then we heard
a wild flock (Bliss pointed the hot spot) - then I walked into our
bird near the edge - a low rising, away left shot I sawing them
but when I fired the bird had bailed right and I was looking at tree
trunks.

We covered the top woods - a good rocky cover that may well
be where the birds flush from the flat thicket cover - across the
pine plantation - but missed nothing.

On the way back around the hill cover below the thicket, I
walked past a bird in a grapevine (Bliss wasn't finding them too
well today) and I wheeled and sawing them, cutting a couple of
back feathers from the bird.

They saw its flight and I followed down and around the ridge
to where I found Bliss on a nice point, turned into the hillside pointing
at a grapevine. I had no choice but to walk in from above and the grouse
took the lower exit, almost beside Bliss's head. The bird was quite well.

They stayed on the near side of the valley while I took Bliss
down and across where I found nothing while they walked into it, one going
to the valley, the other 3 fanning out up the old lane and beyond that
pine plantation. Bliss worked too far just but I was uneasy about flushing the
birds and didn't whistle her in. Finally she turned, came back along the lane
and barreled right into one of the grouse, sending it straight down the
lane at me. I couldn't try for it coming in, in line with Bliss, but I made a
first swing them as it veered to my right - then the border of the lane.

We watched the bird zoom down over the
pines, then flare up over the cover along the creek. The trees and shrubs

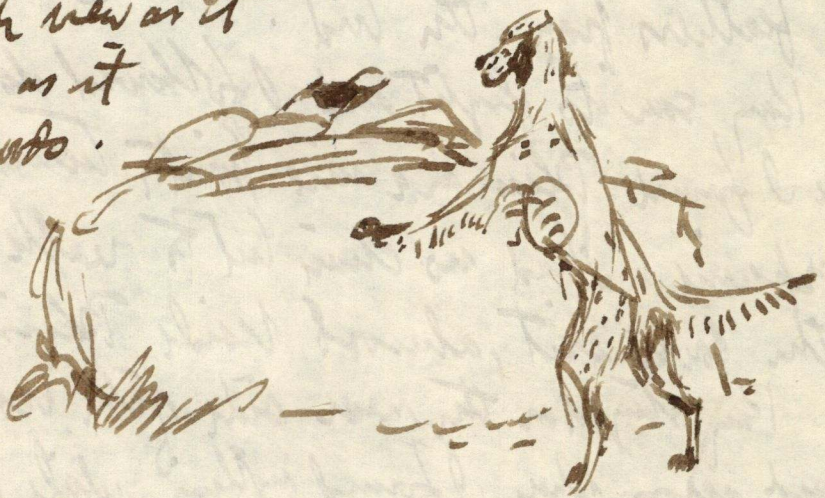
up the far side of the valley to God knows where.

We continued up the lane to the woods above where they heard 2 flushes. Bliss moved in, pointed, then instead of holding, moved further and flushed a third grouse. I had given her a switching after bumping and chasing the bird along the lane, I again saddled her for moving in on this one.

Now we worked ahead in a limited woods where I felt certain of action. The first came with a wild flush from Bliss that I can swear I missed seeing. Then Bliss disappeared up over the field, then her bell slowed and stopped. I hurried up and found her, front feet up on a boulder in the field, pointing.

The bird showed only a flash view as it took off the top, then again as it banked into the distant woods.

Complimenting Bliss for a nice job, I headed her back to the woods below where I expected another



bird on the edge. Bliss didn't share my expectation and ran right into it just outside the woods where it flushed ~~across~~ ^{across} another field and climbed, losing into the sunset in a gap of woods on the skyline.

We followed and just when I expected it, I found Bliss standing outside the cover, almost on point but still flagging, not solid.

I tried to stiffen her by a double whistle (I should have used the dog whistle but didn't want to take my hand off the gun). However, my whistle put the bird up in the woods, as though leveling away

shot that was a temptation to try with the left barrel but I #93
decided against it. I think Bliss's hesitation was due to my three
~~the~~ recent scoldings and punishments for bumping; she felt the
bird was ⁱⁿ there but was not certain enough to freeze. Instead of
establishing a point with her normal holders, she remembered the
reprimands, and stood hesitant. One of the prices of too much
discipline.

That was our last contact. We worked out the old road
then heavy tracks of the jeep wagoners repeated trips on her, heard
that group of wraiths shooting away down along Muddy Creek. —
bang-bang - bang-bang - probably crippling birds they didn't
know they hit. We found one of them dead birds near the hemlocks
on top today, lying in a clearing they couldn't have missed it if it had
been a direct hit. Obviously a spurned bird that died later, doing no
one any good. Too bad they don't use a dog — or don't shoot each other.

March 11 (6 new) - 21 flashes. Bliss: 3 prod.
3 shots - no hits.

Monday 30 January Clear, cold, 35° Snow on ground. We decided to
take a short hunt in late afternoon, trying Little Sandy from the bridge
on the north side. Lord Bliss & Dixie and they got into a group of about
5, in the laurel and rhododendron on the stream side of the path, just
short of the power line. All birds flushed across the stream, one giving me
a very brief view but not a shot. A sixth bird flushed from the far edge
of the power line at the water's edge and cut low back downstream. No shot
no point. Following the path along the hillside then good darkening, I had a
quass youn makes about my head, ~~flushing from~~ ^{flushing from} Dixie, and John into the

thick cover below.

We followed the path to Costello's line, circled them the thorn thicket with no results and headed back along the skyline route, then good gophers & shashings. The snow was still too "stony" and we had no action. Altogether we made eight with no dog work, but it is a revelation of what good cover there is, and fine for a limited hunt.

Heard 8-9 flushes
No shots.

Bliss } 2 hrs.
Dine }

Wednesday 1 February Weather warm 50° and sunny. We returned to Upper Dority, one of our favorite coverts. We tried hunting the top field first this time, taking the upper path. Heard nothing in top ~~the~~ field where we'd flushed a group of 4 or 5 in similar weather, so kept along the top hedge row and worked around them good cover to an abandoned house - one-story asbestos shingle - in a remote cove on top. There were nice sugar maples, apple trees, briars but no birds. After eating lunch we started back down the tributary (rattlesnake hollow). I put Kay on the path on the other side of the little run and Bliss & I worked the edge along a field. As usual, the grouse flushed near Kay, crossing and giving her a fine look at it, and I didn't even hear it.

We tried to locate it at the head of the "jeep road" - no luck - but Bliss did make a point on the far edge of the power line. Nothing flushed as I walked in so we moved ahead and then we heard two grouse, one ahead of Bliss, the other below us, go out.

We followed down the gopher's ravine, to below the utility road and at the lower path, heard a flush that we thought was the pair. Peter had pointed. Unfortunately, Bliss had not noticed the ravine itself, and I

think she had justification for us were following the bird as I thought it had dropped down in here. But soon we began hearing grouse so out - three singly below the lower path and about in the ravine, then one from the grapevines above the path - it went straight up the hill, with that - another that flushed back over the shoulder across the power line - no shots or more than one or two glimpses in the lot. Finally I got Bliss working in the area and she pointed in the grapevines above the path. I edged along below, hoping for a shot like the birthday shot two years ago. The bird felt otherwise and took a low, side exit that didn't even give me a chance to mount. As it flushed a final bird, #? of the group, took off from below the path, unharmed.

We hunted hard and moved one or two on far reflexes, mostly from trees. It is frustrating to have this quantity of game and be in cover that offers almost no shooting. We left, after giving Shakers & Dixie a half hour on the Tybolt side of the hogback, feeling we would never come back, at least this season.

Moved 12 (2 new) - 16 flocks. Bliss: 2 prod.
 No shots D. ? 1/2 hr
 S. ? 1/2 hr

Friday 3 February Yesterday moved. Today, with partly sunny weather, 36° and cotton snow on shrubs we started for Muddy Creek, only to find a VW wagon at the cabin below Cuzzart (probably Morgantown) and snow clinging to every twig on ridge downstream. Giving up, we drove to Rabun Gap and found almost the same snow condition everywhere. We failed to meet birds in the field above the strip mine, and kept going around the ridge upstream exploring. After maneuvering our way over snow to the lunch area

one with a "lagoon" and kept hearing soil or rocks crumbling off into the water. The upper edge of cave took us back toward Radebaugh's house.

In a dense corner of grasses and greenbriers, Bliss moved in at my command and 3 quails flushed, none offering a remote chance to shoot. We followed around to the other side and after much circling managed to shoot two that could have been, at least one of them, a reflex. This bird came from Bliss and flushed directly at my head, whizzing past and down past my head. No chance to shoot. On the way back, we stopped off at the far flat cover and B. & D. moved the quail that lies there, very far out. Bliss was moving out too most all day, making it difficult to handle her. Lack of contact with enough birds is probably part of it. Rather poor sport. Cotton snow is a good thing to stay out of; bad sport.

March 6 - 6
no shots.

Bliss
D: } $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.
S: }

Saturday 4 February To assure ourselves of some action we went back to June. The snow was gone, 40°, and perfect scenting. Cloudy, damp, a rising wind that brought rain as we returned to the car.

We passed June on his way to the mailbox and had just had a good point by Bliss at the left of the road, the bird flushing out of my sight as I walked in - a long point.

Our next contact was a point by Bliss above the road beyond June. I had lost her bell tinkle and was trying to locate her among the trees and rocks above me. It is one of the penalties of a wild dog, and yet, that type moves out and for quail.

at last I saw her standing on a large
boulder, pointing with her head pointed
immediately below her - indicating the
bird as accurately as a radar needle.

I couldn't move directly to her
because of the cover and the rocks.

The only chance was to come in from
below. I gave Bliss my whistle signal to
let her know I saw her and then back-tracked



RIGHT DOWN THERE.

and worked into the rocks, stopping at the one place I might hope to see
the bird and use my gun. The grouse had been flushed well over and was
lying close. With no way to flush it but to push on, I tried to wedge
between boulders and get them. That did it. The bird was wise, flushing
low to the ground. I saw it for an instant, then beyond gun range it
rose acutely and soared off - no shot. But it had been a lovely find
and point.

We made our usual circle down to the old saw mill site and
back along the top path to the strip mine and across the fields to the
cabin but heard nothing. The grouse were evidently in lower cover after the
snow. At last, working down the old tram road below the cabin Bliss
began working scent, moving in cautiously, intensely, not resting it
but not holding too long. At last in the hemlocks at the bottom along
Roaring Creek, she pointed it. The bird went off the far side without my
seeing it. Some men imply that a dog is handling a grouse running before
this point, when acting in this manner. This may happen, but I'm not sure it
has ever happened to Bliss and me. These are birds that have been

as out there to begin with, I am certain. That was our day. At the
can I let D. & S. out for a 15 min. turn which Shadows enjoyed.
plunging gamely thru thick cover. It is odd that for all his life he
worked too wide, until vision and physical limitations cut his activities
and abruptly he had to stay almost at my feet. The years I would
have appreciated his slowing to a comfortable range! There was no
shooting today and few birds. But Bliss's work, good at all times
today, and pointing each of the three grouse contacted made it a fine day.
Heard 3-4 flocks. Bliss: 3 prod.
No shots.

D. & S. } 15 min.

Monday 6 February This is the beginning of the last week of the season.
It was cold, 32°, cloudy, with snow on the ground - not soft. I took
Bliss alone to Little Sandy N. to try to find the birds we located there.
Bliss worked well, covering the densest rhododendron but didn't locate
the grouse in their usual place below the path.

Then, working the upper side, she found (might have pointed) a
bird that bolted out of a stand of hemlocks and came like a bullet at
me, chest-high, turned and bore back down the path. I wheeled
left and fired, dropping the bird as a straightaway. It was not a clean
kill, however, and the grouse, after falling with a shower of snow thru a
low clump of oak leaves, ran into the cover above the path.

Bliss had come running in and after a moment I
got her headed the right direction. There was a
a short chase, and Bliss caught the bird.

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STRAIGHTAWAY

as usual, she laid the quon down at least twice during the '66/ #99
retrieve but finally brought it to me. It is here that I long for old
Shedons' technique of delivery, dead. I had to dispatch this quon
and it made a sound but the second blow on a rock was effective.
These are bad moments for me. But the elation of a break in my long
slump was somewhat of a balance. The bird was a hen and I thought, a
young bird. But the #2 primary on one wing was sheathed, still no final
identification, except that the tail was $5\frac{3}{4}$ " rather long for a young
bird. Again, in February the tails may be as long as adults. It is
a hard decision but I count it adult.

We made two more, one below the path; another above.
The last was almost a production. Bliss had cut up at my waist of the
hand, then stopped and wrinded, not absolutely sure and still flapping
slowly. The bird didn't hold long enough for her to establish so I don't
count the point.

Ray was delighted when we returned with the quon. She had
said she was staying home with D. & S. to break my slump. It is true
that the shot could not have been possible if Ray had been behind me in her
usual position.

Moved 3-3 flocks
One shot - 1 hit.

Bliss:
1 h.
1 ret.

adult hen: tail lost (middle feathers) sheath on #2 of one wing
crop: twigs, buds,
laurel & holly leaves, cingfoil

Thursday 9 February

32°, warmer, snow on ground.

We tried the Scott Place, finding no fresh tracks there but tho we hunted an hour, we didn't miss a bird. Good Bliss solo.

Changing course, we drove to Bill Ringers, using Dixie and Bliss. In exactly the same greenberries where we missed the big grouse last time, the dogs flushed a bird - again with no point. It went precisely the way the bird had gone before - ^{that a straightaway and missed} to Harris - and in that open woods I discovered the grouse perched high in a grapevine draped tree, like the other one. This time I had no shot, but we marked the tree (and in the same area!).

long flight and followed to a neck of woods within sight of the Forest Bear Church. There Bliss made a stunning point in a tangle of grapevine that was quite a possibility and tho I walked in and tried unsuccessfully to flush, no bird came out but Bliss held insistently. While this was going on, Dixie worked the far edge and flushed the grouse.

Again we followed, out across a field where we felt it had gone to a stone fence with greenberries, but the bird was not there & I lost it.

We had heard a wild flush on our way up thru the grapevine tangles from the car but had not followed it. On the return, we worked ~~down~~ the southeast corner - good looking - near Ringers' back road (saw his son-in-law Prinkey) but could not get thru the tangles with no log roads or paths.

Coming back down the only path, I worked south into a more open edge across a fence & heard a flush (#3) from the dogs, going back up the ridge.

In the bottom, Ray had gone to the car to give Shadrach a bill and I was in the area where I shot my second bird, an incomer, last season.

Bliss was on point to my left and I came to her on point into a grapevine tangle. I walked as close in as I could get but no bird

flushed and I had to back out, coming in from the path.

side, Bliss holding steadily all the time, with Dixie barking #101
 I got to within eight feet of Bliss picked the brush, but no
 bird came out. Still I couldn't doubt Bliss' intensity. She moved
 a few steps and pointed again, at a spot a few feet from me
 and between us. Suddenly a macawent like a rabbit bored out of
 the tangle at my feet, spread its wings like a fast-motion
 movie of a flower blooming and flushed acutely, twisting around
 behind several vertical trunks getting up in the tangle of vines. I
 waited for the shot and tried for it as the grass cleared the growth and
 leveled - and missed, with no chance for a left-barrel shot. It was an
 exasperating experience, with the flush at my feet, yet no real shot.

Moved 4-6 flocks
 2 shots no hits

Bless: 1 prod.
 (magnificent)
 Dixie:



LIKE A BLOOM
 UNFOLDING.

Friday 10 February:

40°, soft snow, partly cloudy.

We drove to Upper Dority as our next to last
 day hunt, using Bliss solo. Started out lower than usual, moving several
 grouse wild in bottom at foot of ridge, crossing and hunting up the bottom on the
 far side of the stream. That, since a few birds had been shot, we would do well to

try the rhododendron at upper end in bottom, but ward nothing. Doubled back toward rattle snake hollow and hear a grouse flush from Tiliu on the point of ridge between that & the jeep road. Found some tracks along jeep road that did not produce a bird. Worked over shoulder at power line and down to Grapevine ravine where we moved 7 last time. Today, none. But at top of Grapevine ravine found tracks of grouse a few and tracked them into greenbrier low tangles about middle road where tracks ended but with no birds.

Doubling along middle road and back we tried the top field, just for luck. Here, Bliss ran into a bird in the open, bumping it as she did once before. I can't fathom why, as good as she is, she doesn't get scent in this field. They also saw one flush from above the hedge row cover. Later, on the hogback ridge Bliss made a solid point that did not produce tho there were tracks. Over the top and in the deeper drier snow on the Syppolt side, two birds flushed well and there were tracks of a third going out.

Somewhere Tiliu made a production that I cannot remember in detail but I had a note of it. There seemed no chance to get any shooting - in fact I did not see a bird all day. Did hear a raven quoth, and saw it flying high out over the valley of the north prong. At dusk as we walked down the path on the Syppolt side, 3 ravens burst from a hemlock overhead and circled the area for a time. A very frustrating day.

Made 9-11 flushes

No shots.

Bliss: 1 prod.

We placed the bird in the open power line area or on the far side
 in some excellent cover. I bet on the latter but moved cautiously
 as Bliss held with the wind lifting her ears out behind her head.
 Shadows had been at my feet all the while, almost tripping
 me and now both he and Dixie, who hadn't seen Bliss above her,
 worked toward the good thick edge where I was sure the bird was.
 I hurried to keep up, expecting the flush but the bird took off
 to my right from under one of the twin poles. The wind carried
 the sound away from me and I was scarcely aware of the flush
 but did see the grouse go back over Bliss. I called to Ray and at
 my voice a second grouse took off from the same spot, going
 straightaway below Bliss. It was too far for a fair chance but I
 laid the gun on it and fired, knowing as I did it that I should
 have used the left barrel. Of course the bird went on. I have more
 difficulty with these shots that should be handled
 with the left barrel, closing the right instead.



I tell myself it is the heavy gloves I wear in
 cold weather, but I wonder if I would use the
 correct barrel otherwise. I do about once in
 four or five times. This bird must have been
 fifty yards or more from me when I shot!

It was a magnificent piece of dog work, handled perfectly
 from the first intimation of the scent to the established point, high-
 headed at every moment and done as only Bliss, and Ruff, could have
 done it. This is a true double-granddaughter of Ruff—actually she
 seems to me to be even closer to him than that.

Another thing this brought out was the George Bird Evans Papers
 that high, open, wind-swept bare West Virginia and Regional History Center

Summary 1966-67

This was a good year. Grapes were scarce at first, but after the leaves fell enough showed up to make a less-than-normal but moderate yield. Greenbrier berries were rather scarce - spotty, like the grapes. It was a massive wild cherry year and the most abundant yield of haws I have ever seen. The weather was lovely, a bit dry at first but not extreme. The late season - longer than ever before, to Feb. 11th - was beautifully open and we hunted to the end.

After last year's good grouse population I expected a fine grouse year but not so. The Blackwater-Canaan was as if grouse had been wiped out and that may be closer to the truth than I'd like to think. I didn't shoot one Blackwater grouse. The woodcock flight was far better than last year but the Canaan activity was too great with the publicity from W.Va. Conservation men showing ill effects. I shot fewer Canaan woodcock than before but, thanks be, we hit a fine lot of birds at Mt. Storm. My shooting on 'cock was my best - 34/20 or 58.8%.

We settled down and hunted our homecoverts for grouse to good effect and once we got going found birds, altho' spotty - actually, found more groups of 4 or 5 than I can remember for years and lots into the end of the season, mainly broods. It looks promising for next year.

bird will lie tight and never move in spite of all the noise of the shots and retrieval. I put it up and dropped it after Bliss had come back and pointed again into the pine patch. This bird was a straightaway and should have been centered but it too dropped, winged. Again Bliss caught the bird & retrieved, and again I had a hell of a time dispatching the chicken, finally wringing its neck but still it struggled.

Ray went back to the car and picked up Dixie & Shadows, for this was their fun in particular. Sometimes I would place in the woods below the house and he made a lovely point on a pheasant, much more style than the chicken points. The bird ran before I could get to her and she broke, chasing it. (Partly due to my sloppy work on the chickens). After I joined Ray and D. & S. we used the three dogs, working up to the field with the old shoot tower. About it, the dogs but scent, Bliss pointing, but nothing materialized. Later we found it was pheasant, two of which Bliss flushed - one into a tree where it sat high and wouldn't move, the other a bird that went out of the country.

We worked down to the field again, and again the dogs found the chicken under a pile of pines - no imagination! Dixie made the point and Bliss and Shadows came in and all three pointed. When I got this bird up I made a nice centered shot, away - low and Dixie retrieved. The same pattern prevailed - the second bird wanted to be flushed and again, after a point by Bliss, I dropped the bird, winged. My shooting was ragged. Bliss retrieved and I let Shadows retrieve it too.

We returned Bliss & Shadows to the car, the other Dixie, leaving for a shot at pheasants but had no luck.

DATA 1966

GEORGE 56 (KAY 52 DAYS

60 SHOTS - 18 HITS 30%

36 COVERTS

6.44 bird/covert

232 BIRDS - 444 FLUSHES

SHOTS AT 13.5% OF FLUSHES

4.05% OF FLUSHES HIT

WOODCOCK: 34 SHOTS - 20 HITS 58.8%

SHADOWS 13+

20½ DAYS

LAST SEASON

1 KILL
1 RET.

3 KILLS (W.C.)
3 RET.

LIFE '53-'66 31 PROD.
106 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)
49 RET.
325½ DAYS

DIXIE 8+

32 DAYS

3 PROD. 2 BACK.
2 KILLS
2 RET

12 PROD.
6 BACKS } W.C.
7 RET
13 KILLS

LIFE '58-'66 111 PROD.
99 KILLS (15 OVER PT.)
67 RET.
298¼ DAYS

BLISS 2+

56 DAYS

78 PROD. 1 BACK.
18 KILLS (6 OVER PT.)
16 RET.

27 PROD.
4 BACKS } W.C.
13 RET.
20 KILLS

LIFE '64-'66 ~~159~~ 160 PROD. (4 BACK
57 KILLS (18 OVER PT.)
35 RET.
167 DAYS

GROUSE

WOODCOCK

10 M 8F
4A 6Y 5A 3Y

13M 6F
9A 4Y 5A 1Y

George Bird Evans Papers 1 UNACCOUNTED
West Virginia and Regional History Center

HOME
 LEANDER 6.6.0/10.10.2/11(6).21.0 - 16 (14)
 SCOTT 5.6.0/10(5).12.0/5(1).5.0/0
 GREGG KNOB 13.18.1/4.4.0
 CUPP RUN 4.8.1/1
 HOOVES RUN 1.2.0/5
 UPPER DORITY 7.7.1/4.12.0 11(4).18.0/7.12.0/12(2).16.0/9.11.0 - 14 (13)
 HAZELTON #1 1.1.1/2(8).16.1/6.6.1
 HANDLEN 2.14.0/5
 UPPER BEAVER #1 5.6.0/5
 LICK RUN } 3.5.0
 JONES } 3.3.0/(10).15.1/9(5).10.0/7.10.0/8.8.1
 EVAN BISHOP 1.1.0
 NUMBER "4" 2.2.0
 LAUREL RUN EAST 6.7.0 -
 BRAY 7.9.0 (FAULKNER)
 HAZELTON #2 12.12.0
 DORITY HEAD 4.4.1
 GEORGE RINGER 11.16.1/15(5).20.1/9(4).9.1/6.6.1 (RADABAUGH)
 BILL RINGER 1.2.1/(4)6.0 (7).7.0/2.2.0
 WILKINSON 8.9.0 6.6.0
 BISHOP 4.4.0
 BRYTE 11.11.0/10(1).12.0
 UPPER BEAVER #1 2.2.0
 CLIFTON 1.2.0
 WHETSELL 1.1.0
 LITTLE SANDY N. 8.9.0/3.3.1/4.4.0

27.23

BLACKWATER 8
 MALLOWS N. BRANCH on 3.4.0/1.1.0 3
 BACK ROAD " " 5.8.0/0 5
 GATES on 02 0 0

MT. STORM 10
 EDELMAN (MAPLE ON) 3.4.1/0 3
 EMORY RUN 025 2.2.0 2
 LAUREL 025 2.2.0 2
 MT. PISGAH 028 1.1.0 1
 COVERT #1 028 1.1.0/1.1.0/1.1.0 1
 CLYDE DAVIS 1.1.0 1

27 HOME
 3 BLACKWATER
 6 MT. STORM
 36 COVERTS

Saturday 11 February Last Day. Snow softening, up to 38° but very windy. I retracted my resolution and returned to the Georg Ringer Place. Evidence of 3 hunters in recent snow but not on top; also

their car tracks showed that they came in today, after us, and went out. My concern about too much pressure on the remaining birds was unfounded. We moved two, neither of which we saw. First was a prod. by Bliss in the good corner of the upper square cove; the second was an educated guess: Bliss was gone a long period and obviously on point on the slope above Jakes cabin. I never found her but the bird evidently held well but finally flushed. We saw tracks of a few others on top.

We returned to the car and started out with Dime & Shadows on the Radabaugh edge under Strip mine, then decided to hurry to Little Sandy for the last hour. During all 3 days we began seeing tracks almost at once, all seeming to be moving up from the bottom. Our first flush was on the lower edge beyond the power line, a bird that flushed behind us and went back downstream.

Having nothing more but tracks to encourage us, we kept on until nearly 6:00, then cut back the log road thru the hillside slashings. As we approached the powerline with the wind in our faces, I saw Bliss slow and stiffer in the path in front of me. Gradually she moved, step at a time, until she was pointing into the cove above the path at the edge of the right-of-way.

I edged past her and kept facing up the hill, expecting the bird from the thick cover but nothing materialized. Seeing that it didn't flush, Bliss made a fast pass up over the bank and then began to return to the right-of-way.



HIGH, IN THE WIND. THE LAST ONE.

photodendron cover just below in abundance - where you would expect
the birds to spend the night; and for that matter, many do. We found
quail roosts in similar open areas on the power line beyond Brytes -
many roosts. And there have been other times when we have seen roosts
in openings. Fast note, after we made a fruitless circle back to
follow these two birds, we came out on the power line higher up, and
following it down, a quail flushed from somewhere on the edge and nearly
landed on Shadows in the semi-dark, then took off again. Was it
flying in for the night? On the other hand, we find roosts of quail
in protected places, under gooseberries, and in deep snow, so it is
almost impossible to predict them.

We got to the lower path and by light of a thin new moon
and by "snow light," we found our way to the car at the bridge at
6:30. The end of a lovely long season.

George Pinger: March 2-2

Bliss: 3 prod.

Stech Sandy N.: March 4-4 flashes
One shot - no hit

Dixie: $1\frac{3}{4}$
Shadows: $1\frac{3}{4}$ } hrs.



#107

My shooting on grouse was rugged and for a while I thought
really worse than it was. Was surprised to have it average 30%.
I used the tighter #2 set of 54%/70% on the Purduy, feeling
I was feathering too many grouse with the 30%/60% set. That
is consistent of a handicap on close birds but lovely on long shots.
I was concerned, however, that I continued to see five fathers
flew down after a number of birds that didn't fall. Next
season I think I will try the 50/60 #1 set but use a
3-1½-8 plastic slower load in the left. This year I used
3¼-1½-7½ in the right and I'm not sure they weren't too light.
I want to do well with 3-1-8 on grouse. I must do some
thinking on this before next season's shooting. I did not, I believe,
kill a single grouse with the left barrel this I should have
used the left instead of the right on many a long shot. Selective
use of the left barrel is something I must make myself aware of.
And I missed too many straightaway shots. Why? I suspect by
jerky mounting. Incidentally, my hyperinsulinism behaved well
enough this season with only a few days off-balance.

Bleis, in her third season, gave me some trouble by moving too
wide at times, but at others ranged well and is really a splendid
grouse dog. Her points are magnificent and high and she is staunch
as a rock with a wonderful nose and a love of pointing matched by
no dog but Buff. Her one shortcoming, if it can be called that, is
breaking as the bird starts out - not always but often. Usually she
makes in a short distance only, as Buff did in his first few years. I

hope to improve on that and her wide range next year. Bliss retrieves beautifully, sitting for delivery. Once in a long while she does not bring the bird promptly, usually when still close. Her coverage is perfect.

Dixie did not do much for me or grouse, partly because she and Shadows were left in the car while I used Bliss solo. Dixie will not hold her points on grouse, pushing in and flushing and since she chooses to do so I see no reason why I should burden myself with that. Bliss has everything and I intend to develop it. Dixie is intelligent with a finesse and a genius for going to the birds and could have been a good one. Perhaps it is my fault for not bringing her thru her psychosis. Dixie is a fine woodscock dog and shines as a bracemate of Bliss in the woodscock coverts. Even then she has to be started early in the year; after that she is almost perfect on cocks and this year retrieved them consistently.

Shadows was young, incapacitated by his problem but we saw to it that he had fun. He made his first retrieve on the lost woodscock and on two others tossed out without his seeing them, as on one grouse. I do notice that Shadows' nose is not very keen - tho he never had an outstanding nose, and I wonder if the Primidone in such heavy doses is at the bottom of it?

We found good coverts this year and have others we look forward to investigating next season. Let's hope there are lots of birds!

While I realized Shadows and I were enjoying a bonus season, with the blessing of his medication, I refused to anticipate an end. He died on April 29th, 1967 and I didn't realize it until I had been. He was probably the most striking I had had good times with the bird.

ROCKWELL PRESERVE

#109

Friday 3 March 1962 Weather set in immediately after the end of
ground season on Feb. 11th but we had no complaints after a wonderfully
open winter. However, it did prevent our getting to do some preserve
shooting until today. (We tried a false effort to find pheasants at
the Mountain Top where no pheasants existed.)

Instead of shooting pheasants today we tried chukars, a
preserve type of bird I've been looking forward to shooting both for
the gun work and the dogs. It was less than exciting. First,
bad roads - mud after thawing - prevented using the Fir Forks
Glades covert, my favorite of the Rockwell land. Somehow the
Haas place has no charm for me tho I've had good times there in
the past. But the fault lies largely in the way the Preserve is
managed and the game put out. It was no better with the chukars.
They insist at the Preserve that chukars must be planted and in pairs.
This is bad enough but instead of doing it in clumps of natural cover, the
birds are "buried" under piles of Scotch pines that look like discarded
Xmas trees.

I and Bliss alone in the first turn and she pointed into a pile of
them, in the lower field beyond the house. I could have made the point
myself, the plant was so obvious. The birds lay so tight I had to pull the
trees apart and finally we flushed, dodging behind a maple tree.

I shot as it quartered away left and saw feathers fly but the bird
waited. My second shot knocked out more feathers and the bird settled
into the woods beyond with Bliss close behind. She retrieved it alive,
very nicely. I learned when I tried to dispatch the bird that it is
nearly impossible to kill them. The pathetic aspect is that the second

#111

Chukars fly low and not unlike quail - a bit slower - but they
could be good sport I suspect if released, not planted. But the
preservation people can't see it, even tho you pay for what they
put out, not what you bring in. But I'd still like to see some
Chukars in quantities that were not just put and take.

I fired 5 shells and shot 4 Chukars
and think I hit with all 5 shells but not cleanly.

I was using $3\frac{1}{4} \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} - 7\frac{1}{2}$ on all but two which were $3 \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} \cdot 8$ (no shells)
Used the 54/70 Pomeroy #2 set of barrels.

They are a rather beautiful bird but less than beautiful in the head.
Dark color back, buff underparts with striking black bars under
the wings on the sides. Legs and top of feet are red as are the mandibles,
but underside of feet are yellow. When dressed they resemble a young
plover, but legs are larger in proportion to breast. Meat is white. I have
not yet eaten any.