Shooting '74

14

Thursday 17 October

perfect weather, cool windy, sunny 58°

3:00 - 6:00 3 hrs.

Ft. Morris Thorns

moved 3 - 3

1 shot - 1 hit

moved 1 - 2

0

Brear 1 point

1 kill

adult cock: soiled 14½" fan

crop: 5 red haws

Brear's sixth season at 5 years 9 months. We passed the opening day and to date because of Kay's injured knee cap - unable to walk. Weather unfavorable until today and I took Brear alone. We found the thorns on the hilltop red with haws. Heard nothing until we circled the top to the west slope above the lake when Brear bumped a grouse that went over the top flat. Returning to the east he put up another that went over the top and probably toward the car.

No further action until in the bottom at Causeway Beach (Hog Run) where Brear's bell went silent and I found him pointing on the other side of the deep run. I tried to flush the bird by talking, then by blowing the two-bark whistle to move Brear in but he remained solid. Searching for a crossing, I broke off a dead alder branch

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and by clinging to the main trunk, I walked the sprawling branch across, only to find Brian's point empty. I suspect a cock had moved out on him.

Just downstream I walked into a hen woodcock that I marked below. Then, Brian pointed, again on the far side of the run but this time the cock flushed up through cover too dense for a shot. We hunted down the glade with me again crossing a shaky "bridge" and with no further action.

About 5:30 (daylight time) I decided to take the thorn flats more directly toward the car instead of hunting the lower portion of the glade thorns. It was a good choice, for while I was working just inside the cover below the streamside lake I saw Brian swing toward me and a form took shape coming up the ground in front of him and boring toward me, to veer to my right— a grouse that I swung through as a right-crossing rising shot and tumbled at 18 yards (stepped later). It was a nice shot and was one of the new reloads 18.2 gr. 1⅛ #7½, sounding lighter than the factory loads. Brian did not stop at the flush a shot but was on the bird at once. Nothing, however, would persuade him to deliver it to me. He persisted in pulling out the back feathers until I had to go to him and dispatch the bird — actually a head shot but it's fluttering distracted Brian. Even then, I had

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to lead Brier by the collar and make him carry the bird and finally set and hold it — no retrieve credit. The cock grouse had a magnificent fan — ~~tail~~ wheel — and it was a grand experience with the first shot of the season. "Try, if you can, to hit the first shot of the season," or something to that effect, is great if you can manage.

I thot of Dr. Harris, both with this bird and when I assembled the little Parsley. all I needed to make it right was to have Kay here.

Brier worked beautifully today, I used very little control except his whistle. But, oddly, he did not get wind of any of the grouse!

Friday 18 October

Cold, 47°, partly cloudy, some wind.

3:15 - 5:30 : 2¼ hr

Mason Run

Brier

moved 3-3

0

Kay still hors de combat.

This was a poor day. Cover good for the greatest part. Brier worked a bit rougher today, moving a shade too wide with less regard for the whistle, which I had to blow frequently, tho in the end he came to it. Again, he seemed to bump each of the three grouse (I had a look at one, suspected another on the second, and only that I heard the third.) His one attempt to point was a hot sequence along Mason Run that must have been scent from a bird just lifted. Disappointing. Having trouble with my glasses combination (clip-on) for vision. Humidity much of the time with ~~no glasses~~ fogging. Need action

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Saturday 19 October — Charley Selse — Briar 1 prod

Cold, cloudy, 45°

2:50 - 5:35 = 2¾

moved 1 – 1
0
moved 1 – 1
0

Ray still at home. Hunted from Jennings Brothers barn all the way to the new highway, eating lunch sitting on concrete ruins of the old Scott place. Had hunted there the best grapevine cover and most extensive I know and not all the way north & all the way back south at lower level that is more a feather. Woods a bit too open now but good grapevine cover for enough grouse to populate the county.

at the old road down to Barnes Run – now blocked off and obliterated at lower end I crossed to north side and hunted along the stream. Briar made a grand point at the bank and it took me minutes to climb a barbed wire fence and get to him. The flush was invisible and silent but he broke and flewged across the deep stream – I think I was a 'cock for I'd have certainly heard a grouse that near. Not long afterwards I did hear a grouse leave the dense hemlocks along the stream lower down. That was it. a big cock – but empty. Why? Briar worked well, especially toward the end crossing back and forth with no controls needed.

Monday 21 October — BROWN HILL — Briar 1 prod

Clear, sunny, cool perfect

2½ hrs

moved 2 – 2
0
moved 2 – 2
1 shot – 1 hit

1 prod
1 KOP
1 pet

Weather ideal and temperature wonderful. Hunted without Ray again, or still, following the tramroad. Briar made a magnificent point at the old grade, pointing toward the cover below while I managed to get down the steep bank to approach him. As I

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waited, Brian stepped a few feet closer and again froze with his head pointing at a spot close ahead, his eyes glazed. With everything immobile it looked like an interlude in time, then the grouse broke at, flushing ten yards or more below and angling along the margin of the grade with no shot offered.

I followed, having marked the grouse as somewhere along the trainroad which was choked with chest-high dead goldenrod and blackberries still in leaf. I was using the heavier bell on Brian, hunting without King, to assist in hearing him, and when it went silent somewhere below I pushed through to him and found him pointing in a small open draw. Certain it was the grouse, I walked in and a brace of woodcock flushed, rising up along the far side of the ravine. I fired and saw the bird fall, the other on the right side going out of sight. Brian broke at the shot — he is not steady to either wing a shot these opening days — and soon had the bird, making a nice retrieve — an adult female, the first cock of the season was using my grouse handload. That was the extent of action until I reached the far ridge with the shacks where I saw a young grouse flush with a roar and flush wild.



Nothing on the flats. Plenty of greenbriers, brooks, thickets for cover. Jumped a big buck on the Mason-Dixon line — surely a ten-point.

Beautiful work by Brian, wide ranging, perfect control and grand [illegible]

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Tuesday 22 October

Clear, mild 50°

sunny.

4:45 - 6:30 1 3/4 hrs.

Gates

moved 15 - 20

8 shots - 5 hits

Brier: 10 prod.
5 kop
5 ret

I M
A M
I F
I F
A F

Ida dropped me off and I started hunting at 4:45, taking the fenceline around to the edge of the crab-thorn cover where Brier made a good point. The cock flushed low right-crossing and dropped at my shot, falling on the far side of the fence. I let Brier track for the retrieve and he brought the bird to the fence but not thru. As I reached it up, reaching between the wire, Brier wheeled and trotted thirty yards beyond. Pocketing my woodcock, I climbed over and walked up the bird, missing a high long try thru the top canopy of branches. Brier broke at shot and went almost to the river and I walked into a second bird at my feet. Not so good!

He worked too excitedly and wide and when he made some interesting hot points all the time out, he tended to push his birds & bumped several, broke at wing and shot. I was able to stop him by command after a couple of the birds had fallen but altogether he was not under control. But during magnificent finds & points if too far ahead. Flay #2 kill on cow path; #3 a high bird in thorns inside; #4 a very long shot in alders; #5 a cock that rocketed over my head against the woodsline then half fell and dropped after I turned for the shot. a great hunt for such a short period. There must be flight birds now.

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Wednesday 23 October

mild, cloudy 55°

2:00 - 3:45 } 4 hrs.
4:15 - 6:30 }

Glade Run area

moved 2-3

2 shots - 1 hit

Brian: 10 prod.
1 k
(for Clyde) 1 ret

AM

Gates

moved 10 - 12

2 shots - 0

With Clyde Castleton & Redruff - a grand typee at least part 6 mo. but green in the cock coverts. Needs to be moved out. Used the Beagle to get to this far area which is nothing. Brian moving too wide (is it the pup?) but working well, tho he needs the shock collar to get him response to the whistle. He failed to find any cock dropped with left barrel, after a bad miss, moving too wide in the dense brushes, but Redruff walked into it, crouched, & caught it & retrieved it to Clyde. Late Clyde shot a bird that Brian found & retrieved beautifully to me (credited). Brian made some grand points on the Gates - and I moved 2 straightaway birds [illegible]. Why?

Thursday 24 October 38°

mild, cloudy after rain

1:45 - 3:30 } 3 3/4
4:00 - 6:00 }

Base of Canaan

moved 4 - 4

0

Brian 5 prod
(1 for Clyde) 3 ret
2 k.

Gates

1M
1F

moved 4 - 4

2 shot - 2 hits

The aspen clumps in the first area are good shots but we found only four cock - no grouse. Brian was giving me a bad time moving out of sight and sound. He made two points and held them for long periods but I never found him - useless to me in that. Clyde shot two cock, one a wounded bird that he couldn't find and began to doubt that he had hit. Brian located it and it actually was able to flush well up in a vertical posture, landing ahead in dense cover - the only time I have known a woodcock to get off the ground after being wounded. Pup retrieved well.

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The road into this area was appalling. We returned to hunt the Gates from 4:00 to 6:00, finding a jeep and a station wagon at the gate, both there at 9 a.m. when Clyde was there. Tonite we hunted up the fenceline to the river margin — too thick and nothing but some whitewash. As we worked east, we stopped at the wire fence bordering the grazed sod and alder/thorn cover. I had broken open my gun to hand it to Clyde after he would cross the fence and Brian slammed into a hot point just across the fence in a clump of alder. The cock flushed and took the fenceline on our side and I had the gumption to mark my gun shot and drop the bird straightaway well out — all in what seemed split seconds. Brian came thru the fence for the retrieve, which was a bit more prompt with Redruff nearby — an immature female.

We had no further action until we reached the first "right bank" on the north side of the road. Brian's bell went quiet in thick hardwood just off the path. I worked in, calling to Clyde that Brian was pointing and he later told me Redruff backed the point. The cock flushed right-quartering and dropped at my shot, with another good retrieve by Brian — an immature male.

Brian had another productive near the fox carpens, a bird Clyde ~~missed~~ flushed ~~and~~ Brian worked but did not bird a bird near the road; later he pushed one out.

My first evening's shoot was the best but I enjoyed the two shoots over Brian's points today. He performed ideally in the Gates, handling well with no need to press him to stay in! A great dog.

Rain on Friday moved us home with no hunting on the way

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Saturday 26 October — Charles Kelly – Beaver Creek — Briar

perfect, sunny, cool 55° — moved 4-5 — 0

2:45 - 5:30 = 2¾ hrs.

This cover slightly grown open at lower end but changing & perfect and to too dense where it is recently cut below the stripping field. Briar worked as nearly ideally as a dog could quarter left & right across the old log road and at a fine range, needing almost no control except an occasional whistle to turn him into the sides at a fairly close range. But somehow he failed to point any of the birds; instead, he bumped three I saw. He would wheel 90° to the side at the least scent, hold a moment, and quite properly move on to try to establish the point, then circle and run into the grouse and bump it with no notice it was there. I know this was accidental but can't understand it.

This area may come back as the thick whip growth opens a bit. But at present that portion is unpossible.

Monday 28 October — Clyde Davis — Briar — 7 prod.

partly sunny, warm 55°

2:10 & 4:40 — 2½ } 3¼

5:00 - 5:50 — ¾ }

yearling cock: semi

crop: grapes

moved 2 - 3

1 shot - 1 hit

moved 6 - 7

5 shots - 0

Saw a wild turkey flush from roadside near the "pear farm" on the Amboy road on the way down. Beautiful.

Rehobeth Thorne

moved 5-5

1 shot - 0

Some days will never be forgotten because of good shooting by the gunner. This one will probably be remembered for another reason. But the sting of missing grand chances over points is always eased by a stunning hit on grouse. With Chip's knee still troublesome, we drove to Mr. Clyde Davis' house where I

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left Kay to meet me later at the old farmhouse above the Edelman place, and I began hunting the good corner below the Davis place, noting abundant beechnut mast on the left of the road — worth considering for grouse in the cover to the west.

Working up the good regrowth cover toward the old orchard on top, the leaves dry and noisy. I saw a grouse dart across ahead of Brian with no sound that I could hear. Following, I came to Brian on a good point at the upper edge near the field and climbed to him, only to flush up a woodcock — a steeply rising bird I was pretty sure of, firing as it leveled, and missed. Brian broke at shot, as he's been doing this season, and tore down the hillside, certain of a hit. Within moments I heard a grouse flush and saw it crossing left above the trees about 25 yards out. I swung them and fired going them a short lead and the bird folded as it arced down and fell a few yards out in the field — literally "grassed," to quote the Edwardians. Brian came roaring to the scent, located the bird and began a scandalous performance — pulling out feathers, looking at me and ignoring my fetch command in his exasperating way. I decided not to push the situation but to let him calm down. He responded by flopping down on the bird again and again, rolling on it like carrion. This was too much, and I went to him and cleared him out properly, shaking him by the collar. He promptly grabbed the bird and I led him by the collar for several yards but won't credit a retrieve. This is stupid.

The bird was a nice cock, good size although with no shortening on the #10 s & q primaries and I call it a yearling. A nice clean shot.

Moving north along the edge of cover, I saw Brian point just inside and I walked to him and flushed a woodcock that crossed right to left edge, offering a fine [illegible]

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DONE RIGHT.

I nursed it beautifully and, with the bird turned suddenly left, nursed a left-barrel try at the rear. Brian had broken and was after it, running into the flat of low spruce plantation and interested in something there, if I hadn't seen any bird cut back into cover, would have led me to expect a dead bird. I finally got him into the woods searching for my nursed bird, which we never did move. But Brian went back to the interesting item in the spruce and, soon after, a grouse flushed a bit ahead of him and flew north.

I decided to follow it and just inside the cross margin of thicket ahead, Brian began working scent "fragrantly." It was too close for the gross we were after. The area was promising — a large thorn tree with thicket and briers around it and Brian kept weaving in his point,



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wearing like a radar antennae,
and boring in until he stopped,
partly at my command, probably
mostly by scent. I could see
large blobs of whitewash around
him and I knew it would be a
'cock. It was, a low right-crosser
that I was certain of, swinging above it and missing, and rattled by the miss,
missing again as it swerved left like the other bird. Was I shooting too
quickly - I didn't think so - or too close - probably - or are these
birds cutting out of line as I fire? I have a conviction that if I hit
the first 'cock of the day, I'll do well as most of the subsequent shots
that time out. And equally, I feel that if I miss the first shot, it
throws me off on the rest! There were three birds I should not have missed.
But I still could not get too upset with that grand quartet
behind me.

Brian failed to relocate this third 'cock and we headed for the
Maple Run valley to work toward Kay. On top Brian had another first point
but this proved empty.

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If there had been time, I think I might have found other cock on the edges of this high table of land with the old apple trees and hawthorns. I found great grouse cover down on the brink – an old mud fence and masses of grapevine. This left, also, around the brink of the Yhachi Run valley toward the road above the old barn – a good prospect – but when I was looking, there were no grouse. And no cock.

I had difficulty getting to familiar terrain – evidently I was above the usual area – and so did not get into cock until I was nearly to the road. Brian made a couple of points but he either pushed the birds or they wouldn't hold. I had no chance to shoot. One of them he bumped, I feel. Finally I got to the road and found Kay waiting in the car. I'd heard 6 shots on the Edelman side & Kay had seen one 4-wheel bear – 2 men & an orange vest – and one 4-wheel go in (2 men & a orange vest.)

We left at once for Rebecca Thorns. found a new car parked there (two men there on our way in, gone now – all part of the Veteran's Day holiday). This called car passed & he squirrel hunters on the east side, not our area.

We worked into the thorns – Kay going along on her first pheasant race her heels singing and doing slowly but well. Brian bumped a bird on the left corner – why is he doing this? – Cole has bell now silent just enough to call it a point in the heavy thorns but the bird lifted. To be pushing? I walked with #3 on the cross road. Then Brian pointed, again swerving in to establish, rather than holding. I finally stopped him, and had to walk into a thorn thicket & flushed a cock I thot I'd get. Just as I pulled, my barrels caught on a branch and my shot fired ineffectively.

I flushed one more cock in the near dense with a good point

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some bit before that proved empty.

as Brian + I worked to the road, Kay went to the car. In the darkening last few minutes, three 'cock dived over my head weaving in an their dashing flight from the thorns to the south – a good place to try.

Brian leaves me bewildered as to his lack of points on grouse — this today was dry and logically hard handling. But his points on 'cock are equally unsatisfactory, for he points and then moves too closely, pushing out the bird. What is called for here is some refresher work with the electronic collar, on Starchaser, steadiness, and response to the whistle. Kay will soon take over.

Wednesday 30 October. The Gates

Sunny & cloudy & drizzly. warm 65°

3:00 - 4:55 = 2 hrs.

moved 9 - 12

4 shots - 1 hit

Brian 10 point.
1 hop
1 rat

AF

at last I had Kay with me! And it was good. We drove from home in record time, starting to hunt just before 3:00 with a car parked at the crab/thorn thicket but no one moving until we were ready to start when I saw a gunner near the power line. With the electronic collar on him, Brian worked well from the start. His first point was a good one, was on the far side of the fence — a 'cock that came at my right cheek and arced against the sun past me, an impossible shot I had the sense not to try. We flushed to left of it and so turned to the other side of the fence where Brian had a good point that I couldn't shoot at. Then another point — do they often (usually) flush from the dog like this?) and which I missed right and left as an easy bird. Why am I missing these birds? shooting just too soon, I suspect. Brian broke on this point has almost all birds

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this season, only Kay touched him twice this time.

We followed down the edge — the bird had been a low one — and I heard Brian's bell snap to quiet attention and I found him swung around solid, pointing toward me. I waited for Kay to come up and she took movies and 35 mm. shots, and finally I flushed the cock- a ringlet-cross rising flush that



I waited the important moment for, then swung him and dropped a rattling bird from a group of feathers. to my astonishment and Brian's, the bird arced with its momentum and lodged in a thorn tree about eight feet off the ground. Brian was frantic, barking and leaping and I let Kay get some shots of the situation, then reached it with my gun barrels but it would not drop. Pulling down the branch that held it, I discovered a large thorn had run thru the mandibles from below, pinning the dead bird to the branch. I removed it and tossed it for Brian to retrieve, which he did nicely — an adult hen Brian held steady to shot on this one; weaving only when I ordered all right, go fetch — it doesn't take much to freshen his memory.



IMPALED ON A THORN

Brian's next point was in the dense alders east of the aspen grove — a bird that came out at me in the clear and one I should have shot at, but somehow hesitated to consider it a pointed bird until too late.

We had seen, and heard him [illegible] the blaze orange vest,

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hunting in the far aspens — two different birds that at, and heard him call his dog

We returned & hunt the road covers and got a good point just inside on the south edge — a bird that I let Brian work out to a fair location, but it rose in cover too dense to try for until it had passed a spruce tree and I missed. Kay returned to the car while I hunted to follow this bird — I had seen a down feather float back across the road but think now it had nothing to do with the woodcock.

Brian hunted well, locating about four birds on this side with a number of points — one so far from me I couldn't find him until the bird lifted about five minutes later; another point — a honey — that I had to park into and the bird was up and over the alder tops with no chance to get on it. Brian was holding well to wing now — and doing a wonderful job of dog work, a pleasure for me.

I walked to the gate via the fenceline and met Kay in the car. She had talked to the lone hunter who was Nick Sisley with two pointers.

Draggly had set in and wet me well, in spite of my newly "waterproofed" clothes — only the pants of which turned any rain.

A good day!

Thursday 31 October 14

Hot, sweaty, 70°

2:30 – 5:45 = 3 hrs.

Clyde Davis

moved 1–1 next

moved 1–1

Edelman Place

moved 2–2

2 shots – 2 hits

Brian 4 prod
4 hop
4 ret.

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(Continued) Rehobeth Thomas

moved 4 - 4
2 shots - 2 hits

IF
AF
AF
IF

Seven 'cock is not enough for what should be the peak flight period. Hot, open weather is likely holding the birds in the north.

We got a late start (Frank Jezerinac came to the cabin) and after parking at the old house on the near place, discovered that Ray's knee could not take the rocky terrain on the Clyde Davis place. It was so hot and dry. I gave up and joined Ray on the road. She had walked into a grouse on the Davis side of the fence — a bird that crossed to the Edelman place. (Learned this p.m. that it is actually the Edelman place). Ray returned to the car and Brian & I hunted the near portion of the Edelman woods. Failed to locate the grouse but Brian made a nice point near the area I expected the grouse — a 'cock that flushed low and around the corner and dropped at my shot. It was so hard hit that the entrails were dangling when Brian retrieved it — an immature hen. Used 2 3/4 - 1 1/8 - 8 1/2 AA shell.

I saw the largest black oak of my life near this spot — the tree looked fully five feet in diameter and in fine condition — large and straight-trunked well up. It is not far below the near fence.

Lower down, Brian pointed in a clump of thicket with a mass of grapevine — a good point but as I couldn't approach well. Circling below, I waited with a view of opening on the underside, and after a few moments — I can't say that Brian did or did not move up — the 'cock came out like one of the two in Fassell Ripley's watercolor a Sheldair back, and I took it high against the sky, dropping it into a tangle of blackberry briars where Brian had gone a search to locate it. Another nice hen — ~~immature~~ adult.

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I rejoined Kay who had moved the car, and we drove to the (On the way saw a pair of bobwhites in the road at past Brian at them.)
Rehobeth area where we saw Clyde & Cora Davis and had a long chat.
We got a late start, hunting them the thorns with no action. Kay walked the
old road with no trouble. On the cross path, near the pipeline, Brian hit
scent and froze, pointing into the thickest to his left. The cock lay tight,
bouncing up at my approach and rose in a high left-crossing flush that
ended in a puff of feathers. Again Brian had some difficulty finding, for the
bird fell well ahead of him in thick cover but, when he running to my regular
he
~~and~~ almost immediately hit the scent, pointing the dead bird for a moment
before he picked it up. Kay, taking movies, inadvertently squeezed the
shock transmitter under her arm. Brian yelped but continued with the
bird and made one of his rarest retrieves to hand. The shock may be a good
idea here! Brian rarely will sit before depositing the bird on the ground but
I'm not quibbling anymore. Saw that fox one I've startled earlier when I
got here. Here was an adult hen.

Walking to the pipeline, we turned back and Brian, running in
the thorns to our left, put out a bird without intention, I'm sure. On
the far edge near the south thorns, I put Kay on the woods road and
I ~~walked~~ into the thorns and hunted in a generally parallel direction.
worked
Brian moved a shade too wide in here, as tho he scared that I doubted have
the shock collar. But well in, I heard his bell go silent and I got to
him to find him pointing, then re-establishing. Finally he went solid and
I brought my way to him. He probably took another step and a cock
flushed with a sound like a grouse — [illegible] that I dropped

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at the top of the rise, seeing the bird fall and lodge in thorns. Unlike 19.
one bird on the flats yesterday, this one fluttered and fell, and Brian
had it. He had broken at about 40 yds, unlike most of the birds today,
with the exception of the first one which he broke and chased, flying
low, and came close to running into my shot string. Bad. Her back was
a yearling hen. All hens would suggest early flight birds.

Cary had heard the shot & the command to retrieve and knew
what had happened. She went for the car after I rejoined her, letting me
hunt the flat to the south of the thorns — good grown cover — tangled
thorns and clumps. I walked into a woodcock in the path that let me
get within feet of it — one Brian had not swung close to.

It was a grand day — too hot and dry — but actual of the
sort that does you a lot of good. Four shots over points, good ones, that
all hit. Standing at the car, putting my gun away and breathing that
wonderful fragrance and seeing the afterburn of sunset beyond the
woods I'd come thru and sharing it with Cary was fine. That period,
after you've come from the coverts and before you get in the station wagon,
while Brian stalls about coming in — route he was lying down,
tired, on the far side of the fence — and you have had a few good clean shots
behind you, is a precious moment. I hope we have many more of them.
?!!



Thy murmurs, fall,
sweet orang Wanderer, thrum
Came in Alleghany Front on our left as we
drove toward Davis.

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Friday 1 November

Hot, dry, partly sunny 70°+

1 hr.
3/4 hr.
1 3/4 hr.
} 3 1/2 hrs.

Abrams Creek

moved 2 - 3

0

Brian 1 prod.
5 prod.

Lacy Thorns

moved 1 - 2

1 shot - 0

Covert #1

moved 7 - 9

3 shots - 0

On our way home from Canaan we tried the Abrams Creek covert behind the abandoned church. It was impossibly hot and dry but Brian was working well. Two separate groups flushed wild from him, each pitched across the path toward the creek. Letting Ray walk back the old road to get the car, I hunted to the creek and Brian cut across and pointed, working in closer. I expected a cock but when he moved on, circling a few yards below I saw a grouse dart back up the slope — a reflush of the first bird. Feeling it impractical to hunt out the dense thicket in the creek bottom, I joined Ray at the bridge and we moved to the Lacy thorns.

A couple of cars had just come out the road but we concluded by seeing the man in each was a hunter. Ray remained with Benny while I tried the thorns, knowing it was too hot and too early in the day to find cock there, unless a big flight was in. It wasn't.



At the pipeline fence I heard Brian's bell go quiet and I moved to him on a dense thorn clump above me, waited, and had a good flush in the wide open left [illegible] into the right-of-way.

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11/1/74

I held back for a good focus, swung them and missed ingloriously, seeing the 'cock tip over and go on with no trace of hit. My best alibi – a poor one — would be that I felt the tree come into the line of flight but I can't even convince myself. I simply missed.

We followed and Brian flash-pointed in the large alder-thorn cover below but the bird lifted at once. Rejoining Kay, we drove to Covert #1 and parked at the Stony River Lodge. Immediately behind the building in the thorns that were always hell to shoot in, Brian made a grand point – hot and rolled and turned toward me. I walked in and a brace of 'cock flushed, one each direction, from between us. I waited on the left bird, letting it reach the peak and fired at it against the sky, missed, and fired the left barrel as it leveled and to my amazement, missed again.



This did Brian no good and me even less. He bumped the next bird, chasing it at flush, going far out to the north. I whistled him back but he ignored me and I had Kay hit the button. We heard him yelp and I saw him at the moment rolled on point on the far side of the stream, leaving [illegible] to make it

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across on her own. I got over the stream to him, a good point, not even budged by the flock, and put up a 'cock I think was the one I'd missed. It rose almost straight up over my left shoulder, I made myself refrain from a quick try, then fired at it against the sky like dozens I have dropped, and the bird went on. It would seem impossible to miss a bird like that and I don't know why. But if I miss the first shot, I miss the next several opportunities I would normally center.

Brian caught the word and broke. Later he bumped a bird on the edge of the field. Then a long blank period until I stepped onto a 'cock he had not found. Later Brian pushed this one out and shot another one on the hillside.

It was a great disappointment to find this great woodcock cover growing up too thick with locust in '74. grazing. We didn't visit it last year and I think there have been no cattle on here for two seasons and there are almost no paths & openings left. Hard wood thorns and especially small crab trees would follow so soon.

Brian had one more point, I am sure, in the alder neck near the road. Rt 50 is a noisy punishing series of motor vans - a disturbing factor that spoils this once-fine area. The flight birds may drop in later but I question the pleasure of [illegible]

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Wednesday 6 November — Gates — Brian

Cold, cloudy, windy 40°

3:15 – 5:15 = 2 hrs.

moved 7-7

3 shots – 1 hit

5 point
1 ½
1 pet

1M

Drove down from town after a change of weather following days of hot dry conditions during which I worked on the book rather than hunt fruitlessly up there. Found a blue 4 wheel drive parked at the crab-thorn thicket – a man with two Brittanies who left soon after we started.

This was Kaye's ~~third~~ fourth session this season and she now is nearly back to normal walking. Brian was moving out today after his layoff and required several touches of the check collar. He was nosing wonderfully, other than for too wide and consequently missing some cover but his points were great. His first point was near the fence at the south end of the crab-thorn area, a cock that he was pointing solidly from about 8 yards. I walked into it but could not get into action before it was behind cover.

We crossed to the far side of the fence and within minutes he was solid again. Once more the bird was ten yards from him and was gone before I could shoot. I'd had a bad day yesterday – vision way off and today my eyes were quite off balance, making me unable to focus or even see well. I removed my glasses for a while but we had no more action until we crossed the road near the "grouse spruce," where Brian once more went out of reach but soon was pointing. Once more losing my glasses (when I switch on-and-off I should know to leave them off) I walked to him – a gorgeous hot point – and finally put up the cock – a steep climber from a few yards away. I let it top the alders, mounted and shot, certain of it, but it seemed to almost tumble and then fly on, fluttering in a vertical posture, a sign of a hit. I can't remember woodcock flying on as they seem to this year! Either [illegible] I've [illegible] thus and

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settle not too far out and sent Brian, sure he would find it, slipping shooting notwithstanding. Kay came to me and we left Brian search for a long period, covering the area meticulously. I had to give up or simply stay and search the balance of the short time we had. A sad business.

Working to the "cow lane," we again had trouble with Brian's range (I don't remember this last season), and with him moving out nearing one-covert-ahead, I had Kay touch the button. He yelped and then went solid – a nice bell went quiet. I can't count the times this has happened – as tho the shock makes him point, but there is always a bird there! This probably indicates that his fear sorties are because he has lost scent and thus ignores the whistle. I searched for about second four minutes a ~~bigger~~ larger and located him solid in the center of the cover between the two transverse lanes. Walking to him in not too dense cover, yet with enough handicapping thrash to make it awkward, I finally stood, awaiting the flush. It came, as so often woodcock come directly at me and away from the pointing dog — a climber that I turned and tried for over my left shoulder, and missed. This thing is getting to me. I know I am shooting at the birds too close and yet I used to regurgitate them. Brian held cast at the shot, as he had been doing on these shots.

We moved to the far aspens but no birds there today. Again, Brian, moving too far, much too far, out.

On the return Brian bumped a 'cock at the edge of one of the aspen clumps, and got bogged for it, thanks to Kay. He had a good lockup point on dense cover back at the car but then I forgot my way to it, it proved simply.

Finally, I say to take the car to turn it at the powerline and

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I swung Brian into the cover on the south side of the road. Near the aspens, his bell went quiet and I got to him, stretched out and reaching for the scent. He re-established and I walked closer, then saw a cock — what I had to decide was the woodcock he was pointing, flushing from out ahead and crossing back toward Brian but well beyond him. I mounted on an unpricked and fired and saw the bird go down. Brian broke a few yards, then held steady until I ordered him on. In a few moments I could tell from the sound of his bell that he'd found the bird, and almost at once he brought it to me in a good retrieve — a small male yearling. A good change of record for Brian and for me — and for Cay when she picked us up. She had not heard the shot. what a difference a hat makes.

Thursday 7 November

Gates

Brian: 4 prod.

moved 4-5

2 points - 0

rotten weather, fog, drizzle, cold.

2:20 - 3:20
4:00 - 5:00 } 2 hrs.

This weather really was great for cock — if only the cock were here. Flights this year, other than the first afternoon when I scared 15 in 1 3/4 hours, simply have not happened, and yet the time is such that the birds should be coming there.

This season has probably been one of the most exasperating

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as conscience my shooting, and yet, analyzing each shot, I can see reasons & have missed. Some of them had to be taken too close. The two chances today just didn't come up right.

Brian's first bird, and ours, after we'd fiddled around waiting for the dog to break, ~~—~~ finally coming to the baby after going to Blackwater where we saw Walt Saling and on the far aspens in headback, not typical cover. It was so thick to approach I did not see the flush when I finally got to it — Kay marking the bird as it went. Brian held until sent on — the electronic collar is doing its work after the first few inches of his breaking at will — and soon after I heard his bell go silent but almost at once a cock grunted back across — I suspect a bump.

This area is being gunned heavily this year. I saw evidence of a hunters a hunters with dogs having been where we parked today. Then soon after we started in this afternoon, a station wagon parked on the road near us and a man and a dog — turned out to be a Brit — hunted almost on my neck most of the way to the far aspens, his dog's bell sounding as close as Brian's much of the time. Poor taste.

We circled behind him and again saw nuts Saling and Walsh and Dolan on their way out (they'd tried the powerline with no success.). Walt lent Kay a pair of Phyllis's felt-ar boots to replace Kay's boot, which was leaking.

We hunted into the crab-thorn covert after sitting out a spell of drizzle and near the fence Brian made another good point. The bird ran, like one yesterday in here, yards [illegible] I saw it

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was the bird he had pointed. Had I tried to shoot, it would have been impossible for the cock went directly over Brian, clearing his head by a foot or so.

We crossed the fence and Brian soon had another bird, crossing and recrossing in a zigzag pattern, ending in spirit-tingling intensity. I walked in, certain I'd have a chance in this rather large open cover and a big hen woodcock rose, swinging behind a large thorn top. I fired just as I lost sight of it, shooting thru the branches and for a moment couldn't tell if I had hit or not, Brian breaking, and then I saw the bird carrying right well out over the lower alders. I seem to have the damndest breaks on cock shots this year — either too close a too much interfering cover.

We hunted to the deer-stand tower and back to the cock-thorn area with no other action, Brian moving too wide but working stunningly in his rapid carriage. He misses some close ones this way — a fault, but he does most with style.

At the road, Ray went for the car and I made another circle into the area near the aspen blow-down but the birds just weren't around. I consider the chance that this rough weather moved them on south and it is probable. Moving up the road with Brian swinging to one side and the other, I headed him into the thick cover near the aspens on the south side of the ~~road~~ spot where I shot the bird last evening. Within moments Brian was working, pointing, moving for relocation and finally pointing solidly headed toward me. I pushed in to him and, as with several of the birds in the Gates recently, this one flushed from well ahead, lifting thru the cover and away. I pulled

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on it feeling it was too far out and missed. Some bad chances seem to come in sequences and they tear you up by doing so. a few misses mixed in with hits would be easier to take.



Friday 8 November

clear, sunny, 47°

1:40 - 5:15 = 3½ hrs

1F

Rehobeth Thorns

moved 1-5 flushes

2 shots - 0

moved 12-17 flushes

4 shots - 1 hit

Brian: 1 prod.

8 prod.

1 k

1 ret

Left Mirror Lake and hunted the Rehobeth country, intending to join the Arnold Basin. Found no cock until the pipeline thorns when I flushed one and Clay saw a second. While circling, Brian bumped a grouse from the edge of the pipeline with the bird flushing down the slope. I got a good point from him on a cock just beyond this flush with a second flush that I think was a reflush of the #1 cock. I missed a tryat ~~that~~ the first bird going then cock - a poor chance.

Following the grouse I heard it flush from the edge of a small clearing and pitch for the stream. Soon after Brian bell went quiet left of the pipeline and eventually a cock flushed over us - a hard

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should have tried. Following in the same direction of the grouse, I failed to move either until, circling back up the slope both birds flushed from a rail fence moments after I walked past. The woodcock was in full view, the grouse only a sound going south.

Following the grouse, I expected it along the rail fence where I shot my first grouse last season but nothing materialized by the time I reached the far end. Walking along a barrier of logs I was jerked into reflex by the explosion of sound and motion from the other side of the logs, pulling myself into mounting at the going away twisting shape — and missed. Hoping for another flush, illogically, I moved on down rather open woods and saw still another rail fence at the far edge with a large field beyond. Counting on the bird to go once more for such a cover, I was starting along it when I saw Brian pointing out in the field into a thick hawthorn several yards from the woods in what was obviously a point on 'cock.



Putting the grouse out of mind for the moment I walked to the point, deciding how best to get around the sides of the hawthorn mass. My

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flush was loud and big and grouse, on the opposite side. I fired thru the branches but the grouse went on and disappeared in the thorns beyond. A disappointment, but looking back, it was about as close as I could get to "shooting a grouse and returning it, like a trout."

We followed into the thorns with no further contact with the grouse. Brian had a good point on a cock that came back over my head and which I turned and missed. Well grooved into missing, I lose confidence and the pattern continues.

We had no further action — Ray lost a glove — in the main thorns. Finally, Brian pointed in an isolated clump of hawthorn out from the woods in the flat south of the old road. This time I reassured myself as I walked in, the cock flushed, coming across left then turning straightaway and I vaulted and took it at the right distance and I'll be goddamned if I didn't miss. How, I'll never know.

Unbelieving, I followed with Brian, who was equally perplexed, while Ray went for the car. I got a flush that could have been the bird. At last, at the upper end of a line of cover, near the road, Brian pointed, headed toward me. This time the flush was a mere, low right-crosser still in cover and not over a yard high and I swung thru and dropped it solidly — the most difficult shot of the day. Ray was near with the station wagon and while Brian prolonged the only retrieve of the day, Ray climbed the fence and got a movie of the retrieve, which concerned Brian carrying the cock — a yearling hen toward her as he walked back. How good the

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feel!

I made a further circle with my more hasty - no shot - before Kay pushed us up further down the road. Here flat as good cover, but strangely, the birds were in this rather than the usual thorns. Why?

PDJ NW 95

Saturday 9 November — Vansickle Hill — Brian: 2 prod. 1 k 1 ret.

Hot, dry, sunny
1:45 - 5:15 = 3½ hrs.

moved 2 - 3
1 shot - 1 hit

yearling hen: miter.
crop: full of grapes

Thirty-nine years ago today, Speck died. It was also on a Saturday.

We drove past Quay Evans's, stopping to speak and meet three of his sons. We found the hilltop farm in process of being timbered but suspect imminent strip-mining which may obliterate the benefit of slashing.

We hunted out the ridge road and over to Quay's regrowth cutting where Brian had a distant point below us and I merely sensed the tiny thrust of the bird disappearing. That was it — one bird for a grand piece of cover.

We hunted, after eating lunch, over the top and down to the old woods road to the Vic Kay place — all good cover and all empty. It was hot and dry and a temptation to quit and head for the car but I couldn't resist a look at the old clearings and the big lone tree even at the cost of a climb. Kay was having one of her longest and roughest trips on the recovered knee surgery and I left her by the old road where it levels toward the homeplace. This all looked ideal, greenbriers and grown-up edges and the young offspring of the parent white bird. Brian was in the cover - dense - about the clearing and I heard his bell go silent. Trying to reach him, I heard the wing flaps round in brush and knew the bird had cut toward Kay. Making a circle

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in order not to miss the area, I thot I heard a possible second flush but can't count it.

Returning to Kay, she described the grouse flying directly over her and marked its landing on the far side of the grown-up field. She marked it well, though it took a lot of doing to find it. Brian hunted well, making a flash point on a departing rabbit. After that, I turned to my right and nearly walked into the grouse, which tore out away-right and directly into the lowering sun. I wheeled and fired and saw it go down, winged. Brian dashed in on command but couldn't locate it in a mix of waist-high deadened goldenrod and laurel and small pines. Suddenly, I saw the grouse on the ground, running under a laurel clump and Brian saw it but lost sight as it fluttered. Then he was on the bird and had it, pulling out back feathers in a disgraceful manner — his worst performance. He refused the retrieve again and again until I went to him when he grabbed it with a lot of bluff growling. Finally I stopped humoring him and demanded a delivery and got it — a poor show! Kay had got to us and took two still shots and moves. The grouse was a yearling hen with a broken wingtip and had to be dispatched.

Our day, a sporting one, was suddenly good and the walk back to the car a pleasant one. But where are the grouse? Frightening.

Monday 11 November — Frank Wright — Brian:

Hot, partly sunny dry. 71° — 2½ hrs. — Hogshead Blade

mixed 1-1

Absolutely blank, except [illegible] to a grouse on her way to get the car. This is ridiculous.

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Saturday 16 November — Henkel Place — Briar: 1 prod.

cold, windy, 42°
cloudy – traces of snow left.
2:20 – 5:30 3 hrs.

moved 7–7
~~1 woodcock – 1 flush~~
1 shot – 0
1 woodcock – 1 flush
0

This was our best action on grouse so far this season. To think that seven grouse in three hours would ever seem exceptional, but so long as it is exciting, it is just that. Our late start was due to conversations with the Henkels (Mac & Scott) – at the house & at the parking spot – Mac's son – but it is important. And within ten minutes we were into action.

As we started up the grapevine hillside log road, I heard a grouse flush out when Briar was working to our right. Saving that one to follow later, we continued to the flat on top and Briar hit a point – a lovely – about thirty yards from me. He held as I tried to get from the thick cover to him but the grouse lifted ahead of him and out of sight. He flared at the flush but did not break, then moved on as I ordered. A second grouse flushed from our side, I (Lady) marking it as crossing toward the clearing, then a third flushed – by sound seeming to follow the first. We made a long cast after #1 and #3 of this trio but failed to mark them. Returning, we came back thru grand grapevine cover, with grapes, on the east side of the knob – new – but with no birds today. Once more near the area of the point we heard Briar working scent, judging by the sound of his bell, but also heard a grouse flush – #5 so far.

We had no contacts tho we hunted to the loading clearing where we stopped to eat, then made a circle of all the edges – first two with greenbrier berries, grapes, & hawthorns.

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Finally, walking down the main lumber road toward the powerline, 34./74
a grouse flushed from dense brush on the left edge, thrashing loudly,
but not rising high. I tried a quick shot, that was almost a miss,
but then I didn't see the bird clearly go on, neither did I see it fall,
which I would have been almost certain to "feel" had it happened.

We hunted on, after an empty search, and Brian put out a
grouse – a it, more properly, flushed from Brian on the right side.
I saw the flash of motion and marked it for the edge of the powerline,
but then Brian had a good point at a logical area we failed to mark
it. From his action, moving after the point, then pointing further, I
suspect it had lifted before he could be aware but I can't count a point.

To check the bird I'd missed, I hunted across to the far side
of the clearing under the powerline and Brian lost scent, trailing. Then
Katie he worked into a woodcock and put it up without a point—
a pity, because it gave me a great chance for an overhead shot.

It was getting dark as we hunted back to log road to the car.
We didn't get to cover the good flat today, but it will be there
next time. This was a good day – no bird – but the birds
were there and we found them. Brian worked beautifully and
brilliantly – a bit wide but he nursed very little, and his casts, if
wide, do bring him back around most of the time. A good
man's dog!



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Monday 18 November — Spruce Spring — Briar: 2 prod.

cold, cloudy 45°
1:40 - 5:20 = 3 hrs
clearing time-out

moved 5 - 5
1 shot - 0

This is a great piece of cover; a shame there're not here in numbers. First circle near the spruces — huge trees — and top flat proved empty till we went over the blueberry clearing where Briar made a good point on the far slope in thicket. I walked toward him but couldn't see the flush. Briar held at wing and Ray marked the grouse back over the top toward the station wagon. We failed to locate it and I started toward the car to change to a cap less warm. Stepping into the ~~car~~ large partly frozen puddle in the area, something caught my left boot toe in one of those lock grips head-on and I went flat into the icy mud to my elbows, glasses, gun and kenels before I could catch myself — something rare for me. It required a change to the skin on my lower half and a new jersey on top. Fortunately I had all the necessaries in our leather bag and a shooting coat in the deep-well.

Changed and with gun and glasses cleaned off, we walked the road down and across the hollow (covered a good briar corner on the Brewer place on the way down), and up to the top of the far ridge, where we started out the ridge log road. While I was in the briar-thorn corner, Ray had been passed by a truck with a couple of hunters. They were returned and stopped behind us, coming toward us on foot. Expecting something to do with frosted bird, I turned back and walked toward them, to be greeted warmly. It was Bill Spanno and his son Savoy who had helped us out at the Terpak place last year — a cordial conversation and invitation to try their place for grouse. They had moved 3 that a.m.

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We had just started out the log road after parting from the Spaniels when I saw Brian working frapantly on the left, then swing round toward me on the road and swing into a ground "Orthaus" point. Kay got a movie while I waited and then I hurried in to try to move in from in front. The grouse didn't permit this and flushed from the cover in a left-quarter rising shot that I tried for at about 30 yards but didn't bring off. Brian broke at shot — somehow he seems to know when I'm going to miss and tries to get in there!



We had a third flush just beyond the forks of the path — no one saw it and we failed to reflush. Worked well back to where we ate lunch last year and did the same today. Then starting back, we kept above the road near the crest. In a good piece of grapevines, I got Brian around — he was working too wide to please me today (does he do this when I'm missed a shot?) — I saw a grouse clear the top of a tree a mile — no contact with Brian.

Turning at Brian, I was probably responsible for a fifth flush below the path and our retriever — Kay heard it.

This was not bad for present conditions — five grouse, but I'd had five chances to shoot in here. Some events are like that. Brian worked hard but did handle poorly. To end

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Tuesday 19 November

cloudy, mild 55°

2 – 5:15 = 3 hrs. 1M
(means morning hunt)

Rebobeth

moved 3 – 4

2 shots – 1 hit

Edelman

moved 4 – 4

3 shots – 1 hit

AF

moved 1 – 1

0

Brian

7 / mod

2 k

2 ret

Hoping the flight birds might be in, we drove down from Rehoboth and hunted out the pipeline cover. We took on the first thorns. Brian's bell well out, went silent beyond the pipeline on the edge thorns and I reached him to have him maneuver completely around a clump of cover in the woods near the far thorns, finally holding. The cock lifted but managed to clear with no chance to shoot and Kay joined me to follow out in the flat.

Brian located and pointed in a thorn group and Kay took some pictures – moves and .35. The bird waited obliquingly, then flushed low between Kay & me and I pivoted left, finally swinging over my left shoulder and well tightened with a twist – and missed it in wide open sky. This could have been the bird we'd flushed on a mow run — the ground was well splashed with whitewash.

Following to the original site of flush at Brian's point, Kay heard a chatter-up or caught a reflush – or again a possible separate bird. Nothing worked, then we headed to the little "Arnold Run" and back, again with Brian too wide and, headed for the car to clear, we followed the pipeline and heard Brian's bell go silent left of us in the thorns. I found him on a nice point in a nice place to mess a shot but this bird rose steeply to clear the cover and I had the sense to wait and fire

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holding under it after it topped out — and saw it go down. Brian, in his wisdom knowing I would hit, wanted steady at first until I ordered him to retrieve, when he found and delivered for Keys record and I'm hopeful, still picture of the event. How I fuss, but how good it is when I hit.

This was a yearling male.

We hurried to the station wagon and ate lunch driving to the Eddleman covert, parking at the old shell of a house with its poplars on the river place — more precaus now that I'd taken that good color shot last time.

I hunted just inside the fence on the left as Clyde Davis rides when Brian reads game and I found a wealth of whitewash deep among dead blackberry briars and canes but no cock. Crossing, we hunted at the "warm corner" on the brow of the Eddleman side and just beyond the spring seep, Brian pointed. We moved in but the cock flushed across the fence and all the way to the car and across the road.

I was pointing at the giant black oak to Brian from a short distance when Brian pointed again. I hurried to him and this bird climbed steeply in a good straightaway acutely raising flush that I surely should have shot but didn't. I suspect I shot too quickly, yet had little more time, and I question whether my eyes are fast enough to focus that soon.

In moments Brian was on another point. This bird flushed low right-quartering and stayed low — not over two feet off the leaves — and I wanted and dropped it far out from thicket — the hardest shot of the four. [redacted] I finally had the feel

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fall as she looked thru the camera — we hope it shows. Bruce made a nice retrieve — dispatched the still-alive bird before he brought it — an adult hen.

After this nice check, we circled to the huge oak and I took a movie shot of Ray against the enormous trunk — almost five feet in diameter. Light poor but we shall see.

Hunting to the lower level, Ray heard a grouse flush from Brian ahead and and called "Grouse!" as it came back over her but I was ~~above~~ saw nothing. I sometimes wonder if my red-white jacket doesn't cause grouse to veer off, seeing me and going nearer Ray in her red jacket which must look less bright / reflecting to the birds. Something makes them avoid me!

Finally working our way to the good corner once more — no birds today — we gave up reluctantly and started up the road after climbing the rail fence. It always makes me speak of Brian's point last season from the middle of the road. This evening he suddenly alerted and bounded into the field on the left, acting as tho there were a bird in the pastured flat. Again and again he paced along the fence, almost pointing and trying to find a way through. At last I got the bottom edge about 6 inches clear of the ground and Brian squeezed thru, darting into the open field and going into a strong cast point just at a clump of blackberry canes. Here I put my eyes



A MISS AT DUSK.

100%

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bulged with straining to see in the half-light, I paused a moment and the cock went up with a buzz of wings, clucking at head-height and I tried for it away left and lost view of it in the pink flash my gun muzzle spat in the weak light. For a moment I thot I dropped it - I was that sure - but it took little time to realize I would have been lying in the large open stretch of grass had I hit. I was disappointed, having broken a beautiful sequence of action, but with such dog work - he hit the scent first from at least 30 yards - I can't begrudge the bird its break. At least I came to this point of view after the original let-down feel of a miss.

At the corner of the old house, Brian made another point but was recalled. This is a great area. And we ended our day with a final moment. Good.

Friday 22 November — Hazelton #1 — Brian

cold cloudy wind 39° snow on ground. 2 - 5:00 = 2½ hrs. (½ hr. not moving) — moved 1-1

Bill °Ringler °

We expected warming weather & melting snow after yesterdays' snow, but found it cold and birds not moving. We had a pleasantly warm welcome from Arthur Teets; nice.

Nothing at all except an exceptional crop of blackberry canes (they seem everywhere this year) until we reached the extreme western end where I saw new grouse tracks and Brian hit scent but had no point. The bird flushed off a low tangle somewhere inside and crossed the highway and over the Teets house to the lower covert. That was it. It may be the snow - there are a lot of greenbrier berries here and perfect cover for such a day.

We had lunch in the station wagon and went to Bill Ringler's woods. Again acres of perfect snow cover. Nothing [illegible]

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Saturday 23 November — Henkel Place

Brier: 4 prod
1 kOP
1 ret.

Sunny, perfect mild 55° — moved 11 (5 new) - 13
~~Frost~~ 0, snow, light residue. — 3 shots - 1 hit over point
2:00 - 5:15 = 3¼

yearling hen: inter crop: one twig bud.

This was our best day so far this year, as to grouse moved — actually, the best in several years. Sunny and warming after the snow, it was ideal for birds to move. As usual, it is bad for dog work with tracks in snow. We moved nothing on the knob until returning after a circle on top. I swung Brier over into the good grapevine ravine and followed, hearing & seeing #1 grouse flush from me with Brier well below. He was working tracks in that area and gave me a point that looked convincing but proved empty.

Wanting for him to work the base of the hill, we heard his bell go quiet and then heard & saw a grouse flush from him — a right-crossing glimpse I swung them and missed at about 30 yards, the bird heading for the flat at the bottom. We first followed where I had marked #1, and at the bottom of the east end of the ~~knob~~ knob saw Brier run into & flush a bird that, from the tracks, could have been, and we are counting as, our #1 bird.

Swinging back into the bottom flat & try for #2, we finally had work and a point where tracks of at least two birds were fresh — new to us today. I pushed after Brier who was pointing, then moving in to reestablish and finally point. The flush came back left-crossing well out and I swung them, fired, and saw the bird go down with what seemed a broken wing. I called & ~~[illegible]~~ had gone down and she

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called, "Yes, it fell in front of me and is running." This totally baffled me, for I had seen my bird fall well to the right of Kay at about 35 yards. However, I hurried to Kay calling Brian, but he found no evidence of the bird: Reason had taken over now and I decided there had been two grouse, one of which I had dropped, the other having landed and run after a very short flight — or the long chance that it had been hit by a stray pellet. We ruled out the latter since I had not seen the bird when I shot, and we hurried to where I thot my bird would be. Brian had got there first and Kay called, "There it goes!" but I at that moment saw Brian catch the fluttering bird which was on the ground.

We found him on the far bank of a small boggy area, lying beside the ~~grass~~ grass in the snow, with feathers in his mouth, looking foolish. It was gratifying to have hit the bird but Brian's behaviour did nothing to enhance it. Absolutely refusing to retrieve, he stood, awaiting our reaction. For a moment I was tempted to hit him with the electronic shock and actually started for the transmitter, propped against a sapling, but then saw that the bird was still alive, so went to it and dispatched it, at risk of limb, for Brian put on a savage act. Finally, I led him by the collar, carrying the grouse, in a disgraceful procedure and we did get some photos of me of him holding the bird quickly. Short of a prop to offer confection I know of no cure.

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Leaving the flat with no desire to shoot any other bird there, we went to the main log road (saw a Maryland Jeep truck drive out with a man who could have been the source of shots we'd heard in the back area), and, sitting on a large log in the loading clearing, we ate lunch — taking some 35 mm photos — the end of the 36 roll.

afterwards, in warm sunshine, we walked across the clearing with Brian covering the right margin nicely. At my signal, he swung over to the point of cover at the road forks and within a short time with the lowering sun blinding us, we saw him work into a group of grouse. I heard and saw the first two, trying to shade my eyes enough to try for a left barrel shot but couldn't quite get off. Ray called that a third bird went into a tree and that there were are a two others that had flushed. One sat in the tall tree — a young cockbird — and walked up with his crest at more than 90° spread — his faded gold throat & breast gleaming in the sunlight — and never did flush, for all our talk and motion below. He was safe enough from us, after the first few moments of our exchanged scrutiny, and we walked off leaving him still sitting there. Poor devil, I hope he doesn't try that with someone else.

The sun still made a chance to shoot recognizable of the question until we had made a wide circle and started back from the drop-off into the lower area, hoping to meet several of the birds on the way back. Brian, casting wide, came back from the left and pointed nicely, but the bird held a while. It wasn't long enough for me to get to the point. No sign of the others — but that is a group — all men — for the next time.

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The sun was below the trees now and the air was cooling fast.
I had to chose between going the back road a taking the long way by
the powerline flat, and took the latter.

In the thick cover on the left of the log haul road where we'd
heard our last bird, Brian bored in and before long we heard his bell,
slowing, stopping, then moving a bit and stopping. We got to him,
pointing beyond a dense pile of brush and thicket where we couldn't
see him - but could hear a tinkle of his bell as I signaled him with
a low whistle. I was started to circle from the left when I stood in
the opening, hoping for a view of grouse not going out the far side. To my
surprise the grouse came at me - low, a growing glob of form as
it bored into the opening and leveled, crossing about head-high -
a right-quartering flush as I wheeled right and fired swinging thru.
I saw the bird dip, then saw it climb - and clear the cover on the
far side of the haul road - a miss. Can't quite understand why
I didn't make it unless it was the short third I had the bird in
focus, if I could call it that. My nerves and muscle reflexes seem



as fast and good as ever, but I'm rather sure it is my slower focus
reflex and visual sluggishness that is costing me [illegible]

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do we stood and let Brian circle, running off his adrenalin after my miss, Kay heard and glimpsed another bird so out wild against the sky near the powerline — the eleventh grouse in 3¼ hours, the best check we've had for years. We headed to the powerline — no pheasants today — and on the grassy dusk, walked the "edge" path to the car, the way we'd not done many times after a good afternoon on this grand covert.

Brian worked beautifully — a bit wide but at other times exactly right — a fine day.

Brian

Wednesday 27 November Dinner Bell

partly sunny 39°

2 hrs.

snow on ground

Nothing at all, though we covered the area

Brian: 5 prod.

Thanksgiving

Thursday 28 November Henkel Place

Snow on ground, 38° sunny

3½ hrs

scant wind
moved 8 - 12

We started at the east log road and in a declivity with grapevines at the bottom just off the highway I saw Brian ground-training snow tracks. Watching, I decided he was on old tracks but a sudden flush came right-crossing and rising in good close range but too fast to get a focus, what with the trees.

We followed the bird up the ridge and near top along log road — the east one — Brian roaded into a bird, then two more and a fourth, at

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very no! A group of 4. On top, Brian had a production on a reflush; then as we followed had another reflush; and another production in greenbriers and heavy snow. We question whether these are the group of five from last time.

Later, we found more near the loading clearing but had a good production on the same bird on the west side of the main haul road in the slashings but the bird only gave us a sound, no visual.

Friday 29 November

still snow on ground
partly cloudy 36°
2½ hours.

Terpak Place

moved 3-3

Brian: 2 point.



Tub Run Swamp

Moved two grouse on hill behind old home site — Brian working and pointing the first, which came back over me and directly over Gary so that, when she dropped, I was afraid to shoot — poor chance. Good cover, should be more birds here. Tried the Hen Run covert & find it newly posted, stopped in the swamp but no birds. Saw 3 hunters in jeep leave the main Tub Run covert.

On way back, hunted the pipeline edge across from the home site. Brian found & pointed a grouse but no shot.

Saturday 30 November

cloudy, cold, wind. 37°-30° ~~30-31~~
3 ¾ hrs.

Henkel Place

moved 9-11

1 shot - 0

Brian: 4 point

Our fourth visit to the one good covert so far this year. Expecting weather to move in, we got started hunting earlier than usual.

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Swinging first to the lower corner near the car where Brian had bumped a grouse on Thursday, I let Brian work it, which he did exactly as before — badly, ground-trailing tracks in the snow, which is still on the ground, and again he bumped the grouse. I saw it come off the rise above me — a fast left-crossing flush that I swung thru, feeling certain of a hit as I pulled. The grouse seemed to dip below my pattern and bored across the highway into the large woods on the lower side. Totally frustrated, I worked up the "lost" log road as on Thanksgiving but failed to move the grouse at the top, tho we hunted onto the flat.

Returning to cover the hillside, Brian pointed just over the brow of the woods and a grouse flushed, followed by two more — with no chance to shoot. Keeping on their line of flight but searching for some path thru this rocky terrain and finding none at first, we had two more points, one new bird and one we called a reflush. We moved one of the grouse at the edge of the next log road — a bird we followed over the flat top with no success, then swung back to try to meet the others —

Brian gave me a grand point on the way back — a bird that offered no shot, and later Kay heard another flush — both seeming to drop down the hill but we failed to meet them again.

At the bottom, we hunted along the base road and saw a bird flush from a tree high above where it had been watching us.

Going into the bottom flat for the first, we had a flush from near the that I neither [illegible] and Kay gave me the

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line of flight and I marked it for the corner of the loading clearing. Then Brian rushed into it – (Say that it flushed from about ground. I was aware of it coming up over me and I turned around to take it going away only to lose it because it veered to the for side and I didn't get a glimpse.

Some of this bad shooting or failure to get shots is due to the vision problem I'm having – slow to focus – and now that I find I need new correction. I await the new glasses with high hope they will restore me to decent shooting vision.

We followed but couldn't work the grass – the last contact, and circling the clearing, we fought our way back to the homeland in the face of a biting wind with the temperature dropping fast. This was an active day but not productive of good shooting – many flushing way out chances. A grand event and we look forward to returning Christmas week.

~~DEER SEASON~~

Braddock Run

Thursday 26 December

Brian: 2 pheas.
Laurel

moved 4-4
0

Sunny 32°
snow still on ground
2½ hrs.

Ed Belak & Laurel here from Vermont.

The three of us started for Brown Hill & got halfway up the hill – icy snow 4" Ostrich. Backed down and drove to Addison, parked back of graveyard. Moved 3 singles in the oak thicket – 2 points by [illegible] Laurel

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flush from above in thorns, now bealaroes from the enormous snow of Dec. 1st. Nothing on the way back up to the car. Laurel as a nice dog 13 months old, ranges and moves well and handles well for Ed.

Saturday 28 December Hackel

Brian: 4 prod. grand work

snared 4 (not new) - 5

frozen snow on ground, draggy + stuffed, foggy and damp cloudy 37°

ideal. No wind.

Perfect scenting.

3 hrs.

My 68th birthday to a good crest. Brian was scarcely in the woods until I saw him twice at both ends on a glorious point in the log road below the clearing when we first neared the grouse twice this must have been the same bird but it didn't let me approach, flushing each time down the base road. The roads and paths were choked with trees + saplings and brush broken down from the Dec. 1st snow, making walking difficult and detours necessary. Brian was on another solid point - the same bird - standing in the base road pointing below and again the bird lifted before I could reach him.

His next point was in the corner near the loading clearing but we had lost him due to light bell and thus he was above the road. We count this #2.

Climbing the Graveyard Hill we were limited to the paths by the deep snow and ended around on the back of the knob where we ate lunch, then crossed over the top in miserable footing. Brian had his [illegible] Manchester

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on the flat above the usual hill path (#2). I was clearing snow off my glasses, damned nuisance, when I saw him last scent and stiffen but I couldn't get to him for the flush. But all four of the points were great. Which is about as close as you get to shooting a bird and releasing it.

Monday 30 December — Morrison Place — Brian

moved 1-2
0

mild 47° 2¾ hrs.
damp cloudy

This place is eternally disappointing. Conditions are ideal today — damp, mild — but there just are no birds. Parked at top road and hunted down and back thru good cover almost all the way.

Thursday 2 January — Heuckel — Brian: 3 pred.

moved 4 (not new) - 5
1 shot - 0

Beautiful, sunny 35°
1" snow on ground with some of Dec 1st snow left
2:15 - 5:30 3¼"

a grand day to be out. No action on grapevine knob. First bird - a grouse - in flat near the haul-road. Followed scent but no reflush. Then in triangle between road and loading clearing. Brian pointed - a great one - and I tried to climb thru many brush pile to reach him but the bird flushed without a rise. A second grouse went out at [illegible]

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We had a wild ruffle at first and on our turn back – again left country.

51
'74

Our last swing was to left of the haul-road where we had a point. Kay saw and marked the flush toward powerline. We hunted to the right-of-way and after letting Brier cover edge on far side swung him back into cover on edge to my left and soon heard his bell go silent



I found him stretched out, then saw him move in and relocate, holding which I pushed to him. The grouse flushed high and right quartering and I tried for it against a piece of sky but felt myself far without enough swing – and missed. Twelve shells fired from the first of season until the second of January. You can't keep in, with that amount of shooting

Tuesday 7 January
Sunny, 45°
some snow on ground.
1:45 – 5:15 = 3½ hrs.

Mathews Place
moved 5-6
0

Briar: 2 good.
worked well

First visit here with high hopes. Read in, muddy.
We moved one on the lower path, and later one grouse flushed from the laurel in the lower corner in the back [illegible]

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the Tarlton Humbatson hillside. In the upper right corner — good cover — nothing but we moved a goose partway around the hill in the upper middle stratum — no point a shot. Further around and just under the lip of rock ledge, Brian pointed and found two geese, but both moved out before I could get in range for a shot.

We followed and had a replush from one of these on top, but I had a blood sugar drop at this time, due partly to [illegible] a prolonged period since food, and largely because of the stress of my new glasses that did not fit, giving me distorted vision. (Thank god, I have since got new lenses with reduced correction and different prism that appear to be fine but have yet to try them with the gun.) What was it, a long walk back with no action. This covert — really two coverts — should produce more geese than [illegible]

Thursday 9 January — Fifty Run — Brian

Partly sunny, 43° — covered 3–3

2 B/4 hrs.

Good slashed cover with hemlocks. Moved three in the nearest end, nothing further out, but it looks like just cover for a good year.

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Thursday 30 January — Ft. Morris Thomas — Briar: (1 prod. quail)

cloudy 35°

moved 3 (1 new) - 3

0

2 3/4 hrs. What a covert and so disappointing. We parked at the usual place but began hunting in the bottom flats where we had reports of fair grouse from Ward Rogers during deer season. I saw a grouse sail just over the tops of cover from Briar. It is nearly impossible to push thru this thorn growth beaten down by the heavy snow of December 1st, just as all other coverts in the area have been changed by the same storm. It will probably improve some areas by creating tangles of bent-down and broken-down masses but it makes for rough going.

At the far end near the "monument field" I drew #2 grouse flush, again it veered & I got a wild flash from Briar, but this time following was impossible after a brief try.

Our #3 grouse flushed only as a sound going out of a tree in the corner of woods near the Conaway glade. Before that, Briar had made a nice point in the same corner and Ray saw a bird like a quail flush back just outside the fence. That was our day, though we hunted up over the knob failing to move #3 again. This is good cover and disheartening to find it empty.

New glasses seem good but had to use the Photography clip-ons, all right but too dark in this cloudy weather.

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Friday 14 February — Hazelton #1 — Brian:

mostly sunny cold 32° — moved 1 now -1

Snow frozen break-thru — Lower Hog Run — moved 3-5 — 1 prod.

2/4 } 3 hrs.
3/4 }

Weather clearing and snow melting enough to hope to hunt after all these days indoors working on The Trouble With Bird Dogs. Headed for the Tarleton Hamberson place, but at the Mathews lane saw we were getting into deep snow and trees glazed with "fat" ice. Turned back and hunted the Covert #1 on the knob and later below the road with only the slightest glimpse of a grouse going out ahead of Brian. Saw two sets of tracks among rocks below. Left the Tracks' house where the car was parked and hurried to Lower Hog Run. Snow there was crunchy frozen but Brian hit scent at once and later we saw grouse tracks. Brian worked the small ravine on the right side of old road, grouse-trailing tracks in snow I am sure. I tried to send him on but snow tracks and the devil or dog work and he evidently roaded into a group of three grouse. Kay saw all of them, I saw 2 — one went over the spiral knoll ahead, two went left out the road.

Brian swung in front of me and I came to him shortly pointing in the snow-heavy thicket on the left — a fine high-tailed point, but the bird didn't let me get in. I saw Brian flinch and break a few feet, and saw a grouse go out of the thorn trees. He had had the two of them, I think. We circled with no luck on a ridge and I feel the birds had pitched all the way down and across the stream which is a wide swampy flood at this place. It was frustrating but good to be out once more.

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Tuesday 18 February

Humberson Place

Brear : 4 prod.

mostly sunny 50°
Ground clear most places

moved 5 (2 new) - 7
2 shots - 0

at home.
2:20 - 6:05 = 3 3/4 hrs.

After morning rain Sunday and Monday, taking the dogs almost entirely, we headed over more for the Hazelton country, parking at the head of Humberson rhododendron. Plenty of drifts in protected places up here but a grand day with sunshine warming us as we walked.

Brear was overanxious, naturally, and moved a lot early at first but Kay touched him with the stick and he settled down well. We hunted all the way to the north end of the sloshings with no action, which surprised us.

Cutting back and working toward the ledge at the upper edge, we felt Brear was on point somewhere above, after showing game signs earlier that had proved to be 3 deer, which he behaved beautifully on and ignored as they sprang. As I climbed to the clear flat above me, I heard a loud flush and wheeled to see a grouse just topping the brink above me and fired right-on, - a bit dangerous I realized almost at once, not knowing Brear's location. I should have centered the bird, doing exactly as I did, what with the grouse slanting up about at the angle of my gun but at least on untouched, as only a grouse could. Why I worried about hitting Brear or anything else, I don't know. That and hit nothing, I always say.

A second grouse flushed at my shot Kay said - I assist over - and Brear found both the rest from

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from that spot to the left. He moved down over and pointed at what I that must have been the site of the second flush, working in and flushing number #3. Not too great dog work but I suppose the shot may have flustered him. The last two grouse had gone to the woods in the triangle between the roads, but we followed number 1, feeling it may have headed in the "first corner." It hadn't, but Brian did hit scent beyond the fence and ground-trailed and the grouse went out thirty yards beyond him and went to the rhododendron thicket. Going up on that one, we followed for other two, walking across the flat on top and headed down the "triangle" eventually moving the #3 bird out ahead of us. They saw it.

We tried to follow it into Humberson, flushed it a lot of feed, then worked into the Mathews place on the brier corner and up to the flat thicket and the log field, then back down a thick wood to the Humberson place on the "border" road where we'd taken. It was 5:00 pm. and both of us were tired, soft after too many days away from hunting. If the car had been there I'd gladly have crawled into it and come home but we were a good mile from it.

Making the most of the time of day and that cover as I knew it from experience, we hunted along the border road — perfect cover all the way — to the "bars" where we forked left to where on the last day last season Brian had given me a good point. Not far from the place I saw him hit scent in a little flat clearing in the low cover and go solid. I knew the bird was there on foot [illegible]

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another going about, I tried to decide which to take — and took the wrong one. Brain, stepping from one trembling knee to another, pinpointed the ground, moving the bird steps perhaps too far, but it was the bird's going out behind me, and, a second two, but behind those saplings and directly into the sunset sky with the sun a red blur beyond my glasses, which had suddenly fogged over from my sweat and excitement, that shredded me, and I had to sit on a rock to pull myself together. There are the times I'd like to throw glasses as far as I could hurl them. But I at least finally know to never go into a point no matter how complicated the setting with the sun anywhere but at your back. And even then the ground will manage.

Adrenaline from this sparked me to new energy and we headed to the "rhododendron" gap and climbed the hill. Brain worked

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into the heavy cover along the edge and soon I saw him but went again this time pointing up the hill. He stopped, standing high, and pointing into more rhododendron above me and I moved up promptly, giving the goddamned glasses no time to fog. The grouse did it well, flushing low and left-crossing. I mounted and fired going down, lost sight of it and hoped I'd hit but that then got a glimpse of the bird topping the rhododendron and knew I'd missed. I sent Brian a but of course there was no bird to find.

But it was action, and it kept us going till we reached the station wagon about four after six. Good cover, a great day and frustrating shooting. Think I'm about old enough for a full cylinder choke..

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Thursday 20 February — Wellesley Place — Brian: 2 prod. 1 k.o.p. 1 ret.

Cloudy, cold, damp 34°
2:00 - 4:30 2½ hrs.
adult hen: vile redruff
Crops: twigend buds
grasses (ground ivy)

moved 3-3
1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

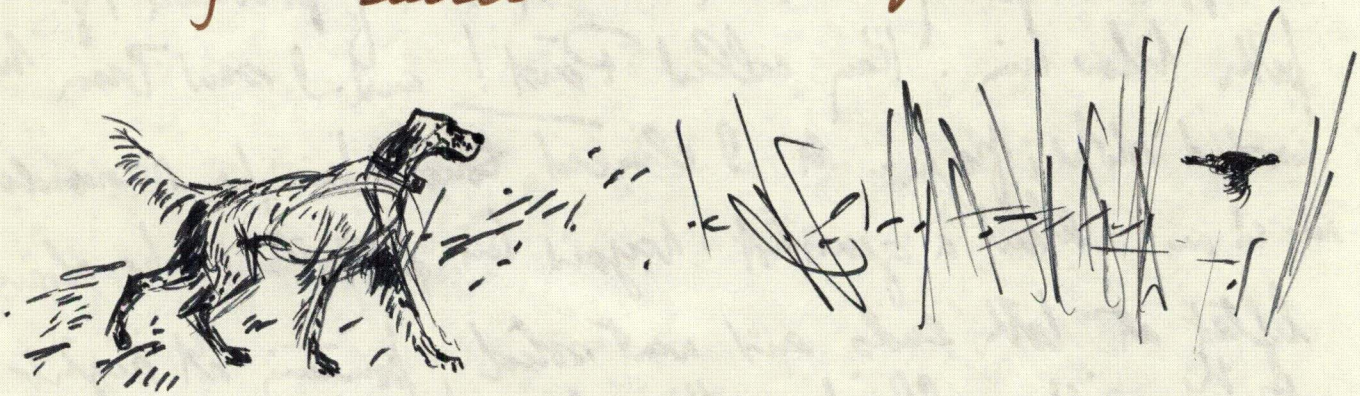
We drove to Rexroad hours and hunted down the back road then good cover on right, with Brian working well, but no sign of birds. In the bottom, we covered the lower edge of the thorn hollows and Brian's bell went silent along the creek, followed moments later by a sound of a flush and we marked the bird downstream. Following, we were standing on the open powerline right-of-way and saw a grouse flush wild from the cover on our right, angling across the open and clearing the far ridge on the Horsley side - too far for a try. Brian was not near and I count this too soon for a reflush of his bird.

We considered crossing the high stream but let Brian work the upper slope of woods on the west side of powerline, following on the path below him. Kay called Point! and I saw Brian high on the wooded slope, frozen. As I climbed toward him, he reconsidered and moved on. About a gunshot beyond his first stand, he slowed, then lifted at both ends and went solid pointing at right angles and to the right. Climbing down the rather open woods, hoping my glasses wouldn't fog from my excitement, I saw the grouse flush in one of those low right-crossers about a yard off the ground. Offering short glimpses as it appeared between tree trunks. On the first open look at it, I swung down and fired and the bird dropped at

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thirty yards from me. Brian waved in an command, having held at the shot and flush and after a bit of excited mumbling, stood looking at me. after all this dry spell with no shots, I could wait and show, and instead of forcing him a marsh toward him, I simply stood and ordered Felch, but let him simmer down. It worked well, and after a bit he pushed up the grass and made a nice delivery - an adult redhead hen, centered. What could be grander?

We ate lunch on a log beyond the small powerline in a new clearing operation that promises to make this cover great about next year. That was our day, then we hunted around the head on the top edge then excellent grapevine cover, with no birds. A great feeling when it comes - all three of us agreed.



LAST KILL OVER POINT.
ANOTHER LAST-OF-THE-YEAR ON THE WILKINSON.

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Friday 21 February — Tarleton Humberson — Brian

sunny, windy, 45° — moved 2 (east new) - 2

3 hrs. — 1 shot - 0

~~Tried Eisenhart area but too windy to get out of car.~~ Parked

~~Returned to Humberson shortcuts, parking~~ at corner on shortest road.

Tried a foolish long shot at a grouse that Brian failed to scent, the bird flying straight away from base of upper ledge - a wild attempt. One more flush + no dog work. Poor conditions.

Softly Sandy South

0

Saturday 22 February

Very hot and exhausting to dog and human. sunny 35°

3 3/4 hours

Not one bird in the old Spider area that usually Cooks great. Why?

Hospelers

Poor Brian:

Thursday 27 February — Donald Meyers

0

Windy, cold, 38° — Lower Hog Run

2 3/4 hrs.

0

Drove to high ridge toward Humberson & Eisenhart area but got into ice on every turn. Returned to Donald Meyers when still windy, but warmed. Tried down into glade behind barn etc. Good cover. Not a feather. Tried last 3/4 hour at Lower Hog. Nothing. This is heartbreaking to Brian and I day end out

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Friday 28 February — Wilkinson — Brian

Last Day

cold windy. 42° partly cloudy. 3 hrs.

Brian and I Cary and I tried hard but it was another blank. We hunted up from the Clifton road to head of hollow, covered thorns on hillside, then back down the steeper ridge — excellent cover. Nothing. There can't be luck as bad as this. As a last day, we are glad to see it end. Let's hope for something good next year. ———

1974 Weekly Log

DAYS	HRS.	BIRDS-FLUSHES	SHOTS-HITS	BRIAR PROD.-KILLS-RET.	WOODCOCK BIRDS-FLUSHES	WOODCOCK SHOTS-HITS
3	8	7 7	1 1	2 1	2 3	0 thru 10/19
5	14¾	6 7	0	1	37 - 45	15 - 9
8	22¾	13 14	1 1	26 9 10	39 48	
				1 1		thru 10/26
				28 9 10		
4	11¾	5 7	1 1	1 1	35 - 42	18 - 5
12	34½	18 21	2 2	26 5 5	74 - 90	33 - 14
				54 14 15		thru 11/2
				2 2		
4	11	3 8	3 1	3 1 1	23 - 29	9 - 2
16	45½	21 29	5 3	17 2 2	97 119	42 - 16
				5 3 1		thru 11/9
				71 16 17		
2	5½	8 - 8	1 - 0	1 — —		
18	51	29 - 37	6 3	6 3 1		thru 11/16
4	11¾	12 - 20	4 - 1 OP	6 1 OP 1	7 - 8	5 - 2
22	62¾	41 - 57	10 - 4 (1 OP)	7 2 2	104 - 127	47 - 18
				12 4 (1 OP) 2		thru 11/23
				78 18 19		
4	11¾	3 - 26	1 - 0	11		
26	74½	44 - 83	11 - 4 (1 OP)	23 4 (1 OP) 2		thru 11/30
		23 COVERTS				
			DEER SEASON			
2	5½	4 - 9	0	6		
28	80	48 - 92	11 - 4 (1)	29 4 (1) 2		thru 12/28
2	6	1 - 7	1 - 0	3		thru 1/4/75
30	86	49 - 99	12 - 4 (1)	32 4 (1) 2		
2 - 6¼		8 - 9	0	2		thru 1/11/75
32 - 92¼		57 - 108	12 - 4 (1)	34 4 (1) 2		
			0			thru 1/18
			0			thru 1/25
1	2¾	1 - 3	0			thru 2/1
33	95	58 - 111	12 - 4 (1)	34 4 (1) 2		
1	3	4 - 6	0	1		thru 2/15
34	98	62 - 117	12 - 4 (1)	35 4 (1) 2		

(over)

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DAYS - HOURS	BIRDS - FLUSHES	SHOTS - HITS	PROD. KILLS RET	
2 — 6¼	5 — 10	1 — ①	6 ① 1	
~~3 6 4 1 6~~				
36 — 104¼	67 — 127	13 — 5②	41 5② 3	then 2/22
4 — 13	5 — 12	4 — ①	6 ① 1	
40 — 111	67 — 129	16 — 5②	41 5② 3	then 2/22
2 — ~~5~~ 3/4	0	0	0	
42 — 116 3/4	67 — 129	16 — 5②	41 — 5② — 3	then Feb 28 end

31.3% on grouse

38.3% on cock

~~32~~ covers

~~2.09~~ bird/covert ratio (per daily log)

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DATA 1974

GEORGE 42 DAYS - 116 3/4 HRS. 32 COVERTS 2.09 BIRD/COVERT

KAY 31 DAYS 25 W.VA. 1.52
(16 LOCAL 1.94)
(9 OTHERS .77)
7 PENNA. 4.14

67 GROUSE - 129 FLUSHES (1.11 PER HOUR)
(44-83 TO DEC./23-46 AFTER)

16 SHOTS/5 HITS (2.0.P) = 31.3%

104 'COCK - 127 FLUSHES

47 SHOTS - 18 HITS = 38.3%

BRIAR 5 YRS 9 MO. (6TH SEASON)

42 DAYS

GROUSE 41 PROD.
5 KILLS (2 O.P.)
3 RET.

'COCK 78 PROD.
18 KILLS
19 RET. (1 CLYDE CASTILOW)

LIFETIME '69-'74

370 DAYS

GROUSE 400 PROD.
80 KILLS (33 O.P.)
60 RET.

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1974

Total all covers: 67 62 ~~25~~ 32 covers = 1.91 bird/cover

LOCAL

bird flushes 31 28 16 covers = 1.94 bird/cover ratio

46

FT. MORRIS THORNS 017 3·3·1/J30-3(1)·3·0 4 3

MASON RUN 018 3·3·0 3

CHARLEY SEESE 019 1·1·0 1

CHARLES KELLY/BEAVER 026 4·5·0 4

VANSICKLE N9 2·3·1 2 1

FRANK WRIGHT N11-0

HOGSHEAD GLADE N11-1·1·0 1

HAZELTON #1 N22-1·1·0/F14·(1)·1·0 2

BILL RINGER N22-0

MORRISON D30-1·2·0 1

2 covers → MATHEWS/HUMBERTSON J7-5·6·0/F18-5(2)·7·0/F21·2·2·0 7

LOWER HOG RUN F14-3·5·0/F27-0 3

WILKINSON F20-3·3·1/F28-0 3 2

LITTLE SANDY S. F22-0

DONALD MOYERS F27-0

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BLACKWATER 0 3 events = 0 bird/event

GATES 022-0/023-0/024-0/OCT 30-0/N6-0/N7-0 0

GLADE 023-0 0

CANAAN MT. BASE 024-0 0

MT. STORM birds 7 6 6 events = 1.17 bird/event
flashes 12

CLYDE DAVIS 028-2·2·1/031-①1·0 3 2

REHOBETH 028-0/031-0/N8-1·5·0/N19·0 1

EDELMAN 031-0/N19-1·1·0 1

ABRAMS CREEK N1-2·3·0 2

LACY THORNS N1-0

COVERT #1 N1-0

29 28 7 events = 4.14 bird event

PENNA.

BROWN HILL 021-2·2·0 2

HENKEL N16-7·7·0/N23-11(5)·13·1/N28-8-12·0/N30-9-11·0/D28-4.5·0/
↳ J2-4.5·0 12 11

SPRUCE SPRING N18-5·5·0 5

DINNER BELL N27-0

TERPAK N29-3·3·0 3

BRADDOCK RUN D26-4.4.0 4

FIKE RUN J9-3·3·0 3

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