

Shooting 1968

Saturday 12 October

Greg Knob

Dixie: 1 prud grouse

black w.c.

mured 4-9 flushed

Bliss: 2 prud. w.c.

4 $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

Warm, partly sunny

mured 4 W.C. - 6 flushed
1 shot - 0

64°, not too dry.

First season after shadows was gone, an exciting spot.

Opening day! Bliss at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, Dixie at a healthy 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, thank God.

and she never worked better — like a four-year-old. We mured exactly the same number of grouse (and flushed) as opening day last year, when it seemed no little after a good season the year before. This year is that this very hopeful. After muring only one grouse up to 5:00 p.m. daylight time, we finally got into at least three more as the shadows lengthened. Bliss went on the woodcock case after a grouse flushed and I expected a grouse with both dogs holding as I walked in. Nothing materialized and Bliss broke, thinking the area empty, and ran into the 'cove', which flushed them down cover with no chance to shoot. Foliage much too dense this year with leaves a week late in turning and the season about a week earlier than it should have opened. The next two grouse flushed from ~~the~~ trees.

Later, the shot at a 'cove' came after Bliss pointed out of sight and the bird came straight at me. I turned and mured a going-away right quarter shot well out — think I snapped at a lead to one side. Following, we came to Dixie on a hot point about when I shot the 'cove' could be but a grouse flushed from the edge of cove and went along a field to the swamp.



DIXIE HITS A GROUSE

on our way to the swamp below the barn when we had left the car. On our way out we met Ralph Wilts whose father owns the land. He was most pleasant and said he didn't mind grouse being hunted - just no rabbits! We'll be back. The color was lacking ^{and} the we had no actual luck we enjoyed the day. There was both ilex montana and winterberry, loads of large acorns and many apple trees with the ground covered with fruit - with no grouse seen. Also saw the witch hazel in bloom again. A wonderful cover.

Tuesday 15 October Selmales' Mead 1-1 Bliss
Very hot, leaves beautiful but full. No shots Dixie
4:30 - 6:30 Discovered woodcock alders on way home on back road

Thursday 17 October Mt. Storm #1 Bliss: 5 prod. w.c.
Hot, partly sunny No grouse Dixie: 1 prod. w.c.
75° Moved 8 w.c. - 10 flushed 3 broken
3 1/2 hrs. 4 shots - 1 hit (adult male) 1 ret.

Our first trip for woodcock. The first point was in the usual corner, Bliss with Dixie barking. I missed a steeply rising flesh, and again as it topped - a shoulder but not unusual on the first bird of the season. The next point - again Bliss with D. barking was behind the tavern and this one dropped, ^{and} ~~seen~~, as a fine right-rising

flush. Dixie retreated — an adult male. No more action all the way to the new "discovery" grass cover and back thru the thorn field. Behind the tavern once more Blis pointed again but the cover flushed directly toward the building and I couldn't shoot. After a wild flush — they saw the 'cote land and flushed immediately — I moved a bird over



FIRST OF THE SEASON.

another point by Blis — dark, thick cover. This is probably the most difficult cover I've shot 'em in. There were a couple of more birds —

one on a point by Blis and one on a protrusion by Dixie. I think this was probably a flight but not a big one. A good day, but poor shooting. We'll be back.



DIXIE, TOO.

Friday 18 October

warm, after rain,
damp, cloudy '68°
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

Mason Run, (Pawpaw line)

March 0

Leaves beginning to fall and thin. Color beautiful.

Blis
Dixie

Saturday 19 October

Cool, 60° after rain, clearing
fog on mountain tops
 $3\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

Mt. Carmel

March 3 - 3 flushes
1 shot - 1 hit (lost)

Blis
Dixie

The fog was still hanging to the ridge tops as we climbed the Briars. Parked at Ray Kelly's sign near the small grass field where we had seen the grass in April, hunting the edges of good cover ~~in the briars~~ we found no one.

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Eating lunch on a log in long woods with grapevines on the stuff slopes above Dorothy Head.

Working the flat on top we finally walked into a gully that flushed from thick growth of white minkeroat - a short view I might have tried for if I'd been warned by a shout. Bliss was working a shale too much and about that time barked at a tree grouse somewhere behind us - a bird I did not see flush, tho I looked to her.

Hunting the first bird, we crossed to below the road and searched well but unsuccessfully, at last hunting to the car. They drove it to the lower house where I hunted on the east side of the road, after working the lower side far enough to rule out the first bird. As I hunted toward the steep drop-off beyond the flat I saw a grouse run up a slanting may and flushed in a steep right-crossing rise.



and for a split-second it seemed to go on, then faltered and fell straight down thru the bushes, landing in some foxtail ferns with feathers floating. I knew it would run, and sent the dogs in. Bliss wheeled and pointed into the ferns and the settling feathers but could not locate it. I hurried to her and both she and Dixie quartered the area, hunting hard. For some damned reason a covey of crows was cawing at over the valley, raising hell, and this seemed to disconcert Dixie who gave up the search and stayed in front of me at my feet. I finally under stress of losing my grouse, lost my temper and started

her into action which of course didn't work. I is been completely ashamed of myself since. Having combed the area several times, I got in touch with Ray and got her to help but we found no sign of the bird other than more feathers - under-tail coverts (there had been a large flank feather) and altho I climbed down over the jumble of rocks on the crest of the hill I could do nothing but abandon the search after at least $\frac{3}{4}$ a ^{one} hour's effort. It's such a discouraging experience. The gun undoubtedly ran to the break and got down into the rocks where there were enough places to have buried a deer. At home, I questioned my shells - 3-1-8 - and the Purdey 50% barrel and am thinking of resurfing the Fox the next time out to try & build up more confidence. The 40% Fox pattern would have stopped the bird, I think. And while the Purdey is supposed to be 50%, it delivers a pretty tight circle at 15 yards, the distance of this shot. I may try the $\frac{3}{4}$ -18-~~17~~¹⁷ $\frac{1}{2}$ load on the Purdey if I don't go to the Fox.

On the way out we saw a grouse cross the road from Ray Kelly's works and run into the works above the small meadow. I put Bliss out and she couldn't get a whiff - the usual situation. It was a good afternoon had it not been for the ~~fall~~ brush. Leaves will soon be down but low growth still green.

Monday 21 October

Number Four

Sunny, 60 $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

Moved 4-6 flushed
adult hen: with
crop: jammed with teaberry, 2 shots - 1 hit (over pt)

small acorns, few teaberry vines moved 1 W.C. - 1 flushed
and number of buckberries (first I've found ~~the~~)

Bliss: 1 prod grouse
miss, kill 1 ^{prod} W.C.
1 ret ~~1 ret~~

Dixie: 1 bucket. W.C.
1 ret W.C.

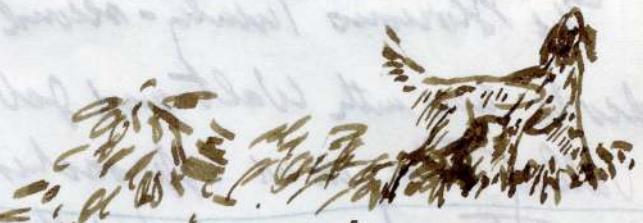
Parked at usual forks of road and made long walk with no action until we hunted to Beaver where, in a small clearing, we found blueberries still on bushes.Flushed a grouse wild from a hemlock that offered no shot. Finally reached the side road we were looking for and after crossing the bridge, followed an old woods road thru oak and laurel growth with little promise other than the shooting aid heard in here two years ago. We ~~were~~^{had} a grouse flushed wild from the dogs, followed soon by another, which I walked crossing into the woods on the right, but a side circle failed to locate either.

Returning to the road I walked into what was probably the first of the two, and made a quick try for the bird as it flushed from the far side, missing and misfiring both barrels as the recoil jarred my finger back onto the second trigger. ($3\frac{1}{4} - 1\frac{1}{8} - 7\frac{1}{2}$?)

Further out the road in a corner near a fine plantation, Bliss made a lovely point and Kay heard the grouse flushed beyond. We found a deserted house—one of several marked on the top maps along this old road that led to the Seader place. It was late and after stopping for a bit to eat, we turned back, circling the clearing in hope of relocating the game. In an opening below the house, Bliss pointed in deep woods with Dixie barking and I walked up a woodcock that flushed low left-quartering and dropped solidly at my shot. Dixie retrieved.

Back on the road, with the dogs working the sides I saw Bliss to the right and that she was looking for me, then realized she was pointing about sixty yards away in mountain laurel. A grouse flushed and came toward the road, crossing about 30 yards of mine feet and I made a

fast swing them and fired. For a moment I thought the bird had gone — or, then I heard Kay exclaim that I'd hit it and saw a sapling whipping back where the gun had struck it, and there were feathers floating back.



Sendin' both dogs to retrieve, I thought Dixie had found the bird, then saw that she hadn't. Bill hunted hard but Dixie, remembering Saturday's experience, soon gave up. We tried to help, digging into tangles of branches and leaves but couldn't find a feather. After losing the gun on Saturday it seemed too much. We spent about half an hour with no success and at last let the dogs east wider. Then, like a miracle, I heard Kay say those magic words, "Here it is! She's dead."

The quail was lying face-down with wings extended where it had coasted in and dropped instead of falling where we had shot. My impression of the bird going on after the shot had been the glide. The bird was hit low in back with one leg shattered — an adult hen often much coagulates to retrieve it as good as ever after last year's neurosis. There's little food in her except some few greenbrier berries, tasteless, but loads of viburnum prunifolium with black and red fruit — though I have never found one in a quail. The crop contents of this bird, however, were exceptional with buckberries — a first for me.

The long walk back was a happy one. This far area may be accessible by an old road from the Rockhead School. We'll see.

Tuesday 22 October

W. Gatica

Bliss: 4 prod w.c.

68

2 backs

3 ret.

Mostly sunny - 60's
2 hrs.

mvred 13-17 flushed w.c.

5 shots - 3 hits w.c.: 1M (banded)

[Banded near Red Creek 10/11/68]

AF
IF

Dixie: 4 prod.
3 backs.

The Glorious Twenty-second! Ten years ago today we re-discovered woodcock here with Walt and Jeb in Dixie's first year. Dixie recognized the Valley today as we approached the turn-off and practically danced in the station wagon. We had checked in & unloaded our gear at Cabin 7 before running down here.

The first point was by Dixie in the thorn thicket on the right, backed by Bliss who broke point and moved in — my reprimand flushing the cock. Dixie made the next point and was backed by Bliss. I dropped the woodcock on a close right-crossing flush, shooting from a half-vrouch. It was a banded yearling male. Bliss made the retreat, which was a good sign.

Across the road near the "green spruce" we moved four or five, with one point by Bliss. The next productive came out near the aspen clumps in the margin of the main cover with Bliss holding firmly well out until I found her. I had to walk into difficult cover and missed the bird both barrels. Followed and got a refresh and a new bird flushed wild. Several feathers later I followed the latter across the "aspen clearing" I running B. into the area and got a good solid point by B. backed by D. on the very edge with the bird no tight left-quartering I had to flush the cock, dropped at my shot, I had to walk around some but fell in the open where B. snuffed it up & delivered promptly — an adult hen.

The next prospecting was in one of the aspen clumps where I
found B., who had pointed far ahead, holding beautifully and facing
toward me.

#9.



The bird flushed low and away
and dropped hard - hit at my
shot, again B. retrieved -
an immature hen.

The success in shooting 'cote' appears to be the moment's power to
see that bird, forgetting all else except to think the shot. Whether it
can work that well on grouse remains to be seen. This was a fine afternoon
though we made no more birds out in the few aspens. Back in the south,
though there was a couple more but without dog work, but the
dog work had been fine up to now. At the car we found Bob-Kletzley
waiting and he copied the band number etc for his records. Said
he & Dr. Cook had ^{been} here yesterday - made 15, shot 1. Cook & Van Ormer
had nothing grouse so far this season - a bad owner. We saw 'cote'
dusking as we left.

Wednesday 23 October

Warm, sunny, clear
3 hrs.

Clyde Davis a Lacey Thomas
made 1 grouse - 3 flushes
100 shots - no hit
made 1 W.C. - 1 flush
1 shot - 1 hit AF

made 6 W.C. - 6 flushes
2 shots - 1 hit AF

Bliss: 4 prod.
2 ret.

Dixie: 1 prod.
3 backs

Drove from Cabin 7 to Mt. Storm (25 miles)

We hunted the first $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. beyond Clyde Davis on
the ridge above the Potomac - some grapes and much slashings but
no birds, though the best may have been ~~in cover~~. Back at the upper end

we parked at the gate and hunted the corner on Reservoir, having spoken to Mrs. K. earlier. Bliss bumped a grouse in the thorny clearing and the bird flushed across the large clearing into the far woods where we flushed it the second time from along the little run. I tried a shot at the third flush, wild and about 30 yards right, crossing & rising erratically and missed.

Back in the alders Bliss pointed & Dixie backed - a woodcock that dropped, low and straightaway, at my shot. I had changed from the gun load I'm using $3\frac{1}{4} \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} - 7\frac{1}{2}$ to a 3-1-8 the bird was a male.

We ate lunch on the edge of long woods with 3 friendly horses nudging as close to the fence as possible - nice people - then reached the car and drove to the Sally Thomas for the last hour of shooting. Dixie soon made a productive - so thick I nearly had my shield bearded trying to reach her with no chance to shoot. Bliss made the next productive and again I couldn't shoot. This cover is most difficult. On Bliss's next point with D. backing I walked in from several directions with no flush and finally plunged them a gap to a small opening and had a close shot at about 5 yards at a right - crossing bird and dropped it in a clearing beyond, where both dogs had difficulty locating it. I found it first and Bliss retrieved - an adult hen.

I missed the shot at Bliss's next point, D. backing, and that was the end of the action, though B. made a point on a rabbit that fooled all of us including her. This is a lovely cover and a challenge to shooting. These are flight birds, I'm sure but not a long flight as yet. We drove back to Mrs. Sally and there had been no hunting - nothing to hunt. We drove back ~~in cover~~ with the splinter Woodcock from silver under Vines against a sunset and the tops of spruce silhouetted,

Thursday 24 October

Cloudy, cool, 50's
4 hrs.

Mt. Storm Thoms: mard 1 grouse - 1 flushed
~~no notes~~ #11 11/168

Mt. Storm #1:

6 w.c. - 10 flushed
1 shot - 1 hit (AM)
5 w.c. - 5 flushed
2 shots - 2 hits (2 AM)

Bliss: 1 prud grouse
4 prud
2 backs
3 ret.

Dixie: 4 prud.
3 backs

Parked at Handless' and started in the near alder and thorns along little run.

nothing. In the cleared land, now newly fenced for cattle, Dixie pointed nose too solidly and a cock flushed under no shot. Unlike our experience last year a week or so later in the season, we hunted all the way to the far end little run with only one point by Bliss, backed by D. — a woodcock I was unable to shoot at. There was one more wild flush and no grouse.

Returning (inside the woods about forty yards) Bliss made a nice point on a cock and Dixie backed them from behind as she got the seat and stretched out, both dogs headed toward the edge. The cock flushed low and away - left and went down solidly at my shot and one more Bliss retrieved, evidently over her shoulder.



We had no more action until the upper end in thick cover where I am certain Bliss was pointing — her bell had gone silent before I heard a grouse flush. Had no relocation.

About the last ~~shot~~ hour ~~we~~ spent in ~~the~~ ~~area~~ of two more cock in the first thorns along the ~~run~~ ~~run~~ ~~but in some run~~ ~~in the~~ ~~area~~

handled them and Bliss bumped ten times at least. Four flushed on the two birds.

Driving to Covert #1 for the last hour we parked in the little road and hurried into the Thicket where we had 3 products by both dogs and I shot two 'cock with two shots, Bliss retrieving. Once the started, Dixie seemed to have no chance. One 'cock flushed well from the dogs and I saw it slip sideways and land in front of me, starting to run at me. Neither dog could find it when I called them in! I want aware that 'cock ran after landing - which explains some failures to find birds I'd seen land.

The last bird was on the edge thicket at the far end beyond where they got the wonderful requires wire last year. Dixie pointed and Bliss came up and pointed another direction, both holding while I walked all around them with no flush. Finally they moved as I walked all around them with no flush. As I walked in, Bliss and both froze on the very edge of the cover. As I walked in, Bliss broke and took several steps and the 'cock flushed - crossing right out in the clear - I saw my shot and the bird dropped solidly and over more Bliss was there and snapped it up for the retreat.

We moved nothing on the way back but this covert seldom fails us - five birds ~~4 products~~ and 2 shots (hits) in an hour. Good living.

We drove to the Cherry Ridge picnic area and cooled out; then drove home.

Saturday 26 October

Glover Place

Bliss

Dixie

very cold, 40's, cloudy, windy. snow at times, ending with rain on any wind 3 hrs. moved 2 - 3 flushed no shots

Both birds bumped or moved without point. both within ten minutes of each other, after a long trek up Mason Run and after a long circle there rhododendron and rocks - not flat, Kay says - and it came out within sight of Asa Wright's old house. Disappointment, for the cover is perfect with loads of grapes. The wind may have had adverse effect. A deep mine going in on Bradford's hillside.

Monday 28 October

Eyna Kelly Place

Bliss

Dixie

cold, 48°, sleet and rain - otherwise beautiful moved 0 Back to sun time.
2½ hrs. loads of grapes, perfect cover, no birds. Posted by Sam Gutrie (of Florida) son of Ward G. Mrs. George Gutrie now Mrs. Deuritt, said it was because of vandalism, so we went on. Weather & low barometer may have been the cause, but the prospects look worse than ever ~~last year~~. Had one false point, sheltered under overhanging rocks in rain, later caught in sleet - Kay under oak trees.

Wednesday 30 October

Garrett's etc

Bliss

Dixie

Perfect weather, sunny, cool, damp 46° moved 1 - 1 flushed no shot This cover excellent with small grapes.
2 hrs. (no hunting yesterday because of snow showers. cold)

Thursday 31 October

Harmony Grove Road

Bliss: 3 prod.
1 ret.

Sunny, 65°, perfect.

Moved 1-1, flesh

3½ hrs.

One shot - molted

Moved 4-4 20nts - 1 cut AM

Dixie

This is difficult to identify, for it could also be called the Evan Bishop's place but not the old one. We parked at his mailbox and hunted the left side, which belongs to Seal in Hudson. Not a feather but this is a coat of magnificent cover for a good year. Ray got the car while I made an additional turn, then we drove to the hill above Harmony Grove and tried the road to the old farm but found it too rough. Returned home and tried the road to the old farm but found it too rough. Returned home and tried a section of the margin of the field on the right - parked at intersection & hunted the margin of the field on the right - excellent grass cover but few grapes. Back around to the main road, pausing for a minute of Ray & dogs sitting on a giant fallen tree, we tried the corner where at the end of Sept. we had heard a grouse drumming. Today, Dixie walked into a big pass on the edge of the old clearing and I tried a shot then leaves at an acutely rising straightaway and missed. The grouse flushed into the area we had just hunted but we followed, with no success but then more good cover. Returned to car and drove to the thorn flat below Evan Bishop's where Ray dropped Bliss & me off while they went to the house to speak to the Bishop's. This was perfect woodcock - and grown over - and I expected action. None came until well up the flat when Bliss made a couple of beautiful points, but nothing materialized tho I was watching him carefully. Nothing materialized tho I was watching him carefully. Finally, on the return to meet Ray, I found B. on a good point and walked on expecting a 'cork', only to have a rabbit hop out. I shamed Bliss, gave her a slap, and sent her on - then walked out too woodcock behind her. I shot ~~just~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~just~~ ^{at the} ground and was

chagrined to see it fly on. Rather than follow the first as I followed #15
the second bird - fortunately - for not far ahead it fluttered a
foot off the ground, unable to rise and I dropped it. I hated
shooting the third time but it was well for I don't want Bliss having
to return crippled birds that can flutter. Bliss came in and
snapped up the bird and delivered - an adult male (upon dissection)
was lack them this excellent woodcock shot, Bliss made, I am sure,
another point I didn't see. I could have tried a shot at the cork but
at the moment has ^{not} certain Bliss had pointed it. After the pointed
a fresh cork wholly but I only heard the trill-trill-up of
ways in the dark thicket. Thanks be for woodcock to give me
now action, as well as the dogs. I can't fathom the lack of game.

Houndshell (Cupps Place)

Moved 1 - , flushed	Bliss : 1 frost
One shot - , hit (pt)	1 kill <u>overpt.</u>
	Dime : 1 kill

Friday 1 November

yearling cock: inter.

crops: empty 3:30pm

Warm 60's, cloudy and sun
3 hrs.

Parked in land of Cupps Place and hunted
toward the house, seeing evidence of an owl kill
on the way - apparently a hawk, but at first we thought it had been a grouse -
wing, skull, feathers, and the whitewash splatter.

In the very thick woods to the left of the house I passed and
Bliss got out of touch. Feeling she had a point I whistled and after a fair
delay she came to me. Almost immediately she went out again and soon
her bell was silent. It took me now time to find her and then I came
to her on point in a thick stand of scrub growth near the little river -

an ideal spot for herdwick. She was very high and solid and as I approached I heard the flush - glory be - a grouse that topped the thicket right - quarreling and I caught it a moment after it leveled and saw it go down and heard it flutter - a winged bird.

I took the old uneven-wire fence like a hunter and called the dogs to retrieve - seeing Dixie so, I thought, about the right place. But when I arrived she didn't have it and I called Blis, only to have

her emerge from the sunken channel of the run, shaking herself as tho she'd just had a long drink. Then it came to me, and I saw her go back into the water and pick up the grouse, but, regrettably she laid it down and refused the retrieve because, I suppose, the bird was still alive. I despatched it - a ^{cock} ~~hen~~ with the tail gone - and was unable to get either Blis or Dixie - who has gone over on retrieving since the first one this year - to touch it. I found the feathers of the tail on the bank where Blis had caught the bird before it pulled free and plunged into a little run, trying to escape.



lovely point and this not a cheap kill, not a bad shot, either. #17

That was it for the day — a point and kill in less than an hour — then two more hours with no sign of birds. I almost regret the kill under the circumstances, but not quite.

Much of the old cover down over is too big and open now. There are grapes:

2.5. With all tail feathers missing and soaking wet, I assumed my bird was a hen — an adult. This evening I determined by the primaries that it was a yearling — no sheath — but the very long interrupted center tail feather puzzled me — until Kay suggested that it might be a cock. Now that the plumage is dry the orange breast coloring is clearly a complete collar and a golden breast and the tail feather measures $6\frac{5}{8}$ " — it is a yearling cock. That one fooled me

Saturday 2 November

Warm, cloudy, ~~to~~ 63°

$2\frac{3}{4}$ hrs

Little Sandy downstream

ruled 6-11 flushed Bliss(alone): 3 prod.
One shot - 0

Kay dropped Bliss and me off on the other side of the bridge and we hunted downstream. Bliss worked hard and a grouse crossed the bridge in front of Kay. The next bird was part way up the hill above the turnbacks — as Bliss ran into. Conditions were too dry and noisy and B. made no noise today. Number 3 was in the little bottom flat opposite the several turnups today. I caught the backwash of birds without seeing the grouse. I caught the backwash of birds without seeing the grouse.

No more action until around the ridge a grouse, #4, flushed from the

shot about me with B. moving too wide and not covering the closer areas. I whistled her in and, in coming, she ran into G-5 on the edge of the path — again no warning.

I followed this one around the contour and, standing on the edge of the ascending road, had the bird flushed from below offering a beautiful rising shot, except for some intervening trees — no shot. I thought it marked but at the far end there was no bird and, after nearly 30 minutes on hand, I turned back to hunt higher for the one that went up the hill.



A few yards along the upper margin Bliss moving toward me and froze. I saw the grouse start off but my only shot was between two close torn trees and the bird went on.

We followed and got a flush — again a bump — where I expected it. Then — too short a distance for the same bird — Bliss made a good point but the flush was no chance for a shot. Soon after — an owl flushed from Bliss and perched on a distant branch and I shot it — much as I dislike doing it, but owls are taking too many grouse. This was a barrel out with a wingspread better than a yard. I still wonder if it's right —

#19

Within 25 yards of this spot, Blis flushed a grouse that could have been #4 that came up the hill, but a shot pie back toward Deberry's a new bird flushed, #6, I think. Both birds seemed to come the same way but we never located them.

It was a good day - the best this season. Hope that there may be more pockets with some grass. This terrain is much, in many areas, the way it was when I discovered it 29 years ago with Old Blue.

Blackwater Trip

Monday 4 November

Cool, cloudy in 50's.

2 1/2 hrs.

yearling cock: semi-inter.
crops: 8 hazelnuts only.

could these four
been skunk cabbage seeds?

Mt. Storm Clyde Davis

mixed 1 grouse - 3 flushes

Rohobeth Cemetery

mixed 2 W.C. - 2 flushes

0 shot

Mt. Hope

* mixed 2 grouse - 2 flushes

3 shots - 1 hit

Blis: 1 prod.
1 kill

1 find (no ret)

Dixie: 1 kill

We met Peg & Less at Mt. Storm at 1:30 (they had gone to Blackwater Sunday) and the gals returned to the cabin while I took Less in his car to the Clyde Davis area, passing at Rohobeth Cemetery to try the area where Mrs. Kerner had mentioned seeing grouse in the road. I think the area to the west would be worth exploring (hawthorns and cover in the distant flat - there is the ruin of a large log house in the field — at the road while less got the car, D & B bumped two 'cocks that came my way, one nearly getting on my head. I sent the dogs to the spot and neither they nor I ever found that bird! In the car, we went down to the "ayala court" but found a car parked there and assuming it was a George Bird Evans Papers ^{Do other men} ~~to the man~~ flat

part way up the hill where Key and I had found good grapevines cover last year. There was no fruit on the vines today but the cover is excellent and we circled into the swampy bottom where D. parked tree and I saw a grouse flushed from the alders. Following it, we got a flush near less, closer than I had expected but it must have been the same bird. I walked into it on the next flush, tho the dogs went far away, and got a straightaway shot at a moderate distance and saw the bird go down, winged. This made the find in a tangle that would have been a difficult situation without a dog, and while she held the bird, she wouldn't retrieve it. I didn't press the point too long and dispatched the grouse - a yearling cock (good oven).

Leaving this area, we stopped at the gate cover on top but fresh car tracks into it and the sound of a shot dissuaded us and we drove out to the meter house that sits back to the east. Parked there and made a big circle south around the brim. This is excellent brush cover on the east with fine grapevine cover and old field edges on the slopes above Abram Creek and around to the road.

Just inside the edge of a grapevine hillside, while less was far above on top, Blis runny into a beautiful point just above me and pointing toward me, feathered like an alarmed bird. Dixie came in and, instead of barking, began to wessel up. I ordered her to Stay.

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#21/68

came straight across, rising left, in the open. I was no sure but I missed (a rather close range) and missed again as the bird turned and went away high. I can't seem to remember to hold under those birds above eye level.

I'm shooting 2 ears 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ on grouse but realize I get only 388 pellets as compared with 409 in log. #8's.

Then I followed to across the road. I failed to refresh the bird. Hard as



heard grouse on the way back to the car - wild ahead of the dogs. We decided to go to the cabin and left. This was a complete repeat.

Tuesday 5 November
Mild, partly sunny 60°
3 hrs.

Canaan Mountain (base) -
missed 1-1 flush
no hits
missed 3 W.C. - 3⁴ flushes
1 shot - 0

Billy
missed 6-7
3 shots - 3 hits
AM banded
AM
AF

Bliss: 1 miss.

7 miss.
3 ret.

(Used Bliss, Kelly & Joe)
Peg & Peg took us to top of mountain and we walked down the old woods road to the valley; they took less station wagon to the back road of Canaan Valley & parked it where we picked it up. I heard Bliss call go silent in a hawlock/motobudon draw & heard a grouse flushed but that was our only game contact. In the aspen flats we missed 3 'cuh - less shots on the second wild flush, Bliss retrieved. Later she pointed and two went up - one after she missed it & I missed it. Later she pointed and two went up - one after she missed it & I missed it. We pushed on the rather long trek

the both when we started getting points by Blis almost at once.
Instead of honoring them, Kelly - Lewis Lick - and Joe, his settle,
bumped the first three birds Blis pointed. Blis was very loyal and
held steady but I put an end to it by suggesting we separate and
work over our own dogs.

I soon got going with Blis and had three lovely points and
not lack of the 'cock', making the day significant. as we drove
up over Canaan Mt. the Woodcock whom came up huge and orange
and full over the Valley - a vision I wished for long to have. Hunting
without her is the biggest let-down of these trips with less.

Wednesday 6 November

Fleming's Hill

Blis
Dixie

Threatening, turning to
rain as we finished.

2 1/2 hr.

Tried this limited court but made nothing but a
dol. As it started to rain, we decided to drive down to Jenningston
and take the Rich Mt. road to Alpena to meet Horace McNear
whose son had given me lots of birds when he came to repair the
stove at the cabin. On the lower end of this road, a beautiful
drive, there is good looking cover on the last 2 1/2 miles.
McNear proved unhelpful (or his son was lying). He had two
nice orange & white pointers. We drove home via Fairmont & the Valley
in rain.

Thursday 7 November

Rainy, breaking and then
beginning again at end.

Cold
1 hr.

Batis

Moved 6-6

1 shot - 1 hit

Dixie : 1 back

AM landed

1083-36532

Blin: 1 part
1 ret

Drove to Elkins via Parsons to see pup from Walt Foss's litter -
star by a Raynor dog. It is a beautiful orange belton we are considering as a stud
for Blin. On the way back via Harmon, I say & I stopped by the
Batis for an hour shooting. We had only one hit - a honey by Blin, backed
by Dixie, at the far end of the hawthorn covet on the right, a
left-rising 'creek' I dropped as it was going behind some high branches.
After that the dogs seemed unable to hit the birds though more
flew more. Strange.

Friday, rained with a touch of snow, so we packed and headed for home in
a thick fog. Sam & Peg planned to stay over until tomorrow.
altogether we had only moderate 'creek' flights and almost
no grouse moved.

1 grouse, 4 'creek'

Saturday 9 November

Cold, cloudy, began to
spit snow as I left the
covet. 40° $2\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
First day of rabbit season.

Hunted Blin alone, parking at Deberry's. I say stayed home with Dixie
as we were going to Cumberland tonight for a symphony concert. Something
about conditions and renting poor (Wendy Foster had similar experience
today). Blin ran into 2 grouse near the little clearing across from the
Rock place. She also bumped 2 woodpeckers. I suspect it was falling temperature.
She may have had trouble on 2 W.C. at least one bird flew for over 10 minutes.

(Species died 33 years ago toini.)
Little Sandy (downstream)

Moved 4 (1 new) - 4 flushed

No shots

Moved 2 WC - 3 flushed

No shots

Blin: good ground
poor but poor
flying.

Monday 11 November

Charlie Bryce

Bliss

cold, below 40° and
windy, cloudy.
3 hrs.

move 3-3 flushes
no shots

Dixie

This perfect cover would have more birds. B. with

D. barking made a small point and as I walked up I wasn't certain I didn't catch the distant flush of a bird going out. Bliss was so sure I could scarcely get her to break the point.

Soon after I saw a grouse flush up the hill, soaring high in front but too far for the shot. No more birds until I left Ray - forgetting my ^{extra} shooting gloves on the by I had been sitting on - and hunted down to the Armstrong Bottom - another bird the dogs runed, went out from under a hemlock. Ray, who had walked into the third grouse on his way to Bryces' house, drew around and picked and up.

Friday 15 November

Coumelly's

Bliss: 2 prod

Mild, cloudy, sunny turning
to rain and intermittent
drizzle. 54° 22 hrs.

Made 5-6 flushes

4 shots - hit (lost)

Dixie: 2 backs

On a report from Walt Galushay that he had seen 6 grouse between Coumelly's road and the Clifton hill Ray and I tried the area. We've had a heavy snow for two days this week, which was nearly gone today and with the drizzle, made the woods wonderfully soggy. We drove via Clifton and took the back road up the hill, parking at the top near the first road in or

used before. Following at to the brink of the strip mine, #25
we worked left along an old woods road where I found Bliss
on a lonely point ahead and below. I hurried up as Dick backed
and the grouse flushed from a tangle of brush and vines rising
acutely. It was a long shot - about 40 yards - but I tried
and the recoil jarred my finger onto the rear trigger, double-firing
the Purdy - $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of shot and $6\frac{1}{4}$ drams - a man-sized load!
the second time I've done this this season. I saw the grouse go down
in a vertical fall and turned to say no to Kay as both dogs moved
in. We never found it, though we searched for an hour
also the second time this year. I can't say the load was too light!
Kay found a feather (under-down) where I expected the bird, and
Bliss hunted diligently to no result. Dick didn't do much still
in her nervous from that other time - and finally she quit.
After a big cast down the ridge we started back up, and Bliss
stopped at a large clump of rhododendron but flagged, instead of
pointing, and I was sure we'd found the wounded grouse. ~~then~~ She moved and
I heard the grouse flutter - then suddenly it was a normal acute
rising flush and I was trying for it and missing - one, two as the
bird leveled. It's no alibi, but I
do feel I muffed it more,
expecting the wounded bird,
something to avoid.



I marked it up over the hill and at the spot where we saw my two empties from the double discharge, Dixie had into a bird just above the old road ~~that~~ could not have been there before, yet it seemed too short a flight for the last bird. It was a typical Dixie roosting bump and I set her up & made her stay, with Bliss standing behind her.

It had gone in the same direction I had marked and we continued.

In a very short distance Bliss made a hair-raising point in a rocky area and Miss Dixie backed on her own - the benefit of the scolding. There were some logs to the right of Bliss and I expected the bird to flush there.

Instead, it came up out of rocks and kept low, quartering left. I felt a tree in the way and fired wild, yards behind.



When I saw greenbrier berries but no Hawthorn and greenbrier thurbs grass.



We followed across the country road to good when I saw greenbrier berries but no Hawthorn and greenbrier thurbs grass. The rain set in gradually and we sat it out in the car for about 30 minutes, then drove up to Connell's land and parked. Working into the Romesbury

edge I turned right and saw Dixie put her nose down and begin ground-trailing. Why she does this on grass & not on 'cock' I don't know. She waddled right into a grouse, as usual, and when I corrected her, my voice put up another. Both were feeding on grapes, evidently, for the ground was up another. We followed but didn't find either bird. The rain set in again as we started. We followed but didn't find either bird. The rain set in again as we made the return jog to the car. An active day, good action, tho the shooting was far from good.

Saturday 16 November

Warm, drizzling letting up
in afternoon, temps. perfect
2 hrs. 55°

Och Frankham

Nov 1 - 1 flock

No shots.

Bliss: worked alone,
beautifully but no points.

Left Dixie in car after yesterdays performance, gave her a short turn at 5:00. Talked to Paul Buskey (store cabin) who had made "30 or 40 grouse" along Little Sandy a few weeks ago. ?

Monday 18 November

Rain clearing, cold
46°
2 1/2 hrs.

Cornetts

Nov 4 (noon). 4 flushed

One shot - 1 hit (lost)

Bliss: 1 prod.

Dixie: 1 back

Incredible luck has hung over me this season. For while I have probably made a fair average of hits, out of 6 grouse three have been lost. Today we returned to the same cover as last Friday in identical rainy weather, except that today it stopped. In the first area we made nothing but hunting \leftarrow the Romesburg lane we flushed one of them at the edge of the country road - dogs missed it - and Bliss made a lovely point on the second bird about where we found it last time.

The grouse landed and beautifully - flushed low on the far edge after letting Dixie move past it before she finally flushed.



We followed down the edge corn and had two hot points, by Blis
looked by Dixie but both were, surprisingly, empty. ~~and~~ ^{w.} hunting
back to the car lower on the ridge with no action but then good
corn with many grapes. It was five o'clock and I day wanted
in the car for us to take a final round, helping Dixie with her.
Both dogs have swelling in the toes - Blis in her left paw, Dixie in
her left foot, probably from thorns and we had hunted B. alone on the
first turn, then now both dogs on the second with no evidence
of soreness in the feet. Blis was hunting beautifully in rains today.

As we ^{did} approached the fence on the ridge above the car,
Blis just starting them ahead, a grouse flushed within 30 yards of
the road and went up. I followed into good thorn and old clearing
corn - should have been a woodcock there — and as it was getting
dark came to an edge with aspen and greenbrier and thorns —
or so I looked. I flushed into a group that went out within yards
of me, leaping about eight feet off the ground like a 'cock and
I shot and saw an explosion of feathers ~~and~~ ^{as} the bird seemed to

tumble. My first shot, as
the feathers floated down, was that
I'd demolished it, but the
Blis ran in promptly, she
couldn't find the bird.

More wet feathers all around
and I was sure I'd found the

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the we hunted for turkeys until dark, neither the nor I could!

#29
28

One time when the wind was I have heard the flutter of wings but it was another gunn flapping. Then things happen at times in such a manner as to destroy your confidence - in yourself, your gun and your shells. After Friday's last bird I had changed from the 50% / 60% levels to the 54% / 71%



and from the $3\frac{1}{4} \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} \cdot 1\frac{1}{2}$ (388 pellets) to 3.1.8 (409) which pattern better in the 54% bore and yet has a 20" killing circle at 20 yards, like the other barrel. We are returning tomorrow to search for the bird in daylight. I went back to Charles Bryte's yesterday and found my shooting gloves left there last Monday. Perhaps my luck will hold - a change!

Returned next afternoon. Snow on ground at home and snow squalls but as we neared Clifton, found ground bare. Entered the woods and a snow began immediately, turning to a blizzard that smothered us and made the search ineffectual tho we feel the bird was not lying dead at the site of the shot. A bad break.

Thursday 21 November Valley Point East Pavia

Cold, partly cloudy Moved 4.4 miles Bliss: 1 prod.
windy 35° $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. no shots Dixie

Snow now left. Discovered a new area amid the strip mine scars adjacent to the Martin Place - vast cleared cover. Parked on road at Durris, crossed field to ridge. ~~and never hit no birds until we~~ George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center

hunted past a house at head of back road and hollow - the name
Pain on a plaque. In the bottom below and up the hollow,
Bliss dumped a grouse that crossed the old log road too far out
for a shot. Hunting into bottom before following this bird (a good
practice to avoid missing other birds in favorable cover) we saw Bliss
point below and to our right. As I hurried to her, a grouse
flushed too soon for a shot. Bliss held a while longer, then seeing
me, felt the bird had gone and moved in, flushing a second one.
We followed the latter toward the distant strip of hill bank - a long
flight - and on the way I heard another grouse - #4 - flushed.
We scoured the thick cover as well as possible, but had no further
contact. This is big country, good cover and rough and, I think, a
foul for future days. We can drive the car in to the Pain
house and sail some empty walking next time.

Friday 22 November

2-4:30 2½ hrs.
sunny, perfect 50°

4:50-5:30 $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.

Little Sandy downstream

Moved 5 (2 new) - 6 flushed

no shots

Bliss
Dixie

Little Sandy upstream

Moved 4-4

no shots

Bliss

Parked at Deberry's & hunted lower section where B. walked too far out
& flushed a grouse, chasing it into lowe field. Later heard #2 flush. No
more action until flat across from 4H camp where bird crossed Sandy, possibly
from point by B. On ridge part way up, beautiful point backed by D. but
empty. At top margin, (Coy saw ground here back for B. who was working too
wid again, and then B. came back and finished the job on top,

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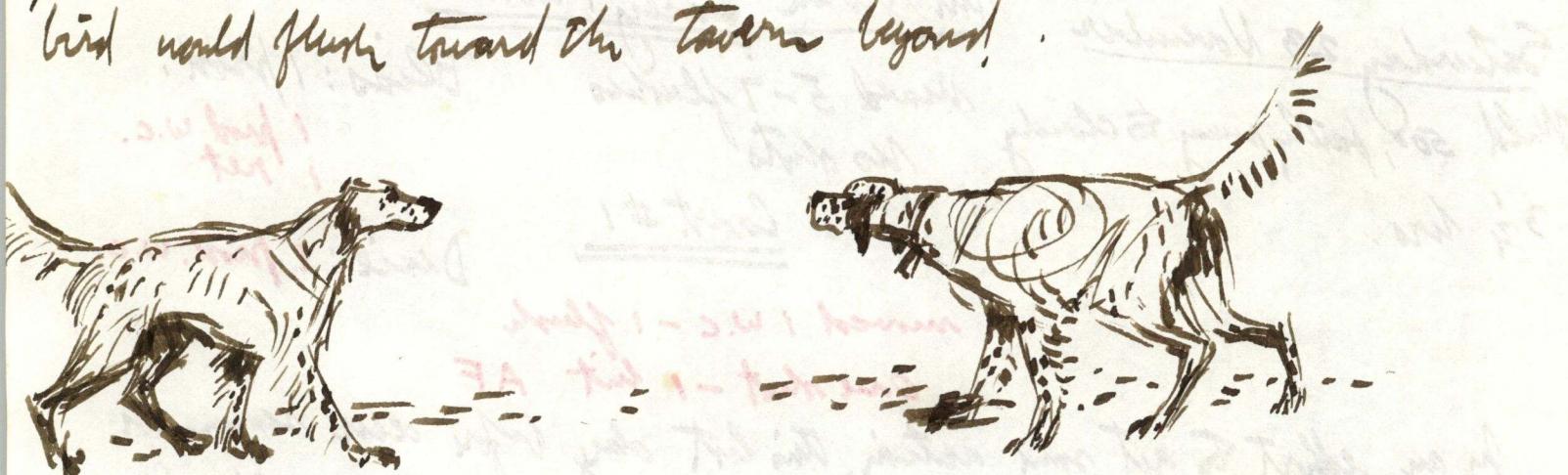
bulldozed edge of Deberry clearing, B. began working over - #31
not quite pointing & D. moved in, necessitating my calling to stop her.
along edge while B. was cautiously working, D. released a bird and
brought up the bird - #5. That was the end of the day. Both dogs did
poor work - Bliss towed in spite of my whistling her in constantly, and
Dixie not steady when B. did show signs, except on false point. At
4:30 we took car to bridge on Sandy at 4 H and, leaving Dixie, hunted
up to power line - moving a grouse from a hemlock, bird crossing creek.
Beyond power line, we heard one flush well ahead of B., I walked fast a
close-lying bird B. moved on hillside path, and I heard B. bump another.
why she wasn't hitting them, I don't know. Working to wide, she may have
had 2 points today but I can't count them. My chances to shoot have
been limited to as shot this week - bird lost. Some shot!

Saturday 23 November	Mt. Storm	Lacey Thomas	
Mild so far, partly sunny to cloudy	Moved 5-7 flushes	Bliss: 1 prod.	
3 1/2 hrs.	No shots	! prod w.c.	, ret
	<u>Covert #1</u>	Dixie: 1 prod. w.c.	
	moved 1 w.c. - 1 flush		
	One shot - , but AF		

In an effort to get some action this last day before deer season, we
drove to Mt. Storm to see if any woodcock were in the woods. The Lacey
Thomas house proved empty of 'cile but to our surprise we moved five grous -
the first a flush we only heard, pitching for the creek from the dogs in the
thickets beyond the cable line. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{George Bird Evans Papers}
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the ridge, I walked into two on the upper edge of the thorny cover below the more open woods above. Oddly the dogs found none of them four. They two birds flushed on around the ridge and we followed into a tall, open woodland cover completely baffling to me, for I can't visualize game using this as protective cover and we couldn't locate them. Doubling over the top we came back along the cable right-of-way and I heard Dixie barking at a tree grass but couldn't see it flushed. Later, Bliss made a beautiful point below and I walked in, but the bird pitched over the crest with no shot offered. That wound up action in that area and about 4:40 we left for Count #1.

Within five minutes the dogs had run and we saw much wintergreen in an area - and now I saw Dixie on point well ahead. When I got to her I found Bliss also pointing - both had productives - and I moved to her with an almost certain chance the bird would flush toward the tavern beyond!



It went out close and low, a floating type of flush working up thru the thorns and I caught it well at as it leveled, a solid hit. Bliss was there a moment after the fall and retrieved, the other

dropped the bird before I could make her sit. It was an adult
hen, one of the largest I remember (wingspread 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", mandibl. 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ "). #33

We hunted out into the thorn hillsides to the far point of curves
and back with no further action, then we found more whitethroat in
the hawthorns along the run on the return and both dogs made
a promising front but an empty one. However, the one point (doubtly)
and the solid hit made the day fine and we came back to the car
and the Cherry Ridge Prairie area and worked out under the new
Second Hunter's Moon and Venus. Definitely the Woodcock Moon is fast.
We have had no really big flight this year tho we had reports of a
big flight in Cummie from Old Taylor as of November 2nd.

up to 23 November - DEER SEASON (25 NOV.- 7 DEC.)

2.08/1

27 DAYS, 26 COVERTS

54 grouse - 85 flushes

~~—~~ bird covert

15 shots - 6 hits (40% 2 warts. Blin

68 W.C. - 83 flushes

25 shots - 16 hits (64%.

BLISS: 27 days

grouse: 13 prod. 32 prod.
(2 o.p.t.) 3 kills 16 kills
1 ret. 14 ret
4 backshots.

DIXIE: 23 days

grouse: 1 prod. 11 prod.
3 kills 11 kills
3 backshots. 2 ret
15 backshots.

Wednesday 11 December

Little Sandy upstream

3:15 - 5:30 2 1/2 hrs Ward 4 (1 new) - 4 flushes Bliss
34°, snow, sunny No shots Dixie

First day out after deer season. 10" snow Sunday and 26° & 24° temp. No real contact with grouse - heard 3, saw one sail down hill from above. Bliss ranged nicely and Dixie had a wonderful time, really hunting. Not as grouse track but snow not yet softened enough. View from power line magnificent.

Thursday 12 December

Cornelley

Warm 44°, quiet.
snow going but still
good cover on ground.

Ward 7 (4 new) - 13 flushes
2 shots - 1 hit (empt).
adult hen: inter.
crop: empty 4:45 p.m.

2:00 to 5:00 - 3 hrs.

Bliss: 2 prod
1 kill ~~empt~~
1 ref
Dixie: 1 back
1 kill

This was a lovely day but it began very soon to appear a series of frustrations. We hunted the south side of the road and in excellent old clearing thickets saw a grouse that flushed from me rather than the dogs, who, tho' quartering, did not get near it. Debating as to whether to follow the bird toward Cornelley's land, I moved on out into the flat and within moments heard a second bird flush from the left from some greenbriars. Followed it unsuccessfully all the way to the fields below the Cornelley house, then doubled back and hunted the first bird with no luck, tho' we went to about the same and within sight of Russ Smith's. We had taken two hours, what with a stop to eat, and we went to the Pomeroy edge and worked down the woods margin just as I'd decided to turn and go toward the car, when a gun fired diagonally

up the hill thru the woods, flushing from the dogs below. In a moment there was another flush and another, which I shot at going away and down the hill, missing a try that shouldn't have been attempted, and at the next two more birds went down the slope - first from a pile of branches and no sign of dog work. This is when it requires patience I don't seem to possess. It was getting colder and the sun was behind the hill but we followed the trees down the hill to where one bird flushed from a tree. Further down in rhododendron I sent Blis in and heard a flush and saw a grouse perch on a sapling where it sat and watched Blis, who was unaware, emerge from the thicket. Kay took a movie of it and I put it out with no desire to try for the shot after our long acquaintance. We climbed the ridge to follow and just then heard another flush from the rhododendron with no view - and later a reflush, I am sure, from Dixie's action.

With nothing else to go by I headed for the first bird I had judged to have crossed the road and almost within yards of where I expected it, Blis skidded to a stop turned to my left.



My sketch is a poor attempt,

for her posture was dynamic and she didn't make a hair after the sudden stop.

the bird had to be between her and the path, yet birds obscured my view. I signaled Ray who came up with her camera, and then I started in behind Blis as the last for chance but it wasn't good enough. I saw the bird start out from the base of a small oak and saw it angle toward the road but couldn't shoot.

Completely inhibited now (and Ray's camera jammed so she didn't get the point) I helplessly followed when I thought the bird had flown and pin-pointed it on the edge of the Ransburg place. This time Blis didn't get the point but just shot the bird out ~~unintentionally~~ unintentionally from a pile of brush and again I was behind the thicket. *(this was not her last)* ^{Wed. Oct. 19} I was going to give up following as it was late but Ray insisted that she go for the car & that I go after the bird which I did - working around to behind the Ransburg barn in grown-up fields. In a stand of locusts and a reedy dead growth, I turned the dogs right to a small draw below me and as Blis came in, saw her work went up the slope and toward me when she drew into a point that was almost uncertain in that her tail was not high, but she froze solid. The cover suggested a rabbit or a pheasant and I walked in expecting the latter. To my delight, a grouse flushed from the tangled grass and reedy growth.



A PHEASANT?

in a steep right-quarter rise and I caught it as it leveled, dropping it below on the hillside. Blis reached it and caught it, flapping, and with a little delay retrieved nicely. But just as they reached me she laid the bird down and it was going down the hill in seconds, running. It darted into a hole under a tree and it had lived then and for a moment it looked死的. Blis went after the bird and reached it but rather than risk its getting deeper, I pulled it and dispatched it - an adult hen. I found the hole was a blind pocket that looked like a groundhog hole.

That brought the day to a wonderful end and I walked to where Kay had brought the car at Comell's Land, carrying the gun.

I am certain Dixie was barking this point for I heard her out of the corner of my right eye. On the road, Kay took a ~~shot~~ movie of the bird held against the late sky - the camera jammed again but responded to a jolt. I was shooting the 50% barrel with a Trapmax 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8 load, altho the shot was not centered, of course. Can't see where the bird is hit - no ~~Wing~~ ~~Wing~~ but went down hard.

Friday 13 December

Warm 54° cloudy,
breezy at times
Snow gone most places
3:00 - 5:00 - 2 hrs.

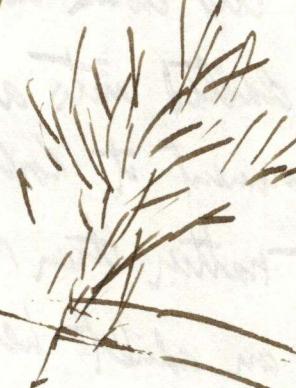
Hazelton #1

Moved 2 - 2 flushes
2 shots - no hit

Bliss

Dixie : 1 prod.

First bird went into a tree, then flushed and no relocation.
First year there have not been grapes here, tho greenbrier berries
plentiful. The second bird was on the back edge, north, where are
plenty of berries. This one gave me no warning -
year I doubled fired and hit a grouse. This one gave me no warning -
a flash point by Dixie, the sound, and it was coming directly across
low - left to right into the open field where I was standing. I



know I shot before seeing the bird clearly enough,
yet it was now or no shot till it quartered. I missed both birds.
How? I feel the first shot was at 7 yards - much too close. No
warning for not warning. Anyway I missed and the bird deserves the break.

Tuesday 17 December

Snow on ground, 29°
clear. Cold

Partly cloudy

2:30 - 5:00 - 2½ hrs

Bill Ruizer

Moved 1 - 1 flush

Where?

Bliss: too wide, worked hard
Dixie

Saturday 21 December

Wilkinson Sawmill Hollow

#39

Cold, cloudy, snow on ground
34°
2:15 - 5:15 3 hrs.

scored 5 - 9 flushed.
One shot - no hit

Bliss: 1 prod.
Dixie: 1 prod.

First day out since Tuesday. Back roads icy but main roads clear.
Hunted up right side of hollow to small power line and up to top field,
then after eating we hunted down over the back far of the house there
good thorns where Dixie bumped the first grouse from a little run
(grouse don't use water?).

Down over to back road and up the slope beyond where Dixie put
another bird up in a tree, before it reflected across a triangular clearing
bulldozed - for what? Found tracks along a north road and when we
hunted up the hill, Dixie repeated her trick - the bird flushing into a
tree and then across out ahead. We reflected it from another tree.
Following, we failed to locate but finally came to Dixie hunting. I saw her
following, we failed to locate but finally came to Dixie hunting. I saw her



DIXIE WITH BLISS
BACKING.

begin to flag and starts moving in (what I suspect is her practice) but I
stopped her with stay just as Bliss came in and barked - a beautiful
double bark. Dixie held, altho she didn't go solid again, and I walked past
and around in front in some grapevines ~~but nothing materialized~~. I went

them in with all right, go on and a quail flushed about four yards to the side of where I had walked past — a low flight I couldn't attempt. We followed to the end of the woods and tried a good corner across an open field where Dixie missed it and Bliss bumped it out — across to the next woods where we got a wild flush from a dogwood and crab clearing. Marking the bird, we came to Bliss on a point that was real but not quite her usual hot spot. When I walked in she moved in to ~~that~~ correct, and the quail flushed over my head. I had to wheel to the right and try for it as it bored across the field, firing a shot to late. The bird faltered a moment in a semi-erect posture then flew on normally.

Probably would have held to the right a shade.



Kay marked the bird into

the far woods and I expected to find it wounded but we couldn't. It was getting dark and we had a two-mile walk to the car in a direct line with much no-hunting open walking. On the way we got a lovely front by Bliss who was trying out her broad empty. Bliss had been working too hard most all afternoon and somehow couldn't seem to do it right. Dixie found most of the birds but bumped all but the one and that was thanks to my restraint. Of course hunting is a frustrating form of shooting, this '68 season has been more than frustrating. I question my gun, my loads and probably much of it is merely the small number of birds. Turkey was better but you can get back into the ground so easily.

On the way to the car down the valley in ~~near~~ darkness, ^{today 3-1-68} ^{55°} West Woods #5 —

Thursday 26 December

Scott Place

'68 / #41

Cold 26°, cloudy, snow
on ground.

Mixed 2-3 flushes
One shot - no hit

Blin: 2 prod

2:30-5:00 - 2½ hrs.

First time out since last Saturday. Snow and bitter cold weather
have kept us in. Yesterday, Christmas, we had to pass up our hunt
because of cold. Used Blin alone today for first time in a long while —
too long — leaving Dixie in cellar at home with Tom. First contact with
birds came after lunch, over Blin's fire, at the old Scott house site when
Blin's bell went silent well ahead. I came to her pointing on the hillside
below the old path in thick cover. She held beautifully while I worked to
her and continued to hold after I stopped in a fair position for the flush.
Then, with nothing happening, she moved on to ~~the~~ re-establish and
the bird went out — a left-crossing rising flushed that I tried
for three intervening cover, and missed, at about 20 yards. This tendency
Blin shows to do this is fairly consistent and could be used to my
advantage to have her flush the bird — she would hold indefinitely
as long as I was not present, and will continue to hold as long as
I move on in. But when I stop and when the bird does not
flush she usually moves in to see why not. Is it wise to let her
do this?

After the flush and my miss, Blin ran after the bird for
a short circle — just in case — then returned and while Guy and
I discussed the situation (~~and~~ (Guy had joined me), Blin came back and
sat an interest point at the same ~~spot~~, ^{but} stood low behind in her

42/68

languor. Doubting another bird, yet almost convinced, I worked
around to mad in from her right side and a second spurs went out
with no chance for a shot. But it had been then, holding tight than
all the noise and motion.



ANOTHER ONE?

We followed both birds, which had gone in the same direction and later I may
heard a distant wild flush in the woods on top, but we had no view of it.
That was it - but the ~~the~~ shot was a disappointment (why can't I luck as
now and then?) the dog work was immensely gratifying. This works
better alone, tho there was a time today when she tired of my incessant
whistle curl to hold her closer. She does beautifully out there on
her own but it is impossible to keep her located & find her points if
I don't keep her in a bit. And that is a problem.

I was using the 54% barrels with $3\frac{1}{4} \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} \cdot 1\frac{1}{2}$. Actually with my
high average in woodcock with 50% choke and 3-1-8 loads in
dense cover I should do well at a little greater range using $3\frac{1}{4} \cdot 1\frac{1}{8} \cdot 1\frac{1}{2}$ in
the same barrels, for the pattern would be wider and cover about 4 times the
bulk of a woodcock. Why not?

I found Dixie pointing, and further back, Bliss - both pointing without realizing the birds had flushed. That was the last contact I had - the birds having flushed around the ridge I think to the far side of our road. At the ~~end~~ road I followed it down and met 1 day walking up from Sisters to meet me - a pleasant end to a day I hadn't expected to get out. Weather was ideal, I think, for hunting but for some reason Bliss didn't handle the first birds. Then she began reaching out - and the air good point gave me no shots. I could use a break.

Saturday 28 December

Connelly

Bliss: 1 prod.

Warm 58°, rain, thunder, had, Mured 1 (not new) - 2 flushes Dixie sunshiny, clouds, wind, rain One shot - 0

2:40 - 3:40 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. My 1968 birthday hunt - let's omit the age.
4:00 - 4:20

The weather was so unpredictable we changed plans and drove to the Connelly Place as the best chance for a short break in the rain. All snow gone and conditions drying - good enough except that birds seemed covered up. Parked at Connelly land and hunted into area where we found fox last time - today, now - the we worked down into the shadowed hollow and around to edge of the Roversburg farm. My chief problem was with Bliss, who is working entirely out of contact. She covers terrain brilliantly and handles birds well when found, but I can't know where her points are nor can I keep up with her. I'm determined to shorten her range by whistling her in and making her gun louder.

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I spent all my time turning her back with the whistle until, #45
finally - and naturally - this come to ignore the first blast. After
returning to the car due to rain, they let me out for a last turn
while she drove along the road. Using Blis solo this time, I put her
into the cover on the north side and she ran into a grouse immediately,
standing to flush very nicely. Following the flight parallel to the
road, I had to call Blis in and set a switch (which I hate).
Moments later, I again whistled her back to me, and into a hot
front, headed toward me a few yards away. The gun started out

left - quartering her
and I had only a split-
second look at it -
and missed. I believe
this cover in here offers
less opportunity for a
shot than any I know -
too many saplings.



That was it. The bird landed on the tree tops and crossed the road and
the rain set in with vengeance and I reached the car and quit.
I believe this was probably the same bird we were following, tho it seemed a
shade closer. Anyway we got out, which we didn't get to do last
birthday due to snow - and we had a productive and burned powder and
trumped these words - enough to ask for any birthday.

Monday 30 December

Sunny, snow on ground.
38° beautiful.
1:30 - 5:15 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

Janes

Moved 8-13 flushed
One shot - 0

Bliss: 3 prob.

good work

Dixie: "back

Action began a few moments after we started down the road with a flush from the dogs out of view on the left. Minutes later a second flush and a grouse was coming directly over me, winging against the sun. If I had been alert it would have been a good shot in spite of the sun but I was going away and pulled safety on.

Came in and slammed



tracks led into the cover and

the Bliss held immobile for a while afterwards. We moved a new bird, #4. Late, beyond the Harderty Rocks we flushed one - flushed by Bliss. She, however, worked beautifully today, keeping in much better range and requiring much less control, in itself desirable!

No more action along the lower road until we reached the fields above Janes when, after eating, we crossed and I foolishly let Bliss go into the island of greenbrier cover where she would not out. In the main woods ahead Bliss flushed a bird and Dixie backed - with two sets of tracks ahead Bliss flushed a bird and Dixie backed - with two sets of tracks leaving the area. I tried to reach Bliss through mean footings and stuck and got as far as possible and hunted, with no results. Finally Bliss moved in, as she does when I stand for a long period or fail to flush and the bird went out far ahead when I could have shot. Soon after, Bliss flushed the other bird, holding wonderfully where I have sketched below to



Try to reach her, blocked by the damned brushy cover and rocks. But Dixie moved in and shot, above her, instead of locking and the bird flushed back and up the ridge. We had no further contact in the area the Bliss hit a red-hot point along Jim's road on our way back and I was near. I'd get a close shot, but the fresh tracks showed where the bird had gone out before the point.

After a chat with Jim (and Kippy who wouldn't come in because of our dogs) we hunted the road back to the bridge and up the hill. Not far up, a grouse flushed from me but well inside the cover and gave me no view. Soon after another grouse (certainly a new one) flushed ahead of us and crossed from the right to the left. I tried for it - a left-crossing rising shot in the open at about 35 yards and managed to miss - I don't know how.  Using the 54 to 3 1/4 - 1 1/2 - 7 1/2.

I followed, while Ray went to the car, and heard Bill back track and saw the grouse go for the Herdley Rocks high over the trees. That was the end of a good day's action, tho I am reaching the extent of frustration with my shooting. This is a good cover in a poor year.

Tuesday 31 December

With threat of bad weather
40° Some snow traces.
mostly gone. Ended with
foggy drizzle

1:00 - 3:45 - 2 3/4 hrs.

shot 2:45

Wrights

Murd 3 - 3 flushed

adult cock: 1 hit
cross: empty gourd: birds One shot - 1 hit
New quill & orange round. flat ones (not greenish)
tail feathers(5) It does eventually happen - a slumped cow and. But it took

the old Fox to do it, or so it seemed. We parked at the empty Frank Wright house and started hunting the thorn flat to the slashings on the edge of the woods but heard nothing. Blin was working well, moving out but just a shade too wide, Dixie covering the area closer to me. The first guess was a bird I didn't see, trying as I was to spot Blin, but I say called and said it had flushed across in front of me. We searched excellent rhododendron cover on the edge of rocks but couldn't locate it.

We did discover a vast area of cut-over land that looks like a grouse hunting dream in a good year - saw one or two sets of tracks but no birds, and we doubled back on a low road into the valley of Meadow Run. This hillside is lined with woods roads. On the way back, we started below the draw of rhododendron and rocks we get snarled in or on Hovey Place hunt early this season. There are grouse tracks, day-old or less, then most of this woods - good cover. And suddenly a grouse was going up to my right in a left-quartering rising flush and the old sequence of focus, mount and overtake was happening in perfect timing and the bird was falling, centered, well at I reloaded and ran down, calling Blin & Dixie and they were still mounted of course for

Blin: 1 kill

1 ret

Dixie: 1 kill

all the possible places it might be lying - or running away. #49
Bliss came in below a big rock, Dine from behind me and both
searched excitedly and finally went on, searching, below. Then I saw
the grouse crumpled, dead, between the big rock and a log when both
dogs had walked over it. This thing alarms me, the way a dog is accustomed
can pass over a fallen bird and I suspect some of the lost birds
have been lost this way. I called them back and Bliss came in and
this time hit the scent and started to retrieve - then found for a series
of mewings I thought could never end - and then delivered the grouse
nicely, tho she did not hold it quite so firmly, but I'm not criticizing
a retriever on grouse after last year's fiascos following my little trick.
that is a real game gun.

The bird was a big cock, beautiful.

What makes the difference? The weight.



sweeping a little down to start but continuing
with a steadier sweep? The longer pattern? But this was at 35 yards at least.
Or is it the 3-1½-8 load handled perfectly in the Fox? Whatever it is, I
intend to go on using it at least until I get my confidence back. And
I have confidence in the Fox.

The foggy drizzle was getting into us when we tipped the ridge
and just within the scrubby & small alder clumps Bliss put out #3 which
pitched down the hill - in dense cover. We were heading for the car, via the
thorn flat, chipping net on every twig, when Dine went ahead and up a
bird that at first looked like a wounded grouse in a vertical posture of flight,
then I recognized as a hen pheasant, too far for a shot. It landed just above and
within the cover but the both dogs hunted hard as piled to catch it. It must have
landed running. This was a good day. ~~for the year on what a feeling.~~

Thursday

January 2

Juni's

Bliss: wide

Dixie:

Cold 22° sunny, snow
on ground

3:00 - 5:00 - 2 hrs

Moved 4 (now new) 4 flushed

2 shots - 0

Because of cold we started late and hunted only the area below Summers' s, working down the road (tracks several places) but no birds. Circled to left and then back to far side and out to along Hardisty Rocks with no contact. Tracks led up ridge at far end to across the road in piles of tree top shavings with leaves still on where a fresh roost suggested bird had moved out recently. Hunting back about 4:30 to just below car, we found fresh tracks (2 sets) and dogs went above and may have been pointing (difficulty of their being out of sight so much). Suddenly a grouse came at me just off the ground about a foot or two, nearly landed on me, then rose and I turned and tried for it rising going-away then cover and missed (even with the Fox!). Bay marked it as crossing the road down to Roaring Creek and angling down. She was cold and returned to the car while I took the dogs for another half-hour. They proceeded to bring a grouse from thick cover just below the Summers' s cow shed - a flush down the ridge out of range. Not far below as I followed it and hoped to meet the bird I'd missed. Bliss pointed convincingly but nothing materialized. Further down, a wild flush gave me a quick try at a left-crossing rising bird - I missed - that could have been a reflush but I count it as 4. ~~4~~
I found a small particle of down floating under the ate of the shot but the bird had appeared to show no flesh.



That was it. I was less than happy with

Bliss's work - out of contact - the dog was trying to point for me.

Friday 3 January

Cold, cloudy, windy
30° Snow on ground

Pairs

'68/ #51

Bliss solo: 1 prod.

Moved 5 (1 new) 7 flushed
no shots

2:00 - 5:00 3 hrs. Bliss' birthday (5th) and we left Dixie at home
2:05 - 4:50 2 1/2 hrs. with Tom. Parked at Durris and walked across
the field in a minus-zero wind-chill factor. Hunted across upper edge
of woods in excellent cover and saw a grouse flush wild (they are not
lying well). Came to fresh tracks and met Bliss in but the bird
flushed well and low and I couldn't see it. After checking at the
house with Pairs (10 children) we went into the thicket in bottom
behind and up the hollow where Bliss who had been working too wide for
the first today came in at my whistle and flushed a bird whose tracks
I had been following. Just above and in thick cover Bliss snuffed into
a trout as I say saw a grouse spread its fan and run out, flushing over the
ridge. Next night of the first we followed and down over at the
margin of a clearing, being sure it go out ahead of Bliss and we followed
up the wooded slope to good edge cover but with no relocation. The pax
appear as wild as hawks and with little need for a dog to work, which
is to be expected at below freezing temperatures. A gentlemanly snow
squall ~~lasted a while but did us no inconvenience~~ Finally we turned back and hunted for the bird I'd seen go up
above the Pairs place and Bliss put it out with no point that I
could see. It was a big cock, its long tail obvious, and it walked across
the road I was on too far to try for. When we reached the car taken
in faulted to meet it. The day was low in shooting but good
action. Bliss worked me better today and it was wonderful to be
in that air and away from the ~~noise~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~noise~~ ^{The Prairie}
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'68/52

Saturday 4 January

Cold 18°, cloudy, some
snow flurries, snow on ground

3:10 - 5:15 2 hrs. shot 3:20 ← Jan 15th, largest I have shot, I believe.
 adult cock: inter. 20 feathers
 crop: teaberry leaves, strawberry, greenbrier berries.
 Played cards with Dixie and took Bliss back to Sandy parking at
 the bridge. I dressed warmly - black jersey, Woolrich shirt, red wind jacket
 and shooting coat with red-neck - a perfect combination. Ten minutes
 after leaving car, a grouse flushed from left edge of path this side of
 power line and presented a low straightaway. I held just above it
 and dropped the bird at 20 yards or so. The grouse straightened almost
 as soon as it fell and moved to the dense pile of



brush on the right - a tangle of logs and brush
 reaching to the stream. It looked doubtful
 for a while; I called Bliss and directed her



to the brush pile but she seemed unable to
 get the scent. At last I ran around, tearing them briars, to head the
 bird off if possible before it got down over the creek bank, then saw
 Bliss strike scent and plunge into the tangle of brush. In a few moments
 I saw her tail wagging and guessed she had the bird but foresaw
 difficulty getting her to bring out a fluttering bird. To my surprise
 and delight, Bliss pushed thru the far side of the pile of branches and
 circled it, carrying the grouse to me, dead,
 a large cock. Good old Fox, good 3.12.8!



This was a wonderful break and
 made the day. Beyond the power line I
 worked up the stream edge and saw a

Little Sandy upstream

Moved 2 (not new) - 2 flushed Bliss solo: 1 kill
 1 ret.

One shot - 1 hit

Decided to try a limit in spite of cold. Day

ended home with Dixie and I took Bliss back to Sandy parking at

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 and shooting coat with red-neck - a perfect combination. Ten minutes
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a large cock. Good old Fox, good 3.12.8!

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 made the day. Beyond the power line I
 worked up the stream edge and saw a

'68/ #53

goats flushed wild ahead of Bliss and zoom across the stream and up to the hemlocks beyond. That was our last bird now, tho I hunted almost to Carter's line, then up the slope into the spruce woods where Bliss acted as tho she had seen a flushed. Paused for a bit to eat at the top, then fought my way down the tangled cover on the slopes and didn't get to the upper path until near the power line. Dashed back the path a ways - got a hot point but no bird - then walked back and crossed the power line — a magnificent view of this splendid country including a snow flurry earlier that mixed up the valley with some sunlight back of it like a white fog — and looked at the frozen stream and green water far below. Had to walk down the power line after a circle below Sisler's strip mine (good cover here) with another fine but empty point. The sun was down and the temperature was dropping and it was good. Bliss had worked beautifully today, in fine close range to fit the cover. There is little doubt that she does better solo. When dressed, the goats proved but with several pellets well spread over back.

Wednesday 8 January June (Summers) Bliss: 1 prod.
25° 4° 5° of snow on ground moved 2 (not new) - 2 flushed Dixie
and some clinging 0

2:45-5:00 2 hrs. hunting. Too much snow, roads icy under snow but we had to get out. Thought I could go right to the birds, and while I found tracks of 3 on left side near Summers spring run, we failed to locate the goats. I had trouble keeping in touch with Bliss - not that she was so wild but her bell did not carry in the muffled snow and vision was limited. After a rest & lots nothing in the car, we started at about 4:15 along the road and I put the dogs into the small batch of cover that is isolated from the woods. Bliss stopped and showed ~~where~~ ^{out} at the edge but

did not point - instead, moved in with a high head. I made the mistake of trying to move to the upper side, and Bliss bumped a bird that was high and angled into the ^{main} woods where there is current timber cutting.

We followed and in the dusk fallen tree tops, loaded with snow. We followed and in the dusk fallen tree tops, loaded with snow. I lost Bliss, whom I say found on point. The bird flushed before I knew about it. I followed it toward the Harlan County end of the woods but tho' there are many good tree-top piles, we didn't find it. I say got the car and ~~met me at the end of the road.~~

Thursday 9 January

Collins Place

Bliss

word 1 (new) - 1 flush

Dixie

0

Warm 36° dropping to

29° but the wind felt
colder. Snow gone most places.
2:05 - 5:00 - 3 hrs.

Disappointing. Saw one pair of tracks at start, one single track at head of hollow. Not a solid point but the bird had gone. Beautiful views. Could see on ridge land & pines

Thursday 13 January

Scott Place

Bliss: lots wonderful work

Dixie:

word 1 (new) - 1 flush

0

Cold 24° , spitting snow.

cloudy, new light snow over

old snow 2:45 - 5:10 $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. This cover I think should wait until a year when grouse come back. We hunted the Mc Graw side of the ridge moving one bird, a new one, from the rocks. It flushed off a tall boulder after the dogs had worked below it and I had passed, going up ridge head and above the trees too quickly for me to move them around see it - a big bird. We went then excellent cover well out toward Charlie Sels's then crossed to the Scott side and hunted back, failed to move the 2 grouse we had found before then hunted back to the rocks close the car where Bliss did his best with a ~~large point~~ ^{big} and then re-established.

#55

to conjure up a bird that was no longer there. In a poor gun ⁸¹ year like this one it is almost more than you can ask of a dog to keep up interest day after day with so little contact with birds, but it is beautiful - their loyalty and devotion - the way both Bliss and Dixie work to the last moment of a day, trying, and expecting to find a bird. The least I can do is carry the gun at alert and share it with them. Never saw Dixie run harder.

Thursday 23 January

Warm, sunny turning
cloudy, 52°. Beautiful.

3 hrs (total hunting)

Upper Dorothy
moved 3-3 flushed
no shots
Matthew Sawmill

Bliss
Dixie

First real January thaw, damp underfoot. Should have been ideal conditions. Parked at old Bea Sybolt place and hunted the Sybolt ridge first, drawing nothing, tho plenty of grapes on ground. Toppling over into upper edge of the far ridge we hunted out the old field, flushing one big grouse from a tangle (isolated) where we have in the past moved up to fast. Bliss & Dixie missed this bird by ranging too fast moved up to fast. I possibly could have reacted this wise, tho they were in fair range. I possibly could have reacted this wise, tho they were in fair range. I waited a split second and bird with the left barrel (Fox) but I waited a split second and heard it up. We heard nothing more in the field - a few greenbrier berries - but at the end, on the power line, Bliss made a fine point - Dixie tracking but no bird was there. Following the run down Rattlesnake Hollow, we hunted down to the jeep road, then back the middle path, moving #2, which ^{which} stretched all the way across the

creek with only a split-second glimpse. No more action until we topped the shoulder to the opposite ridge where #3 flushed behind Bliss who was making game but had not pointed. ^{aborted my with Bird} and saw the bird go up the hollow. At the car we drove up to the Metheny sawmill where we hunted out the ridges via the log road to the hilltop field, then back them good corn and didn't move a feather. A very disappointing day in a disappointing season. It seems that the smaller lowland valley crows are better than the big ridge. When Dorothy was almost identical last year. ^{After the first half hour, Bliss walked in fine range.} Dixie walked beautifully all day, and the black covered the terrain coming down the valley in perfect brace style.

Friday 24 January

Paire

Bliss
Dixie

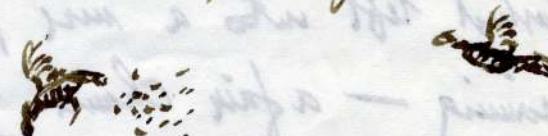
Warm 58° , sunny turning cloudy, thunderstorm, rain turning cold. 24 hrs. Hunted 2 in small bottom area with Bliss in the wrong place as usual ~~recently~~ recently. Dixie walked into the second bird. I marked the first into the far hillside slacks but we failed to pin it or mark it tho we covered the area. Bliss wasn't working to ride and was covering beautifully but as we worked back into the bottom, pressed by incoming storm, she went there when #3 flushed wild from out in a clear area too far to shoot. Bliss pointed at one side where the bird must have been. We reached the car just before the downpour. The abandoned house before ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~Dixie makes a good~~ parking place.

Saturday 25 January

Connelly

Bliss: 1 prod.

Sunny clear 30° windy.
cold. Yearling hen: crop: King poul., small lanceolate serrated leaves
1:50 - 4:20 2 3 D.W.S. Moved 8 (2 new) - 9 flushed One shot - 1 hit (overpt.) Dixie: 2 prod. Parked at last spot and hunted down hill (overpt.)
the strip mine road. Moved #1 on upper edge of strip, with Bliss too far out and Dixie above me. Bliss continued to move too wide until I called her in, gave one switch (the rest on the ground) and for a while she handled beautifully, checking with me and quartering to the sides. At the Powersburg edge I decided to check the margin on the chance that the #1 bird being on the edge was indicative. Bliss was below and Dixie in front when D. suddenly pointed, beautifully. But then she started her weasel-like trick until I stopped her with Stay, and finally Dixie! When I walked to her a grouse flushed on the outside, left-crossing and rising slightly and as I swiveling fast and fired, the bird tumbled - feathers floating back - and a second grouse flushed and took the same flight.



DIXIE DOES IT RIGHT.

As Dixie went to retrieve, my gun roared in a crippled flush, its tail partly shot out, and came across in front with me holding an open gun with a shell in the left barrel. I got a shell out of my pocket, jammed it into the

gun, snatched the gun shot and nursed the fluttering bird, which went down (possibly out of my line of fire tho I doubt it) and Bliss, seeing it, arrived in time to grab it before it went to ground among a lot of rocks. Bliss tried to retrieve it but the gun fluttered free. After a couple of efforts I despatched the bird and Bliss finished the job tho she didn't hit it. The gunner was a yearling hen with one leg shattered and probably hit in the rear.

We had decided to hunt back to the car and were starting toward the road when Bliss cast into the field to the west and suddenly took off in a dash after something I didn't see. From a small clump of cover in the open, guns began erupting — one crossing to the edge above me, one to the woods above Cornetts' lane, and they saw a third follow. When I called Bliss in for a reprimand we moved on and Bliss went into the edge to our left and stopped, flagging. Then in front Dixie flushed left into a nice point and a noisy roar and quivered-left winging — a fair chance if I'd been anything but uncertain about trying for another bird. Meanwhile, Bliss had gone solid, Kay says, and she heard another flush. One of these may have been the bird Bliss dumped down here but the second must have been a new bird.

We decided to go after the two as the best way there were two many here, but the woods covered the area well we didn't know either. Dropping below the lane, Bliss, who was running wild again, dumped a new bird - #8 - far far ahead. Another waddling, and then we followed, getting a magnificent point from Bliss, backed by Dixie just across the road. The only thing wrong was: no bird but Bliss made a gesture — probably the bird had moved out just ahead. That was an ~~error~~ — no more in the good cover on the

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flat when we expected horribilities. There was flans in the day but Dixie did beautifully and the shot on the point was all I could ask, with the exception that the bird wasn't centered. But you can't have everything. I don't understand Bliss but I think she can't have everything. I don't understand Bliss but I think she needs a few days solo. (When dressed, the bird proved hard hit in left breast - several pellets - but not penetrated deeply. Is #8 too light?)

Monday 27 January

Ferry Ringer (Jakes)

Bliss: 1 plod.

Dixie

Clear, cold 32° , calm.

Novel 5-6 flushes

2:05 - 5:30 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs (actual)

0 shots

Perfect day except for frozen ground pack and dry cold conditions. Kay moved #1 on lower path on hillside above Jakes, while I worked the upper margin under the strip mine rear - that's not worth the effort there with growth. Heard #2 flushed from upper margin in grape corner in woods ahead, then over Bliss flesh point and saw #3 leave the same spot. Followed straight out ridge keeping to path along bottom of workings but didn't relocate. At upper end we worked the top margin back and Bliss hit went and beautifully worked it left and right to the bird but unfortunately was upwind of it and it flushed - she stopped at flush. This could have been one of the birds we flushed - she stopped at flush. This could have been one of the birds we flushed - she stopped at flush.

Now in the Hilltop Copse - old Cold Spiker - no we moved (#2). Now in the Hilltop Copse - old Cold Spiker - no we worked the ridge below the strip mine back to Jakes - Kay seeing #4 flushed well down the power line. Having footing probably the cause.

Hunting up the left side of the road to the car, we found for a bit in the car, then crossed them the Radclough woods when Bliss walked into #5 - why? Kay got the car and I hunted the right margin along the road - then the corner car. Nothing. No tracks - today but the air was wonderful.

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West Virginia and Regional History Center

Tuesday 28 January Little Sandy (down) Bliss: 5 prod.

39°, turning cloudy. March 8 (4 new) - 12 flocks Dixie 1 prod.
rain at end. No shots 2 back.

(3 hrs?) Bliss pointed shortly after we started from Deberrys,
below us and before we reached the old Niemans Hill road. There was a flock
I couldn't see, then Bliss returned and pointed a second bird. #2 flushed
upstream and we followed, later getting a reflect just below the road, after
I had passed. Again it went up the valley climbing higher this time.
We followed the path and then climbed the ridge, circling back in the hope
of finding our bird. Bliss gave us a stunning point into a few bushes
that proved, surprisingly, to be empty. She was so excited that she ranged
below to some distance. After trying to turn her up to me, I started higher
into the good cover of cov on a bank with Dixie. Instead of working the
area as she has been lately, she just stood, and so I started to investigate
a good pile of brush. Before I could move far, a groun flushed from
this cov, to my surprise cutting across behind me. I whirled to
try to swing with it and missed a wonderful chance by not getting
the safety off! One of life's bitter moments.

We followed the bird on up the valley thru open woods but into
good grapevines cov but failed to find it. After eating below the
grape clearing on the old Deberrys farm, we循ed it and started
back along the top margin — good cov but no birds today. We
walked back to the site of Bliss's original point with no action,
then to our amazement saw her pointing in the same spot — a beauty —
there were two birds, both leaving before I could rush down to Bliss.
Dixie was also pointing — a production headed to the right Bliss and

further down to the left and pointed again. There was another bird #6, but it did not war until Bliss moved on. As I kept working below her on the hillside she pointed again near the bottom path (but her head so high I thought she was pointing a bird in a tree on the bank below).



REACHING.

As I walked in, Bliss moved up and froze again in the low path. Two flushed in the dense rhododendron and hemlocks gave me a vague sense that the birds had flushed upstream. From then on,

our contact was merely the sound of flushed — seven in all with an eighth after we had climbed to the road and started back up. This we made another zig back, we did not refresh the bird we had been following up the ridge. They are chance of the day — and the walk — I succeeded in muffing, but the air and exercise — and the dog work, Bliss especially, was good. This walk is brutal and poor shooting.

Friday 31 January

Damp, cold 40° cloudy

2:00 - 6:10 4 hrs.

Jones

Moved 6 (5 new) - 7 flushed
One shot - 0

Bliss: 3 prod.

Devise: 1 back.

Both dogs worked well.

No action until we crossed Roaring and headed out the lower fork to the lower field where a grouse flushed from the field at edge of woods. Bliss ran into #2 in woods at far end, stopping at first. Unable to relocate first bird we hunted this lower woods toward Jones and below the bridge square. Bliss pointed out of my sight over a rise above — they saw it and we both saw the trees — a big one — flushed back toward the field along the road and at

sitting on rock (red lichen formation) near the isolated patch of woods. Later, we failed to make "the" bird we expected there and hunted the area above Jim's house & beyond the rocks, then down to the road and out to the far end, down to lower town, and back all the way to Jim's with no action.

Started back from Jim's at 5:45. Cool and damp - perfect hunting conditions.

In the briar squares just off the road, Bliss left

went quiet and I saw her hunting toward the road. Dime began moving in but I stopped her with Stop!! The grouse flushed on the other side of Bliss from me (to the right) and of course did not come my way, but it was a honey of a point.



IN THE COOL OF
THE EVENING.

Beyond the sawmill set another group flushed from the right side of the road with no view of it till it topped against the dim light of the sky. Bliss came in and pointed a moment after the fact. Not far beyond, as we dropped down the slope toward the bridge, still another grouse flushed from a tree on the left and I tried a shot as it left - quartered barely visible, and missed. These few grouse are now birds, I am sure, and there may be a sixth, for I am counting one as a reflex of one of the three earlier birds. Crossing the bridge we climbed the long hill to the car with a final flush and a point by Bliss we could only judge day the reddest, that was up and on the right.

Saturday, February

Ray Gutheis (& Jiminy Gutheis)

#63
168

Cloudy 45°, damp
and ideal hunting

Waded 10-11 fathoms
2 shots - 1 hit (over pt)

Bliss (solo): 3 prod.
C' hill
Car pt

~~adult male: said 2 3 lbs.
crop: 2 paces apart fern?~~

Ray stayed home with Dixie while Bliss & I
took a hunt back on Little Sandy below the old Jiminy Gutheis place.
Parked in the old spot and hunted upstream, flushing one grouse from a
hummock to the far side of Barnes Run. Hunting up the left side to the
traces of the road back a below Jiminy Gutheis' barn, I crossed to the
far side into excellent grown-up hillside cover. Bliss bell went quiet
and I found her a point at a small ravine of cover, headed down the slope.

I hurried toward her thru
thorn cover and nearly stepped
on a grouse that blew up
just below me to the right.
For a stupid moment I had
a feeling I should pass up the

shot for the bird that must be in front of Bliss but fortunately my
reflexes are swifter than my impulses, and I was running up
then a beautiful aently rising flush in the open — a straightaway
that folded in a cloud of feathers. Whether the hand

- 39-18-6 - had anything to do with it or it

was because the bird was centered, the grouse

couldn't have known what happened and Bliss found it well down the slope
completely limp. For some odd reason she refused to retreat tho she
did pick the bird up at least 3 times but each time laid it back —

even rolled on it and in spite of my entreaty would not perform. I
had the good luck to not get stern George Bird Evans Papers
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no complement other than for pointing. Rather than hunt further out the ridge (I heard a brown owl higher up, which should interest the cover) I turned down the hill and, finding the remains of a bridge at the road crossing, hunted down the far side of Barnes Run to Sandy with no action. This is hemlock-laurel cover but years ago held birds, after eating lunch, I worked up Sandy on one of the paths through the dense hemlock-shrubland cover and saw a grouse #3, flushed from Bliss into the hemlocks on the stream. Then Bliss looked trees and I flushed a bird I count as a reflush of #3 tho I think it may be undercounting. Another bird flushed from a hemlock, both crossing to the Dick Kelly side out of my ken with the water at flood level. Further along #5 left a hemlock and followed the stream, and at the stone cabin #6 flushed from the edge of the clearing also from a tree and,

like the others, were round going across Sandy. Two these birds are beyond reach in this cover, they are here as breeders and may be found some day on the edges. Crossing the old road from Ock Frankhouse's to Sandy, I hunted onto the Ray Butler side and soon heard #7 from a hemlock, this time seeing the bird pitch into dense cover on this side of Sandy. We failed to find it but Bliss hit about in a flat opening that proved empty but she moved on, working west and finally disappearing in hemlock-shrubland cover on the stream bank ahead. I found her pointing from the upper side of the path. The bird flushed before I could get to her, flushing from the lower side but coming off between me and Bliss. Intervening cover provided a good view but I saw the

quail reappear out in over, still low and left-crossing. I missed
 and deserved to, for instead of winging I fired, finding my barrels
 pointing at the right spot ahead. ~~shot~~ Sharp-shooting will never do
 it except by almost accident or a crossing shot. A quail flushed up a
 three-inch vertical strip from the center of an eight-inch pattern
 but I doubt if that was why I missed. As I followed this bird
 up the hill, #9 flushed from a grapevine in the open woods and
 crossed high and right with too little time for a shot, tho I tried &
 got past it. On top there is almost perfect reporth. Thushit on the
 flat, greenbriars and thorns and crabs, but this we circled it well, then
 were too many other places and we didn't find for a refresh. It
 was about quarter to five and getting even darker with the clouds that
 had been about all afternoon, tho the rain was good enough not to
 materialize and conditions were about perfect, and we headed back for the
 old bridge crossing over Barnes. No action all the way until we were nearly
 at the car (there was one point on a rabbit that nearly made me, but
 looked no good). At the fence line near the bank of Sandy, Bliss drew to
 a point so intently she refrained from setting her right foot down.

As I walked up, Bliss moved around to
 re-establish and a quail #10 flushed across
 the creek. I couldn't try for the bird would
 have fallen in the water. This had been a
 fine day, a surprise, the best day this
 year - ten quail, possibly two more



ON THREE FEET.

I did not count.

Wednesday 5 February

Ray Guttrie

Blin: 2 prod.

Clear, sun & light snow,
34°, perfect.

Marl 9 (2 new) - 11 fleas

1 kill
1 ret.

One shot - 1 hit

Dixie: 2 backs

2:30 - 5:10 2½ hrs.

adult cock: inter., several entire eggs: full of acorns (black?)
& other small plants & buds

I took Ray & Dixie back to where Blin & I
met birds last Saturday, but because of the
condition of the court house road, we drove to the old Frankham place
and on back to the old Ray Guttrie land (the rear entrance is blocked by
a tree trunk). Parking at the leaning tree crossroads, we hunted down the
old road to Barnes run. On the way I think a grouse moved out of the thorn corner
above the left field - I saw a flick of motion in the air and Blin ran after it.
We crossed the remains of the bridge and hunted out the slope where I shot my
grouse Saturday but today there were no birds present. I was disappointed that
the cover proved so open.

Returning to the bridge we crossed and hunted down the path, passing to
left in the wonderful sunshine. Taking the left fork we hunted up easily
and while I worked the small swamp edge, Ray followed the path making a scan
from a hemlock and across the stream. No one moved another out of a tree, the
bird staying on our side but not quite offering a shot. At the cabin I
worked the hillside above and behind it and Ray walked into a bird
on the edge of the clearing, offering her a fair look at it as it crossed
the opening and crossed the stream. This was probably the bird I flushed

Saturday from the edge of the clearing.

At this stage, Blin went out of sight - I'd had to discipline her
to keep her close enough - and while Dixie & I investigated some tracks
into the brushland above the path (grouse tracks were everywhere we
walked along the stream) Blin still remained silent. Finally I came
out on the road and found her ~~sitting~~ standing just this side of the

old bridge abutment, pointing into the dense woods on the right. #67 she had obviously been holding the point for four or five minutes—a long time. I got a good wide shot of the point while Dixie backed and I walked in, knowing I could not shoot, for the bird would—and did—flush across sandy from the bank, toppling the trees on her far side. It was a lovely bit of work. If I became impatient with Blin's way of rangoing, I have nothing but admiration for her beautiful way of pausing and holding birds far out.



AT THE BRIDGE.

Crossing the road to the Ray Butcher side, we hunted on south along the bottom, seeing grouse tracks in the light snow almost all the way. One bird, #6, flushed from a hemlock and, oddly, went up the ridge, not across the stream. Farther on a grouse flushed from the hillside about me and to my left and was high in the air before I heard it. I about me and to my left and was high in the air before I heard it. I couldn't mount in time but watched the bird go on and on across sandy, the fourth one we'd just across. At the upper end where Blin pointed last Saturday we walked a short piece beyond and then up on the bar of the hill. Blin paused and finally froze, pointing toward the hemlock above. I walked in and moved around with no reactions. Finally both dogs relaxed and moved in and we heard a grouse move out well ahead, followed in a few moments by another, both suddenly toppling the ridge.

We hunted to the top - took a moment for a sandwich - then moved out toward Ray Guitars' old house. Bliss ran into one of the grous, stopping at the flush. We followed out the flat in the line of flight. Suddenly there was a flush from a tree and Kay called, "Over your head!" I wheeled and saw the grouse going away overhead and on an impulse fired at a spot below it and saw it go down gradually, silhouetted against the lowering sun. Around 35 yds. with right barrel (40%)



Kay saw the bird fall and we ran up with both dogs moving in for the find.

Bliss bent scent and pointed short of where I expected the bird, then moved in a few steps and froze. Fifteen yards ahead of her I saw the grouse on the ground, trying to run and moving away. Rather than risk

a lost bird I waited a moment and shot it a few moments before Bliss ran in and snuffed it up, retrieving promptly and with no hesitation. Dixie's presence is beneficial at these times and I'm certain it was better to have avoided a fluttering live bird for Bliss to work with. She delivered it nicely but dropped it without hitting. However, I'm not quarreling with success. The grouse was a nice large cock - at first the pointed primaries looked like a yearling but the length of the tail feathers - next to the longest so far this ^{but far only 13 3/4"} year - suggest an adult. It was a fine end to a fine afternoon. We worked them a

few scratches early along the flat and back to the car. Good! The ground shot
the bird was a ~~beautiful~~ tan coloring on the back. George Bird Evans Papers
when fallen was with #8 and one pellet was found in the ~~head~~ (had penetration)
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Thursday 6 February Little Sandy (down) Bliss: prod. #69

39° Cloudy, damp,

quiet. 2:45-4:00 - 1/4 hr. March 3 (no new) - 4 flushed, 1 kill

One shot - 1 hit Dixie: 1 ret. kill 1 back

adult hen: inter (large bird) + fan 13 3/8", 6 1/2" feather

crop: 1 bird fern-like top 3. 1 bird serrated in the lower flat where Bliss ran wild. I

crooked greens chickweed

finally had to discipline her and she then took off, repeatedly moving

too wide and carelessly, ending with running into a lamping the same

group out of the same corner across the same field as she did before.

I can't understand this and the only remedy I know is to be adamant

about whistling her back in to range — a less than pleasant way to

spend an afternoon shooting. She finally made a lovely point at the

old logging platform in the bottom. No bird materialized tho I walked

all around while she held (I'm sure Dixie was backing). Finally she saw

that no bird came up and moved on and in a few seconds a grouse flushed

from the edge of some woods 30 yards from where Bliss pointed, flying straight

out the lower cover. We followed with Bliss working in better range.

Near the lowest part of the hillside road the grouse flushed and rose

left-quartering rising acutely, ~~at about~~ well out. On impulse I

shot, using the left barrel and the bird tumbled. The shot was a full 40 yds.

What a gross gun the Fox is, and I am becoming pretty enthusiastic about

the Winchester Ranger. #5 3 1/2 - 1 1/2 - #6 shells with plastic sleeves in the Fox.

I believe #6 shot has the penetration (retain velocity) for heavily-

feathered late-season birds. Bliss went to the fall and located the

bird at once, but because the grouse was not dead, did not retrieve.

Then for some time she finally picked it up and started to bring it to me.

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reason and by an unlucky quirk she laid the gun down and nothing —
not even Dixie — would induce her to pick it up. I pulled her away and
sent Dixie (after dispatching the bird) but Dixie wouldn't touch it. So I
gave up. We ate lunch and when it began to drizzle we headed back to the
car, flushed #3 near Delberry's — a fair chance I passed up without
trying. This was a perfect day for shooting, and birds should have
been moving, but the flush of such was not in evidence in the usual
place. I've had exceptional luck — three grouse in 3 days running
with 4 shells. With a gun like the Fox why argue with success?
I'll try to have the open Purdey barrels matched to throw a
right pattern like the Fox, with a $3\frac{1}{8}$ -8 load and a $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ -6
load.

Friday 7 February

Cloudy 40°, damp
quiet in the bottoms.
2:25 - 5:10 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

Hazelton #1

Moved ~~the~~ 4 new - 4 flushed

2 shots - 1 hit

Bloss: 2 prod

1 kill

Dixie: 1 kill

adult cock: solid (very large fan $15\frac{1}{2}$ " wingspan 24" center feather $7\frac{3}{4}$ "
cross: teaberry leaves & berries, Lynchia Americana in feathers at home)
rulus, buds, catkins, seeds

Today we tried this cover again with the idea of hunting the
rhododendron along the run behind the house — we'd found the birds
lately in other cover in hemlock/rhododendron. It seemed to hold.
Parking above Teets's, we hunted the top cover — some bit of greenbrier
berry — but no birds, not even on the back edges. Dropping into
the bottom (excellent brushy cover) we crossed the run into the
rhododendron that has nearly covered the old path. Working up
the trail more by imagination and memory than sight, I heard Bloss'
call stop and found her on point in the path. I suspect there was a

bird but a plane obliterated the sound and I can't count it. Not #71/68
long after, we missed Bliss again and, knowing this was a point, I doubled
left up the slope feeling I was ahead of her. While we were there, I saw a
grain flush from down on the old path and Bliss moved back to us at
once - certainly a productive. There was another, further on - a bird I
glanced at after they heard the call go quiet.

We came to the cross strap mine road (there must be a house out this
way, judging from car tracks and a power line) and hunted back to the right,
crossing the small run almost at once a grain #3 flushed from the
dust bank on the left where Dine was hunting and we followed up the slope
toward the edge. We'd not gone far when there was a flush and a big game
was coming back over - coming left overhead, and I saw up then
and missed, turned back swinging on my left shoulder and got ahead
of the bird and pulled. I saw it flush but go on, faltering

in its flight, then far out it
spiraled down. We ran back,
I by gathering myself from
where she had dropped to get me
the rest, and both dogs dashing
for the bird. At the road I
hesitated, feeling the game could
have gone down there, both dogs
searching, but we decided the bird
was in the woods beyond. We had
missed in thirty yards then



Bliss stopped in front and to

the right - not pointing but waving.
Then she moved in several yards and picked up the grass -
and flagging. Then she moved George Bird Evans Papers
again, when it had landed in a scattering of feathers. There was no hesitation
dead.

about the retrieve today — we mapped it up and delivered promptly and, with a firm touch of my foot, set to deliver after giving Dixie a warning look. The quail looked enormous with its big fan and long ruffs — a handsome adult cock several years old, I'm sure. Yes, Dr. Norris, I thought of you even tho' it wasn't the Pintey that did it. The Fox has been a revelation of shooting ease and effectiveness, and I am almost completely sold on the #6 — especially the Weatherby Match 5 Ranger load $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ - 6 which with the plastic sleeve seems to balance perfectly in this choke. Our leg of the game was shattered and several primaries and tail feathers were shot off. The full choke was a small pattern at that range — and I should have hit with the first shot anyway — but I'm not arguing with luck.

Fair grass in the last four days hunting. Seven birds with 12 shells since I started using the Fox. Everything was, I fear, a rabbit hit again. I'm not quarreling. Hunted back to the car on the far side of the road then good duck deciduous but no bird. This was a fine choice of country day!

Saturday 8 February

Old Farm (Hazel Run etc)

#73

Cloudy ending in rain, 40°. Moved 2 - 2 flocks
1:45 - 6:30 4½ hrs.

Bliss 200

With O.B. Cawney using Bliss along - I by driving up Morgantown with Diane. Hunted down the usual way with a probable flock by Bliss - I didn't see it - near the shoulder of ridge. Obie walked into a cover of quail - surprise! near the old cellar hole. Hunted to western valley and down to Laurel, back around point above Big Sandy, walking down to train road along creek and then up the long mile and a half to Hazel, forced out of train road several times by heavy rhododendron. Heard the only bird I saw in this area, then soon after, Diane pointed beautifully in dense mass of rocks & rhododendron. I walked and she refused to move. There was no flock but I saw a quail feather and in a few moments Obie dug a live grouse out of the rocks and delivered a big red cock, a bird someone had no doubt sprinkled on a long shot and left to die. I insisted that Obie take it. That was the end of our contact with game. But the wild terrain is here - this opening too much for good grouse cover - is a magnificent thing to see - Big Sandy full and fast and white, Little Sandy flowing in between Laurel and Hazel Run. Finally darkness began to close in and with it came rain - slow at first then a heavy downpour as we reached the headless road - a good five miles of rough hunting. Some of the good memories from Ruffo's days. Much of the cover is now too open. Drove to Morgantown for dinner at the Congress with snow on top Chestnut Ridge.

Tuesday 11 February

Beautiful, sunny 42°
some snow left, damp.

2:40 - 6:00 3 1/4 hrs.

James

mared 4 (not new) - 6 flushed Dixie: 1, back
One shot - 0

Bliss: 1 prod.

Found tracks on the right side of James' road, so we followed that over north to the end, then mared above the paved road where Bliss immediately struck scent and soon pointed into a pile of tree slashings. Dixie backed but then mared in a few steps and the grouse flushed. We failed to relocate this bird, then passing for lunch, we hunted down the lower side, with Bliss probably pointing on the left when Ray heard a bird go out. We hunted down to the bridge over Roaring Creek, then hunted the right cover (a good front but no bird below the greenbrier square), and finally hunted up the old trail to the big rocks above Roaring Creek and below the cabin.

Turning back, we hunted the excellent hemlock cover but found no tracks or birds. Crossing Roaring, we hunted up the old road - excellent cover here - and saw two birds flush roughly from a small hemlock (having heard a flush soon before). One went up the hill the other toward Headley Rocks so we followed the first. About when I expected it, I found Bliss pointing - a good one but empty. After she had mared on and I had gone on, too, a grouse flushed from in front, crossing right high - a lucky chance but I found myself tied up in brush, struggling but unable to get past the bird. I fired, instinctively to the left, knowing I was on it and not far enough ahead. At the shot the bird half rolled as if one wing had been hit, then righted itself and flew on. Ray thought it wobbled as it disappeared but the we followed on the cliff we couldn't find it. I try to think the grass made it, and I believe it may have.

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Friday 14 February #75
Cold, clear, sunny. 29° moved ~~1~~ (2 new) - 6 flushed
about 4" snow on ground
out shot - 0

Little Sandy (up)

Bliss: 1 prod.

beautiful range, etc.
Dives

2:20-5:20 3 hrs. Beautiful day. First bird tried and crossed
the creek (going by Bliss' barking & actions). #2 flushed (sound)
across at Brown Hole. #3 (sound) from hemlocks and across creek below
Castels'. #4 from hemlock and up to top near Castels' (sound). Climbing
the hill, we hunted along the upper edge and heard a flush that was an
evident refresh of #4.

Back down to the road we hunted into the lowering sun. On the
lower side, Bliss went on point headed down over the steep drop and I
walked in, expecting the flush to come from the high hemlocks whose
tops were near our eye-level. There was no flush tho' Bliss held a long
time. Finally with me standing in front of her and prepared for a shot in
the air opening I could see below, Bliss moved down. The ground came off
the ground from the base of the hill and right-angled rising far below
and about 40 yds from me. I saw my them and up, firing instinctively
and felt I had miles from the gun. Actually if the bird had kept
going straight in its line of flight I probably would have been very close,
but the grouse curved 90° out of my view just before I fired and I
wasn't near it. That was it, this we hunted them good now cover all the
way to the car, pausing on "our" rock to look at Sandy, dramatic in ice
and snow and white water where it was black-green. A fine afternoon

Saturday 15 February

Janes

Bliss: 2 perod

Cloudy; Ed., 29°
2:20 - 5:20 - 3 hrs.

ward 6 (now) - 6 flushed

Dove: 1 back

and shot - 0

4" now still on ground. Hunting left on the dim trace of road below the old

junked car, we crossed the river and hunted down the

old path parallel with Jane's new phone line. Hearing Bliss and her bell, I started to the right when I had last heard her. She was undoubtedly on point but before I could reach her a grouse flushed, coming directly over me low. I wheeled and tried for it going away through the tucket but missed. Then to my amazement I

saw a gob of matter on my gun ribs and barrel about 8" from the muzzle — something I thought at first was mud, then dog fecal matter, this I couldn't imagine how. I even touched it and sniffed but it had no odor. It was a soft pasty-brown with fibre in it and I am ^{forced to believe} ~~convinced~~ the grouse secreted droppings as it went over, droppings that landed on target, or almost, ^{I'd guess} I am the first grouse to have a grouse desecrate the gun.

We followed the bird whose flight was nearly identical with the bird I missed here on Tuesday, only this time we went down on the cliff to the flat along Roaring. This is dramatic country with the mimosa rich cliff and the wild stream sounding thru boulders and shrubberies. In the bottom we had a flush I counted our bird — they saw it go up the valley and we followed with no results. Coming back down I found a trail of new tracks that make it appear this last was a new bird.

Across Roaring at the bridge, we hunted the low road and the triangle of corn and got a beautiful ^{George Bird Evans Papers} flushed by Mr. Dinsbacker, but 10 yards

#77

in front of Bliss. I had to stop her with my voice and before I could get in range, the grouse flushed, climbing out on the tops and paralleling the big field toward Jones. I might have dropped it with the left barrel as it topped the trees but it seemed far and my impulse was to not shoot. Both dogs mad in and a second bird left the same Thorn Clump, following the first. Bliss was circling excitedly and ran into a third on the edge of the woods - I saw the bird well and twice before she took the edge down to the bottom along Roaring Creek.

We followed but couldn't find it or any others in the area around the squirrel crossing. Hunted back up the old road toward Summers and seems to the far side, then to the upper ridge in the slashings. We heard a bird flush from the tree tops but I couldn't see it. That was it. This cock has birds but the shooting is not easy.



Monday 17 February Connally Bliss: 1 prod.
Partly sunny, cool 42°, rain now left 1 kill

42°, rain now left Heard 3 (no new) - 5 flushes Dixie: 1 kill
One shot - 1 hit

2:25-5:10 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
Adult cock: solid eggs: empty (about 4 mm.) This was our sixth visit to this cover, but this year birds are scarce enough to force us to try the covers where we've found birds - especially on our last days. With Bliss' operation due Wednesday, tomorrow will probably be our last day.

We parked at the usual place and hunted out the right side, parallel to the road. Bliss moves too wide in this cover but I failed to reprimand her. She ~~bumped~~ bumped a grouse well ahead and I saw the bird as a glint of sunlight, marking it as anything. *The other side, probably where we*

had moved a quail last time. So we hunted that last-time flesh in reverse, finding nothing today. Re-assessing the flight I estimated it as following the road and pitching into the corner of the Romesbury place, but that drew a blank. Bliss, still moving wide in spite of scoldings, cast across the road and disappeared below Cornelia's lane. Searching, I found her on a bushy point she'd been holding some time but I couldn't reach her thru the thorn tucket before I heard the quail go out the far side. It was a stunning performance and at this time I feel I am wrong to try to curb her (a realistic judgement, for it does no good).

Crossing back to the Romesbury side,

I sent the dogs toward the isolated ravine cover on the hillside where Bliss had dumped a flesh of three last time. For a while it appeared empty as Bliss moved thru it. She was coming up the far slope at about the range and speed of a field trial when I saw her dark across and a quail cut left against the sky, side-slipping into the woods on the top of the knob back of Mrs. Smith's. I called Bliss to me and used some discipline — this time upset me — then saw her bore down thru the ravine cover again and run into another bird, bumping it down to the main woods. More discipline, more tension, then she went upon the hillside and pointed beautifully when the first bird had been, empty of course but it nearly destroys me.

Crossing to follow the first bird flushed to the knob, we hunted well thru the woods, lay below me to the left, above the big oak tree and the small shed. I took the edge with the dogs to go ahead.

Seeing a nice clump of vines and branches, I turned back & #79
checked where the dogs had passed up and walked into our bird, which
flushed right-quarter, then away-right.



For a moment I felt it too near
Kay's direction, then saw it was
too high and shot, feeling the
bird go down, leaving a float of feathers drifting left. Kay called that
it had fallen in front of her. Dixie found it, still alive, but failed to
catch it, so Bliss took over. She picked it up, Kay said, but then laid it
down and began licking the bird. She wouldn't retrieve so I dispatched the
grouse, a large cock, and we didn't push the matter. It was a fine break,
getting this bird - the 8th with 16 shells since starting with the Fox -
a good game gun, and I think the $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ - 6 loads are the thing to late
season with the birds at about full plumage. We hunted back, reserving
any shots for points only, but moved nothing except ^{that} we saw a pair of
grouse tracks in the flat near where I lost the second bird in the count.
This was a good cover and we upped at least eleven birds, bringing these
home and losing two but birds, ^{a higher} hill than I'd like but I believe
we're leaving enough birds to breed? This is a good area to get shots.

Tuesday 18 February James Bliss: 1 bird? last day
not new
Murd 3 - 3 fenders Dixie:

47° partly sunny, quiet in
places but windy when we started out
Snow left in much of area
2:25-6:00 3½ hrs.

Birds oddly non-existent for such a
cold day. Hunted across left segment
below Summers to cliff and down over. Along
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Running we heard Bliss bark twice after a long silence and I call it a

productive, for I know she had it. The three in the triangle count
were not there today. Hunting in fields above Jones' gate, we passed for
lunch. Bliss was working beautifully today in good range after
yesterday's wild pace. In the crooked-back greenbrier between the
isolated patch of corn and the woods, Bliss was working scat
and road out a grouse not two yards away from her. The bird was
covered in greenbrier but I think Bliss would have hit it if she'd had
her head up. This was the only bird I saw today and we failed to
recall it the Bliss gave us a nice point when I failed to find it
under the strip mine above Jones. We worked back at a longer level
to the modest pile near the deer hunting cabin where tracks led
from the woods into dense greenbrier and out into the field. Bliss worked
furiously, obviously getting scared, quartering the area, then slanting into
a point, backed by Dixie almost on her shoulder, in a clump of briars that
looked impossible. But the bird wasn't there.

We hunted down to the bridge and across and up the "back" road,
with a wild flushed - sound only - ahead of Bliss. Covering the terrain
left to the road and beyond to the end of the cover. And for the last
leg we swung to the upper side and back them the slashings, but no
sign of the bird. The "lonely sunset flamed and died," the valley
gulped the night and what was probably the last day of hunting
ended without a shot. But it was a fine day. This event had held 13 birds
and I didn't take out in seven visits. As a final touch to end it
perfectly, as we drove down the road, the grouse of the slashings, was
standing in the center of the paved road and flushed down the wooded hill.
Perfect!

Finis

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

'68

Thursday 20 February

Mostly cloudy 44°,
quiet, some snow left.

2:40-6:10 3½ hrs.

Hondenhell

Noted 8-9 flushed

3 shots - 2 hits

$\frac{1}{2}$ Dixie: 2 kills
 $\frac{1}{2}$ in solo 2 ret.

#81

adult hen inter.
empty crop.
young hen: white crop full of grass.

Birds cowaling after their summary restoration.

yesterday (along with Tom), and I was mean enough to sneak away from Cher - and Guy - and take Dixie out, the weather being irresistible and this being the third from last day of the season. Parked at Dick Kelly's and hunted down to little sandy back of the old graveyard, then upstream thru the hemlock/rhododendron fringe. There were lacsings of grouse tracks, singly and in pairs, from the old bridge road upstream - the way you normally find deer mice tracks except more. Crossing the power line right-of-way I hunted into the hillside cover on the far side with Dixie working nicely. There was tracks of all degrees of freshness and following one set I heard a grouse flush in front of Dixie but couldn't see it.



Hunting down to the right-of-way in the curve of the stream I covered the open timber-like cover with rocks and dead grass and talberries. In a small draw there were two hemlocks and I motored Dixie in from the far side. She got no scent but as she approached the two hemlocks, a grouse burst out and flushed, with open wings.

raised, giving me one of those chances you expect so often and almost never get — and usually fluff. This time, I waited that important moment of dwell and as the bird turned from low right-quarter to straightaway fired and saw it drop from a puff of feathers, centered. Dime moved to it took a few seconds, then located it and after one false start, picked it up — very limp — and delivered nicely. She knows when she is the responsible member and comes then beautifully. The bird was an adult hen with an extremely interrupted tail band. After our mutual gloating, we moved on, covering the right-of-way to the sharp bend in the creek, then up Cuffs Run to below the path, with tracks everywhere. On the far side of Cuffs Run, I left the path and paused at the brink of the steep bank to eat lunch.

Finally, at 4:30 I dropped down the dense laurel & shortleaf hemlock bank — half way down a grouse flushed from the alders in the bottom where it had waited me out while I ate and talked to Dixie — coming up the hill toward Cuffs Run and the path. I followed the dense hemlock cover in the bottom hunting the narrow path which Dixie covered the sides. More tracks here. Suddenly a grouse was coming in overhead, piping, and I fired directly incoming overhead and felt the bird settle back of me. A few fine feathers floated down as I turned and saw the grouse almost come down, then level about a yard off the ground and go out the path. I was unable to see for a left barrel try. Doubling back, I failed to find any tracks or trace of the bird. After running out to the far end of the cover, I returned by the path and finally heard the grouse flush from the shortleaf hemlock and cross



COMING OVER!

not was it, hunting back by the path across Capp, then below
the path toward the power line, hearing a bird flushed, #5. #83

Once more on the path at the power line, I hunted into the west —
a short glimpse of blood-red sun, as so often here on the sunset path,
then forced to detour the strip mine. I had just turned toward the edge
of the cover to cross the field to the car, when a flush of three
grouse went up at the edge just out in the open — one going west,
two going back toward the spoil bank. I sawing them the one on
my side and fired and saw it go down — as good 35 yards or
more — and felt it was either on the edge of the spoil bank
or just over the top. I sent Dixie to the retrieve and waited for my
racing pulse to slow from the excitement before climbing the steep
bank. When I got to the flat on top there was no sign of Dixie or the
grouse. While I looked down over the slopes and called, I could see no
tracks except fresh ones going the wrong way. Then from the far end,
Dixie came up over the steep bank — glorious vision — with the grouse
in her mouth, alive. It was a
beautiful piece of work — I
back-tracked to see where she
had been, and I would never
have found the bird without
her.

It had either landed and
fluttered down over from the flat, or possibly had fallen on the
end of the slope and fluttered or run around the shoulder. It was
one of the two or three smallest birds I've shot. What an end to a
good day! Dixie delivered the bird at about 6:00 o'clock. This must have
been a bird from a late hatching. George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center



UP FROM DOWN OVER.

Friday 21 February

Little Sandy - Spiker

Dixie: solo

good ranging

Perfect weather, cloudless
53°, damp, residual spots of snow
2:30 - 5:45 3/4 hrs.

Moved 6 - 6 flushed
No shots

Parking at the bridge, Dixie & I walked across

to the path into the cover and as we approached, a grouse flushed from a mass of dead weeds at the old sawdust pile, within yards of the road and bearing for the hemlocks — a good omen. We found grouse tracks in the snow but all at least a day old. As we got near the little run where I shot my first West Virginia grouse over Blue in '39, Dixie, who was quartering from side to side in perfect manner, bumped a bird (at the bird yard from her) and I saw it without hearing it — a small grouse zooming right-crossing thru the cover above the road. I suppose I should have tried for it but I hesitated and it was gone & below the path.

The next contact was at the test diggings on John Spikers — a grouse that flushed from dense cover on Dixie's left — one I couldn't see. Following toward the Beaver Hole, two birds moved out ahead of Dixie from the right — too far for me to shoot at, both birds crossing sandy, I believe. I hunted to the Beaver Hole, beautiful, then to the triangle field. On the way to the hole I followed the old lawn path by memory, grown over by rhododendron, and passed the large patch of teaberry I remember red in a winter sunset full of berries then.

After eating in the field, I hunted up Beaver, coming into dense regrowth in what used to be large timber, now whispering with the paths a dense weave of blackberry canes. Dixie ran into #6 on the edge of the path, a bird she should have pointed with the trees in her feet. Angling up the ridge on another trail with the briars an abracive drag, I worked to the top, then

followed the lower edge of the top strip mine spoil bank, excellent #85
grapevine cover that probably held birds earlier in the season but now
they are in the stream covers of short ~~and~~ ^{old} hemlock. At the
power line I stopped for another sandwich and remembered the grouse I had
dropped crossing this old grown-up field, and another low-flying cock
with a distorted foot shot when this lower part along the stone fence was
works.

I had expected a bird in the open grass of the power line but there was
none, then I hunted to the lower path. The upper slope of the right-of-way
is so steep you nearly go on your face, especially with the ground moss
of briars blocking your foot. There should have been a bird or two on the way
back to the road thru the hemlocks but there was none today. A good
winter cock.

Saturday 22 February Last Day Little Sandy (down) Dixie: solo
44° Sunny turning cloudy.
temperature dropping.
2:20 - 6:00 3½ hrs.

Moved 4 (1 new) - 4 flushed

The end of the ^{old} ~~season~~ with hunters in nearly
every cabin. Three parties at Old Hemlock
Beagle Club. They let me off at Little Sandy
bridge and I hunted the Fallowfield hillsides, following the lower margin
cover (heard a grouse flushed wild along Dixie). On the hillsides on what used to
be Spiders - now young Gray's - I came to a hunter ^{with a beard}, sitting half asleep with a
Brittany sitting beside him (Man named Lindsey from Morgantown)
Hunting on around the shoulder by the hillside path, I dropped down to
an old sawdust pile where a grouse went out ahead of Dixie, a shot that
was almost a chance but not quite enough for me to try. That was the
only bird I had a glimpse of. I hunted to the flat hemlock cover on
the edge of Sandy across from our flat rock look-out site, then
back up to the old path that ~~crosses~~ ^{crosses} the river ~~and~~ ^{and} running no action

until I dropped to the stream again in the flat bottom where I've word 2
before. Today, the first of these flushed from the very edge of the water in
reeds like weeds, crossing sandy with no view offered. The second later
left the steep rhododendron bank and went for the top - also sound.
That was it. Dixie and I climbed the ridge via a nice ravine to the brush just
below the top edge - where I paused to eat at 4:10. Then out the path
where I goofed a wonderful chance time before lost by fumbling my safety.
Today, nothing there. The road turned out to be the fork that joins the
millside road and I took the latter back down to the bottom where I
covered the area well but with no luck, unless a flick of Dixie's head could
have signified a flush - one I don't count. Walking to the bottom, I
climbed to the millside to shoot the brains and tried the spot where Blis
printed several quail an day - five birds there that day - today none.

Ended in the long bottom field and hunted to the far corner where Blis
had turns made a big lid - today not at home. It was very cold by now
and nearly six o'clock and I dragged myself up to Debaryo where Ray and
Blis was hunting. Dixie worked wonderfully the three days the hundred rods for
me - a remarkable day for part eleven, but both of us were tired after
five days this week. This very sparse season ended much better than it
began, with excellent weather the past three weeks - and good bush,
and not bad shooting with the old Fox.

Summary '68

This began as the poorest game year in my West Virginia experience, with a bird/court ratio of 2.16 before deer season and especially bad in the Blackwater courts where game has been near non-existence for eight years. After deer season we hunted game courts entirely, repeating the few that held birds more times than I like but it was the only way to find shooting. With the improved winter weather in February our luck improved and we found a few good courts, a couple of new and one a two old favorites. I hunted more courts this year than any year except 1960 (40 courts) in a good year and 1964 (46, the most ever) in a poor year. The year passed more better than '67. Bliss did well with what she had to work with, especially near birds toward the end of the season. Her points were magnificent and her retrieving as always came back almost to normal after last year's crisis. Her range was the great problem, moving beyond control a lot when I could not find her or shoot with the bell out of hearing. The whistle seemed to have less control over her than the bell out of hearing. I know the problem is complicated because I don't hunt her alone that & day. I know the problem is complicated because I don't hunt her alone often enough. When solo, she did almost perfectly and next year I plan to often enough. When solo, she did almost perfectly and next year I plan to see that she gets more of that. Her retrievals are still unreliable on wounded game, but not always. She is a brilliant dog and the fault lies in my not giving her the days alone.

Dixie, while the real cause of Bliss' moving out is so wonderfully well and easier after her operations in '67, I couldn't bear to leave her home or in the car. She hunted like a five-year-old most of the time; still wears in on game, points - her greatest flaw - but did make 7 products. Her retrieving is a psychic sort of constipation, refusing to touch a grain of Bliss is present, the days I hunted her alone after Bliss' operation on Feb. 19, Dixie took over her responsibilities and retrieved perfectly.

The Woodcock flights this year were smaller and our dog work and bag likewise. But we had fine sport and it saved the early season. Both Bliss & Dixie handled them wonderfully well, making an ideal brace of cork dogs. We used the Mt. Storm courts almost to the exclusion of Canaan Valley because the latter are being gunned so heavily. My 'cork' was almost all adults - 13/3 and the young ♂ adult-female ratio .5/1, far below good brood success, tho I doubt the importance of so small a bag. Bliss began retrieving 'cork' at once which put my mind at ease re his capacity on retrieving grouse last year. Dixie both prints 'cork' more staunchly than grouse, she retrieves them with no hesitation or deferring to Bliss. Woodcock are Dixie's bird.

The large factor this year was my shooting. First, I liberated myself from shooting with glasses - something I thought I had to ~~use~~. But I found I was experiencing dysymmetria from having my focus locked onto the two ranges, and when I put the glasses aside, I felt like a new, and younger man - something I should have done years ago. The focus is not as sharp but I doubt if that is so restful. And while I know I am reaching with some strain at times, I am so free of "focal-lock" and dysymmetria I hope I don't have to go back to them for walking again.

The annoying thing that happened was my loss of three grouse that I dropped but which was able to escape - evidence that I was not entering the birds and later, that the #8 shot was not penetrating properly. The first was, I think, the result of the Purdey shooting too lightly with any load other than 3-1-8 and even that did not deliver a 50% 26" patter at 20 yds. I stuck to the Purdey from the 12th of December, killing only one grouse and enlisting 6 of the seven birds hit, three ~~dead~~ ^{alive} ~~returning~~ ^{returning} ~~leaving~~ ^{leaving} ~~spirit~~ ^{spirit} of the dogs.

I know part of it was my shooting - trying too hard on the few
chances offered but that was not all. It is necessary to have at least an improved
cylinder spread of 26" at 20 yds. Oddly I did beautifully on 'cicle -
64% with the open Purdey barrels - 50% / 60%, 3-1-8 load, as opposed to
30.4% with the Purdey on quail. The slower speed of 'cicle is some of it, but
the denser them cicle & shooting over points is a fierce handicap. At last

on the 31st of December I did what I should have done sooner - switch
to the Fox. The weight of the gun seems an advantage, contributing to a
smoother swing (the fit of the two are so similar I can't consider any
difference); the Fox's handling a better open load ($\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of shot) is a factor,
and the more open right barrel is to be considered. After finding the
#8 shot not penetrating to vital areas, I began using Winchester Ranger
 $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ - #6 with plastic sleeves. The extra powder may have offset the
plastic sleeve effect - but the results were gratifying with thorough
penetration. Next season I may use #6 altogether for quail, certainly in
cold weather late-season shooting with the birds in heaviest plumage.

I want to have one pair of Purdey barrels opened to throw a
comparable pattern with $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of shot. Ray suggests open loads,
which I'll experiment with but I suspect they won't be consistent.
The 54% / 72% barrel may be the best, leaving me a good long left
barrel for open. The Purdey double-fired twice this season using 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ dram
loads - jarring my finger into the second trigger so I'll probably
work with 3 dram loads. My average on quail with the Fox was 52.6%
my record best average of all time. Using both guns, the overall average
on quail was 40.5%, a good one. It was a good year. We'll see what we
can do with the Purdey and the Fox next year will bring! →

Should mention that this year I shot the largest cork grass
I'd taken ($15\frac{1}{4}$ " fan, center feather $7\frac{3}{6}$ ") on 1/4/69, the two other large
corks had longer center feathers $7\frac{3}{4}$ ", $2\frac{1}{7}$, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ ", 2/17. I shot the largest
fan $15\frac{1}{8}$ ", $4\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{7}$,

then I can remember on 2/6, with $13\frac{3}{8}$ " fan, center feather $6\frac{1}{2}$ "; and the
smallest with a center feather $5\frac{1}{4}$ " on 2/20, my last bird of the season — from
what must have been a very late hatch.

My last accident of the season was a very large hen with
 $2\frac{7}{8}$ " mandible and wings spread $18\frac{3}{4}$ " shot on 11/23. This is first large
'cork' I've measured. Well chick in future. A year of big birds.

GREGG KNOB 1968
LEBNICK 012 - 4.9.0 - 4
015 - 1.1.0 - 1

POWER LINE (MASON 018.0
MT. CARMEL 019 - 3.3.1 (LOST) - 3-2

NUMBER FOUR 021 - 4.6.1 - 4-3

GLOVER 026 - 2.3.0 - 2

EZRA KELLY 028.0

GARLETT 030.1 - 1.0 - 1

EVAN BISHOP 031-1 - 1.0 - 1

HARMONY GROVE N1 - 1.1.1 / F20 - 8.9.2 - 9-6

HOWDERSHELL (CUPP) N1 - 1.1.1 / F20 - 8.9.2 - 9-6
LITTLE SANDY (DOWN) N2 - 6.11.0 / N9 4(1).4.0 / N22 - 5(2).6.0 / V28 8(4).12.0 / F6 3.4.1
CHARLIE BRYTE N11 - 3.3.0 - 3

CONNELLY N15 - 5.6.0 / V18 - 4.4.1 N15 - 5.6.1 4 / N18 4.4.1 4 / D12 - 7(4).13.1

OCH FRANK HAUSER N16.1 - 1.0 - 1

VALLEY POINT EAST N21 - 4.4.0 / V3 - 5(1).7.0 / V24 - 3.3.0 - 5

PRIVA N22 - 4.4.0 / D11 - 4(1).4.0 / V4 - 2.2.1 / F14 5(2).6.0 / F17 3.5.1 - 11-6

HAZELTON #1 D13 - 2.2.0 / F7 - (4)4.1 - 6-5

BILL RINGER D17 - 1.1.0 - 1

WILKINSON SAWMILL HOLLOW D21 - 5.9.0 - 5

SCOTT D26 - 2.3.0 / V13 - (1).1.0 - 3

BISHOFF D27 - 5.7.0 - 5

JUNE'S D30 - 8.13.0 / V2 - 4.4.0 / V8 - 2.2.0 / V31 - 6(5).7.0 / F11 - 4.6.0 / F15 6.6.0 / F18 3.3.0

WRIGHTS D31 - 3.3.1 - 3-2

COLLINS PLACE V9.1 - 1.0 - 1

UPPER DORITY V23 - 3.3.0 - 3

MATHENY SAWMILL V23 0

GEORGE RINGER (JAKE'S) V27 - 5.6.0 - 5

RAY GUTHRIE F1 - 10.11.1 / F5 - 9(2).11.1 - 12-10

OCT 24-0

MT. STORM #1 017 - 0 / N23 0 - 0

THORN

CLYDE DAVIS 023.1 - 3.0 - 1

LACEY THORNS 023 0 / N23 - 5.7.0 - 5

THORNS Handlen 024.1 - 1.0 - 1

CLYDE D. SIDE RD. N4.1 - 3.1 - 1 - 0

METER HOUSE N4.2 - 2.0 - 2

REHOBETHA CEM. N4.0 - 0

OLD FARM F8.2 - 2.0 - 2
LITTLE SANDY (SPIKER) F21.6 - 6.0 - 6

RED = MOVED & REMAINING WHEN NO
GREEN = LEFT IF ANY SHOT

30 HOME COVERTS

10 BIG MT. "

40 TOTAL "

CHARLIE BRYTE N11 - 3.3.0 - 3

14-13

CONNELLY N15 - 5.6.0 / V18 - 4.4.1 N15 - 5.6.1 4 / N18 4.4.1 4 / D12 - 7(4).13.1

/ D28.1 - 2.0

/ V25 - 8(2).9.1

F17 3.5.1 - 11-6

-7-6

BLACKWATER

GATES 022 - 0 / N5 0 / N7 0 - 0

CANAAN MT. (BASE) N5.1 - 1.0 - 1

FLANNAGAN'S KILL N6 0 - 0

DATA 1968'

GEORGE 62 DAYS (2.75 HR. AVE.) 40 COVERTS (30 HOME, 10 BIG MTS.
 170.5 HRS. 3.55 BIRD/COVERT (2.16 PRE-DEER SEASON
 42 SHOTS-17 HITS 4.63 POST- " "
 40.5% 4.37 HOME 30 COVERTS
 142 GROUSE MOVED - 276 FLUSHES (1.6 per hr.
 SHOTS AT 15.2% OF FLUSHES
 6.15% " HIT

WOODCOCK: 25 SHOTS - 16 HITS, 64%
ALL OVER PTS. → 68 MOVED - 83 FLUSHES
 SHOT AT 30.1% " "
 19.1% OF FLUSHES HIT

DIXIE 10+ 53 DAYS 7 PROD. 13 BACKS
 12 KILLS (1 OVER PT.
 2 RET. 11 PROD.
 15 BACKS
 11 KILLS
 2 RETS.

LIFE '58-'68 390 DAYS
 114 KILLS (16 OVER PT.
 70 RET.
 119 PROD.
 19 BACKS (SINCE '64 WITH BLISS)

BLISS 4+ 59 DAYS 50 PROD. 1 BACK
LAST SEASON 12 KILLS (4 OVER PT.
 8 RET. 32 PROD.
 4 BACKS
 16 KILLS
 14 RET

LIFE '64-'68 276 DAYS
 81 KILLS (27 OVER PT.
 46 RET.
 250 PROD. 5 BACKS
 251

GROUSE 14 BROUGHT HOME
 8M 6F
 (6A 2Y) (4A 2Y)

WOODCOCK
 10 M 6 F
 (8A 2Y) (5A 1Y)
 .5/1
 3Y/6AF

Worthula 1968

- 17 Oct. Mt Storm #1 : 1 AM - moved 8-10 flights
21 Oct. Number Four : 1 AM - " 1-1
22 Oct. Gates : 1 IM (banded - moved 13-17
1 AF
1 IF
23 Oct. { Clyde Davis : 1 AF moved 1-1
Lacy Thomas ; 1 AF moved 6-6
24 Oct Mt Storm the Thomas : 1 AM moved 6-10
" " #1 : 2 AM moved 5-5
31 Oct. W. Bishop : 1 AM moved 4-4
5 Nov. Gates { 1 M banded
7 Nov. " { AM
AF
AM banded
23 Nov. Mt Storm Count #1 AF 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ " mandible, wingspread 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

~~8~~

10 M 6F
(8A 2Y) (5A 1Y)