

~ Shooting 1969 ~

Dixie
Brar

Saturday 11 October Opening Day

Warm, sunny Indian Summer color

70°
(partly)
4:00-7:00
3 hrs.

Cupp Run

Moved 4-4 flushed.
One shot - 0

Hoyt Run

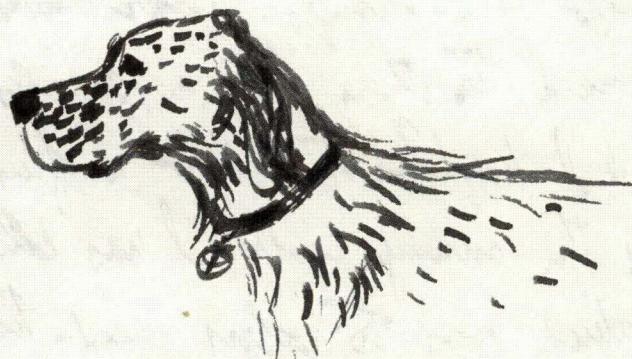
Moved 1-2 flushed.
One shot - 0

It is impossible to realize that Brar is dead:

This is Dixie's 12th season, Brar's first - after eight weeks intensive training. He hunts hard, still does not always check with me unless gone for ten minutes today when we started but I don't believe it was an deer this time. Dixie is bewildered by my constant whistling Brar in and so does not hunt as she would otherwise (and does do an undercut). Our plan to hunt the Gregg Knob cover was changed by the presence of several members of Junior Willis's family - "Junior" being an older man, who gave us permission to hunt. We selected good places - discovering the magnificent view from Gregg Knob field on the way to Cupp Run Swamps. Brar moved a dozen sun spruces in the bog and I may heard two others later as singles. The shot I tried was a fair chance had I handled it well - a fluffy sun breaker in the thick edge above the swamp cover. I was calling to Brar and walked into the sunspruce which rose to about head-high then dropped below my line of fire as I shot rather hastily after fumbling my safety on. I am using the #2 pair of Purdy barrels with the right opened this past summer by Bernie Grubb to a good 50% with plastic piston shells, the left remaining at original 70% making ~~a pair of sunspruce barrels~~ I have

also just finished a hand-rubbed job on the stock that is lovely, the
third since I've had the gun and the best so far. I was using Clean Trapmax
3-13-8 today, anticipating woodcock we didn't find. We drove to
Hoyt Run for the last hour and Brian walked the thorn edge of
a power line while I walked the road that parallels it. A grouse
flushed, cutting low and straight down the road below eye-level about
40 yards before I fired. I should have used the left barrel and held
a bit above but I didn't - one of those long straightaways that maddens me.
Brian found the grouse but didn't get a shot on the second rise, which
offered no shot. No further action. Brian hunts beautifully and
as tho he'd been hunting for years. He handles the training gear to
perfection and has given us two wonderful products in pre-season
training, but it will take time for him to handle grouse. It is nice to see
a lovely orange belton with a blue in this glorious fall color. Too
many leaves, too hot and dry.

A new old Hemlocker -
Bunny had to stay at home.



OLD HEMLOCK BRIAR
8 MONTHS-PLUS



Monday 13 October

Hot, sunny, dry, color

77° 4:30 - 7:05 2 3/4 hr

Fred Mar

Moved 5-5
no shots

Briar solo

#3/
69

Late afternoon try in spite of excessive heat. This is an excellent grouse cover — the bush crowded with dense second-growth, rocks, grapes, and, on south side, old roads and succession growth in fields. There is a 3 or 4 acre old field on top. The birds were on ~~east~~ ^{west} side (first two) and on margin of top field in east and north. An impressive carpet of "sweet jill" in woods on north slope. Briar worked well but needed birds. At last period as we dropped into woods from the top field Briar sprung into cover on my left as he came to me and while he didn't point definitely hit the scent of a grouse that gave me a glimpse of it as it ran in take-off. He'll freeze on one some of these days. I keep telling myself that Blind did not get a point until near Thanksgiving time.

After a session yesterday with Ollie Conaway on "Surprise Clays" I was spotting for a hot but got no chance. Kay and I left Davis in kennel yard with Bunny Cooper. Stumping over from Harris — also the enormous rassafras trees fully four feet in diameter.

Wednesday 15 October

Sunny, cool, dry 59°

3:00 - 6:00 3 hrs

Bishoff Place

Moved 2-2 flushed
0

Briar solo

Drove car part way up road behind Paul Linton's. Hunted

up old road — Briar walking into a grouse near top on left. No point but now I heard the bird & probably got scent. Old paths in flat at top too grown to deep weeds to maneuver. Heard #2 go out and up there. Briar worked hard, a bit too wide but he can't be blamed, with no birds to find in close. Too thick everywhere in local cover for grouse. Many grapes in George Bird Evans Papers

Saturday 18 October

clear, cool 56°
2:30-6:00 3½ hrs.

Houndsshell

moved 4-4 flushed
no shots

Briar

Howard Bruce and Briar's brother Blue - Howard without gun. Moved 1st bird near Ray Guthrie "bridge." Next two in lower neck of cover, both from trees. #4 was on way back on path south of Cupp Run. Briar suddenly hit scent and almost went on point with Blue back of him. Red grouse lay well just below the path but Briar moved too close, accustomed to our quail. It was the best noseful of grouse scent he's had to date. He ranged well today, hunting like a veteran. Blue is a nice dog but shows lack of experience.

Monday 20 October

Mild, sunny & cloudy windy
60's

Gatts

Dixie

\$5

169

Keved ~~the~~ - 4 flushes
~~0 shots~~ . Briar

2 hrs. 5:00 - 7:00

Drove to Mt. Storm from home to find wind at gale pitch.

Drove to Gatts Poor sport. Only one glimpse of a 'cock' - others far out. Briar too wide. Whistling & calling spurs Dixie work. Fights not in. Feel the early work of shooting in Sept. plus the year round disturbance of birds by people & banding operation has adverse effect.

Drove to Cabin 19 at Blackwater

Tuesday 21 October

Cold, sunny, high wind

about 50° 4 hrs.

Mt. Storm gas meter house

Keved 1 shot - 1 flush
" 1 W.C. - 1 flush
" 1 shot - 1 hit W.C.

Dixie: 2k w.c.

Briar: 3k w.c.

Lacey Thoms

1 AM
2 AF

Keved 5 W.C. - 6 flushes

2 shots w.c. - 2 hits

After rain in night with violent wind, we drove to Mt. Storm to the meter house above Abram creek. Hunted along edge of woods and over blueberry patch flushed what appeared to be a grouse - a going away shot taken well out. It fell and not until Briar found feathers did I know it was a 'cock' - an adult hen - Briar's first game shot ever. He was delighted.

On edge of woods at base of the hill a grouse flushed about me from grapes. (this hill is hanging with grapes everywhere) but offered no shot. Briar came in afternoon and hit the went - very intense. We had difficulty keeping him in touch from then on - they we spent much of our time whistling him in. Back to car & drove to Lacey Thoms (Mrs. C. not home)

Used both Briar & Dixie - both working in fair range. A 'cock' flushed below me in top margin and fell at my shot - leaving a fuzzy feathers floating as it dropped from sight.

I'd been trying to locate D who I think was

on ft. and finally saw her come to me

as another bird flushed. However, Dixie soon gave up trying to find the dead bird and went over on me. Then came in but didn't know what he



was searching for. Two stray dogs joined us to add to the confusion and all we needed was Brinley who was in the car. After a long empty search, Ray and I gave up and as I started out, I saw my dead woodcock ~~fall~~ lying where the dogs had walked all over it. I got B in and let him hit the scent and he immediately pointed and I picked up the bird - a small. Our moxie cock had flushed from this small area. No grouse or other game on the further end of the slope across the fence or up on top. We then dropped back down to the lower thorns but heard nothing but 2 rabbits that gave us a time with Brinley. I stopped him on the second one by repeating Down! at the top of my voice. Brinley was hunting well in here and responding to any whistle. Nearly at Mrs. Larey's house I flushed a 'cock that sounded like a quail and we followed back along the base of the thorns. I walked into it and flushed it as it tipped the thorns in a quick shot. Both B & D came in and Brinley skidded to a point and held intensely. Before I could reach him, he lunged and ~~just~~ grabbed the dead
 a nearly dead bird.
 an adult Shen.
 We flushed #5 a moment later.



A quick stop

A good day - 3 birds with 3 shots. And good experience for Brinley - his first kills.

Shot 1st bird with 3-18-7½. #2 & #3 with 3-18
 Using Purdey #2 pair (new 50% right).

Spoke to Mr. Parker who owns W. Stover #1 cover. Very gracious, all right to hunt.

Wednesday 22 October

Partly cloudy, windy
cold about 40°

3½ hrs.

Canaan Mountain

Galls

~~moved 4-5 flushes~~

~~W.C. - 1 hit over pt.)~~

1M (handed

Brinley: 1 prod w.c.

~~1 back w.c. kill~~

~~1 kill w.c. & back~~

Dixie: 2 prod w.c.

~~1 back w.c.~~

~~1 kill w.c. (over pt)~~

The famous 22nd, but in spite of yesterday & the night before, there are no flight birds in the Canaan. On the way home, hope, back

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#7
1/19

by every logical reason for the grouse population to swing back up,
not hunted Coopers Hill above Davis. There wasn't a goddamned thing
on it except deer, which took Briar off twice on chase. We finally
got him back at the car and after a punishment, drove him to
the Valley. We had seen lovely sawwood trees of all sizes on the
mountain.

At the Gates, I started Briar in the margin of cover this side of
the gate, between the Blackwater and the dirt road. There he bumped a
'cock' I passed up and then went off on what had to be deer scent.
I called & he ignored my voice & whistle and so I waited him out,
giving him the most severe punishment to date when he came back. He
walked behind as I started for the road but when I came to deer
droppings, I pushed his muzzle into them and punished him again.
When I released him he ran away from me and I had to get Kay
to come from the car and call him. It's a shame to have this one
bad fault in an otherwise fine dog. We are handicapped further by the
almost total lack of game which would normally keep his interest
in proper work.

Finally at 5:10 we got started. (Found Van Ormer's new jeep in
our place but parked there anyway.) No birds or even whitewash
until we got to where Bliss made her first real point with a kill, and
then we found Dixie on a lovely point. Poor Dixie is totally upset by
all the calling etc. for Briar and this did her good.
As with the time Bliss pointed here,
I could only plunge in and
hope but lady luck
was good to me and the
'cock' fell. Dixie moved in



BRIAR & GRANDMA

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and I was certain she would retrieve but she didn't. I picked it up before Brian could come in and point and then grab it - a yearling mall with a leg band. He was delighted with the bird and tho he put his mouth over it, he didn't grab it roughly from my hand.

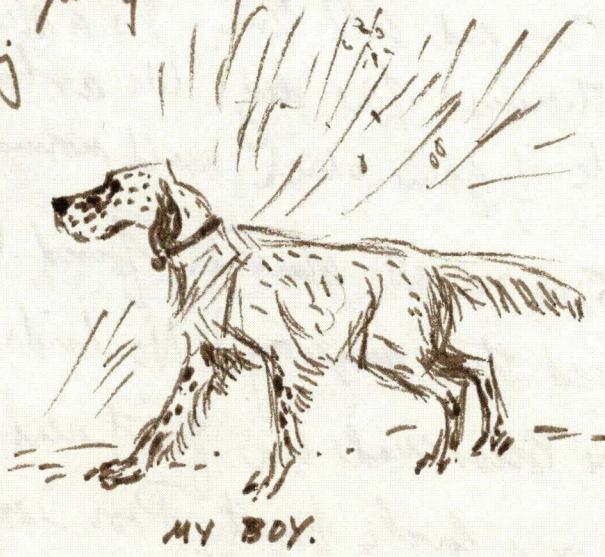
Kay walked into the next field, looking for D who we felt had sat or pointed for she came from nearby. Brian bumped it on the refresh. After that, there was nothing altho we hunted into the far aspens. This is an example of game management. None all the way back and across the road to the mouth thrown. While Kay turned the car, I hunted the two dogs toward the gate - Dixie walking behind me, Brian working like a dream with Bless' gait instead of a trot. In the alders behind the north side clump of aspens, he went on point with a high head and posture, tail raised but slightly down-curved - a honey. He held and I'm certain Dixie was barking

behind me - Then Brian moved in and the 'cock took the job right out,

giving me no shot. He may have heard the bird start, or he may have just decided to break. Anyway it was lovely - ending

the day as all good days should end.

a glorious gold sunset behind black spruce on the way back to the cabin.



MY BOY.

in A.S.

Mt. Storm Lower

#9
69

Thursday 23 October
Extreme wind, cold 40°
Cloudy.
2 hrs. 3 1/2 hrs.

maimed 3 quail - 3 flushed
1 shot - one hit
maimed 3 w.c. - 6 flushed
no shots

Briar: 1 pt dead
1 kill
1 ret.
3 prod w.c.

Mt. Storm # 1

yearling cock: tail missing - 3:00
Crops: 2 hazelnuts
(skunk eaten seeds?)

maimed 1 quail - 1 flushed
no shots

maimed 6 w.c. - 8 flushed
4 shots - 1 hit (one pt)

Briar: 4 prod.
3 backs (1 k)
Dixie: 3 prod. (1 k)
IF 2 backs except.

Stepped to hunt the Haudley Thoms but the wind was too cutting to tolerate in this cold and we moved on to the Lower Creek where we parked near a sandstone hill and hunted up the alder stand. Were surprised not to find this full of 'cote, this date being time for the flights and the cover being so working. Briar, hunting odds, did well and finally bumped a woodcock which left and immediately settled, as so many of them will. He pointed this time but I wouldn't reach him before the bird flushed. Again he located it and I wouldn't reach him before the bird flushed. Again he located it and I flushed - pointed but the bird maled out. On the next flush he pointed for flush - pointed but the cock would not sit still - a higher point - but for some reason the cock would not sit still - a higher point - but for some reason the cock would not sit still (perhaps he was pushing too close). We had a last flush from this obliging bird - a wild flush, then failed to find it again.

Soon after, we heard a quail flush wild - Briar was nowhere near - and we followed up the valley out of the alders and thorns into good fallen log cover in large woods but had no further contact. ate lunch on a maple log, the most extreme "birds' eye" formation I've seen. On the way up we spoke to a young girl - Rubin's wife - I've seen. On the way up we spoke to a young girl - Rubin's wife - and mentioned young Joe Rubin and she said it was all right to hunt.

Crossing back, we started below the house on the far side of the stream in the alders and suddenly a cock quail flushed and climbed acutely - left - crossing above tree. I turned and

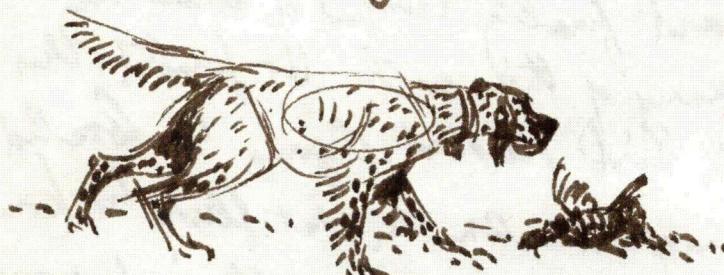
at about 6 yards

fired, a split-second too soon, and the bird pitched over, then righted itself and went on, both legs dangling while I stood and gaped at it, a huge float of feathers coming down, instead of dropping it with a second shot. Stupid right and I could see I lay and I climbed the Briar toward the area would go down. Almost on the spot, Briar went on point, but nothing materialized though leaves seemed disturbed on the ground. I moved him on and began searching further, then heard Kay call, "Briar's pointing." This time he had it. After several moments



The grouse turned acutely
at against the sky.

ridge and I headed where I was sure the bird he grabbed the dead grouse and started to carry it, then laid it down. I could see he'd retrieved it with a little management and so I said "Fetch it here, Briar," and walked backwards from him, clapping my hands



BRIAR'S FIRST ONE

He hesitated, then picked the bird up as tho' he'd done it a dozen times and brought it to me, his first retrieve and the first grouse shot over him. Let's hope this wishbone will be the first of a long collection.

On the way back to the car we heard a third grouse flushed wild from this alder cover. At one place, a woodcock flushed under Briar's nose - don't know why he bumped it and I held off shooting. The cock landed close in front but neither Briar nor myself could find it. Later we saw Briar act as if he'd seen a woodcock flush ahead of us. We rejoined Dixie & Bunny at the car and drove to Covert #1, for the last of the day.

about 5 pm (first time) we started at cover #1, using Dixie & Brian together, having got permission to hunt here (after all their wonderful seasons) from the Punkers in Mt. Storm who own 270 acres (to the river on north side) and across in the alders on the south. We had no contacts for a while and we began to doubt the presence of 'cock', until Dixie pointed behind the tavern and Brian looked. The cock flushed back high thru the trees but I had no shot. Next I saw a grouse flush far ahead and apparently cross Rt. 50 to the other side. Brian was moving much too wide and my calling & whistling didn't add to the pleasure. In the alders beyond the fence we saw him point, Dixie backing, but again the bird flushed before I could move up. I suspect he is breaking point and putting them up when I'm not close. On the edge of the field and the far thorns Dixie went on point and I got Brian in for the backpoint. He made it, then insisted on moving in. I checked him and in doing so caused the bird to flush, missing a rising away shot but dropping it with the left barrel. Brian



got this ahead of Dixie, but tho' he picked up the 'cock', he carried it to one side and

dropped it, and of course, Dixie would do nothing after that.

Hunting out into the thorns we found nothing in the upper area, still in sun, but in the shadowy lower portion Brian made a magnificent point. Kay had her camera ready and I walked in to the left edge of the clump. The cock rose in pure air, I was certain of it and shot much too soon - not five yards away - missed, and missed again still in wide open air. Why do  do it?

We followed and flushed the cock on the edge of the big cedar lot.

Following out with the thorns where it seemed to go after a high climb, we failed to relocate. Coming back, Brian hot scent but didn't stop flagging and put out another bird. I saw it settle to the right edge of a path and, marking it, sent the dogs on. Dixie ran into and flushed it in the middle of the path, which puzzled me, then Brian went into the thorns on the right edge and pointed beautifully, the bird we'd been following. I flushed it but it managed to stay just out of sight and offered no shot. That was it, with light failing and temperature dropping. No action all the way back to the car, but good old Coalit #1 had come thru. A good day. My shooting for this trip wasn't bad - 5 coots, 1 grouse with 9 shells. Birds scarce even in Mt. Storm but the flights are not really under way - exceptionally late. Dixie did well on 'coots. Brian is ~~in~~ ^{now} honey other than his occasional wood range and deer trailing.

Tuesday 28 October

Cloudy, cool - 45°
2 hrs.

Little Sandy upstream Brian solo
Moved 2 grouse - 2 flushes
One shot - no hit

A short hunt after mailing the ms. I'd been working on for 4 days to American Spatuliman (from Deary). Felt this a fair chance. Used Brian alone and never now a dog hunt the rough rhododendron and rocks like he does. I walked into one group - and missed a very improbable try at an away-night rising, shorting them back and out. Heard a second bird flush later that was all the as hunted to about 100 feet. Brian took two deer chases or ground-trailing. Preserved him on first ~~gallbladder removed~~. Birds too scarce.

Wednesday 29 October ¹⁴
Cool, sunny, beautiful
mid-40's°
2:00 - 5:45 3 1/4 hrs.
1/2 hr to change

Not. Storm #1

moved 2 grouse - 4 flushed
no shots
moved 16 w.c. - 18 flushed
5 shots - no hits

#13
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Brian: 5 prod.
2 backs.
Danie: 2 prod.
2 backs.

The flight is in.
This was the most improbable day of my shooting life. Brian began moving wide soon after we started and made a long cast away from us going well up past the tavern in spite of whistling & voice. On the way back in he made a beautiful point along the bank and I turned to him but he worked in, breaking point, and flushed - a shot I wouldn't take. Soon again he ranged out in spite of calling and whistling and when he returned I gave him a thorough lashing. Soon after, I put up a 'cock' I tried for as a few flush and missed - a right-quarter acutely rising - a shot I'd normally have dropped. I say put B on leash and I took Danie into the alders beyond the fence. Soon I say called that B was pointing on leash and I walked directly toward them. The 'cock' came up straight over me too close and too nearly to shoot - I turned and held below the small glimpse of the bird I had and missed. After another flush we crossed Pt. 50 to the far alders, hunting up the river. Brian swung right, avoiding them the lower fence and a grouse flushed across the fence from him going upstream. We followed and I walked into the grous, which went up on the far side of a multiple tree, giving me a short view going away rising. Normally I'd have tried but today I had no confidence. B flushed the bird on the next rise from rocks and they went off again. I again punished him when he returned and at ate a sandwich sitting on a log. After lunch at past four we started back and Brian seemed to be doing much better, ranging nicely.

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stepped without warning into a quagmire going in to my knees and
soon being deeper. My instant made me pitch forward, sinking me to
the waist and leaving me unable to struggle free. I called to Ray to
come quickly and tried to reach some sapling about 7 foot beyond
my grasp. I had the seas to break my gun open and laid it ^{and} ~~and~~
and waited without further struggle till Ray came and between us
we got me within reach of the sapling and I pulled myself out,
with considerable effort. It was an unpleasant experience for both
of us and I don't know what the solution would have been if I'd
I'd have made a good fossil two
million years from now.



A BAD MOMENT.

I was black to
the belt with cold black
oys inside my socks and

pants. I walked to the car

were about 2 miles and we made it fast, changing into dry clothes, and
having a swallow of rye and a cup of coffee. Then we started out to redetermine
the day.

After this, the delack, Ray & Brian flushed a grouse, as
they crossed the fence between the wood field & Covet #1. I didn't see
it. Behind the tavern, I bumped a coot; later another flushed wild.
Nothing more until the far edge of the thorns where I pointed in
exactly the path where the 2 dogs had a lovely double point last
year. Brian came in and backed them began to roar in. I stopped him
by yelling and for a moment he held in a stemming point, probably with
resent. Then he broke and nothing I could do a yell at him would
check him and he circled to the right of I who was still holding.
Just then the bird flushed out across the field and gave me a wonderful

#15/
69

chance I missed. I was so goddammed mad, I nearly broke the
Pewley apart ejecting the shell, and a second cork flushed it
followed the first. When Brian came back after a chase I tried to
skin him, and nearly got bitten, but it should have been a lesson.
It wasn't.

After a couple of flushes in the thorns out on the hillside, I made another wonderful point and I forced Brian to stop. I think he did hold this but I walked in and ruined the 'cak', as I'd never ruined before. Then shots have been straightforward and I've watched the bird go on with my muzzle right on them as I shot - I don't understand how I could miss them. Brian neatly bumped another and soon after made a good point that was a rabbit - executable. Next he made a fine point, then walked in and bumped a cock which I refused. Sedding followed. No more birds until we started back along the lower edge of thorns in the full light. Again Brian made a stunning point - he is beautifully intense and his style is marvelous - old fashioned straight out tail like I never. I cautioned him to stay as he started in but nothing would hold him from walking up and pushing the bird out. Again I refused the shot. Again, scolding.

Finally returning behind the tavern in the dusk, I bumped a bird. Only I walked into me and carefully shot at nose straightaway, getting a view of it against the sky at a good range. The goddam bird made a 90° turn as I fired.

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I have never had such a day. ~~These have been black days before~~

when I couldn't hit a woodcock; there was a time in Michigan when I stepped waist-deep into snow as cold as this was today. I can deplore Birder's deer trailing; I agonize over his running out ignoring my whistle and voice. But this new development - running into birds after pointing them beautifully is the limit. It's the result of two self-hunting too far out. And it has got to stop. Writing this in Cabin 20 miles before the fire, I don't know the answer. Penitent doesn't get results. Tomorrow I'll write him with the check cord on him. Let's hope. As for me, I've had a bad day.

(all we needed was Walt & Jean's phone until 2:15 a.m.)

Thursday 30 October

Sunny, warm in sun, 50°

2:20 - 5:50 - 3 hrs.

Mt. Storm Lacey Thoms Briar solo

moved 5 w.c. - 7 flashes
5 shots - no hits

moved 1 grouse - 1 flash

no shot

Mt. Storm Covert # 2

moved 9 - 11 flashes

3 shots - 1 hit (lost)

moved 1 grouse - 1 flash

no shot

Briar: 1 back

Dexie: 3 pts.

Started Briar alone in Lacey Thoms, determined not to punish him, but instead to stress his strong points qualities, minimizing the problems. Walked him with dangling bell from chain collar & with check cord. It seemed to slow him some and he tried to keep in touch, but he still was out too far most of the time. His only point was to bat went and flag and bump a 'cock' - and have a second bird nearby, which I flushed. I am still in my ~~wayward and shooting stamp~~ - and

#67
69

missed an open shot on the cable right of way - an away-left I should never have flushed. The second barrel as the bird disappears did no good tho I tried to get Brian to search in east I hit it. He gets flustered and moves out after a shot.



The next flush was the same bird - I carried a long try them the trees. Brian was stale today, partly from check cord but largely, I suspect, from yesterday's crisis.

On the way back thru upper edge of thornes I stopped in a little bay of clearing, expecting a flush. It came from just to my right - a lovely left-quartering flush and I waited that important moment, mounted and fired swooping there - and didn't touch a feather. Releaving myself on the second shot I held just right, fired, and the bird went on. This sort of thing takes you apart. If I'm stopping my swoop - and I must be - I can't tell at

Brian was running wild and I gave up hope of

handling him. I ^{had} finally got him in and we returned to the car, driving to Covet #2 in the last hour or so.



Then, we saw Dixie & Brian. Soon Dixie went on point, I'm sure for after a while a male woodcock flushed from her way and landed in a spot in front of me. I came in and walked into it and I tried a foolish shot thru thicket at a low away-left - but one I'd have made normally. Later I made a fine point and when Brian came in I tried to work ~~ahead of him~~ ^{to stop him}

on a back point by yelling at him. Then I walked the bird up in a nice straightaway, acutely rising and missed it doing exactly what I'd normally do and drop it. I had even changed from my #2 pair of 50% Cams to the regular #1 pair I used to shoot but it does no good when you're in the state I'm in. I wouldn't think that Bruin's poor works could so throw me off, but it must. We had several wild flushes and I'm near another point by D, judging from her location in relation to some flushes. At last following a bird I'd seen land and reflexed ahead of the dogs — an explanation for some situations I can't otherwise explain — we came to a nice flat downstream in works but also with alders. Turning back at 5 pm. I put up a cock that I shot at, and wonders!, folded well out, seeing it fall in alders ahead and to the right.



We tried to get Bruin in, and finally did, and he found a dead rabbit. We searched for fifteen or twenty minutes — again and again taking bearings & but neither Ray nor I could find it. Darkness drove us out. This was the last dirty trick fate played, after a long string of foul luck the past 2 days, I can't top that. Tomorrow I will shoot the Fox. 13 shells in two days and one hit — that one hit in the body for a break.

Friday 31 October
Cloudy 50°'s
4 hrs.

Mt. Storm Handlen Thoms
moved 3 - 3 flushed
1 shot - no hit

Brian
Dene 1 prod. #19
69

Lower Court

moved 1 (not new) - 1 flushed

Brian

moved 1 $\frac{0}{0}$, flushed

Court #1

moved 7 - 9 flushed

Brian 1 prod.

2 shots - 2 hits

AM
AF

2 flush pts.
2 R.

The last day of our second trip (Cabin 20 this time) we returned to Mt. Storm on our way home rather than risk encountering the Dept. of Nat. Resources game game warden in the Canaan Coves. We started at the Handlen Thoms with high hope and immediately walked into a 'cock' which I missed with the Fox, which I'd watched to after my two-day farceo. This did shake me for I thought the Fox was missing. I'm evidently "snatching" at these birds even tho I want to set them - unlike a good focus-and-overtake. Moments after the miss, a second 'cock' went out - neither dog finding them. Dene made a point (apparently) well out in alders at upper end and I only felt Brian backed her, tho was not certain enough to count his. With no more birds in spite of a big cast around the court - obviously the flight is not in here - we returned to the car and moved to the Lower Court, using Brian alone. He did much better re range. I walked into a 'cock' that was downwind from Brian. Later we flushed one of the gross wild birds in the alders last time. That was it, except that Bunny distinguished herself when we let her out of the car when we arrived and paused to eat before starting to hunt. Drawing to Court #1 for the last hour and a half, we used Brian alone again and he did fairly well, staying too far out by a few times.

He flushed pointed a 'cock' thru the fence at the alders, wriggling under to get thru. My first shot came in the hillside hawthorns - a low away-left flush that I dropped as it cut left. The 'cock' - a mall - was able to run and flutter up thru dense cover and Ray & I had a time cornering it - eager to keep Briar from flushing and catching it. I regret a crippling shot - this bird seemed merely wing-tipped - but when it was dressed it had, incredibly, several pellets in or thru the left side of the breast. I'd never known a 'cock' to be able to run with even one pellet. As I was catching this bird, Briar came in and pointed and Ray saw ^{this} bird go!

Toward the far end I saw him but scent and flushed point just before the 'cock' flushed - all too far for me to reach him. We followed it up the hillside without success, paused for a bit to eat, then started back. The interesting thing was the abundance of whitewash on the upper levels of the hillside thornis - a place we'd never found birds. Certainly the birds weren't there in numbers relative to the whitewash - evidence that the flight must have moved on, at least this segment. Briar was working into, and thru, and all over the thick clumps of thornis - a beautiful crusher - and went on point in the center. I ploughed in and the 'cock' - a large hen - topped out without a chance to shoot.

We followed and got a second flush with no point or shot.

The third flush came on the edge of a clump of thornis when Ray called "There it goes!" I wanted and caught it just as it



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#21/69
was turning the edge, the bird banking as I fired. It went down and I suspected it was only winged. They and I hurried around before Brian arrived and I caught and despatched the bird. When Brian arrived I laid the bird down and let him find and point at, which he did well. This was a good end to a frustrating slumps. I was using the #2 pair of barrels and 3.1. #8 loads. Brian had done well and it had been a good day.



Monday 3 November

Misty, foggy, drizzle
50° 1½ hrs.

Connelly
used 1-2 feathers
0

Brian

after working on the photos for the Game Day piece for American Sportsman and mailing them, we drove to the Connelly place, parking at our usual place. We walked up, first one side and then the other, to the Romesburg corner and back, moving only one sparrow on the south side from a stand of aspen, re-flushing it from an aspen tree - no shots. The joy of the hunt was Brian's performance - the best he has done. His range was like Bliss's, he made long casts, but he reckoned, circling and covering the ground beautifully. I used the whistle as we started out, each time he began to run too far. He soon settled down and by game time he began to run too far. He soon settled down and by game time he began to run too far. He soon settled down and by game time he began to run too far. He soon settled down and by game time he began to run too far. His game was a lope and all this may be a result of our lesson yesterday, in an open field, for Brian seemed to be doing well today, he became more natural in his quartering. His game was a lope and all he needed was birds and a chance to practice. See much

pleased with Brian, who looked like a gosse dog today.

I was wet to my knees and after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours we went to the car. As I curled them the cover opposite the car, I was surprised to discover an old dry well - with stoned wall - about four a six feet deep (to the Leaves in the bottom) - a bad place for a dog or man to fall into. So far, grouse seem as scarce, or more scarce, as ⁱⁿ the past couple of years. Today would have been perfect weather to find them, it seems to me.

Tuesday 4 November

Cold, cloudy, snow squall
45°
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

Lebrnick (Felt Run)

mored 1-1 flushed
0

Brian: ~~had~~

Blade Farms Glade

mored 1-2 flushed
1 shot - no hit

Tried Steve Lebrnick's woodcock, grouse, and pheasant cover. We heard 1 grouse that flushed while I was talking and with my head turned - typically. Good cover but no whitewash, no cock. Very thick. Weather turned rough and a snow squall set us down.

On way home, the sun came out and we stopped at Crowsays and tried the glade for the last hour and a half. The lower half was good looking but empty. In the upper half we came to a lot of fresh whitewash and suddenly Brian ran into a 'cock' that flushed away-left. I fired before I realized it - a mistake with Brian bumping - and cursed. Why the hell I'm missing these shots I don't know.

We failed to relocate



and with Brian

and then walked up the alders to the far meadow too wide, we heard a cock pheasant kuhkuh. It was getting darker but we worked up the south branch, heard the pheasant again - far away. No more action. Brian started well but at end moved too wide.

and then walked up the alders to the far meadow too wide, we heard a cock pheasant kuhkuh.

Thursday 6 November Charlie Plumb's Brian #23
Cloudy, moderately cool, snow 1-1 flush
was about 50° 69

2½ hrs. Wonderful cover, ground pack fairly damp after
yesterday's light snow, but only one bird. It flushed on side of
~~the~~ old road after I'd passed - with a short look at it Brian
not the scent, where it had been, when I sent him in, nearly pointing.
But that was it. If there are no birds in this place, I wonder if
there are any other places. Brian was working closer with a game shotgun
from Tuesday's sprain, but he checked with me regularly and hunted
hard. At the end he made two casts much too far out but he
can't be blamed. This season seems worse than ever last year for
grouse. The sunset sky & Chestnut Ridge was magnificent.

Friday 7 November James Brian
Heavy clouds, drizzle, foggy
48° 1 hr.

Started for Mt. Carmel with no forecast of rain, entering a light
drizzle as we approached Terra Alta. Giving up on original plans, we
drove toward Cranenills but were soon into heavier rain. Went by
Bob Conn's & talked to him a few minutes (said there was a few grouse
on ridge above them; also reported a group of grouse near Carl Springs
old place). Came back via Mt. Carmel road (good cover going up ridge
from Cuffy Run Swamp), then went out of drizzle down Roaring Gap and
stopped at James' road and took an hour's turn but failed to move
anything, the boy said she might have heard a grouse go wild.
After returning home I patterned both pairs of Purdey barrels
with wadlock loads at 15 yards to compare the two. But the following
#2 pair: 15 gds. Wards 3.1.8 = 17" George Bird Evans Papers 17".
#1 pair: " " " " = 15". West Virginia and Regional History Center

The #2 pair with my recently opened 50% right gave a fine pattern and convinces me that it is the pair of barrels to use. The pattern with Peters trap loads 3.1g-8 gave an excellent pattern if a bit full of shot at that distance. Interesting that the plastic piston gave no wad hole as did the Wards 3.1.8 load in all three tests. I'll use the #2 pair (50%) with the Wards load and try to hold to it.

These sheets revealed that the Purdey requires more careful mounting than the Fox, which seems to mount more consistently with its pistol grip, its heavier weight, and its larger stock surface. I must remember to slide the stock butt up to the shoulder and avoid jerking the butt back into place; and to shoot with my jaw agape every time (clenched jaws throw the pattern left of center).

Monday 10 November

Foggy ~~clearing~~ to cloudy
lifted ^{up} hrs. $2\frac{1}{2}$
50°

Ray Guthrie

moved 5-6 flushed
One shot - 1 hit

Briar: 1 kill

Adult hen: inter. (red). ~~115~~ 2:40

crop: grapes
woke around ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Fog held past noon, then the day became just an overcast moderately cool day, good damp hunting weather. We took Briar, solo, to the Jiminy Guthrie farm where we parked. Hunting down the back "road" we turned left into the grapevines / thorn cover with Briar working a bit wide. Unfortunately he was not in front of me when a grouse flushed from the right side of the path and bore straightaway low. It tumbled at my shot, fluttered a few seconds and was still. Calling, ^{at my shot, a second bird flushed from the left, crossing to the right.} got Briar on but

#25
he hit the scent behind me where the birds had been. This kept him working excitedly for some time but at last I got him to swing in from above where he hit the scent of the fallen grouse and frog in a crouched position. I picked up the grouse



TEN MINUTES OUT.

while he was still wild and found, to my surprise, that it was still alive tho hard hit. However it took several attempts to dispatch it -

a hen with red ruffe and red tail band
stealed from dark at the gray band to a
rich red band. (3.1 $\frac{1}{8}$ - 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ AA trap load)



Fearing this hillside, we worked down to the bridge and hunted upstream along ^{little} sandy where we came to a rabbit hunter staying in the stone cabin (Dusky) — very pleasant person. With a chase going on (he said they had flushed about 4 grouse from the woods at the field about) we moved to above the bridge on the old Ray bottom place where we moved a grouse that almost gave me a shot, had it not been for a tree. Brian came in and met a lovely point at the side of flush, holding it intensely before moving in. The bird had been on a boulder — droppings suggested a roost. We followed to the top edge and moved another bird way back on the way. On top I heard a flush and moved another bird way back on the way. No more and later as saw Brian move into ~~the~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~the~~ bird. No more

action back to the car. The birds suggest this may be the last year we'll cross on it. A good day.

Tuesday 11 November

Hot Storm #1

Cloudy cool - clearing
upper 40's ° 3½ hrs.

Moved 15-15 flushed,

5 shots - 3 hits (one over Brian's head!)

Moved 1 (not new) - 1 flushed AF

CF

FM

This is the story of the 13th 'cock.'

Brian 2 prod.
3 kills (overhead)
(overhead)
(overhead)
Dixie 1 prod.
2 backs
2 ret
3 kill

Clearing home in cool overcast we got into thicker weather as we approached Terra Alta but unlike the other time, it was not drizzling and we kept going. About Oakland the sky turned a bit and by the time we started hunting there were moments of sunlight and, later, sunshine. Trying a new approach in an effort to keep Brian from moving out we worked out the log road and came to a large beaver dam in active state - larger than in '67 when we saw the beaver and that Dixie had gone down!

The first 'cock' was a wild flush after D & B had worked past a bird that flushed behind the Tavern in the thick cover and cut back in a rising right-crossing flush. I made an overtaking shot and the 'cock' folded. To my delight, Dixie came in and made the find after a few casts and, at command, made a nice retrieve.

We had 2 flushed - bumped by Brian on the far edge where we almost always meet birds this year and began to see a lot of whitetailed. Following the edge we climbed the fence and came to more whitetailed. Almost at one, Dixie pointed but Brian was working ahead in the woods edge, walked up the bird - a



low straightaway and, waiting a split second, dropped it. #2769
Dixie ran up, picked it up and delivered it to hand like old times,
— a gleaning hen. This did Dixie loads of good, knowing she'd
performed well. Almost at once, a second bird flushed a few
yards away.

We hunted out the edge,

Brian moving another 'cock and I
began to wonder when bird point.
There was no birds in the lower
hawthorns or along the margin of



DIXIE PRODUCES.

the woods and we worked back up the hillside, stalling for time until
the sun could get below the tree line. For some reason there were no
birds and no wintertrash in the hillside thorns where we found them last
time; the we made combliss rabbits. At last with the sun dropping,
we worked back along the margin of the woods with no action. Then
Brian threw his head up and worked out into the cleared area
between the woods and the thorns. Suspecting a deer, I tried to call him
off but he ignored me and went straight to the edge of hawthorns
and then saw a dead rabbit a few yards ahead of him in the
thicket. He held and in disgust, I called to Kay to tell her what
it was — and my voice put up a woodcock. I made a quick
switching shot as the bird disappeared around a clump of cover
in front, and cursed — blowing my head of steam in frustration.
The one bird I wanted most to drop, I can't understand which

scent Briar caught all that distance — about 70 yards — but it was unimpressive. We circled, trying to relocate the bird — Briar working frantically — but had no success. As we gave up and headed for the woods, Briar cut back to the edge and again made a stunning point. I turned back and walked in. It was curiously intense, moving in as I passed with no flush coming up. Again he flew, stretched out solidly, and this time I put up the bird — letting it get out far enough and centered it straightforward. It ran in as the

circle of feathers settled
and walked up the bird, mounting it, then laid it down. It was a yearling mall, very hard hit — a precious bird to all of us. Very good a morn.

THIS TIME DID IT.
BRIAR'S FIRST KILL OVER POINT
AT NOT QUITE 10 MONTHS.

On the way back I kept hoping I wouldn't hear another shot.
I did, and heard a left-away in near darkness, flushing from the sheep fields as we were almost out.

Anyways you look at it, it was a fine day. We toasted
Briar's first kill over a point — one I'd been waiting and trying for —
with a spot of sherry in the car — then drove to Mt. Storm Lodge
for dinner.

Wednesday 13 November
Cool, Cloudy, 50°
 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

Penna. Gibbons Glade: 0

#29
169

Gibbons Glade Knobs

Briar: 1 prod.
1 killapt

moved 2-2 flushed

moved 1-1 flushed

1 shot - 1 hit (cont.)

AF

Our first hunt in Penna., we tried the State Game Lands at Gibbons Glade and moved not a feather, the Joe Hvizdos has usually found birds here in other seasons. Cock too open, the the Rhododendron - hemlock cover down along Little Sandy probably holds birds. After two hours with Brian working beautifully with very few too-wide casts we returned to the car and drove to the Gibbons Glade knobs I had hunted successfully 15 years ago. Today we found a car parked at each of the two pull-offs - a problem in Penna. Going on to the pine plantation at the Thomas Neffles intersection we parked and hunted out the edge of woods thru excellent crab thicket cover. Not far from the house at the curve of the road, we were working the thorns in scattered clumps at the base of the wooded ridge when Brian went tenser and made a still flagging. He

command went solid. a woodcock flushed, away-left for the I dropped it hard but load of $7\frac{1}{2}$'s. Brian the bird, which I



IN DEAD GOLDENROD.

HIS 2 ND HILL OVER POINT.

Failed to pick up rather than encourage a retrieve. The cock was totally surprising though I should have expected one. It was getting late but we hunted up to the top of the ridge ~~and excellent rocky ground~~ ever last

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ruined nothing. Working south along the level just below the rocks, we finally made a grouse I saw go out in front with Brian nowhere near to disturb it. After an empty search in its flight path we headed back to the car and in thorns at the bottom, Kay heard one flushed after it had left me, and Kay, so fast. Brian hunted this entire second part of our day at a perfect range for thick cover and he deserved more than we found. He hit the scent of the first bird where it had been, pausing a moment and then moving on after he realized it wasn't there. He is doing well and requires less whistle and handling—all to the good. His cover should be with a return. The first area was, like so much cover all over our Alleghenies, too grown into open woods—and I'm beginning to correlate this condition with the increasing lack of grouse. There are areas of good regrowth after cutting—but far too much mountain cover offers no attraction to grouse. This woodcock was important as a kill over Brian's productive

Monday 17 November Winding Ridge

Brian

Partly cloudy, warm 50°. road 1-1 flushed
3 hrs.

more, hen pheasant

This was a disappointing trip. Relying on Wright Sprague's description of this as good terrain, we parked on old RT 40 by-pass and hunted out the road to the Addison water supply. In a weedy field & clumps of cover Brian who had been running too ends finally came in and at my insistence did not try willingness, moved into a copse and bumped a hen pheasant. Why no point? We were in melting snow after the two-day snow of Fri. & Sat. and followed jeep tracks all the way in the road and along by-pass. Finally came to Scott Holliday in the jeep, road-and-field hunting from it, at the Wolf Camp. Degenerate looking. We circled the old ~~field~~ ^{good} ~~bottom~~ ^{soft} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~my~~ ^{George Bird Evans Papers} West Virginia and Regional History Center

birds. Hunted back to the road and to the field (a clearing) where we'd #31 moved the pheasant. Tried to get Brian working near me but he veered off course out of control. They calling him flushed the only group I saw - a wild flock from greenbrier! No shot. I am at the end of my endurance correcting Brian for moving away from me. Some days he has been promising. Today was one long contest of wills - his running but with me punishing him severely. It is degrading and frustrating. He is wonderful in every way but this lack of rapport with me. Force is not succeeding, yet to let him establish the fault more firmly is to lose him for good as far as control goes. His temperament is such that its spoiling my entire season so far to have to fight this in him. I can't comprehend why he doesn't want to hunt for me or with me. Lack of birds is one factor. I also question his hearing me, this we must - he simply ignores the whistle and sometimes my voice, at other times comes back. Its a situation So far, Pennsylvania is worse than West. Va. And full of ~~hunters~~

Tuesday 18 November

Partly cloudy 58°
damp, snow melted

3½ hrs.

Fred Moon

moved 1 (new) - 1 flesh

Brian

Dixie

Wonderful day but weather forecast predicted a hunt at Mt Storm for 'cock. Confident we could find birds when we'd arrived just early in the season we parked at the little houses on Vernon Ridge, past Fred Moon, and started toward the house with Brian and Dixie. On the way we discovered magnificent cover along an old road and on a hillside with loads of greenbrier berries and thorns and thick protective cover, but the birds had ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~been hunted at hand, they~~ West Virginia and Regional History Center

were no birds there today. Following a lane that must have been
lively in October, we saw Brian intently making game and at
one moment pointing with Dixie looking. But they walked on
excitedly and I expected a bird at every moment. Moving up
we found a good hillside cover where Lucy saw an abundance of
grouse droppings — but no birds. It was so hot we had to
pause while Lucy removed her shirt. Hunting the boulders along the
mass of Sweet Jill (smelled like a church yard) we expected
birds where we found them in October, but then we hunted
around the top clearing we didn't even a feather. Finally we
gave up, hurried to the car and left Dixie (she and Brian had
been hunting well today) and we hunted the dense grapevines
below the main road. In them Brian pointed a rabbit —
there are always rabbits — and soon afterwards a pheasant
ahead of him too far to have been neutered. That was it. We
drove to the strip mine where Fred said there was a few pheasants
and let Brian hunt it. He coveted it beautifully but no birds.
Today I did as little controlling as possible, using the whistle
sparingly — no voice signals — and Brian hunted in good
range — a bit wide at times but a pleasure, after yesterday.
Dixie enjoyed her turn. There seems a feyndish fate
involved that keeps us from finding game — even where we've
found them. This is the ^{earliest} year I ^{ever} known in West Virginia
— and possibly Pennsylvania. Tell of the time when Old lady Luck was

smiling —

Wednesday 19 November

rain to snow 40°

1½ hrs.

Ezra Kelly

moved 2-2 flushes

Briar

#33
'69

Our planned trip to Canaan with Olie Conaway was spoiled by rain. With Olie eager to get out, we had him over and he & I - and Brian & Jake - drove to the Ezra Kelly place in increasing heavy snowfall. We donned proper clothes - I in rain jacket & rain overalls - and started out. The area was plastered with notice signed by Troy Dewitt(?). No birds in the snow hunkered down low but I heard one go out from Briar. On way back Olie shot his gun and I saw and heard one flush from a glimped a bird going out and I saw and heard one flush from a tree near the car - Brian was working below. That was it. Rough weather but we had fun and a nice fireside dinner with Olie after cleaning our guns and making use of a fifth of Sam Thompson Olie brought me. Good. Brian works at a nice range and hunted hard.

Thursday 20 November

Mostly sunny, cold 32°

Snow on ground.

2½ hrs.

Thornton Bridge

moved 1-1 flush

Briar

Guthrie Bridge

Today cleared to cold, with mostly sun. The cover at Thornton Bridge is limited to bottom cover and some crab thorn cover on low knobs (I may heard a grouse flush in latter). Otherwise barren of game. Hunted an hour or more, then drove to Guthrie School

and down to Little Sandy (too open, except in bottom cover). Not a feather (looks like woodchuck cover). This lack of birds is incredible. Brian worked beautifully with little need of control. That we need birds.

Friday 21 November

Tub Run

Briar: 1 kill
1 net.

Partly sunny, cold
28°^{sunny on ground}
2 3/4 hrs. Moved 4-4 flocks
One shot - 1 hit

Adult hen; inter - 4:00
crop: full of grapes, few rubbs & twig buds.

Back to an old favorite covert, parking at Jim Cunningham's now called "Hemlocks" - a nice name. There was still snow on the ground but the air was clear and cold and there was some sun. The cover is too open in the lower and hillside areas - still dense rhododendron on the stream, grapevines at the brink of the upper edges. We followed the path - the same old path - then in grown rhododendron to the forks and, taking the left, set away from my planned trail up the main valley. But it led us up a wide rhododendron belt to the rocks on a shelf where we saw the first fresh grouse tracks but no bird. Climbing toward the top, I saw and heard a distant grouse glide down the ridge. Forgot to say I'd heard #1 flush in the low rhododendrons as came up (from Briar). At the upper brink we came to greenerie thickets - old grown-up fields - and further on, an old field where we paused to get our bearings. Kays camera stuck taking the big ridge coming beyond and I still can't say what it was till I check the top map. A young beagle joined us then - friendly but no trouble, and after eating, we hunted north ^{about 4:00}, following the edge of grapevine straggling following the ridge (grapes apparent). Came to another small clearing and there, as I worked just inside the grapes, with Briar and the beagle ahead, I walked into a grouse that bored out low away - right.

I would have seen the
and saw the
softening down from the pattern.

I fired instinctively, and faster than that possible with paper fingers,
bird fall, with snow and vine-dust

seemed to me it veered right as I shot, but Bruin comes in #35/19 and found the grouse where it had fallen. As tho I had trained him carefully, he picked the bird up immediately and started toward me. Rather than discourage him - tho I prefer not to have him retreat - he came on and I ordered "fetch it here." Once on the way he laid it down, then got another grasp and delivered it beautifully to hand, an adult hen. Bruin was wearing Bless bell today for the first, and Lady such did smile!



A NATURAL.

We were on the edge of the old Dorey Ellens place and the world spread out to the east, and glowed. It is so good when it happens. After proper moves, we worked our down the mountain finding more fresh tracks - at least three others in the area. We came to the old houses and the stone foundations and the little run where I missed a grouse negligently back in '54, I believe. I even remember doing a sketch of it -

Following the old trace of road down the mountain, we flushed a grouse, #4, from quakinges on our left. Put Bruin in /the problem with a pup is to get him into the habit you do most and this is difficult until he gets the feel of it/ and he lost the scent after the fact and barked - a great most.

mountain we came out where I had expected - at the group of buildings above the rhododendron, on the hard-top road. At last, success!

Saturday 22 November Mt Storm Edelman Place : Briar: 1 kill
Perfect, clear, sunny.
moved 4-7 flushes
50° Snow gone One shot - 1 hit
3 $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. Clyde Davis quahogies
yearling hen: after 3:00 moved 2-3 flushes
crop: grapes 0 Briar
Dixie

Perfect weather, to Mt. Storm.

with Obie & Lydia Conway. Being the final day before West Virginia deer season, we encountered cars at every covert I had considered - even at top of the azalea basin. In desperation

as parked at lower part - discovered the Maryland hunters above us, rabbit hunters - and we tried the Edelman side above Maple Run toward the alders we've seen. Discovered beautiful hawthorn cover on west hillside with huge alder cover running up the valley, a stunning woodland covert for next year tho there was no birds today with the flights gone. This is a must for next year. Obie was working his pointer Jake above me and shot at a grouse that I later saw flush in front of me with no shot & no chance of unk from Briar. After hunting up the valley thru more good thorns but with no action we turned and worked back higher on the slope and in larger open ^{woods} cover. Again I was below and with Briar working beautifully with no need of much control and in good contact. He was below me when I saw a grouse flush in front from some

quapomies and, almost immediately, a second bird flushed in #37 a magnificent flight climbing about the trees and crossing high '69 and right. I saw my train and fired - it must have been 35 or 40 yards - saw it fall, then go down. I ran up, knowing it was a crippled bird, and Brian raced in and began searching.



My eyes were blurred from excitement and trying too hard to focus but soon I saw the bird running beyond Brian who was searching hard closer to me. I

A HIGH ONE THAT DROPPED. that of shooting but there were rocks and suddenly I saw the bird dart into a hole in the rocks ahead. When I ran up, Brian was ahead but passed over the hole without result. I laid my gun down after unloading, and could see the quail down inside between rocks. As I reached for it, it went deeper and I felt possibly beyond reach. Almost lying, I pushed my left arm down deep and caught what I thought was a wing. It missed the tail but fortunately the feathers held and I drew the bird out and dispatched it - a yearling hen. I put the quail beside a log and let Brian find and shoot it. They came up and got a mix of the bird - a long high shot with the 50% barrel, 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Later did more the other bird, shooting wildly for justice. I saw #4 flush far ahead (Brian later made interest some indication when it had been) - and once again #3 shooting mostly to death "jacks" who needs no exciting that I noted.

at the cars we drove to the grapevines Covert and found the other track gone. Kay & Lydia left with our car & Olie, Jake, Brian, Dennis and I hunted this first area. Olie shot a hen grouse - making a pleasantly balanced day, one each - and we moved another up. All other dogs had worked scent. There is excellent cover up the head of this part of Maple Run that should be hunted. A fine day, ending with a nearly full Moon - the #2 Hunters' Moon. We ate at Mt. Storm Lodge.

Monday 24 November

Perfect, clear 45°
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

Long Hollow

moved 1-1 flushed

Briar: 1 kill

Dinner Bell

yearling cock: inter - 4:30 moved 2-3 flushed
cross: full quipped ^{One shot - 1 hit.} First day of deer season in W. Va. We took off to the Beaver Creek area to try Long Hollow. What a way to enjoy a deer season! Parked on the Dinner Bell road on the hill beyond the bridge over Beaver. We find that Rockwell has fenced-in huge areas in this terrain. The road we hunted was then fair brushy thick cover but no grapes. We hunted up the Long Hollow tributary with Briar hunting well, covering the cover thoroughly. Since birds did not seem to be in the low area, we climbed to excellent grape and boulder cover at the tops of the right shoulder but still no birds. Circling back we followed a log road around to our original start at the mouth of the hollow where Kay heard a grouse flush to my left. Returning to the car, we drove to the lower end of the Beaver Creek road but found it unpromising and rough driving. Turned and came out, passing Ted Troth ^{going in a Wagoneer.}
Having seen working cover at the top of the hill on the Dinner Bell

#39
'64

road, we drove there and parked at the State Road stockpile. The cover appeared cut-over this year - too recently - but Brian soon delivered a grouse, very dead, that probably had been shot days ago. We circled back toward a pipeline right-of-way and got into better cover, cut a few years earlier, along the margin, with grapes. Brian sat near and began working intensely, almost pointing once or twice but without stopping and still flagging. I saw a grouse flush from him but I refrained from trying for it because he had bumped it, then it went away low down the path. Moments later a second bird came out ahead of him and took the same way out and again I passed up the shot. It was a shame he hadn't pointed - a chance for a productive - but he has to learn that grouse won't tolerate proximity. I brought him back and made him stay for a moment.

Following across the right-of-way where I estimated the flights, we worked into excellent thicket cover with a little run and some log roads but found nothing. Doubling, we worked toward the edge and as I approached, a flush came up over and in front - crossing left overhead, and gave me a wonderful chance to overtake and swing through, firing just as I got ahead.

The gunner folded and went limp, falling hard. We ran up and I thought I saw a motion going into a hole in rocks (Allegheny Mountains are made of rock). Handing my gun to Kay, I reached in but felt nothing. Just then Kay saw Brian sit ^{CENTERED! OVERHEAD} ten yards ahead and point and said, "See the

grouse or the grouse dead. I started to him to make him hold and prevent his getting to the bird, then had to take my gun from Kay who couldn't operate her camera with the Purdey in one hand. By that time Brian had the grouse and I thought he would retreat it to me, but he lay down with it and began mouthed at it, so I took it from him - a large yearling cock, hard hit. It was a wonderful end to the day, and we went directly to the car. This is three grouse with three shots in three days consecutively — I must be in line for a shooting slump! I think we have discovered a good covert — a big area that probably extends to the Dick Lee road. We'll see.

Stayed at the Mullens on the way home and Mac suggested trying Tab Run near Orman Taylor's; Kirty poultry farm; Beaver Creek Road at upper end; behind Gleason's Restaurant.

Tuesday 25 November

Sunny, mild, 54°

2 3 4

Beaver Creek

moved 4 - 4 flushed

0

Brian

One of those twenty-grouse reports sent us to this area — a lovely valley I hadn't been in for years — but the hills are brutally steep. Other than an expense of grapes on one shoulder, the cover is too open. More and more I see this as a factor in the decreasing grouse population and I am especially aware of it in coverts in Penna. I haven't seen for 15 years. Thousands of acres of pole timber and larger can't be anything but adverse when that it produced numberless grouse. We hunted up one side of a deep valley moving two birds mild. One more went up when we crossed to the other side. A fourth flushed at the top of the ridge and that was it. The hillsides are loose talus slopes that test all you've got to hold on to. By 3 p.m. we were at

me at the foot of the ridge further down the road. Before going to
McMullens for dinner, we drove ^{out} on Humberton Hill #44/
explore and think we found good prospects. Brian worked too wide today
#69

Wednesday
26 November

Savage (Humberton Hill)

Brian

Moved 8-11 flushed

Beautiful, cold, sunny, 44°

0

3 hrs.

We tried the area we discovered last night when we talked to Robert Savage, a nice youngster, who said there were a "good many grouse" around there. Parking at their house, we started to hunt below the spring and immediately Brian began working scat, and a grouse flushed a few yards from him in mountain laurel and rocks, offering me a beautiful straightforward shot that I stood and contemplated like a fool instead of shooting. I had some notion about not shooting so near the house. The bird went away from the house and into a cliff of rocks and rhododendron rather shot for a flight. On the way, a second bird flushed above us that I didn't hear a scat. I saw the #1 grouse reflect - bumped by Brian - and saw it top the basin. We followed into excellent slashings and, circling for both birds, made #1 a third time - again from Brian who stopped at flush. Doubling back to the spring with no further contacts we hunted down the little run into more recent cuttings and tree tops and across pole tumbly into the tributary of Tuck River that heads up here on the mountain - good cover but no birds. Along the main road at the bridge we hunted up the left side of Tuck into a good hillside, with briars and brush heaps and at the bottom, after covering the ridge in a ~~magical~~ great manner,

Brian stopped at flushed #3 grouse that went out from a small clump of them cover at the edge of a big field. The grouse—not bumped by Brian deliberately—went back downstream on the far side, or appeared to, tho we failed to locate it. After the #3 flush, Kay saw #4 go back along the high hillside from Brian—a possible bump—and we eventually traced for it. Again Brian seemed to run into it way ahead of us where I could do nothing to correct him. We walked to the top and found for a bit of leech above two grouse roosts Kay described.

We came out the flat above the two houses at Savage's was good but empty and, just beyond, Brian moved out of contact. After getting him back, we dropped back to the mining area below Savage's and again moved out of the original birds at the brink of the basin—very wild. We found a "camper truck" parked along this on the road—possibly rabbit hunters. We walked up the road—Brian & I—while Kay got the car and drove to pick us up. Meanwhile, I crossed to the west side and saw #5 go out wild (these birds are nervous) into the woods—corroborated by Brian's indication of recent, and as Kay was pulling up, I heard #6 flush very close but I could not spot it.

Kay joined me and we hunted parallel to the road but near the drop-off ledge on the right where both the last birds probably pitched. Well up the first, Kay and Brian work recent

up to a bird that flashed from him. I can't understand #43/69
why he is not pointing at least a few of these birds. He points
and holds quail, woodcock, and pheasants, but seems unable to
go solid on grouse soon enough, altho he made two fair false points
today and will point fallen birds - the few he's had the chance to.
I suppose it's something that has to come naturally tho I became
impatient - which I was saying aloud and my voice put
up #8. Most of them I have to be told about by Kay, for I
don't hear half of them. I certainly miss ^{Bless}. This is good
~~Much of Briar's range today was fine.~~ work

Thursday 27 November
Partly cloudy, 48°
2:00 to 5:00 3 hrs

Upper Taub Run
Mowed 2-2 flushes
0

Briar
Hunted hard, bumped the
2 birds, a bit wide.

Thanksgiving Day. Started sunny, clouding up.

Drove to Taub Run, passing no cars along the West road or up the
Tirpale road. Parked at upper crossing - hardly believing our good
luck - and hunted up the top tributary. Heard some shots above us, later
voices, and Briar ran ahead to greet a congregation of six grouse
hunters with two English and one Gordon setter. Our party was leaving
having hunted the area we were starting, the other party - a man and
two young boys with the Gordon (Shaffer from Pottsburgh) had mowed
8 grouse and shot one - was returning up the hollow to rework the
area. We turned up the hill and found no grouse where I expected them
so came back. all the while the man and boys were shooting at least
20 times. We mowed (Briar bumped) 2 grouse ^{George Bird Evans Papers} and called to
West Virginia and Regional History Center

these people and we were unable to relocate the ones that flushed downstream. At this car, we drove back to the Taipah place and hunted the excellent grouse mires around the ridge toward Wilsons. Not a feather. A great disappointment. The shortcoming of Pennsylvania is the overcrowding from hunters.

Friday 28 November

Sunny, cold, in 30's°

1:05 - 2:15 & 4:00 - 5:00 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ 2 shots - 2 hits

yearling hen: inter: 1:15

crop: grapes, 2 maple seeds, greenbrier leaves

adult cock: inter: 1:45

crop: few fragments laurel leaves

2 cock pheasants

1st crop: young small seeds (worglum?)

2nd " : about 50 hazel nuts.

Upper Tab Run

Briar: 2 kills
1 ret.

2 prod. pheasant
2 kills except
1 ret.

moored 9 (7 new) - 10 flushes

Guthrie Glade

moored 8 pheasants - 10 flushes.
2 shots (pheasants) - 2 hits

This was the day! Impressed by the amount of wild shooting after we separated yesterday from the man and two boys, we returned today and found no one present—a benefice. Parking at the rather good road above yesterdays parking place, we hunted out the laurel and brushy cover. Briar worked to the left and two grouse flushed ten minutes after he had started, one coming up in front of me and cutting low away right out the road. I got my eyes on it and fired and saw it go down, fluttering, in the road.

As Briar walked toward me after the shot,

I saw the grouse right itself and start walking

in the dense cover on the left of the

road. As it entered the edge I jumbled a shell, dropping it, recovered and loaded and shot, stopping the bird just before Briar reached the clear. It was the only thing to do in this cover. The grouse was a yearling.

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#45 '69

the brace we flushed yesterday. Working up the little tributary, we hunted along a log road with Brian moving too far ahead. Before we could get him in we started working over in grapevines and large bushes and two grouse went up over the ledge. Putting them in a couple, I led Brian up the line of flight before releasing him. We was on the shoulder we'd worked yesterday - mixed second growth with a few piles of old cuttings and numerous clumps of mountain laurel. In a perfect situation Brian owing into a hot point, which he held nicely while I walked in but no bird materialized. Turning to the road we'd been on yesterday, we circled higher and before Brian got around in front I walked into a bird in a thick clump of laurel - a low straightaway flush with only a glimper. I fired and saw the grouse go down. At the shot, boy saw a second grouse flushed nearby from the same spot. I got to my bird before Brian - I don't want retrieving yet - it was a large adult cock, which I let lie till Brian came in. Hoping for a point-dead, I waited but he saw the bird as he scolded at and made a grab. Taking it, I later planted it in laurel and got a fair sprout from him as the warm bird.



ANOTHER HIT.

Two grouse with two shells is ready medicinal. We heard Brian's bell go silent ahead of us and moments later heard two flushes - almost certainly a productive but we can't count it. Working to give him more contacts, we got a reflesh from one, and later flushed #9 - again I can't be certain Brian hadn't stopped on point. This is good cover up in this head of the tributary, grapes, greenbrier and second-growth but no better than much we've been in ~~that has been empty~~. We

decided to return to the car and drive to the glades near the Rockwell Five Forks grounds. We may get back to this Upper Tug River area in the late segment of the Pheasant season. There are grouse here!

We drove to the Flatrock Road and turned west just north of File Run, going back a road I didn't know existed. Asked permission to hunt on Marlin Guthrie's land (Rich Sees had seen pheasants while walking here last summer), got it very graciously, and hurried to a harvested cornfield. This place adjoins the Rockwell Preserve Five Forks land and is a big expanse of crab and hawthorn and alder swamps. It was past four when we got into action and Brian cut the country into pieces, running a bit wide. In some hawthorns on the edge of swamp grass, Brian pointed and soon we heard a cock pheasant kuhkla as he moved out ahead. Brian worked out too fast for me to follow him through the swamp after him and I saw the pheasant go up and fly into the preserve. We saw a hunter working the same direction to our left, and when a second pheasant flushed and flew that way we heard shots, and soon after, more shots. At first we thought a poacher was getting into birds but we later heard so much shooting and eventually voices that we decided it was a party on the preserve probably shooting at quail as well as pheasants. We heard a third pheasant and since we were into birds, saw no reason not to continue the I'm certain we were already out the line - unmarked. Coming to a planted field ahead I recognized an area where we had shot a pheasant that fell crippled, and Shadous and Dixie and Bliss cornered it on a log the last time we shot ~~on here~~. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{Dixie's bell had gone silent}

and I realized he was pointing somewhere on my left. I found #47
him solid, a high point with tail well above level, his head
turned slightly to the left. He had the bird poised beautifully, and
I hurried around the left side and came in toward when he
was frozen in a clump of cover. He rolled his eyes my way as I
moved in but that was all.

The pheasant went up,
climbing away-right and
fast. The pattern caught it
on center and the bird fell
without a flutter. Brin was
on the bird and mouthed
it, then picked it up and
brought it to me. It was hard to get him to relinquish it—not that
he damaged it but he was in a trance. We moved off the preserve, hearing



HIGH AND SOLID.

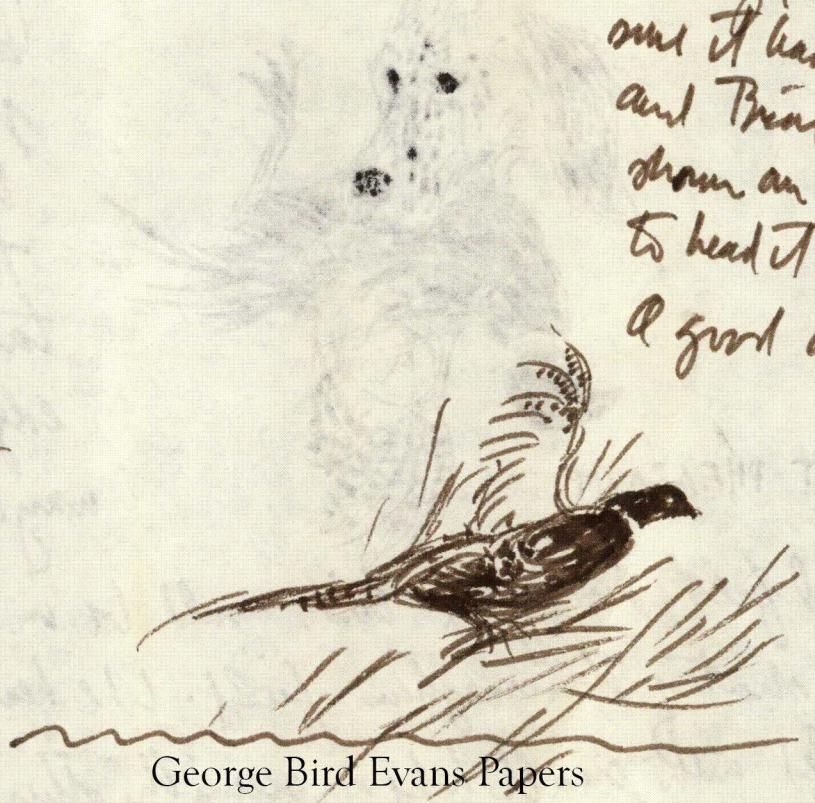


HIS FIRST PHEASANT.

and I felt two of the birds would be in the cover along the edge,
just short of the sorghum field. We heard one cock flushed and I
circled with small hope of seeing the other. Brin was working too

Wife and I called him in and adournished him. Then as I was walking toward where Kay was standing, a pheasant flushed and I saw it against the dusty-brown sky, close. I caught it solidly, right-crossing and leveling, and it fell with a thud without a motion. Kay called and told me Brian had flash-pointed just before the bird flushed. It was the long-tailed cock. What a day. Two kills over Brian's points, the first shots over time on pheasants. The Purdey 50% is effective - 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$ on the two grouse, 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6 on the pheasants. We walked toward the car with Kay carrying my last pheasant, her pants getting "blooded" in the process. In the meantime, Brian pointed in the dense tangle, then after a moment made a dash thru the heavy cover and wheeled, barking again. Altho the pheasant did not materialize, I'm sure it had run and Brian had shown an instinct to head it off.

A good dog!



9

Saturday 29 November Spruce Spring (Humboldt) (page 43845 missing) #49
Cold 30° cloudy 1:00 to 4:50 4 hrs. word 11-16 flushed 3 shots - 1 hit
adult hen: inter: 3:30 crop: rubus & strawberry leaf Savage 0
fragments

Bear: 4 prod. 69
1st on grouse!
1 kill
Dove: 1 kill

The last day of the first segment of the Pemina season. Started at Savage but was pre-empted - could hear shooting in area, and we heard nothing. So we drove out to the far end of the road, parking in the loop above the far house. We could see evidence of former hunting - parking but at least we had it to ourselves today. There were mature spruces in a dense grove that must have been planted ⁴⁰ years ago - a lovely place with a fine spring emptying into a crystal pool filled with cress. The clearing - obviously an old farm but not shown on the top map - was surrounded with excellent blackjacks and we hunted the right edge first, following the spring run, all fine cover but holding no birds today. The cover on the east appears good, running toward the shoulder where I know the Davey Elkins place to be but we hunted around the ridge above the #2 tributary of Tuck Run I wanted to explore. However this forest disappointingly open and too large timber so we held to the upper margin of cut-an edge. I told Ray to parallel me on the upper side - a mistake, for it blocks off shots whereas a companion on the lower side is below flushed that occur. Ray's theory was proven when a grouse flushed between us and gave us a lovely opportunity, left-quarter rising, Ray dropped to the

ground at my call but I couldn't risk a ricochet from branches. Briar came in from above as I walked around toward Kay and, as I discerned the situation, went on point. It was a nice point, flagging

for a few moments
and going solid
at my command.

I regretted that
it was after the
fact and not on
a bird and then,
to my delight,



#1

BRIAR'S 1ST PRODUCTIVE ON GROUSE.

a redtail grouse flushed. The bird had let me walk past within a few yards. It offered no shot but it was the best part of any day yet.

About a hundred yards ahead Briar moved into trees more and, being too wild, was out of my control to hold him. I had no doubt he would have pointed but when so far out I feel he is less cautious. We followed and I saw Briar but went just ahead of me and work it furiously from the right edge of the path, stretched out low. He paused solid for a moment and the bird flushed far ahead, going out the path as it zoomed up. I made a try, probably firing the right barrel at 40 or 45 yards and missed. This broke a string of 8 straight hits beginning with a widgeon, and including five geese and two pheasants. HOT! #2



On the next flush I walked into this bird and again used a #51
quarrel try as it quanted left low, my pattern taking off a dead
sapling and filling the air with powdered wood dust that obscured
my view of the disappearing bird at the shot. We were under the
upper edge and on a steep slope of a saddle between the two branches
of Tab Run. It was bitter cold and we paused to eat, standing.

During this hunt, Dixie had done miserably, not because she wasn't
able to mark but because she wouldn't - staying in front of my feet or
at heel most of the time. Continuing on the line of flight of the
same bird. Out on the point of the hogback when I expected the
quail, Brian sounded and drew into point to the right and only ten
fifteen yards ahead. I walked a few steps right, trying to keep clear of
saplings that
intervened but the
quail went up
before I could get
them. I mounted and saw a glimpse of the barred underparts and
pulled on a locked trigger - the safety on. It probably saved a miss.



#3
DRAWING TO THE SCENT.

We ducked to follow again and dropped to an old woods road that
led to a semi-clearing. As we approached we saw a quail cross
left from Brian and I couldn't believe it could be our bird. We walked to
him and came to a small opening grown to blueberry shrubs. While
we were there a second quail flushed and as we discussed this,
moving slowly, we saw Brian flushed and ~~had~~ ^{had} the shot out.

We wererediting him with his fourth projectile and questioning this as our former bird when I say called, "Here's another one!" and I wheeled to fire instinctively as it leveled, and saw it fall.



Brian ran in and found the bird and picked it up. However, as they began mouthing it and I got to him and took it from him.

Four grouse in a group, is the most we'd made this year! We had come out on the main old road that leads down to Beaver Creek Valley and saw the farm houses below and



Knew we weren't far from the car. Two of the birds had gone that way and we followed but did not run them. It was cold and we sat in the car and drank hot coffee. We had an hour left and the boy would have left, I think, if I'd encouraged it. I suggested another round. Leaving Diane in the car, we started along the edge of the spruce and a grouse flushed from Brian and took the old road but I felt too far out to try for. We saw another flush from Brian from the corner over, and they had a refresh from the spruce - the first bird. Working across to the place where the first grouse had flushed (and Brian had pointed the second) we tried to locate this bird on the flat about a mile of log roads.

and brush piles. Suddenly I found us back on the far side —
not where I thought I was, and now that it had begun to snow, I decided to
get us out. I swung around and then realized I didn't know which
way to go. Consulting the compass I started again and again came
to the wrong place. Again the compass, and this time I was
getting really bothered. Ignoring the compass — it had to be wrong —
I took us in the direction I knew was right, and came out at
the far end of the ridge where Bear had made his third productive.
It was getting darker, the snow was falling thicker and for the first
time in my life I was without orientation. The honest word is lost.
We were on a knob, I knew the valleys of Tug River ran NW
and that the right direction was south. Going back to the
compass — don't ever doubt it — we began again and this time
pushed straight through cover not letting the devious log roads take
us off course. All the time the snow was covering the leaves in a
soapy coat that slipped underfoot. Kay fell once, Bear's bell
never stopped as he quartered loyalty searching, and I heard one
grass flush. The damned spruce trees, which should have been
visible, weren't there, but at last we heard Dixie in the car barking
muffled by the snow. Finally I saw the spruce and we were out.
How I could spend so much time in that small area I don't know —
or perhaps it isn't small. I later checked the map and discovered that
the valleys run ^{from the} north, not NW. ~~During our wanderings to get out the~~
~~roads were covering rather fast but we drove out and home~~

54/69

with no trouble. Lesson: never leave thy car in strange territory without establishing compass bearings. I relied on my memory of the top map — which was better than nothing, but when you lose orientation, panic of a sort sets in — don't ever doubt that. It was a fine day and an important one — Brian made his first production on grouse (he may have had some previously but hasn't been able to see) and while he was about at, he pointed four!

Pre-Deer season : 21 days W.Va. (May 19)
 10 " Pa. (" 10)

31 days 36 coverts (May 29)
 [23 W.Va. (13 home)]

Moved 43 grouse W.Va. - 55 flushes, 6 shots - 3 hits
 " 43 grouse Pa - 55 flushes! 7 shots - 5 hits

86 grouse - 110 flushes 13 shots - 8 hits = 62 %

Moved 81 W.C. - 98 flushes 31 shots - 12 hits = 39 %

Moved 9 pheasants - 11 flushes 2 shots - 2 hits

23 W.Va. coverts = 1.87 bird/convert ratio

13 Pa.	"	= 3.3 "
36	"	= 2.38 "

Brian : 4 first grouse.
 31 days 8 kills "
 3 ret. "
 19 first W.C.
 7 backs.
 12 kills (2 o.p.)
 2 first pheasants
 2 kills o.p.

Dinner 1671 grouse
 12 days 12 birds W.C. 7 kills (o.p.)
 2 ret.

Charlie Brytes

Tuesday 9 December

Sunny, cold, 44°

snow on ground

2:00-5:00 3 hrs.

moved 7-8 flushed

0

Briar: 1 prod.

69

2 stops at flush.

Dixie

Grouse hunting, I sometimes think, is not a pleasure so much as a compulsion. There are two things to strive for - the ability to shoot well, and a good grouse dog to shoot over. After 44 years I've become a better than average wing shot. Each time I get a grouse dog it is over all too soon. Today was a frustration with Briar.

Snowy back roads - soft - deterred us in our plan to try the Denny Feather woods and at Kay's suggestion - a good one - we drove to Brytes. The first contact was a distant flush, by sound, Kay heard far ahead as we worked the edge inside the top field. Going lower in good cover, Briar worked into a grouse below the grown-up road, and after scolding him for bumping, we heard him make a second call flush around the ridge. We followed and on the shoulder I saw him hit scent and stop as a bird flushed. Moments later a second went out. Hunkered on and again stopped as a third flushed from the next brush tangle. They could look like flush points but I believe were stops as the bird took off. We worked to the end of the cover & ate lunch - hot chicken soup in a thermos Kay carried for me! - at the fence. Turning back, we hunted along the hillside road hoping to contact the other birds but found the lower cover too large and open to hunt, when the they seemed to have gone deeper. I could not see or hear Briar for a third of the time the Kay could hear the bell. I must get a louder bell - this is Bliss. Kay saw Briar on point on the slopes above and behind me and heard a grouse go. This was a refresh I am sure. Pulling the hill up towards the top with a

action and then hunted back toward the house, following the woods road. With half an hour left, Kay suggested the last corner of woods toward the power line. Coming down the slope toward the fence, Kay called "Bird! Bird! Over your head!" and I turned to glimpse the grouse going away overhead but with no chance to shoot. We followed but had no relocation. Kay feels I'm unfair to Briar and expect too much for his age. I'm concerned about establishing a bad habit of independent hunting and I'm finding hunting for pleasure when I have to blow a whistle every few minutes all the time. I'm out. These things drive a man to the extremes of considering things like German shorthairs. This is a good coat - the best in W. Va. so far.

Friday 12 December

Cold, cloudy 34°

Snow on ground
2:25-5:00 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

adult cock: inter: 2:50
crops.

Little Sandy (Down)

Wood & Co flashes

One shot - 1 hit

Briar: 1 kill

I believe this is the largest grouse I have shot: ~~tail fan~~ - 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ " wing spread
15 $\frac{3}{8}$ " tail fan

The tail band was the most interrupted possible.

Kay wasn't feeling like hunting (mouth ulcers) and she drove me to Debary's and let me out. I hunted to the old descending road with Briar covering the terrain beautifully, hunting right and left on the steep slope. While he was making a lowly cast in the bottom I sensed a motion immediately below the road I was on and saw a grouse with an extremely large fan spread take off and climb acutely right quartering. I got a fair look at the bird going them intervening crops, running through the



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sold hit and then tumble out of a small cloud of feathers. I was sure it wouldn't move. Calling Brian and I hurried to the area - the hit was at about 20 yards with 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$ (AA traps) but could not see the bird in spite of feathers still floating down. I wanted to reach the bird before Brian and hoped to get a front dead, but he was already there, mounting the gun - an enormous cock. I may have to use a wild dummy to discourage this, tho I don't want to concentrate on retrieving which he does not yet do with any degree of consistency.

We moved nothing more, tho Brian hunted wonderfully to the gun with me using the whistle very sparingly, until just below the bulldozed area on top where I saw tracks in the light snow. Then from the tops of a tall tree somewhat above my head a grouse flushed giving me no chance to shoot, and moments later another went from another tree. This must have excited Brian who took off in spite of any whistle. He has gone a long time and I'm now put out the birds for we didn't ~~see~~ refresh either. I had to punish him with a few strokes of the leather I carried and further reprimand but it did little good. The rest of the time out, with lunch on a log on top with a view of our land across the valley, and walking back the ridge, Brian moved too wide. #4 grouse flushed down the edge of the clearing - tho I don't think B. knew he lost it out. He hunts wonderfully, covering well, but he is too impulsive and runs too far out when I can't control his errors.

Coming back along the beach of good cover, I expected action but moved nothing. Following the upper road thru rather open dogwood and ground cedar type cover, I saw Brian wheel from his course just ahead of me and then work to the left, slowing to a stop but not closing to flag. I saw a grouse flushed down the slope far ahead of

him, and heard a second bird go out. If he had only frozen! I tried to work him straight out the ridge to find the second grouse but gave a long trill.



NOT QUITE.

much. At last he came, and I saw my time up the slope and almost into the grouse ^{a ruffly}. It pitched down the ridge and Briar did stop at first, but why not point? I worked to the descending road and heard a bird go from just below the road — not likely the bird I had seen go down — too short a flight and too steep a hill to stop on. A few moments later, after I had put B. down the slope below the road, a grouse — #8 — flashed back to the top. Later Briar made a beautiful point below the road and I thought he had one. He held perfectly and I walked in but could not see or hear a bird as he broke, and think it might have been a rabbit. He will point, but hasn't yet learned that grouse will not sit for him to point close to them — or not many. Ray was at Deberry's when I arrived. A good day but I want a product from Briar.

Saturday ¹³ December

Cold, partly cloudy 34°
1:30 - 5:10 3 3 hrs.

Some snow on ground. Hunted big area, both sides. Some good cover but much of this too grown-up and open. Very disappointing.

Evan Bishop

went 3-3 flashes.

Briar

With Obie & Jake

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Friday 19 December

Cold, cloudy with
short sun, snow showers

32°

3:05 - 4:50. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
gathering hen: pines
grapes

McGraw Place

moved 6-8 flushed

One shot - 1 hit

Brian: 1 kill

#59 '69

after dense snow squalls and short bursts of sunshine, we got out to the main road and parked at Jerome's, walking to Hewitt's to cross McGraw Run. All of us were fed up with staying indoors all week but Brian ranged beautifully from the start, checking with me regularly if from behind, but I'm not complaining! The woods was not as bad walking the old roads as we'd thought and everything looked good. Just across the power line right-of-way we passed them a small width of woods and came on fresh grouse tracks. Brian is working too close to the ground but can't be blamed for this in deep snow, where he scours to get scent from fresh tracks as old Blue used to. On the edge of the long clearing beyond I decided to work up the left edge of soft looking cover and Brian moved rather too far ahead. From a snowy thick corner of woods with a lot of fallen logs we heard #1 and, as Kay remarked the flushed, #2 - both going back across the powerline, neither flushed by Brian but rather flushing from us. Deciding to go back after them, we tried to get Brian to do, only to hear #3 go out, then #4. Kay called, "Here it comes - overhead!" and I looked up to see a hawk-like form directly over me above the snow and fired instinctively and to my surprise - and Kay - saw the bird begin to fall. It recovered itself in a tree where I hesitated to shoot in case I hadn't hit it, but it almost immediately pitched out and fell to the ground ~~in the snow~~. Could not get it.

on the ground, still with head up. aware that it could get away in
the mass of logs I made a quick shot as it started to move and
runned, as it is so easy to do. I ran up as the grouse started
floundering ~~along~~ along the snow and curving on it, caught
it, pulling the tail feathers out as it darted between my knees
and jamming my gun muzzle into snow. I dispatched the
bird - a yearling hen - and even then Brian was only getting to
the scene. From then on, Brian moved too wide and I had to
begin whistling with only fair response. Actually he was closer
than he seemed but the bell - Bliss - was almost inaudible. Both
my bells get clogged with snow. I wish I could find a deep-
toned bell that would help me keep him located. But he is
too far away much of the time and today was flushing birds,
not pointing. We heard a ruff flush from a tree (not Bearfoot)
then turned back and across the power line had another
tree ruff flush. Later when I was trying to get Brian to turn to
me he hit orient and worked into a new bird # 6 and flushed.
It was a poor day re dog work but a lucky one re shooting.
I agree with Ray - it was a good shot!

Saturday 20 December Lowlands (Bill Howdershelt) Brian: 1 kill
Cold, overcast, 29° moved 7-16 flushes
Light snow to partly clear ground 2 shots - 1 hit

1:30-5:15 $3\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

Yearling cock: inter: 4:30
crop: empty

Arranged with Bill Howdershelt to take
Olive and me in the lowlands west of
the George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

far end of Westover Bridge and followed him out to the area #61
well west of Magantown off the old road to Fairmont. Ray stayed
home to receive his Xmas tree guests. The area is cove country with
steep hills above the roads in the hollows and some good grouse cover
on the way. We drove up a side road to an abandoned building gone
over with two enclosures below it. We climb up the ridge -
about 45° to a bench near the top was then open cover and
reminded me of the Beaver Creek valley in Pennsylvania, and also
reminded me that I don't climb straight up as easily as I
once did. On the bench we began hunting what I felt was
north following the contour but much too close to please me,
and with too much talking. Some the first grouse go, Orie heard
#2 moments later, and Bill H. began counting like the guide
in Michigan with each announcement triggering the next flush
until fire had gone out. We had two flushes further, then
turned back to hunt in reverse at a lower level. Bill had what he
called a point - true, there was a bird which he missed. Late Brian
bumped one below me - he bumped 2 or 3 in all today but he did
work well today with only mild averaging. Orie and Bill shot
jointly at a bird above me that again Katie "pointed." Shortly after,
Orie's Jake made a lovely point as he descended it and Orie
fired mostly to honor the dog. This redeemed Jake in Orie's mind
and I'm glad. At about 4:00 Bill's Katie pointed behind and
below me and he shot the grouse (why Brian didn't hit this I
can't fathom for he was all over the area). He spent so much time
talking her out of bringing the bird which she had retrieved, that I had

to hurry him on. Dropping down the steps well to cross the valley I walked into a grous that flashed from a little declivity in fairly open cover offering a good view blocked momentarily by a tree. Waiting until it reappeared I fired as it rose left-crossing, saw the bird tumble then right itself and keep going up the ridge. I raised a left-barrel try that should have dropped it well out and lost sight of it as the shoulder interfered with my view. Bill called from behind me to calmly ask if I wanted him to go get my bird, which he said he'd seen go down and had marked out. I fervently hoped he was right. We worked up together, his little Irish setter Katie tied to his belt to let Brian have the honors. The bird had gone nearly straight up the ridge to where Bill had

Finally he ON AND AWAY.

it was just about me in an area twenty yards square and I, all too glad to comply, running Brian into it. He had been working hard and came from above but couldn't locate the bird which I felt would be dead. I told Bill to let Katie hunt and within thirty seconds the little rascal picked up the dead grouse and delivered it to Bill. She did begin to bury it but I had to say she did beautifully I put the bird down and Brian came in, but the meat and made a nice point. Why couldn't he have done it first? Actually Katie had hit the meat of the bird tied to

and we climbed the nearly to the top marked at down announced that

Bills waist, I think. But she is a nice little thing - #63
17 months - and pretty, and Bill does control her well, tho' ^{'69}
too close in. Even so, I wish I could do as much with
Brian for a while until he gets over flushing and begins
pointing steadily on game. - That was the day - a good
one and I appreciated Bills' efforts for us.

Wednesday 24 December Mc Graw Place Bear: 3 prod.
Cold 25°, snow on ground moved 5 - 8 flushed
2:45-5:00 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. moved ^(not now) 2 shots - no hit
1 pheasant - 1 flush

After two days enforced "calm fever", with 14" to 20" of
snow about us in near areas, Ray & I took Brian to the Mc Graw place
again as the most available place with birds. Parked at Jerome's and
hunted in behind Hurts. Today I worked Brian with a length of heavy
chain dangling from his collar to slow him. It did improve his
range a bit but didn't keep him close enough. There was about 10"
of snow in here and we moved a grouse from a hemlock over Brian soon
after starting. Shortly I saw fresh tracks - odd in such deep dry
snow - and Brian began trailing them by scent. He may have
worked to the bird but I didn't see it go, for another grouse flushed
close to me and to the right from where it had roosted overnight. It
took off low and directly at Brian so that I didn't dare shoot -
a fair quick chance. Instead, I made a fast try as it rose, away left
well out, and saw it top the trees and head toward the hardtop road.

We walked to the "edge" road that diagonals into this area and
followed it to the other side of the power line and the covert where we
found the flocks last time. Brian, working in a fair range, went into
this area and I saw him stop and ~~come in front~~ ^{head} toward the

power line edge. The guns went out within seconds and he broke at 1169 flush, circled back and again pointed. Again the guns went out quickly and he again broke. Moments later from ahead in the dense now-covered woods, we heard a third flush and this time I heard a pheasant kükker.



HE CAN DO IT.

Soon after, there was another flush and I saw a grouse cut across the power line at an angle and low. I can't say whether Brian pointed the last two.

We decided to double back and follow the two grouse and possibly the pheasant. Not far in the woods Brian bumped a grouse from boulders and fallen logs - a possible refush. Then as we worked in the direction of one of the original flushes, I saw Brian on a hot point well ahead. I gave him the whistle signal to let him know I saw him and hurried to him. He held well until I got there, then began moving in to establish the point. They saw the guns go out after a few moments and said Brian's bill had stopped before the flush. Three productive mall it a day. We tried to follow the last flush but found ourselves going toward the hard top road and doubled toward the edge of Lutz's field. Well this side of it Brian ran into a bird that came toward us then swerved to cross right at just about head level. I surmised to overtake it, felt cover blocking me on the right, and fired knowing I was behind the bird. It sailed on, settling as tho it would land ignoring the net, tho we failed to put it up later.

Mother of the menses today bother me for neither was probable #65
chances. We hunted back the woods road and to the car. This
amount of snow make cumbersome walking but we had surprisingly
good luck moving birds - and Brier's 3 productive reflect his
close range and more caution thanks to the chain.

Monday 5 January McCrew

Deep snow, warmer 36° wind 5 mph - 5 flurries.
Partly sunny.

2:30 - 5:00 2½ hrs

Brier: wild

One shot - 0

Eleven days start out of the woods by
snow and snow and snow. With eight inches or so left,
a frozen crust somewhere beneath, the sun broke out today -
perfectly clear to about 2:30 - and we decided to try it
for a short turn in the same place we hunted on Christmas Eve.
Four or six birds and a mounted Great - or that. Again I
used a heavy length of chain on Brier's collar and it kept
him at a close range for almost an hour. There were no birds
when we'd found them last two times and we were trying to decide
what to do, standing on the far side of the good area, when
Brier took off on his own.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later he finally came back from
the far direction as we were following two pairs of tracks and had
just flushed the birds. I gave him three strokes of the lash and a
scolding and I wonder if he even understands, that he comes in covering
when I scold him. Then I sent him into cover and he ran into
a quail, the third of the group, that had sat tight and let Ray and
me call and whistle and talk a few yards from it. Of course I didn't
get a shot.

Following the first two birds, keeping Brian at heel for a few minutes, then he began moving out again. No amount of whistling seems to turn him in, even has to yell and then he doesn't always come. And yet he doesn't seem to understand it's wrong.

We failed to move the two birds and turned back; up on the edge of the clearing near the site of the three flushed, Brian walked into a bird that at first looked like a song bird going out, then I could recognize a small grouse ^{as} it left-quartered over threes. I fired surging them but didn't have time to focus and the grouse pitched down the slope out of sight—a miss. With his amazing nose, how does he miss them, too? Most of the time he was out of control and with no sense of hunting for me or even with me. A self-tuner is a hopeless problem and I've done everything I know to train him properly. at times, and this day was one of them, I'm puzzled as to what the answer can be.

No action till we got to the good cover near the power line where I had heard a grouse go out—I thought it was Brian making the sound. On the edge of the woods I saw two pairs of pheasant tracks into the field but no birds. At the end Brian was slowed down by a load of ice balls on his feathers. We saw a set of grouse tracks in the woods on the way to the road. It was a good experience to be out again, wonderful air, but no pleasure to try to handle Brian.

Tuesday 6 January
Deep snow, 37°
Chilly turning to snow

Jerome's
mixed 1 - 1 flush
o

Bear
Dixie

1:20 - 3:30 2 hrs. To pursue Bill Jerome's tale of "a hundred grouse" on his place, we took Bear and Dixie today, barking at Jerome's and hunting around the old road to the woods field. The snow is still deep but has lost its frozen crust character. We saw grouse tracks - yesterday's - on the edges of the field and followed them down to the woods on the right - excellent rhododendron winter cover but found no bird. The only game heard was from a spruce sap on the line with Noble Holloway - a flush that almost gave me a shot. I regretted not trying but I'm sure I did not have that moment of focus.

Bear was running too wide, in spite of whistling, but I was determined not to punish him today. I saw little difference between his performance yesterday and today - perhaps a little less mixed-up today. We abandoned going around the knot because the snow had started and so dropped to the bottom and hunted up the Ryan hollow, running the old road. Found it later but no birds. There were tracks here as well as near the old field but with unpeading snow I'm not surprised we did not find birds. Came to road bend Blaine Fiske - this will be the center line of Appalachian Highway, as will much of the area we hunted yesterday. This wasn't much of a hunt but we did get air and exercise. Dixie did poorly but enjoyed it -

Saturday 24 January

Warmer 35° , started sunny, changed to snow
3:15 - 5:45 $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

Hayward Helmick

Moved 1 - 1 flushed
0

Briar

after all these days of zero weather and deep, deep snow we got a change to slightly warmer and tried this foothill country once again after a flop several years ago. It was more of the same. Met Olie Conaway and drove in his car to the young Helmick's house. Hunted the same covert as before - a bit more this time and moved one grouse in the good willow thicket - a bird Olie missed twice. Briar worked better than Olie & I had anticipated, tho he did miss out a few times. Made one point after the bird flushed from Olie, above this spot but it proved empty. Briar's new sheep bell - deep tone - works well.

Wednesday 28 January

Warm! 50° partly cloudy

2:20 - 4:35 $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

Mc Graw Place

Moved 3 - 3 flushed
not new

Briar:

Dixie

Drove to the old Floyd Beagleley place on Walt Galusky's report of 15 to 20 birds there but found the side road off the strip mine operations on Dodson's too embroked. This warm day after this incredible period of cold weather and deep snows made us optimistic, and we then decided to try the Frank Wright place. That road was plowed open but there was no place to turn off at the house to park and so we had to drive on between high walls of snow to Helmick's to turn. Decided to come back and try the Mc Graw place as a sure covert.

This has been the most ruggedly season in memory. Even when you know there are birds in a covert, you can't go back - when the snow stops and the temperature rises - and find them. There was a lot

of tracks, starting at the Hewitt house, but they were a day ^{#69}
old or older. There was tracks in the power line right-of-way,
as we wallowed in snow up to our knees between rocks, and
tracks in the north edge of the corner covert - all old. Ray
saw a glimpse of a grouse go out wild ahead of us in his.

Later after we'd gone all the way to the ridge clearing - no
birds there - and turned back, on the lower path, we saw
#2 flushed far below Bear who was trying to work out some
scent in front of us - the grouse crossing the power line. But
we could not relocate it. Finally, after hunting the drained-
out pond near the Col. Mc Graw tombstone (I remember
hearing them along this run when there were birds), we
made a last circle into the boulders behind Hewitt and
Ray heard - not saw - a grouse leave a hemlock above us.
That was it. Walking was bad when you left the wet spots
on an old road - six inches of slushy gook, or hell when
you went down between boulders, but the saving thing
today was the way Bear worked, rarely out of sight long,
and regularly checking back. He was hunting for me and it
was a shame he didn't get a pint for he deserved it. The
new bell is a great help. I can hear it far better. Dixie
hunted some of the time, best when she was in alders along
the Green River. Dixie is a 'cock dog', but she had fun.

Saturday 31 January

Junes'

Sunny, mild 40°

Moved 7-7 flushed

Brian; except for a few
wind spurts, worked well.

Some snow left

1:45-5:45 ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr. rest) $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

Obie drove us in his station wagon to

Junes' road and I hunted the left corner with Brian, who hunted
well to me. Kay & Obie hunted down the road and we moved no
birds, tho I followed a pair of tracks so fresh they almost pulsated,
leading me to the lower path near Roaring. Across the bridge,
we went down the bottom road toward the corner cover and with
Obie on the field edge, Kay & I took the woods of the woods when I
saw the first bird go to the edge. Later Brian went out too wide,
excited by probable contact ahead - we saw fresh tracks - but we
did not flush them. Later, Obie heard what was possibly the
quail I had put out - a faint by Jake and a shot, and a second
bird by Jake with no shot. Rejoining us, we were talking when I
saw a quail go out from Brian - a new bird. Later we found
tracks near the "crossing" but no birds. In the corner cover I
sent Obie up there while Kay and I took the woods road and Obie
got a shot - a hit that fell within a few yards of us. We
hunted the woods about Junes and turned back for home with
Janie who has a pet raccoon "Chuck" in the house.

On the way back we separated at the "crossing" and I
took the woods on the right while Obie and Kay walked the road
and flushed 3, one of which Obie shot. What luck. On the way
up the last hill I took the old path and waved #7 to Obie,
who missed. I haven't had a shot since December 24th.

Thursday 5 February Little Sandy (down) #71
Warmer 34°, slight snowfall
continuing & increasing and
several inches ground cover
2:15 - 4:45 2½ hrs.

Briar '69
March 4 (not new) - 5 flushed

Parked at Deberry's and hunted up Little
Sandy valley, moving 1st grouse from
small hemlock on bank near upper edge.

Briar was moving too wide again, bumped #2 and again bumped it
on reflex, taking off in spite of a hush and calling. We simply wanted
it out as wide down earlier and this time I gave him a severe lashing,
getting bitter than gloves in the process — I can't really blame him
for reflex but I regret it does no good. He continued to range
out of control for rest of hunt, bumping one of the two more
grouse we moved. A miserable day for me.

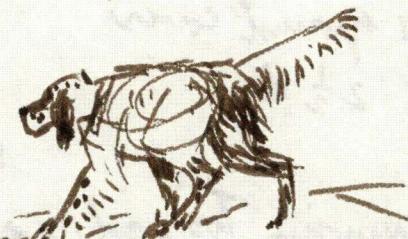
Friday 6 February Floyd Beeghly Place Briar: 1 prod.
Warmer, mild & sunny March 6 - 7 flushed Dixie
40°
2:30 - 5:30 3 hrs.

Lovely day. Took Dixie along to her delight.
Parked at bridge and hunted up the bottom. The first grouse went out
low — I may saw it — from a point of cover and headed up the bottom.
Briar was working the scent but didn't see the bird. A few yards
beyond he worked into two more that flushed as round, as view,
and as that they too went up the creek cover. Following, we
found ourselves blocked from the best cover by the winding
stream (Kream Run) but Briar and Dixie crossed and worked
it well. Suddenly Briar went ~~on point~~, a beauty, and seconds

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later the bird flushed from the stream bank below him and another far side from me, about fifty yards from me and with a fence barricading me. But it was a lovely point.

We count this a refresh of #1, but we never found the other two altho Brian hunted the creekside cover beautifully. At the upper end of the fields we came to the old road, unwooded, from the Glorie Place, and hunted up the lower woods road, finally hearing #4 wild from dense rhododendron with no one near.



We hunted clear to the Glorie clearing and Bradford's Mill where grouse tracks lared the road, but we also saw footprints of two men who may have scared them out early. After lunch, we turned back and hunted the upper edge of the ridge cover with more grouse tracks - 3 or 4 sets - hearing them the thicket. Brian, who had been doing better today with my determination not to back at him, went on a tear and I suspect may have scared the birds ahead of us. I lost my patience but didn't punish him - it's so exasperating - and we worked to the end of the tracks and Kay saw a bird - I never seem to - flush ahead of us from some edge cover. Later I was complaining about the deep crusty snow underfoot - 6" - and my voice just up #6 Kay tells me. I wonder if I'm becoming feeble and can't see birds anymore. Finally hunted thru good grapevine cover into pole timber ~~the last~~ ^{to good} grapevines

#73
19

woods behind the Beagley Place and to a dense thicket that looked good but was too thick to penetrate - I recall this when with Bliss in '67. With mean footing in this snow it wasn't desirable to go in. We hunted down the slope cuts excellent grape cover (probably where Walt had seen birds) and in a thick neck of woods saw a pair of tracks running up the far edge and flushing - no doubt from us. We hunted the thicket where they had flushed today but found nothing, returning to the car thru the stubble in a nice feel of cold sunset and with sense of frustration from no shots that diminished increasingly with coffee in the car. At our mailbox at home we saw a grouse in the middle of the road crossing between our stands of pines, and to safely move it off the road we drove up and two more flushed from the roadside a few feet from the first. Three among the pines for cover and, we wonder, possibly the berries on the multiflora edge.

Saturday 7 February
Lady Day, 44° sunny.
Some snow, deep in places.
2:15-5:15 3 hrs.

George Ruiger (Jakes)
Moved 1-1 flesh
0

Brian: good male
Deric: " "

Drove to Radabaugh place to find the road obliterated by new strip mining. Unable to reach Jakes we turned and drove to Charles Kelly's and walked in from the lower end. While dogs were hunting in the stream

sides of the road, I remarked that a little cove on the right looked good and almost immediately they called that a grouse flushed. It crossed the road well ahead and evidently crossed Braxton. That was it for the day. We hunted all the good areas - the "Island Thicket," the far slopes and back along the strip mine but we didn't see even a track until we were one more mile up where the grouse had flushed - the same bird evidently walked back at the car at last coffee and then headed up another Kelly's strip with no results.

The fine thing about the day was Braxton's work. I can't remember a better day - he hunted to the gun, checking with no need to hark at him. At one place he was working what appeared recent in a beautiful head-up manner and if we had only had birds we'd have had points - I know.

Dixie did wonderfully, ranging left and right like old times. With her it was the knowledge and memories of good days in this country. It was nice. At 5:45, exactly the same time as last evening, we looked and saw two of the grouse in the same place - feeding on multiflora berries, though there are almost none left. One was a large cock; both scurried thru the dense thicket without flushing. But it convinces me that grouse will eat multiflora berries!

One did while we watched.

(Sunday we found one of these birds dead - hit by a car)



Monday 9 February

Began cloudy, turned
windy, rain then let
up and was perfect
damp overcast, cool 40°
2:30-5:30 - 3 hrs.

Jerome's

Moved 3 (all new) - 3 flushed
1 shot - no hit

Brian

Dixie

\$75

'69

We started to Charles Holloway's, on the
report of rabbit hunters that they'd moved
quail there, but found a cutting wind and rain.

Returned to Jerome's and with rain stopped and no wind, we
hunted the woods road along the old sugar maple grove. No good
cover on the far side, we moved a quail - evidenced by Brian's
stopping at flush and subsequent excitement. After that, no
contact tho the cover looked good until we reached the corner of the
lower Nicholson fields when a quail flushed from the edge around
the corner. Brian came in and hit scent, trailing & working
it rapidly but unfortunately didn't stop. The second quail
flushed out into field and Brian came after it, nearly getting
sprinkled as I tried a too-long 50 yard shot (with the right
barrel!). The bird went on - a straightaway - and Brian
took it all the way over the hill. When he came back I made
him stay but I doubt if it registered. That was it. We never
found either bird or any others tho the cover is excellent
regrowth, the conditions perfect. Why the hell can't I find
birds?

Thursday 12 February

Snow on ground 3:00-5:00 moved 5 (1 new) - 5 flushed Good work
2 hrs. partly cloudy, cold 27° One shot - 1 hit

Yearling cock: inter (extrem): 3:45 THE BREAK! The day was cold and
crop: full greenish leaves George Bird Evans Papers
few " berries at first windy but toward noon
West Virginia and Regional History Center

The Snow Place

Brian: 1 kill
, ret.

Good work

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

761 '69

the wind quieted and we left the house and parked at Jerome's, hunting the Mc Graw woods again. With about 5" on the ground the walking was not bad. We followed the lower path to the east end of the Mc Graw place, keeping inside the woods. Followed a grouse track east for a long distance to the head of the Green Run where a flush at my right gave me a fast chance at a low straightaway thru some intervening cover and lay



NICE RETRIEVE

fluttering after the first pick-up. I called fetch and Briar responded nicely, laying the grouse down over a twist but making a fine delivery. Happy day. This is the second shot I've had since December 24th. This was a gratifying shot and a lovely quailine cock - wing broken and head shot. This bird lost its life in a good cause. They got more of the retrieve. We paused for lunch and then hunted on around the head of the creek, coming back by the W. Bell Miller field

and the thorn clearing at the top where we made #77 '69
there on our trap (this will be in the Corridor East-way).
Today we saw one bird go out from where Brian was working.

I should mention that the bird I shot was a new one, I
believe. Also that, judging by tracks it was not the bird
we'd been tracking tho' it could have been the same one coming
back, but I don't think it.

We hunted back to the original cover where I shot
the other grouse this year but we stayed out of the boulders and
along the field edge, walking into a cutting wind. Moving
inside the woods to the old road I saw a grouse flushed from the
middle of the many roads as Brian was coming in from the
edge. Later flushed #3 from a low hemlock just far in along
the little spruce seep. And finally as we were leaving the
woods, a grouse flushed from the top of trees behind
Heights and gave me a short glimpse, high up, as it
crossed an open space — almost a chance for a quick shot,
but I had that wonderful feeling I didn't want to try.

One good cock grouse. I am going to think of Dr. Norris

Brian handled much better today, trying to work to
me and it was a pleasure. Good air, cold sun, good shot
and a good dog and good gal. Perfect.

Friday 13 February Beechley Place Brian: good work
cold 28°, sunny snow on ground - 8" to knee-deep moved 2-2 flushed (nowhere)
2:35-5:35 - 3 hrs. 0

Hunted with Obie - Kay stayed home - no birds or tracks until on way back along upper ridge. I didn't see either grouse. At end, Obie shot Jake flushed a pheasant in first cover along stream. Snow treacherous in pockets - drifts to my knees. Where are the birds? Brian ranged well.

Monday 16 February
cold 35°, partly cloudy
crusted snow
3:10-5:25 2 1/4 hrs.

Little Sandy Upstream

moved 2 (new) - 2 flushed
0

Brian: good
Dixie:

Late start. After freezing fog & rain yesterday the ground cover snow ^{was} compacted but partly crusted today. We took a short hunt (second time this year) in the Little Sandy covert, seeing a track in the path at the mouth of the large ravine just short of power line but no bird. Beyond power line I ^{had} heard a grouse flush wild and on return on the right log road there slacking the heard #2 whose tracks had come up the ridge. That was it, and we hunted the upper edge along top field and down to Repast house where we saw the tracks of another bird. Brian is a new dog, hunting beautifully to me, left & right thru densest cover. Dixie enjoyed herself and also hunted hard. I think Brian is responding to two factors: 1) my working with him on injury retrieving (this boy does little lately) and 2) the positive effect of my hunting tracks at him.

Tuesday 17 February Raymond Everly Brian: 1 first.
Warm 45°, partly sunny moved 3-4 feathers Dime: 1 kill
snow still heavy in places 2:30-5:15 - One shot - hit over point Brian's first!
adult hen: missing: 4:30 2 1/2 lbs.
Crop: two-end birds

This day held something we had no way to expect - Brian's first grouse killed over his point. We parked at the empty house and hunted back and up the hill behind, where some good ravine cover could have held birds. Brian was hunting well until we climbed to the top woods - all good grapevine cover - and a bird flushed wild to the stand of pines on the east. Unable to get to it, we turned and later a second grouse flushed from a log with no tracks visible. Nearby I found another roost by a log where the bird had spent the night in the open. Raymond Everly had told me he'd moved 7 in this woods earlier this year.

Following #2 down over the hill where we'd come from and far ahead I believe Brian flushed either that or a new bird, for there were tracks and B. began working too well. We paused for a bit and afterwards Brian moved too independently once more. This time instead of whistling endlessly, as simply moved off without him and he soon hunted for us.

In the draw below the house - good cover - I saw Brian locate a grouse kill (by and owl or hawk) - a pile of feathers recently killed. While I was there, keeping Brian from licking them - he moved out and Kay called that a grouse had flushed across the open field in front of her, from the ravine to the main woods on the right. We followed and again Brian moved

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out of control - not so far but not where I tried to swing him. To my surprise we worked all the way thru the cover without moving the bird.

Turning back, Kay suggested our moving in parallel to cover more area. The lower end of the woods was good grouse cover and soon after we started I heard Kay call "Point!" I wouldn't have seen it alone, nor would I have known the bird flushed out of the ravine and into this cover in the first flush - two "hero" counts for Kay! I hurried down trying to spot the point but unable to see anything except Kay's direction of gaze. Then I caught the motion as Bear broke at flush, saw the bird cutting toward Kay, heard Kay call, "It's coming your way!" and watched the grouse turn and cross right thru cover. I swung them, fired and the grouse seemed to go in a split second then pitch over.



AFTER THE POINT.

The bird fell but began to move on the snow and to stop it and avoid a runner, I fired the left barrel, turning it on but not killing it. Dixie had a chance to make the retrieve, or nearly so, but Bear came in and picked up the gun, which

flattered. Bear mouthed the mouse and for a moment #8189 I thought I'd got a retriever but finally I moved in and dispatched it rather than prolong the situation — an adult hen with most of the tail missing. Bear couldn't get run down for five or ten minutes but continued to tear around the cover, until at last we got him in for a more shot with his first kill on a point. It seemed forever but at last it happened! and I'm glad I was able to drop it. So much depends on the breaks, such as the bird turning my way. Kay didn't get a chance to get a more of the point for fear of flushing, but must be held it for a good period, suddenly and pointing toward her with no doubt as to there being a grass there. I wish I could have glimmed it.

After this high plateau we hunted to the road where Kay left me and went for the car while I hunted the swampy alder and brush area in the bottom below the barn with no results. A good day, wonderful weather, and an event! The 13th bird.

Wednesday 18 February

Warm 54°, snow melting,
still deep in places

2:45 - 4:30

3 hrs.

5:00 - 6:15

up left side.

Bear moved out and jumped the only grassy spot left a dozen blots of my wrinkle. Has him a severe aching.

Cornelley Place

o

Brian
Dexie

Puzzled that there was not even tracks.
Stray beagle joined in and hunted well.
Went at 4:30 to:

Wellinison Sawmill

o

Brian

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Friday 20 February

Cold, 25°, windy,
partly sunny.

3:30 - 5:45 2 1/2 hrs.

adult cock: semi-inter: 5:30
crop: buds(full)

Little Sandy downstream

Moved 4 (not new) - 4 flushed.
2 shots - 1 hit

Brear: 1 kill
(1 find)

a late start, waiting for temperature
to rise and wind to drop. Used
Briar solo - too cold for Dixie.

We held to the upper slope of the ridge, taking the first log road
branching to the right but still did not contact birds until
in the Bulldog area, where Brear hit ground scent and
traced to the upper edge of the clearing and I saw two grouse
flush ahead of him - one into a tree, the other angling down the
ridge. The tree bird later flushed along the margin of the
wooded ridge. The tree bird later flushed along the margin of the
cover but we followed. We moved neither. Dropping down
the ridge to the lower path, I heard & saw a grouse flush from
ahead of me - one I was not even aware of. Refusing to the path
I hoped to get Brear above me toward where the bird had gone, but
he went on a wild cast into the bottom. We whistled again and
again, moving into the open swampy area below the path
and waiting. Finally, moving toward his bell we got him in to
see and gave him a scolding, then turning, walked into fresh
grouse tracks. From the sound of Brear's bell he had been
working similar scent somewhere behind us. Brear hit the
new tracks and ourning right just as a grouse flushed
from the dense low thicket, left-quartering and rising.
I made a fast shot, missed, and fired again as the bird
leveled ~~away~~ away-left.

#83
69

fluttered but it went on in a strong flight. Only then did I see the feathers floating down from the first shot - a fair number of underpart feathers indicating a hit the first barrel. Marking the flight by a may, we got Brian headed that way, hunting hard. Near the old log loading platform on the base of the hill, he hit went after casting widely, and circling a small area, he run up the slope and pointed beautifully, a lovely find and location. The grouse, a big one, was crouched in a small hollow without



For a moment I thought the bird might go into a hole but Brian either moved in or moved as the bird fluttered - I can't be sure. The grouse couldn't get off the ground but waded Brian's first pass, running and fluttering down the slope with Brian close after it. There was a couple of grabs and finally he had it - a large cock. I got it from him and despatched it, then tossed it out and tried for a retrieve. He almost did it but got involved with the feathers and I gave up, tho' he would hold

the grouse nicely when I lifted him by the collar, for a mox! Unfortunately the tail feathers were somewhat mussed and the lower back feathers missing - but it looked like an exceptionally large bird. There was evidence of shot low - a foot, and possibly wing but it's impossible to say the wing feathers weren't broken in the catch. The episode was an excellent piece of dog work - beautifully located, pointed, and caught, if not delivered. The sunset sky was suddenly more beautiful and the climb, nearly straight up, was more a float. A fine end to a good day.

Saturday 21 February Bischoff Place Brian: 1 prod.
Cold 28°, windy, cloudy. Heard 6-7 flushed
2:30-6:00 3½ hrs. 3 shots - 0 (5 new)

Olie came late and we drove to Marshall Shaffer's and parked, hunting up the back valley. On the left shoulder on top, in good grapevines and fallen log cover, Brian made a stunning point, solid. I walked the bird up but it flushed out without a shot. It was one of his better points with time for me to use the knee uluith.



We followed but failed to refresh and after lunch, walked across the flat woods on top to an old field at the end of the

woods road. Then I saw Brian start out too wide but he ignored my alarm and I realized he was a scoundrel. Watching I saw him run into a grouse that flushed from the edge of the field out of a fallen branch. This, I now can understand, is what Brian is doing many of the times he is out of sight and won't respond to the whistle. An electric shock collar at this time would be entirely wrong to use, even tho he may push the bird out.

Hunting across the woods, Jake moved the bird and Obie got a shot at it crossing the far field toward the head of the hollow. We turned back to the top cover and putting Obie on the path, I worked the thick cover with Brian and Jake. There are greenbrier berries up here in abundance — rare most places this year. Finally we came to three sets of grouse tracks in the northwest corner and, following, moved two grouse. Obie somewhat flattered me by yelling Bird! Bird! Grouse, bird! I waited for it to show and then did a damned fool trick, holding and firing at a spot ahead, instead of waiting and overtaking, outraging them.

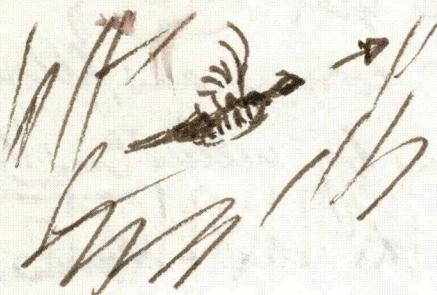


The bird went on.

We followed the line of flight, coming to numerous grouse tracks on the far slope — south — but no birds. Finally, at 5:00 pm. we turned back, hunting the tracks to near the site of the double flush. Then in the hedgerow down along the big field we came to more grouse tracks that I felt were old ones. Just as we started thru a gap in the edge to the field, a grouse flushed from both dogs working ahead and crossed the open windsore cover, right crossing and rising — a

fine chance. For some reason thy surprise, and my exclamation, threw me off timing and again I shot too carelessly instead of focusing and then swinging them — missed — and as the grouse leveled away-right, I fumbled to get my heavily gloved finger into the second trigger, only to have the loose end double under and prevent me. I finally stuck my middle finger into the trigger guard and poked a shot at the disappearing bird — another miss.

I dearly hate to do sloppy shooting, tho I shouldn't mind — I'm the only loser in this case.



As I stood with an empty gun, a second grouse came out and straight toward me. I ducked to give Olie the shot and he fired, hitting the grouse, which fluttered vertically a moment before we lost sight of it. We hunted hard in the brush piles — terrific sport — but with no success. The bird may have righted itself and flown on. A regrettable end to a good day — miserably shooting for me — but good work mostly by Brian. A magnificent red sun setting over Chestnut Ridge as we crossed the field. Must go back.

Monday 23 February Summers (Gold Mine) #87
Warm 40°, clear, sunny perfect. Mewed 3-3 feathers Briar
3:00-6:30 3½ hrs. 0 Dicie '69

Starting this last week. I have a feeling we've been had! Last evening, returning from Aurora, we saw four grouse at the Gold Mine rocks along the upper side of the road. Today, with weather ideal, we went there, certain we'd get action. I was eager to see this covert after year's absence but except for a few small areas, the cover up the "pour-out" run is too open and barren. We made a large cast up and around above Summers with no birds moved. Hunting the rough cover below the paved road we finally saw one grouse go into a tree from Briar, then hunting down the cover below the house, we crossed to them hunting down the road where Briar made a bad mistake, running above the road where he ^{had} made a bad mistake, running too far out and flushing what must ^{be} a grouse I didn't see. Hunted the slashings and brush heaps down to the end of the cover above Hardscraps, seeing one grouse, #3, go at wild. Briar worked exceptionally well in here, drawing to scent several times, casting in wide circles. His only error today was the dash along edge of cover and chase at the unseen flush when the #3 bird had gone out, he hit the scent, head well up, and I was well pleased. Feel a fine day was wasted in here. But there is tomorrow!

Tuesday 24 February Berkoff Place Brian '69
Perfect, sunny, warm moved 2 (not new) - 2 flushed Dixie
50° 2:45-6:20 3½ hrs.

This was another ideal day, like early November weather - yet we couldn't seem to find even the birds. Brian and I moved last Saturday. Kay & I drove to Berkoff's house and worked our way up the ridge - a strip mining one obstacle - to the thorn and crabapple cover, much the closest but a stinks way. One grouse flushed from dense greenbriar behind us, in the corner where we found two on Saturday. Brian worked hard - made a couple of irritating breaks exposing my attempts to掩饰 him to me - but in general did a good job, working silent but no birds. The second bird flushed late in the afternoon near the site of the first flush but went out at least 40 yards ahead with no dog near. This is exasperating experience using up two beautiful days with almost no contacts with birds in cover where you know grouses exist. But that's the way it is. Dixie did poorly.

Thursday 26 February Brytes' Brian: good until
cold 26°, perfect moved 1 (not new) - 1 flushed
sunny, clear.
2:45-6:15 3½ hrs. Our luck holds - miserable, in spite of perfect weather. We saw tracks of three other grouses but could not contact them, tho we covered the choice east slope area. Here's first drop this week down the drain. Brian tried hard.

Friday 27 February

Cloudy, 39°, windy,
late snow squall

2:15 - 4:00

4:15 - 6:30

} 4 hrs.

Pavia

moved 1-1 flesh
0

Briar: 1 prod.

Dixie

#89

'69

Bishoff Place

moved 4 (1 new) - 4 fleshes Briar: 1 prod.

1 shot - no hit

A strange day with a few spots of sunshine but mostly threatening clouds and high gusty winds. Snow gone except in protected slopes. Pavia place moved empty except the one grouse in the bottom below the house. I saw Briar hit the point and a moment later the grouse was in the air - too far for us to even hope to shoot. We failed to relocate on the follow-up. Briar was working carefully and very close most of the time, covering every foot of ground.

We got up at 3:30 and hurried to the car, driving to the Bishoff Place, for the last two hours. Left Dixie in the car with Brumby and hunted up the steep ridge on the road with Briar hunting carefully. At the tops in the corner cover at the field, we saw Briar on a lonely point. I ran around into the open field for a chance if the bird came out. I was stunned by the discharge of any gun held about waist level but tilted up and for a split-second I didn't realize what had happened. I don't know yet



THEN CHAOS!

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if I had heard the flush or if the report caused the flush. — I came to, to glimpse the grouse topping the trees on my right and I took a shot that was not even up with the bird. I count it a shot — blowing my nice 50% average — but I will claim the alibi of being thrown off-balance and unnerved by what had happened. With the discharged gun in my hands I saw another grouse bore out into the field and cross left a few feet off the ground in the most open shot of the season. Kay tells me a third bird went with the first. We followed the two but, as usual here, failed to find where they'd gone. While we were on top, a damned now squall came down like feathers out of a million pillows and kept up most of the time. Later, Tom Brier airing left from the path as tho he heard or saw a bird — I don't think it was scent — and #4 flushed far out from me but just to his left from a greenbrier clump. That was it. We hunted that bird with no results, and the first one that may have followed the field edge and into the woods, but moved nothing. This place takes me apart but it was a magnificent point.

Saturday 28 February Whetstell Settlement Brier: good work
Clear, sunny 40° Moved 5-5 flashes Dexel:
perfect. One shot - 0
2:15-6:30 4½ hrs.

The last day! Weather fine. Ocie and Lydia arrived after one and we took off in both cars immediately.

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warned that lumbering had cut up the road beyond Calverts,<sup>#91
'69</sup>
so we altered plans to hunt the far end and hunted, instead,
the Mc Grannis place. Heard nothing until on far ridge beyond strip
mine where two separate birds went out - I didn't see either.

Brian worked beautifully and at one place made a lovely point
that proved a rabbit but I can't blame him. What we found to
talk we saw grouse #3 flushed from the dogs in the ravine opposite
Harry Sesters. Later, I followed the steel's hawks while Olie and
the gals took the top and I saw a grouse come out 90 yards ahead,
flushing far ahead of Olie and swooping like a falcon, straight
down. Later Ray & Lydia left us to walk to Mrs. Craig's and
we went "down over" and crossed the road into the cover below the
horses hunting down the river and then up the ridge. This is too
open, mostly, but has some grapevines that should hold birds.
Finally, after 6:00 we had to head back along the ridge to
beat the dusk. Moving them rather than small woods, we were
talking about the lack of birds when there was a flush from a
log not far to my right and a bit in front. The flush was



CREPUSCULAR.

a left-quarter rising, and even tho
I was a bit thrown off by Olie's loud
call of Mark! I still felt I was
focusing on the bird and when I fired
and the grouse didn't fold I was "beat." What a finish to the season
it could have been! At any rate, it was a shot. It is hit a lot harder
ones and I've missed easily ones. *George Bird Evans Papers*
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39° Sunny, clouding
over. 2:15 55:05 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
Tuesday 17 March Post-season

Half a month of impossible weather
and bad colds for both of us, we drove to the Rockwell
Preserve Five Forks Glades to try to find left-over birds.
We found the Glades coated with ice and as much as 6" of
snow in places but we tried anyway. There were fresh tracks
of one hen pheasant, heard one cock pheasant kuhkuh out of
the swamp a quarter mile away, saw what we think were two
quail flushed wild (Brian pointed well just after the fact),
and saw tracks of one quail and another hen pheasant —
but no shots or chance to shoot. Brian did well for a while but
then turned on the range and was almost impossible. Dixie
enjoyed herself. Next time we'll try walking the old road to
cross the swampy area, not the alders.

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Brian
Dixie

no shots.

mvnd 1 cock by sound
" 2 ground

Thursday 19 March Back again, still snow on the ground
Overcast. Fog in a.m. lifting to cloud cover. 44° 2:30 to 5:00 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.
mvnd 1 hen, 1 cock Brian: 1 ^{1/2} pd.
1 shot - 1 hit 1 kill
Dixie: 1 prod 1 ret

Started in below house and hit fresh tracks
in the same area as before. Brian struck the scent
and worked ahead of us in alders. Kay called that she saw
the bird go into a tree and I located it out in front.
Then followed the usual "tree sequence" with the pheasant

#93
69

ensconced above, watching from the tree tops, the dogs working innocently in the cover below, and Kay and I waiting for the flash that never comes. Finally Kay walked in and the bird turned and flushed from the far side going whistled-away I held below as the #1 high lead at shot and fired - and the hen went on! These are the damnedest shots, when you do what you know is exactly right and miss.



We proceeded to cross the swamp grass in the flight line at least knowing there was a bird ahead. Brian was excited from the shot and both he and Dixie were working the far cover along the run. Then the thorn trees we saw Brian but went first and, after a moment, was across to the left - a running bird. Dixie was near him and followed. When he was some bit to our left, Dixie swung toward the stream cover and pointed - a flesh kiwit - and I saw her flinch, then saw the pheasant try to left but fall back thru the small trees. Brian came in and soon had the bird - wounded - and retrieved it from the river soaking wet. That was all that bird needed to look like a 'drowned robin', the smallest pheasant I can remember,

but it was our bird and Brian made a fine delivery.
The pheasant sailed all the way across that big flat, then
had run, bleeding, after Brian's first. Not the best
shooting but it redeemed the situation and I had been
nice dog work. We'll give Dexel a productive, and Brian, too.



A WET BIRD.

It sounded as if it had gone to tree, then we saw it sail
across a short clear space on the edge of cover ahead, too
far and too fast for a chance to shoot. We found fresh
goose tracks in here but not the birds. Hunted to the car.

Saturday 21 March. Waiting for a party to meet out, we started
cold, raw, cloudy snow flurries about 2:30 and hunted the same area as usual
2:30 to 5:45 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles but not across the alders. The only bird we
 $3\frac{1}{4}$ km.

There was a cock quail that landed in a small
same field on the Meyers place. Brian
met me and I found no birds.

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Wednesday 25 March ¹⁹⁵
 2 shoots - 2 hits Brian: 2 first.
Warm, cloudy, drizzle at times 2 kills overht.
2 hrs. 1 net

Walked in from usual place, Desire: 1 first
trying to let Al Wright & Don Stover know 1 back }
out, but met them in the bottom cover following 2 kills } game
a bird they had missed - (they shot 9). Lee S. arrived and
after the others had gone, he released two hens for us. We
walked the bottom cover and swung back along the fields.
Near the road, Kay called point and I saw Brian solid catabred,
pointing into one of the pine piles. I hurried up and Desire
came in and backed, moving on, then re-backed. I saw the hen
under the cover and moved up for the flush with Brian absolutely
immobile all the while. The flush was very low and straightforward
and I dropped the bird at about twelve or fifteen yards - too
close. It wasn't centered and Brian panted at up still fluttering,



and with some bit of coaxing, retrieved. Kay felt she got a good
sequence of the action.

After the excitement subsided, we crossed the road and the
dogs swung out into the corn field where I separated the other bird.

Brian made a wide cast down the flat but just below the corn Dixie located the pheasant, not a fancy point, but a point and solid. I waved Brian back and he came in and running into a front into the pine brush piles - they don't know how to put birds down anywhere else - and both dogs pointed - productive. As I walked in a songbird sailed across the skyline and Brian broke, thinking it was the bird, but he soon came back and went solidly on point again - Dixie having held them all. I had difficulty getting a flash from the pheasant, another hen deep under the pile. Finally I kicked the cover away and the bird ran a few yards and flushed - a hard high straightaway. I thought I waited long enough and mounted and fired, dropping the bird but again it has not centered. Brian caught it and then he made several starts, gave up on the retrieve and I dispatched the bird rather than prolong the situation. This was a very long shot. I realize that I am shooting at these birds at about ten or twelve yards, perhaps less, and getting a small pattern instead of the 26" circle at 20 yds. The birds, being slow,



haven't traveled as far as I'm used to grass and woodchucks going and I still am tired for them. Anyway, it was fine experience for Brian and fun for Dixie and us. We hunted back to the car and got there at 3:00, the weather having held off nicely.

Friday 27 March

97
69

Cloudy after sunny, 44°
windy and cold.

4:00 - 6:00 2 hrs

"birds that got away." The cover proved too woody so we climbed the steep slope to the food-planting fields above. With good fringed cover we expected action. Brian was moving too wide but as we came to the edge of the releasing field in this area we saw a bird coming our way with Brian in pursuit.

I saw the bird, ~~now~~ now clearly a cock, swerve our way and come high, crossing well out. I swung fast as I could have on a distant clay target, fired, swung fast and fired again, but the bird went on. I then ~~realized~~ realized the bird was probably beyond fifty yards - too far to reach.

We worked down to the basin beyond - greenbrier and thorn cover and I saw Brian hit scent and stop, flagging, then point. Before I could reach him he moved in further I think and a cock pheasant and must have flushed. Following, we flushed a

grouse that Ray saw but we got no refresh. Working around to the swampy cover above the fence line Brian took off and we heard a pheasant hen kick up from far away. It wasn't hunting

today in any way to start over. Swinging back toward the car, we again watched Brian lop out and nothing we could do would turn him. Finally he came back in, got a thorough whipping - not half what he deserved - and was taken to the car on the leash, Gary leading him while I tried to get Dixie to hunt for me, which she would not do, I'm sorry to say.

Moved 2-3 flushed

2 shots - 0

Poor dog with all around.

Brian
Dixie

Saturday 28 March

Sunny, standing over 50°
warm. 2:30-5:30 3 hrs.

Tried again at preserve - Lee Shaffer said he couldn't release any birds. This was even more discouraging than yesterday; tho Brian did work better -

a few wide bursts. He bumped a woodcock at least once, perhaps twice - the only contact with game. We went in from the Marlin Gutierrez end, covered the lower thicket well, hunted to the upper end where we found the 2 birds yesterday but today - nothing. This will probably be our end of hunting - a poor tapering off. Odd that a preserve should seem more barren than open cover. We saw evidence of one quail kill and one hen pheasant kill - by predators, hawks or owls.

Moved out returning woodcock

No shots

Brian
Dixie

Summary '69

99
'69

I couldn't have believed I would miss Bliss so much — every covert we'd been together, every memory. And the awful void. Young Brian was a joy and a trial — each shortcoming a reminder of what I'd lost. But he did do wonderfully in so many ways — his magnificent nose, rich pointing instinct.

It was his rough-and-tumble lack of response to control — largely the result of his late start at seven months. The deer-chasing-trailing problem, the ignoring whistle signals left me with no means to make him quarter and so handle him that I could give him advantage when it was there. But one look at him on point made up for the irritation — tho I doubt if any dog ever brought me so near the brink of apoplexy or awareness of my lack of patience. Nay, and my better judgment, restrained me from shooting him at times! But I have never whipped a dog as much, and I detest it. Finally, he seemed to come around — not completely — but beginning to hunt for me and responding to encouragement rather than force. He really is a fine prospect and I hope next year will see him well on. If only there will be more birds.

Dixie, the little rascal is capable but will hunt well only on woodcock when she does well. Largely the problem is my whistling so frequently to turn Brian, and Dixie comes in at every toot and finally thinks I want her to stop hunting. She is in remarkable condition for her age and in 1967 when

she was so ill, I could never have believed what he so active and sound now.

Birds - even woodcock were scarce this year. Grouse was at an over-all low in all my experience - 3.14 bird/cent ratio but my home counts was up a bit at 5.26 over 4.37 last year ('68). In spite of this I did my second-best shooting on grouse 46.7% with the Purdy #2 pair of barrels, the weight opened this summer from 54% to a consistent 50%, using plastic sleeve shells - 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 3-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6 after Christmas week (first of year). My woodcock average was down this season to 39%, due largely, I think to my concern over Brian's pointing and not reserving shots for points. I'm still using non-sleeve shells for 'cork - 3-1-8 but the new ~~#1~~^{#11} barrels didn't seem to work through no fault of the barrels.

Brian's productive total on grouse was, to my surprise, higher than Bliss' first-year record; his total on 'cork

(13 Brian / 10 Bliss)

Still, he is not the even more surprising: 19 Brian / 8 Bliss. dog Bliss was at that stage — she presented me with shots. But he has real potential.

I am eager for next season's shooting life.

W. VA. ward 101-150

1969

CUPP RUN 011 · 4 · 4 · 0 · 4
HOYE RUN 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

FRED MOON 013 · 5 · 5 · 0 / N18 (1) · 1 · 0 · 6 / F27 · 4(1) · 1 · 0 · 1

58

BISHOFF 015 · 2 · 2 · 0 / F21 · 6⁽⁵⁾ · 7 · 0 / F24 · 2 · 2 · 0

HOUDERSHELL 018 · 4 · 4 · 0 · 4

LITTLE SANDY (UP) 028 · 2 · 2 · 0 / F16 · (2) · 2 · 0 · 4

CONNELLY N3 · 1 · 2 · 0 / F18 · 0 · 1

LEBNICK N4 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

GLADE FARMS N4 · 0

CHARLEY PLUM N6 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

JUNES N7 · 0 / V31 · 7 · 7 · [2 OBLIE] 7 · 5

RAY GUTHRIE N10 · 5 · 6 · 1 · 5 · 4

EZRA KELLY N19 · 2 · 2 · 0 · 2

BRYTE D9 · 7 · 8 · 0 / F26 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 7

LITTLE SANDY (DOWN) D12 · 8 · 9 · 1 / F5 · 4 · 5 · 0 / F29 · 4 · 4 · 1 · 8 · 6

EVAN BISHOP D13 · 3 · 3 · 0 · 3

MCGREW D19 · 6 · 8 · 1 / D24 · 5 · 8 · 0 / J5 · 5 · 5 · 0 / J28 · 3 · 3 · 0 / F12 · 5(1) · 5 · 1 · 7 · 5

VEROME J6 · 1 · 1 · 0 / F9 · ③ · 3 · 0 · 4

HAYWARD HELMICK J24 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

JUNES J31 · 7 · 7 · [2 OBLIE]

BEEGHLY F8 · 6 · 7 · 0 / F13 · 2 · 2 · 0 · 6

GEORGE RINGER F7 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

RAYMOND EVERLY F17 · 3 · 4 · 1 · 3 · 2

WILKINSON SAWMILL F18 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

GOLD MINE F23 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

SUMMERS F23 · 3 · 3 · 0 · 3

PAIVA F27 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

WHETSELL F28 · 5 · 5 · 0 · 5

13

PENNA.

GIBBONS GLADE N13 · 0

KNOBS " THOMAS MAPLES N13 · 2 · 2 · 0 · 2

WINDING RIDGE N17 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

THORNTON BR. N20 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

GUTHRIE BR. N20 · 0

TUB RUN N21 · 4 · 4 · 1 · 4 · 3

LONG HOLLOW N24 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

DINNER BELL N24 · 2 · 3 · 1 · 2 · 1

SAVAGE (HUMBERTSON) N26 · 8 · 11 · 0 / N29 · 0 · 8

BEAVER CREEK N25 · 4 · 4 · 0 · 4

UPPER TUB RUN N27 · 2 · 2 · 0 / N28 · 9(7) · 10 · 2 · 9 · 7

GUTHRIE GLADE N28 · 0

SPRUCE SPRING (HUMBERTSON) N29 · 11 · 16 · 1 · 11 · 10

43

GATES OB0 · 0 / O22 · 0
BLACKWATER CANAAN MTD O22

LACEY 021 · 0 / O30 · 1 · 1 · 0
METER 021 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1
MT. STORM LOWER 023 · 3 · 3 · 1 / O31 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 3 · 2

" #1 023 · 1 · 1 · 0 / O29 · 2(1) · 4 · 0
" #2 031 · 0 / O41 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1
030 · 1 · 1 · 0 · 1

Henderson Thom O31 · 0
" EDELMAN N22 · 4 · 7 · 1 · 4 · 3
" DAVIS GRAPES N22 · 2 · 3 · 0 · 2 · 1

KAY 50 DAYS DATA 1969 ~~NUMBER 101-150
local~~ 37 W.VA 47 days 3.08 B/C
 GEORGE 57 DAYS (2.81 HR.AVE.) 50 COVERTS (27 HOME ^{39 days} ~~5.26~~ 3.74 B/C
 160.5 HRS. 3.14 BIRD/COV. 10 BIG MT.
 30 SHOTS - 14 HITS 13 PA. 3.3 B/C
 46.7 % (1.5 mi. in. (43-55 in Pa.)
 157 GROUSE MOVED - 235 FLUSHES
 114 W.VA. - 173 ~~flushes~~ SHOTS AT 12.7% OF FLUSHES
 5.95% " " HIT
 WOODCOCK: 31 SHOTS - 12 HITS
 39%
 MOVED 81 W.C - 98 FLUSHES 31.6% FLUSHES SHOT AT
 PHEASANTS: 7 SHOTS - 5 HITS (2 COCKS, 3 HENS) 12.2% " HIT
 19 MOVED ~~2~~ - ~~2~~ FLUSHES 22
 DIXIE 11+ 24 DAYS 0 PROD.
 2 KILLS
 0 RET. 12 PROD.
 7 BACK.
 7 KILLS (2 O.PT.
 2 RET.
 LIFE '58-'69 414 DAYS 2 PROD.
 116 KILLS (16 O.PT.
 70 RET.
 119 PROD.
 19 BACKS (SINCE '64 1 BACK
 3 KILLS (10.P)
 19 PROD.
 7 BACK.
 12 KILLS (2 O.PT.
 4 PROD.
 5 KILLS (4 O.P.)
 3 RET.

BRIAR 9 MO. 57 DAYS 13 PROD.
 14 KILLS (10.PT.
 4 RET. 19 PROD.
 7 BACK.
 12 KILLS (2 O.PT.
 4 PROD.
 5 KILLS (4 O.P.)
 3 RET.

GROUSE
 7M 7F
 (3A 4Y) (4A 3Y)
 7Y/7A

1 COCK LOST
 4M 7F
 (2A 2Y) (5A 2Y)
 4Y/7AF = .57/1