

Shooting 1975

Saturday 11 October

14

Ft. Morris Thorns

Briar: 1 kill
1 ret.

mostly sunny, breezy
cool - 67° high
3:00 - 5:30 2½ hrs.

moved 1-1

1 shot - 1 hit

yearling cock: lost tailfeathers, chocolate ruffs
crop: empty (shot 3:15 pm.)

Briar's seventh season, and after last year I don't see how he could be better, (possibly excepting that ~~nothing~~ thing he has about prolonging retrieves on grouse!) Today we started the season with Kay, unlike last year, and selected the Thorns as our best place. It was lovely - the mountains are at screaming peak color - and we didn't see or hear a hunter.

Hunting over the brow above "Lake Noël," we had reached the little draw above the old farmhouse site and I was ahead of Kay on the old road. A sudden movement within feet of my head alerted me to a grouse flushing back from Briar and, exclaiming, "There's a grouse!" I turned and fired as the bird zoomed with no apparent wingbeats over a gap in the trees behind and disappeared. Hope made me try to see it flutter or falter but it went on out of view.

This season I am determined to take misses without question and I mumbled several times that I ~~thought I had~~ ^{had} held properly but I

(2)

couldn't change facts. We swung to follow, going over the top of the rise thru some cuttings and bulldozer tracks - improvement in cover - and worked the area rather carefully where the bird could have landed. Growing up, we circled lower toward the road and the general area of the nest. I had forgotten my whistle on this first time out and was pleased that Brian was responding well to my hip-whistle, something I've been lax about using. But now he seemed to ignore me, and we could hear his bell tinkling in our area for too long. We had the electronic collar on him but hadn't needed it, but I was almost going to ask Kay to touch ^{him} and when I heard her voice with that wonderful excitement in it: "Brian has the grouse!!"

There he was - carrying the bird up the slope thru thick thorn and sapling cover, then when he was close enough in his judgment, he laid it on the ground and lay down beside it. How lovely life can be! Kay got set with movie and 35mm cameras and I ordered Brian to fetch, but the rascal gave us the treatment until Kay went to him and he put on a show of ferocity. In the end, he brought it partway but I had to take him by the collar, which got fast results, and he finally sat and held the bird indefinitely for Kay's movies and six still shots. The grouse was a beautiful chocolate bronze, a yearling but large with all but a third of its tail feathers missing from Brian's capture. One wing left

was broken - possibly the only hit? - and undoubtedly Brian³ found and caught it running. How a dramatic retriever like that can wash away the sting of a miss!



FIRST SHOT
OF THE SEASON

I've no way to tell if Brian had a point on the bird. The action took place fifteen minutes after we started and it was the only bird we secured - I hope not the only one there. We covered the glade after lunch then cut back to the thorns in the bottom - almost no haws on them this season - and fought our way thru beat-over thickets, the result of last December's heavy snow. Back to the little Pinto its first hunt - at about 5:40. In spite of no other birds, it was a lucky Opening Day with a very good grouse dog - and he knew it! I shot a RXP 3-14-82 load in the right barrel: 60/50 barrels

Tuesday 14 October

warm, partly cloudy 70°

5:00 - 6:30 1½ hrs

Hate

moved 3-3

1 shot - 1 hit

Brian

2 prod
1 h o p
1 ret

AF

First trip to the Canaan in the glory of peak color at home (the terminal), and fading in the Valley. A late start in the crab/thorn side and no white wash or birds, but no hunters. In far aspens we lost Brian on point somewhere out to the north in the low cover and at last he came back, clearly telling us he had been pointing out.

Not long after, he pointed on the outskirts of these aspens in shoulder-high St. John's Wort, a 'cock I walked up from around his side. The bird flushed away and dropped, centered, at my shot as it leveled - why don't grouse drop like that? Brian held beautifully until sent to retrieve, and brought an adult hen, that lovely first-bird-with-the-first-cock-shot-of-the-season.

Cover was thin enough, a few ~~golden~~ shimmering leaves on the aspen - not from cold - and the ~~the~~ new-leather pungency of ^{fallen} aspens leaves and cow droppings: Woodcock!

Worked Brian with "the collar" but used it only once when he didn't come from too far out. A great dog. Staying in the Knight's place about Harrods Lake.

Wednesday 15 October

Rehobeth

Brian 1 prod.
3 prod.

very hot & breezy, sunny 70° moved 1-1
2:00 - 5:50 3 3/4 in. moved 10-13
2 shots - 0

Day, hot, breezy and adverse, but good to be back in this
covert. Our first bird was a 'cock in the first thorns - a good one -
that Brian flushed - and stopped at. Soon after, a point - soft at
first, as he remained unsure, but he circled the thorn clump and
perched nicely. The bird held and, unable to push in and hope to
shoot. I asked Ray to move it from behind Brian. The cock came out
at me and gave me a good open away-right shot that I wanted
too long to take - a bad impulse.
Later we moved two more flushes in that area without
a point. Working toward the head of Arnold Basin to get Brian to water,
we had a fine point on the edge of the little clearing above the run.
Again it was a thick place to flush and shoot but the cock did it for
me, a left-quartering rising flush that I tried for three flights as the
bird disappeared. That I might have but but Brian searched hard
in the thicket of blackberry briars with no result. There had been two cock
under the point the second flushing at my shot and I almost had a
left barrel try but couldn't manage. We ate lunch on the nice little
run in the bottom, then covered the far upper end of the basin - never
productive - and swung back to the large thorn area on top the
south margin of this woods, walking out a hen that flushed making a

sound like a quail, with no wing whistle.

In the denser of thorn thickets on the east end of the large hawthorn flat, Brian went on point that was much more interesting than his other points today. They had almost all been left at first, reaching a full point after some work - probably from dry-weather problems - but this was a good one with an Oothus angle of tail. I couldn't read Ray into that mess and, knowing I'd get no shot but having no other approach, leaned over and pounced in, to hear a grouse flush. Ray saw it as it disappeared thru distant trees. We followed but had no success.

On the way back the eastern edge of this outer area, we were in the flat west of the road - good cover for either 'cock or grouse and sawed a couple of 'cock wild. Back in the "first thorns," we hunted all the way to the north edge where, earlier, Brian had made a fine point in an isolated thorn clump and the bird had taken the proper way out, and we had later moved it back to the main area. But now, at 5:30 and when I expected most action, we couldn't find a woodcock!

Brian's points today were first left, then solid, but never anything but low. Conclusions? Used the 20/50 barrels today.

Thursday 16 October

Glade Run

Brian 3 pm
14 op
1 net

cloudy, cool, 60°

moist 12-13
3 shots - 1

2:30-3:00 } 3 hrs.
3:30-6:00 }

1M

With Clyde Castlow and Redruff - who is beautiful - in Clyde's "Blazer" to the "end of the road" in northern Canaan where L. Brastick promised lots of birds. Not an decent cover along Glade Run in this area other than widely scattered hawthorn shrubs that just might hold 'cock in big flights (as would all the valley). Jumped 3 does. Brian unleashed this big cover like a dream, reaching everywhere at 125 yards or wider but under control. After a half hour of nothing, we returned to the Glade Run with lots of aspen cover where Kay & I had tried one year when we first had Brian. (Kay had stayed with Sarah and the two little girls today) We had no luck at first in shoulder-high goldenrod among the aspens until we reached a small clearing by beavers, where Brian pointed - but not crouched. I missed the bird too far out and a second one flushed, which Clyde shot at.

From here an upstream (south) we found 'cock in a number of the little draws, some of which had beaver cuttings. Brian walked scout for ahead and Campbell's bird which I had trying to get him back to cover an area where I had marked 3 or 4 'cock we had flushed wild. They next chance was a point in dense goldenrod & beavers - a 'cock that flushed low to my right and I fired, trying to "straddle" an aspen with my gun.

Further on, about 5:00 pm, Brian bawled again, solidly and

I was faced with walking up the bank among trunks of aspen or taking the left side. My recent experience has been unsuccessful on these "outside" flurries - the birds taking the other "outside," so I moved in, after giving the bird time to flush on its own, which it did not. The flush was a low left-quarter that I took as an "away" shot and saw it drop in a puff of feathers. Brian held at command until sent to retrieve - a yearling male.

We had been encountering low hunters all along the road in and now came on them in tree stands - this first week is too busy in the Valley. My shot at this cock had been in line with one of these tree hunters who happened to be high enough to keep the pattern. It is their hazard. I shot I saw the man with a rifle when he started to climb down but didn't see it later. He says they get in by a side road to the right coming in the Old Well Ridge. all of this road is horrible now, passable only to wheel-chairs.

On the way back, we encountered two more low hunters, one of whom advised us that the road back from Bealls' was blocked and hunters were being arrested for trespassing on the road - a dilemma.

On the edge of the water of a small beaver dam, Redruff suddenly pointed and Clyde remarked that he was pointing a beaver. I suggested he take it seriously and he flushed a cock that he dropped nicely. Redruff found and retrieved while I got Brian to drop out to avoid interference. Brian had, at the shot leaped halfway across the water, like a retriever taking it and I shot. Thank you

went deeper than a few inches in his enormous splash in
passage. (8)

at the car, as talked to two hunters, who advised us as could get
out via the A-Frames on a good road beyond their camp. It was
a horror for a half mile along the bottom but was beautifully
graded all the way beyond. It was the old railroad grade I'd been
on with Ed Fuller to the top of Cabin Mountain on our way to Stony River.
It is like a highway now - dirt - and lined with campers. Between
the A-Frames and Rt. 93, there was our enclave of campers - about 15.
The two hunters (who were looking for a "dog" to breed to a bitch in
heat) said they had marked ground - one group of 5 - "below the A-Frames".

Saturday 18 October

Cool, mostly sunny 55°
2:50 - 5:30 = 2½ hrs.

Clyde Davis / Edelman

moved 6 - 6

3 shots - 0

moved 6 - 8

Brian: 1 prod.

1 prod.

that more than rhymed
Yesterday's "Canaan Day" - with rain - changed to a
lovely morning and we hunted this covert, driving thru low clouds at
Vepco, then out again at Mt. Storm. The color cast of the village was
still at peak intensity all the way up the winding road to Rehobeth -
where we saw a parked "Plyer" and three Maryland cars at Clydes
back fields on our way down to the old farmhouse. This is Saturday hunting.

We found that the flights had not arrived here, just as in the
Canaan, but as we hunted north on Charles' back - down with high

standing dead goldenrood, we saw Brian so on a nice point below us. He reestablished and held, but the bird, whatever it was, went out after only a few moments and he took a few steps in that direction. We guessed it might have been a grouse, unless it had been an exceptionally nervous woodcock, which we are counting it.

all the way out, Brian hunted well, needing the touch-of-collar once or twice to keep him from moving too wide. But there is something strange at this season, producing numerous "soft" points that either do not materialize, or become solid when he pinpoints the bird. It is likely caused by the dense vegetation dead or still rank that gives trouble with scent.

Well out we found Brian on point, quite hot, that he worked as a mobile point and froze - not far from the quarrying hole where we moved a grouse last year, I believe I was. I started to walk in but Kay heard the flush well ahead - a grouse. Kay also heard a second grouse ~~drumming~~ ^{further up the ridge} ~~coming back down on the hill~~, Brian made a lovely point on a creek - a point Kay got close to for a while. We waited, then moved close, but the woodcock lifted twenty yards below us.

at the road, we paused to eat, sitting on the nice old rail fence with small "pleasant berries" at our feet. Moving north in the Edinboro thorns and rather low, I saw a bird lift from Brian and settle in the top of a thorn tree, at first appearing to be a hawk, then flushing toward me as a grouse. I let it turn and cross left and moving thru and fried, baffled that it didn't ~~flush~~ ^{flush}. It was about 35 a 40

yards and I used a handload 3-1-8 that didn't seem to touch it - from the 70/50 barrels. We followed the bird's flesh down to the fence below. The flight had been dropping and I may have swung about the bird, was probably stopped the swing. Found no trace of it a reflex. Brian was aroused and bumped a woodcock, logically enough with expectation of a downed bird. A second 'cock flushed from me and general confusion seemed the order of things.

Later as we walked south, Ray heard Brian tell as he walked went high on the ridge and heard a grouse that she felt left a tree. Moving on, I flushed a grouse from a nice thick corner near the lower edge of the cover and Brian took and chased as I fired two shots, the first of which I think I hit. Again, possibly a stopped wing. The bird was leveling and flushed left thru the trees; the left barrel shot was a high left quartering angle as the bird moved off well out. #1 shell was RXP 3-1 1/8 - 8 1/2 / #2 AA 3-1 1/8 - 7 1/2.

We moved two more 'cock all wild after our return to the north end of the thorns: one a bird that came down over Ray from Brian who wasn't joining them today; the other, a bird I saw settle on the edge of the clearing, above and ahead of me; flushing from Brian. He walked up at my direction, passed within 6 feet, turned at my whistle, and came back and walked into it with no report of scent. There has to be something causing this with his normal use.

At the upper corner of thorns where we usually find 'cock, we

stood as two quail flushed from Brian, one landing in a tree, only to flash again to a tree further in the woods; the other also landed in a tree, and flushed far away as we watched. This is a great bit of luck - first quail on this side to come back to; possibly two or three, counting the drummer and that first point, on the north side on Clyde. It is too early for the flight woodcock to be here in numbers.

The cloud was moving in again as fog, and we moved out and beat at home in rain daylight. A good day's action.

Tuesday 21 October
warm, sunny, breezy
3:30 - 6:00 2 1/2 hrs

William Sawmill
moved 3-3
0

Brian

That we heard three quail, singly, was more than we have reason to expect in this terrain anywhere, yet I have rarely seen better cover, with newly cut timber on top the William mill, perfect hawthorn / crabapple thicket at the upper end - even autumn dirt hanging with berries on the edge of a clover / grass field along a dense little run cover. And the Harshen Place is in ideal regrowth stage. I say heard the other flocks, corroborated by Brian's action afterward, that he had no chance to point. We suspect the big clonker bell he was wearing. He was simply grand today in the way he quartered cover and handled - and tried so hard. This gives us added incentive to go to Michigan this Thursday. We'll see what happens there.

Saturday 25 October

Michigan

1:30-3:45 } 2 3/4 hrs.
4:00-4:30 }

Clare

(Kay stayed)

Brian: 1 prod
1 prod.

Sunny, cool, 50°
breezy

moved 3-4

moved 1-1

Small woodlot hunting at first. Second try in swamp edge much like Canadian. Disappointing. Hoping for bird cover without guidelines. John & John M. & Barbara. Kay stayed at cottages with the Andersons. Brian the only dog, did a great job.

Sunday 26 October

Tittabawassee

Brian: 1 prod.

(Sun Time)
2:00-4:45 2 3/4

moved ~~5-6~~ (17 flushed Prandzick)

1 h.
1 ret

sunny, mild - 60°

1 shot - 1 hit

moved 9-11 (others by P. & J.)

3 prod.

yearling cock: semi-solid

2 shots - 2 hits

1 h. op

gray tail

1M
1F

1 h.
1 ret.

Crop: full of gray dogwood berries and few greens: Strawberry & misc.

3:30 pm. Kay & I drove 45 miles to meet the John & Tom Prandzick, then drove 25 miles south & east to Tittabawassee State Forest (well cut-back). The famous Prandzick was not unpleasant, said nothing more about Brian than "You've got a big dog." and answered questions - no questions from him.

Drove back a ~~short~~ log road and began hunting in moderate regrowth cover where Prandzick's lady immediately pointed, and P. shot and declared "Feathers flew!" W, flushed the bird later with a shot from young John. Later, much shooting from J. & P. in woods, then another point by lady (young) and a nice one by Brian simultaneously on a different ground. W & J S. flushed, trying to

put it toward me.

Later, on the traveled sand road, I saw several 'cocks that would have been fair shots had they been pointed, birds that followed the edge & either crossed a pitched back in cover. These were ~~were~~ from atypical cove among the gray dogwood that, this year, is nearly bare of the white berries.

Going back in cover after J. Sr. returned toward cars, I got a 'cock point by Brian, no shot, and a high flush from a point by Lady - a 'cock that came over my head and gave me a going away high shot - fluttering down. Brian searched well but could not locate. P. brought Lady in and after some search by both dogs, she found the bird which fluttered up and she caught & retrieved it. P. calmly started to put it in his game bag - a play I blocked by holding out my hand and saying "Thank you." It was a yearling hen.

After another grouse flush from Brian and more cohs, Lady pointed a grouse that flushed over my head from the others. I turned, got a look at the bird going away high and held below a shade of fire, seeing it so down well out. Brian found it and guarded it well against P. & L. who hurry to the scene of each fall.

This was my first ^{trine} gray tail grouse (*tozota*) in 51 years, a great pleasure. A yearling cock. after 145 mm of the affair, we moved on. Heard two more ~~in the~~ ^{in the} woods - a flash

stop by Brian and then we moved - then a grand point by Brian well ahead - held beautifully and steady at the shot. The ^{cock} fell solidly - low straightaway - and B retrieved, a yearling male. A great day. I was using AA 3-1 1/8 - 7 1/2

loads on all three shots. ^{Providence just before sets his dog into him to retrieve if possible ahead of yours. On my way back he accented from back and started to pocket it, which I stopped by smiling} ^{tenaciously with head out and playing up front} ^{back to the car with P going deeper into cover without us - they always know where to go alone -} and repeated moving 11 quail, shooting several times and bringing me out. Another knocked down and lost.

This was a fair record day. Brian did not find as many birds as I. who is a very little dog (~~Gettysburg~~ ^{but has had beautiful exposure in 8 years}). Long drive 70 mi back to cottage.

Monday 23 October Roscommon Game area

Sunny, warm 60's
1:15 - 4:15 } 3 1/2 hrs.
4:30 - 5:00 }

(north of St. Helen)

moved 3-3

moved 5-5
1 shot - 1 hit

Brian: 2 prod.
1 k of
1 ret

John, Kay & I hunted this area at recommendation of DNR man in Roscommon: He'd moved birds here 2 years ago! Good recently slashed hardwoods on edge of spruce swamp (2 quail in swamp John flushed).

Our nice productive field lay by B. on 'cack', John's shot - not hit. John was Model 21, both barrels cycled, with brush loads! Crossing main sand road to far side, B. had a clear point (like stone) under his nose - my shot a rising ^{left quarter} ^{Brian retrieved and a}

rabbit jumped when bird had fallen. Bird was gearling male (15) and delivered almost to heart, dead. Sam after, sword #3 'cch wild from John; later Brian rubbed a grouse that left to far ahead for a shot.

Coming back met old log road that looked a classic Michigan small aspen cover. Kay saw a 'cch come in and land to left of road; put B. that way and a new one flushed, then the one Kay had missed deflected as B. flushed but did not get point.

That was it — a truly disappointing day so typical of strange terrain. We tried a deer management cutting at sunset — no sign of a cut. We always seem to wait too long & visit country with poor results. Very tired today. Skipped Tuesday.

Wed 29 October

Omer

Brian: 2 prod.
1 prod.

Cool, sunny, upper 40's°
1:15 - 5:00 3 $\frac{3}{4}$

summed 6-7 (20 some fleecies)
Prawdzik
summed 2-3
1 shot - 0

Another day chasing Prawdzik only worse. This area thick cover like the Gates corner between road and Blackwater — cover I avoid because of awkward shooting and walking. John & P. disappeared into the bush at a fast push-pull, leaving Kay and me to hunt on our own. Very shortly, gunfire started as it always does in Prawdzik's range with no pretense of association with us. We spent the next two hours hunting P. and J. instead of birds, with constant shots from the others and with about equal relation to them as if they were an alien hunting party. This is a frustrating manner of hunting.

(16) (27)

birds were certainly here and P. found them, but always got them first. Brian did poorly, confused by a different pace and yelling from P. to Lady. Brian's quartering was ineffectual because after crossing ahead of us, he found us ahead of him in the next gag and ended much behind us. Further, he ground-tracked much of the time and more than I can account for unless it was that those quous run so much - (I saw one run ahead of me).

Finally, I suggested that we separate, and Ken and I walked Brian along the road, moving 2' each - one a crossing shot then tree from Brian's distant point - and four quous that saw us only a glimpse of one a two. I felt useless in this situation, yet knew there were plenty of quous. P. shot 3.

Thursday 30 October

Sunny cool 50°

2:00 - 4:30 2 1/2 hrs

Military Road (near Higgins Lake) Brian: 1 prod.
mud 4-5

at suggestion of Jim McPherson, John Jr. took me and his parents to this not-bad looking area southwest of Higgins Lake.

John Sr. was his usual nice self-sister and Barbara a pleasant person to be along. They stayed at the cottages today to reduce numbers.

Brian walked well, I felt, moving across the water front than he is accustomed to in what was even more like ours - thorns in small groups, oaks, birch, browned bracken. His production was out of my sight but I saw his short wing as the bird flushed wild and later we had a few by around as only trees. Later we walked into three quous scattered in a small area of bracken and oaks - a group Brian did not hit - both Johns fired impossibly long runs (this accounts for the shooting).

lot of men do. John Jr. uses a Model 21 with both barrels cylinder and shoots brush birds at least 45 yards out.

No further contacts on return and since the others appeared tired, we stopped at 4:30. John leaves for Oregon tomorrow

Friday 31 October 9

Baldern Area

Brian: Wood

1 k.p.

1 net.

cloudy, cold, windy 45° ^{1 1/2 hr} moved 1-1

large adult corky semi-solid 1 shot - 1 kill o/p

light tan tail (semi-gray, semi-red)

5:00 pm translucent small red berries (?) Left Higgins Lake at noon and drove the long trip

orp: wintergreen berries, high-bush cranberries?

black oak seeds

strawberry, wintergreen leaves (?)

long unidentified leaves

recluse leaves

tuber-like root sprouts.

to Baldern to meet Bob Steinkeamp and Bob

Johnson at Uncle Jimmy Nolf's place on the

Pere Marquette River. They arrived late, having been

hunting and again we drove (another thirty miles or so) to a slashed area

where Bob S. had moved birds yesterday. They drove to another part (where they moved a group of five grouse) and gave us this section, which had the luxury of a log road to hunt. It was mostly treetop cutting, in tangles of broken and teaberry, some islands of pine and aspen, none of which produced to Brian's beautiful coverage, but the high wind may have accounted for this.

After a half hour and in failing light - clouds and time -

we ate a bite and turned back having noted a fork in the log road

to be aware of on the return. Brian was working the cover to the

left of the path - nice small growth along a depression that followed

a small run - good place for birds to hide out the wind. At a tangle

of blow-down, I heard Brian but so silent and saw him actually

flattened in the bracken — exceptional of him. After a few moments, he reestablished and made a lovely high headed point from the right side of a small pine in the middle of the thick mass of cover. I signaled Bay who was well behind and to one side, and then moved closer. The quail flushed in a low straightaway that I covered and saw the bird go down at about 35 or 40 yards.



PERFECTION! DEEP IN FERNS.

Brian held, then searched on command and found, putting on his act about not completing the retrieve, while Bay, who was present now, tried to get pictures. At last we managed a "stimulated" retrieve via the "collar lift" and accepted a beautiful large cock that had appeared gray on the flesh but proved a half-way color between brown and gray — a light tan tail. We were running out of daylight and time and suspected we were on the wrong fork of the trail but had to go further to convince us. We were, and had a cutback to make to the fork and a fair trek to the corner and the road and the car beyond, but we had a happy corner to the lack of the shooting vest and life was good. There it is,

Saturday 1 November
hot, sunny, dry, 60's
1:00 - 4:45 3 $\frac{3}{4}$

9 Baldwin Area

large swamp / pine wood cover

heard 8-8 mostly heard (Bob Johnson and Steinkamp and others) (12)
1 shot - 0
heard 5-5

Brian: 2 prod.
1 prod.

(at breakfast time saw a large 0. Chase salmon run up the Pine Mountain)
This was a day I can do without. Drove a long distance to a large two-mile section with a mile drive back a loose sand road (learn for Saturday cyclists) and parked, Bob S. taking a log road and delegating the other "log road" to Bob J. and Ray and me. It passed a road through a worthless pine plantation ending in a huge abandoned field, where Bob J. sent us to the upper end and arranged to meet us at the lower margin later. As usual, we had just got started when the shooting started in Steinkamp's area and later in Johnson's - hosts always know where the best areas are, as documented by the shower of shots that invariably occur soon after I have been sent into the hinterland.

Brian made a fine point that proved empty and later I saw a quail leave to our right of where he was walking. These quails run, I am sure. Ray marked it, and we followed to the edge of a pine woods where we discovered a huge stand of gray dogwood, the vine quail none of quail in this country. Certain we had the day made, we followed Brian into the large woods where the birds would hold and soon had a grand point in a blow-down. I walked in after Ray had taken yards of film on both cameras, then saw Brian turn his head toward his feet and die in. He came up with a porcupine, shaking it off. George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

a way to get more quills I can't imagine it. He was shaking his head
and pawing at his mouth which looked like a mouthful of straw. Ray
said "Shoot that thing!" and I did, then unloaded the gun and got to
Brian who was nearly hysterical. Ray and I were nearly so, as we tried to
hold him down and prevent his struggling. I had brought a hemostat -
godsend - at Glenn Baker's suggestion, and while I sat on Brian, straddling
him with my knees, Ray tried to pin his forelegs and hold his lower jaw
simultaneously, while I attempted to hold his lips and extract the quills
with a hand that shook crazily, jabbering like an idiot. The hemostat
came apart and for a moment I lost half of it in the furrows but we got
it back together and, once I got the knack, the instrument proved perfect
for the job. I pulled out what must have been a hundred quills from the
roof of Brian's mouth, tongue, inside and outside of his cheeks and lips, from
his gums where some of the quills were run up along the tooth roots.
When Brian realized we were removing the quills, he lay fairly quiet and
let us work - pulling them out two and three at a time in some places.
Needle-nosed pliers could not be as efficient as the hemostat, and I'll
always carry it, even in country where there are no porcupines (where I
intend to remain), for they should work well on hawthorn species in beds. The
porcupines are black and ivory (as are the quills: ivory with small
sharp-surfaced points, and I was surprised to discover the quills come
out easily with a firm pull, but rather and blood makes them too slippery to
extract by using bare fingers. Brian was so gathered himself, he will

(21) ~~22~~

the balance of the day (evidently encountering another porcupine an hour later but came in with only eight quills in his lips and nose this time — no grabbing.) That night in the cabin, he was depressed as after the growing fight, from adrenaline outpouring and at home four days later his lips swelled as from allergic reaction (we treated it successfully with 50 mg. Benadryl) and there is one round abscess looking area on one gum and cheek that may be an unhealed quill print as we watching. Otherwise, all three of us want no more North Woods porcupines.

Rejoining Johnson, who had flushed a group of five geese, we hunted into the brushy swamp to follow them. Water here is ankle deep in places but gets deeper further in; swamp grass takes over in places, there is hardhack in impenetrable masses and everywhere under this mess there is a tangle of fallen or cutdown, tree branches. There are not even deer paths and the footing is abominable, with shooting limited to only what can be glimpsed over the face-high tangle of brush. We missed one or two dozen woodcock — several chances I passed because the birds were not from points — and Johnson missed two barrels at a reflection of an Olive green — a bird that came over me and which I missed as he was ahead away — right try as I turned and shot.

at this moment, Brian ran onto another goose that flushed from an old stump near me — a shot that would have been a good one but I was reloading.

We had to turn back from the swamp; tried again at the edge of a pine woods where we found tremendous ~~large~~ ^{large} flocks of Gray, downy and

a couple of wild fowls I couldn't hear. Crossing them the ⁽²²⁾ ~~27~~ ~~29~~
we got a point from Brown on the edge of an opening with dogwoods and
water, but he wasn't certain after his original point and I ordered him
on, when he bumbled a game. A second one flushed from our left.

On the log road in the pines, we followed it out and Brown had a
point ahead and to our right and a game flushed before we reached him -
then two more quizzily. These birds are very wild.

That was it. We hunted good cover to the cars when we found that
Steinkamp had left two quans and a 'cock - he was back in the woods
and still shooting. Good hunt. I was somewhat upset by the foreboding episode
and felt I'd been had as to showing me birds. That evening, I prepared

these quans for dinner that Mr. Peds had shot earlier
^{One week later I removed tips of one quail that had worked up from B's mouth and}
^{out the top of his cheek!} ^{another still absorbing in the quans.}
Steinkamp (Tittabawassee)
~~Steinkamp~~ Oil City area Pheas: 2 prod.

Sunday 2 November

rain, wet, mild 50's.

scored 3-3

2:30 - 3:45 4th

Left Baldwin and drove to Tittabawassee State
Park area where we hunted the Sunday before. Cloudy and threatening and
the rain started a few minutes after we entered cover. This is rotten fooling
and thicket hunting - no trails - and uninspiring, and the rain only
fit my mood. Absolutely soaked in five minutes. I was on the back road
hoping for a shot from across when I saw Brown wheel ahead of me on
the road and point left, crouched from intensity. I walked to him and the
quans flushed wildly, showing for a second a two but not for what I call
a shot. (I know some who would have fired both shots). Only one

(23)

plunging in and walking toward the edge of gray degraded along
the woods and main road, I finally walked a grass up well
ahead — no shot — and then heard Brian's bell go quiet behind
me. Moments later, I heard a flush, then Brian's bell continued.
I rushed to the opening where I shot a 'cock a week ago, then to
the road where they met me with the car. I have never been wetter.
Can't recall having before felt water running down the grooves of the
cleckering on the head of the stock and into my sleeves as it did
today.

Changing into dry clothes sitting in the Parlor (not easy) we
headed for Saginaw and drove thru fog and rain to Toledo for dinner,
and on to Cleveland for the night — cleared weather. Next day, home,
and mountains never looked better.

The trip to Michigan was fun — good company and
hospitality at Higgins Lake — so-so at Baldwin (Squire was good to see
tho I didn't get to see him with Prob. hunting solo).

We had done about I was uneasy we could do — went until the
peak grass populations of '72, '73, and '74 had dropped. The grass was
down to almost nothing in the upper Lower Peninsula, almost all
the birds being in lower Zone 2 and in Zone 3, and had I known this,
we would not have gone. The country around Baldwin did have birds in
spots — but you have to find the spots and when you do, you hunt in
swamp tangles, water, fallen branches, in tangles of what I
would avoid down here (like the corner of the field). Shooting is

(24) ~~27~~

mostly jokes shooting with wide-open guns and at living and all flocks. The northern brown neck grouse, which is appealing, a would be if it held birds, which are reputed to be "all over" when the season is up.

Hunting with Tom Prandzick was a gaff. You would have to trust Tom to get a shot at a grouse near him. He has the basic instinct of a cow — plot ahead and consider no one. He puts you in cover, then pushes off and plunges after Lady who is a good meat dog, tracking up to her birds but does it well. Prandzick pays no attention to anyone in the group, making changes in course with no contact and you find yourself hunting him, not birds. Anytime he starts in, you can hear him shouting "feathers flew" or "left one in there." If taking parties out is part of his job, he never fails to carry a gun and has the attitude that you want to see him kill grouse, which he offers to you at the end.

Nuckeyar adds up to too much flat country, too much barren areas, too thick cover where the birds are concentrated, and nothing tastes as shooting. The gray-tails are exciting, dog work not too favorable in that thick cover where you can't see it. And those goddamned porcupines. I'll take fewer grouse — and a lot more work in the Alleghenies.

Tom Prandzick is irresistible, if not repulsive, concerned with no one and no dog but himself and his own. Inserting fingers in a grouse's wooden anus, he pulls out the viscera and feeds the liver, gizzard and heart raw to his dog (from grouse; wooden's didn't like it), hanging the entrails on a bush. *lovely.*

Thursday 6 November

Hot, sunny, 70°

2:15 - 5:30 3 1/4 hr.

Clyde Davis (top fold above old house)

moved 2-2

march 12-13

4 shots - 2 hits

Brian

6 prod.

2 k

2 ret

AF
IF

Drove to Mt. Storm area, headed for the Edelman Place, only to meet jeep with Roger Sundell, Charles Hamilton, Tom Clawson and a fourth coming onto Rt 50 at the Schell Road - bad news. Part of the Woodcock Society conclave preempts the Canaan this week. Found they had been on the Edelman Place, shooting the 'cock moved - (left two quail) and after a short chat (Hamilton unspeaking Sundell better than usual) we drove to the Davis house where Clyde changed our permit to Life Time. We parked at the old house under buck trees loaded with open barrels and walked to the cover legend, moving two quail wild. Look very dry.

On top we began moving and finding 'cock in a gratifying manner, mostly on the edge of the large clearing. Brian made several fine points, one two of which I walked into a second 'cock on the approach. Working out my shots. His style was fine today and he walked well but began reaching - and while he held his points, he was out of view and as he had much searching to do to locate him. On one, I had 1 kg touch the button a shot a distant yell and went to find him on a stunning point after the shock without having moved. I lay down in front, taking pictures, and the bird topped tall trees - a shot I missed badly. But Brian only moved a few steps and pointed

to the left in another great point. Bay crawled close and set ²⁵ ~~27~~ more pictures. The bird flushed nearly and fired as it topped, seeing it flutter down ahead. Brian held steady until sent, and came back with a dead 'cuck', making too much delay in his retrieval, a yearling hen.



The next point was in a tangle of blackberry briars under an isolated apple tree out on the flat - a nice point and a flush from the tangle that I somehow missed with the first barrel but dropped solidly well out

as a left-quarterming shot. Again a retriever after a steady-to-shot but some prolonged foolishness before delivery - an adult hen. We had more points but too much lack of contact with Brian who, for some reason, moved too wide. The electronic collar failed - due to lack of charge, so we were helpless to correct him.

Altogether, this was a lovely afternoon's gunning to ourselves, and in a charming setting on top the flat hill, and in cover that looked like - and was - 'cuck' cover. There should have been more grouse. A place to go back to, possibly hunted from the lower road.

Saturday 8 November

Hot but cloudy 60°

1:35 - 4:35 - 3 hrs.

Mathews. P. her

scored 4-4

1 shot - 0

Brin: 2 prod

(27) (32)

A great event - again ours along today. New development is
2 trailers on the Shodokunshan cover - Larry Mathews, son of Paul, and
his sister. Larry and young wife very cordial when we found them home on
our way in. Reported sex game on
the shaded hill where we had 2 productions,
and then more left on victory hill
in our old covert. "Come back any time."



We scored 2 game birds - windy -
in Shodokunshan along run in bottom,
and more this we walked the woods below
the "line road" to the old edge and
to the big field - good brush cutting
just made. Hunted Talton Henderson side with no results. Then back the
shaded hillside - no roads left in most places - where Brin made a good
point well from the end but the game flushed out the far side of the
tough and back to the Tarle H. Shodokunshan.

Some after, a fine high point (Orthaus tail) above and
ahead, held like a dream while I took the only possible approach, but the
game didn't let me quite reach my opening and gave me a left-shoulder
long try - failed - well out that I missed. Hunted but failed to
find it again. Tried and lost us walked to the bank (a nice line and
well exposed) above on 'chain'. This is great cover and one of our
best holes.

Tuesday 11 November
Sunny, mild, 50°
2:10 - 5:30 - 3 1/4 hr.

Clyde Davis (Top & ridge side)
rained 10-11 flocks
6 shots - 2 hits

Prairie: 8 prod.
2 kop
2 ret

AF
IM

Forecasts threatened rain tomorrow so we postponed our plans to go for several days in Blackwater area and made this a one-day hunt, parking at the brow of the hill above Edelman Place and "hunting" back the ridge to the top cover on Clyde Davis. Hunting consisted of finding a way thru blackberry hells and trying to reach the knob crest that peaked about 1 1/2 miles and not the near knob we spotted on the maps.

When we got there, as the boundaries were magic, Prairie immediately pointed when put across the low rail fence into the small cove at the near end - a high tail, low posture in front that said "Cock!"



Wending thru trees to reach him, I came in from the front and finally saw the 'cock' on the ground between us, headed toward Prairie. I flushed it

and was unable to get a clear view as it wound its way out and across the flat toward the north. Prairie held well at the flush and then made a short move to my left and pointed again. Within seconds, another woodcock darted out low to the open field behind me where I was unable to repress a try at it too close and too far behind - a stupid snap.

Brain broke on that one, chasing into the field.

His next point came in the dense clump of briars around the apple tree where I shot a 'cock last time. This time he pointed from the opposite side (south) and, not solid, moved cautiously into the tangle, peeling a few yards under the north edge with the bird obviously between as when I stood, having worked around. My shot had to be against the bright sun and was, the 'cock chubbing from the briars to melt out in the white-hot radiance, then reappear high and left-quarterming above Kay who was on her knees. I fired directly "on" instead of holding under as the situation required of the bird moving down in prospect above my head level, and missed.

Brain's next point was on the edge of cover on the east, in thorns and he seemed unable to establish it, waving, pointing, flagging and then moving on to point finally solidly just outside the edge cover, for me to get a shot but and he made a cock, point manner, & and point into nothing happened. I sent Brain on working carefully in a circle wing around and come in a stand of hawthorns on my left and to the left of where he'd originally pointed. This time it was convincingly solid and the woodcock chimed straight up thru the thorns, its wings making a sound on the branches like a quon flesh. I fired George Bird Evans Papers West Virginia and Regional History Center but it was pitching to level and I shot nothing but some twigs of hawthorn.

Three muscivores in a row on a cack are not good for my ego.

We hunted around the north edge, behind the small pine plantation and Brian inadvertently lured a cock and in what might have been the flight of the same bird lured it again. Conditions are dry and arising in this kind of case and make it difficult to handle the birds. Brian kept walking toward the south when I wanted to move north - again we saw a 'cock' left without a point, and I took some time to cover the area to my dissatisfaction - no more birds.

We were $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the car and it was 4:30, so we lit out at a hard pace across the spongy, hilly pasture, trying to follow an aimless cow's path to nowhere. The sun was bright in an enamel blue sky and the distant ridges looked like Bucknell Kent's "Mt. Equinox" - shadows black on drab brown woods. Textures. Kay's suggestion that we drop down and hunt the Clyde Davis ridge below the old rail fence corner was the one we followed and now dropped over the brow into cool of shadows merging into dark.

Brian's first good find (several empty scuttings) was partly down the slope in briars and victory cuplings (no aspens here) and he held it beautifully the long while it took to reach him. The bird flushed away left and rising and I first as it was almost behind some cover and saw it drop. Brian held for the command to so fetch, then some beated and returned - nicely, considering

the distance. I think he does better when we stand and wait for ⁽³¹⁾
him to come to us — an adult hen, well centered for a long shot.
3.1.8. Alean shell (no deer) with the 20/50 loads.

We had scarcely put the bird away when Kay called that
Brian was pointing again, and once more I got a shot, a bird
fairly high and going away, and I saw it flutter on for a few
yards, losing ground, then go down. Brian's return was odd — at
first he found and pointed and I had to order fetch, dead bird,
before he picked it up. His delivery was erratic, carrying it — dead —
then laying it down; and finally he let it lie not far from us
and turned and went about the side of the fall and pointed. He'd
had scent of another bird while he retrieved the one. I hurried to him
and got to the right side, picking an opening between small saplings.
The cock made a low right-quanting flock only a yard or so
above the ground and I had trouble getting a focus, firing at it as
an away-right low bird. I lost sight of the bird just before I
pulled, but then saw it climb and tip out far above after the shot.

My vision wasn't the best today — carryover of a blood sugar drop
yesterday afternoon — and shooting under these conditions is not the
best. I seemed to take longer to focus and that (noticed this in
Michigan, tho I did well) and while my glasses are working well, I
may have a dead hawk vision now — that made further
out.

This was our last contact with birds (there had been a fourth over Parris point without a shot).

Prin looked well, full of energy, and as found them a good two coveys, joined but separate. It could be hunted by hunting out the level as returned, topping to the flat, then returning further down. Not the huge flights reported in the Canadian area ^{the} last two weeks but good action. And ours alone.

Thursday 13 November

Henckel Place

Brian: 2 prod.

cloudy, cold, windy, snow falling 41°

moved 5-5

1 shot - 0

1 mod pleasant

1:30 - 4:45 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

moved 1 hen pleasant - 1

Received my Penna. license this a.m. and drove to this magnificent covert. A cloudy, windy, threatening day that materialized into snow showers, heavy at times and burdening the grass and weeds with more "blizzards." This is great cover but there was no grouse on the land in spite of preparations (and no quakes to mention) and probably because of the wind. Neither were they in the flat around the loading clearing, tho Prin gave us a great show at the base of the hill - probably a wild flush. Grouse are scarce this year beyond most experience.

Not until we'd circled and come back the side road toward the power line did we ever hear a bird - they heard it going out - and later Prin did handsome work, head high and working scent well up, on the edge of the right-of-way. Up to this time he had handled beautifully, quartering well within range, but now he reached and while we that we heard his call go silent, it was too far into the "flat" cover, and we saw a grouse come out ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ^{it was not going to} jump range, and pitch across the power line where it was not going to

(33)

far in. We had some trouble getting Brian to us and in the process he made a hot point in dead grass and thorns in the open right-of-way and I expected a pheasant that did not come out. Finally got Brian into the far woods where he wanted him and then he showed some sign of scent - an entry point in rhododendron & rocks near the margin - we did not find our quarry.

After eating lunch on a cat dog on a plastic pad, we started north in the woods; I noted a small crouched shining white and wet just on what seemed the edge - as of Scott Henckels, no doubt. Later, as I moved in that direction, Kay called that Brian was pointing ahead and I recognized my crouched as Brian; solid and for how long? We got to him to find a grand point into a large rhododendron, offering problems for a shot. As I moved close and waited, Brian moved a few steps back and around, then relocated an solid point in his original position, but closer to the dense rhododendron. Kay moved in from the right, taking sniffs, and I tried to select a spot that would give me a chance at both right and left openings, but I was encumbered with trees on all sides, narrowing my view to short spaces. When the quarry came out, it was low and on my side - a jet-sput left-quarter view that lasted only a half-second and ^{at} not more than eight yards range. I fired, feeling my right shoulder nearly ^{back} from the strain & delirium I had pulled lifting a bag of dog feed earlier, and I of course stopped my run. The quarry was out of sight except for a brief look as it climbed and topped the trees, leaving the country. It was the first good point and flush from rhododendron in years and needed old times with Puff.

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LIKE TIMES WITH RUFF.

Ray and I sent Prior on and followed but the area was too big and general in character of cover to find the grouse and we turned back in the falling light and snow. At the power line, Prior again pointed just within the woods - a point that was like these other curiously empty points in here. After I went to him, he gave up and began ground-trailing - a fault he has got into this season. We should correct this with the shock collar but so far have failed to do so. This time he roared right into a hen pleasant on the edge - a flush that would have offered a good chance if he had pointed.

Later, in the "flat" cover near the base of the knob, we found two grouse without a view by me. Unfortunate results in a great covert; some fine day work (mostly, actually) but some bad ground-trailing -

Saturday 15 November

perfect, sunny, cold 40°
traces of snow

Cherry Run

moist 3-5
0

Brian: 1 prod.

2:45 - 5:30 2 $\frac{3}{4}$

Yesterdays snow was still around but melting in sunny spots, tho the temperature was cold in shade and windy in exposed areas. Sun and beautiful weather. Hunted this new covert, a sort of discovering satisfaction in spite of few birds but there is the feel that they are here. This is perfect slashed timbering cover and it is of interest that those we moved were not out on sunny edges or in open thorn clearings but in tree top brush piles.

This was posted land but happily proved to be Ant Treets's.

Cherry Run bisects the covert with only one bridge, and we took the left (west) side, walking north. Ignoring sunny thorn thickets on the edge toward the Glade Farms road, the Brian made swings with them, I held to a nice log road growing back to grass that hugged the rocky rhododendron bank and margin of the stream - deep and

uncrossable in this season. Seduced by some excellent looking storm-
and-tangle cover with a log road forking up, I stepped up onto it to
follow Brian and heard Kay call "Two grouse!!", from a flash that
was only yards from where I had left the main logroad. It was
fairly. Kay said it was a classic double rise, in season, with the grouse
so close she could "count their spots." She marked them across the stream
into cover about a bulldozed road on that side near ^{some} tall hemlock.

We continued north to deploy our sides - good but no birds. In
one thick corner near a field, I saw an immobile form of a small deer watching
me for 15 yards. Brian came in, ran onto it and the two nearly collided.
Instead of running, the fawn, which acted like a little buck, actually
took a look at Brian and with a decision that was almost vocal, made a
couple of butting motions at him like a goat, accompanied by short
rumbles at him. We got Brian away and the little buck, not much

larger than Brian, stood and watched us and pawed the ground. What
hormones! Finally it moved off but with no show of fear. Kay raised
the question re deer and rabies but I almost doubt that. With no
action from another segment about where the road seemed to leave the
creek, we turned back into a ~~brutally~~ ^{brutally} blinding sun and worked our way
back to the bridge and the east side.

Good log roads lace this terrain with recent and old cutting
making choice cover. Working north we saw toward the flushed birds
we followed one of the roads (Mucklegum ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{the} ~~the~~!) and suddenly

Brian began working ground scent on the right edge of the road. I tried to move him on and he pointed into a brush pile just above him, only to have a large grouse flush, and with a break, Brian looked into the pile - blocking a shot if I'd have had one. It was outrageously bad dog work in spite of the point and I can't overlook it in a dog so good in other ways. This ground-trailing will have to be studied.

We followed the road and moving up where Ray had marked the transition across the creek and later Brian moved little without points that we could detect - little from a ledge of rocks and mudstone - good cover. Returning higher, we got a phenomenal point, Brian holding ahead until I arrived, then moving in with a grand high head, and running in spurts to gain an open position in slashed brush pile cover. Brian was so intense and pursued his point - nose - point action (no ground-trailing here) that I was puzzled when no grouse flushed - what tension! - Finally, he went to ground on new tracks of a grouse and back-tracked them like a hound, getting nowhere. At least there is one more, maybe two, grouse here, but we didn't find them.

Walked to the car in cool of dark and deep pools of water in the log road. We'll have them to enjoy later.

Monday 17 November
Warm, sunny, 60°
2:30 - 3:45 } 2 1/4
4:15 - 5:15 }

Gatzmer
moved 1-1
0
Gates
0

Brian:
hunted beautifully
in the big terrain and
within control. Equally
well and close in the Gates

Tried the Rt 93 covert Gary Schweitzer described. As usual,
nothing, except a wild flush from greenbrier above the car when we
started. Got up and drove to the Gates where we found it probably
more barren than any time we have tried. The big flight of cock that
was reported last week of October and first week of November had gone,
probably because of the snow the following week. How terribly empty these
coverts are without woodcock. It is still too early not to have further
birds in flight but will it be in numbers?

We sat at the Gates after sunset and saw two drinking
birds. Drove down from home today to stay at Mirror Lake (Knights')

Tuesday 18 November
Warm, cloudless, sunny
upper 60's, dry.
1:15 - 4:15 } 4 hrs.
4:30 - 5:30 }

Clyde Davis / Edelmann
moved 5-6 ^{not new}
2 shots - 0
moved 1-2
1 shot - 1 hit
Rehobeth
moved 2-2 ^{not new}
moved 3-4

Brian: 5 prod.
4 prod.
1 kop
1 hit.

Drove from Mirror Lake to old farmhouse above Edelmann place
and left Brian in the Pinto station wagon parked in shade of the shed.
Hunting down the road with intention of working the Edelmann corner and
ridge, we saw Brian wandering from the road, moving along the west fence
side in an effort to find a gap. I called him back and sat on the
grass for him to leap over, then followed him into the briars and thorns
just inside the fence where he was working next - almost pointing but
not quite, then moving on to unravel it. At the edge of taller, and
thicker, cover he pointed and I walked in, flushing a cock that

settled not far ahead without leaving the cover.

(39)

Brian marked it and moved on to point again, at first uncertainly, then wheeling and pointing with his head turned over his left side, a lovely point.



CERTAIN.

There was no doubt about it this time and I walked toward him — the 'cick' rising between us and falling at the peak of its climb as it went out of view. Brian held but I gave

him no time to break and ordered "go fetch." His return was nice — a few delays but to hand for a 35 mm. photo by Kay. It was a yearling male and we were all delighted.

Brian moved on, excited, but Kay and I paused to get a photo of my uncle and some standing by the largest heart tree that we will see in our lives — fully five feet in diameter.

Encouraged, we decided to hunt the Davis slope but moved nothing else, then we hunted back, skirting the swamp bottom in what would certainly have produced grouse in Michigan. Ending at a nice little thorn corner at the road (undiscovered before), we climbed the fence and tried to stop Brian to have a bite, but he was wound up and began a long process that looked like a mobile point, ending solid but with no bird. This sort of empty point has occurred so frequently this season and I puzzle me. The 'cick' lifting far ahead? There appears to be no shutwork at these places.

While having our breather, we once more examined Precious' mouth, which had been bothering him since morning. The abscess had drained several times but at the cabin this morning it opened it without festering.

(40)

the porcupine quilt as I am been certain was imbedded. Now, in this open place where we were sitting under a large oak tree - all trees seem large for their kind here - we found the crests of the abscess well open and a butt end protruding. Ray managed to get a hold of it and removed the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch quilt tip. Seventeen days after it had been imbedded and broken off. A relief to Brian and Ray and me.

We found no 'cock in the good thorn cover but hunted on them some barren pole cover to the thorns at the upper end. There in the bottom, with Brian working thicket behind me, I saw a grouse flush from him, come low about me (between Ray and me & against the sun) and settle not far ahead. I signaled Ray to come down, survey Brian in the right direction but before he could cast across, the grouse flushed from thicket edge and crossed a goldenrod clearing, giving me a grand, ^{low} away-left shot. I mounted and fired exactly as I would have on a woodcock, at which the woodcock could have folded and ~~at~~ which the grouse gave no notice; I held on it as it leveled and fired again and again it ignored the shot. God damn this kind of shooting. I am convinced I am trying to shoot with a gun too tight for the purpose. (I was loaded with 3-18-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ right / 3-18-7 $\frac{1}{2}$ left.

We followed but had no reflex, the swamp cover at the upper end being too dense to get into. Instead, we climbed the ridge and, going over the worn wire fence, began hunting back the upper level with large timber but excellent grapevine tangles spotted them it came with grapes. In one at the top Brian made an excellent point and I was sure I'd get a flush. The game was well beyond, for I heard the crack of wings in branches far out.

His next point was a beauty, high of head and good tail, again in fallen logs and some grapevines. I got to him promptly - I'm moving in on points faster now - but I stopped to await the flush just a step



too far back; (Lesson: keep moving and flush the bird, don't let the bird take the initiative). The grouse - a big one, flushed down the hill into the large woods and climbed the silhouette of a maple, in effect, so that I had no view of it after the first burst off the ground. It was a great piece of work.

We continued, unable to follow the bird, and walking above the fence and in the open field on top. I saw Brian on another fine point, much like the last, but this grouse didn't let me get even as close as the last one, flushing and angling down into the woods. We followed in a general manner, long hearing #5 flush from my voice, probably, from a grapevine below us with Brian somewhere ahead.

It was getting late and we wanted to give the Rebekah Thomas a late visit, so we cut directly to the "upper corner," passing the giant black oak on the way. In the corner there had been that

looked like certain birds, probably 'cocks, but then he pointed and moved and pointed again & again, as never moved a bird. I have not seen ground scent as potent and bothersome and puzzling to a dog as this season.

Driving in the last remnant of light, we got to Rehobeth at 4:30 and Brian got them the gate and went on a hot point at the first clump of thorns just inside.

Leaving the gate for Ray to close, I hurried to him, loading. Ray reached us as I flushed a 'cock, very low and darting between staves - impossible shot.



JUST INSIDE THE GATE.

The next action was out in the thorns, a good point, very up, and high. and when I tried to circle and come in, a grouse roared up out of sight.

Another sign of fragrance in the cover beyond the tranverse covered a point that wasn't a point, reestablishing, then cackling to swing back and point behind the original site - perfect model point, and when I tried to get in, another grouse, this one a short view but no shot.

We had too little time to hit the "inside" thorns so came back to the edge cover bordering the woods in the flat near the road. But a high point in brush but while it was solid, Brian left before I could walk to him. Moments later I walked into a 'cock that would have been a shot had Brian held - I saw the bird in silhouette down droopings as it leveled, like a rump. Another 'cock flushed soon after without work for Brian also seemed to be unable to handle things here - a bird that I walked

into again, a count of a reflex, then at the place I saw
 loads of whitewash. One bird had walked along a cow path, black
 mud and trampled, and had apparently loosed and walked the path,
 depositing a splurge of whitewash every several yards in regular cadence.
 A good day; action, fine dog work, miserable gun work. On the
 way out

we saw the enormous full
 November moon in a strange
 red shadow and learned at
 Mt. Storm that it was in
 eclipse. We viewed it
 coming out in various stages
 in the most dramatic
 in the most dramatic
 Beautiful.

nothing possible all the way to the Canadian Valley.

Wednesday 19 November
 clear again, sunny, hot,
 perfect weather 65°

Stoney River Ridge Road

Prin: 1k.
 1 net (?)

Ship mine ~~Road~~ Road on
 Stoney River Ridge North

1 1/4 }
 1 1/2 } 3 1/2 hrs
 3/4 }

mailed 3-3
 1 shot - 1 hit

adult cock quince: inter
 crops: (new round flower buds, 14 1/2" fan
 redness, green leaves,
 stick buds. Draw from

A Frame

Stoney River Ridge road 3 1/2 miles from Rt 93 with good cover only at
 the far end. Talked to camp of two hunters who had seen few grouse, some in
 bottom "near beaver dams". We made a good time with Brian walking
 like a dream, hitting all the good spots in this rough terrain.

This, on a day of this kind, is pure magnificence up here, the immensity of the land being more than you can conceive without seeing it. at one high point we could see the upper end of the new Stony River Dam and the breast of the old Stony River Dam and we were within a mile or less of the latter. If only the grass were here as they once were.

We got up at 2:30 and drove to Pt 93, crossing to the other side to explore the Strom expanse that spread less than three other details. The Strom river road is wide and level and is packed and well on the thick edge cover along the bulldozed margin. at one place we saw the tracks of a large grouse in dried mud and nearly I stepped below to investigate a corner. Brian came in and, as I returned to the road, began ground-trailing outrageously. Up to this time he hadn't done this today. But now he moved right into a grouse that flushed low straightaway from the weedy edge below the road. I mounted, felt my right shoulder inhibit me but held on the bird and fired regardless - and hit it! The grouse flattened down in an erect position and Brian, who had marked it, was after it. He caught it well into the flat in cover, probably 70 yards from the shot. Brian is a great grouse dog - possibly my greatest one. Today this was on this bird was not, and the act he put on after capturing it was one of his worst - refusing to retrieve, tho we waited and tried to let him do it he was orn. Instead, he lay there mauling it and lookingasperating. We'd let Brian come with us today - to let to leave her in

the car — and I that she would stimulate Brian to deliver the (45)
bird, spurred by competition. Instead when she approached, he not only
drag her away, he attacked her and rolled her over viciously.
Actually, it was mostly show but it must have scared the poor little
thing, tho she couldn't seem to accept it as true.

Finally I lay went to him but Brian again tried to bluff.
Out of patience now, I said, "That dog needs a kick in the bottom!"
and I did it to him," and I did — from the heart. Not until I
went to him did he grab the quail and try to keep me from
taking it, and I led him by the collar — force returning — to
a spot somewhere resembling a retriever. The quail was a huge cock —
lacking a few tailfeathers in what must be close to as large as the
big tail at home. We'll see.

This was a good break for me, at least. After we got back
to the road, trying to get Brian to come to us to the car, we
saw him far down the road, moving into the lower side and
bumps, two quail — one of which took the road to the next
shoulder of tall woods.

Following, we creaked into large beech woods and got a
great point in a tree top tangle but it must have been where the
quail put down and later left. That was it, tho we hurried
back the road to the car.

Left at 4:15 and drove into bright sun to the
A-F road and took a walk below it. Fair cover but

not 'cock cover as we'd hoped. Hunted $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour and coming back had a fine point but no bird - wandered about turkeys. Brian had been ground-hauling earlier - so badly I had to touch him with the collar - something we must do and break this up.

A beautiful day - third in a row, with another forecast for tomorrow.

Thursday
~~Friday~~ 20 November

Sunny, mild, changing
to cloudy, windy.

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

Edelman

moved 3 (not new) - 4
1 shot - 0

moved 1 - 1
2 shots - 1 hit

Rehobeth

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

moved 5 - 5
3 shots - 0

Brian: 2 prod.

1 prod.
1 coop
1 net

1 prod.
4 prod.

Started about the same time as Tuesday, but today hunted the upper margin of the Edelman ridge in reverse, getting a point at the "evening" corner - a cock that Brian was not at first certain about. I formed him with hold! - not had policy in these uncertain points to obtain more distant points on 'cock (tho I still hold to the go on method normally). This 'cock came up behind my left shoulder and I turned and missed a ~~single~~ clinking flush, to catch the bird solely with the left barrel still high and leveling. We let Brian take his time &



OVER THE SHOULDER.

(changed sketch to ground)

just the 'cock, well out, and bring it nearly to hand. - an adult hen.

In the grapevine tangles and brush piles, Pinner seemed to get vent as expected to develop into ground but this it was extremely hot and intense, nothing came of it. Finally, on top in excellent grapevine cover, he had a good prospect for ahead but the ground left before I could get to him, a bird as followed down over to the upper stretch of Maple Run as it comes down the hill but with no success.

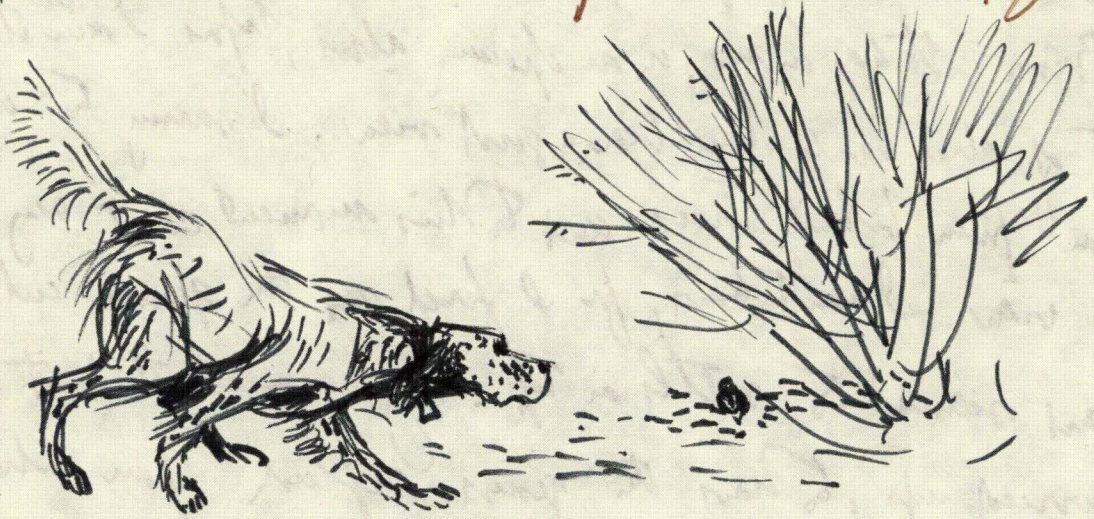
Covering the prime grapevine area on the shoulder of the hill, I expected action but was disappointed until we were back in the vines where we had evidence of recent work. They had remarked about a

glimpses of what looked like a setter tail in the cover below us but we heard no voice or whistle a dog bled and I had to hold to the thought that it might have been a deer flag. I had come across a purple empty shell at my feet (there'd been no shooting unless just as we started out) when my eye was taken by the motion of a grouse flushing from Brian. It was on my, in an opening above, before I saw it and it went out of what would have been a good view. I swung to where it should reappear from behind trees and to this moment can't say that I saw it come in view. I must have, for I fired and the grouse cut 90° up an air-bowl and seemed to settle on top. They remembered that it acted oddly, and we hurried up, to have the grouse reflush from what they could see was a flash point as Brian came on it. We followed over the hill and ended coming down the pasture to the car from above, driving in a hurry as usual, to Reheath Thorns for the last bit of daylight.

at the gate we were delayed by two other deer hunters (cousins of the Davis boys), then got down the gate to have Brian do exactly what he'd done Tuesday - go on point at the first clump of thorns. This time the bird was a few yards further along, flushing without a chance to shoot. Almost at once Brian hit a second point on the edge twenty yards or so beyond, and I scrambled up a low flying into that I must have shot at too quickly, missing, and fired again knowing the bird was coming out of my line of fire but unable to stop.

There is a sense of too much hurried action in this coat due to the hour as usually gone at

likely spot to the next - which is almost everywhere - and while I
lose the darkness way he covers this, I get a bit too keyed up, I
submiss. Brain looked into a point from midstride and fell spread -
spread out and over and almost staring with the intensity of the
point.



PILED UP.

I walked in front of him, bulging my eyes to watch Brain as I tried to
keep a universal gaze for the flock, but my attention went to the
woodcock huddled on the groundpack under a hawthorn and even then
I could identify it as a male. I had to nearly stop as it before it flushed
and then it went straight up and over the hawthorn on my left
while I stupidly fired at a spot at least a foot behind the bird
and not over three yards away. This kind of shooting is illogical.

In spite of my ~~poor~~ performance, Brain swept on and I'll
say there was no ground-trailing here - simply low reaching but
beautiful dog work picking up the low stratum of scent. In
the cover on the far side of the transversal road where he was trailing

he had pointed the second grouse (where were they today?) Brinn's call
went quiet and, marking him in the thicket, I made a fast
circle to the right to find an opening to come in from in front.
Once there, and seeing the impossibility of a shot if I walked into the
dense cover to flush, I called to Ray, who was approaching Brinn
from the road behind him, to walk in and flush. I saw Brinn,
pointing straight toward me in the posture of his photo of the
"ardent point" in TWRD, then saw a motion that was more like
an animal darting than a 'cock springing, and I lay called "Grouse!!"
The bird stayed within the thicket in its climb and then came out
high and well ahead, right-crossing. I had the gun to one
my left barrel (with a grouse load in it) and I deliberately
swing them and ahead of the bird, firing at the proper lead —
and didn't touch it. I view shots like this in prints — high birds
clearing cover well out as in a small Phippy painting or sketch, and
always it seems a likely chance, swinging them. I nearly always
break a clay target thrown like that, by simply holding on it
as I swing, scarcely aware of getting far ahead before firing. And
I have dropped occasional grouse this way, but too often I miss and I
think it's because I try to lead too consciously — the swing having to be
slowed down for the distant slow motion of the grouse. I should surely



SWING THRU THE HEAD, FAST.

many than the bird's head, especially
when using the left barrel. (37)

This additional miss didn't do
much to settle me. You know
you'll get no more chances at

them for days and it seems hopeless when you fluff a shot like
that.

We hurried back to hunt the flat in from the road,
moving only one woodcock over a fine point by Thine - the bird
lifting before I got near - and another that flushed ahead of Thine
without his being away, I'm sure. They marked it toward the gate and
the car light was nearly dark by now and we gave up. Wish
we'd been here an hour earlier. This is the end of shooting
in W. Va. until after the deer season - tomorrow and Saturday
being off days to give my right shoulder a chance to heal.
Great Coverts, there - ~~and~~ ^{and} a great setter, Thine.
Drove home from our Canaan trip from here.

Monday 24 November

Henckel Place

"The Quest for Quality" GSS/9

(52)

partly cloudy, cool, 45°
damp and beautiful

scored 5 (2 new) - 7

Brain: 2 prod.

1 shot - ① hit

1 k of
1 ret

1:35 - 5:20 = 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

adult hen: inter - very dark bird.

crop: 5 p.m. grapes, rubens (not full).

We started the "Pennsylvania Walk" (den room at home) with

this favorite event. Conditions were excellent after a crisp frost and we first hunted the flat instead of the knob. Brain made a point - sudden crouch - not far below the "bas" road and we heard two quail flush toward the hill. Soon after, as Brain worked the flat farther out, I called "Grouse!" and I saw a hen sail over her from Brain and scale ~~east~~ ^{east} along the road. Not wanting to double back we followed the flat toward the leading clearing, I hearing #4 so wild ahead of us.

Brain worked stunningly today covering the terrain well but within a comfortable range. We hunted out the woods ~~not~~ south of the clearing and near the bridge that lets over toward the far run area I saw a quail hop up on branches of a tree top Brooklyn as Brain worked near, but without scent, and take off. I worked it by a large humlock on the ledge trail and we paused for a bit of food. I was feeling draggy (I suspect the reserpine) and I had to stop frequently, feeling dozy. After starting out once more, I tried to swing Brain across the small run when I felt the quail might have sailed in but Brain tried to turn - his nice pattern having been interrupted by our stop for lunch. George Bird Evans Papers
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(53)

area, still hoping to swing Brian that way, I flushed the
grouse exactly in line as I'd estimated but too far out & short -
the bird going up the rear face of the knob in all likelihood.

We hunted the main ravine in what is as good as marked
cover as anyone will conceive, especially on the far slope in
cutting that appears perfect stages. With time going by, we
turned back and hunted to top back, then followed the main log
road to the loading clearing, getting a great point from Brian
on the upper side at the base of the knob where two of the grouse seemed
to have gone after his production earlier. This is happening so many
times this season I feel it indicates grouse lifting far ahead of us.

We hunted on down the main log road, covering the west side
with no action today, then across the big powerline to try for the
sagebrush we worked last time - nothing - and at quarter to five
turned back in fading light and clouds to hunt the flat back to
the base road. We saw nothing here though Brian was walking his
heart out. As we left the powerline, Kay had said, "It's still not
too late for something to happen," and I offered her what I

considered a good bet. But as we reached the base road and
started toward the car, I saw Brian swing along the road and walk
scout on the bank, then turn and walk it, head low but not in
the manner of actual ground-trailing, on the lower side. For a
moment he pointed - ground - then moved on to relocate, again
walking low, in a series of points, finally pinpointing his location,
pointing thirty yards below the road and headed back toward

me, as nearly as I could see in the semi-dark. It was damp with a wonderful cold quality, the time when a grouse will lie, if it will love lie, but I pushed to Brim as fast as I could make it, instead of waiting in the hope of a flash my direction on the road. It is well I didn't wait, for the grouse let me get only to about fifteen yards and seemed to lose nearly straight for the tree tops in an away-left-acutely-rising flash that I took at its peak, seeing with that imperiously gratifying feeling the grouse fold and ^{so nearly} straight down. It had been a bit at all of thirty yards — a dark form among dark forms against a dim piece of sky — ~~and~~ (I was using the Rem. 3-1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -#8 scatter shell as an experiment to try to open the too-tight Powder right barrel. Whatever it did — and I was right as I heard my exclaim behind me — heavenly sound.) Brim didn't hold but went immediately for the bird he had marked — then I gave him a late go fetch. Once, then he went into his crazy act, snatching the grouse, looking at me and ignoring my comment to fetch. This time I tried something different: instead of waving ~~to~~ to him, I had my wave away with me, but it didn't work; nor did the whistle or my voice. Finally seeing myself beat, and with nothing to lose, I called and whistled, then had my work Brim with the electric shock. He yelped and jumped away from the fallen grouse, but as I repeated my whistle signal as if that were the reason for the shock, he went back and picked up the grouse and brought

in the long retrieval to us without once laying it down as he always does - when he does that much - and sat at my feet holding the gun for a prolonged period while I commended him for a great retrieval. This is a new use for the collar, but if the dog knows what he should be doing - and quit - a touch of the drake will put him straight. Or at least, it will with a dog as intelligent as Bruin.

Kay took notes of the delivery - ^{a dark} ~~an~~ adult hen - using ~~Electachrome~~ ~~Electachrome~~ Electachrome movie film that is extra sensitive for dark conditions, but if it doesn't, and we doubt that it will, Kay says she'll treasure every black frame of that sequence. It was one of those last moment experiences that make a day as no other moment can. And I did all three of us worlds of good. Drove home in a glow. What a event.

Tuesday 25 November

cold, cloudy, snow showers
developing into flurries. 37°

2:35 - 3:50 = 1 1/4 hr.

Fifty Run

Bruin: beautiful effort.

Waited for the forecast snow that didn't come and with breaks of sunlight and clouds, couldn't stay home, and drove to Fifty Run - again today to hunt the shaded terrain on the north side of Fifty Run - and some of the thicketed property. The snow set in as we got out of the car. This is the greatest cover of its type I can locate - perfect hemlock thickets, downed timber, brush, ~~shrubs~~, ~~rhododendrons~~, ~~flashed~~ and

did by roads - enough slashed area to last for days of hunting.
 We obviously hit it at an adverse time - falling snow. Brian had several
 finds that had to be red-hot scent of quans that certainly had been there
 just before (lifered?) and I have never seen him hunt with more
 frenzy, racing from one spot to the next, pointing, relocating, and
 pointing with intensity that made my skin crawl. We did not
 miss a beat but this is certainly quans country to be hunted on a little
 day. Not momentary wet & cold.

Wednesday 26 November
 cool, partly cloudy, 36°
 2:05 - 5:30 - 3 3/4 hrs

West Finley, Wash. Co.
 heard 4-7 flushes
 2 shots - 0

Brian: 1 find.

Once more - and I hope for the last time - I tried the
 fabled southwestern Penna. country, with Gary Schweitzer. We
 met in Waynesburg at 12:30 (left home at 11:05) 43 miles; and drove
 3/4 of an hour and 25 miles further thru unappealing open farm terrain
 that is all hills with pasture everywhere and woodlots that are all
 overly tall and open. Parked on a hilltop (Morris's land) 15 miles
 north of Rt 70 and Claysville.

This trip finally impressed me with what this country
 amounts to at present: a residual quans population that may have
 appeared an "explosion" but never was; simply unharmed and now
 cut down from gun pressure.

The terrain is impossibly unpleasant to hunt and consists of scattered and limited patches of fair cover (a ^{profusion of} ~~thorn~~ ^{prickly} ~~thicket~~ ^{hedge} here, ^{or} a ^{grassy} ~~barren~~ ^{ravine} there) separated (or more accurately scattered) then ~~the~~ huge expanses of barren open woodland - locusts, hawthorns etc - cut by deep gullies that cannot be avoided and present straight-up-and-straight-down climbing. Hunting consists of moving one grouse from one of these ^{patches}, flushing it a quarter mile across to the next hill with no way to follow but down and up; then taking not hunting to the next patch or corner, which may be a half mile away ^{from the woods} on the next hilltop. At last, at evening when you are tired and blown, you are faced with getting back up one of these gutbuster knolls to the car. If Michigan was difficult footing in swamp tangles, it was a pleasure to hunt as compared with this knob and open woods country; and both places have given me the realization that our home coverts are incomparable. If we would push as hard at home - and I don't intend to - as we do in these alien coverts, we would find as many grouse, at least as they find now in Greene & Wark Coverts, which is only for a few birds in a good day. Grouse shooting for me must be pleasure and you don't find it there. Day expressed my feeling when she said she was glad we didn't find a lot of grouse there, for if we had, she wouldn't go back anyway.

Gary Schneitz's made it as pleasant as possible with his considerate attitude and desire to show us a good time. This is a

delight and a beautiful little thing in motion, floating over the ground in a graceful fast loop with a lovely high and merry tail. She has a nice range well out but hunting to the gun, and the she goes low to get scent, when she points as she did once, she does it with a very high head and tail, actually lifting for the scent. I was quite impressed and think she may be the best of Brian's pups so far.

Gary had me shut over her point - too far out; I had a sudden chance when I walked into a tightly lying grouse. I think as a reflex, and I tried as it climbed and curved out in the trees and missed. Brian found the bird on the next flush - a lovely point up the open woods slope, head well up but tail horizontal. The grouse flushed thirty yards from him, close me and low and I tried about I am certain was a too-long shot for the right barrel. I was using the spreader-load and it won't reach that far.

We reached the car at about dark, tired and fed-up with that terrain, and I hope I have the sense to forget it. Gary saw a ring-necked pheasant flush back from the dogs. Ray covered this difficult country in a way that made me proud and impressed Gary!

Friday 28 November

Far Cucumber

Brian

Cloudy, hazy, cool 34°

score 2-2

2:00 - 3:15 } 2 1/2 hrs.
3:30 - 4:45 }

We hunted the excellent upper basin behind Glenn Burke's house - can't visualize better thicket cover but missed nothing in spite of a grand point in the mumpsy run in the bottom. This should hold a dozen grouse - acres of cutover regrowth with lacings of log roads.

Returned to the car and, after eating

bottom of the hill, finding a jeep parked at the old school. Whether this accounted for lack of birds I can't say - the rabbit hunter named Clint (!) said they had moved some.

We pushed them trackless truck over - all good by comparison with the Washington Co. West Forky terrain and cover we'd been in on Wednesday with Mary Schweitzer - to the transverse hollow and returned by the log road, then cut up over the point of very thick cover and to the car, where a grouse flushed above the road as I was removing a thorny stick from Brian's tail at the car - the first bird of the day. Provoked by this, we put Brian up in the area and got hot reaction where the grouse had flushed. Crossing the road, Brian began working the dense cover there. I became involved with fogging glasses and handed my gun to Ray. I was caught with a clip-on in one hand and my glasses in the other as a grouse flushed, crossing the paved road in a ground open right-to-left crossing flush. Ray tried to instinctively point the opened Pandey at the bird as I stood helpless. The day ended on that frustrated note, altho I am not sorry to have had no shot under the circumstances. A pointed bird would have been something else.

We had passed yesterday - Thanksgiving - tho the weather opened to a grand afternoon but we were somewhat tired after Wednesday's hunt in the steep hills and because a holiday is no time to hunt in Penna. This cover in all the Fairmount area is excellent. I wonder if a hunt up the hollow above where we park would be a good chance?

Saturday 29 November

Dinner Bell

Penna

cool, cloudy, 42°
brief sprinklesFate Run
 $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. } $1\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. }

The last day of Penna. season until after deer season and Christmas. Saturday is no time to find coveys unhunted in Penna. as well as holidays. No car at Dinner Bell corner and we covered it well, but there was a barrage of deer - rifle fighting fire all around. No reason why quail should not be in this good covert - exactly as it was when we discovered it some years back - except that it has been pounded regularly and is obviously shot-out.

Returned to the car at 3:30 - ate a bite (I was having renal and diggestion problems - and drove to the Fate Run by road - starting back to run into fresh footprints on the road - with a dog. (There had been a Penna. red-orange station wagon parked at our usual Hatched covert). Two young Rice boys came out from where we were headed, then saw tracks everywhere we wanted to hunt. Tired and even more dizzy, we returned to the car and quit. Penna. is too hard hunted. Can do with a week's rest at home.

Monday 8 December
cold, cloudy, 40°
1:50 - 5:10 = 3 1/4 hr.

Mathews
mowed 3 (1 new) - 3
1 shot - 0

Brian: 2 prod.

Starting after the deer season, hopes high and to one of our best coveys. Escorted all afternoon by two charming pups out of a pack of five from the Mathews' trailers. One, a calico black and tan and white; the other a German Shepherd type - the former less attractive but the colder and sharper, the latter ~~more~~ more oriented to people - Kay. They stayed with us for 2 1/2 miles or more of rough hunting, so much nicer than people.

Brian found the first grouse on the hillside above the log road, working in a mobile point while I fumbled my way over rocks and briars and then blowdown thicket. The grouse flushed 15 yards or so ahead from an open spot and gave me a nice open left - crossing rising shot but for two shot a view, approaching intervening trees as I mounted and fired, feeling myself ~~snap~~ snap about the bird instead of swinging them. I have had so few shots at grouse for the past two years I don't know how to handle a gun, especially one as light as the Pandey. The Fox, being nearer, would have been on more nearly, I think. It was a great point with Brian holding steady until ordered on, and I bequeathed the bird that mine.

It undoubtedly flushed all the way to the introduction coveys on the Tarleton Humbersis, and as coming back the ridge and up and over the glorious cover to the far even beyond the open old fields, where Brian was, (a more nearly the bird moved out ahead of him) #2, only a round to Kay.

We found to eat - with the two puppies very close to us - then hunted around and up the old fields, hunting the lower margin of the ridge cover.

Locating a former log road, we hunked back the good ridge lower and about the level of the first point. Brim, looking alone him, stiffened into a nice point but, as I fought thru fallen thickset over to reach him, he moved on and a grouse flushed from above his pointing site. If he had held staunchly I might have had a shot, but he was apparently moving to relocate. We tried to follow out the ridge and went all the way to the old-fashioned (where I saw a large white deer flag mark) but did not find a bird.

Three grouse moved in this grand cover in 3 hours plus, as had, and I come on four thru days — even with a good point a few behind me — feeling somewhat sad and "beat." I wonder if the birds will come back. Anyway, I feel I need a day's rest from hunting between each time out, not to build up strength (I have a lot of that) but to build up optimism and eagerness after each disappointing effort to find grouse that went there.

Thursday 11 December Blower / Waught Brim: perfect range, quartering & responses. Conditions ideal; damp.

Sunny, clear, 45°
2:00 - 4:00 } 2 3/4 hrs.
4:15 - 5:00 }

Parked at Blower Place, and hunted along old road & back up hollow thru magnificent cover — slashed regrowth / archways with enough snow to reveal tracks. Not a sign of birds, tho Brim hunted gallantly. Moved to Frank Waught place and hunted thru corner thickset and around the first flat area (found a new bulldozed road — excellent to hunt). Not a bird. Saw human footprints on edge but not much. Bad.

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Friday 12 December ¹⁴

Ft. Morris Thorns

(63)

'75

cloudy, warm, damp 45°

2:20 - 5:10 = 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

missed 1 (new) - 1

1 shot - 1 hit o.p.

Brian:

1 prod.
1 k o p
1 ret.

yearling cock: semi-sold

crop: one fragment of leaf (fern) 2:40

This was the day it happened.

Phoned Ward Myers last evening and he reported seeing "a covey of six" quail on the hill above Lake Noel. Feeling this worth another try, we parked at the usual pull-off and hunted the flat on top - excellent thorn cover - with Brian working it like an angel. No action until we reached the wooded ravine where I shot the first bird this season. As I walked down the gap on the old road, I saw Brian but scent on my left on the steep shoulder of the rise in scattered low thorns. I tried to reach him promptly but intervening tree trunks and brush and thorns and bad footing gave me problems. Brian had been muzzing in short stubs after the first scent, never quite going solid, trying to locate it to a pinpoint, and as I got around the cover, he froze, pointing with his head stretched low and turned ^{down} toward the steep slope of the ravine, a picture on the brink about my eyelevel, not a hair stirring. I fought my way to the opening below him in time to hear the quail roar out from off the bank and cross left about thirty a thirty-five yards out. They just caught it then the other certain



of trees and it fell on the far slope with the water of the lake showing beyond. There had been the feeling that the shot might be too nearly over water but the bird was well this side of it. Brian held gorgeously at the shot and my ~~staccato~~ staccato had! then moved on at go fetch, and soon located the fallen grouse. This time I think Brian remembered the last retrieval & the electronic collar, for, ~~he~~ with very little delay, he brought the grouse almost all the way to me, putting it down only twice and finally just short of me. I then went to him and he picked it up as I reached for it - and we got a final movie and still shot of him holding it, the tail nicely unspoiled. It was a large yearling grouse, lost in the leg and wing (both legs). This is no grand when it at last happens - the ~~really~~ superb point, the nice shot at 35 yards crossing well up (seeing them and firing at a space ahead) (fast.)



We left that area for another year and hunted to the bottom and the Conway Glade, expecting to meet grouse and possibly a pheasant, but we hunted all the way up around the Conway farm - a long hunt thru excellent cover for both species and 'cock as well - but never not a feather. It was a long pull to the car, with Brian making the proper tangles below the road in the half-dark with no birds. (Would not have shot another one in here) Still with the good fortune of one bird over a point, we felt in a glow. It's no good. (lost or lost)

65

December
~~November~~

Cherry Run

Break: 1 mod.

1 shot - 0

Saw blue heron fly over.

2 1/2 hrs. Saw white noise of [unclear]
This grand covert seemed perfect, ideal temperatures, moist
now, but no sign of grass - not even tracks ^{through} ~~and~~ us hunted

Intending to go to car and hunt Hog Run (lower), we had reached the old clearing at the road. It looked so inviting, I stepped in and waited for Bear to swing across and cover it. He did and came to a lovely point - high - that seemed to ooze over him and freeze him solid as the scent went home. He was pointing toward an edge of



A SLOW TAKE.

thorns that bordered the road bank, very dense cover I couldn't get into. Day was at the road and heard my Point! coming back toward us. Brian reestablished his point, holding steadily as

I waited. Then I saw him lower his head and run in — horribly the bird
running out? — but no account for *breaking the great dam* up with a

roar, climbing left-quarterning them the open gap and from the far side.

I knew it was a good chance, mounted and fired, feeling myself
missing them, but it wasn't good enough. At the shot the bird flushed,
seeming to drop a few inches in its line of flight but going on without
missing a beat or losing a feather. I was puzzled - I'd shot one it
wasn't hit. No chance for the left barrel - it seems that seldom is - and
kay marked the bird into the tall trees at the end of the clearing - not
a long flight. Brian had held at the shot and I sent him in. I was
using the && handload 18. gr. $1\frac{1}{8}$ - $7\frac{1}{2}$, a good shell but a poor shot.

I heard the bird reflushed as we approached the woods and that
was it. Walking back the "Coastal Road" we spoke to a Wayne Miller in a
passing pickup (he is the coal operator on the ridge above them.) Said he had
seen 3 grouse in the small stand of trees between this road and Det 45 about
some cover. We tried this back to the car and then Brian ~~shot~~ ^{dropped} an
exciting lot of noise just inside the highway fence but no bird.

Wednesday 17 ~~January~~ December
cold, partly sunny. 42°
1:45 - 3:15 } 3 hrs.
3:35 - 5:00 }

Edithman
moved ^{not new} 3-3
0

Brian: good hunting
but strangely unable to
point the grouse.

Rehobeth
moved 2 not new - 2
lost - 0

This, we knew, was too late for woodcock but something made us go
back there on this lucky day and hunt grouse. We parked at the old house,
hunted along the left edge of road and crossed to the "upper corner" where
Brian hit on a spectacular lot of meat ~~which~~ ^{which} we then ate in

the open. Obviously there had been a bird there, but not now. We hunted ~~the~~ (67)

the top corner, then dropped to the lower level, intending to hunt out the thorns and return high on the ridge. But not far along, Ray wheeled to the right - I thought her ~~cap~~ cap had been jerked off by a thorn - and she said a quail had flushed from Brian just above us, going over the trees to the top of the ridge. Stepping back to the clearing in case another flushed, I heard and saw two more take off low, coming out in the open meadow grass cover and going up the draw - too far to shoot. My Brian had moved into them without a hint, I can't imagine, unless he was ground-trailing.

One of the birds had appeared to land just at the edge of cover above us and, feeling as hard it marked, we moved back but did not find it. After pausing to eat a bit, we hunted to the top and throughout the top corner where I expected one or both ^{all} three birds, but couldn't find a trace. We gave up hunting the valley as we had spent so much time coming back, and even hunted the Clyde Davis edge up to the car, in case the birds had pitched on over. Nothing.

Driving to Reidsville, we got started there at 3:35, and Brian couldn't believe there was no 'cock here, making game all over the forest edge where he usually finds one. The carot seems so empty without them, and Brian was determined to cover all the thorns, so we followed. At the far end, I swung him back south and hunted along the "inside" trail near where I'd seen the high right-croser over Brian's last point last time. This time the quail exploded from ~~out of a thorn bush~~ in a brief

right crossing low flush at about 15 or 18 yards. I managed to ⁽⁶⁸⁾
mount, swung through and fire - all pens distinct - and some the quons
seem to lower its flight line to a couple of yards a less above the
ground, but it disappeared in the thicket before I could see more. Hoping it
but, I called Brum in to search which he did but without success.
Surging to the right, too far for the quons to be - and, latching scent,
bumbled a quon that flushed back toward the thorns and the edge woods.

I count this ~~was~~ the second bird we find in here.

We followed his flight back but found no trace. Why do we
seldom get a refresh? Great terrain, I love it.

Wednesday 24 December Mathews/Humberoom

Cold, clear, sunny 32° & less snow 2 new - 2
2" a mass of snow on ground 1 shot - 0

2:30 - 5:00 2 1/2 hrs.

Brum:

Good work

Christmas Eve hunt to one of the best prospects
we have. Parked at corner of woods behind Tarleton Humberooms house.
Cold, clear, day. Dry soapy snow covering rocky footing. Heard nothing
on the Humberoom hillside for last part of an hour, then crossed to
the flat field bordering Mathews Brum Park.

Finally, having hunted down a cleared road to the main
Mathews field along the lane, we heard a boy calling his dogs to
follow him out the lane (not hunting) trying to get them away from
the resident pack of pups who were crossing the field. Holding
back to avoid letting the pups see us, we stood quietly.

As we then approached the field, a quon exploded from where it

had been perched in the protecting mass of dead white oak leaves in the top of the tree at the field's edge. It was an owl, like the high sheet meaning target at #8 station and, unarmed, I had to turn and try for the right-quartering overhead departing bird, shooting thru intervening tree branches, mostly in hope that was not rewarded.



I think this reaction of the quon, indicates its fear of the human voice as compared with the sight of man. It had

been sitting in that oak tree with the boy and the several dogs in clear view. Roy, Brim, and I were certainly conspicuous by our progress down the hillside. We were much closer than the others but we was quiet. The flock could have been out the edge and along the margin of the woods away from both intruding factors, but the bird came right over us.

We followed around the bank to the north just to be certain the quon had not been hit but Brim searched hard and carefully with ~~no~~ no result.

Crossing the flat field on top, we hunted around the "back lower road," then turned and walked to the "border road," followed it to the rhododendron ravine at the end of the Hemlock clarkensis, climbed to the top. A flock from a tangle of brush took ~~me~~ ^{up} off guard - the quon keeping low until far out before showing, tho it had been near enough for a shot at the flock. This was within several yards of our tracks where we had hunted this area starting out - so the quon had to have moved in later. Poor Brim had been hunting every possible piece of cover so valiantly but had not ~~seen~~ ^{seen} this one. Poor George, too.

It was late, it was cold and tired, and we went to the open flat in the and crossed toward the place the car was parked in wind so bitter (out of the southeast) it made our faces ache. Ray panned and picked a Xmas bouquet of laurel leaves from a small bush, black and stiff from the cold, and nearly froze. Some days you can't manage it. The Christmas eve sky was gray and heavy with two streaks of pink, dull, dragged across like paint; not a touch of color anywhere else except Ray's violent flame-orange vest. Just a huge magnificent black and white land of mountains. Ran into Dayton Friend musing around on Hummelton. "Act as if you'd never seen it," Ray said. I did and he responded well!!

Monday 29 December Hemel
Cool, sunny & cloudy 42° moved ① - 1
2" snow on ground.
2 - 4:50 = 2 3/4 hrs.

Brain :
Hunt so hard.

In hope of a post-birthday hunt, we started the afternoon in Perma. Snow on ground deeper up there but the cover glorious. Brian found fresh tracks just about the base road that appeared to be two grouse that had moved out. We covered the flat, the cover beyond the powerline, and back to cover on south of powerline to loading clearing - an set of tracks here that they that were related to possible flesh - we have to count everything. He also saw tracks near powerline and road on our flat. Not east. the nearest the gathering land - Nothing. It is as hopeless as counting the wooden coverts in January, hoping for 'cock. This is drastic.

New Year's Day

cold, cloudy 34°
snow foliage.

2:30 - 5:00

1 hen pheasant

1 chukar

NEMACOLIN

1 shot chukar - 1 hit o/p.

1 shot pheasant - 1 hit (out of two)

Brian: 8 prod.

2 to ^{o/p} chukar (1 Ed's)

2 net. " (1 Ed's)

(71)

The best way to use a day too full of snow on everything to hunt in grassy areas. Met Ed & Lindsay Belak at Nemacolin shop and after checking in drove to Five Forks Glades shooting grounds. Birds had been put out earlier and we found at lunch cabin to give dogs a chance to get the edge off, then drove to crossroads. I have never seen the cover look more inviting, the snow like heavy foliage on grasses and shrubs and trees.

We started with Brian and his double granddaughter Biddy, intending to hunt the powerline field, but Brian immediately went on point behind Ed's Jeep on the SW corner of the roads, a nice solid point into the margin on the bank above. I didn't know then, but later was told Biddy was pointing on the lower side. I called in from above and saw a chukar run out on the snow in the open field. Biddy, who had left her point, came running from down the field and nearly ran into the chukar, which ran a few yards past and lifted, too far out and too nearly on Biddy for a shot. Kay & Ed marked it down in the cover east of the SE field between stands of pines.

Biddy had now gone back on a short point below the Jeep and a chukar flushed east across the open field - no shot, with too much confusion and too many people about.

We hunted the powerline field down as planned and cut across to SE field to find Brian who on point and Ed to flush and take the shot but the bird lifted over the clump of shrubs and came

directly over Ray & me in a weak flight, scarcely clearing (12)
Ray's head - no shot. Weak as the flight had been, we failed to
relocate, and then hunted across to the n-s road and followed Chukar #1.
Brian hit a point exactly where it should have been but after I
walked to him, he attempted to pinpoint it with no results. We had
hunted beyond into the cover - too many to penetrate - and Bridget had
gone out of control (deer scent, probably) when I turned back and
found Brian frozen tight, again in the area of the last point. We
waited for Ray to draw near for photos and for Bridget to come (she didn't)
and finally I walked in. Again no bird, the Brian was certain. I
had him relocate and again he pointed at his feet in the snowy clumps
of grass. By digging in with my boot toe I uncovered the back of
the bird (it looked dead), completely burrowed into the snowy grass
and covered. As it started out, running, Brian caught it, certain it was
a cripple but he dropped it at my admonition and the bird fled
low - away - right - dropping at my shot less than 20 yards. Brian
wasn't holding steady to start on this one, and retrieved it for a few
more and 35 mm. photos.

With Bridget once more with us, we hunted back to the cars and
Ed changed dogs. Before we could get organized, Brian was again on
point on the lower edge of the north crossroad, moving in and freezing in
the road with the bird on the edge of the upper side. Samuel was in
on the action now and moved in. George Bird Evans Papers
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took the shot, having to put up the bird, which rose acutely, then (73)
dropped at his second shot. Brian again broke to retrieve - I was very
I couldn't hold him for Samuel to do the honors. This retrieve was a bit
spoiled in that I tried to pull Brian away for Samuel to go to the
bird, but ended with a retrieve by Brian, a demand.

By the time we got organized, Brian was again on point on
the lower side of the road, not 20 yards from this action, and this time
Samuel went in without, backing a pointing and bumped the chicken,
which flushed in a nice high climb but directly behind a locust or
cherry tree all the way and I could not shoot. We made this bird to
the parson's field down along the east road and after mowing the dogs
that way, got a good blind point by Brian. I waited for the shot which Ed
waited Samuel, also pointed, but the chicken would not rise but ran and
again Brian broke and caught it. I got it away from him but the bird,
again running even when I lay caught and tossed it up, ran into the
edge cover and Samuel had it, delivering it to Lindsey.

Then birds were all good for only one good first flush; afterwards
are too weak to fly well - characteristic of pen-raised birds. Also they had
been put out poorly - all four chickens dropped at the crossroad, from
the truck, within thirty yards. The four hen ringnecks had obviously
all been dropped the same way at the top of the hill. One of these flushed
from a flash point of Samuel, leaving the country. The next was found perched in

a tree on the north bank of the road. After much effort, Ed got it
to flush and I dropped it as an overhead away-left shot. Laurel
retired it to Ed. Ed saw Brin on point ^{about} ~~about~~ us but the confusion of
the return flushed the pheasant from Brin, again into a tree where the
bird perched and refused to budge, then I shot the branch a foot from it
with the left barrel. Finally we had to leave and go on, hunting into the
top field and again into the bottom of the woods where Kay & Judy
left us to drive the cars to the lunch cabin which Ed & I hiked to
then along the woods edge.

Brin moved well today but always under control and covered the
country well. Egypt good points and solid in spite of the other day.
Biddy is ^{an} impressive little hunter for her eight months and handles
well other than for deer distractions. Laurel is a hard hunter,
moves with less style than Biddy, but covers lots of country. Too out of
control. Ed is faced with worthy dedication when she is far out. This is
part of being one of too many dogs, and not being hunted alone.

It was a good day to be out and the air was magnificent. Presumably
shooting is better when done with one dog. The birds are always less than
ideal as put down, but after the lack of action in ground woods this
year, it is a good change - for a change! Brin is a great dog.

Tuesday 6. January
sunny, snow on ground 35°
perfect but too much snow
2 1/2 hrs.

Brown Hill
mowed 2-2
0

Brian: 1 prod.

Main road up no doubt iced up (it was) so we drove up to the "Bates settlement" off Rt 26, parked and hunted to top ridge "cycl" and snowmobile "road", hunting around them grapevine cover along tramroad with no action the weather ideal looking - sun and clear sky, deep snow. Topping the hill above tram, I saw Brian but went and began a mobile point, moving across in front of me for about fifty yards and going west survey back toward me. As I turned to him, I saw two sets of grouse tracks working his way. One grouse flushed from beyond him, going too far away, and as Brian began excitedly covering the area, he ran into number 2, which flushed down Ray's way but also too far for a shot in any case.

We hunted to follow #1 and came to more new grouse tracks at the paved road. There was also encountered fresh foot tracks following them - footprints that had come all the way from Rt 26 along the pipeline. That was the end of action. Brian's production was a ~~Found out most set of~~ beauty, but this is not sporting.

Wednesday 7 January
sun to start with, then
clouding and temp drop.
and steady rain sent
us out of cover - wet. 42° and less
2 hrs

Brown Hill
mowed, new - 2
0

Brian: 1 prod.

Never return the next day.
We felt at last there were birds here so
we parked at State Line, and hunted up the Brown Dixon and pipeline

to the state corner where I saw the only bird of the day
go out from Brim - one that had made tracks yesterday. Followed
down to the dump and I saw Brim flash point but the bird went
out at once. I seem never to see, never to hear, and want of all
never to get to shoot at quail, even when there.

We covered the top with no success, saw another set of
old quail tracks on the back road, then headed down the high leavin
line with rain starting. Could catch all them here but no birds. At
the Rt 26, we followed the berm to make time to the car, but one of
the rain a ten cars that passed us slowed to avoid slowing us with
road much. One even slowed to come closer to us. What people

Tuesday 13 January
Trail 420
1 1/2 hr.

Henshell Place
0

Brim:

Snow - too goddamned much now and
no quail. after 1 1/2 hour we get rained out. Wet.
a hell of a season

Thursday 15 January
Sunny to cloudy.
Snow still on, but
crusty. 2 1/2

Brown Hill
2 not seen - 2
0

Brim:
Too wild at times -
from frustration.

again parked at state line, hunting up the power line.
Finally got a flash at 3 state marker in the Maryland woods,
ahead of Brim who was too far to get a point. Followed with no reflect
Why can't I find birds the second time?

Circled back to regular corner, then to site of Bruin's point (72)
last week. Calling for 1 day, my voice put up a grouse - one of the
pair last week. That was it. The end of the Peewee season for me.

What a bust.

Monday 19 January
Snow on ground, sunny & cold
3 hrs. 32°

Bishop Place
march 3-3
0

Bruin

Parked at Marshall Shafers, hunting up back valley thru fairly
deep snow. Heard 1 grouse and Jim Bruin's direction was no help
pinner or shipwreck with no chance. Walnut & top (found a new house
- George Bishop's on top at old homestead) met his boy John driving in.
Covered flat cover with only one old track. Back west edge and down
road. Near bottom, heard 2 grouse - one from Bruin who had hunted
meant but no point!!

Summers' Place above road - & above Hundredty Poles

Flat back of Fish Run School

Saturday 24 January
Warm, sunny & cloudy
2 hrs. 49°

march 2-2 in lath. Bruin:
no points.

Too much to stay in but no more going out.

Monday 26 January Mack Dennis Zaehner's
 snow going, mostly bare
 Cloudy mild 59° the Muller Place / State Line
 2 1/2 hrs. moved 1-1
 0

Brian:
 moved out too early,
 lack of birds

Frustrating.

~~Tuesday 10 February~~ ~~Mary / Brown / Campsite~~
~~"Chestnut Ridge"~~

Wednesday 4 February Spurgeon School
 Sunny, mild 40° moved 1-0
 0

Brian

4" snow 1 1/2 hr. Tried for the 4 grouse stars which had been seen hunting.
 moved, from brush hills with no point. Brian got no scent but ran into it.
 Good cover on top of ridge south of powerline (old Myers cemetery) and
 good grapevine cover about paved road on Copeman(?). moved on

to Hazelton

Cherry Run

Brian

and stepped into 1/2 hr. moved 2 (1 new) - 0
 opening on Art Teets land off "Chestnut Road" where last time we had a
 good production (and a missed shot). Today there were two birds just on
 the NE edge of opening and they flushed. Before Brian got over near —
 the bell? Nervous. Flashed across impenetrable rhododendron/rocky
 area I could not follow. Frustrating again,

Tuesday 10 February

Mason County "Uplift Ridge" (Evans town) 79

Warm, mostly sunny 65°
3 hrs.

ward 7-7
2 shots - 0

Prin: 3 prod.

To the promised land where Clyde Cartlow has lived 13 to 23 years in a day. Drove to Ripley via Parkersburg on Monday and stayed at the "real the log," a nice motel. Clyde came up on Tuesday and took us in his Blazer through unbelievably red clay roads, driving back and forth through unimproving looking terrain - open farms and patch pine hills to the ridge of the barrier hanging on a rock. A quail flushed as Clyde stepped outside the car, a good sign but a bad omen.

It took chains and four-wheel-drive to get in to this old abandoned farm and it did look good - much greenish dead growth and red cedar trees, but too much patch pine. We hunted down a small hollow and Prin showed evidence of game scent but did not quite locate the birds. I did, moving into a side gully and saw a quail flush at the upper margin of the bank on the edge of an open swath like a powderline. I did not have quite time to mount, but in a moment #2 flushed, next crossing them. Thicket and I moved and fired after losing sight of the bird and missed.

Hunting back the other side of the open field on top and in dense pine cover, Clyde missed #4. At an old cemetery on top the hill - South and Hill dead about 1880's - we ate a bit and rested after

an empty point by Bruce. Took some photos here. Large cedar.

Hunting back the ridge top then what I think to be unproductive pitch pine (too thick for shots and no birds), as came to a recent abandoned farm smothered in honeysuckle. On the far edge, Bruce was found on point, a grouse #5 - that flushed when I tried to shoot Clyde who had already seen the point.

We followed out the ~~ridge~~ ridge in direction of flight and Bruce again pointed in the pitch pine forest. Next time I had the same to shoot Clyde with a bees whistle and I walked in from the left side. Redruff had moved in without stopping and the grouse flushed low left-crossing. I swung them and heard Clyde's gun go off a split second before mine but neither hit the bird which I think may have been going downhill - low - as I swung them level. I got so little shooting anymore I don't handle the gun at all well. That grouse went out of the country as far as we were concerned.

Returning to the Plaza, we paused for coffee and a rest - it was unmercifully hot and dry - and then hunted that ridge out, again into large pitch pines. Bruce had his third production at the far end of the ridge - a grouse that gave us no chance to reach the point - and we call it #7. News in the area Clyde had left 21 (probably not that many).
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thoughtful about our placement and pleasure and more than generous about using his Blazer and trouble of putting on chairs. One of the nicest people I've met with. It was disappointing not to have hit one of the shots but at least ward him.

Wednesday 11 February Bottomland Hollow (Grass Ten) Room 6.

Early day, sunny & clear 40°
about 3-3
3 1/2 hrs.
Birds:
hard work

This was less promising cover, to me, a long drive into wild terrain, but too much pitch pine and too large hardwoods. Actually the best cover I saw today was along the road on the top ridge - grassy, but not disturbed. Very steep ridges, down and down to bottomland. One quon wild in bottom. #2 wild from pine on edge of the big bottomland at old house. Had just shot a grand double point -

Birds: Redruff lacking - woods - but empty. Could have been the bird that had been in there. Climbing the steep shoulder to follow, Ray saw a large roost, then after crossing below head toward the mud road, Redruff made a early point and his bird flushed far ahead.

Redruff points with style - very high on both ends on the empty points - stretched-out on the point and then came down with his nice high tail and style. Clyde has too much weight on Redruff -

contributing to his heavy appearance. He is larger than Brian but would surprise with less weight. Head beautiful but less scintillating than when we saw him in October - strange. Is it all the weight? I don't think so. Also doesn't have enough daylight under him. But he has style and beauty. Some question re rear end still in my mind. And Clyde should read "worthy equals" & "The Pontre Point" not that Redruff doesn't handle with ease but needs to be sustained from empty points. He is a good day and early disposition. We reached the mud road and climbed Kephau to the Blazer - a real hard hunt, and this one in poor cover - and derabboning - are all the various peoples' heads?

Drove home via Glenville to 179, arriving home at 9:50 pm. Tired.

Friday 13 February

Cloudy, breezy, 50°
3 1/2 hrs.

Matthews/Humberson

mowed 2 not mow - 3
0

Brian: 1 prod.

excellent work; tried so hard; one "indie" that was empty but beautiful.

Snow gone. after the "western ridings," this looks so good it is a pleasure to hunt even with almost no birds. We parked at the "woods corner" with liquid banners being applied in next field, and hunted the Humberson shrikes across upper tier. At one area Brian let scout and worked it perfectly, head stretched out, crawling, but no bird materialized. But what a thrill. Further on, he had a productive ahead, and I struggled over the rough pathless area but they heard the sparrow



MOBILE ACTION ON SCENT

go out - down over the ridge.

We worked to the south end and there, for some odd reason, Brian did not locate a grouse that flushed behind him and crossed into the rhododendron cover on the far side of the fence. The flush ~~was~~ ^{was} across a clear area - good shot if I had been 15 yards closer. We followed and Ray walked into it, a flush, invisible but close, from a large rhododendron.

Doubling back the Humboldt terrain below the ledge, we then worked into Paul Mathews' land - excellent cuttings - response but found nothing all the way to the back fields except 3 of the Mathews pups, the smallest following us long after the others gave up at the end, and we had to drop the little rascal off at Paul's house on our way home.

This was a disappointing hunt in grand cover, but very much for the year. Brian - and we - tried so hard. Hunted till quarter to six.

Donald Moyers / Brown Place

Brian: 1 prod.

Saturday 14 February

Sunny, perfect, 40°
3 hrs.

moved 3 new - 5 fleas
0

Another grand day and good to excellent cover. Parked at Donald Moyers corner at Ft. Morris flat but ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~long~~ ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~powerline~~ ^{powerline} - damp, quiet, cool. No birds. Followed ~~powerline~~ ^{powerline}, then on into bottom along

the Brown place and moved the first quon late in the afternoon - a wild flock probably from Brown. Following the flock we got a second rise, with no point! and continued west in the bottomland that looked like Muskegon swamps - tangles of bludornes and jumbled thicket. Brown suddenly wheeled left a few yards in front of us and made a hot point into a huge tangle of bludornes but the quon went out the far side after several half-seconds, giving me no shot. Moments later, Kay heard a second bird. We caught them both now, following in the general direction of the original flock - west. In large woods, Kay heard a rufous - wild and unseen - from one of them. That was it. But in the thorn and crab bottom adjacent to a grand hillside of scattered thorns (look here for 'cork sometime!') Kay discovered a beautiful drumming log, loaded with relatively fresh droppings in 3 or 4 piles. She took several 35 mm. shots of the log with Brown, the Pender, and the droppings set off with vivid green moss - should be a fine photo.

We hunted back to the road and to Donald's house and via the woods with excellent grapevine cover to the car. Dismaying accident for the contact. My God. That 3 quon would seem an event!

Tuesday 12 February
 Sunny, perfect, cloudy 57° moved 1 mt new - 1
 3 hrs.

Cherry Run

Brain

As the season draws to a close and this fine weather opens, we go to cover as nearly ideal as we can find. It is especially frustrating, in such perfect setting and under such optimum conditions, to find almost no quail.

Today we returned to this really great place, leaving us hard at least moved two quail last time. Today we circled the first open area near the road with no action, then hunted up the left side of Cherry Run (I say found a lovely newly shed antler at the bridge - 3 points, with the separation at the last showing point, the antler highly polished from rubbing). Working up into the hillside that has always intrigued me, we came to good thorn/brush and brush cover on top. I worked Brain up over to get it through coverage, and I say stayed just over the brink on the hillside I had left. Standing on a path for a minute or so waiting for me. I say had a quail flash from behind her, a few yards below, marking it down toward the stream - and probably over. The one bird we moved. I should put a bell on I say and shoot over her!

Hunted up the far hillside, paralleling the road. On the way Brain made an empty point with ensuing work in exactly the area along a small ravine with brush piles where he had done the same earlier in the season. Are there wild flashes? On that day there was a tracking more that showed quail tracks. Today we hunted up an old log road with a small ravine in it - I say fell and roared her



AT THE FENCE

it would have dropped had I fired. Brin held until I sent him on — I don't know when he cleared the fence. The 'cack' pitched down into the clump of cover around the giant heart tree but we did not retreat. It is hard to estimate how such an experience exhilarates you — Kay, me, and above all Brin, who was obviously delighted. He hunted with a lilt all afternoon that did me good to see. We all needed that. There was, however, no sign of the first grouse we had seen before. We had to turn back because of high winds and heavy rain showers and conditions were bad.

At the car, we decided to stop in at Reddith as the rain had stopped and the sun came out in a March-like manner. Hurrying into the thorns, Brin began rowing them as he always does but today there was nothing there, nor on the back edge along the ^{top} road where we've never the grouse. Finally, with time eluding, we turned back at the "mist."

Thomas and Kay took the edge road while I creaked deeper with Brin. After a long separation, I came out on the edge and made contact with Kay, who headed for the car while I made a last effort up along the hedgerow where we had such action. Today knowing it would be empty unless I was a guess.

The wind was very high and I worked up the left edge - then found Brin pointing from the hedgerow out toward my side. He held as I walked closer, praying for a guess, then nothing as I drew closer and, just as I got in front of Brin a male cock climbed up almost from my boots topped out over my head and leveled back toward the big woods. Again I mounted and held exactly right - just below - as you always know it is when you don't pull the trigger, and the lovely little thing flickered on - a great experience. This time Brin looks at wing - and stretched on - I command several yards along - you can't blame him for that much. It was too late Kay wasn't there.

It is a pitiful commentary on the quality of our grouse shooting in this state when two producers on woodcock make the bag out for grouse. And yet they did, and here are the high marks in a week when we didn't get even that, the one producer on grouse on the day after being so indefinitely and doubtful.

But we draw home with a fine glow having tested again the marvelous quality of these Mt. St. Clare coverts, and I can't have next season come soon enough. I was so elated I drew on home via Rt 48 from Rt 219 - a stupid impulse that was 20 miles longer!

Pavia Place

Brian: 1 wood.

Friday 20 February

March 2 - 2
0

lovely, sunny. 45°
2 3/4 hrs.

Return to a great piece of corn. Pavia's gun, house empty but the first old wreck - Foster Place -

was occupied by a young couple - Piper. Promising but touchingly pathetic - the girl awaiting a baby next summer, making do with a guinea pig and two pups.

This car is about perfect if Thork repairs with proper tools and quibbler is good. Most are given from proper - no shot - Brian elsewhere - Hunted all the way to an overlook where we could see Muddy Creek Valley & Snow in distance. Very discouraging to Brian as well as us with not even a 'cack' to take for. Finally, depressed and groggy, we hunted up shady hillside and saw Brian on point well above. I tried to reach him but he that she heard a flash. We'll consult, for we don't have much to work with. Brian and I, as let-down as we were both yesterday. Only

Tuesday 24 February

Ray Guthrie / Rude Place

Mild, sunny, beautiful 54°
3 hrs.

moved 4 - 4

2 shots - 0

Brian: 2 prod.

Back to revisit a beautiful covert after missing last season. We parked at the forks of the more recent lane to the abandoned Guthrie place (Hugh Beagley) and saw that Mrs. Rude has built a new little house just above.

Hunted down the slope then good, if a bit large, cover to the powerline with extensive hemlock/hardwood cover to the Little Sandy. Brian hit scent on the lower margin of the right-of-way, working it in mobile manner, then disappearing in the dense cover on the edge, where Ray found him on point. I worked around his right to a slight view of the situation. The birds held well, but gave me no open shots, the first straightaway behind thickets, the second a ^{wide} right-quarterning flock that I fired at too far out among trees and missed, and the third a close right-crosser that disappeared after a flash glimpse between trunks. For a moment I thought there had been more, it seemed so unreal after so long a time since a multiple flash. Brian was ecstatic and I was a good moment — the shot having been no shot to have tried.

Followed #1 up the woods edge but the Brian acted as if he'd seen a bird go, I can't count it. No others. Hunted the deep hemlock back to the site of flash, then ~~on~~ south along the powerline. Brian gave a thrilling performance at our good area of rocks and some low cover but he is worked naturally, pointing

momentarily, he made clear the bird was no longer there. (91)
We worked into the large hemlock hillside below the Guthrie house —
steep — and to the top, which has grown up into fine thick cover with
grapevines and greenbrier and edges but showing no birds.

Tired and a bit discouraged, we walked the old road back past
the Och Frankhauser place, Mrs. Puder's new house, and to the car,
where we took a breather at 4:30 for some coffee etc. Then in the
cool of a lovely, still sunny afternoon, we hunted the wonderful
grapevines on the east side of the road. Brian hit scent soon and
began working rapidly, going a bit too much to ground but his
results were above reproach, for, striking hot scent, he broke into a
dashing run straightaway, and as I was about to protest, slammed
into an end-over point with head to the left and the grouse obviously
under his nose.



END-OVER IN GRAPEVINES.

He was 60 yards ahead and I started running to him over the rocky footing but
the bird wasn't having it. I saw Brian break in as the bird started — I can
hardly blame him — and for a moment I saw the grouse climbing vertically and,
I thought coming my way. But it was going away and at what had to be at
least 40 yards or more I fired at it against the sky but of course it

(92)

went on. at these times I ask for breaks I would normally not
want - a wild but beyond reason - and at these times I almost
never get them. If it weren't for the lack of chances, these
quies wouldn't hurt so badly. The birds should not be taken out,
scarce as they are, but I wanted that bird so much.

It was too late to follow and we were tired, and ^{worked} ~~walked~~ the
upper cover back to the car. It is a great covert and a pleasure to
come back to and the action was at least something with two
superb productions by Brian

Thursday 26 February

cloudy, hot, 60°
2 ½ hrs.

Plum Place

maced 1 - 2
0

Brian

This covert draws me back without ever proving productive. We hunted
the good cover below the house toward the Warm Duck Run (the best cover is in
Perrin and we must try that some year) with no results. As we worked
below the pond they saw a jeep drive past the house and back the
road where we planned to hunt. Going on as planned, we discovered their tire
tracks showing they had driven all the way back (no doubt the Perrin
hunters Jim Bennett reported as there a week or so earlier). We were in
the ground-up clearing on the right - Brian working beautifully in spite of the
heat, and I saw a wild flock at the far edge - no relation to Brian -
going across the road and above. We followed and Brian worked toward the dense
stand of pines and Kay heard a grouse flark near him, possibly from the

93
prairie. We hunted to the upper edge of the plantation where we
found tree tops cut - some with no tops taken - within a year or so, forming
good cover. all this cover is borderline fine grass cover, having been
cut over recent years with greenhorns and some few grapevines, but the grass
are not here when we come. Jim Bennett "forgot to tell me" that his own-in-law
had flushed a "covey of quail" from the prairie beyond the house during the
morning some several weeks before. I feel there is hunted too often by Prairie
hunters who discover it along the line. Disappointing. Came home via Fair Lakes
and Wright road rather than confront the awful conditions on the Chaffin road.

Friday 27 February
sunny, cloudless, 60°+
3 hrs.

Ray Guthrie / Rudy

Prairie: 2 spec.

heard 2 (1 new) - 3 flocks
1 shot - 0

Return to this fine place, parking & hunting as before but today removed
Brian electronic collar and bell as we approached the prairie line. I have found
the quail so extremely spooky we feel even the dog bell flushes them wild. And
Brian seems particularly inclined to keep in contact with us, as tho he could
hear us without the bell at his ears, and certainly he responds to whistle
equally better this way. But with quail so scarce than on Thurs he was out
too early in search of birds and as on the collar to remind him of his range.

He seemed to recognize, which of course he did, the area where he found
the three quail on Tuesday, but today they were not to be found.
Before going north on the ~~prairie~~ prairie as planned I worked Brian's band

The place in the right-of-way where he had worked the scout so intensely last time. Again, Brian remembered and began to search carefully. Shortly, I discovered him pointing in the same thin edge along the right-of-way, working fluidly from point to point and headed toward the dense hemlock cover beyond. I turned toward him and saw the grouse bear low, a mere flash of sunlight ^{on wings} in those shadows. Brian moved on and was over on point again, this time in rocks and poppies on the hemlock hillside. I felt it was the same grouse and worked into the cover to reach Brian. As I did, I lay called "grouse!" from the right-of-way below me, where she had seen our bird bear the weeds and cross the powerline about seventy yards ~~there~~ beyond us. It was hopeless to follow for it had no doubt crossed the hemlock to the far side of Little Sandy.

We turned back, intending to hunt the powerline north, but covering the thin stand of woods on the upper edge below the old Guillini house, standing abandoned against the sky. We moved to an enormous oak that attracted us — a huge black (a red) oak that was nearly as large in girth as our Springfield whiteoak. We took a couple of 35 mm. shots with Kay & Brian at the tree, and one with Brian and me — b. & w. — then all lunch nearby.

It was a nice corner, rather open woods — probably a pasture once, with the giant black oak a shade tree for cattle — with a few poppyvine tangles and thickets of ~~thorn~~ ^{at the north end}, a little

depression, that one time was the road to the Old Brick Church, ⁽⁹⁵⁾ is
now in a stand of blackberry canes, a few thorns and a ^{small} fallen may
with the grasses of the prairie right of way beyond. There went
"fragrant" but instead of pointing, just moved the ground with
his tail thrashing. I stopped to the right to go around, feeling he
would point if a bird was there, and nearly stepped on a quail that
flushed out feet to my right and quail's left rising into
the immensity of the right of way. I saw it more clearly than
any bird I've seen this year, mounted and fired, going there I
suffered, and knew it would fall, yet as I pulled the trigger felt
the bird veering right but couldn't do anything but complete the
action. The quail banked right and down over the hillside and
was gone so fast I couldn't see the second barrel. I think that
miss did more to disappoint me than any I can remember.
I haven't had a shot like that for years, have had so few chances at
all this season, and has fluffed so many shots it is nearly more
than I can take at such times. I know the birds should not be
shot, and I don't so far, but just once I'd like to complete a
good clean kill, for it would have wiped away all the
bitterness of this poorest of seasons in that strange way that
failures can be erased. But this just drove it in deeper.
Way was no understanding; I'm a little slow for his hot



AN OPENING SO BIG!

searching the bushes, certain no one should have missed that one -
the nothing was suggested in his manner that he could and
should have pointed it!

We followed the line of flight almost along the Old British
trail road and at the right distance. Bird gave us hope by pointing
and trailing, as in a running bird, but then he hunched it carefully, nothing
came of it.

Cover for along the right of way, and we hunted back to the good
quadrant over along the road and to the car where we rested as before
and then was hunted both sides of the road but with no action.
This is a good covert. Let's hope these birds reproduce. I count the one
quaver a new one; the murred bird, one of the two

Last Day
Saturday 28 February

HOT, sunny, 65°
3 1/2 hrs.

Muddy Creek

arrow 1-1

1 shot - 0

portion at end in 9

(97)

Prison:

This day, if nothing else, proved that we are in grand condition, and that there is larch regrowth cover in abundance in our country - and that it doesn't mean there will be grass there.

We drove first to Sunny intending to try the cutaway hillside back of Homer & Mingo but abandoned the idea when we saw, from the paved road, how open it appears. Another few years may do it - Deciding upon the Sell floor and Muddy Creek, we drove the Carter School road - excellent drive - stopped at Sell for a chat and parked, heading back around the shoulder into almost ideal cover - old regrowth fields and timbered darkness. The storm of December 1st, 1974 has altered this to a jumble of blowdowns, masses of trees of varying sizes lying parallel in stacks that seemed to all fall across any trace of path that existed. Once around the shoulder, we tried to follow an old log road full of shoulder-high blackberry canes and crossed with blowdowns, requiring crawling thru as much as pushing thru. There was ^{an} unlimited tangle of paperbush above and below (on the steep ridge on the lower side) with scattered clumps of hemlocks 15 or 20 feet high. Brian tried valiantly to penetrate the briars but could do little. At a barbed wire ^{line} ^{no more} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{area} ^{we} ^{had} ^{passed}, a grouse boiled out into the skyline after Brian had

passed. I suppose I heard it but was fast ^{sure} ~~away~~ of the bird against
the sky not over 15 yards from me. My impulsive mount and fire
was about as I would have done it if I had time to think, and for
a moment I thought the grouse would fall, but it rolled into a patch down over
what is one of the steepest ridges I know. Kay, too, that it flushed and
we had that of looking around into the valley and tried to maneuver the
area for a careful search. Of course we never got to it, and I hope it
was a clean miss, tho I don't know how anyone who can lift a gun
could have missed it - probably, along with yesterday's opportunity one of
the best ones I've had of a grouse in years.

I was using the Winchester buck load ("Upland loads") and I
don't think they do anything for my tendency other than fill the barrel
with more flakes of lead than anything shell. I try, and try, thru the
nights, to understand why I am missing shots like those two. I
do not have time to focus first and then mount, as I once did, and
wonder if it is my impaired hearing that is doing this - I almost
never get the warning flush around in time to be alerted before the
bird appears as formerly, and so the shot is a hurried attempt
fired almost at the moment the bird is ~~rightly~~ ^{rightly} behind, no way to
hit grouse. Yet I could see that grouse well enough to pronounce it a red ruff.



We finally came to a cutting that was a year or so older but still thick and rested at the head of a steep ravine. The new stripmine upheaval was above us with a field road obviously leading back to the Sell house - and the Ralph Swingers' above land was stripped.

Scrambling along the base of the spoilbank we came to an old woods road with excellent grapevine cover above and below, among slashings, but this it seemed so promising, we heard nothing. Finally paused to eat just short of an abandoned farmplace with grownup fields.

Working to reach the valley and walk upstream along muddy creeks to the Jenkins cabin in hope of finding our grove at the base of the ridge, we climbed down a steep ravine that seemed familiar some four years ago, crossed to the far side and near the bottom came to a good log road leading along the ridge. Hard, except for more and more blowdowns. Of all the results of the '74 snow storm, I have seen nothing like the total effect in this valley with the steep south ridge complete in the effect of no vertical trees remaining. all trees, large and medium are lying pointed down the ridgeside, shading the log roads. We had turned

to a parallel lower road, then gave up and returned to the upper road, not much better, crawling over the crosswise trunks and branches and finally came to where the road ended at its original beginning.

There was no way but straight up, the creek being at the base of the ridge with no place to find footing. The climb was nearly vertical and we took it with deliberate effort, "pacing" ourselves if you can call vertical crawling "pacing". The slow progress was more like climbing a ladder, with ~~scant~~ ^{a scanty} hold on saplings, about all that had not broken ^{back} over. I remember lots of shield fern, and Brian peering down at us with his ears hanging forward around his face, and at one place, looking back to see if Kay was all right and seeing the top of her cap. It takes a real girl and a fair man to make a climb like that, with a 15,000 gun and two cameras. We topped out below the stunted spruce and at the old fields edge stopped for a breath and a bit of food.

Doing this is an adventure, ~~but~~ something we won't forget - for we could have been caught in that valley and have later with problems. But to have no game (I saw an old roost in a declivity on the steep hillside like a falcon's eyrie) which would have made it all so different, is disheartening. Last evening we viewed some of Kay's notes of this season and I was ^(shocked by) struck with my gaunt and empty expression, actually that of a sick man - a bit shocking and I realize I have gone

Monday 8 March
Perfect day, cool,
sunny changing to
light overcast

Hunting Hills
meat & chukars - 10
meat 1 woodcock
5 shots - 4 hits

Prin: 1 perd. cock
4 perd. quail
6 perd. chukars
4 ret. "

4:00 - 5:45 1 3/4 hr.

This was a nice release from tensions built up by frustrations of the grouse season. We drove via RT 48 & 279 and started hunting at 4:00 pm., chukars having been put out earlier. Prin was wildly enthusiastic and wild when started about Suter's house, and reached at least 200 yards up onto the hillside. Out of our sight, we're sure he went on point and after some whistling and waiting - we didn't want to walk into any birds without him - we saw a chukar sail toward us from Prin's direction and plant down into the ravine near the land. Prin came onto the scene in pursuit and I accused him of bumping, but later, having seen how these chukars were refusing to hold, I suspect he'd pointed and had the bird walk out on him and left. Continuing in our original direction, we saw Prin cast back for the third time toward the area of the flock and I was making derogatory comments when I saw him on point against a grassy hillside near a clump of corn. Hurrying to him I waited as he reestablished, finally going wild, and saw a chukar undulate a few yards in front of him. The bird flushed as I walked to it, flying in a left-quartering angle off the hill and over Prin. I fired and to my

Amazement missed, then fired again as the bird leveled, this time seeing it settle gradually into the lower edge of the field with Brian in close pursuit. The bird got off the ground a few feet then came down and started running, but Brian soon had it and brought it in a long retreat to us, laying it down several feet from and westward of delaney's house. The chicken was still alive (soft mouth) and near a large hole in the ground but I caught & dispatched it - an exceptionally large bird.

It hadn't been a distinguished bit of shooting (still ragged) and Brian's break at shot matched my performance but between us we collected the bird. Ray had been taking ^{35mm} color shots but had no retreat to work with. Meanwhile, Brian, in a frenzy of overstimulation, had pushed on over a low brow of the field and moments later #3 chicken came overhead with Brian pulling up just before overrunning us, as we watched the bird go off the premises into the east.

With a feeling of considerable loss of self-esteem in me and my dog, we hunted around the shoulder to where we saw Brian run into #4 chicken at the corner of woods in a ravine above us. Ray marked this bird out ahead to a band of green grass on the next shoulder some distance ahead. The birds were strong fliers. At this moment, Brian made a lovely point near the same portion of thicket edge, holding solidly as I walked to him, only to see the chicken moving out from his point and walking into the thicket. There was no way to get it

up, and while they debated going before the bird kept 104
acts way down thru the small woods Thicket with Fin, who saw it,
holding perfectly. In a hope he might catch and pin it, Jordan
him on but his mind said another ruffle (my bad shooting earlier)
and he dashed for it and put it up in a flash out the far edge
and around the hill after #3.

Rather than miss the cover on top, we passed up following
#4 they had marked to wait for later, and climbed the steep hillside
to a good wild type cover on the edge of woods on top the ridge, where we
passed to eat a bit of lunch. It was a glorious day and lucky to

be out with a gun but it wasn't exactly the way I'd planned it.
We had started Fin without the electronic collar but had felt the
need to put it on him after the first burst of rays; and now, decided
the loud bell on the collar might be putting these nervous birds up with
after lunch, in which case without the collar, which had for the first time
failed to function, tho it has been getting weaker recently. Without the
bell, Fin works more in contact, seeming better able to locate us
day round as we must then cover. Now he was working ground scent on the
far side of the crest in thick woods and soon I saw him a point
in a small grassy area, but with noticeable style - his tail hanging
and in a low crouch. Certain it was a pheasant I moved to him and
flushed a woodcock. I think this suggests an interesting psychology,
for Fin would not point 'cock in that manner. But here as a specimen,
with few named birds, he expected most of the same, especially with the

bad results so far.

Swinging Prim back over the top, as hunted down a gas pipeline right of way to the general area of the #4 flock. As we moved it, we heard someone calling in the distance. I suggested it was Roy trying to reach us but Kay assured me it was someone calling struts on the next farm. However, it turned out to be Roy, who came to us where we waited and after a few moments of conversation, remarked that Prim was pointing just beyond a fringe of thickets. It was a fine point, upstanding, tail not high but well out and I walked to flank the chicken, which was beginning to walk out, with a sense of uncertainty after my last poor shots. The bird lifted and bore out over the hill in a straightaway that I let get out about 25 or 30 yards and centered beautifully, the bird spinning down from a shower of feathers. Prim broke and retrieved it nicely, not quite to hand however. But I didn't mind, for there was that sense of confidence again after so long a time.

Walking on out the field strips, as saw Prim wheel in full struts and point, turned to the right.

He didn't move a hair but long before we could get to him, the chicken lifted and left the area. What seemed only a minute or so later,

Prim was pointing again.



WELL OUT.

near a few thin trees on the edge of a strip. I signaled to Ray to get to him from below, any photo from behind being into the lowering sun, but again the birds failed to hold and a brace flushed right-crossing ahead of him. They were well out but I fired at the upper one at about 40 yards and dropped it nicely from a puff of feathers, Roy saying, "Nice shot, George." Brim went to it and retrieved, again putting the bird down once or twice on the way in, and not all the way to hand. Roy suggested that he might not like Chukars.

Roy had marked the other bird of the brace and it took several casts for Brim to hit it, the breeze wind having its effect, but soon he was on point headed toward me in a strip of coarse grass. Ray got behind Brim to get a photo of both of us, and I flushed the bird and again, waiting till it was out about 25 or 30 yards, dropped it going away. Again Brim takes and retrieved. I've let him get lap about this and I will take the collar to make him sound again. But I can understand.

I learned a bit about my shooting today. I have not been letting birds get out far enough to have a good deliberate focus on them, and to have a fair amount of pattern. These 20/50 barrels are too tight for the close shooting on 'cork and cork' grass shots, but given a bit of distance can be counted on to function well. It did me good to learn this, but I'm going to have to do something about ^{right} pattern on the other pair of barrels — a problem.

We walked back to his house, leisurely with a pleasant fullness (107)
in my game vest. At the house, Roy suggested releasing our quail he
has there for a few points - I unloaded the gun - and I bagged
fourteen the roll of Kodachrome 64 she'd put in when we started, with
Boris on four points. Some problem with the quail lying too tight and
unwilling as to their fate if they flattened into Boris' face, but we
managed, finally dragging the poor fellow back to the car, for he would have
kept pining them all night. It was a pleasant day. Roy is more than
kind - refusing payment - but I finally managed to pay for them at cost to him:
\$3 per chicken. His shooting grounds are nice, no Xmas trees in fields,
and the birds are put out well scattered. Altogether a grand afternoon.
Visited the kennels before leaving 30 dogs! Saw Boris' son Barney - doing well,
Roy says.

1975 Weekly Log

DAYS	HRS	BIRDS - FLUSHES (GROUSE)	SHOTS-HITS	BRIAR PROD-KILLS-RET.	WOODCOCK BIRDS-FLUSHES/SHOTS/HITS
5	13 1/4	8 - 8	4 - 1	2 1 1 9 2 2	31-37 6-2

MICHIGAN

8 (K6)	21 1/4	33 - 37	3 - 2①	10 2① 2 7 3 2	21-25 4-3
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10/11 - 10/18
10/25 - 11/2

13 (K11)	34 1/2	41 - 45	7 - 3①	12 3① 3 16 5 4	52-62 10-5
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2	6 1/4	6 - 6	1 - 0		
15 (K13)	40 3/4	47 - 51	8 - 3①	6 2 2 12 3① 3	12-13 4-2 64-75 14-7

3	9 1/4	8 - 10	1 - 0	22 7 6 3 - -	thru 11/8 6-2
18 (R16)	50	55 - 57	9 - 3①	8 2 2 15 3① 3	10-11 20-9 74-86

4	13 1/2	4 - 17	5 - 1	8 - 1 - 1	10-12 6-2
22 (20 K)	63 1/2	59 - 74	14 - 4①	9 - 2 - 2 23 - 4① - 4 39 - 11 - 10	84-98 26-11 thru 11/15

5	13	8 - 16	3 - ①	3 ① - 1	thru 11/22
27 (25K)	76 1/2	67 - 90	17 - 5②	26 5② - 5	thru 11/29

DEER SEASON

25 COVERTS INCL. MICH.

67 GROUSE = 2.68 bird/covt

18 COVERTS W.V. & PA

34 GROUSE = 1.88 bird/covt

W.V. (13 COVERTS W.V.
21 GROUSE 1.62 bird/covt)

PA. (5 COVERTS
13 GROUSE 2.6 bird/covt)

MICH. (7 COVERTS MICH.
33 GROUSE 4.71 bird/covt)

DAYS	HRS.	GROUND - FLUSHES	SHOTS - HITS	PROD. - KILLS - RET	
3	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 - 4	2 - ①	3 ① 1	
30(28K)	85 $\frac{1}{4}$	69 - 94	19 - 6③	29 6③ 6	then 12/13
2	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 - 5	2 - 0	1	
32(30K)	91	70 - 99	21 - 6③	30 6③ 6	then 12/20
1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 - 2	1 - 0		
33(31)	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	72 - 101	22 - 6③	30 - 6③ 6	then 12/27
1	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 - 1	0		
34	96 $\frac{1}{4}$	73 - 102			then 1/3/76
2	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 - 5	0	2	
36	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	76 - 107	22 - 6③	32 - 6③ - 6	then 1/10
2	4	0 - 2	0	0	
38	104 $\frac{3}{4}$	76 - 109	22 - 6③	32 - 6③ - 6	then 1/17
2	5	5 - 5	0	0	
40(123K)	109 $\frac{3}{4}$	81 - 114	22 - 6③	32 - 6③ - 6	then 1/24
2	4	3 - 3	0	0	
42(K 40 ₄₀)	113 $\frac{3}{4}$	84 - 117	22 - 6③	32 - 6③ 6	then 2 2/7
4	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	13 - 18	2 - 0	5 - 0 - 0	
46(K44)	126 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 - 135	24 - 6③	37 - 6③ - 6	then 2/14
3	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 - 4	0	1 - 0 - 0	
49(46K)	134 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 - 139	24 - 6③	38 - 6③ - 6 2 PROD	then 2/21
4	12	7 - 10	4 - 0	4 - 0 - 0	
53(K50)	146 $\frac{3}{4}$	107 - 149	28 - 6③	42 - 6③ - 6	then 2/28

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1965	1966	1967	1968
Quartering right	III	II			II	-	II						II	II	II	II	
" high	-	-	-	-	II	-	-						II	II	II	II	
" low		II	II	II	II	II	II			-	II		II	II		II	
" leveling	II																II
" overhead	II				I												
" from tree		II															
" rising	II	II	II	-	I	II	II		II	-		II	II	-	II	II	II
" rising acutely	II	II	II	II		II	II		II	-		II	II	-	II	II	x/-
STRAIGHTAWAY LEVELING																	
Straightaway			II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" low	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" rising	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" rising acutely	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" overhead	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
Away left	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" right	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" left low	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" right low	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" left high	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
" right high	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II	II
Incoming																	
" left																	
" right																	
" overhead																	
" rising																	
" left rising																	
" right rising																	
" overhead left																	
" overhead right																	
AWAY LEFT OVERHEAD																	
" RIGHT "																	

1968	1967	1966	1965	1965	1964	1963	1962	1961	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960
1-	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	crossing left	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									high	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									low	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									leveling	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									overhead	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									from tree	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising acutely	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising high	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									crossing right	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									high	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									low	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									leveling	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									overhead	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									from tree	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising acutely	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising high	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									quartering left	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									high	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									low	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									leveling	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									overhead	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									from tree	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=
									rising acutely	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=	1=

TWENTY-YEAR GROUSE POPULATION FLUCTUATIONS

Year	Separate birds	Coverts	Bird/Covert	May 15 through June 30	
				Total rainfall	Average temperature
'48	150	23	<u>6.52</u>	9.04"	62°
'49	207	23	<u>9.0</u>	5.38"	64°
'50	140	22	<u>6.36</u>	11.57"	62.7°
'51	234	27	<u>8.66</u>	10.92"	64.8°
'52	181	19	<u>9.53</u>	8.17"	65.1°
'53	206	23	<u>8.96</u>	2.45"	66.1°
'54	296	26	<u>11.38</u>	5.29"	62.9°
'55	285	29	<u>9.83</u>	6.18"	59.6°
'56	279	27	<u>10.33</u>	11.68"	60.9°
'57	221	25	<u>8.84</u>	5.75"	64.9°
'58	209	21	<u>9.95</u>	7.83"	60.4°
'59	140	18	<u>7.78</u>	3.37"	54.8°
'60	131	28	<u>4.68</u>	4.37"	62.4°
'61	97	15	<u>6.47</u>	9.44"	58.3°
'62	89	19	<u>4.68</u>	3.31"	66.1°
'63	58	15	<u>3.83</u>	8.41"	61.1°
'64	99	22	<u>4.5</u>	7.16"	62.1°
'65	205	29	<u>7.07</u>	2.88"	63.2°
'66	214	27	<u>7.93</u>	2.25"	62.7°
'67	92	25	<u>3.68</u>	4.24"	61.9°
'68	131	30	4.37	12.49"	61.7°
20 year average 7.48				6.49"	62.3°
('48-'67)				(6.24")	
'69	142	27	<u>5.26</u>	2.68"	62.9°
'70	140	29	<u>4.83</u>	5.70"	63.9°

	1969 46.7%	1970 33.3%	1971	1972	1973	1974
CROSSING LEFT						
" low						
" rising			=	=		"
" rising acutely						"
" high		-	-	-	-	
" overhead			=			"
" from tree						"
CROSSING RIGHT	-	-			=	"
low					-	"
rising	-	-	.	-		"
rising acutely		.	-		-	"
high	-	.	=	=		"
overhead						"
from tree						"
QUARTERING LEFT	-		-			"
low	.	-	-	-		"
rising	-		-			"
rising acutely						"
high	=		-			"
overhead		!				"
from tree						"
leveling						"
QUARTERING RIGHT		-	=	-		
low		=	-	-		
rising						
rising acutely		.	-	-	-	
high						
overhead	-	.	-			
from tree						
leveling	-					

lost

lost

STRAIGHTAWAY

1969

1970

1971

1972

1973

1974

" low

" rising

" rising acutely

" overhead

" from tree
leveling

AWAY left

" low

" rising

" rising acutely

" overhead
leveling

AWAY right

" low

" rising

" rising acutely

" overhead
leveling

INCOMING

" low

" rising

" overhead

INCOMING LEFT

" low

" rising

" overhead

INCOMING RIGHT

" low

" rising

" overhead

TWENTY-YEAR GROUSE POPULATION FLUCTUATIONS.

Year	Separate birds	Flashes	Coverts	Bird/Covert	Rainfall 5/15 to 6/15	Mean temperature	
'48	150	267	23	6.52	9.04"	62°	
'49	207	399	23	9.0	5.38	64°	
'50	140	236	22	6.36	11.57	62.7	
'51	253-19(234)	538-23	30-3(27)	8.43(8.66)	6.33	10.92	64.8
'52	198-17(181)	466	23-4(19)	8.61(9.53)	4.25	8.17	65.1
'53	206	344	23	8.96	2.45	66.1	
'54	303-7(296)	581-8(573)	27-1(26)	11.22(11.38)	7.0	5.29	62.9
'55	299-14(285)	559-17(542)	31-2(29)	9.64(9.83)	7.0	6.18	59.6
'56	280-1(279)	494-1(493)	28-1(27)	10.0(10.33)	1.0	11.68	60.9
'57	258-37(221)	495-68(427)	28-3(25)	9.21(8.84)	12.3	5.75	64.9
'58	226-17(209)	412-22(390)	23-2(21)	9.83(9.95)	8.5	7.83	60.4
'59	214-74(140)	403-142(261)	27-9(18)	7.92(7.78)	8.22	3.37	54.8
'60	251-120(131)	370-172(298)	40-12(28)	6.27(4.68)	10.0	4.37	62.4
'61	151-54(97)	252-77(175)	28-13(15)	5.39(6.47)	4.15	9.44	58.3
'62	159-70(89)	286-104(182)	31-12(19)	5.12(4.68)	5.83	3.31	66.1
'63	89-17(72)	180-21(159)	24-9(15)	3.0(3.83)	1.56	8.41	61.1
'64	153-40(113)	290-68(222)	46-16(30)	3.32(4.5)	2.5 1.75	7.16	62.1
'65	241-36(205)	462-63(399)	39-10(29)	6.17(7.07)	3.6	2.88	63.2
'66	232-18(214)	444-27(417)	36-9(27)	6.44(7.93)	2.0	2.25	62.7
'67	113-21(92)	198-34(164)	36-11(25)	3.14(3.68)	1.91	4.24	61.9
'68	142-11(131)	276-17(259)	40-10(30)	3.55(4.37)	1.1	12.49	61.7

5/15

BLACKWATER & N. MT. STORM

good in Stony R. - 3 coverts

good Blackwater - 9 coverts
" " 12 coverts

MICHIGAN

WATOGA

Inaccuracies in the ten-year cycle theory become more evident with study and comparison

counting

Though I don't know what methods were used, reports for '67 indicated

20 year av. 6.49" rainfall
" " " Temp 62.3

a spectacular increase in grouse in Minnesota and Wisconsin during the dramatic low in West Virginia, Virginia and Pennsylvania. New York reported a slight increase in '67 over a low in '66, the opposite of the West Virginia populations as I found them. In 1968, Connecticut mentioned a low in West Virginia and Regional History Center

DATA 1975

GEORGE 53 DAYS - 146 $\frac{3}{4}$ HRS.
MAY 50 DAYS

43 COVERTS 2.58 BIRD/COVERT

30 " W.VA. 2.03
(18 LOCAL 2.0)
(12 OTHERS 2.08)
6 PENNA. 2.83

111 GROUSE - 157 FLUSHES (.93 PER HR) 7 MICHIGAN 4.71
67-90 TO DEC. / 44-67 AFTER

28 SHOTS / 6 HITS (3 O.P.) = 21.4 %

84 'COCK - 98 FLUSHES

26 SHOTS - 11 HITS = 42.3 %

BRIAR 6 YRS 9 MO. (7TH SEASON)

53 DAYS

GROUSE 42 PROD.
6 KILLS (3 O.P.)
6 RET.

'COCK 41 PROD.
11 KILLS
10 RET.

LIFETIME '69-'75

423 DAYS

GROUSE 442 PROD
86 KILLS (36 O.P.)
66 RET.

1975

LOCAL

36 moved 34 left

18 covts = 2.0 bird/covt

FT. MORRIS THORNS 011 1.1.1/D12 1.1.1 2 0

WILKINSON SAWMILL 021 3.3.0 3

MATHEWS/HUMBERSON N8 4.4.0/D8 3 1.3.0/D24 2.2.0/F13 2.3.0 7

CHERRY RUN N15 3.5.0/D16 1.2.0/F4 2 1.2.0/F17 1.1.0 5

GLOVER/WRIGHT D11.0

BISHOP J19 3.3.0 3

SUMMERS J24.0

LICK RUN SCHOOL J24 2.2.0 2

MAC K DENNIS SLASHINGS J26.0

MC MULLEN-STATE LINE J26 1.1.0 1

SPURGEON SCHOOL FEB 4 1.1.0 1

DONALD MOYERS/BROWN FEB 14 3.5.0 3

PAIVA F20 2.2.0 2

RAY GUTHRIE/RUDE F24 4.4.0/F27 2 1.3.0 5

PLUM F26 1.2.0 1

MUDDY CREEK F28 1.1.0 1

111 quon moved 105 left 43 covts = 2.58 bird/covt
(including Michigan)

157 flicker

W.Va & Pa.: 78 quon 36 covts = 2.17 bird/covt
120 flicker

30 days total W.Va.

1975

BLACKWATER

4 moved 3 left
4 flushes

6 counts = 0.66 bird/count

(GATES ~~014~~ 014 · 3.3.1 / N17.0

GLADE RUN 016 · 12.13.1

GATZMER N17 · 1.1.0

RIDGE ROAD S. N19.0

" " N. N19.3.3.1

A-FRAME N19.0

MASON/ROANE

10 moved
10 flushes

2 counts = 5.0 bird/count

UPLIFT RIDGE F10.7.7.0

BEAVER DAM HOLLOW F11.3.3.0

MT. STORM

11 moved
27 flushes

4 counts = 2.75 bird/count

REHOBETH 015.1.1.0.10.13.0 / N18.(2)2.0.3.4.0 / N20.1.1.0 / D17.2.2.0 / F19.1.1.0

DAVIS/EDELMAN 018.6.6.0.6.8.0 / N11.4.4.2 / N18.5.6.0.1.2.1 / N20.2.3.0 / D17.3.3.0

DAVIS (TOP) N6 2.2.0.12.13.2 / N11.6.7.0

PENNSYLVANIA

17 moved 16 left
28 flushes

6 counts = 2.83 bird/count

HENCKEL N13.5.5.0 / ~~N24.5(2).7.1~~ / D29.①.1.0 / J13.0

FEIKO RUN N25.0 / N29.0

WASHINGTON CO. WEST FINLEY N26.4.7.0

FAR CUCUMBER N28.2.2.0

DINNER BELL N29.0

BROWN HILL J6.2.2.0 / J7.①.2.0 / J15.2.2.0

MICHIGAN

33 moved 31 left
37 flushes
(7 counts) 33.37.2.21.25.3

7 counts = 4.71 bird/count