

SHOOTING 1973

Saturday 13 October
Mild, cloudy, rain at end
65°
3:30 - 5:15 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs

Herring Gull
moved 2 - 2 flushes
0

Brian

A late afternoon taken hunt for the first day.
feelage too dense - a week later this year - Expected to want
at least a woodcock - none. Brian stopped at flock of fowl grouse
but could not say if he had a point (had failed to put on his bell collar)
Brian crossed the Mason-Dixon line (pipeline) but no second find.
The other grouse flushed from me at edge of cover - I say saw it. Brian came
to a point moments after bird had gone. No reflex. Rain came and
sent me to the car. Beautiful color but too many leaves. Good crop of
hawthorn here. Nice to be out.

Tuesday 16 October
Gorgeous sunny clear.
cold, windy. 50°
4:15 - 6:50 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. 1M

The Gulls
moved 10 w.c. - 14 flushes
2 shots - 1 hit w.c.

Brian: 9 prod. w.c.
1 kill of " "
1 ret " "

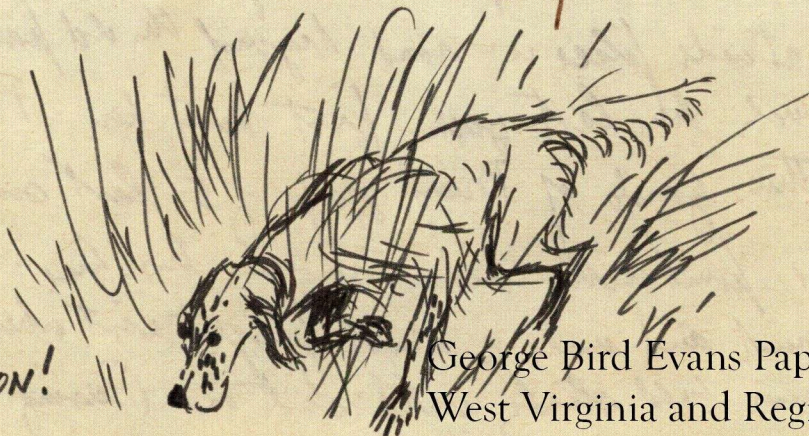
A grand drive down thru color at height in Aurora area.
Stopped at Huron Lake and unpacked things at cabin. Found Gulls
all over, parked at side place in road beyond the old parking. Very cold
& windy here, much like last year's first hunt here. First point in
aspen clearing within yards of Brian's group of 5 last season. This was a
good high position point with wind strong in his face. The bird got out
with no audible sound and made a short flight west when I saw it land
in fringe cover. Brian held steady until I saw it.

then went in and pointed the "cock" solidly again. Again the bird (2)
went out far side - no sound - no shot.

Brian's 3rd point was in edge of dense thicket but he was after
this time. Finally solid but then moved in and bird flushed - a
point but not like the first two. Next contact later was the same
"cock and a bump."

No more action until we hunted to the clearings beyond the
"middle" aspen clones when I heard the bell (the new one from Charles
& Glenn) so silent. This was a good point tho I notice a lower tail on
these birds today. Bird went out low with no shot - Brian broke at wing.

No action in middle cover (not quite out to "far" aspens), so
returned and crossed road to the crab/hawthorn cover. Brian moving out
a shade too wide (first-day syndrome) but I lay touched him and he came
in. We lost the red button from transmitter in here. No birds at all -
what are the locals? - so moved car to an old parking area and
hunted thicket where we had moved #2 today. Brian pointed in a
terrific thicket of hardhack and I fought my way to him at
the risk of my newly refurnished "Jordan dull" Pendergast stick. Found
Brian so tied up in a close point had difficulty making out ^{which} end was
what. Had almost on ground with bird solidly under his nose!!



RIGHT ON!

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Key called that she was "down" and I ploughed in. The
'cock was so close to Brian he had to jerk back to let it up, and it
was a moment before I could make it out above the thick cover. I managed
to pull a shade ahead as it right-angled and saw it fold at my
shot. The new RXP 3-1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -8 $\frac{1}{2}$ load. Brian held steady ordered on
and soon had the dead bird, retrieving nicely to me. Key came in for
a movie while he was still holding it while I tried to get him to sit but
unfortunately she squeezed the shutter and Brian let go in a hurry.
The bird was a yearling ~~male~~ ^{male}, I think. Later near the big aspens Brian
had another point, again in similar hardhack and this time I fired
as the bird succumbed, and missed. I had walked into another 'cock on
my way to the point.

Across the road from the big aspens, Brian ran into a 'cock-
stopper at first, then ward in further & pointed but that bird fledged
almost at once. Two more went out of the area. Later, another point but
it was soft. He pussy-footed up and got too close. For some reason
he was not getting the scent & the birds were not holding. Perhaps the
wind. But it was a good day - and a nice shot over a fine point -
with a grand gun. Fam.

Birds almost all near the road.
Probably locals. Brian worked with low
head, lower tail on point.

Wednesday 17 October ^{CS WC}

Rehobeth Thorns

(4)

Brian: 7 prod. w.c.

Cold, windy, 40° and less moved 1 - 1 flesh

mixed rain, mostly snow flurries

moved 7 - 8 fleckies

2:50 - 6:10 3 1/4 hrs.

7 shots - 3 hits

3 k
3 net

AM
AF
AF

Drove from Mirror Lake cabin to Eddman place in spitting snow! and found such a high wind & snow flurries, we came back to the Rehobeth Cemetery and hunted the thorns. Sky was clearing and wind less, and Brian soon had a point not far into the scattered cover. This open thorn area appears easy shooting but the birds lie tight in the center of a clump and you must walk in to flush and find yourself with almost no time to get on the 'cock. This one was typical, topping out and beginning to pitch almost immediately but I managed to get under it and saw it fold - again the 3-1 1/8 - 8 1/2 load.



FAST!

Brian held steady until ordered to retreat and brought an adult male - a new beginning.

My next chance came promptly under almost identical conditions - the shot being identical but I felt myself shoot over this one, ~~dropping~~ ^{pitching} like the other and Brian held but couldn't believe the miss. Almost before I had stopped being alarmed, he was on a good point again and I moved to him, reloading as I walked. This bird was more obliging and came out low on my side, darting almost straight away. I was equally obliging and missed once and again as the bird set around the

thorns and climbed — the second shot being a foolishly impulsive one. (3)

I noticed a change in Brian after these misses. He began hunting at a cautious trot as though expecting a downed bird, soon ran into one bird and shortly after had a point but moved up too close and bumped ^(stopped at flush) evidence to me that he still expected to find a hit bird. His trotting ~~fast~~ gait is not as effective as his normal lops.

We hunted the rest of the first covert with no further action until we got out the pipeline where we found Brian on a very good point in the middle of a dense thorn clump. I considered asking Kay to flush but instead walked in — no response — until I was very close in front of Brian. The cock came out floating up and for a second looked as if it was going to perch in a tree where it fluttered thru the branches. I fired at it thru the obstacles and missed and this time Brian broke. I couldn't blame him for I felt like chasing the bird myself. These were not definitely possible — rather, shots that shouldn't be attempted.

We hunted out to the Arado Basin and around to the upper woods where a grouse came out from Brian too far for a shot. No action, no cock. Returning over the top after a futile attempt to refush the grouse, we crossed the big flat between coverts. I felt Brian was searching in unlikely places, working aimlessly, when I saw him draw to a soft point at one of two isolated thorn trees along the trace of an early rail fence. He stiffened to a solid point, moved up and stiffened again, his head up in the hard wind. I walked around in front of him and waited. A large hen woodcock came out very near and quartered low and almost



INTO THE WIND .

away. I fired and saw it go down fluttering. Brian took two steps but held until I ordered him on - soon coming in with the bird, dead.

We gave some thought to this possibly being the bird we'd put out on the last point ~~but~~ but if so, it's counting them awfully close. This put all of us back into a good attitude, Brian's face becoming a ghost again. No action till we worked to the far back ^{corner} of the thorn where we bumped our bird (not Brian) and got our last piece of grand work.

Brian's bell had gone silent well out and I began searching, blowing softly to let him know my location. Four times I heard his bell tinkle faintly, the last time I was close enough to see him was in a step or the point he'd been holding for well over five minutes. He was making the bell sound in a distinct effort to give me his location; I can't say if he moved a step each time. This time I asked Kay to flush and I stood in the only small opening. The cork came over me and I managed to hold below and ahead and that it either fell or pitched. Brian held well until I sent him on but reached hard and unsuccessfully. I decided it must have been a miss but tried to locate the spot where the bird would have gone down. There it was in the center of the opening, lying bottom up. Brian stopped on it without getting scent (air-washed) but on command, circled and found it, then made a

not too expert deluding! I lay here, very contented. This sort of
last moment event I do wonders for a day and we returned to the
car in fine spirits. Drove back to Munn Lake in Canaan Valley under a
clear sky. Great. ⑦

Thursday 18 October

Sunny & mostly clear
then cloudy, windy.

Upper 50's°

Edelman Place

missed 3-4 flashes
1 shot - 0
missed 4-4 flashes
0

Brian:

2 prod

2 prod

3 1/2 hrs. Left Bunny in the station wagon at the old house,
surrounded by black Angus and giving them hell. We walked the
long way round the hill to the far end, staying high up. No birds
until gophers where Brian made a nice point on a grouse that went out
long before I could get there. Rocks everywhere.

No contacts down the right-of-way, or along the swampy
bottom with goldenrod waist-high and dense. Almost to the north
end Kay heard a grouse while I was complaining loudly about everything.
~~Finally at furthest edge~~ Later, Kay saw a grouse flush below & in front
of me - I saw & heard nothing - and marked it ahead of me.
At furthest edge of cover, Brian ran onto a 'cock without scent,
lumping it. He had been reaching too wide part of my annoyance -
& we must curb this for he has been so good. Putting him in the
direction of the cock flush he soon hit a grand hot point and I
started to him, assessing the cover for a shot. To our surprise it was
the grouse that flushed too soon, clumping back to my left but
behind trees. I made a fast try shot at the peak of its rise but
it went on.

at the shoulder above us in the "magic corner"; Brian pointed and I climbed to him. A cock flushed behind me and he moved on, then circled back and bumped the bird he'd been pointing; a strong wind away from him caused this error. Later, he was gone and fell silent and finally a woodcock flushed from him - a certain point. That was it. This day was less than wonderful - those rocks underfoot and turning our ankles at every step made most of the hunt difficult. Disappointing cover, except at north end.

<u>Saturday 20 October</u>	<u>Ft. Morris Thorne</u>	Brian: 1 head
Weather beautiful, in the mid-60°	moved 4 - 4 flickers	
sunny. 3 hrs.	moved 1 - 1 flicker	

Yesterday to Mountaintop (photos at Newacolin with Jack, scolding my Purden rock badly) & dentist for exam. Today we took it easy and had a fine afternoon hunt but no shooting. The cover still too dense but glorious hawthorn fruit on the flat. Ray heard two of the grouse, I saw two, Brian was elsewhere. He made one contact - a point Ray saw & I saw the cock flush without knowing it was a point. This is wonderful cover, but too early for grouse & cock.

Monday 22 October

Gates

⑨

Sunny, warm

4:30 - 6:30 - 2 hrs.

moved 6 - 6 flocks

2 shots - 1 hit

Brian: 6 prod. W.C.

1 k

1 ret

AF

Left Russ Corbin working at home & drove to Canaan, leaving at 2:30, then gorgeous color at height until Davis when it is past.

Started in Gates at 4:30 - no hunters! - and tried south end beyond fence - empty. Brian made 2 prod. in crab/thorns - no shots. His third was on edge of aspen clearing (how many experiences I've had there!) - a lovely point held long until I located him. He's moving a bit since these days for corks. Ray circled, after taking many, and flushed - the bird climbing these branches. I took a late shot as it was well out and it dropped. Brian held, then retrieved at command - a large hen. (3-1½-8½).

Fourth prod. gave me no shot - bird behind me flashing from Ray. Instead of going deep in cover today we circled to hunt near road where birds were last time. In aspen clone as we turned back, Brian pointed - a nice hit as - and the bird lay tight until I was close - then a floating flash - a classic climber to the high tree tops. I was sure of it at its peak but evidently it stopped down out of my shot. These slow flashes are sometimes misleading. But I think I'll remember that one, leaving me pointing the discharged Purday high like a Samuel Ripley painting, longer than some of my hits - or, at least, more clearly.

The next prod. was unfortunately: Brian was out & he felt ours ranging wide, we touched him with the shock collar, he yelped - or bawled - and the bird flew.

well out there. Regrettably - but he was too wide - then we must be more careful. He assumed us that he wasn't upset by pointing almost immediately - an empty, (perhaps where he'd been on point.)

The flights have definitely not come in.

Tuesday 23 October

Cabin Mt.

Brian

Hot, sunny, clear, 70°

mixed 2-2 flocks
1 shot - 0

2:30- 4:30 } 3 1/4 hrs.
5:15 - 6:30 }

Gates

AM mixed 3-3 flocks
AM 3 shots - 3 hits
AM (banded)

3 pead
3 h
3 net

Drove to north end of Cabin Mt. road - bow hunters -

and hunted down west slope of gap at Stonecoal Trail at suggestion of bow hunter who had heard a grouse drumming. We worked down a fair distance & turned back holding to the base of the knob. I heard & saw a grouse flush from ahead of Brian and go to a tree where I located it, tall and with crest raised. As I moved under the gray birch, the bird saw me, turned my way and flushed across to the right. I fired going then but must not have swung fast enough for I tail-tipped the bird, which righted itself and flew on, evidently unhurt. We followed and flushed a grouse on the edge of lower cove - a larger looking bird (male) that cut back low thru the larger woods. Brian appeared to run into it without scent. The day was very dry & hot.

Returning to the car, we drove down the mountain (the entire lower side is posted by Allegheny Properties - the old Harman Tract -

to be sold in 5-acre lots. The Canaan Valley is being destroyed
by land developers —) and we turned in the Gates. Here, today, instead
of having it to ourselves, we found two vehicles — jeep & camper truck —
but happily they turned at low hunters. I have an old friendliness for
low hunters is my almost universal distaste for bird hunters. We
parked at the wide spot in the road and hunted thru the aspen clearing
where we found one archer standing on a tiny platform partway up the
trunk of a larger aspen. Gadgets. Soon after passing him, Brian
pointed in exactly the same aspen close where I hunted the nice
high cock last evening, this time pointing toward the cow road. I
walked in and the bird floated up (again, a float) and dodged thru
aspens & thorns while I tried to get a shot. Firing at it well out,
I saw it sideslip and go down beyond a denser clump of
tuckahoe, uncertain but somewhat convinced I had hit it. Brian held
till ordered to retrieve, moved in and before long found the dead cock
and delivered it — an adult male. Brian will sit at command
perfectly but I can't get him to sit when delivering, so I make him
hold, then relinquish the bird. I may some day manage but not at present.

We walked to the far aspens, missed nothing, and returned.
Brian was working beautifully but a shade wide — noticeably lethargic.
I had remarked to Day that I'd prefer to see my dog but point,
when he circled to the cow road, drew to the aspens on the right
and feathered into a lovely point. It was some distance out but

I moved up while he held solidly. The cock flushed low, leaving them the aspen branches about four feet off the ground and I tried for it in a short glances I had and the bird folded. Brian broke shot & Ray touched him, giving me the awful impression he'd been shot! I called, then ordered him ^{male} after he'd stopped and he promptly delivered another adult cock.

We had started on toward the road when a bow hunter came toward us to see Brian. He was a pleasant young fellow from Fairmont named Ramsey who owned a Pittman. Told us there were a lot of grouse last year near Prummetown near the big railroad trestle at the head of the Chapman Dam - a dry ^{flat} area in fall with cover much like the Gates.

We left him & hunted to the road (three more bow hunters) and Brian found scent on the left edge near our old parking spot. He did not go solid but finally moved deeper - ground - trailing, regrettably, - then coiled back to the exact site and went solid in a low, hot point not six feet from his original evidence of scent. I started to move to him but Ray signaled me and walked toward him while I stood on the road. The cock had been there all the time, and flushed, rising acutely toward the interior. I caught it at the peak and dropped it crouched. Brian held, beautifully feathered, then went on at command and after a bit of searching, delivered another adult male, this one banded - the first banded cock I've shot for a couple of years, I believe.

Three picodentris on the three birds found, three shots, 3 hits. It did a (13)
lot for my tension-symptom chest pains & gas!! A grand day.

Wednesday 24 October
Hot again, Indian Summer 70°
fairly clear, sunny, clear.
3:00 - 6:30 = 3½ hrs

Met. Storm Clyde Davis Prin:
moved 1-1 flock
moved 8-10 flocks
3 shots - 2 hits

3 prod.
2 k
2 ret

AF
IF

Too many people in the world. After a side trip from R.93 to examine the stripmining road toward old Stony River Dam (too indefinite to know where to try here) we drove to the Sacy Thorns, which we had not hunted last year. Found a pickup truck parked near the house (there since daylight, Mrs. Sacy said) but at that we'd have the area to ourselves. Had started to cross the fence when we heard 3 shots in the thorns, and we gave up.

Drove to the Clyde Davis area across from the Edelman place and were just dropping over the last grade when I saw a grouse flutter across from the small corner on the right. We parked in the side area and put Prin inside the fence - dense foliage, as elsewhere. He walked down to the spot but, as usual with such sighted birds, it flushed wild - sound only. We covered the small corner of good cover across the road, then entered the Davis side and tried to follow the grouse with no results - very dry, dense, and noisy.

Still well up but further out, Brim's bill went quiet and I found him pointing near a small Hawthorn with red haws and beside a small seedling apple tree with a few red apples. I moved in — perfect place — and the 'cock flushed crossing right & rather low, falling at my shot. Brim held, then returned on command, delivering an ~~adult~~ adult hen. We found in our good luck glow for a bit to eat & Kay took a snapshot of dog, bird, gunner, and gun against the Hawthorn.

Our 2nd 'cock was not so well handled: run onto the first flush, bumped by trailing into it on the second, and flushed wild the third time. We hunted out to the big narrow gum tree of past summers, to the rail fence with the golden maples above the grassy seep, where I lay & Philis had sat on the rails for a while, and crouched back below. Brim was reaching too wide and I was about to leave Kay took him when, after my whistle he did not respond, and I found him on point, at first mistaking him for a white rock. It was a lovely point, high land.



A WHITE ROCK.

The bird flushed away at my
step and fell solidly. Brim
drove at the shot, got the shock
but still moved on until I yelled to
him to stop. Afterwards he
delivered another hen, then one a

His next find was sloppy - probably last scent but mostly (15)
 too much moving in - and he flushed a bird followed by another from
 the same place. Later I walked into a bird, and finally Ben made
 a fair point but started moving up. I ordered him to hold, which he
 then did, stiffening into a good stylish point. But I fluffed a
 chance and missed the bird, which seemed to curve away as I
 shot. That was our last on this side, tho we passed thru excellent
 thorns toward the road I had not remembered.

Turning to the corner shoulder of the Edelman Place for the
 last half hour we heard a shot & a dog bell. (Fater ran into
 Grays House, that sure with SOB in his jeep). We walked into
 the last bird on the fence line here but the thing was spoiled for
 us. Too many people.

Thursday 25 October

Hot, sunny, 70's

2:45 - 7:00 4 1/4 hrs

adult cock: ~~inter~~ solid

crop: 3 haws.

Rehobeth Thoms - Arnold Basin

moved (4) 6 ^{new} flushes

2 shots - 1 hit

moved 6-8 flushes

1 shot - 0

Breast: 1 prod.

1 h

1 net.

2 prod.

The "Glorious Twenty-fifth"! The cock are not here
 in numbers as last year but the first grouse of the season makes
 any day glorious. On our last day of this trip we came from Huron Lake
 cabin and hunted this favorite covert in a glow of grand color. Partway

out the pipeline. Ray discovered she did not have our lunch and - (16)
bless her - went the long trek back to the cave to get it, arranging to
come to the top of the Arnold Basin to join me.

I worked Brian down the head of the little run at the dip in the
pipeline r-r-f-way and on the edge of a small clearing we heard a grouse
after Brian had drawn a scent but got no point. The bird flushed back to
the pipeline area and I followed, marking it as on the far side and
not far from where I shot my bird last season. With dense foliage,
we circled a small stand of alders with no result and I swung Brian
back down the far side. There, as I walked just outside the alders,
[following a rail fence under suffused lemon-yellow light, I heard the
grouse roar up from the far side of the rails - perfect situation -
and wheeling made a fast swing - then shot at the peak of an
acute rise and saw the bird tumble. I sent Brian in with the
grouse in clear view, wings thrashing and spinning around its head.
Brian, overly excited, ran everywhere but the right place and was
casting off when I settled him down with a loud command, then
directed him to the bird with a hand signal. He found it and then
began his usual sequence with grouse - mouthing the underside,
coming up with feathers in his mouth and receiving me blandly as if
I was saying "hello" instead of "fetch it here." My whistle
did nothing to stop this so I went to him and of course he picked
up the bird, but tried to carry it away from me. I got him by

the tail and he dropped the bird. One more than this, and I really spoke to him, making him stay with the bird in his mouth. Walking to my original position, I ordered fetch it here and he delivered to hand but not sitting. After taking the bird, having let him hold it a long time with much soft talk, I made him not let him take the game from my hand and hold it, still sitting, then had him give it to me — its feathers smelling like cedar. — a grand adult male, what an experience, every time it happens. I don't get the number of grouse many men seem to, but when it comes and in a perfect setting such as this, it means that much more. It was a nice shot — the cock loud 3-1-8. One flaw — I lay missed the fun.



FIRST GROUSE OF THE SEASON.

Walking back toward the Arnold Basin in a world of yellow leaves and black branches — even witchhazel blossoms — I hunted down the far side, holding to the lower edge to cover the small runs, and still able to see long when she came to the skyline across the valley. I heard wings strike branches as a bird flushed from above me where Prior was working and cooed back to try to reflect but admit

had enough idea where it went. After some time with no view of Kay across the wide basin, I made contact with her by calling and by whistle and later learned she had been waiting a long time on the top of the ridge beyond the fir woods, thinking I'd be on that side.

I waited on a road fence in the bottom until she came across, her red jacket fastened around her waist and her blue shirt sleeves rolled up. It was immensely sunny and hot and we rested and ate a lot of lunch. Almost immediately afterwards, a large woodcock flushed past me without my noticing, Kay marking it behind me. We sent Brian in but, as often happens, he didn't get scent & the bird flushed on up the valley.

In a small neck of cover at the foot of the ridge I saw a lot of whitewash and Brian began crawling around on scent. We felt it was where the cock had flushed from but I ordered hold and he set literally, squatted down on his rear quarters, his front end on point and solid. My walking in produced nothing and we sent him on.

He continued to crawl around on ground scent - a habit I don't admire - then at the edge of the main cover he suddenly froze and almost immediately a bird went up. Prepared for a woodcock, I was not in focus on the ground that ~~was~~ climbed for the taller trees. I fired and hesitated to try the left barrel as the bird tipped out, for I had a light load in the left barrel. I sent a white feather flying down

and knew I'd probably undershot the rising bird.

I am too inclined not to try the left barrel (this would have been in easy range for a left). When I was young, I used to shoot a number of my grouse with the left (redeemer) after missing with the right (impulsive); then with experience I began hitting most of my grouse (those not missed) with the right barrel. Now I shoot and if the bird goes on I simply stare and wonder about the miss, instead of firing the second barrel. Some of this is the desire not to make another miss, when actually if I'd forget shooting averages and fire immediately with the left after missing the first shot I'd drop many more grouse. I also realize I've been passing up perfectly possible shots with the first barrel, feeling I needed to see the bird more clearly. After shooting clays with Larry, I discovered I could easily reach out and take many shots I thought the gun wouldn't reach. There is one discrepancy: one pellet will often break a clay when it only pulls a feather from a grouse. On the other hand, a woodcock will usually fall with such a shot.

Today I followed up the ridge and she saw a grouse leave a tree - a bird we had to count the one we were following. In the cutover bottom near the Thorne edge, a grouse came bounding at us - undoubtedly from Brian - and I turned to try but going away but couldn't seem to get a look at it. Here again I think I could well have hit the bird if I'd shot below it as it disappeared into the pines but I didn't try.

This looked a yearling and we must try this area soon again. (20)

Crossing the basin we hauled up the far slope into thorns and
must first 'cock' - one from an obvious point of Pinnis but he was too
far out - a tendency this year - and must have moved along as intended.
Later we got a nice point on a tightly lying cock in blackberry
brains (they are everywhere & unprotected). I saw him draw to the
scout - high wing style - then go into the tangle & peep - no
crawling here. I lay walked the bird up for me but it was wise and
went out low behind thorns. I wheeled & tried for it away - left and
low but somehow missed - my only shot at cock all day.

The walk back to the car in gathering dusk was a long one -
from I lay had walked a mile and a half more than I - and we were
tired when we got to the car about 7:15 (fast time). Oddly, altho
we covered the first Redbreast thorns as we went there was
not a feather there, tho this dusk time of evening was perfect.

A grand covert and a grand day.

Saturday 27 October

Morrison Place

Prin:

Warm, ~~partly~~ sunny, 60%.

heard 7-7 flocks
0

2:45 - 6:15 - 3½ hrs. A beautiful covert, full color, and

in lovely solitude - all to ourselves - a Saturday that

alone is something to cherish. We moved again today —
2 above the old house in the thicket, 3 on the ridge above the
main stream (Fox Hollow Run) in woods still too dense — a few
grapevines — I got a glimpse of one of them, the only look at a land
all day — and 2 from trees on the long climb up the road
at the end where I can drag the car behind me. Brian moved a bit
wide, had no real contacts — possibly one or two of the others went from
trees — It was, and is, a great event and we'll return. at the
end, [I] tried to put Brian into the terrifically dense corner cover at
top of road. He'd hunted hard, had followed my directions back and
across the road as I walked the hill and he was discouraged and
tired. I should have used judgement and not pursued the snout but
I was adamant and sent him in, following to keep him from
turning back, which he tried — unusual for him. Standing on a
boulder beside him I ordered go on and blew a two-blast whistle.
When another failed to get action, I pushed him off the boulder
then waited. He also waited and I called to Kay to touch the
shock button. Brian yelped but, naturally, did not go on but came
to me as he always does when shocked. I had the good run after
another futile attempt to go with him in that jungle to give up.

1 Poor dog handling by a man who knows better.

Wednesday 31 October

Henkel Place

Brier

Damp, cloudy, almost a
drizzle after rain in a.m.

missed 3-4 flushes
1 shot - 0

3:00 - 5:15 = 2¼

Rain since Sunday kept us in. Today our plans to go to the Canaan were pre-empted by rain (2" of rain in Canaan yesterday according to reports). Waited until drizzle let up and drove to this cove — a grand one and today in these circumstances with gorgeous leaves in wet color — partly gone — and blazes of color on the ground under their trees. We hunted up the yucca's hill and I expected grouse momentarily. So did Brier who worked magnificently, and also made a grand point from the path, holding steadily while I walked all the way around in front among yuccas — no bird. Brier went on at command, circling the flat well with no result.

On the far brink about the "loading clearing" a grouse flushed from a brush pile as Brier approached, getting no warning, and I fired quickly and missed a long way short. I was using my Fox and, had this been a clay target I think I would have broken it. Had it been a woodcock I would expect to have seen it fall. But even with a $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$ load, it was a grouse out there about 35 yards and it didn't falter.

We marked the flight down over to the bottom and, followed. Below the transversal log road at the last we started into the cove and the bird flushed from a tree out of range.

Changing directions, we moved to the loading clearing and found Brier on a gorgeous hot point on the edge of a thorn thicket, almost quivering with activity. I knew the bird was

(23)

right in front lying like a 'cork'. When nothing erupted at my approach, I signaled Kay to walk in. Brian was so tight he almost broke at one time, catfishing himself and holding later & stone. We couldn't believe it. But the point was empty and I sent

Brian on 1 TWBD

It was hunting like a dream today and cut across the wide clearing to the far edge, then back to us, his tail glorious and his gait flowing smooth. Covering the edge of the woods he cut back left over more and went on point in the cover between the two log roads where one night we had a grouse in a tree with Brian on point. Today he stood on his toes, head up and leaning into his point like a field trial pointer and stayed that way while I moved in past him on his left, then walked ahead, my adrenaline high. Nothing. Again I trusted to Kay & she walked into the thicket in front of Brian while he stared at the ground she stood on. Again, an empty point. What is it that makes a finished grouse dog point like this three times with no evidence of birds (there was a grouse dropping in the area near the last point but not where Brian could, or would, notice)? Yet, on the one grouse we were close to, he got nothing - tho he stopped at flush. Were there grouse at these places that lifted before we got there?

On the far side again I heard two separate flushes that Kay didn't - shaking my confidence, but I was sure of them - one from a tree. That was it, all the way to the parking clearing (flat) and back to the car. Heard a corky rumpish kuck-kuck in the pines all the way.

Friday 2 November

glorious, clear, cool to mild
windy on top 55°

2:00 - 5:00 }
5:10 - 5:45 } 3 1/2 hrs.

4 IF
1 AF

Clyde Davis

moved (2)^{new} - 3 fleckles

moved 10 - 13 fleckles
5 shots - 4 hits

Brian: 1 prod.
7 prod.
4 k
4 ret

Rehobeth Thomas

moved (1)^{new} - 1 fleckle

moved 2 - 2 fleckles
1 shot - 1 hit

1 prod.
1 prod.
1 k
1 ret

TWBD
"Woodcock Day"

Today - a one-day hunt from home after rain precluded our Canadian trip^{this week} - was in effect the "Glorious Twenty-fifth." With plans to gun the Arnold Basin, we arrived to find the high winds of yesterday still strong on top and so moved down to hunt the Clyde Davis and Edelman counts. Parking at the old house, we put Brian over the fence and into a woodcock that landed not far below. Brian made a stunning find on it - not easy on a recently dropped-in bird - and I flashed it, a floater that rose behind B. and gave me a straightaway head-high shot that centered the bird close. Brian held steady, then retrieved - a large immature female, hard hit.

Next we had another bump and stop at flesh - a bird that Kay saw but could not mark, nor did we, relocate it in the masses of blackberry briars that persist this year in huge stands on this hillside.

Our #3 'cock was a lovely point beside one of the sections of old rail fence still extant here - a point under old circumstances that has frequently occurred with Brian: I blow my whistle to bring him or bring him to me and, at the last, he goes solid on point - usually

product! I flushed and the cock rose slowly straightaway, (25)
They changed course and crossed left well out and I ~~started with the~~
~~gun undischarged!~~ I saw the fired between trees and missed.
The bird landed not far above and when I sent Brian on he was sure.
I think, that the bird was hit. Locating it, he pointed and this time the
'cock' flashed straight out rising and I dropped it sadly. Again Brian
held until ordered to retreat - another yearling hen.

Sometimes I think it would be best not to hunt familiar coverts,
although I love it and wouldn't do without the pleasure of old places. But
what happened next has affected me in related manner at other times.
Brian began ground trailing (a habit he is falling into from so much
'cock shooting') and was working an area exactly where he pointed the last time
we were here - that day, an intense point that proved nothing but a groundhog
hole. Today I recognized the situation and remarked to Ray. Also, because he
ground-trails and at times flags, I do not move up until he is
steady (disciplined). This time, he went solid a second before a big
quail flashed almost out of the groundhog hole and I was not
close enough to shoot. We followed and flushed the quail wild from
the shoulder of hill where I'd shot my ~~first~~ quail here with Blair.

Hunting the ridge back on a lower level we got into a group of
four cock. Brian had missed too wide - he is reliable but those far
points are hard to use effectively. Again that he was probably on point
after not responding to my whistle, I moved in his general direction and
flushed a 'cock'. Moments later another came on that we think was

Brian's bird, for he appeared below us with an expression of having been pointing. Seeing us, he returned to the area and again went on point and as I approached, I heard Kay call "Grouse!", but seeing Brian still solid I continued. I walked up the creek and dropped a very close acutely rising bird that I hit at 8 yards. Brian had to settle into a sitting position ~~to try to~~ ^{in an attempt to avoid} having the falling bird drop on him. Then held until ordered to retrieve. This bird, hard hit, was an adult hen. After delivering, Brian moved to a few yards above where he had picked up the dead cock and froze ^{a high} on point. Again he had a bird that Kay put up in an effort to flush it away from the sun that blinded me, but the woodcock did it cleverly and flushed against the sun regardless, with no chance for me to shoot.

We walked to the road with no more contacts, crossed ~~the~~ ^{the} fence and were walking down the road to hunt the last hour at 4:50 on the Edelman Place. We were about ^{to cross} the fence rails when we heard a loud shot straight out the shoulder and guessed (correctly) that Hanson was back again.

Deciding to make a fast trip to end the day at Rehoboth Thorns we walked up the road toward the car. Just ahead, Brian went on point in the middle of the road, his head

toward the fence on the Clyde Davis side. Having a few steps to go, still in the middle of the road. I walked to his



IN THE ROAD.

side standing just at the edge of the road and the 'cock flushed from the far side of the fence and bored out among low saplings, straightaway and head-high.

It was, as Kay pointed out

afterwards, the classic time to miss but my shot dropped the bird at about 30 yards in a puff of several feathers. At my command to fetch, Brian cleared the fence like a hunter and moments later was coming back with the 'cock. I hoped he would leap the fence but he stopped and laid it down on the other side. I leaned over to pick it up but he suddenly became possessive and made a show of snarling and turning on me! So I held the fence down on top and he picked up the bird, leaped over and started to take the lead to Kay & her camera. It was a great moment. Another yearling here.

This had consumed time and we hurried to the car and drove to Reddick in 10 minutes, parked, and started in the Thomas I loading my ^{shell} last of many boxes of Sean (Federal) 3-1-8 loads in my right barrel.

We had no action until Brian pointed about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way out. The cock flushed up and over the thorns, the way most of them do in here, and my shot caught it well out and I saw it side-slip left and down. The best of those shells had performed at par. I also think my timing today had been optimum with the moment of dwell that usually wakes. I think if I had the same number of chances or given I would have better results without the emotional impact.

Sending Brian on at command we moved in for the retrieve with our usual sense of certainty, but he made numerous circles with no bird turned up. I had marked the location in general by a small oak sapling among the thorns & he showed interest in an area but then was flashing there - a not uncommon situation complicating a woodland retrieve. After ten minutes of repeated searching, with an increasing number of wider casts - disconcerting when you know the fallen cock cannot be that far out - I called Brian back but with not success. Finally, after a reassessment on my part - I saw the dead bird lying back-up (camouflage perfection) in the open, in a small clearing. This was like the one in the far thorns this year, except that this was not belly-up - easier to see. I called Brian in, he came over the bird, actually stepped on it like the other one and not until I headed him back did he get up. When he picked it up he

acted, as usual under such conditions, disgruntled. Brian, as Ray says, is a cerebral dog. This was another yearling hen. Is this early flight sign?

While the grass was not deep, I think that birds falling air-washed into open areas often land in grass that is not present under thorns in thickets and as such are much more difficult for a dog to locate by scent. That the dog does not use its eyes at this time, unless there is motion of fluttering, I am certain, for I have seen my dogs step on ^{dead} woodcock and grouse and never notice them. ^{Again, this was a late-chase kill and I wonder} if that contributes? Not always.

This was a grand hunt & a grand day. We flushed our own 'cock wild with Brian somewhere out too far but he started to correct him with the shock collar. Moments later we saw a grouse flash low across the open from the edge of cutaway woods we have never hunted to the south of the cow road. Soon after, Brian came leaping out over the grass as though he had seen still another bird and we credit him with a point on the grouse. We must check this at sundown next time we are here, which I hope will be next week. This is the second Hunters' Moon - and the real Woodcock Moon, the first one came ahead of time. Now the moon is right."

Saturday 3 November

Clear, sunny, cold 50°
gorgeous weather

1:20 - 4:30 }
4:45 - 5:30 } $3\frac{3}{4}$

Far Cucumber Run

scored 2 - 2 flashes

Parnell Road

scored 2 - 2 flashes

Brian: 1 prod.

A great disappointment after last year's at home with a number of grouse left. Today, no luck hunting down valley in far (many) miles,

or crossing to near side along log road then excellent grapes (with grapes) at far end. Turning back, we hunted the top (Kay saw grouse flushing wild from Brian come on my head close. I saw nothing because of my cap nose) ate lunch atop of the loading clearings from years-old operation, then hunted back thru good cover. Heard a number of distant shots and one close one that could have been in the grapevines at the near end. We flushed a grouse from there - no shot, and Brian was in the wrong place below the path (I had tried to send him along but he took the other direction.) at road found a blue car parked at entrance to the log road - this is Penna. We had time left & started out the road by the old deserted schoolhouse but found it a dead-end lane to a farm.

Decided to hurry to the old clearings on the Parnell road and made it in about 15 minutes, parked and hunted the left edge of thorns & clearing with no results. (Trash dumped here is appalling.) On far edge Brian made a grand point in shoulder-high goldenrod and held while I walked outside. Finally Kay walked in below him to try to flush what appeared would be a woodcock toward me. It was a grouse, and grouse-like, it went out beyond Kay and ran into the big woods. We followed - hopelessly try - and at last came back to the top when I saw a grouse flush from the edge cave (Brian was not near that as could see) and I think, had we not followed the first bird we might have found them on ahead. So reflexly this we hunted the line of flight to the road. While Kay went to the car, I saw Brian in the far side of

the road. Back of the spruce trees at the old house, he began ground-trailing⁽³⁾ furiously and nothing I could do would stop him. I called to Kay to shoot him but she didn't hear in time.

This ground-trailing is a habit that is fixing itself with him & am I must correct. I doubt that I should use the shock collar with 2- blast whistle for fear of scaring him on that signal. Think I will either call No & shoot immediately on shock alone. I am not uneasy about making him think scent. He needs, actually, to think ground scent. We shall see.

Tuesday 6 November

Bert Mathews

Brems: 1 prod.

Sunny, clear, cold 36° moved 7-7 flocks
windy, snow still in places. 1 shot - 0
2:30 - 5:30 = 3 hrs.

Too cold to go to Canaan - snow yesterday and lying in fields and woods floor today. We hunted the Paul Mathews side today with no action until we hunted out the edge of the back fields. Entering the far cover, a grouse came from somewhere below us - from the - and I saw it like a hawk, dropping to land at the left of an opening ahead. Trying to get Brim in, we waited and as we stood, I saw a second grouse come out of the blaze of fern that was the sun - from a tree, I think - and I wheeled to try for it left-quarterming overhead. I shot thru tree trunks but, like an ass, I stopped my gun barrels and missed. It was like a #2 station ^{shot} from the high house at sheet - only going the other direction. I go into emotional shock on grouse, because I see so few of them. ^{shot} I had it been a woodcock, I

in all probability would have hit it. The grouse was a faster shot but I should have held that second and waited to take it when I saw it clearly beyond the tree trunks as it crossed the clearing.



FAST!

But I didn't.

We circled the ground cover with no result and after returning to the site of the flash climbed to the top of the low ridge. In greenbrier and grapevine tangles, we flashed

three birds wild, and followed out the ridge, then back on the top path. Oddly, we seem to get no reflexes this year - or few.

Finally, about 5:00 o'clock, in the bottom cover on the north side of the ridge Prior made a nice point in a tangle I could not quite reach in time to get a shot. The grouse pitched for the rhododendron along the Humboldt run.

We hunted across to the slashings, then to the Matthews line and back the lower path. At the edge of the woods, near the Matthews barn, a seventh grouse left a tree top, too far to shoot, and headed up the valley. A nice last touch to a good day.

As we passed the barnyard, a form sailed toward us high overhead, at first looking like an hawk, then clearly an owl, headed for the coverts to try to kill a grouse, I suppose. But I can't wait to kill like that in time to make the shot.

Wednesday 7 November
cold, cloudy 37°
2:30 - 5:30 = 3 hrs.

Charlie Pleum
moved 4 - 4 fleas

Brian: 2 prod.

Unable to get to Canaan (reported 4" of snow on ground — about gone now) we hunted this excellent covert. Trying to find the fire we flushed on our walk pre-season, we hunted the ascending road to the pine plantation, then out the log road along the ridge. Brian had a hot point below the road that proved empty — surprising, though, pointed above the road in a pile of logs and branches. He was solid as I pushed toward him, then flagged. I ordered him on but he held, still flagging slightly, then went solid as I moved up. The grouse didn't give me more time but flushed low, disappearing over the rising in about one second — just half a second too soon for me to fire. On these shots, or lack of, you don't pull off, you afterwards feel you might have been able to shoot, but I suspect the time is too short. I blame myself for slow reflexes at such times but truly believe I am fast enough — too fast at times — when the shot is a "possibility."

Kay came up the slope to follow the bird with me and a minute or so after she joined me a second grouse flushed and back of us going down the hill — a bird that let Kay and Brian pass within yards. Why Brian hadn't pointed it I don't know.

That was our action this we hunted the grown-up field of thorns & briars about and out the ridge. Returning, we heard a bird go out somewhere near the hill road. We doubled

(34)

around the hilltop and then good quaperms over to the
Plum (Bennett) house ridge where Kay left to get the
car & meet me on the road. I hunted above the Noble cottage —
excellent quaperms — and to the road. In the area just
short of the small ravine, Brins threw his head up and aimed
toward a quaperms and large tree with the red pine beyond. After
several samplings he leaped up the high bank & pointed very
intensely, reconsidered, moved a few steps and poys again.
I knew I should walk to him but doing so would have put me
up against the pine with no chance to shoot, and so I
remained on the road, hoping for a flush. After a bit, Brins
moved close, pointed and finally aimed too close and I
heard the quaperms thrash up thru the pine from just
inside. It was getting dusk and I failed to see the bird,
then movement against the sky on the lower side of the road
caught my attention & I saw the quaperms boring down the
hill above the spruce trees — it had climbed, came over the
road and was away without my getting a glimpse.
Anyway I was a good point (my fault I let him move
too close) and not a bad day, this certainly too little action.
Kay met me on the western sky burned intensely.
Magnificent sunsets from this place.

Thursday 8 March
Cold, cloudy, 42°
2:00 - 5:00 3 hrs.

TWBD

Collins Place
mated 4 - 4 fleas

Brian: 1 prod.

(35)

This is nearly perfect cover in many places — the base of the steep spoil bank, the complete island on top (excellent grapes), the very steep grassy hillside below the spoil bank on the way down the valley to the car. So many times this afternoon I spoke to King of Art Thomas — his spirit is certainly here, as in many of the coveys I hunt.

From the huge old house at the end of what is not much of a lane, we climbed up to the spoil bank — a long pull — and after reaching the filled-back terrace, on to the island top. King passed on that one and walked the long way around to the west side where I pointed her for a covey to reflect a quail she had marked — a bird that sneaked out on Brian and me and scolded down over. Brian ran after it without scent & it left our parts for good. How many melt away without our knowing it? Grand cover — enormous grapevines — at the end where I

that we were all the way north. — Brian made a grand show of scent but nothing happened. Later on top in a tangle of deep grass, locusts, blackberry, Brian he pointed with great style and staunchness, but the bird left far ahead. I can't think it ran that far, but it may have.

To my amazement I had got turned around and was on the west (the wrong) side again.

Getting our bearings, we started hunting down the valley side to the car with light drumming and now & rain spitting. We heard one quail go out well up on the spoil bank, then later lost Brian below and finally heard what certainly must have been a covey at least one piping at Brian. (I heard the big wings flap after we got down back in

headed Brian on down the steep hillside. In a deep laugh of gophering 36
and then was masses of gophers hanging everywhere today — we heard
gopher #4 flush below him. None of these birds held ^{small}.

So when he whirled into a grand point in a gophering and I
got to him I that I was at last going to get a shot. But it proved a
rabbit and I could scarcely blame Brian.

We had our more firm point near the barn, so would
expected a woodcock but it was empty. And that was it. Another
illogical "dry hunt" — four birds to nothing for a great while then.

Brian worked hard and well, tho he reached straight out several
times & had to be shocked. But he tried. and so did we.

Monday 12 November North Bend - Ritchie - Pleasants Co. Shanty
Clean, cold, sunny 47° ward ~~8~~ 16 flushes Brian
1:30 - 5:30 = 4 hrs.

Bob Casto and Wayne Smith, our hosts — and grandsons —
took us in their 4 wheel drive to Cash county Pleasants County.
We had drive down to North Bend State Lodge yesterday 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs
and were delighted with it and the Park. This steep country is
unspoiled — no coal — and is different from our terrain —
about 900 ft elevation at Lodge. Mostly oak / pitch pine
woods with large unbroken tracts — some white oak —
Bob brought me an honorary permit.

We made ground — mostly they moved them — I
saw an brace Brian ran into and one late in day in bottom
near car — some within range ^{has all day traps to "good"}

poor "country", I see few, get no shots and have
poor dog work. I sometimes wonder if I hunted with two other
men at home if I wouldn't "make" as many? (37)

Brian seemed bewildered much of the time (the other men?)
and made ^{Had an almost} two good points — an land turtle. It was dry
& noisy and he seemed too wide. Bob's little German
short-hair Tracy made 2 productives. She works rather close
and makes false points often but is only 16 months old. These two
men were sincerely interested in showing me sport and there was
no slightest doubt as to their trying. Their one shortcoming
was the involuntary exclamation Bird!! at every flash, often putting
up a second bird. Kay and I were keyed up for great things
but the lack of action (each of the others had one shot save
Tracy's points) and Brian's less than worthy showing took
much away from the day & we ended very fatigued.

Brian

Tuesday 13 November Shultz
Cloudy, mild, 50° moved 3 (not new) — 4 flashes

2:00 to 4:30 } 3 hrs. Returned to yesterday's covert as best place and
5:05 to 5:30 }
Kay & I hunted it alone. Very disappointed. Brian
worked little but did not get a productive. Another turtle point for
which he got a touch of collar for winning on starting. This was

an example of going back to birds the following day of
finding them non-existent. Still scattered. We hunted the
same area as yesterday, made nothing new and only 3 of the
birds ^{from} yesterday. at last minute, got in car and drove back
there. Shultz to try some of the good looking valleys ^{all} we'd seen
on the way in. Going out they didn't look at all good.
Tried out for 25 minutes until dark. Nothing. This is the
story of my trips to far places.

Wednesday 14 November Nutter's Fork Road

Brian: 1 prod
2 prod.

Hot, partly cloudy, 60° moved 2-2 flocks
12:30 - 2:00 = 1 1/2 hr. } 3 hr. Pleasant Creek Public Area
4:00 - 5:30 = 1 1/2 hr. } moved 1-1; moved 3-3 flocks

Tried this valley Bob Castro recommended. Excellent looking but
produced only two grouse - the first, a wild flock from Brian, the
second, a grand productive head & tail up - but straight down below
us as we descended the last steep slope. The bird gave us no quarter. I
only knew when it left by Brian's start, but he held well.

While Bob & Wayne Smith gave conservation reports, everyone around here
tells of grouse - even the women at North Bend Lodge. But after three days, in
spite of the glowing stories we have heard, we are convinced it is no better than
our own coverts, and, God knows, not nearly as beautiful. The monstrosity of
steep hills and narrow ravines - mostly open hardwoods - may have a scattered
population that, in aggregate, ^{would} ~~would~~ be a lot of grouse if you walked to them.

The trip gave us a new appreciation of our own grand events and I suspect that 3 guns would move almost as many birds here. I had no shots in the three days — about par for my exploration of new areas and big tales.

Hurrying to the station wagon we drove at a good speed thru Clarkburg, Bridgeport and turned at Prentystown down Rt 250 to the Pleasant Lake Public Hunting Area — good looking though once recommended by the Ramsey boy for hunting at the Pats ("lots of grouse.") "The big trestle" was indeed impressive but horribly ugly and I can't visualize men building those high fellows.

There are mowed corridors thru head-high dead goldenrod — otherwise it could scarcely be hunted. The deep sluggish creek prevents crossing to the far side, which looked inviting. Brian made a crouching, sloopy point in thick alders close to me, scarcely going firm, and we heard a cork flash but couldn't view it. Soon after, he pointed nicely on the edge of the stream and I walked up a hem woodcock — a floater that went straightaway across the water. I was on it but instinctively held my fire, fearing to waste a bird dropped in the deep water of the lower dam at that place. ~~As~~ I watched the cork fly leisurely and flitting like a butterfly, high over the treetops across the stream and out of sight around the hill.

My not shooting at the bird seemed to affect Brian adversely, for after that he was difficult to handle, almost to the point of not going.

refusing to dry directions into cover. The additional hacking and repeated directions made him worse. Finally when he spent much time sitting on inviting areas and ground-sniffing to a disgusting degree, I had Kay touch him with the shock. This seemed to anger him entirely and from then on he was distressing to behold - a sickening spectacle. I finished out the light - Brian running with a third 'cock' that when I tried to rebait, he refused to hunt. That did it, and we returned to the car and drove him. These are low points in a gunner's life. (The quail flush I indicate was a faint sound I heard.)

Thursday 15 November Dinner Bell Corner Brian: 1 prod.
Cloudy, some sun, windy, moved 5-5 flushes
warm, 60° 1 shot - 0
3:00 - 5:30 = 2 1/2 hrs.

Back to home events. We went up to driving to Mt. Storm with forecast of showers, so went to Pennsylvania. Parked at usual place and hunted up to greenbrier corner, Brian making a grand high point almost at once but it was empty. Today he was the old Brian, hunting vigorously in casts of a snake's head, that covered the terrain in style. The wind seemed adverse and we made nothing all the way to the grapevine corner. Surging toward the pipeline right-of-way, we walked into a grass that bore low and crossing them open timber, making a shot impossible. Brian got no scent when I covered him to the back hill.

|| Not far below and around the hill — also in the lee of the wind —
another grouse flushed wild and high, Brian hitting scent & pointing
just before but without getting the bird located. I failed to relocate
either of the birds (the 1st was heard well and to the far side of the poplars).

As it grew later, we hunted back up over the original hill and
with no bell on Brian (felt it spooked the birds) we were not ~~sure~~ ^{aware} he'd
been pointing. The bird flushed and for some time I saw but then we heard
the loud take-off, could not see it. But the good point, which we also did not
see but knew was solid) did us all good.

At the very end, we worked, as a matter of covering the area, to the
top ~~great~~ ^{great} corner where Brian got into two young grouse that we suspect
were roosting in the branches above him. There was no point. One bird cut
back over Kay (If I could only walk in back!) and the second climbed
acutely above the thick branches. I impulsively shot at it feeling it
was leaving but saw it settle on a branch. I'm glad I missed, for it wasn't
a truly sporting shot though I didn't mean it as such. Oddly, I never heard or
saw the bird fly away, but we could find no evidence of it, and I know it did.

This was a good bit of action for a short hunt and ^{an} encouraging
number of grouse here. Perhaps things are about to happen better. At
least, Brian worked well and we could see him respect accordingly.

Saturday 17 November

Clyde Davis

Cold, cloudy, 35° or less
windy
1:45 - 5:30 = 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

moved 1 - 1 flush
1 shot - 1 hit

Brian: 1 prod.
1 h
1 ret.

Edelman Place

AF

IF

moved ^(2 new) 3_A - 6 flushes
0

moved 3 - 3 flushes
1 shot - 1 hit

2 prod.

2 prod
1 h
1 ret

Then two cock came a long way
to give us sport.

Yesterdays' snow flurries left less snow here than around
Terra Alta. Our intention today was to hunt Arnold Basin with the hope
of hitting the flights we feel we missed early in the week. But today we
found two cars (one Illinois, one W.Va.) parked at the Rehobeth, and so moved
on to Clyde Davis, counting ourselves lucky to have that of Edelman to
ourselves. We could hear shooting all around but at great distances —
rabbit? Leaving the car at the old house we hunted out the Davis sub and
soon realized there was no flight in. Brian hunted well but a shade wide.
He pointed about halfway out, near a patch of blackberry briars
(have there ever been so many?) and picking my approach to avoid being
caught behind saplings, I walked the bird up — a low
straightaway that fell solidly about 12 or 15 yards from me.
Brian retrieved it from down briars and instead of a move, Kay took
a still shot — actually two, I think of the delivery. The bird was an
adult hen, centered.

That was all the action. Though it seemed grand after the lack of
such the past two weeks, all the way out to the "gross" shoulder and
back on a lower level to the road, where we perched on the high rail fence

and ate lunch and congratulated ourselves that Haddon, for once, was not in Edelman ahead of us.

Starting south, Brian opened up and in the very lower fringe of the thorns as it were he was pointing. We heard a grouse flush & estimated its flight as straight out the lower edge. A long flight ahead, Brian pointed on the other side of a soggy ravine and after some relocating effort, froze. I stood on firm footing and waited rather than move in and go deep in the mire, having a fair scope from where I was. Brian, after a while, decided the bird was not there and moved in, crawling to the opposite bank and flushed a grouse (our bird, I think) from a fallen snag, the bird giving me a photo-flash glimpse as it bore away but not long enough for even a spot shot.

Our next contact was in the alders in the bottom. Brian moving the bird with no point, the grouse taking and after a show of coming my way, it turned and flew on up the swampy bottom. Now, I caught a new bird.

Brian soon had a point above us among thorns and as I moved to him, I walked up a 'cork' behind him that, for a moment, I thought might be his bird. But he held, pointing the other direction and I walked up a second 'cork' that went straightaway thru an opening. I centered it a bit about head-high and Brian retrieved. Kay tried again but this time her still camera failed to function & she ended snapping a shot of sky. This incident was a good thing here.

Kay heard two other grouse flushes - far away that could have been at least one more bird. On our return I heard a grouse flush not far ahead, with Brian moving toward it from below, but ~~it~~ ^{with} no fault of his. This was six flushes of at least three, two of which were new.

Embracing at the old faithful shoulder on top, we got again of account from Brian who walked it and froze, pointing toward the warm wire fence toward the open field. I placed myself as best I could, knowing I would bump the bird if I tried to climb the fence, maneuvering to avoid being blocked by a huge ^{dead} branch hanging from one of the fence-line trees. When I signaled to Kay to walk in a flush. She too was on my side of the fence but circled beyond Brian, stepping into deep mud, surfacing to take a movie of his grand point, then shook the fence wire. The woodcock flushed from the open field where I expected, crossing right in a wide open flight. Two things were against me - the gun-high level of the fence and posts but most of all that bloody branch. I had that I could swing & shoot before the cock got behind it but that was fantasy. I tried to get a view of it after it passed but had no chance, so watched the bird disappear across the road. We tried to find it where we'd marked it but with no success. Anyway, it was a good day. Three productions with two cock shot. And grouse moved. Later I found I must have left our bootjack on the ground beside the car when I changed boots.

Monday 19 November
Cloudy, partly sunny,
after fog, wet. 47°
2:10 - 5:30 = 3 1/4 hrs.
yearling cock: inter.
crop:

Hatched Place

moved 6 (3 new) - 9 flashes
2 shots - 1 hit

moved 1 hen pheasant - 1 flush
1 shot - 1 hit

Brain: 3 prod.

1k

1 ret

1k

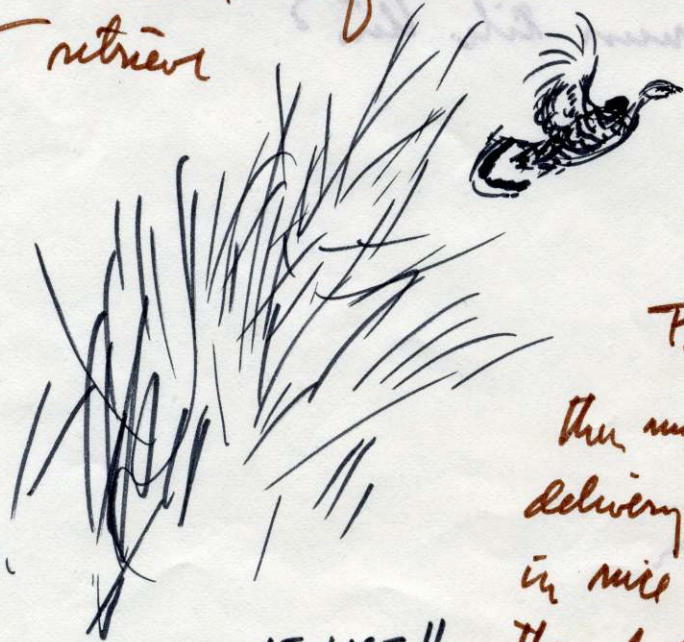
1 ret.

45

73

Opening day of W. Va. deer season and we headed for Pennsylvania, after a fog that lasted until 1:30, leaving the woods perfect and damp. Hunting up the hill path, we had not been out ten minutes when a grouse flushed from the left side and gave me a wonderful acutely rising flush that I caught right crossing and almost at its peak, containing the bird as solidly as any I've shot.

Ken exclaimed behind me (this was an event for all three of us) and feathers continued to float as I held Brian at steady, then sent him to retrieve



AT LAST!!

and even sitting at command.

Brian located the dead grouse
then made a production of delaying
delivery but at last, brought it
in nice style, laying it down panting
The bird lay still for 10 mins more
the grouse, very limp and with only

two tailfeathers remaining, looked perfect to me — a yearling cock, and I thought of Dr. Norris. While Ray located and gathered the missing feathers, removed, I'm certain, by Brian, that ~~two~~ gentleman moved ahead and began showing signs of scent. Doing a bit too much ground trailing, he then went solid, pointing into a pile of brush. The grouse came out as I moved up, heading at me and low. I whistled and tried for it going away high but had to shoot him trees and missed, feeling myself behind and not with it.

We followed on out the ridge, having marked the grouse by a tall hemlock, and circled back later than the flat. Finally, almost at the hemlock, I waited while Brian circled with ~~no~~ no result. I was about to move on but Ray suggested that we walk in to a tangle Brian had missed, as he often does in his casts. I resisted after calling him in and put him in and the grouse went out the far side. How many does he miss like this?

We felt the bird may have crossed the highway, but on the chance that it had gone to the corner at the powerline flats we worked them, near the main

road. From the edge,

actually from the tall dead grass, I heard a clattering flap and

expecting the quail, was surprised to see a hen pheasant crossing left and relatively low. I swung then and fired and saw the bird go down. Brin held till I sent him in, then found the bird at once. He did a poor retrieval, laying it down several times until we had to go to him and make him pick it up. The pheasant was still alive tho bleeding about the head & with a broken wing tip. I despatched it by wringing its neck - the best way with pheasants - but with a completely severed neck, that bird continued in a reflex effort to run, tho without coordination. I'm curious to learn how many pellets struck it - $7\frac{1}{2}$ being a bit light.

We returned to the car and left both birds at lunch. Then at after 4:00, hunted the bass road to the loading clearing where they heard a wild flash from the corner between the two log roads. Brin moved in later & pointed tentatively, then firmly at a quail left a tree above him. Kay then heard two more flashes - making four birds in that corner of slashings. We marked the tree & tried to the top of the hill but walked on out the feet, Brin moving another flash without a point. After we turned to come back a different path Brin pointed ahead of me but as I approached he moved in, something he's been doing at my approach lately. I continued him to hold, which he did, then just before I could

reach him, he moved in & the gun flashed. Brian breaking at wing. I called Kay to shoot him but she couldn't get into action and the moment passed, with no more correction other than my bringing him back, reloading, & making him ~~hit~~^{hold} at the spot. He may have seen the bird start out, but I suspect a last war to get closer — a bad carryover from close woodcock points.

This is going to take strict correction.

However, this was a grand day, — grand luck and good number of birds. We worked to ~~the~~ car in a lowering darkness from heavy clouds. A foggy beginning is a good day to gun grouse!!

Tuesday 20 November

Partly sunny 55°

1:50 - 5:20 = 3 1/4 hrs.

Tub Run

moved 5-7 flocks

Brian:

Hew Run

moved 4-4 flocks

2 prod.

This area we missed last season. Today found notices renewed everywhere — but operated as the premises remembered from our visit in '71 when Orman Taylor said it was all right to hunt — the notices signed Sonny Johnson (a Farmington filling station owner) are mostly on land of an absentee owner — a college "brain" Orman calls him. On the way home I stopped & Orman gave me the story. The "game refuge" is a hoax for the same purpose. So — we drove

up side road & parked near Tail, hunting up the valley. (49)
Brian moved beautifully but seemed unable to get scent, for he
ran into three grouse with no warning - one up over the left
ridge, the other two up the right - all down low when flushed.
There was a fourth that Brian just began to wind that flushed
yards from him - also up the right ridge. We worked
around & returned on the right ridge - very rocky, with laurel
and all trees exactly face-high, the rest dense. After lunch,
we started down to the stream & not far from the road a fifth
bird flushed below me. Brian had not covered area near it -
his greatest fault is missing good spots in wide swings.

We got in the car and drove out the road to the
Charley Taylor place - abandoned - we call Hen Run, parked and
hunted down three excellent quoppers over - lots of fruit. At
a lower road we hunted north and Brian pointed, breaking to move
a few steps as I approached. I held him with hold but it was empty.
Kay had heard the quare leave before Brian went on point.
Not far out the path, Brian made a great point on the
upper side, moving and flagging but going silent - again
breaking a few steps as I got near. I ordered him to hold, which
he did, then walked ten or fifteen yards past and ahead with no
flush. Finally I signaled him on with the two-whistle - and he
moved in, still hot. Kay was behind him and I still expected

a flash ahead, having passed all good cover closely as I (50)
moved along the path, then up into the piles of logs and such.

Kay said later that Brian suddenly whirled and pounced into a
tangle of yucca and brush — a dense pile — and out of
this mesh, the grouse thrashed and bored low across the
path where I'd been awaiting the explosion a few minutes earlier.
I had no chance to fire as I saw it quarter into cover below the
path with Brian in pursuit. Kay couldn't shoot him (which I
think she didn't want to do) because she suddenly realized she
had lost the transmitter. I found it back along the path.
But while I searched, Brian hit another point above, and while we
did not hear the flash, his action suggested one. I felt I'd handled
this point, miserably. This Brian did well except for breaking at wing.
We hunted all the way to the main road with no action, then
returned on the upper path once more. Then that a grouse flushed above
a loading clearing; later I saw Brian point them move out of sight
and probably point again, and I heard & saw a grouse leave a tree too
far for a shot. Kay wasn't sure she didn't hear still another bird
after that. We feel we missed at least four.

This was a fine day re birds; re dog work, not perfect,
re my judgement on at least the point — far from good.

Wednesday 21 November

Henkel

Cloudy, to hard rain 55°

moved 4 (not new) - 4 fleas

Brian: 1 prod.

1:20 to 2:45 = 1½ hr.

1 shot - 1 hit

1 h

1 ret

adult cock - solid

crop: grapes

This was a day. Rain shower at home after some sun spells, then stopped but with threatening clouds of 80% precip. forecast. We went hunting anyway, going to the Henkel Place as about the closest to home if we got wet. Off!

There was no one there and we repeated our beginning of last time, starting up the hill where I shot my grouse. Brian was working nicely in long casts to the sides, showing evidence of game toward the top on the right side, but reconsidering. He had swung across and was circling the left hilltop when a grouse blew out of a grapevine/bush heap to the left of the path and after a moment behind trees, boreed straightaway head-high. I tried for it and the grouse went down at the shot, obviously wing-shot. Brian, who had swung around the top and was behind me, broke at the shot and went for the bird with little I could do.



HE HAS IT!

This time it was just as well he did break. I marked the birds' fall but saw Brian, after a moment's circling, moving below the spot, then woke toward us, still searching, I thought. Then I heard him call, "He has it!" and saw him stepping high and fast with the bird in his mouth. When he realized we saw him, he laid it down and began rummaging it. Kay said, "I'm not going to let him pull the feathers out of this one," and started toward him, but he came on to us with the bird, which I saw was still alive. He held it for the movie but I took the bird & dispatched it, noting that the tail was already gone except for two feathers, like the last one. This was a big cock, an adult, I felt. The left wing was broken at the tip. However, this time Brian had pulled the tail when he eventually caught it. I was surprised the bird was so far below where it had gone down, and feel it must have run almost immediately. Fortunately, Brian was on hand. I think, had it been over a point, holding him steady would not have lost it, for he would have been able to mark the fall.

This shot made our day. Again within ten or fifteen minutes after starting out and only fifty yards above where I shot the other bird.



after we calmed down and started on, Brian swung into a half-turned point on top the hill, holding solidly as I walked in. A grouse flushed from some brush and logs and pitched down over the ridge with no chance to shoot. I heard Brian yell and saw that he had broken at the flush and Ray, very properly, touched the button. He needs this, especially after the success of his breaking at that moment ago.

Weather was thickening steadily and by the time we moved down over to the loading clearing and the point of cover where we'd moved four last time, the rain had started. We creaked the flat ~~to~~ beyond with no action and, getting well soaked, creaked the clearing and headed for the "last road." Ray heard a flush as we approached the edge of cover & Brian pointed for a moment where the bird had lifted. I thought it might be the one we'd had a point on at the top but we counted it separate. Hurrying along the road toward the car with Brian working the rails very well, I saw and heard a grouse flush from the left edge and stay under the cover in a rising going-away flush. I began to respond but my left shoulder, which has been painful for a week, wouldn't go into action (I'd strained it at the car when we started today) and I did not try the shot — a rather good chance, too. But somehow, I'm just as happy to have this day centered around the one exciting shot. Pleasant, this way. At the car we changed from clothes soggy wet. Later the rain let up on our way home.

Word from Bens over that the second Brian/Grouse ~~shot~~ has started!

Thanksgiving 22 November
Partly cloudy, mild 56°
2:20 - 5:20 = 3 hrs.

Brown Hell
mowed 4-7 flocks.
1 shot - 1 hit lost

Brian: 2 prod.

Found no one at our covert but before we got started, a
gunner with a fat turned up, a pleasant fellow from Pittsburgh,
Bill Reed. Said he knew Roger Sathum and had read TUSL stories times.
He and company (they had 3 dogs) could not find a dropped grouse with 3 retrievers.
Well so, I was anxious to get started and fear I may have been
impatient. Kay says I wasn't. We kept above the treeline as Reed &
a friend had hunted back on it.

We soon flushed a grouse that Brian did not get. Following,
promptly flushed #2, another one Brian missed. Why? We had a
reflex on #1 - again no sign from Brian(!), and then out too
far beyond that Brian arched up the slope to the left, waded and
made a glorious point into the sun. I had my work ahead of me
getting to him and staying on two feet, also nursing my left
shoulder that was cramped badly yesterday. I got to within
feet of Brian and after a moment saw a movement only a few
yards above - the grouse magnificently alive and sharp. It
sprang up like a pheasant, climbing almost straight up and
I saw I had to take it close as the only chance between two
trees blocking my view. I fired, sure of it, saw the rear
quarters fall but the bird leveled and bored away normally -
a too low hit. Kay remarked at the large quantity of feathers
~~that were~~ floating down and the bird continued to settle -
small down feathers, a nasty kind of legs left. Why I cannot



A LDW HIT.

get off a left barrel at
such times I can't follow
life of me know - I
and to. But no longer.

Instead, I stand and watch
birds fly away. I marked

this flight and we followed, sure
we'd find the bird dead or an

easy retrieve. Brian promptly, at the end of a flight distance,
made game and pointed among a strewn of large boulders to
our left on the flat. I started to him but he reached down and
caught the grouse - our grouse - picking it up and starting
to the right with the bird firmly in his mouth - a smart
point and retrieve. I wheeled with my back to him to reach an
opening where I could accept the delivery for Kay's mail when I
heard a flutter, turned and saw Brian without the bird and heard
Kay's "It flew." The bird had struggled free or he had laid
it down as usual and that was it. Kay said it went over the
hill low and with legs dangling - down into the wild
tangle of logs, grasses, briars and about everything that would
hide a bird. We scoured the entire basin - down and up -
but couldn't find it. I believe it could not even a take off

and flew only because Brian
was holding it. I feel sick,
leaving a grand bird to die,
a bitter side of grouse shooting.

We finally hunted on out
the ridge moving two birds — Brian
bumped them both. I cannot understand
why he is having this difficulty. And so on
great day that could have been so magnificent turned sour.
I am counting this a bit lesson if he had delivered the bird
all the way I would have counted it so. Why can a fine sport
be so cruel? ~~Prin/Queen~~ (Prin/Queen puppies - 9 - ~~was~~ finished arriving
early today about 5 a.m.)

Friday 23 November
cloudy, warm - 57°
1:50 - 5:20 = 3½

Brown Hill
mud 4(2 new) - 5 flecks.
1 shot - 0

Brian

We returned, half hoping to find yesterday's bit bird, half
despairing. Took the tramroad today feeling the first two birds moved
yesterday or top had been flushed there. Around the first shoulder I
walked into a grouse I sensed, corner-of-the-eye as it started, but I had to
take a blind shot as the bird went, away - right, behind dense trees, and
I missed. Irritated ^{by} my miss, I blamed Brian for not covering the close

areas in his wedge carts. When he ran onto this bird further out the (57)
tramroad, flushing it from the far side of a big log, I wasn't reassured,
especially after his bumping or missing some birds yesterday.

I tried to relocate this bird in the big clump of cover across the
run, but there was found more quapernis, as didn't move the bird, although there
made a grand point that proved empty where the quapernis could have flushed.
We ate lunch then walked to more quapernis (This cover is impressive) at the
north rim of the basin. An almost continual barrage of rifle shots
Pennsylvania sighting-in for next week's deer opening) and the racket
of two kids burning gas on motorcycles on a log road did nothing to add
to my composure.

We moved nothing until a quapernis flushed across - far ahead -
from Brian - far ahead - and pitched for the bush on our right. Another
futile search left us on the edge of the fields above Rt 26, and in
an effort to cut them to the top log road, I got us in a mass of thick
cover and "gunstock rocks" (they seem to possess an animated
purpose to destroy a gun in their rolling, slippery condition). These
woods are growing out of such rocks. I ended back on the long-way-
around road I had spurned, then, with darkness setting to us, I
abandoned the dim log road to the car and took the well-traveled (those
kids came zipping back over it) road, headed for the big powerline.
We flushed two new quapernis in this bush - one merely seen, the other
heard - and Brian made another fine effort to produce but the
point was empty. We must have walked almost our mile extra
by the time we hit the powerline, then the pipeline, then the paved
road to the car. Beat.

Saturday 24 November
cloudy, showers 58°

Dinner Bell

1 (not new) - 1 flush
0

Brian

1 k
1 net

1½ } 3 hrs.
3:50 - 5:20 - 1½

Haukel

2 (not new) - 4 flushes

1 shot - 1 hit

1 hen pleasant - 1 flush

1 shot - 1 hit ap.

1 prod. pleasant
1 k o.p.
1 net.

yearling hen: inter.
crop: grapes.

It is a mistake to expect perfection from a gun dog, and equally false to consider him all wrong because he performs poorly on one or two sessions, as Brian did yesterday. Today he laid down as nearly perfect a ground pattern as I have seen, quartering left and right at a moderate range, checking with me periodically with no need for the whistle. It may be that Brian knows, and likes, the two coverts as ground and has had good experiences in both. Also, my not having to control him adds to the optimum performance that requires none. At any rate, it was so gratifying and pleasant to have him work the way Puff used to at our best.

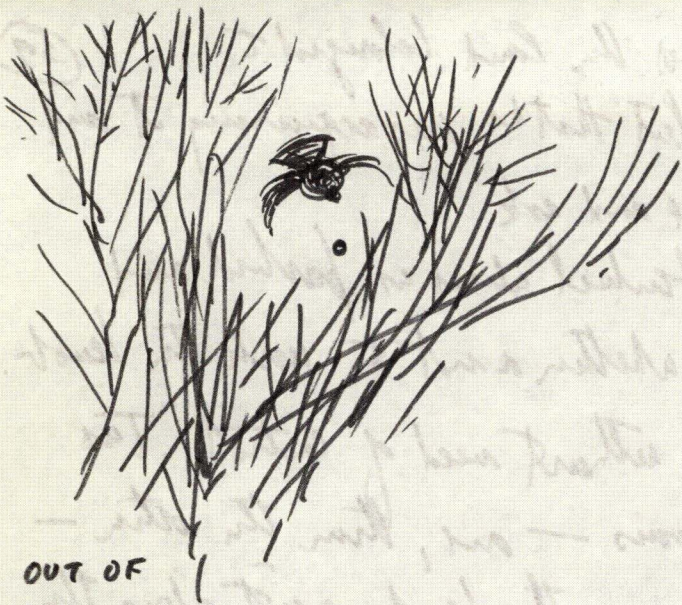
We found the weather bad at the Haukel Place and instead of waiting out the rain, we drove to the Dinner Bell covert where, after a short delay we got started. Being Saturday we can't know if someone had been ahead of us, but we found no birds all the way around until a grouse moved out ahead of Brian as I covered the last corner - the bird topping out & crossing the beginning. I met a man

named Hendricks cutting wood also said the land belonged to Bakers in the white house across Rt 40 but that he was acquiring it and it was all right to hunt "if people come and ask."

We ate lunch driving back to Hankel where we parked and hunted out the last road after debating whether or not to make the knob. Brian continued his excellent coverage without need of control. Two grouse flashed from him - very nervous - one, then the other - from the base of the grapevine ravine on the knob just above the "base road" - one going over the shoulder (by sound and Brian's attitude), the other I saw cut along the lower level of the hill just below the treetops.

We followed, the ground back perfect and damp and quiet after the showers, at the pool below the road I stood beside Ray waiting for Brian to cover the area around. After several minutes of low conversation, we heard a grouse flash and saw it land left the tree over our heads where it had been perching - our first bird, I believe.

Not wanting to follow it back, we continued to the loading clearing and after a while to our left, Brian came in and I swung him into the thorn corner where a grouse had flashed the last time we were here. Nothing materialized today and Brian pushed on to the main log road and I started to follow. Suddenly a flash, behind me, alerted me and I wheeled to see a grouse coming out of a tree almost over me. It was well out when I spotted it and before I could decide to shoot,



OUT OF
A TREE.

firing below it — no seeing,
no holding and waiting for the
bird to come to the barrels, simply
shooting at a spot, quickly, as I
do on woodcock leveling out of
thorns. The grass fell in a line

with and beyond Kay who had turned to watch it,
exclaiming at the hit. As Kay hurried toward it she called,
"It's running, it's running! Don't let it get away!" Brian had
aroused and with head up caught sight of the bird fluttering
just ahead of him and was upon it. Unfortunately, he speared
them up, then lays them down without dispatching the ~~the~~ birds but thus
one was no problem and I quickly did the job then let him retrieve —
a long process but finally accomplished. This was a yearling hen — a
good sign.

With such luck — 3 grouse the last 3 visits on him — we
moved on toward the ploverline, hoping for a repeat on our hen
roughneck kill ~~that~~ time before last. We hunted out into the clumps of
cover under the big ploverline and I found two small clumps of hen pheasant
feathers in an area — possibly pulled by a predator. Nearer the road,
Brian made a hot solid point in dense greenery but Kay walked in
with no bird mind. I sent Brian on, confident and let him out on him.

at the highway, with no action in the good corner, Ray left to (61)
drive the car up while I put Brian into the low cover on the south side of
the road. Almost immediately he pointed, low and hot, in a clump of
hazelnuts. I almost expected a woodcock. It looked so close, but for all
my training I put up nothing, wishing Ray were there to do it for me!

Very soon and not far in Brian hit scent, flagged a moment, then
froze, his gaze focussed into a waist-high tangle of greenbrier. I
felt as had the bird this time, and hurried to meet in a few yards
on foot of him. The briars exploded promptly and a hen pheasant
bored away about head-high and overwing slightly left. I held just
beside the bird, fired and tumbled it. I don't know if Brian held steady,
but I ordered him to fetch and he was there.



OUT OF THE TANGLE.

Ray heard the shot at the car and was on the scene in seconds with
Brian still stalling and growling when I tried to make him pick up the
bird. His actions retrieving or not retrieving, Ray laid on either his under
an 'cock, which he brings in surely and promptly with only one or two

process in the way. We finally got him to carry the pheasant and then he held it nicely!!

One repeat of a grouse and pheasant bag in this count seemed so unusual and it ended the first period of the shooting before the deer season began in a lachry manner, especially with Brian's grand performance today. And he knew it.

Up to deer season

<u>Monday 3 December</u>	<u>Rehobeth- Arnold</u>	Brian: 5 prod.
perfect, sunny 52°	moved 4 (1 new) - 6 flushes	1 k.o.p.
1:40 - 5:30 = 3 3/4	2 shots - 1 hit o.p.	1 ret
yearling hen: inter.	moved 3 - 3 flushes	3 prod.
crop: few haws,	5 shots - 2 hits	2 k.
grouse	AM	2 ret.
	AF	

This was a grand day to start the post-deer season shooting. Parked at Rehobeth Cemetery and before I could fasten the gate behind us, Kay called "Point!" Brian was solid not forty yards from us, pointing into a tiny clump of thorns, his head turned right. Kay had her new Argus 35mm still camera and sailed into action, taking movies of Brian's point, then several still shots of the point, followed by movies of my shot, movies of Brian's retrieve, then still shots of the retrieve!! Action. The cock had flushed out my side from Brian and I missed it going away about head-height, dropping it with the left barrel well out - an adult male. This set us all back for the day - Brian moving gay and high. He was a point very soon in the middle of the

hawthorn. His first point had been rock solid from the moment we saw him until the order to fetch. This one was an exercise in exact location - first a soft point that went solid, but as I walked up and waited, he changed position, moving around to the right and coming back in to point again. Still no bird, and he re-established again, moving completely around and pointing back toward me, telling me specifically that the 'cock was between us. I had no choice but to plunge into the center of the group of thorns where, after a moment's wait, the bird flushed away, giving me a chancey glimpse as it went behind thicket - one I risked and shot at. I couldn't see the bird after the shot and when I called to Kay, she said she'd been taking notes. I sent Brian on and soon saw him standing, head-down, in the thicket, his tail wagging and knew I'd dropped the 'cock. He came back in a prompt retrieve (would that he'd do this with grouse) and again Kay got still shots of the delivery, and later I took some of Kay taking notes of Brian with the birds. This was an adult hen.

After this beginning, we were certain a flight was in but from then on, no woodcock until the last moments at end of day. In the flat of thorns to the right of the pipeline, Brian made a grouse that flushed behind me, crossing from Kay also alerted me. I wheeled and fired quickly as the bird went behind a hawthorn and missed. Later, in the bottom Brian pointed and worked in a series of points but the grouse flushed far ahead with no later reflex.

On the far slope, hunting the lower edge, Brian pointed - a nice high point - and Kay heard the bird go. Brian continued to work the area and, a bit higher on the slope in thicket, pointed left. I walked toward him and he turned pointing and waving until he was pointing up the slope toward

an opening above us. I saw him about to move on and stepped him solid with hold! Seconds later the quail took off low and I caught it, seeing the pattern strike and the bird go down against the bright sunlight of the edge ^{with feathers softening down like gold flakes.}

Brian held till I sent him on but circled without finding the bird, until I moved into the clearing and waved him toward a patch of blackberry briars where he had went and the bird fluttered and he had it. Brian's quail retrievers are ordeals for me, especially since he lost the Thanksgiving bird. This was no exception. Finally I got him to pick it up and bring it and Ray got pictures. This was a yearling hen, and our day was made.

after eating lunch, we moved on out the ridge and Brian made another production, working up on it. I have noticed this development recently, working the birds carefully and locating more exactly than in the past - an interesting phase. This bird however lifted too far for me to shoot and we followed it into some excellent cut-over woods beyond but didn't shoot it.

Later in the bottom on our way across to the east slope, ^{the 4th -} Brian worked and pointed another quail, we just glimpsed as it went out over the tree tops. On the long hunt back the east slope we didn't move a feather. Going over the "saddle" as light faded, Ray remarked that she had "picked my tombstone" - marking the car by the Rehobeth graveyard far, far as far goes to tired hunters" in the distance. Hurrying to the edge where last time Brian had found - and moved - a quail, he moved to recover it perfectly.

and I pushed after him in the growing dusk, leaving Ray to follow the farm road to the car. Working out the "hedgerow" trees toward the road, I saw a white form in the gloom ahead, made it out to be Brian and walked hurriedly to him, pointing toward me - a high one - from the other side. Hoping for the grouse, I waited - my glasses long since discarded - and finally the flush came at me - a big hen woodcock that floated up close. I tried for it too soon (an easy shot if I'd waited), missed, and missed again as the bird darted right behind trees well out, my two shots making pink stabs in the darkness. Brian couldn't believe it but I had to. Even so, it couldn't tarnish the grand day I had been #1 Kay drove to pick me up & we drove to the old house on the Anders place and found, by flash-and-headlights, the hostack I'd left there on November 17th -

at Davis's mailbox we met Cora & Clyde & gave them a copy of TUSL. Clyde told of grouse around ridge from their "old house". We will see. (He mentioned that Arnold place belongs to Van Meters of Petersburg.)

Tuesday 4 December
cloudy, ending with rain, mules.
2:00 - 4:20 - 2 1/4

Morrison Place

Brian: good work

This was a nothing as concerns birds if it had not been for Brian's performance. Where earlier we had made 7 grouse in heavy foliage, today it was barren in spite of covering additional new ground to top of the far ridge. We even suspect someone may have hunted it ahead of us but there were no signs - littering and even so, we'd surely come onto a flushed bird. Brian gave evidence

of hot scent at least three places. It was his magnificent work on these spots that impressed me. This season, as I've written earlier, he has developed a step beyond the sudden solid point — very good in its place and he still uses it effectively. But now, instead of not stopping at the faint scent of birds (formerly a check then barreling on, or no check — just making game) he now points, then draws in head well up. Even here, he is not simply drawing to the bird but actually attempts to pinpoint its location from several angles if necessary. His first point today was grand — a high one, but as I approached him he made first left, then to my right, much as I stand with gun ^{stock} under arm and ribs, turning the barrels in the direction their indicates.

Later he was so sure of game, but after I arrived, re-established his point, eventually abandoning it.

Today was disappointing in a great-looking covert.

Thursday 6 December

cold, wind partly cloudy — 36° but with wind chill about 20°!

2:30 - 5:15 — 2 $\frac{3}{4}$

gearing cock: solid

crop: spiculous shield fern (greenbriar seeds in gizzard)

Mathews Place

moved 7 (3 new) — 7 flocks

2 shots — 1 hit o.p.

Breast: 5 prod.

1 R.O.P.

1 ret

This is a grand, grand covert — about the best one we have presently. Yesterday to turn though the rain cleared it we could have hunted. Today found a pick-up parked at Mathews' house — rabbit hunters from Faumont, one name Garvin originally from Haydon.

Curiously, instead of spoiling our shooting I think they scattered grouse to our benefit, their having hunted the edges of the fine fields. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center}

after talking & hunted up the valley above the run, working the old paths toward top of the hill where I found Brian solid on point - high. He broke as the bird flushed from a brush pile (we're working him without the electronic collar & he is getting lax at times). I saw the grouse come low directly toward me, then left to go over. I turned & waited to have a fair look at it going-away above head height than the tree trunks and fired holding just below it and saw it go down in a shower of feathers. Brian was not awaiting my command to retrieve and soon found it well out and, to my surprise, to the left of where I expected, and I wonder if it could have run - it had a broken wing but was not alive when I at last got a delivery. Brian is poor at retrieving any bird larger than a cock or a bobwhite and requires severe talk and even threats!! But the occasion could not be tarnished by his horseplay and we were delighted with a fine young cock grouse - large - shot on a great point.

Today was revealing as concerns me as much as my dog. I am nursing a tender left shoulder - chronic at times after strain - and I have difficulty handling & mounting my gun. We had worked to the low ridge top path where last time we had heard the grouse near greenbriers. I was expecting birds. Brian was working the thick briars ahead and I was on the path. As I stepped to watch him, a grouse flushed close to me just beyond the path's edge and then I couldn't see it, the explosive rise gave me such a start I flinched (don't speak of recoil flinch alone!) and cramped my shoulder. This happened once recently, hunting in Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving, so severely I was doubled over with the pain. Today, my

reaction was not that extreme. The grouse came up into view quartering then ⁽⁴⁸⁾
crossing right at about 25 yards or less - a great chance against the sky and
I stood and looked at it, turning to Ray and inquiring: "Why didn't I shoot?"
Ray asked the same. Grouse shooting is largely psychological response - the
birds aren't easy but they aren't nearly as difficult as we all make them.
My cramped shoulder muscles delayed my normally fast mount into
action and may have been the reason I didn't get my gun up (it isn't easy when
so painful). But I suspect, and know this has affected my response at
other times, that having just shot a grouse I wasn't hungry for ^{another} kill
quite so soon. Later in the afternoon I was thirsting for action but not
just then.

We missed another bird that could have been the same dove on the hill
and to the right. Poor chance. But why no prints? True, Pines weren't near
them. It was bitter cold and we decided to cover the lower slopes at
the far end of the old fields then turn back the low path below ^{the} fields.

Instead we were headed back through grand cover on the old road did
us bit action but it was beautiful. Pines was on the road ahead,
pointing into the stiff wind coming out the path like a tunnel. I
moved to him and stood while he re-established, going into the thicket above the
path on the right, pointing then moving until at last he held and I waited.
Finally sending him on, he walked on out on the right & I saw the grouse go
straight out the path a few feet high and disappear over a rise in the
grade. It had been all of 60 yards from him on his original point, the wind

dragging him the rest.

He had another point further on in thick cover below the path that I couldn't get there. I finally sent him on with two blasts and the bird lifted but not my way as I'd hoped. This is not good practice but at times is the only way to culminate a point and with an intelligent dog, should be an occasional solution.

In a corner of deep dead goldenrod near loads of quince berries, Brian again pointed, at first ground trailing a short ways, then pointing. I don't like ground trailing but I'm not certain that in some dogs it isn't the preliminary stages of re-establishing and working a point-in-motion, such as Brian is doing now. Perhaps it should be viewed patiently in a young dog before taking measures to break it. This bird went out low and wild at my approach and I missed an away shot too far out for the improved cylinder.

Nearer the rear and in thicket, just in from the fields, Brian had another production we couldn't see but we heard the bell stop, and soon heard a flush & saw the game instantly. There had been a good-looking point in the good cover below the old fields but neither Brian nor I could produce the bird.

This was a fine day. I hope there will be more.
Brian's ground pattern perfect.

Friday 7 December
sunny, cold, 40°
2:30 - 5:00 = 2½

Clyde Davis - River Hill
saw 6 - 6 flashes
0

Brian: 2 prod.

Excited by Clyde's description of grouse in the area beyond their house, we returned today - cold but beautiful - and drove down the bad road innocently unaware that it would be tricky to get turned. Parked at the sharp bend where a ^{few} years ~~ago~~ ago we'd tried this (several years, for it was with Brian). We followed an old road up and around the shoulder thru utterly useless open woods to where we saw an abandoned farm far below - road's end.

In some better looking cover with old woodfalls and a few grapevines, Brian moved about - he was hunting well - and I saw him pointing. It took me a bit to reach him and he relocated beautifully, holding solid on the slope above me. I worked to him as well as possible but the bird flushed too soon. Brian moved a step or so and pointed again. A second grouse flushed, quartering about the first. Both were out of range.

We had no reflex this we followed, and finally when I saw we were almost around to our Maple Run court, Ray walked into a bird that had not flushed as I passed in rather thick cover. This was hopeless to follow so, after eating lunch, we hunted up to the old orchard on top where Clyde had described birds. There is a nice patch of hawthorns up here that might hold 'em earlier but too far to get to easily.

We had walked further than necessary to reach this area & as had to head toward the car. Following a log road over the brow in the direction of the Davis house, I soon saw Brian doubled into a point on the path,

headed to the right. The grouse didn't wait but flushed (71)
out the ridge. Following, we began seeing grouse droppings in
roosts and Kay saw a drumming log with droppings. I heard Kay's
whistle signaling that a grouse had flushed and turned toward her
(behind me) only to have a second bird flush immediately in front
of me. I got a look at the bird straightaway but only in time to
lose view of it. That was it. We followed but got into big timber
with rocks and no idea where the birds had gone.

There was excellent cover below this and we moved down it to
the road & the car with no action. This should be hunted in from this
end - not extensive cover, but could be done in conjunction with
hillside cover below the road.

at the Davis house then saw Dale also - building the house
on the Edelman road, told me of grouse in the stripmining area that
adjoins the Arnold Basin, reached by the Stripmining road.

Clifton road & Wellenium Sawmill

Saturday 8 December

cloudy, cold 37°

made 4-6 flushes

Prize: 2 prs

2:20 - 5:35 - ~~1 1/2~~ hrs.
overall 2 3/4

We first tried the area Walt Galuskey
told me about about Whites but it proved
open and barren. Returned to car and moved to Thorne & Crab thicket at
Wolf road - excellent cover with new slashings & brush piles but not
a feather, tho we and Brian especially gave it a thorough search.
As a final effort we drove to the Wellenium Sawmill Hollow,
parked and hunted up the right side, not going too far until we reached

the hilled Thorns on the back end of the Williamson Place. (72)
By this time, Brian was reaching out in his search for birds and
I saw him dash out of cover far ahead, leaping as he broke after
what had to be a grouse flush.

Getting him in, I put him across the little run in the bottom
and again he flushed — two grouse, without points that I could see.
I was pretty disturbed by his performance and my voice put another
bird in my repeated hearing.

We followed to the trace of the back road and finally in the
thick cover along the run near the road, Brian pointed beautifully.
As I moved to him and waited, he worked the area, pointing again
and again, finally pointing back into the bottom near me. The grouse
had been on the far slope behind Brian's original find and I flushed
the right way — for it.

We followed the flight direction into the hilled thorns and
lost Brian. After no results from repeated whistling, I set out to
find him and did — on a glorious point in thorns on the slope
above. I did the only thing I could — push into a small opening in
front of him, pointing towards me, but the grouse again took the right
way out over the thicket on the other side, too far to shoot at. But
it was a great point.

Foolishly, I headed us across the ravine to hunt the Harader side,
grand, shocked cover. But it was getting dark and twice our roads ended
blind — this has grown densely thick at lower end in the years since I've been
here. We had our neck-tangling point that proved empty, and a sunset that
browned fiercely for a period we'll remember the rest of our days. We must go
back here.

Wednesday 19 December
Cold, cloudy 34°
breezy on top.

Little Sandy North
mowed 3 - 3 flocks
0

Brian: 1 prod.

2:00 - 5:00 = 3 hrs.

Snow, loads of it, has blocked our gunning all of last week and this to today when we tried a hunt up the "Little Creek." It was nearly hopeless, snow deep on the ground & clinging to all brush. I have had a rare experience in 1953 with less snow - 22 grouse in a heavier snow than this - but other than that it is almost futile, unless grouse are there in numbers. Last season I mowed 15 altogether in this area, today nothing all the way up to the Casteel place and back the top until we mowed one near the ship-mound spoil bank west of the powerline - a wild flash I saw go over the trees and away. Finally at the edge of the big top field, Brian's bell indicated he was near a flock we heard but couldn't see. Shortly after, I saw tracks of two or three and Brian moved ahead and made a fine point. I peered toward him but the grouse didn't wait. I only heard it & saw Brian break a step or two, then hold at it left. That was it. I should start at this edge even near the field instead of going all that distance up & back next time.

Monday 24 December
Cloudy, some wind, cold 36°
snow on ground.
3:00 - 5:15 = 2 1/4 hrs.

Matthews Place
mowed 5 (not new) - 5 flocks
1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

Brian: 2 prod.
1 k.o.p.
1 ret

adult cock: oiled (16 1/8" jaw - largest I have shot) (skull prominent on 9/10 both wings)
crop: laurel leaves
This Christmas - our hunt comprises our Christmas hunt this year for as I write this in part of the Christmas first the light rain and, was nearly, threat of more has kept us from the woods, though

The 46° temperature today and really not much rain would have been good, had we known to ignore the irregular drizzle. But yesterday was grand and you can't argue with such perfect sport.

The day began inauspiciously with the station wagon motor malfunctioning and a trip to Murphy. Snow delayed us — no trouble spotted. Driving to the Matthews Place we drove between high banks of snow shoveled from their lanes on the flat but we made it with our snow tires. Found tracks, fresh of three hunters covering almost every place we went — they must have hunted up to the time we arrived but at least they weren't present. Snow was deep in the thick cover and we followed paths, as the others had, but made nothing, seeing tracks of two or three grouse.

Hunting from the top of the ridge, we cut them ~~down~~ down - deep snow down to the lower slashings at the end of the back fields and, sure enough, our pals had been there ahead of us. Leaving the path, I hunkered down the slashed area and between the top and lower paths heard a grouse flush after Brian's bell went silent. I saw him break and, ^{far out,} saw the grouse level and patch for the big cover below. Almost in the same area I found three sets of fresh tracks headed north toward where Brian had pointed and was starting to follow them when Brian came in and moved in the opposite direction. Grouse tracks in deep snow are ~~deceiving~~ as to direction, fooling us - and Brian - consistently, tho I can't say he was following the tracks this time. I saw him go lanky and freeze on a nice ~~point~~ ^{sharp} hill. Hearing



SNOW BALLS

to him, I got within a few yards when the grouse, blew up from the depths of the logs and snow and flushed straightaway and low, falling in a cloud of feathers at about twenty yards or less. Brian broke at the shot and my command to hold rolled off of him without effect. The grouse had tumbled into another snowy brush pile and Brian was there, pointing. Kay was taking movies and a second grouse flushed from a brushy heap not far above us that ^{still} carried its mass of dead leaves. I watched as Brian found the ^{fallen} bird and, after some delay, brought it out of the tangle, too my surprise with its head still up. I don't know how much more centered a bird has to be to fall dead, for there were feathers all around us. Brian put me through his usual routine of mouthing the bird and stalling until I went to him and he did his fawning act. Once again, back toward Kay, I stood and by sheer threat of mayhem got a nice enough retrieval of a grand old grouse, now dead.



My tooth marks and stings of the retriever and with much rejoicing as stepped for lunch, in my case hot tomato loaves. Thanks to the tail fan was intact and later proved to be the largest of my ^{hunting} life - $16\frac{1}{8}$ " across, compared to a $15\frac{3}{4}$ " fan in 1970. It is impossible to determine the birds' wingspread for our wing, its right, was nearly shot off (the left leg shot in lower joint & probably lower body).

This made our day and for that, the holidays in case we shot no others, and we moved down to the lower path to head back - it was after 4:00. Sure enough, the ^{hunters'} tracks were there as well - we had found our birds in a small area they had missed.

On the lower path we found a branch path without tracks and climbed up into the big old field edge where we saw two snijles - one well ahead from a rhododendron a laurel - no dog or man present - and the other from the large clump of laurel as Brian moved toward it. We were rising the ^{flames} orange color with large bell today as Brian felt the sleigh bells with much

when he rolls. No man action as we covered the lower field ⁷⁷ woods margin back. A grand day and a great bit of luck. Thing worked well but with less regard toward my whistle today. Took two or three efforts to get him to respond. That of his quavering tendency to break at wing will bring in a most refreshing session hunting with the electronic collar next time a two. We had been doing without it to let King handle her two cameras without encumbrances.

Thursday 27 December

Sunny, warmer 50°

2:30 - 5:30 = 3 hrs.

Henkel

moved 3 (1 new) - 3 fleckles

Breast: 2 prod.

First non-rain day since Christmas Eve. We headed for the Pennsylvania cover, time out to check trespassers that turned out to be Jim Nester huddled on the other side of our line with Nicholson.

Found the Henkel Place all ours and proceeded with great hopes, the weather seeming perfect - mild, damp, sunny, snow gone except in tiny patches. Hunted the base road to the clearing and toward the far valley. I walked into a big grove on the flat - Brian somewhere else - and passed a chance by my awkwardness with the safety and the glaring sun in my eyes that bothered me most of the day.

Hunted the far valley with no success - back up the area where I shot my birthday grouse two years ago and, against the blazing sunlight and thorn thick cover I saw Brian pointing - looked like shiny leaves at first. I ran back and around hoping to reach him but the bird wouldn't wait.

I lost the path back up the hill - grown up since we were there -
finally relocated it as it cut thru the rock ledge. No action until
near five o'clock or later as we walked the log road toward the powerline,
when as I whistled to bring Brian to the left, he went on point to the
right. This has happened several times. He walked in, pointing several times,
and I saw fresh grouse tracks in a patch of snow. Finally, they heard the
grouse flush distantly.

We covered the open grass on the powerline but found no
pheasants today.

The odd part of today was that we found so few birds where we
knew there are some - a day I'd expect grouse to be moving.

Thursday 27 December

Henkel Place

Brian: 2 prod

moved 3 (1 new) - 3 flushes

Friday 28 December

Tub Run

Brian:

cloudy, 40°
3 hrs. {

moved 1 ^{new} - 1 flush

Hen Run

moved 2 (not new) - 2 flushes

1 prod

My 67th birthday. The closest I came to a game bird today was
cream of pheasant for breakfast and woodcock for dinner - a grand
way to observe the day, but I could do with a look at a few grouse.
We found frozen snow preserved in Tub Run valley, the only grouse, a
wild flush in the second tributary near the bulldozed road as we came

from a long circle up, and back the ~~main~~ ^{the main run} far tributary. (19)

Moved to Hen Run covert & found only two birds there. It is liberal to count them separate, but Brian made a nice point on the second find. Big disappointment. Why can't you have increasingly fine sport in your later years? Not conversely.

Saturday 29 December

Ft. Morris Thomas

Dryish, 38°
1 hr.

0

a big goddamned zero all the way. Last minute try as rain let up a bit - good weather for grouse hunting but we cannot seem to find action. Saw a large grouse roost on the brink of west slope in open grassland but no bird. Striped lake frozen over today.

Monday 31 December

Wilkinson Sawmill

Breast: 3 prod.

foggy, 38°

moved 4 (3 new) - 6 fleckles

1 h
1 net

3:00 - 5:15 2 1/4 hrs.

2 shots - 1 hit

adult cock: solid

birds: 1 hawk, grouse, towie (lives) A foggy day. Visibility wavering between

forty yards and a hundred, and we wavered equally, unable to decide to go out. But when the rain stopped and the fog ^{withdrew} to across the pines beyond the studio window, we took off, going to one of the few areas that were at lower elevation, with good judgement, for we got below the fog level.

Brian pointed almost at once on the edge of the sawmill clearing near the flooded run, but oddly moved up and pushed the

bird, a new one, that went upstream. A short flight later, we found him pointing beautifully on the steep left hillside just above the stream and I walked to below the brushy pile, only to have the grouse flush from somewhere behind me as I faced Brian. We think, from the sound, that it must have been in a tree, possibly lifting from Brian's hint and waiting.

Climbing to the top of the low Harader ridge. Then excellent cover, we came out on a thorn field where, from the far side, we heard a grouse leave. Circling around to the left and over the brink, we saw Brian point in the big open woods below us. From his actions as he broke, I estimate a bird went out to his left, but Kay called that a young grouse had flushed up the hill and was perched in a tall tree ahead of us. I spotted it but it left and topped the hill above. Later, it flushed well from me, too far to shoot at, as I stood in the thorn clearing.

We had to pause to eat on the small powerline right-of-way, and I shed my jersey, wearing only my quilted undergacket, which always makes me steam at temperatures above 30°.

Well up the run, we crossed about at the forks and got into the large Hawthorn / crabapple cover on the Welkison side where I hoped to find some of the four we heard the last time. Brian was hunting well but at times was a shade wide, missing good cover near me. He apparently was on the slope above the old path when I heard a flush from nearby and saw a large grouse climbing and coming toward me close — an incoming right shot that I had to take then. I realized I had



OVER THE SHOULDER

missed, and swinging over my right shoulder saw the grouse clearly, right-quarter now and going strong, ~~and~~ moving then and fired a short bit ahead and saw the pattern fold the bird, which went down in a vertical position, wings thrashing. I was certain it would be a runner and, with Brian on hand (excitedly, crouching) I sent him toward the point of fall somewhere in the dense thorns above and ahead. After a few casts, he found the bird surprisingly soon though it had fallen well ahead, carried by momentum. But instead of a runner, it seemed to have been killed, for Brian was standing quietly, head down, contemplating it.

This was one grouse he retrieved with much less delay than usual and I think the bird's being killed outright and not struggling had a lot to do with that. He brought it to me, a beautiful big cock, totally tame. The grand



moment is still with me as it was all the way back down the foggy darkening valley to the car, and then my sleep that night. A shot over a point is unsurpassed, but these sudden confrontations with reflex action tempered with a slight touch of judgment are grand. And it again proves that getting out on foggy days like this, in the proper car and of rain holds off, can be top days.

New Year's Day 1974

Jake Swengards

Breast: 1 brood.

sugaring of snow 32°
light spot of snow in air 2 hrs.
3:00-5:00

swamp 1-1
0

Cold, cloudy, but this we started later we at least had the count to ourselves. A grand terrain but just no birds. Breast made one lovely "Orpheus" point on edge of clearing around the hill and the right of road from the little crossing - a land that gave us a chance. Carved the ridge to left of road as well as now bottom covered at foot. Nothing.

Wednesday 2 January Brown Hill

cold, sunny to cloudy 37° moved 3(2 new) - 4 flushes
2:30 - 5:15 = 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. 1 shot - 1 hit

Breast: 1 prod.
1 k
1 net

yearling hen: inter
crop: greenberries
teaberry leaves, greens

We returned to this fine covert, the bright blue day clouding over after we were out about an hour - a relief for vision. Snow on ground but light and chance to check for tracks that weren't present. We hunted the tramroad ridge to the head - excellent grapevines / brush pile cover - empty.

Hunting back the top flat, we followed the woods road thru the brush where last time we heard three. Today we at last heard one, a flash point in thicket on my left but immediate flash with a break by Brian who is forgetting his manners. His widening range is something I understand, due to lack of birds but he's going to require discipline. We followed the flash and at the sharp turn and offset of the road got a flash from behind us that I believe was our bird, pitched off - course in landing, for we heard nothing else all the way to the big powerline. Failed to get a flash on a circle below and in trying to find a cross road toward the car, missed it and backtracked to our further back - a fortunate chance.

Walking thru cover no better than we'd been in, I suddenly walked into a bird that flushed from the right side of the path, crossing left and rising. I made a fast swing there but before I meant to pull, the thumb fast on my trigger finger fired the right barrel. I was on the bird, even so, for to my astonishment it fell almost immediately.

(84)
a second quail flushed just this side of where my bird had
fallen, giving them the impression ~~the~~ the fallen bird had flown off
again. Actually, my bird was fluttering on the ground and I called
to Prim who had rushed in (where was he and how did he miss a
point?). It took some settling-down to get him to see the bird and
even then he stepped over it, fluttering as it was. His retrieval was a
rather faked forced affair, partly because I wanted to dispatch the
still-alive bird in his mouth. Finally I got a retrieval of sorts for
Kingsman and then he sat and held the bird ^a long time in style. It
was a yearling hen with a broken wing and both legs shot thru but
unfortunately not killed outright.

This was a strange shot - premature - yet accurate. And it
did a lot to redeem a disappointing day. Near the car, we found
more tracks - a large bird - and excellent cover and a maze of old
log roads thru good low cover with fine logs and brush piles and
nest bins. I think we will start in this section from the car and hunt
this top flat.

At the car, we decided to explore the further end of this road,
and drove on along the W. Va. / Md. line south of the 3 state marker
into excellent cover at back end of Star Selmick's old place. Some doubt
as to the Md. line, which is not marked in any way. Worth trying.

Saturday 5 January
 cold, cloudy, fog, 30°
 very muddy ground.
 2:30 - 5:30 = 3 hrs.

Wright Place
 moved 6 - 10 flashes
 0

Briar: 3 prod.

A lot of action for a bad day and no shooting.

Parked at Frank Wright place and Briar barreled down the icy road and out of sight behind a shed. We came in view of the flat thicket in time to see a grouse flush and top out, with Briar present, looking as if he might have been on point. He has slipped back in performance and/or control lately and will get some refreshing with the electronic collar. Today it did not function well - probably in need of charging.

We got a flash - no dog work - at the far end of this covert, then another in the corner of alders across the open pass - Briar ran onto it. Shortly afterwards - too soon for this last bird I call #2, he bumped another one (probably the 3rd flash of #1). Why he was getting noscent, I do not understand. Just beyond, in the very thick slashings at the head of the hollow, Briar pointed - a productive. About this time, all hell broke loose back near the road where we had heard beagles - a double, then soon after a rapid series of 4 from an auto 20-gauge (illegal) then another heavier shot, and a grouse sailed down over us, just too late for me to get a shot. In a few minutes, Briar pointed again and we had another flash - one of the first two we were following.

This is grand protective thicket here, all the way down the little run, but we took the hard way in - the left side. Hunting down, then across and up the other side I found a log road I remembered - easier and better cover. However, we failed to move any of the 3 birds. At the top, in the lunch, then worked around the rock - now good slash cover - and down in the gophers below the

big field. Here, in many conditions we found tracks of at least two grouse working down the slope. Unfortunately, this makes for much ground-trailing, tho we had one good point where I expected action but which proved empty. Following the tracks on down the little run in here, Brian pointed to my left - I say called to me - but before I could reach him the bird lifted - he may have flushed it too close.

Not long afterwards the other bird flushed from a high tree and went up the slope, pitching in near the main path. Following back up thru many thickets we finally worked to the upper margin - large rocks at top near field - and got a flush from a tree. We count this #6, tho it is possibly it was #5, but that is counting very close. That was it. The fog was nearly down to head level in the field with distant edges blocked out, and we walked to the car with no further action. The car was coated with ice.

This covert proved better than I had hoped and as should have some shooting here on a good day now - but not a Saturday.

Monday 7 January
cold, cloudy, 30°

3:00 - 5:35 = 2 1/2 hrs.
(daylight running)

adult hen: inter
crop: almost empty
except few twigs,
pieces of greens, grass blades &
and small dried larr.

Williamson Sawmill
moved 4 (1 new) - 5 fleeces
1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

Brian: 2 prod.
1 kop
1 net

Drove toward Fair Forks country only to find that elevation enveloped in ice and returned to the lower elevation of Big Sandy at this covert where no ice was evident though there was frozen snow on the ground. It was a 'happy choice'. Brian made game but did not point on the steep left bank of the stream and we did not

a grouse that got out without offering a shot — poor dog work. (87) / 13
Had a reflex upstream that was without a point but felt Brian
was not close enough to blame, the bird going back down the run.

We climbed to the Harada ridge top but moved nothing today,
nor in the excellent grapevines on the slope up the valley. at the
bottom Brian made a hot point, holding as I tramped around and
eventually jumped a rabbit. Set-down.

after lunch, we crossed to the Wilkinson Thorns but
here, again, we found no birds where last time there had been
action. Working to the "back road," we hunted up the draw onto
the hill and had a very distant glimpse while Brian was working
close to us; Kay marked the bird, a large one, as going over the top.

Plotting on to the top, I saw Brian cross under the ^{barbed wire} fence
and go on point on the far side, his head turned into the wind, his lips



LIP CAUGHT UP.

caught up on the side nearest us. He held while Kay took movies, then changed
to her still camera and began shooting. It was too good, a bird doesn't hold
like that in such a sparse grapevine/brushy corner. after several 35mm shots,
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which I wanted, tense, trying to decide how to take the shot of it (88)
came, how to swing above the fenceposts in front of me and still take
it either as the bird showed in the small opening inside the cover, or
low on the outside, I spoke. "Get a shot a little to the left to get
his head." I had finished when the grouse went out very low without
time to try in the opening. I swung onto the right-quartering
scotching flanker in the open, saw the pattern but but saw the bird
flinch and right itself and fly on over the top open field along the
fence line with Brian hot after it. "Let him go," I said stupidly,
hoping to mark the bird down. Ray had seen it cut into the woods
on top - well beyond the powerline gap. I got over the fence with Ray
not far behind and called Brian back from a long futile cast straight
out the fence in the open field. Ray indicated where the grouse had
gone into the woods, closer than I'd guessed, and it was a discouraging



tangle of grapevines or piles of boulders — perfect escape for a
wingspread bird (not too wingspread). I put Brian in but he creaked
too far inside I felt. Staring down to find my footing on the icy
rocks after I had climbed the fence, I began the hopeless
search, calling Brian and knowing we weren't going to find this one.
Looking up to see where he was, I saw him on point fifty yards ahead
in the jumble of boulders — a gloriously solid point. I got my steaming
glasses off and into a pocket, calling to Kay, and preparing to try for
a wounded flesh on miserable footing and then pole timber. Brian
was hypnotic in his rigidity, staring a few feet at scent so strong it
was like looking at the bird. I told I saw a motion in the rocks in
front of him and he made a leap over and pointed again, still staring.
I knew the bird was under his nose and that it was going to get away in those
deep crevices between the rocks. "Fetch. Dead bird!" ^{at first I} ~~he~~ didn't move at
my words, then reached down — not quickly but with all the time in the
world — and brought out the bird, still alive, of course. It must have
been crouched against a boulder, not down between. Kay had rolled
under the fence and was at the scene, taking both movies and still shots,
with a mitten dropped behind her in the snow, her electronic transmitter
fallen in front. I finally managed to despatch the quon and
we got Brian to hold it for pictures while we let off tensions with
wild yells. It looked like a young hen — short tail — though the
primaries had sheathes. My shot had been sloppy and I had

passed up a probably left-barrel chance to stop the bird, tho (90)
it seemed too far out. But this climax seemed the best
possible thing that could have happened — a perfect productive,
a second grand production and retriever — beautiful dog work.

It seems our day-before-important-day hunts are the rewarding
ones this season: Xmas-Eve, New Year-Eve, and this, the day
before our Anniversary.

We finally settled down and took a log road down the woods
to the car — Brian making an empty point on the way and making
considerable ground-trailing in the snow that should have been
corrected. But I couldn't discipline him now after the kind
of perfect work he'd given us — and he knew it.

At the car, I saw a grouse flash from rhododendron below
the hard-top road and flash across Trig Sandy. We came to the
hidden place today.

After shooting a grouse, there is almost invariably a short period
of remorse that sets in, not always in the woods where exhilaration is
still high, but at home — a brief regret and empathy for the
bird, a not very sincere or very deep emotion, for giving up this
grand experience is something I know I couldn't do. But even so, it
is still there nearly every time, and you realize that the gunner's
sense of possessing the wild is actually an intrusion.

Tuesday 8 January
Partly sunny to cloudy
cold - 30°

Dinner Bell

missed 2 (not new) - ~~2~~ 3 flushes
1 shot - no hit

Prin:

(91)

2:45 - 5:00 } $3\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.
5:30 - 6:30 }

Humbel Place (stop-over)
missed 1 ^{not new} - 2 flushes

Our 43rd Anniversary deserves better action, but then we had it yesterday. Ice cap on Laurel Hill Mountain and too tricky to try Brown Hill as planned. So we drove to Rt 40 and the Dinner Bell cave. No action in top corner or below but in the main woods, Prin hit tracks just inside from the field and began meandering around. Result - two flushes - one bird crossing in front of us close but beyond trees and I missed a fast try - at least to come soon after the rather too-good luck I've had.

That was about it, then we covered the top area - all good - carefully. Got one reflex that they heard but didn't see. Finally worked to the car - difficult to believe we spent $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours here - and drove to the Humbel/Memacolin flat hoping to find a pheasant but found not even tracks. A grouse flushed from a pitch pine on the far edge on the east side of road as Prin approached. Moral: don't walk across a large open area if you hope to get close to birds on the edge; take the edge around. We followed and flushed the grouse again, not too far in. Prin was moving toward it but had no scent. Too far for a shot. Not a feather of pheasant game to be seen.

Monday 14 January
cloudy, cold 36°

Henkel Place

missed 1 (not new) - 1 flash
0

Briar:

2:15 - ~~5:00~~ 5:05 }
5:20 - 5:35 } 3 hrs.

Wright Place

missed 1 (not new) - 1 flash

adult cork: semi-inter
crops:

1 shot - 1 hit

a poor day for grouse.

1 k
1 rest.

Disappointing, with conditions good, but birds nonexistent. We covered the area well, working up the grapevine hill, over the flat and down the rear slope to the main logging road and back to the loading clearing, then covered the first flat - always good, where we heard one grouse flash far ahead. Hunted the edge of powerline, then back to far cover beyond powerline flat and then circled the open flat on Hamacotin side. Nothing. To car and as a desperate last try, drove to the Wright place and parked at edge of the thorn flat where Briar had found the first bird the day we were here. Began at the north corner of Briar immediately pointed, moving in, then pointing, but nothing materialized. I considered working inside behind Briar, thought better of it, and ~~was~~ stayed on the outside. At the south corner where I hoped to find the grouse again, Kay and I waited, standing on heaped up bulldozed rubble while Briar covered the interior. Finally I whistled him around to test the very corner, a bit lower cover but dense. He circled from upwind then, instead of coming in, swung back the other way. It is probably

out of his very few weaknesses but he does not cover all good birdy spots. Moments after I let him go, rather than push the issue, there was a flush and a quonst showed leaving that corner. It gave me a short, very short, view and I fired, swinging them a lead - the bird quartering right - and saw it go down. Ray had seen the fall and we ran around to the right, pushing them down cover, both exclaiming at the amazing luck of it, Ray adding some nice words about my shooting. I expected to find a runner but came on Brian standing over the bird where it had fallen in an open area in low briars. He had already pulled mouthfuls of feathers out of the bird, now dead, and as I ordered him to fetch half-completed the dry plucking job, tail feather and all. I was too elated to scold him badly but did hustle him into the retriever - a nice big cock bird. What a break. A poor day for quonst had, in a second and a half, become the grandest of days. If ever we'd picked the time and place, it was this time and place. This is the 4th Monday straight that I shot a bird.



Tuesday 15 January.
Mild, sunny 46°

Hen Run
0

Brian:

3:45 - 5:30 }
5:45 - 6:00 }

2 hrs Tule Run Flat

mired 1 (new) - 1 flock
1 shot - 1 lost

1 k
1 ret.

adult cock: red ruff
inter.

crisp: skunk cabbage seed (first we identified)

Started for Brown Hill but on arrival found the
wind impossibly high so headed for Hen Run.

O. & Terpak Hill had car trouble - gas line failing that the Spanos
corrected for us and we started hunting later. Day was damp and mild
and not too windy here but the we covered 3 tiers of this hillside
then to road at top and on upper side to car, did not move a
thing. Found a fresh grouse trail that looked like the work of an
owl. They take too many.

As a last try but with small hope of repeating
yesterday's break, we drove to the old spruce trees and parked
along the swampy flat. Day remained in the car and I cast Brian
and followed in what looked like woodcock cover. I had pushed them
a narrow neck near alders when I was conscious of motion from

from my left and looked up to see a big grouse with a 95
long tail crossing left-to-right just above and in front—
over the opening ahead. I swung past and fired going ahead
of the bird and saw it cartwheel over into the thicket beyond—
a fast, close shot that seemed to have centered. Brian was on the
scene and found the ~~the~~ bird where it lay on its back, fan spread
and wings fluttering into immobility.

A RED RUFF IN THE SWAMP



It had happened so soon and so abruptly I couldn't grasp it,
and while I waited for Brian to pick it up, I found that I was
standing in a large opening of cranberries, the berries either white
or pale yellow and very large. I called to lay out to try to
come for I felt it was too far in and too down for her to get them
for the retriever, then saw her almost to me and coming fast!

By not rushing Brian it was going to him, he did better and
except for a couple of paces to lay it down, carried the big grouse
nicely and I could see it was a red ruff with the tail intact.

My was on hand for the delivery and got news of it, then changed to 35 mm. & took a series of stills - all very thrilling. There was still light enough to shoot longer but we both felt this was a moment to end on and had no desire to try for another bird, carrying this grand specimen to the car without ruffling its feathers. Brian didn't, I think, share our idea and made a leg cast before coming in.

a great moment and incredibly luck, after yesterday's similar one.

Wednesday 16 January

Far Cucumber

Brian: 2 prod

Beautiful, sunny mild 55°
3:00 - 6:00 3 hrs.

swal 4(3 new) - 4 flushed
1 shot - 0

This visit was more encouraging than our earlier one.

The first flock was soon after starting down the lower road, a sudden away-right climbing that was in the air and out there before I spotted it.

My shot was too fast and a miss. We were on the edge of the path in the first good gapewings, #3 well up beyond the main gapewing

corner on top — a point that Brian had where we didn't see him. (97)

He moves two birds in here & has been doing that recently. We followed this bird into thick new cover but moved nothing until after lunch.

Brian made a lovely point — stunning style — in a path headed my way, then when I moved up, relocated, finally turning back and covering the area rapidly, and again returning to the first site but before he goes, flushed the grouse which had been behind him at the first point. This is the negative version of the mobile point and in this case would have been better as the original point held solidly.

That was it, then we hunted back the usual path with no action. Still, a good count.

Thursday 17 January

Cooler, Cloudy: 46°

3:00 - 6:00 = 3 hrs.

Brown Hill

no new
moved 2 - 3 flushes
0

Brian: 1 prod.

After car failure yesterday, got it back at 2 p.m. and drove here, hunting the flat on top to start. Almost at once Brian hit scent, unproductive, but soon pointed out the path. He held a moment, then moving into area behind him, working to pinpoint, then came back & flushed the bird a few yards from the original point — almost a repeat of yesterday's performance. I think he backtracks the ground scent — as he does on snow, except he does it with his head extended and up. If he doesn't perfect this "mobile" point soon, I'll have to hold him on the original point and so on.

them. This defeats the purpose. I flushed the bird on the
next visit - no fault of Briar. Later, in following it we
lost him with the shake - he was far too wide all day and
must have caught him in front then I can't be sure. (98)

No more action in this good brush cover until late
when a bird let me pass after Briar had gone up the path, &
then flushed from 1 day. That was it. D. w. phoning in.
~~~~~

Friday 18 January

mild, damp, perfect  
cloudy 48°

3:00 - 6:00 = 3 hrs

Spruce Spring

moved 4-5 flocks  
0

Briar:

The forecast rain didn't amount to more than  
a damp drizzle that stopped in time for us to leave soon after  
2:00. It couldn't have been a more perfect day to hunt.  
Parked at regular spot then, after Briar's excitement we went  
nearly, hunted down over the "blueberry lands" to the bottom  
where Briar, who was hunting wildly today, bumped #1, a bird  
we only heard.

No action until we hunted up the road to the far ridge.  
then out the ridge log road to where we moved birds last season.  
Briar made a nice point here at the little run, but, before I  
reached him, moved to relocate, doing what he did yesterday and  
the day before - seemed to cast on back track scent (he may  
just appear to do this and be simply casting for scent, but on  
three consecutive occasions he came back only to have the same



flush a few yards from the first stand). This bird, ~~#1~~ #2, (99)  
went down the ridge.

Pushing on out the hillside, I saw #3 flush from  
in front of Brian as he came near a pile of branches and logs,  
going up the steep slope. Less than a normal grouse flight  
beyond, I saw Brian point; then as I got near him, saw him  
start to move closer to some logs between us and I stopped  
him with a sharp hold! that froze him where he belonged. I  
must make a point of doing this for a while. Certain the bird was  
in front of him & between us, I stood a few moments, but decided  
I should put it out with no further delay. Sacrificing a view  
of one angle of flush, I moved to the log and the bird went out  
low and out the slope - only feet above the ground. I had a short  
glimpse of it - still close to the ground - but became aware that  
Brian had broken at wing and was close behind it, precluding a  
try that night or night not have been a hit. Some dog work. But  
they let him with the shock, and my holding him in front should all do  
some essential good. But why I'm being given this kind of work at this  
late time in the season puzzles me. We count this a refush of #3.  
On top - all new to us, Brian pointed and I was sure I heard #4.  
That was it. Nothing all the way back. He hee.



Monday 21 January  
Cold, cloudy 40°  
rain earlier  
3:15-6:00 2 3/4 hrs.

Three States Corner

Briar

Exploration and grand new cover anticipated. We parked at the entrance of a land below an abandoned farm on the Maryland side of the road - starting toward the old farm we'd found years before behind the first Sebnick Place. This has notices bearing the name Thomas F. Crossen - no one knows of him. Excellent thicket about the house, tealberry plants with long berries in quarter-acre spreads, and thorn and red-brush cover on the left. Almost at once, Briar cut to the left side, stiffened and held at the edge of the thorns until I came to him and then moved on in a series of rapid dashes from one point to the next, finally sweeping the slope on the far side of a little run. If this had produced, I would have counted it among his most brilliant work - and it would have been fitting on the day after his 5th birthday - but it was empty. I still can't believe it, nor do I think,

can Briar. He was so keyed-up, as had to bring him under control with the collar. We hunted to the old farm buildings past wild fields that inspired shots of quail - a place to release and shoot? - We circled onto the old Sebnick Place then back to the car then first cover at the last. Not a feather. Eating lunch sitting in the car as the drive to the good



swamp cover below the Three State markers — along Sheffer's — and hunted it well. So Beuss with brains in the old paths we could scarcely walk. Nothing, the Bear made a point on the edge, headed toward the field that was so hot I knew there was a bird, but there wasn't. Such tension, unrelied is almost too intense.

Back at the car where ~~the~~ there was fresh grouse "cartridges," Brain tried to find scent and both I say & I that we saw a bird that could have been a grouse fly into a tree and perch on, far out in the Maryland woods ahead of Brain. But that's just too indefinite to count.

Were those two grand points empty spots where a bird had ~~the~~ lifted? And where are birds in cover like this?

Tuesday 22 January  
Perfect, mostly sunny, in  
upper 30's  
3 1/2 hrs  
3:15 - 6:45

Rehobeth (Arnold Basin) Brain  
saw 1 (not new) - 1 fresh

This by all rights, should have been this day.

We took this day and this covert as ideal one plus one, driving to the Clyde Davis stripmining road and down to the inner gate. It was easy enough traveling but we found the area so far from the lower Arnold Basin that we returned and parked just north of Clyde's mailbox. The trek through the flat woods brought us out as expected, on top of the Arnold thorn, but as we were a long walk from the lower end of the Basin. At last we got



then — all this should be done in woodcock season and, (102)  
even then, I think our usual way is better.

After eating lunch on a huge section of curly maple where  
Kay took a Kodachrome of Brian & me, we hunted the entire  
~~wooded~~ wooded ridge with the only sign of grouse being the  
feathers of my bird shot on December 4th.

On a last desperate swing, we crossed the pipeline to the  
thorns on top where, while taking a breather, we saw a bird come over  
us from Brian who had moved it out. Why? The only bird  
of the day (the one we'd flushed from a log nearby and I'd missed).

Brian gave us a grand point on the edge of the first thorns —  
Kay recalled having heard what seemed a flush from that area  
before he pointed. This must be the explanation of many of  
these empty points that are so hot.

Kay volunteered to walk the long distance out the road to  
the station wagon, and Brian and I covered the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile edge  
around to the road at the mile-hour entrance — good thorn  
edges for 'cork during the flights — I'll try it — but no  
grouse. No grouse is the phrase for almost everything. In spite of  
this, Brian hunted magnificently.

These late-season returns to coverts that held birds earlier  
that now hold none: is it predation? a change of cover that the  
birds have made, and where?



Friday 25 January  
sunny to cloudy  
mild 45°  
2:45-6:30 = 3½ hrs.

Eisenbroun  
0

Brian: 1 prod.

Tarleton Humberston

moved 4 - 7 flushes  
0

This first covert was a disappointment. Steve Selbach told of moving it or 5 years ago. We moved none, found 1 grouse sleeping. But it is grand looking cover, all the way around to the back road which should be investigated.

Leaving after an hour and a half with Brian trying so hard to locate birds, we changed to the Humberston slashings. The first contact was a stylish point that lasted less than five seconds, Brian breaking at wing and getting the shock for it. The bird (round only but close) apparently pitched down onto Matthews land. Not long afterwards, a grouse flushed from Brian who seemed to run into it without scent - too far to try to shoot - and again Brian broke after it.

The third bird was from the slashings, also about midway up. Like the first two, and I saw Brian run into it with no sign of scent and also close. Again, the shock. We followed this bird to the NE corner and failing to locate it, tried the woods across the road at Kay's suggestion, finally walking it up. Why Brian didn't find it I don't know. I mailed it into the east end of the cove where Brian bumped it. Again, why?

We followed across a field into the thickest on top and again Brian seemed to bump it out. I saw only his short legs as after the bird after the flush. Arctophila back into the main



woods we hunted with no luck. But we did discover some good cover in there and back on top and heard another bird I think had to be a new one so out. But not a point except for a grand one on a rabbit. I am at a loss to know why this difficulty today with birds.

We hunted the top flat rather extensively for the rest of the time we had, ending up walking the road past Tarleton Humbrum's to the car.

at least, if we had no dog with ~~us~~ remembering and no shots, we did locate a covert with four grouse. Something to conjure by, these days.

We'll go back.



(105) ~~105~~

Saturday 26 January Donald Meyer's Briar: 1 h  
1 ret  
warm, drizzly 50° moved 2 - 2 flocks  
2:20 - 4:40 2 1/4 hrs. 1 shot - 1 hit  
adult hen: inter  
crops: almost empty (traces of cinquefoil)  
A grand kind of day to hunt grouse but where are they.  
Yet, we had another of those wonderful breaks.  
Parking at the end of the Walter Frazer place we hunted down  
the west side of Hog Run - first time. Fair but not great cover,  
and not a bird. After crossing the powerline we were in woods too  
large and open and turned back.

At this place Kay made a suggestion, little short of genius,  
that I cross the stream and hunt back the far ridge which she  
went for the car. I had crossed and started up the open right-of-way  
behind Briar, with Kay going her way, when I heard a flash  
from the hemlocks on my left and saw a grouse high and  
<sup>heading</sup> ~~headed~~ toward the stream. <sup>Turning back</sup> focusing on it, I realized it was  
wheeling to the left and <sup>coming</sup> ~~bringing~~ back closer ~~toward the~~  
~~back side of the right of way~~ and what had seemed an  
impossibly distant bird snapped me into a fast mount  
and swing-then, firing as I went ahead, the grouse folding  
just before it reached the south edge of the right-of-way  
and <sup>going</sup> ~~headed~~ down thru the tree tops ~~and out of sight~~.





This season has been a brutally thin one for birds but it has yielded several grand, sudden breaks, this being at least four. Brian was with me in moments - I had called to Kay - and with feathers floating back into the clearing, I headed him into cover to retrieve. I saw the grouse before he got to it, lying immobile with its light breast, barred, turned up, its head toward me. I was surprised that it had fallen so far into the woods. Brian was working the cover below and had to be called in and directed and in moments found the bird. He did very little stalling this time - an outright kill is conducive to better retrieves - and brought the grouse to me with only one or two pauses. I wanted Kay to get the picture from the other side of the stream, distant as it would be, and so led Brian by the collar, still carrying the grouse. I should have known - Kay was halfway up the near side and coming fast. Nothing keeps her from a retrieve now, and with a



few feet of movie film run off, she switched to her <sup>101</sup>~~102~~  
35mm. and got several shots of Plover sitting and otherwise,  
bird-in-mouth, in Kodachrome. Poor light may detract from  
the color but nothing can take the glory away from the  
subjects and this moment. I am certain that quail kills have  
always been ~~immensely~~ immensely thrilling to me in my fifty  
seasons and more than seven hundred experiences, but these in  
this season have been especially so, for their very rare quality.

The quail was a small hen - a yearling, I thought - that proved  
by the sheath test to be an adult. I am beginning to have doubts  
about this method of aging for so many "adults" like this one are  
small with short tails.

We hunted north from the powerline, I say seeing a lot of  
quail droppings near the edge. Between the transvers path and  
the powerline - nearer the path - a quail flashed from a hemlock  
and sailed, crossing right, just ~~to the~~ along the trees. It would have  
been a shot had it been in the clear but with intervening trees and  
branches, I passed it. I wonder how much of this was having already  
shot my bird? Psychological state has much to do with shooting.

after eating, we headed toward the powerline once more then  
back into the woods and at this point I got turned around, a  
fact I realized when we came out on a field behind Donald's house!  
Flat woods is tricky. The rain took the afternoon to home and kept up



the long trek back to the main road where I lay left me for  
the car while Brian & I covered the far <sup>side</sup> woods down to the  
bottom near Hog Run to meet Kay. Wet but happy. (108)

Tuesday 29 January

mostly cloudy  
mild, 45°

3:05 - 6:50 = 3  $\frac{3}{4}$

Bert Matthews

moved 3 out new - 5 flushes  
1 shot - 0

Brian: 7 prod.

1 k op

1 ret

Tarleton Humberson

moved 3 (1 new) - 4 flushes  
3 shots - 1 hit op.

adult cock: solid

crop: nearly empty  
few green fragments, <sup>steakery leaf</sup>

This was a day of action, beginning with sounds of hunters  
and beagles ahead of us that did not materialize. We found much  
new cutting and <sup>since the last visit</sup> ~~clashing~~ that will keep this perfect as grouse cover.  
Our first contact was on top the small ridge - a point with the bird  
flushing behind. Minutes later as I walked down the path toward the  
back fields looking for Brian, whose bell had gone silent, a grouse  
came barreling out of some laurel on the right and bored down the  
path away from me from a point I hadn't seen. I saw as it  
and fired missing, I realize, because I had probably shot behind  
the bird <sup>going away</sup> considerably lower than I was - a downhill problem.  
Brian broke & charged outrageously, getting young in the performance.  
We searched the necks of cover across the field below with no  
success and finally swung around & covered the far thickets & woods -  
a point, we felt sure, as a bird that flushed somewhere above us where  
Brian had stopped.



A big cast around the far side of the ridge yielded two  
 reflections from the #1 bird - no points. Then at 6:00 we cut across  
 to the Humberson slashings. Just as I stood waiting for Ray to  
 catch up with me and cross the rhododendron pass, I looked up to  
 see Brian on a high point twenty yards to my right, and almost at  
 once a grouse flushed near him and went down a hole in the  
 rhododendron. I fired straightaway and as I pulled felt the  
 bird swing right out of my pattern, going up the hill. Brian held  
<sup>until</sup> ~~order~~ ordered on. Ray joined us and we followed the flight toward  
 the top of the slashings on the right.

Near the fence dividing this area from open woods on the right,  
 I saw Brian strike scent in a patch of blueberry bushes in  
 the open and, beginning to circle excitedly, he worked it to  
 a large brush heap, going on one of the most stylish points of his life.



POSITIVE.

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



I wanted to be sure Ray wasn't going to try a 35 mm. picture, then walked around, shuffling to keep in shooting stance. The bird let me get around to the left side, then with a piping sound, freight its way out the far side and I tried a quick shot thru the intervening brushpile and saw it go on into the woods beyond. again, Brian held beautifully until I sent him on. This, I'm sure, was a reflex of the last bird.

It was getting late with the sun red and sinking but we worked out along the contour of the open slashings with Brian ~~and~~ traveling beautifully. Not far along I saw him raised his head and draw to a point headed toward me from below the tangle of brush, his head and tail well up, his face intense with only the upper portion of him showing. I





moved around the right end toward him and waited, with Ray about not taking moves. Nothing moved and taking the initiative, I stepped on a dead branch running into the middle of the pile and the grouse came straight up, leveled too soon to shoot and bored right-quartering away. I mounted and, it seemed, kept trying to get a look at the bird, still close, finally swinging past and firing as the bird was against the sunset and saw it tumble, a cluster of feathers falling as it hit some low growth and went out of sight. Once more Brian held steady in perfect manner until I ordered him to retrieve. The shot wasn't more than 25 yards and the bird was dead. In his excited state it took a bit to get Brian to retrieve without laying the bird down but Ray got a color shot with the 35 mm - probably much too dark for results but it was a moment. That made a grand end to an active day and with light fading fast we hurried to the Matthews woods below getting another production on the lower side of the path, the bird going as round only.

Muddy log roads showed our walk and it was 7:00 pm when we reached the car, tired but happy. The bird was an adult cock.



Wednesday 30 January  
Hot, sunny, 51

Beerlower Flashings  
march 1-1 flush

Brian: 1 prod

$1\frac{1}{4}$  hr. }  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  hr } 2 hrs

Upper Glade

Today was a misery to hunt with both Kay and I in no condition (Kay fore-runner of virus). We tried both covorts with high hope, the Beerlower being too recently cut & down, the only bird being a flash-pointed quail on the edge of the big point. The Glade good cover but empty. Bad.

Wednesday 6 February  
Cold, setting in rain, 38°  
2:10 - 4:40 2½ hrs.

~~W. Starling~~  
Matheny-Heck  
moved 5-5 flushes  
1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

Brian: 3 prod.  
1 coop  
1 ret

adult(?) hen: inter; semi-red crop.

With Kay feeling a bit better from her long siege of virus, I drove (coasted partway with a ¼-tank of gas) to the Newman's Mill Road and hunted down the valley on our side. I was prepared to take a shot on our place if over a point and about 2/3 of the way to the west line (I had not realized the quail had taken over so well in here) I saw Brian begin to work scent with a high head, moving two or three times without going solid. Sensing he was getting close, I stopped him with a hut! and saw his tail freeze and raise in angle. He held staunchly while I moved around to the front, flushing the quail with a double stamping motion. The bird was there I saw it



start with a small flash of white among the grapevines (the flank feathers) and, without showing itself, takes out the far side and go over the top to the old field.

We hunted onto the thatching top field with about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of great edge cover created by bulldozing brush to the field margin but there were no birds there.

There was no action until we reached the old mill race at the bottom of the ridge where, after some doubling, I saw a grouse flush wild and apparently flush across the creek. Not long after, I was in the process of working with my glasses - steamed and today out of focus at times - when I saw Briar work ground next right into a gully on the upper edge of the old mill road. The bird crossed over the opening - a grand chance had I been closer. As it was, I threw down my glasses and tried to swing but failed to get the safety off - just as well.

I searched the creek edge downstream, hoping that either bird had pitched back in but believe they both crossed. It was beginning to sprinkle but I was anxious to make the old back clearing and followed to the road that leads from the Fells place. I had been having a time handling Briar - he was eager after a long lay-off - and I'd had to use the whistle repeatedly. But after several tries, I decided to cross on foot and made a creek up toward the old mill road where I found him on a doubled-over head-over-heel point that screamed nearness to the bird. I was sure I couldn't get to him for a shot - he was on a small divide between a ravine and an opening ~~between~~ <sup>behind</sup> small trees on



thickly grown it would have required a gun held vertically to (114)  
wedges between them. I hurried about and around him on  
the old road and, glory be, found an opening that brought  
me around and in front of the point where I stood,  
uncertain how to flush. As I watched, I saw Brian with  
his eyes still glued on the ground under his head, like a  
cock point. He broke as the bird came out low, straight  
toward me and I prepared to wheel around for the shot. But  
the quail must have seen me, for it turned 90° right and  
climbed, away-left, acutely. I swung up and caught it  
almost at its peak and saw it tumble out of sight with  
feathers floating back from the thick saplings. Brian  
was deaf to my cries of hdd! and I don't blame him - I  
almost broke, myself. He was soon on the bird, dead  
centered, while I just stood and enjoyed the grand occasion.  
Getting him to deliver was a thing; he persisted in standing  
over the bird and mouthing it now & then. I finally had to  
walk toward him to get him to pick it up and then walk  
backward from him with another turn a turn the way. But  
I got a retriever and a delivery, sitting, and then he sat and  
held it for a prolonged period - which suited me just fine.  
It was a small hen, the 49th anniversary was then.





SO CLOSE, AFRAID TO RAISE HIS TAIL.

That was a day for us, and with the rain settling in, we headed back.

Near our line, Prior pointed on the old mill road in rhododendron, moving up and up. I stepped him until I reached him, then sent him on. He made one or two more points then moved on, working for further scent. He had a bird but was not solid when it flushed behind him - a big grouse that flew into our hand, I think.

We moved on to the car, quite wet by now and moved my thermos of tomato bisque until I got back to Ray who was delighted with our luck. It was a fine 2½ hours in great cover.



Tuesday 12 February

Sunny, mild 47°

2:30 - 6:15 3¾ hrs.

Wright Placemoved 1 not seen - 1 flush  
0Brian: 2 prod.  
Hunted well.

Ray still in but better. I hunted alone, with a productive five minutes after starting and within 30 yards of where I dropped the grass in the flat thicket the night we stopped for a last-minute turn. Brian had been holding through my whistling for him and I had to approach from behind though I knew it should have been from in front, which was clear. The grass flushed from beneath a small hemlock - I heard it but couldn't see it till it was out and away.

Did not relocate nor did I see another feather I could be sure of, hunting all the way to the back road below Area Wright and back. There was enough snow left to have seen tracks and there was not one. Bad.

Wednesday 13 February

Warm, going cloudy  
& ending with a rain 50°

2:30 - 4:30 = 2 hrs.

Rude Placemoved 2 - 2 flushes  
0Brian: 2 prod.  
Hunted hard & well.

Ray out for the first. We drove via the new overpass over Corridor E near the Frank's Place and back to Rude. This is grand cover (sagebrush, perfect thicket, greenberries, but no birds. Brian hit a point about 20 minutes out, stylish, solid, but the bird gave us no time, flushing high and down over. We were unable to locate it though we covered the area well.



fine looking cover. Nor was there other birds. This is puzzling, and happens almost everywhere this year.

We took a middle road (there are several "middle" roads here) all the way to the south end and Ray wanted while I took a half-brown cast to the bottom and back. We had had a second production along the middle road - a bird I'm sure Brian had pointed. I saw it go up the hill and saw him break a few yards. (He's not as steady at wing as he had been.) That was it. after rejoining Ray we hunted to the north end of the cove, sat to eat, and got rained out - really wet by the time we reached the car.

We saw Mrs. Rude drive in and talked. She said Mr Ray Guthrie's place, which had been bought by Ward Guthrie, has been sold to Burnside, a catbird sort of fellow from what I've heard of him.

Coming back over the corridor E airport I was impressed with the look of the cover as seen from the highway - like Blackwater.

Big disappointment - and the season running out.

Thursday 14 February Hazelton #1 Brian: 2 prod  
1 cop  
1 ret  
cold, fog clearing 36° moved 7-11 flickers  
2:30-5:45 = 3 1/4 hr. 3 shots - 1 hit o.p.

(odd half interrupted marking on each center feather, symmetrically)  
adult cock: inter. — It's a wonderful thing to return to an  
crops: assorted greens: unguiped old favorite covert and find it good.  
teaberry, rubus, etc (surprisingly, no greenbrier berries, as must not have been out of the zone for some time.)

We found the log roads grown to briars, humked from the upper end to the point above Teets with no action but in magnificent cover, heavy with greenbrier berries. at the very tip of cover and almost on the edge, Brian seemed to be loafing, with the farm dogs raising hell below.



stepped on a dead branch and a grouse went out below us, with Brian not near. Immediately a second bird flushed near Brian, going, I thought, into a tree on the left of the path but it must have gone on, for we saw no more of it.

Getting organized, I decided to cover the upper corner before following the birds, a happy idea, for as we reached the flat Brian hit scent in the greenberries but instead of pointing, flagged and moved into a grouse, #3, which left without our seeing it. Within moments, #4 flushed - Kay saw it, I didn't, then after a short pause, #5 flushed from Brian on the far end, who seemed to be unable to handle these birds. The grouse came straight over us - I didn't have time for an incoming shot and turned to take a quick try at it going away - left overhead and missed.

As I pushed on out to the west end, #6 flushed from the edge on the north and went on around above the replanted stripmine opening. We followed and with Brian just inside, I heard a grouse piping and signaled Kay who dropped. The bird instead of coming out, flushed left-quartering and instead of waiting a moment for a focus, I snapped at it, and missed. I was ragged from the first miss, for this should have been a hit.

That was it, then we carried and uncovered the entire area



and did not meet one of these six grouse in what seemed (119)  
a captive coveit.

Rather shaken with this much action and with Brian's problems with the birds, not to say mine, we sat in the station wagon and ate and took a breather. at 4:30 we began to hunt the cover below the road on the probable chance that most of the birds had souled down there.

We had no action, the Brian hit a point that was most convincing — one we still think might have had a bird that lifted just ahead of us. Hunting just within the edge we worked to behind the Teets house and as we were about to quit, Ray heard a flush below. Going down sixty yards, we worked back east and in some large rocks Ray found Brian pointing just below him. I ran down and tried to get to him but the bird went out low and down toward the rhododendron near the stream. We followed but it was obviously a poor chance in such cover. We came at last to a cleared area with a lot of brush on the margin — a good place, but unproductive.

Going up, we started back up the slope just inside the woods. Ray called that he saw Brian on point unless it was a patch of moss, then verified it as a point. He was well above us and I hurried toward him, only to see him moving. Suddenly there were grouse coming down the edge of woods. For far to



try for, then almost too far but I mounted and moving  
past and fired a piece ahead and saw the bird fold and go  
down in feathers, landing a few yards out in the clearing.  
I heard Ray exclaim behind me, and Brian was there,  
looking for my signal to direct him. He found the bird  
almost at once, lying dead.



Brian made a thing of mounting the bird - always worse when it  
is lying belly up, for the breast feathers are so loose. I finally stopped  
him and made him carry it a few feet and hold for, first, Ray's movie  
then for four 35 mm. color photos. It was a fairly cocky grown, fair  
size and proved to be an adult. The moment was a high one for  
all three of us, especially interesting to see Brian's dream relief that  
I had pulled myself together enough to hit. And it had been a  
good shot.

There is nothing - simply nothing - that can so alter your  
state of mind, especially after a couple of misses, like ~~me~~ a



last-hour-of-the-day hunt on grouse. The quality that sets grouse shooting so far above anything I can imagine in sport shooting is the terrible frustration of not finding birds, then the challenge of handling the shot when it comes to you, heightened by failures, and blossoming in exhilaration when you make it. The abundance of birds some people find may be a wonderful thing, but for me it has come to be the rare happening of a shot, so damned hard to come by, and a hit like today's with Ray and Brian feeling it as intensely as I do.

Friday 15 February  
Cold, ~~partly~~ sunny  
Beautiful day  
2:30 - 6:45  $3\frac{3}{4}$

Mathews Place

Brian: 4 prod

moved 6 (not new) - 7 flushes  
1 shot - 0

We parked at the near corner of the Humberson slashings, hunting the area in reverse. Whether it was the time of day or some other factor, it didn't turn out well. We moved nothing until we reached the south end where I saw Brian begin to trail ground scent in the same blueberry patch where he did it the time (last visit) he worked to a brush pile and pointed. Unfortunately, today he bumped the bird, which lifted without a shot. We cut across the rhododendron pars to the Mathews cutting - now impassable because of tree tops thrown everywhere - and up to the top of the ridge - no action. After eating, we walked to the far end of the back fields - no birds - and to the lower road where Brian had scent, turned and worked into the lower side and pointed nicely. Again the bird went out too far to shoot at.



We hunted to the north end and entered the log road in the corner where Brian walked grouse tracks in patches of snow onto the upper side and pointed. Ray heard a flash, wild, and I walked to Brian and tried a foolishly long shot at a low away - left bird and missed.

Toward the bottom of the ridge, we heard Brian's bell go quiet - too far down to get to in time - and Ray heard the grouse leave. Not long after, there was a second flash - #6 bird. We worked our way across the felled tree tops to the far side of the little run and down to the low road that borders the Weather/Hamberson line. There in the middle of the road I saw Brian hit scent, then draw into a higher point and freely headed into rhododendron on the upper side, the late sunstroke picking out the feathers on his tail and legs. Ray moved up, got moves, then took a 35 mm. color shot. The bird went out the far side without a glances, but it was good. At least there are grouse here in this grand covert.

Saturday 16 February Weather - Keck  
Cloudy, 39°, good weather in spite of forecast of snow  
2:15 - 5:00 . 2  $\frac{3}{4}$  km.  
march 1 (not new) - 1 flock

Brian: walked heard

Days like this one, when you return to a covert where there have been birds ten days ago and one today are baffling and frustrating. I covered every area they could be expected - good and bad - and I can't believe they are gone. Yet their going



all the way across to the far side of the valley seems unlikely. The only suggestion of a flock was a swooshing sound and Brian's leaping several yards and looking about — all near where I shot my grouse here last time.

I discovered some old burying ground about the 1000 ft place with a modern marker of Samuel Falkenstein 1800-1884 and others of his family, and two old tombstones — one name of Struck which suggests a situation, not a person — but colorful as it was, I'd much prefer grouse. I cannot comprehend what is happening to the grouse in this entire county — one or two good coveys, the others all bad. It's too much.

I hunted to upper level coming back — most of it open looking beanpole cover, until you try to push through when everything seems to be at face level and you get mouthfuls of it. Had there been birds it would have been grand, this wild unimproved valley. As it was, it was debilitating and I was worn out and quit when I reached the car at first.

I did see a beaver — or perhaps an otter — dart under water away from Brian at the bottom along Sandy. Brian was fascinated and later cast back to the hole in the bank (under beavers, tho they are using down there) and came to me later with his head covered with yellow mud and looking like a red head-marked setter. A disappointing day. Ten days ago I called it "great" over.



Monday 18 February

Whetzel Settlement

Brian: 4 prod.  
1 k.o.p.  
1 ret

Cloudy, damp, 38°

moved 4-5 flocks

2:15 - 6:15 - actually 3½ hrs. 1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

adult cock: solid (very large) center tail feather 7 11/16 (possibly near fan size)  
crop: violet-shaped seemed fan feathers pulled out. (of Xmas eve bird.)  
green leaves, 2 tufts small dead-twig & buds

This was a return to an old favorite for the first in five years (Feb. 28, '69) and our welcome from the people we knew was warm.

We stopped to talk to Harry Sisler at a new cow barn below his house, and he said there were grouse around — had moved a group of six on the right side of the road on his land, and invited us to hunt there. We did.

Parking above his house, we shook a group of old Pikenizers-like mongrels that pursued us a short way into cover and hunted along the steep hillside, beautiful slashed cedar since we were there last. The old log roads and hills of slashed treetops were ideal and Brian and I were keyed for action but found none all the way to the top and around toward the field above Craig's.

Set-down, we started down over and Brian pointed below a

log road just over the brink, a point that he re-established and held. I tried, as always, to keep a position that would give me a view of at least two flush vistas — not always easy — but the grouse took another way out and I saw it only after it topped out around the hill, its tailband vividly marked in my brain. I sent Brian on and he almost at once showed sign of game but had not



off the brink behind & below me, making very little sound as it slid into thin air and out over. I saw it come into view far below as it crossed the road and disappeared beside a big tree with a notice on it and into the woods below Mrs. Craig's.

We worked down over, feeling we had it marked the better of the two. Losing contact with Brian, I found him on point on the almost vertical hillside not far below the site of the last flash.



HANGING ON.

I got into position below to be able to take the bird if it crossed the bottom. Instead, it slipped out the far side and kept low, winding its way thru the thick cover on the stream bank and up the hollow.

Leaving that bird for later, we tried unsuccessfully to locate #2 (this woods had grown much too open), then doubled back to the hollow and failed to meet #3 in the good brushy and slashing cover in the hollow.

after speaking to Harold Craig (not much) I joined Kay in the car — she had talked to Mrs. Craig still wonderful at 87 — and we drove up to the old Sam Whetsell Place. The road is in fine shape but I was disappointed not to find the apple core timbered after knowing there had been cutting somewhere about in 1969. This is hopelessly far and big woods are all the the quaternaries



(126)

as then as before but with no grass in them. Kay was feeling badly still, after her virus seized the front couple of wheels and out and dozed in the station wagon while I made a big circle about and below the road. I, too, was feeling groggy from lack of action, and back at the car, decided to drive back to the hollow across from Craig's. On the way, we met Kermit Calvert who looked fine and seemed touchingly pleased to see us.

These people have always been cordial and it is nice to find them the same after so long.

Kermit, with his sensitive narrow face looking like an upperclass Scandinavian, has a quality about him — perhaps his sensitivity — that makes him, with a lameness that is sometimes associated with mentally retardation, ~~instead~~ seem, instead, to have exceptional dignity. He enjoyed, broadly, telling us about a turkey that flew over him and into his field; and about a quail call he heard several years ago. A great person.

At Craig's, Kay let me out and Brian and I carefully raked the hollow down to below the #3 flush without action. Plodding on rather without too much hope, I saw Brian strike scent, flagging, and disappear into a clump of cover where he obviously ~~was on foot~~ <sup>was on foot</sup>. Again, I tried to



keep a double view of the ways out, but the bird, rising with no (127)  
more sound than a robin, leveled off without a shot, going down  
the hollow.

I was now below where I thought the #1 grouse might be on the steep hill  
above, and I waved Brian up, wondering if I could find it. Not hearing his  
bell, I looked about and high behind me I saw a white form that had two  
high ends - Brian on point solidly, but until I could spot his flame-  
orange ribbons on his collar, I couldn't tell which way he was headed.



THE RIBBONS HELP.

I hurried up, gasping my  
breath in rhythm to keep it even;  
two steps for each intake, each  
exhale - and got around to his  
right where I could see in front  
of him if the grouse took the log  
road. It lifted with a roar, got

behind some cover, then came out ~~the road~~, veering low and  
away right up the log road where I caught it at about 25 yards or  
less, the grouse dropped vertically and bounced a few feet as it  
fluttered. I got Brian onto the bird and he caught it just below the  
road, still fluttering and then proceeded to defoliate what had been a  
grand big tail fan that must have been very close to the tree as I  
shot the day before Christmas. I got to him and made him pick it up



and deliver it, still alive. I broke a short stick and dispatched the bird without taking it from Brian, who sat and held it ecstatically for me while I came back to earth. It was a grand big cock with one enormous center feather left. I gathered all the other tail feathers I could find and started down the steep hill to give Kay the great news. To my astonishment, she had not heard the shot & not until she saw the extra tailfeathers sticking out of the breast pocket of my vest did she know I'd had a shot.

While we stood in the road and Kay got a morbid of the bird and Brian & me, a pickup truck with a camper top pulled up and a strange character got out - eager & talkative. He was a fox trapper named of all names, Gaylord Shaw, and around the overload of snuff quins, told us he had trapped 200 foxes since Christmas. Had a dead red fox and a live gray in his truck, which he showed us, holding the gray by the neck. It's a cruel business - someone has to do things like that, I suppose, if it's to be done. And we need a lot of reduction in predators. 200 foxes out of reproduction should help a lot. This proved a strange and a satisfying day in a great old event. And a good start for the last week of the season.



Wednesday 20 February  
sunny, cool, 40°  
windy

2:50-5:00 } 4 hrs.  
5:30-7:30 }

Covert #1  
mowed 5 not new - 8 fleas

Brian: 4 prod.  
1 hit of lost

Bill Ringer  
mowed 2 - 2 fleas  
2 shots - 1 hit a p. lost

We returned to Covert #1 and found first of the same birds, most in the west end, most as impossible to get shots at as before. Brian had only one point (productive) on top and two below the field - the birds seem to sail down then when mowed on top.

Went to Bill Ringer woods, flushing a grouse on the east side of road ~~and~~ into pines when I stepped from the car. No others in cover until we rounded the south end on top and were hunting back the down edge. Brian struck scent just in front and swung into a low, high-tailed point toward a fringe of briars and brush on the field side. Almost immediately a large grouse flushed low to the ground, left-crossing and I swung there and fired quickly because of lack of space, missing, and fired again as the bird climbed, the shot being thru branches & superficial. It was a sloppy hit and as soon the grouse tower to about forty yards, fluttering, then level and bore away to the north, angling slightly up the hill. We followed and searched the line of flight until nearly dark when we had to abandon it. I'm counting it a hit, for if we'd found the bird (probably dead) we would have considered it one. a frustrating experience.



Thursday 21 February  
sunny, mild 50°

Bill Ringer

1 new - 1 flush  
0

Brain: 4 mod.

1:35 - 2:50 }  
3:10 - 6:30 } 4½ hrs.

Mathews Place ~~Mathews~~

scored 7 (2 new) - 9 flushes  
3 shots - 0

This began a long string of disappointments. We returned to last night's scene at Ringers, hunting from well up toward the spot of the towering hit, then taking compass bearings, hunting back up the line of flight with no success. It is little wonder for this is a mass of tangled grapevines, logs, rocks, fallen trees and blackberry briars. Brain covered it as well as a dog could and Ray & I tried. We heard one grouse flush and but did not take time to follow.

Just before three o'clock, we drove to the Mathews place and Ray let me out on the flat and I hunted the good cover west of the house, Brain moving one grouse & getting a production on a second bird in the same spot. I followed #1 out toward the house, missing a try thru cover at a rising right-quartering flush that could have been hit if I had more of a look, then reflected the bird and tried a left barrel shot at it crossing right - also thru cover - and missed.

Joined Ray at the house (thanks to, this was her virus and feeling normal again) and we hunted out the lower side of the old back fields with no action until Brain pushed below the old road and pointed about 30 yards below. I



to him and waited until he held on a glorious high point.

Finally, after a long wait where I couldn't wait in without losing a chance to shoot, Brian took several steps and the bird went out below and to the left, boring for rhododendron in the bottom. No shot.

We were working up the east margin of the Matthews land and Brian began a mobile point in the slashings, working finally toward the pole timber beyond, pointing just this side. Two grouse flushed from out in it and down to the rhododendron in the bottom - where they all escape - and we plodded after them, only to have one wild flock on the low hill beyond. I got up there - foolishly - but did find good looking cutover cover that would be worth exploring sometime.

Rejoining Ray, we hunted up over to the main hollow about Matthews and ~~and~~ to the upper end where there is present timbering. Brian was gone a long time and I finally walked onto his point which I couldn't see, in brush and slashing piles. I heard the bird and Brian near and saw the grouse cross the open log road about me - a lot far - but I tried a shot left - crossing and low to the ground and missed. Another frustrating miss. If I'd used the left barrel I might have reached it; also, if the bird had been against the sky I seem to do better. This pretty well blows any nice average I'd been enjoying.

Back to the car, tired and muddy.



Friday 22 February  
wind, rain, cold, 42°  
and getting colder.

Matthews / Humberson  
mowed 5 (~~2 new~~) - 6 flocks

Brian: 3 prod.

4 shots - 0

3:00 - 6:00 = 3 hrs. It was a day of skies, sunny spots with cloud images projected on the ridges, then rain and wind squalls. Vicious weather.  
Gloom deepens. This was a day no sensible man would have

hunted grouse - winds to 40 m.p.h. and more, intermittent downpour - but we hunted and mowed birds. I started in on the right of the lane as yesterday but mowed nothing. Heard a fast double shot 20-gauge round (the Bokey - Brand pair, who left while I was in this first area).

Instead of going to the far fields in this squally weather (we had to sit out rain squalls twice) we hunted up the main hollow, hoping to find the birds we mowed last evening, but next-day visits seldom find the grouse back to normal cove and we mowed nothing.

Crossing to the Humberson slashings, I had stepped down the rhododendron gap where I missed the grouse on an earlier visit and was starting up the left side when the ground blew up a few yards ahead and a grouse (the same one, I'm sure) climbed acutely in wide open space. I that I held a moment, then fired, certain it would fold, and saw it go on. I tried the left barrel, right on it, well out and didn't cut a feather. After my 3 misses yesterday I was really shaken - an open shot such as I'll seldom have again and I blew it.

I lay marked the bird to the head of the rhododendron on top and we followed. Brian finally pointed it in the down cove and we heard it



go on out without a glimpse.

This almost did it, but I tried to pull myself together and we worked the Henderson sloughs north in light wind and about at the middle level with no action.

In the bottom we missed Brian who had understandably been moving wide after my shooting, and I told Kay to give him the shock, just as I saw him a hundred yards away in the bottom sloughs on a glorious point. I signaled her to hold the shock but too late. However he didn't budge but held beautifully till I got over the long stretch of rough footing to him and walked in with him pointing at me. It was almost open - just a few branches on the ground and several saplings to give me trouble but I selected an approach and moved in.



TRYING FOR AN OPENING.

The quail took off from an almost open spot just in front and stayed low. I was certain of this one and took it steel going away and quite close but as I fired I felt the bird move right and I missed. I had to wait for a chance with the second shot - a right quartering try that also missed. After that I was fit for a stretch and the

men in white coats. While we stood there trying to reorganize our throts, Brian had moved away and his bell was faint. Then we



saw a grouse going high toward the rhododendron hollow from  
 the flat above <sup>Kay</sup> ~~from~~ her little sister whom I lost some time ago in here.  
 in a second and before I could see it coming  
 there was another bird crossing over Kay's head and pitching for the  
 Matthews bottom after the bird I missed. Almost as soon as I'd told  
 Kay she couldn't see it because it was right above her, another grouse  
 sailed down over her and after the other two. These grouse close together  
 and lying in darkness under the rather steep ledge out of the stream of  
 wind, and a fourth - the one I'd just missed - and far below. I  
 had a new concept of windy days. I was too rattled to do anything  
 sensible but we tried to search the trees in the bottom with no success.  
 Once they go to rhododendron you can almost forget them.

What was it. We tried to cut  
 over to the Matthews field and  
 to the car but rhododendron  
 tangled and dangerously  
 high winds kept us  
 tangled until I passed,  
 then we retraced our steps  
 to the muddy log road  
 and to the car. What a  
 day. Fair and well, then  
 stormy with but I  
 am about done in.



Saturday 23 February  
beautiful, cold, clear  
sunny 32°

Mathews Place / Humberson Covert #1 0

(135)

mailed 6(3 new) - 6 flickers  
1 shot - 0

Brian: 3 prod.

50 min at #1 } 4 hrs.  
4:00 - 7:10

Last day of the season and small hope that I'd get a chance to redeem my confidence after all those misses. It is rare that we hunt a covert three days in a row but we felt the birds here justified it, what with not know any other place as good. We stopped at Covert #1 for a turn, talking to Arthur Teets for the first - very cordial - but this we faced the least we mailed nothing and I think the birds were still below the field after yesterday's wind.

So, to the Mathews Place and, glory be, we had it entirely to ourselves. We parked at the house and hunted up the rhododendron below the muddy log road and Brian moved one grass from the center of it with no view. No other action - with Brian moving a lot wider - until we reached the new cuttings at the upper end of the hollow when Brian hit ground scent and worked it too low (he was preoccupied with ground scent today for some time). He did not go solid and had moved on when the grass flushed - leisurely, it seemed, after the ones I'd been missing - and went up toward the Humberson rhododendron hollow - no shot.

We hunted toward the low ridge top above us, thinking we'd try for the two over the rise but a wild flush got around the corner from our left as back west along the ridge and we followed it, unsuccessfully.



Finally we crossed the rhododendron gap to the Humberson slaskings and hunted them carefully - below the ledge where the foam had been yesterday, then on the flat above, but they had not moved back.

The sun was getting low - always a sad moment on the final day of the season and we decided to return by the Mathews field below the briar knob - a place we had not touched this year. We worked into it via the thick cover below the fence line road and Brian almost immediately began working scent, then <sup>like and</sup> pointed. It is a hell to penetrate to a point, what with vertical strands of dead greenbrier and close stands of pole trees but I got to him without flushing the bird. Working around ahead I came out on the long top field and soon they came thru the thick stuff & asked if I'd seen the bird, which had gone back up. I hadn't. This is a new ground.

It was late now but Brian had new energy after two point and was cutting this cover with lovely high tail and action. We crossed the thick greenbrier clearing and down to the old apple tree corner - the apple tree now lying dead on the ground. Brian and I couldn't believe this didn't hold a bird and we covered the corner - Brian with much more steam than I had left.

Turning at last to the path below the briar knob, I had started along it when Brian swung into the thick cover below me on the left and pointed - a beautiful high point, ~~reestablishing~~ again at the little run.



I followed into the cave after him, knowing I couldn't get a shot but going anyway. The grouse didn't give me a chance - coming out low on the far side and staying low. But it had been a honey of a point.

Once more moving along the path with small hope of a miracle left, I had crossed a little spring draw and headed off when I saw Brian turn toward a clump of briars and thick low stuff near the fence line and the field and go onto a point that ran shivers down my back.



SOMEWHERE THIS SIDE  
OF THE FENCE!!

God! I was going to happen with the bird between Brian and the fence. I pushed thru the thick low stuff, my eyes straining for vision, and with one last lunge got to the wires of the fence, ready for a flash left to the rhododendron hollow a right across the spring ahead. The grouse detonated off the bare dead grass a yard or so in the field beyond the fence and I began to move, waiting for a look at it on the



clear  
~~clear~~ beyond, as it bored low straight out. Some damned thing  
fouled my arm or my elbow or the gun stock coming up and I  
felt the right barrel discharge about halfway to my shoulder,  
disconcerting me for a moment, then with a last feeble try, I held  
right on the tiny shape just going into ~~the~~ cover beyond the field and  
fired, seeing something like a feather, only to recognize the plastic-deer  
wood (I hate the things for this reason alone). I couldn't help hoping the

left barrel had hit but I knew it hadn't. Completely let down and  
~~completely~~ crushed, I sent Brian into the shotodendron again and again  
with no results tho he tried valiantly to make it so. There is nothing  
more bitterly disappointing to me than a miss on grouse - any  
miss - but after my long string of misses the past few days  
and with the last-hour-of-the-first-day <sup>damaged</sup> chances ~~missed~~ so cruelly



in front of me, this was it. To call it anything but rotten  
luck, putrid and unmitigated, would be mealy-mouthed and  
simple minded, and I don't lean toward either.

Bravo points had been grand. I knew that, and all the action  
 and new birds made this exceptional, but as I trudged the edge of the  
 fields back to the car, with Kay being understanding and wonderful,  
 the image of the shot kept reassembling itself with the shattered  
 pieces going into place in another way it could have been, making  
 one of the finest days of my life, and then coming back the way it  
 was, and my throat stuck together the way it always will when I  
 think of that corner of my shooting life on the last day of the  
 season in 1974.

### Summary

Grouse was at one of the lowest levels in West Virginia in my  
 experience, down from last year. Up slightly in Pennsylvania over  
 last year but poor still. This was the most open weather of any season  
 in my memory — grand shooting weather; even the rainy days were  
 intermittent enough to allow us to go out for good shooting. An odd  
 comparison with last year: this season we moved more grouse up to December,  
 and far fewer after December though the weather was more open (last  
 year was exceptionally mowlers but this one, more so.) I hunted repeat



(140)

coverts was this year for lack of birds - The Matthews/Humberson being the best place with 22 separate grouse and only 3 taken.

Brown's work was lacy. Some days he moved out and toward the end of the season began to forget his manners occasionally and broke at wing and shot, but mostly he was almost perfect - a really great grouse dog with style to make you cry.

My shooting was poor at the beginning - too few opportunities - then held at an astonishing level, hovering around 50%. It was too good to last and during the final three days I blew it, ending, however, at a good average: 40.4% for shells fired, very good for me.

My vision troubled me on some days but mostly the clip-on -.25 lenses gave fine results, especially on bright days when I could use the Photo-gray lenses. On days that my eyes wouldn't conform to correction - last-hour fatigue - I removed my glasses altogether and did well, bringing off several of my best shots without them.

I felt I did more solid shooting this year than on any in my experience - taking shots in open and well out that I normally would have fluffed. In short, I seem to have learned to shoot grouse.

Hold off for that clear view, the focus, then mount and go thru with no delay. Used Winchester AA 3-1/8 #7 1/2 almost throughout on grouse. I can recall off hand only one second barrel hit - on the Wilkinson Place.



The after-season shooting on preserves was good for me and Tim, who soon steadied back to almost perfect on wing, shot, and flush holding.

I've added to the richness of our shooting by starting to take 35 mm. photos, color and b&w, this year and got some grand pictures. Pleasure and professional results for books and articles. A new facet for us. A good year of the good life.

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Preserve Shooting Hunting Hills (Roy's sister)

(142)

Monday 11 March  
cloudy to rain  
40°

quail  
~~quail~~

Brian: 14 prod. quail  
2 net

3 shots - 3 hits

Tried this shooting club after the Sisters had their  
litch. Penny to breed to Brian last Thursday <sup>3/7</sup> over home. Found  
the released birds near cars unwilling to flush. Finally shot one that  
gave fair flight - Poor Brian was pointing repeatedly, only to  
be held while the quail refused to fly. Later on birds that had been  
out longer we got good flights but no chance to shoot more than twice.  
The last bird was a point below the parking lot in a little draw and  
with Brian solid, two pointers of ~~the~~ Tambellini's rain in hot  
fry on lovely backpoints. The bird rose vertically and I dropped  
it after it leveled and the young pointer broke and retrieved the  
bird while Brian held to command like an angel. His performance  
today was grand. Thus he had only 2 retrievers for 3 birds shot.  
Had meeting with Penny after the shooting. Also talked on phone to Jerry Brada  
re collar for Tambellini.

Thursday 14 March  
grand weather, sunny  
38° - 40°

Monacolin Preserve

Brian: 10 prod.  
8 net

9 shots - 8 hits quail

Had quail released in the two flat fields below  
pens (which held pheasants & chukars). Birds were flared for most part.  
Brian made his first retrieve from water today. Bird falling in duck  
pond. Did a fine job, water too deep to enter. 10 quail released, 9 found  
8 sold at



Wednesday 20 March

Memacolin

143  
Brian: 11 prod.

sunny, mild, 50°  
3.00 - 7.00 = 4 hrs.

4 shots - chuckar - 3 hits  
1 shot - quail - 1 hit

3 nets chuckar  
2 nets quail  
(1 for Bob)

A nice day with Bob Steinkamp and Tod - 85 pounds of grand turn-of-the-century English setter type but how he moves - style in tail carriage and on point. We had 10 quail and 6 chuckars released at cross-roads cover. Brian pointed in NE corner. I walked up a chuckar and dropped it (Brian held like an angel while Bob handled Tod.) Neither dog backed the other without restraint all afternoon. Brian retrieved and then we had Bob later 35 min. to the w of Lang and Brian and me with chuckar (possible error).

Next we found Brian on point - lovely long holding while we walked Tod (called Cobby) up with Bob to shoot. I failed to get Tod to back but did make him up & got good prod. point. Bob laid his gun down to take "a picture of that point!" He loves the dog. The quail walked out from under Brian with all this delay, refused to flush and (I had released Tod's back) flew a short hop into Tod who promptly caught it. These are weak birds.

That did it for Tod the rest of the hunt. Every bird that did not give a shot - and few did - got chased over the hill and then brought back. Tod brought back 5 quail and 1 chuckar - all run down - and with the one Brian carried back from over the skyline, I'm sure Tod had caught it and Brian took it from him. There was high



feeling between them on all retrievers.

My second shot was with two chukars in the NS road in front of Brian's rice point, I had to run them up and dropped one. Brian moved for the retriever on command, found the sound bird, got the surprise of seeing it fly away, then returned and found and caught the winged bird and retrieved.

My next shot was on a point, a quail that flew low but was centered close, Brian retrieved.

Later, Brian had a chicken pinned in cover along NS ~~road~~ road, Bob was handling Tod, bird was moving, came out on road and I had to run after it to flush - poor for shooting. It lifted and I tried off-balance, shooting leaning on a right foot, missed and fired again, apparently without a hit. We followed the bird far down the road and into thick cover on left beyond little run. In a group of pitch pines, Brian made a lucky point, I walked in and saw chicken on the ground a few yards from him. I lay tried to flush but it only hobbled, crippled in one leg, and I sent Brian to fetch.

Bob got a shot at a quail Brian pointed (found him in "the clone" after long absence) and that he missed it in dense cover. Brian went on at command and later came back with the crippled bird - a grand job.

Bob shot two of his 3 quail with the Purkey - land it. Later, Tod made a grand point on a chicken & Bob flushed & shot it - a fine job for both of them.



Brian had inadvertently pushed two or three of the chukars and as failed to find the #6 that went far over the NE flat.

Final point by Brian was on a grass near crossroads, a bird I could not get to fly. Bob finally caught it and we left it in a tree. A good afternoon but tarnished by poor flying quality of the quail. The chukars are the best spot.

Monday 25 March

Memoir

great day, cool sunny, 35°

6 shots - 6 chukars.  
1 shot - 1 hen pheasant

Brian: 9 prod.  
6 chukar net.  
1 pheasant net.

~~#~~ 3:45 - 7:45 = 4 hrs. (used AA 3-1 1/8 - 7 1/2)

Our last day, and the best of the previous shooting. Men at the crossroads and Roger Anderson put us on the Clover Tops area - releasing 6 chukars very effectively.

After a warm-up turn we sent Brian out and he soon was shot on point in top cover (canary grass) beyond the first "blind" a very nice intense point. I got some pictures - both kind - and I flushed the bird, dropping it solidly with a good retriever.

Brian was ecstatic and my problem was to keep up with his points. His second was under a small patch pine in the open field and I had to flush, knowing I'd be crowded into branches below the branches.



which was how it happened. The bird, an almost straightaway was not centered but fell running and I ordered Brian to retrieve. He caught and delivered it. I felt myself shoot with my right knee slightly bent — that balance is critical.

Brian now had another point in a row of tangled sorghum and I had to do some kicking but the bird flushed strong, dropping well at the shot. Again a good retriever. This time Brian returned and pointed in the same spot and I knew it was a second bird. This one flushed the other direction, quartering a bit left and was centered very well, delivered stone dead.

I had forgotten what a fine cover this area is — the choice, I feel. We creaked back thru marginal thick-open cover along the east edge — good but holding nothing, though we expected some escape game & pheasants.

Finally on the slope above the small cottage at the far end of the road, Brian pointed on the brow of the hill, I saw the bird under some brush, flushed and dropped it, and Brian retrieved.

His next point was the only one of the day on which he was not rock-hard, in the open field at the bottom of the slope on edge of roadside cover but in the field. First he pointed toward the road, head to head up the hill, creaked after I arrived and pointed back down toward me. I saw the bird spall in the open stubble. It flushed strongly,



all of them dead, I held on it but undershot - an excruciating  
job - the bird tumbled, but the ground and managed to take off  
enough to reach the bottom of field and run into the woods. I  
had held Brian on command & now ordered him to return, which he  
did on the double, locating the bird and bringing it back alive (he may  
have dispatched it). My last shot of six straight and, like my usually  
weakening shooting, the poorest, but a hit.

We returned to the car, took 1 day photo, b & w, with Brian and  
the birds, ate a bite and I left <sup>and he</sup> ~~the~~ car to the powerline,  
where we were to meet with the car.

I moved nothing all the way until I lost Brian after rushing  
across the swamp on the edge of the powerline flat. Returning I found  
him pointing toward me in thick alders. Waiting but unable to get a shot  
if I walked in, I saw something dart ahead of him. He retreated & froze  
immediately, and in a few moments a hen pheasant came up like a  
grouse and gave me a grand close range <sup>left-crossing</sup> ~~left-crossing~~ shot over the  
alders. I swung ahead of the head, pulled and folded the bird.





Brian moved in to retrieve on command and must have wallowed the bird in the swamp. for when he brought it out, the head and neck were mud-soaked. But it was a fine point, shot, and retrieve, and a grand find.

Kay came down from where she had the car on the road - I regretted she wasn't in on the action (had not heard the gun). We started a bit at the car - it was 7:00 pm - then parked at the crossroads and hunted out the marginal cover of the SE & SW fields. Brian had a point on a running cock pheasant that took him across the little row at south end and lifted far ahead of him in the woods. Later, we lost him on point, searched & wrangled all the way around the "clone" area and into the powerline flat, finally touched him with the collar and heard him respond far back of the clone woods where he'd had a bird all the while. He came to us so it would have flushed.

That was it. We reached the car at 7:45 tired but feeling it had been a good days fun to end the season.

I have shot 22 birds with 24 shells or pressures.  
and 2 hen pheasants (escapes from Nemacolin) in the Henkel place with 2 shots, 1 each a prod.



DATA 1973

GEORGE 65 DAYS - 202  $\frac{1}{4}$  HRS.

KAY 62 "

39 COVERTS

31 W.VA.

(22 LOCAL  
9 OTHER

8 PA.

4.12 BIRD/COVERT

3.8

3.83

3.77

5.38

161 GROUSE - 298 FLUSHES (1.48 PER HR.)

(85-129 TO DEC./76-169 AFTER)

47 SHOTS - 19 HITS (10 O.P.) = 40.4% (2 LOST)

67 'COCK MOVED - 79 FLUSHES

31 SHOTS - 19 HITS = 61.3%

BRIAR 4 YRS 9 MO. (5TH SEASON) 65 DAYS

GROUSE 95 PROD.

19 KILLS (10 O.P.)

17 RET.

WOODCOCK 49 PROD.

19 KILLS

19 RET.

LIFETIME '69-'73

328 DAYS

359 PROD.

75 KILLS (31 O.P.)

57 RET.

19 GROUSE 47 SHOTS 40.4%

19 'COCK 31 61.3

12 QUAIL 13 92.3

3 PHEASANTS 3 100.

9 CHUKARS 10 90.

62 104 = 59.6%



## 1973 WEEKLY LOG

WOODCOCK

| DAYS       | HRS. | BIRDS-FLUSHES | SHOTS-HITS       | BRIAR<br>PROD.-KILLS-RET. | BIRDS-FL. | SHOTS-HITS                  |
|------------|------|---------------|------------------|---------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| 5          | 14   | 10 11         | 1 -              | 2<br>19 4 4               | 22 27     | 9 4<br>thru 10/20           |
| 5          | 16   | 14 16         | 3 1              | 1 1 1                     | 23-27     | 9 6                         |
| 10         | 30   | 24 27         | 4 1              | 14 6 6                    | 45-54     | 18-10                       |
|            |      |               |                  | 3 1 1                     |           |                             |
|            |      |               |                  | 33 10 10                  |           | 10/27                       |
| 3          | 9½   | 10-12         | 1 - -            | 3                         | 12-15     | 6-5                         |
| 13         | 39½  | 34-39         | 5 1              | 8 5 5                     | 57-69     | 24-15                       |
|            |      |               |                  | 6 1 1                     |           |                             |
|            |      |               |                  | 41 15 15                  |           | 11/3                        |
| 3          | 9    | 15-15         | 1 -              | 4 - -                     |           |                             |
| 16         | 48½  | 49-54         | 6 1              | 10 1 1                    |           | 11/10                       |
| 5          | 15¾  | 18-34         | 1 -              | 4 - -                     | 7-7       | 2-2                         |
| 21         | 64   | 67-88         | 7 1              | 5 2 2                     | 64-76     | 26-17                       |
|            |      |               |                  | 14 1 1                    |           | 11/17                       |
|            |      |               |                  | 46 17 17                  |           |                             |
| 6          | 17½  | 18-41         | 6 - 4 (1 lost) ① | 8 - 40 - 3                |           |                             |
| 27         | 81½  | 85-129        | 13 - 5 (1 lost)  | 1 - 2 - 2                 |           |                             |
|            |      |               |                  | 22 - 5① - 4               |           | 11/24                       |
|            |      |               |                  | 1 - 2 - 2 pheasants       |           |                             |
| 21 COVERTS |      |               |                  |                           |           |                             |
| 5          | 14   | 14-25         | 4-② deer season  | 14 - ② ① P-2              | 3-3       | 5-2                         |
| 32         | 95½  | 99-154        | 17-7③            | 3 2 2                     | 67-79     | 31-19 (61.3%)               |
|            |      |               |                  | 36-7③-6                   |           |                             |
|            |      |               |                  | 49-19-19                  |           | (not out week between) 12/8 |
| 1          | 3    | 3-3           | 0                | 1                         |           | 12/22                       |
| 33         | 98½  | 102-157       | 17-7③            | 37-7③-6                   |           |                             |
| 4          | 9¼   | 2-11          | 1-①              | 5-①-1                     |           |                             |
| 37         | 107¾ | 104-168       | 18-8④            | 42-8④-7                   |           | 12/29                       |
| 4          | 10   | 12-21         | 3-2              | 8-2-2                     |           |                             |
| 41         | 127¾ | 116-189       | 21-10④           | 50-10④-9                  |           | 1/5/74                      |
| 2          | 5¾   | 1-10          | 2-①              | 2-①-1                     |           |                             |
| 43         | 133½ | 117-199       | 23-11⑤           | 52-11⑤-10                 |           | 1/12/74                     |



| DAYS        | HOURS | BIRDS   | FLUSHES | SHOTS        | HITS | PROD. | KILLS | RETS.   |         |
|-------------|-------|---------|---------|--------------|------|-------|-------|---------|---------|
| 5           | 14    | 8-15    | 3-2     | 3            | 2    | 2     |       |         |         |
| 48          | 147½  | 125-214 | 26-13   | 5            |      | 55    | 13    | 12      | 1/19/74 |
| 4           | 12    | 6-10    | 1-1     |              |      | 11    | 1     | 1       |         |
| 52          | 159½  | 131-224 | 27-14   | 5            |      | 56    | 14    | 13      | 1/26    |
| 2           | 5¾    | 2-10    | 4-1     |              |      | 8     | 1     | 1       |         |
| 54          | 165¼  | 133-234 | 31-15   | 6            |      | 64    | 15    | 14      | 2/2     |
| 1 alone     | 2½    | 5-5     | 1-1     |              |      | 3     | 1     | 1       |         |
| 55          | 167¾  | 138-239 | 32-16   | 7            |      | 67    | 16    | 15      | 2/9     |
| 5 (2 alone) | 15½   | 9-22    | 4-1     |              |      | 10    | 1     | 1       |         |
| 60          | 183¼  | 147-261 | 36-17   | 8            |      | 77    | 17    | 16      | 2/16    |
| 5           | 19    | 14-37   | 11-2    | 1 lat        |      | 18    | 2     | 1 lat 1 |         |
| 65 (May 62) | 20 2¼ | 161-298 | 47-19   | 2 lat 10 pp. |      | 95-19 | 10    | 17      | 2/23    |

40.4%

1.475 flashes per hour.

$$22 \text{ LOCAL} = 3.83$$

$$9 \text{ OTHER W.VA.} = 3.77$$

$$31 \text{ W.VA.} = 3.8$$

$$8 \text{ PA.} = 5.38$$

$$39 \text{ ALL} = 4.12$$



1973

W.Va.  
mwd 118 / 302 flashes 31 counts  
3.8 bird/flash  
46 days

LOCAL 84 73

HERRING GLADE 013-2.2.0 | 2

- FT. MORRIS THORNS 020-4.4.0 | D29.0 4

\* MORRISON 027-7.7.0 | D4-0 7

\* MATHEWS N6-7.7.0 | D6-7(3).7.1 / D24-5.5.1 / J29-3.5.0 / F15-6.7.0 / F21-7(2).9.0

CHARLIE PLUM N7-4.4.0 | 4

/ F22-0 / F23-6(3).6.0 15 13

COLLINS PLACE N8-4.4.0 | 4

\* WILKINSON SAWMILL D8-4.6.0 / D31-4(3).6.1 / J7-4<sup>(1)</sup>.5.1 8 6

WOLF ROAD THORNS D8-0 0

LITTLE SANDY N - D19-3.3.0 3

JAKE LIVENGODD J1-1.1.0 1

- WRIGHT J5-6.10.0 / J14-1.1.1 / F12-1.1.0 6 5

THREE STATES CORNER J21-0 0

DONALD MOYERS J26-2.2.1 2 1

\* TARIEN HENDERSON J25-4.7.0 / J29-3(1).4.1 / F22-5(2).6.0 / F23-0 7 6

EISENTROUT J25-0

BEERBOWER SLASHINGS - J30-1.1.0 1

UPPER GLADE J30-0 0

- MATHENY-KECK F6-5.5.1 / F16-1.1.0 5 4

RUDE F13-2.2.0 2

\* HAZELTON #1 F14-7.11.1 / FEB20-5.8.0 7 6

WHETSELL F18-4.5.1 4 3

BILL RINGER F20-2.2.1 LOST / F21-①.1.0 3 2



BLACK WATER

GATES 016 - 0 / 022 - 0 / 023 - 0 | 0  
CABIN MT. 023 - 2.2.0 2

MT. STORM

REHOBETH 017 - 1.1.0 / 025 - (4) 6.1 / N2 - (1) 1.0 | DEC3 - 4(1) 6.1 / J22 - 1.1.0 7 5  
EDELMAN 018 - 3.4.0 / N17 - 3.6.0 5  
CLYDE DAVIS 024 - 1.1.0 / N2 - (2) 3.0 / N17 - 0 | 3  
CLYDE DAVIS - RIVER HILL D7 - 6.6.0 6

NORTH BEND

SHULTZ N12 - 8.16.0 / N13 - 3.4.0 | 8  
NUTTERS Fork RD N14 - 2.2.0 2  
GRAFTON: PLEASANT CR. N14 - 1.0.0 1

PENNSYLVANIA 43 37

HENKEL 031 - 3.4.0 / N19 - 6(3) 9.1 / N21 - 4.4.1 / N24 - 2.4.1 | D27 - 3(1) 3.0 / J8 - 1.1.0 7 6  
FAR CUCUMBER N3 - 2.2.0 | J16 - 4(3) 4.0 5  
PARNELL ROAD N3 - 2.2.0 2  
DINNER BELL N15 - 5.5.0 | J8 - 2.2.0 5  
TUB RUN N20 - 5.7.0 | D28 - (1) 1.0 / TUB RUN FLAT J15 - (1) 1.1 7 6  
HEN RUN N20 - 4.4.0 | D28 - 2.2.0 / J15 - 0 4  
BROWN HILL N22 - 4.7.1 LOST / N23 - 4(2) 5.0 | J2 - 3(2) 4.1 / J17 - 2.3.0 8 6  
SPRUCE SPRING J18 - 4.5.0 4